

To provide encouragement and inspiration in a loving format that assists my soul companions and me to awaken to the memory and Truth of who we are in the shortest possible time with the greatest ease.

MARCH 2009 ISSUE EIGHTEEN



# Encountering Life Issues with Soul Wisdom

## WHO AM I OR RATHER WHO AM I NOT?

In the journey to discover yourself, it seems that it is infinitely more challenging to search for something you may never have experienced, such as your divine self, than to simply drop away parts of you that do not explain who you actually are. When someone asks you who you are, how do you respond? How do you identify yourself? Through your career; a doctor, lawyer, cabinet-maker? Your nationality; an American? Do you think of yourself as a woman first, or a mother or father? A Black, Hispanic, Caucasian or Asian? Rich, poor, intellectual, artistic, entrepreneurial? Who are you anyway?

In this society, the body is a main label. Are you beautiful? Are you short or tall? Are you physically fit? Have you identified yourself as your weight? Suppose you see yourself as beautiful, then you have a devastating car accident and your face is lacerated. Who are you then, if you identify the "I" as beautiful? Then, after many episodes of plastic surgery, you regain a different beauty? Who are you now?

Once while questioning how I could identify me with a greater 'I', my guidance instructed me to consciously note every time I caught my physical reflection, that the being I saw was not who I *am*. I tried it and the first day, I was relieved to note this truth since I was feeling old and dumpy. The second day, however, I felt sparkly and attractive. As I caught my smile in the mirror, I heard my guidance say, "*That* is no more you than the dumpy, old Julie of yesterday." That was a shock since I thought the whole thing was about self-esteem. Then I realized, the question I had asked was not how to build a greater self-identity, but how to know more truthfully who I really am. Very big difference.

Who is the "I" of self-identity? When you depart this body, what ends and what continues? Most people feel intrinsically that a big portion of the "I" dies and that the soul, whatever that really is, quietly sneaks out of an expiring orifice. No wonder we are afraid of death. We think that, for the most part, we will cease to exist.

What if you could step out of every role you play, every label you wear, the burdens you carry related to the you that you think you must uphold? Strip them all. You're no longer white, you're no longer an American, you're not a woman, you're not a man. You are simply a being of divine light inhabiting a vehicle *having an experience* of being a man or a woman, white or black, Jewish or Buddhist. You are not inherently poor, nor inherently rich or inherently anything except living. All the definitions you use to describe yourself could be different words in a week, a month, or a decade, so how can they be inherently *you*? (cont'd p. 2)



It boils down to this, what are you attached to as a label of self-identity? Start there, shed that attachment. Anywhere you feel very emotional about what or who you are, allow something to slip off your shoulders. You are truly so much more! Anything that feels like if you let it go, you would not know who you were to others, allow that freedom. Look at your life for one day as an observer, what would you see? No judgments, just watch. Do you ever see the *living you* given expression, or only the sacrosanct labels and robot-like responses? Do you walk like a being of light and freedom, or of a bundle of burdens you have taken on and think you have to carry? Gracefully discover who you are when you release all that is *not* divine. What remains? Only a radiant being of life hidden under all those layers of assumed identity.

-Julie Hutslar



### *Bare Skin and Soft Feathers*

*She comes to me from the deep, hidden mystery of January. Gone is the green earth, the colorful blooms, the vibrant leaves. The land and all that grows there are buried. Heavily blanketed in smooth cold white. The only color is imagined, red and deep pink, like a pomegranate-it is my tender heart breaking open a little wider, opened so that a few new seeds are exposed. Only in the safety of the quiet darkness, snuggled under the white poncho pulled around her sloping shoulders, can I fully undress. Strip off these confining layers of identity. The heavy coat of acceptability; the hat I wear-mother, educator, nice-person; the scarf- lover, friend; mittens- poet, artist, radical; the boots where I walk a path that I forget to look at or feel. I am down to bare skin and soft feathers. Do these ruffled feathers take me airborne? Or are they plucked and tied on colored cord with beads that look pretty and tell the world who I want them to think I am? Deep in this black cavern of winter, naked, I am aware of tiny sparkling stars falling gently from the heavens. Someone up there is sprinkling glitter upon this white canvas. How do I fill it? I open my mouth and catch the sweetness on my pink tongue*

*Jan Hutslar  
January 26, 2007*

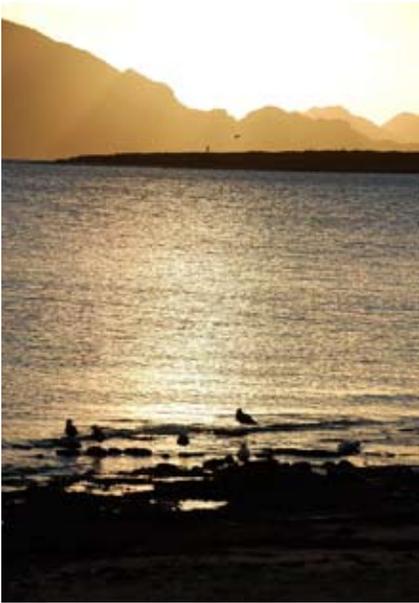


“Unless you learn that past pain is an illusion, you are choosing a future of illusions and losing many opportunities you could find for release in the present.”

“You can enslave a body, but an idea is free, incapable of being kept in prison or limited in any way except by the mind that thought it.”

“The power of one mind can shine into another because all the lamps of God were lit by the same spark.”

-A Course  
in Miracles



## TODAY'S TOOL

### HITTING RESET

This exercise is so simple and yet so often forgotten. When life feels complicated, you can't remember what you are all about, where you are going, what your purpose is and why the heck a particular thing is happening to you, try this on. You simply remind yourself, *Everything that happens is for my greatest good.* It is as simple as that. Everything, not just SOME things, but everything, large and small, even if your perspective can't reveal the wisdom yet, everything that happens is for your greatest good. And even if it does not feel like it at the time, to remember this is to turn a difficult and fearful moment into one which carries the energy of fluidity and trust. This energy alone is enough to alter the mindset and be able to see more clearly, it also will begin to shift the actual circumstances as you believe that you are in sync with a greater design, instead of fighting or resisting it.



"Say that you are afraid or desirous or anxious. When "I" does not identify with money, or name, or nationality, or persons or friends or any quality, the "I" is never threatened. All suffering is caused by my identifying myself with something, whether that something is within me or outside of me."

~"Awareness"  
Anthony  
De Mello

1. Watch for upcoming workshops. Mar. 28th from 10-2 at Caribou Creek Studio in Sandpoint is *Turning Up Your Inner Light*: Use your own divine nature to guide you into greater happiness, joy and peace. Includes a book *Mask, Mirror and the Illusion* and lunch. Don't miss this great opportunity, not offered again until October.
2. Mark your calendar for May 14-17 and a yoga/growth retreat called *Living on Purpose* in Alta, Utah. Julie will be a guest presenter along with two yoga instructors who founded the *Off the Matt* methodology for taking your yoga practices into the world. Demi Langford hosts 4 days of growth, joy, friendship, food and deep introspection. Check out [www.demilangford.com](http://www.demilangford.com) for more info. Watch for details to follow in April.



## RESOURCES

### READING SUGGESTIONS

1. *Awareness* by Anthony De Mello A wonderful challenge to be aware and wake up. A Jesuit priest, he oddly mixes Christian, Buddhist, Hindu and psychological insights together for greater understanding in becoming aware.



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