

Shattered Whole

Chapter One First Awakening

As the trees rapidly approached, eerily lit by the headlights of the skidding car, I had 2 thoughts. The first was “Damn. I’ve done it now. I’m going to die.” The second was a desperate cry to my mother “Get the children”.

I then held onto the steering wheel with all of my strength, and closed my eyes tightly shut. I was unwilling to look death straight in the face when it came for me. Feeling it would have to suffice.

I was in the middle of my worst nightmare, to be completely out of control with death beckoning. Every second seemed to last an eternity. When would it finally end? The car spun, then rolled down the embankment, over and over again. I felt us sliding across the ice and snow, then – finally, the impact, and with that came the darkness.

Darkness. Emptiness. Silence.

Light. Presence. Peace. Joy.

As if being woken from a dream, I felt my shoulder being shaken. I opened my eyes, ever so slightly. Dark... hmmm.....

I heard an urgent voice.

“Tammy, wake up! Are you ok?”

“Hmm... yes. I’m awake. I’m ok.” I am speaking. It must be true.

“Can you move?”

“Hmm.... I don’t know. I ‘ll try.”

I gently turned my head from side to side, and was surprised to feel my face being brushed by pine needles. I forced myself to focus my attention on the rest of my body. I wiggled my toes. I gently flexed the muscles in my legs, afraid of the pain that might be there. Satisfied I could feel and freely move my feet and legs with no pain, I turned my attention to my arms. My right arm and hand were free and undamaged as well. But my left arm was stretched above my head. I noticed for the first time that we were upside down, held in by the seatbelt.

I began to silently laugh.

“I AM ALIVE!”

I tried pulling my left arm back to me.

NO!

A searing pain shot from my hand all the way down my arm and into the pit of my stomach. My hand was underneath the car! I could not get it back to me of my own volition.

“I’m stuck. I can’t get out.”

I was amazed at how calm I was.

“I’m going up to the street to get help”

My husband left. I was completely alone in the darkness. I was upside down in a car that was lying on my hand, in the middle of the Swedish wilderness, on my way to Stockholm.

Hmmm. Ok, I started “I am obviously walking down the wrong path. (or driving down the wrong road) – this is my accident.. Mine alone. “

Wow. I am quite literally STUCK. “What now? “, I thought.

In my mind, I felt a sense of dissipating mist, leaving behind an amazing clarity.

At that moment, the most important decision I had ever made emerged from the deepest recesses of my being.

I shall walk my own path. I have no idea where it will take me. No idea what to do or how to do it.

I will trust that which is greater than myself, though I do not yet know what that means.

If I was completely honest with myself, I had seen it coming. That is why I was in Sweden, under this car.

A couple of years earlier, I had started to allow and trust my inborn clairvoyance, and was experimenting with other still concealed abilities.

I had begun to recognize that there is more and something greater in this universe than most people ever notice.

My husband had much difficulty accepting this woman who had nothing in common with the one he had married.

I was forced to make a decision.

Either I would become the Self that was inside of me, yearning to live, or I would continue to play the role given me.

Should I choose the former, I would soon be a single mother of 2 small children with an unknown future. Choose the second, I would continue to enjoy safety, security and at least the façade of a happy family.

I of course, chose the second. I packed away my True Self, I tried to bury my fledgling abilities, and I ignored my intuition. I choose to be the wife, mother, and daughter-in-law that was

expected of me. To prove this to everyone, myself included, I decided to join my husband on one of his many business trips, taking my place at his side and supporting him.

The moment I made the decision to Walk My Own Path, something happened. I was surrounded by and filled with a soft warmth, in this Swedish winter cold. I relaxed and I knew that everything would be all right.

I was healthy and whole, and I would be out of this car momentarily. Then life would move forward. An excitement filled me. I couldn't wait to begin.

10 minutes elapsed. My husband returned.

"30 cars have driven right past me, not one asshole has stopped!", he said. He was very close to panic.

We were surrounded by pitch-black darkness; the demolished car was invisible to passersby.

"I must look like a mad man with no jacket or shoes on in this cold, waving my arms like a fool.

