

Find Your Authentic Self: It Begins And Ends With Truth

[BY LALITA SIMON-CREASEY](#)

“Nothing in this world is harder than speaking the truth, nothing easier than flattery.”

–Fyodor Dostoyevsky

It begins and ends with Truth. One simple word that holds so much on the surface, yet so much beneath it.

All the conversations I have ever had with a higher purpose behind them seem to be coming up now, a little at a time.

That first ping quite a few years ago when I heard “think on paper” and “do what you love”. I must admit that it flew over my head at the time because my Ego was bumping up and down with the excitement of “yes, yes, yes, I am doing that already!”

That is until I happened to bump into my soul purpose. Universe probably shook its head at me when I did that premature dance.

Then, more conversations:

“Own your power.”

“What are the lessons here?”

“They are all just labels and in Unconditional Love, they don’t exist.”

Oh, the epiphanies when they *do* come and all from hindsight, from traveling this journey the way that we do! Each so beautiful, and yet so striking in diversity. Many other

conversations followed too, all of which I am thankful for. They all served a purpose and all taught me. Some continue to teach me with the Gift of Hindsight.

It all comes down to that journey towards Truth. The Truth that would once have slapped me so hard in my face that I wouldn't have even known what it was if I met it.

Yet, there I was preaching about Truth and Honesty, "Damn it, people should be honest!" Somewhere in the background, the Universe was probably going, "Girlfriend, you have to earn the lenses and perspectives of Truth!" Did I know then that it would take a journey to see this Truth and that it would differ according to the perspective and growth of the lens it transmits through? No, I didn't.

I listened, but I would listen to only what I was being told. I saw, but I would just take in what my eyes told me I was seeing. I was living, yet connected to nothing that was meaningful.

My head took in what I needed, and my mind carried on some endless chatter which, for the life of me now, I have no clue about *except* it was showing me who I did not want to be. My arms grabbed the necessary and my legs took me where my presence was required. My Ego was having quite the party with my limited sight. Safely boxed up.

There was a brief liaison with labels on the journey towards seeking Truth. All that stuff about categories of Light/Species/Child. I can barely remember it all but I know back then, it meant something and it served the purpose it needed for me. To streamline the various thoughts about

everything that came hurtling towards me with the speed of light. Now when I see it, I give it a little nod. "Long time, no see."

There was, and still is, that Walk of Fear. Many of us are familiar with this one if we work it this way. It's the hidden gem. In the beginning, every time it invited you to walk with it, you went with your tail tightly tucked in your behind, but when you finished you limped home looking like you were dragged through an accumulated pile of the proverbial suitable for this circumstance. But along the way, somehow the memory will not be of that Walk of Fear but the Whoop of Victory when you dug yourself out from that pile.

Oh, and that Sweet Joy when the next time the Walk of Fear came to call you because someone rang that doorbell which triggered you; but instead of quivering in fear, you stuck your chin out and said, "Why, hello! What can I learn from you today?"

That unforgettable relationship with being so high up on that mountain from learning a lesson with no freaking idea that the journey continued. So when the next lesson came you went hurtling back to the ground with a supernatural speed that only the Universe can achieve. Further helpings of growth in the interest of evolving consciousness!

Then there was the indignation of other people. "How can you not see the things I am seeing? I mean, *come on* already!?"

The Quicksand of Judgment. Very easy to sink into that and get swallowed by the murky depths of it. That is, until we discover the superpower we have within

to eject ourselves from within its prison.

Oh, here's the crowning moment. Just say to the Universe, "Show me what I came here to do!" *Oh boy!* I thought it would all come out like airy-fairy roses and wonderful little beings singing me heavenly lullabies. You know, like a Parade of Cherubs?

The Universe heard, "Oh, you're ready to grow? Well done! Here are some lessons to help you!"

I had had enough of the fake in everything – life, work, happy, smiles, relationships, possessions. It just didn't feel real. But the kicker? I didn't like myself all that much and oh how I really wanted to. I wanted, above all, to love that girl staring back at me in the mirror. *That* was probably the point at which it all started to unravel.

So I took a leap of faith into the Unknown. I worked to cast off the shackles. What does not serve? Conditioning. Labels. Separatism.

