

Carla's Newsletter for March
(and Jan/Feb)

Dear Readers,

What has been happening on the landscape of your life? I put it this way because life is like a three-dimensional painting – your very own masterpiece. As a personal painting, it is also a projection of what is happening on the inside of our psyche. It is our psyche made visible. Our lives are therefore full of metaphors.

I had known this intellectually for a while, but recently, this knowledge has become much more of an inner knowing to me. It has come alive for me as part of my growing up or part of my breaking down, however you might like to see it. My letter to you this time is very personal.

Most of us have seen the movie Titanic. If ever we want to see a great symbol of the ego, then we need look no further. This monster of iron that was supposedly unsinkable, ran into an iceberg at arrogant full speed and disappeared into the freezing depths.

I saw this movie three times. I wanted to understand why it moved me so much. The most impressive moment for me is the involuntary sound of deepest grief of the liner just before it totally loses control and slides under the water. The great iron structure is now being slowly reduced to rust and rubble in perfect helplessness.

Well, dear Reader, this is ultimately the fate of every ego! Ego will be ripped open, die and dissolve. Lucky are those of us who allow ourselves to be ripped open while we are still alive!

I will explain what I mean with a personal story.

I have been separated from Aaron now for a whole year. Aaron is the person who woke me up to my sexuality when I was 34 and he was 19, as I describe in *God's Callgirl*. Aaron who came back into my life thirty years later and woke me up to my womanhood. This is the story of *Desire, Awakening God's Woman*, my second book, due to come out in Australia at the end of March. Aaron who eventually fell short of my expectations and whom I left.

Recently, I have owned up to my loneliness, not just in living apart from Aaron, but in living all this time in judgement of some of Aaron's traits. Of course, said my mind, I was totally justified in thinking the way I did.

But then, as Aaron is always keen to remind me, the truth is not in thinking. Love is not in thinking. Love just loves, fearlessly. Love loves regardless of whether a person judges or leaves. That is what Aaron learnt to do. He is a veteran of others leaving his eccentric self, and of extracting the one thing that enabled him to benefit from the experience: his

capacity to love regardless. Aaron loves and is not afraid to show it. He is not a romantic lover, but someone who affirms your presence and your own ability to love.

This love is what undid me, although it all happened before I ever spoke to Aaron. The love that is in Aaron is just Love, the same in all of us. As soon as I allowed myself to feel the grief of loss, the grief of what I had done to myself, the grief of judgment, the grief I had caused – as soon as that happened, Love entered in the space created by my broken heart. An image of the Titanic on my television screen was the trigger for this event.

I felt my grief as I sank into the depths of my denied feelings. I felt the grief of a woman whose life had been saved by a man who drowned; no, not the young woman, but of a woman – one of probably many on board - whose relationship had been badly damaged by years of stand-offs and denials. This woman finally understood that she had been loved by her man. Much more importantly, she finally understood that *she loved* and that all she had ever wanted was to love. She realised that she *could* love, and that loving was the most natural and the most delightful thing in the world. The Titanic is but a symbol of a big, strong, inflexible and self-righteous ego that will end up in the depths of water before it reaches any worthwhile destination. Water is the symbol of emotions, of feeling, of our feminine side.

Make of this story what you like. I offer it to you as food for your soul, with love for you, because I have learned to love without fear and preconditions.

Carla

PS. In case you are wondering: this does NOT mean that Aaron and Carla are together again in the conventional sense. It does mean that more than ever, we acknowledge the love that is between us.