"Someone will stop soon. I'm fine. Go stay on the street until someone stops", I soothed him.

I felt good. I had understood. Or not? Why was no one stopping to help?

Alone again. Waiting. I was starting to feel the cold. My arm was a limb of fiery pain. Thoughts began to swirl around in my head.

I am alone in this pitch -black forest. Sweden is a wilderness. I can smell the blood that is covering my face. Are there wolves in Sweden? Other predators? Are they already stalking me in the darkness, attracted by the smell of my blood?

I start to panic. My heart races, my breathing is shallow. I feel terribly vulnerable and helpless. Horrible pictures of fierce wolves attacking, and ripping me to pieces dominate my mind. I hear something rustling in the brush around the car.

Would I die after all, defenseless and forlorn, here in the icy darkness?

I could do nothing. I had no other choice than to surrender myself to the fear, the panic, and maybe even the wolves. I closed my eyes and said out loud "Then come and take me if you must"

Calm. Deep silence. The pictures going round in my mind stopped spinning. A deep sense of Peace, one I had never experienced before, filled me.

Another 10 minutes past. My husband returned.

He squatted next to the broken window "I feel so helpless, what can I do?"

"Listen" I said. I had never had a shock, but would it not be appropriate to have one in this situation?

"I think I might be going into shock. You need to cover me. Find my jacket, I feel cold. Stay here and talk to me, don't let me fall asleep."

I didn't feel sleepy at all; I was wide-awake, and filled with clarity. I remembered learning it was important to stay warm and conscious. It couldn't hurt.

He couldn't find a jacket, and he couldn't stay with me. It was very important to stop more cars, so that enough people would come together to lift the car.

Ok. That's fine too.

I closed my eyes. "I can feel you." I whispered to the unseen force.

All doubt was washed away.

I heard, no I felt, a voice, "Everything is ok"

I felt the words caress my skin. Like a silky, warm coat they enveloped me.

Sirens. Voices. Dancing light beams. A friendly face appeared. I smile joyfully at him. I am getting out of here.

"I'm alright, just stuck", I said

Compassionate smile on the friendly face. "We'll see about that"

The car was moving; many men were now there, heaving. Friendly Face gently lifted my arm from beneath the car. The door was being opened. That took a while. Then I could crawl out of the broken and twisted car, while the Friendly Face held my arm. Strong arms wanted to lift and carry me.

"NO", I said, "I want to stand myself"

They gently and tenderly helped me onto my feet. Though a bit wobbly, I stood, and began to inspect the scene that surrounded me. So many people! I glanced to my helper, the friendly face who was still gently holding my arm. His face was so white.... The others... All staring at my arm...

I heard my husband's voice "Oh God! Call for a helicopter! Get specialists! The cost is irrelevant, as long as her hand stays on!"

For the first time I looked at my hand.

Ooohhhh, that doesn't look good at all! Rubbery looking and in tatters, the fingers bent in unnatural positions. Not at all like it should look.

Vertigo.

Strong arms immediately holding me.

"NO", I can manage this. "I shall walk myself to the ambulance" I insisted.

I. WILL. WALK. MY. PATH!

Supported by the friendly, albeit white face on the right, my arm carried as if it did not belong to me, I made my way up the embankment. I reached the street, sat onto the stretcher and allowed myself to be lifted into the ambulance. My arm and hand were burning as if they were on fire.

Hmmm.... Everything is all right. Right?

Fifteen minutes later, we arrived at the hospital. I was poked and prodded. Then, the first little miracle. A nurse was washing my face clean of blood, searching for the wound that had caused the mess she was trying to remove. She could not find it. Dried rivulets of blood covering my face, and no wound from which it stemmed.

Everything was ALL RIGHT! Though perplexed, the nurse simply kept washing, ignoring what she could not comprehend.

My hand was x-rayed, and I was quickly brought to the intensive care. There were wires and beeping sounds all around me. I heard a doctor speak to my husband, who had remained uninjured. I was to be observed through the night, then surgery in the early morning.

Ok. Fine.

My husband lay down to sleep. The nurses had given him a cot in a small room. I closed my eyes and was immediately immersed in the silky, comforting warmth that I had experienced in the car.

“I don’t want them to cut me” I whispered. “What have I not seen? Is there anything I can do?”
Ok. I had turned my back on my True Self. This wrecked car and body were the result. Now, I have made the decision to walk my true path, even though I do not know where it will lead me.

Is there still something to do? Something I need to realize? Must I still have an operation?

I closed my eyes.

“I feel you”, I whispered to the force that was holding, protecting and supporting me. “Show me the way I need to go”.

And that, it did.

The first scene I was shown, was of myself standing in my kitchen. I could feel my own suffering. The yearning for a different life, and the guilt for this yearning. The fear of not being accepted. For the first time in my memory, I could physically feel these feelings. Yearning, Guilt, Fear. Suddenly, I could see clearly. The feelings were no longer fogging my vision. I saw just how much I had been suffering and that I had been making my husband responsible for my misery. Oh. Wow.

How?

I had at some point decided I needed to sacrifice my joy in order to be loved. I had decided I could not possibly be who I really am, and be accepted. And I was pretending to do these things for my husband and family. In order to hide myself, not having the courage to be who I really am, I blamed the people and situations in my life for my inability to be my authentic self. I was so afraid of being myself, I hid behind the roles of wife, mother, daughter, friend, letting those roles keep me so busy and my life filled with needless drama so that I would not have to risk being all I could be and then have to live up to the expectations of actually succeeding. Stay small; do not risk walking into the unknown. Stay with what is comfortable, secure.

When I realized what I had been doing, I felt immediate relief. And something strange. Compassion. Compassion for this version of myself I was seeing and feeling. Oddly enough, I was not filled with regret or remorse. It was gratitude that filled me. Compassion, joy and gratitude filled every cell in my body. In my mind's eye, I looked upon my husband and said- I'm so sorry I have made you responsible for my not being able to be myself. Please forgive me. I felt a deeper sense of peace fill me from deep inside. Gratitude to my husband for playing this game with me. For it was a game, I now saw. Others were also playing this game with me. One by one, I was shown exactly how I had used every other person and situation in my life to keep my Self small and hidden. With the feeling of peace, compassion and love that filled me I thanked each and every one for their part in my journey; thanked them for playing their role so perfectly. I blessed them, each and every one. Thank you, I love you.

This went on for hours. The same process over and over.

At about 6am I opened my eyes to find my brother in law, who had driven all night after being called by my husband, looking at me and crying.

"It's all right. I'm ok", I said softly. He looked up at me. "Oh dear lord in heaven. Please let it be so."

A nurse came in. "It's time for surgery".

Hmm....does it really matter if they cut me? The feelings of love and peace were so deeply alive in me, I wasn't afraid of surgery any longer.

I was wheeled into Radiology once again. More x-rays before the cutting began.

Hhmm....what is taking so long? They turn my arm in every direction possible, pictures and more pictures.

Wow. My Hand really is messed up bad.

Then off to have a CAT scan. As they stretch me out into the tunnel like machine, every muscle in my body screams. 30 very long and painful minutes later, I am sitting next to the big machine, waiting to be taken into surgery.

A young doctor comes in.

I ask him if he is taking me to surgery?

"No", he says "There will be no surgery. You can go home now."

"What?!" Cried my husband, "She has to have surgery. They are waiting for her. Her hand has been crushed! They have to fix it."

My mind became completely silent. Deep peace. Gratitude. Joy. All this I felt...and more.

"No surgery is needed. We must have been mistaken.", he replied. He looked me deeply in the eyes. Did he want to understand what had happened? "You can go home now."

“Thank you”, I finally spoke. “But I believe I will stay here another night. I am very tired, and the drive home is long.”

My husband began to stutter, “But, But....”

I closed my eyes and could only think “Thank you, thank you, thank you.” I did it! I really did understand! Oh wow!

This was one awakening, one healing of which many were to follow. Was this enlightenment? No, most certainly not. It was a beginning. The seed of my soul that I carried inside my body was awakened and had begun to grow.