



An unexpected otherworldly experience occurs during mundane barn chores on a cold winter morning. The occurrence leads to a refocus on prior studies into the supernatural, deeper meditation practice, and eventually to automatic writing about the current lifetime and its embedded lessons.

Rise Beyond Fear To Truth

by Claire Grace Eden

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Claire Grace Eden with Adam

Rise Beyond Fear To Truth Why?



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Preface

Adam was the first man or the first race of men.

Eden is the Paradise visited by Adam.

Since or even before that time, as human souls have entered human bodies at birth, did we arrive with plans and goals for this life? Did those plans include agreements with others in order to learn from lifetime experiences? Perhaps we need more than one experience to learn important lessons.

As we begin a new life on earth, is there any time at which we glimpse memories of what came before? Might we sense other realms or aspects of human existence, or is our daily physical experience the only truth?

Prologue

WHY?

“Why is life here on the Earth so challenging and how can I reclaim my soul’s joyful state of being, embody true spirit in every aspect of life and find peace and love by choice?”

These are not my words. They came from the most special person I have ever known.

The question, “Why,” has applied to so many situations, seemingly unrelated, yet all pointing to the answer. It only took 70 years to approach the answer and fit the puzzle pieces. In the context of an earthy lifetime, it seems agonizingly slow. Yet, if the soul is eternal, this life is but one step.

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1 - Revelations of a Dark Dream

I am very small, curled up in a warm, dark place, and crying, “Mama, mama.” This dream, short and simple, occurred the night after I attended a class about massaging a client who has suffered trauma. As much as I enjoyed massage school, I expected to merely tolerate this class. Most of massage school applied to me. This class did not. At that time in my life, I had the excellent fortune to have avoided accidents and physical violence.

The teacher started by enumerating the signs and symptoms experienced by a person who has suffered trauma. She immediately had my full attention. I had spent the past five years wondering about my sudden onset of unrelenting insomnia. Although it had started with nine consecutive nights of inability to sleep during my first semester of Physician Assistant School, I could not attribute it to stress. P.A. school was enjoyable and a lot of work, but it was not difficult or stressful. All of my medical tests and visits revealed completely normal findings.

The person teaching the trauma massage class mentioned other signs and symptoms that accurately described me. I had always experienced anxiety, excessive attention to detail, and hypervigilance. My childhood sleepwalking and nightmares diminished with age. The cause of these issues remained a mystery. My mother described me as excessively needy and anxious.

Years later, I would tell my friends that my mother and I got along splendidly right up until the moment I was conceived. From that moment, our relationship deteriorated steadily

throughout my life. If a developing fetus can sense the maternal wish for avoidance, I had nine months of feeling unwelcome.

I thought the dream held the key to my insomnia, but why the sudden onset at the age of 45?

Then came the dreaded birth, several days late, right on my father's twenty-fifth birthday. The timing probably worked in my favor. How could he not develop a bond with his birthday present? However, the birth itself further distanced my mother from me. She was overly sedated, and both of us were asleep when I arrived. I was whisked to the neonatal ICU. I still have fleeing memories of being in a warm, bright place while feeling an inner chill. Throughout life, my mother said the reason she and I hated each other was that she did not hold me immediately after birth. When I was very young, I would cry and scream that I did not hate her. I craved being on her lap. I craved sitting next to her. She could not bear to touch me. There was always a younger child or a new baby who needed to be held. I was too old to be so needy. Eventually, I gave up arguing. I gave up trying.

Touch. The dream was about not being wanted or touched. No wonder I craved massage. No wonder I craved hugs. No wonder I could not tolerate touch from anyone whose behavior resembled my mother's behavior.

Once I thought I understood the message of the dream and started receiving regular massage, there was a brief, partial respite from the ravages of insomnia. It only worked if the energy of the massage therapist was very soft and sensitive. Craniosacral work also helped. The sleeplessness was exacerbated any time I was near someone whose behavior toward me reminded me of my mother. This became clear during a session with a perceptive therapist who said, "In adulthood, we become one of our parents, and we marry the other parent."

I had become my father: joyful, somewhat impulsive, and adventurous. In my third marriage, I indeed “married my mother,” a person who gradually revealed himself to be judgmental, critical, humiliating in public, cold, manipulative, narcissistic, covert-aggressive, and as financially and emotionally abusive as possible. I should not have been surprised when, years later, he criticized my need to resume a low dose of a medication to treat anxiety and insomnia. I should not have been surprised that he did it in a threatening manner, implying that I was exhibiting cognitive disturbance that might require him to have me certified as incompetent. All of this because I took one quarter of the lowest dose of a medication.

At the time, the dream seemed to answer the question of “why.” But it was not the answer. I had been able to sleep without medication until the age of 45. The abrupt onset of intractable insomnia was much later revealed to be unrelated to my mother, to school, to a major transition in my personal life, or to my time of life. I was not yet able to find forgiveness and empathy for my mother, a young woman not yet ready for motherhood.



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