I still haven't got a clue about the when, how, or where. I am still learning about Ego/Shadow Self. Fear. Judgment. Except now I look them boldly in the eye.

I was given a gift more meaningful than anything else I have ever known. I found my Authentic Self. That girl in the mirror is given so much love that she sings and dances with joy.

All because I chose to walk with my true companions. *Truth. Unconditional Love. The Highest Good.*

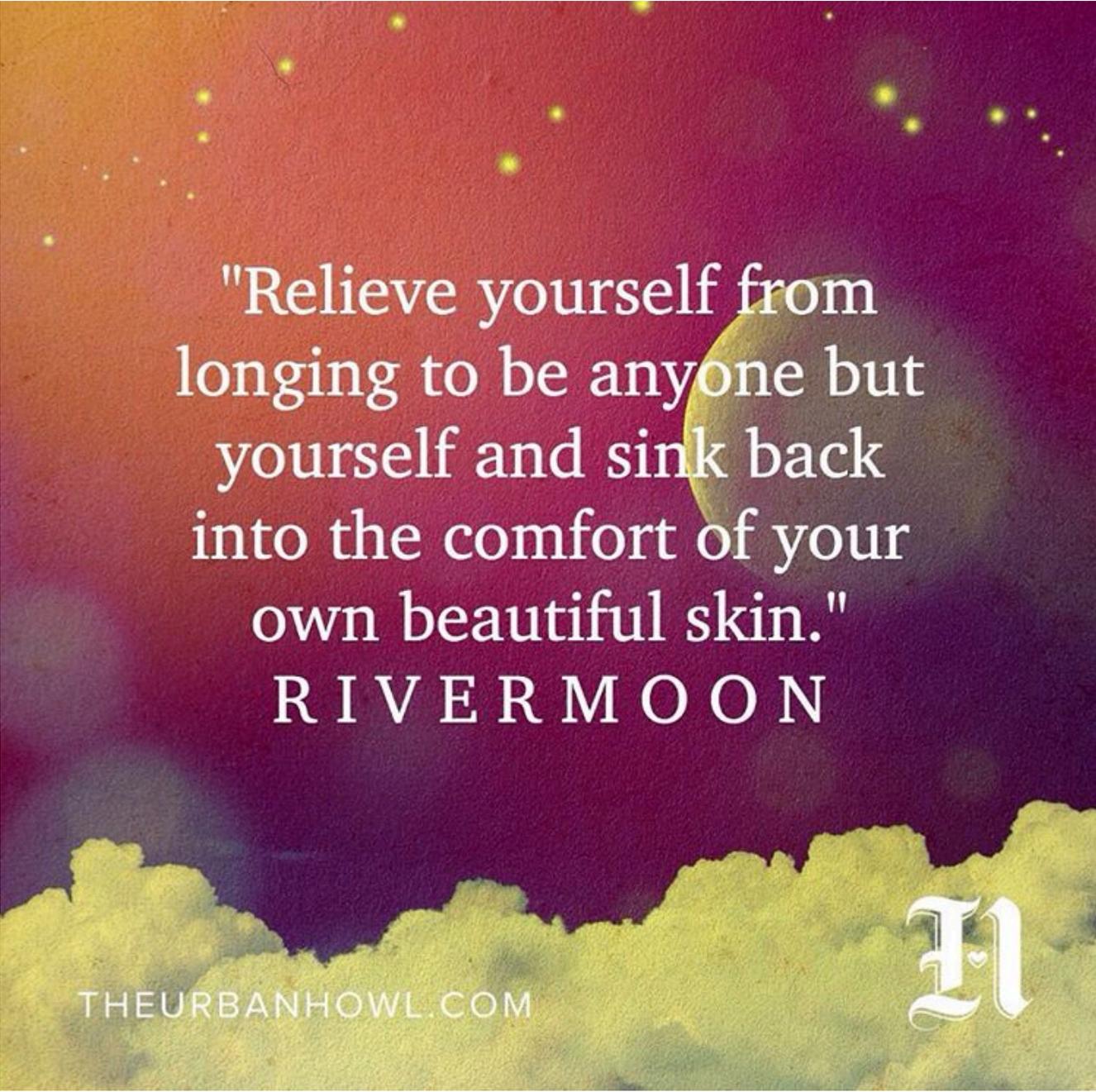
For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

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