

Remembering Fire: The Elixir Of Divine Meditation

BY LEAHANNE WOODS SMITH

Meditation allows me to go into the gaps in my thinking and escape into the wildness, the energy that is God love, our pure energy, and connection to source.

The Source of all is available to us at any time. It is what fuels us at all times. It just takes uncovering to see this truth to our remembering fire.

To get here, I pay attention to my breath until I can recognize myself as the witness of my thoughts. Then, I see an entranceway into a gap. I have to be in a state of unconditional love, which starts the remembering fire.

To do this, I consciously choose to love myself in the places where I see judgment. This judgment zone is marked by feelings of low-grade worry.

I push through those pockets of unsettling unrest where I had been grasping from the unexplored things in myself. When I find these pockets and find what my unrest is about, I choose to forgive myself. I am not temporary. I am forever. So, I know forgiving myself is essential. I come into a softening inside myself and I let go. I continue in my intention to keep softening, keep understanding, keep listening, to keep loving with my conscious attention.

By this point in my meditation, I am able to feel myself as a precious being, who I've been since before this lifetime. I feel compassion for myself, for the road I've traveled.

From here I am able to decide to re-visit the issues later that are in my worry pockets. I trust myself and relax in the

power. I submit. I finally find surrendering desirable within.

My system sends a resounding agreement by giving me a letdown elixir similar to a mother's milk being sucked out by new life. It feels good. I land into a space where it's easier to remain as the witness. From here I can go into those gaps into places of wonderment. It was here all along underneath our perception of "everything."

We have the power and the choice to cut through all that we perceive ourselves to be. We break through worries and concerns in this place.

This is where we came from. And, is where we still are, and will always be. Going here every day, even for a few minutes, sets me in a place where I am more aligned with what is best for me. It's a daily refuge and a re-setting.

The intention, will, and action it takes to travel into my soul's basis energy is the remembering fire. The fire of the will to lead to a fuller connection, fuller conscious memory, and fuller knowledge of who I am is most precious.

The times when I've lost this connection were when I allowed the poisons of the earth (others' negative energy, bad food, alcohol, fear) to rule over me. We can practice either way – toward closing or toward opening. Bad foods lead to layers of coverage over the truth. Healthy eating for long-term health opens the truth.

If we practice keeping clean with healthy foods and substances for our bodies, we will develop a bigger pathway for regular opening up to our inner divinity. When we make this our habit, other routes will not make sense to our system because our system feels at home, feels whole, when we are consciously

taking care of it. It's as if there's a sign that says "The Doctor Is In" on the doorway to our system. It feels taken care of, and like it can let loose. And, it does.

This is self-trust in meditative action.

If we practice allowing trash to enter our system until we are drunken with odd energy regularly, a bigger pathway for this will be made in our system. And, from here it's hard to trust that the healthier path is best. We are too buried in the distress of illusions and false truths to see very clearly. So we will most likely remain there.

Here is where the mind goes back and forth through revolving reactionary thoughts of things from the current outside world, outside the self. Our focus here tends to remain here. And, with great endurance and creativity, we think about the things we are worried about. Our brain's main job is to problem solve. It does this job well. It does this job all the time if we let it.

When we are in distress, all we trust is the distress, for the most part. The only way to break into it is to take at least a sliver of consciousness and put it into action by intention to sit in love within ourselves. This is very challenging when most of the system is in distressing progress.

But even just a sliver of love, of intention to love and forgive oneself is the remembering fire. It starts. Then, it burns through more layers than we can perceive. Yes, it goes to work for us beyond our comprehension.

By the grace of the divine, of you, of your remembering fire, you save you!

You save yourself each time you try.

Try, try, try. Oh...may we try!

In the most distressing of distressful feelings, we do have the capacity to enter into ourselves a sliver of the fire.

Here an opening occurs. And, you are free again in the gaps of truth.

I have seen this happen even when the human mind has become permanently irreparable. I have seen the light of peace come over the eyes of dementia-ridden human beings. After lengthy ongoing distress from the inability to remember or organize thoughts, like a bad dream that wouldn't end, a sense of peace looks to be found. It appears as if they were set to a time when they were a child or a time when everything was all right. This is how I know that we have a built-in divinity center inside us that takes control even in the midst of the heaviest chaos imaginable.

I believe there's a crack in the system where the fire angels enter. The sliver of remembering fire is there even when we are not in the conscious intent of it. It's a naturalized prayer. It's the grace of God. It's our higher power. It is us. It is our connection, our pathway to the unending remembering fire that roars through all of life.

Yes. I've been a witness to these things. I've been a lucky passenger in the front seat of the eyes of God. I have been invited and carried to my seat where the more I witness, the more I witness. I have been mute, or else my memory scrambled back in to fit the speech of the people until what I've seen is wiped clean away from my conscious language. I am merely a humble servant, a naturalized recorder of the human spirit, but a silent player in the world.

In honor of our facilitated connection to the divine, may we

meditate daily. May we come home to ourselves every day. May we practice opening our pathway, our gift of life. May we regularly pay homage to our remembering fire.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Courage: The Joy of Living Dangerously](#) .

Sip a little more:

Truth Of Womankind: We Are The Path Makers & Dragon Slayers For Ourselves

Night Prowler: With Her Flames, She Brings New Energy Into The World

How I Went From Jealousy & Discomfort To Heart Illumination

“The doors to the world of the wild Self are few but precious. If you have a deep scar, that is a door, if you have an old, old story, that is a door. If you love the sky and the water so much you almost cannot bear it, that is a door. If you yearn for a deeper life, a full life, a sane life, that is a door.”

CLARISSA PINKOLA
ESTÉS

THEURBANHOWL.COM



#THEURBANHOWL

HOWL WITH US
ON [FACEBOOK](#), [INSTAGRAM](#), [TWITTER](#) & [PINTEREST](#).

SPREAD THE MAGIC: