

A book of tiny stories, the author narrates the experiences of one soul echoing the often-asked: 'Who am I and why am I here?'. Bringing clarity to the challenges, happenings, and happenstances of an awakening process that is ever-evolving.

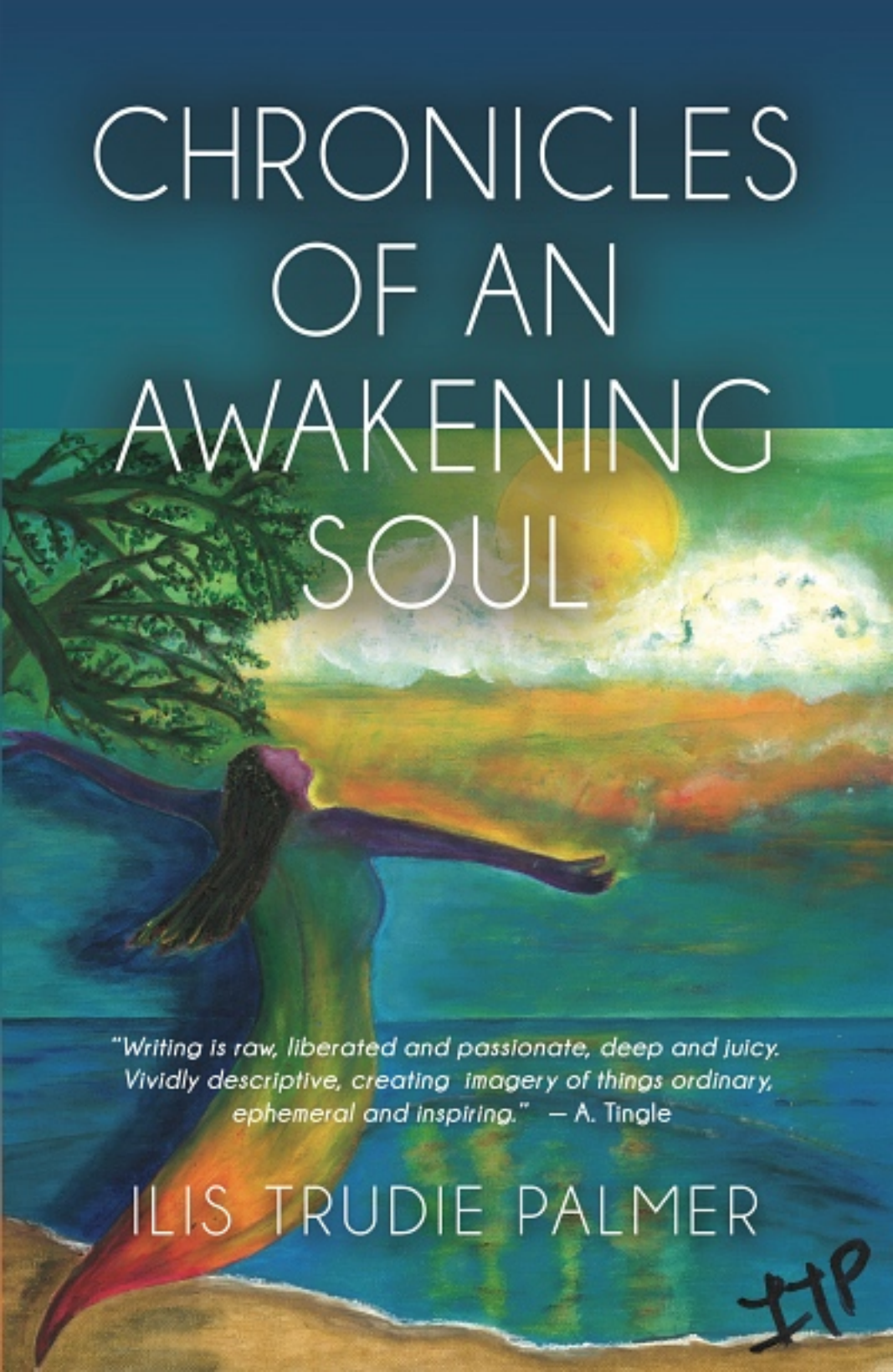
Chronicles of an Awakening Soul

By Ilis Trudie Palmer

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The background of the cover is a vibrant, painterly illustration. It depicts a figure with long, dark hair, wearing a multi-colored garment (purple, green, and red), standing on a sandy beach. The figure's arms are outstretched towards a large, bright yellow sun or moon in a sky filled with soft, colorful clouds. The horizon is a mix of orange, yellow, and green, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall style is expressive and emotional.

CHRONICLES OF AN AWAKENING SOUL

*"Writing is raw, liberated and passionate, deep and juicy.
Vividly descriptive, creating imagery of things ordinary,
ephemeral and inspiring." – A. Tingle*

ILIS TRUDIE PALMER

ITP

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Print ISBN: 978-1-64719-686-8

Ebook ISBN: 978-1-64719-687-5

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2021

First Edition

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Living the Yabba Pot Lifestyle

You: *Yabba Pot lifestyle? What is that?* Question asked with wide curious eyes.

Me: A Yabba pot is an earthenware cooking utensil we use for making Ital food. It is made from local clay and fired in a kiln until it is baked and ready for use.

You: *Ital food? What is that?* Eyes even wider, brimming with interest.

Me: Ital food is the name that Rastafarians use to describe their way of cooking. Everything earthical: no meat, lots of coconut milk and no salt, unless it came naturally from the groun' provisions.

You: *Groun' provisions? Now what is that?* Eyes really popping now.

You: *But hey, I know what is Rastafarian--Bob Marley and Reggae music.* Eyes smugly smiling.

Light is the New Heavy

One reader of my stories commented that my writing “is quite light for such important issues.”

I felt quite flattered. It was like I had achieved my objective. It is supposed to be light. Life is supposed to be happy and light.

We humans make things complicated—as if to say, if it wasn’t hard or difficult, then something must be wrong. Then we wonder, where did we go wrong along our life’s path? This has been too easy. Something is not right. And so we go searching for what we did wrong that made our life light.

Who says that life is not supposed to be light?

And that writing about life

and meditation,

and spirituality,

and seeking,

and oneness,

and the universe,

and connection to our Inner Self and the Divine

—is not supposed to be light?

Why is it when we are happy, we feel light?... when we are in love, we feel light?

Because light is the new heavy.

Mindfulness and Your Shudda Wudda Cudda

As humans, we are very good at one thing--beating up on ourselves when things do not go the way we feel that they should have. And alas, we take this thinking into our meditative space. We feel that every time we sit down to meditate; it should be one rapturous session.

We should see the stars, even during the day.

We should travel through the cosmos in swirls of purples and pinks.

We should have no thoughts--our minds becoming a beautiful vacuous space.

We should have mind orgasms because we heard that they were better than sex.

We should see the light.

We should. We should.

Alas, when none of these shoulds happen we get out the big stick and we beat up on ourselves. We feel that it was a wasted session because we had the should nots.

We should not have had all these thoughts.

We should not have had to wrestle with feelings and emotions.

We should not have heard the mosquito buzzing near our ear.

We should not have felt our butt aching and our back and shoulders tensing up.

We should not have mercifully wanted it to end.

We should not. We should not.

We need to forget the shoulds and the should nots when we sit to meditate.

Just see each visit to that space as a good one.

No, not just a good one, but as a beautiful experience between ourselves and The One.

More Answers than Questions

He rushed into her little shop, all hot and flustered, waving his checkbook and a fistful of dollars, shouting, “I want answers now.”

She did not even look up but continued adding that last bit of yellow acrylic paint to the bright sun that dominated her canvas.

He continued to shout, pacing the floor and waving his arms, “I want answers, don’t you hear me? I have money, I can pay.”

A few more seconds passed while she peered at her painting, putting another dab here and there. And then finally raised her eyes towards the man who had so vehemently invaded her quiet, until then, peaceful space.

Her eyes were large, luminous, piercing, yet in a kindly way. She looked at his brows beaded with water droplets, the large sweat stains under both his armpits turning his light blue shirt dark in those areas; and she thought to herself, “*that is a good shade of blue for a stormy sea.*”

He became quiet and stared into her eyes as if expecting that the answers to his questions would move from her to him on some energetic wavelength.

She recognized him as quite a successful businessman from a nearby community. He had made his money in heavy equipment and construction and was known to be one who always got what he wanted--now. He did not have much formal education but had learned that by hard work, cunning, and the right political affiliations, he could get what he desired from life.

She exuded an envious calm and a peace that the businessman wished he could steal. He took a deep breath, lowered his arms to his sides, and calmly repeated, “I would like some answers, can you help me please?”

She smiled. It was a nice smile. It was the smile of a woman who had fought her demons and conquered them. The smile of a woman who lived in the present moment where neither past nor future was of any importance. The smile of a woman who appeared to have discovered the secret of the universe.

“I do not know your questions but I know the answers,” she said softly, “come with me. “

She took up a large cushion from under the counter, gave it to him, and lithely walked out of the shop towards the larger building in the near distance. She was dressed in a long white cotton kimono, flecked with yellow and blue paint. Her salt and pepper dreadlocks were casually wrapped on the top of her head. She had the body of someone who practiced yoga--smooth, fluid, and assured.

The man trudged behind her. She listened to his breathing. It had calmed considerably as he began to feel the peace of the place. Once they reached the house, she opened the door and led him to a large open room. It had a highly polished wooden floor, with several yoga mats and colourful cushions adorning one corner. Several of her paintings were on the walls. Indoor plants, along with a few statues of the ascended masters, made up the calming décor.

He stood in the entrance, took one deep breath, and let it out with a loud whoosh. He felt it. He felt the presence of himself. He felt a calm that he had never experienced in his 57 years on this earth.

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She gestured for him to close the door and to put the cushion on the floor. She went to retrieve one for herself and invited him to sit.

He struggled to sit but finally made it onto the pillow seat. She touched him lightly on the shoulder and whispered softly, “Let us find those answers.”

You Do Not have to Quell Thoughts during Meditation

When we think of meditation, we think of quieting the mind, as much as we can. Finding that calm and stillness within, allows us to rendezvous with our Inner Us and the Divine. The literature abounds with the benefits of such a reunion. But is there any benefit of meditation to the physical body? The flesh and blood that has the all-important job of cradling our eternal soul?

Yes, there is.

Meditation does wonders for the physical body but before you start to imagine your body morphing into a pretzel on a hard floor, hear me out. Meditation is not supposed to be painful on the body, so make yourself comfortable on the floor, a chair, a cushion, five cushions, in bed, wherever. But comfort is key. Begin to feel your body relax as you slowly breathe in and out; even if you do not pay attention to breathing in and out; it does not matter because your body will do it anyway. Feel the body relax from the big toe to that last bit of hair on your crown.

Once fully relaxed, the magic begins.

“Wait,” you say. “I have thoughts. I have lots of thoughts. They are forcing themselves into my calm.”

Let the thoughts be. They will come and they will go. Sometimes you will engage them, other times you won't. Let the thoughts be. Feel your body respond to the calm even though thoughts are racing around like a toddler on a sugar high. Feel all there is to feel. Feel the beauty of the moment.

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The body heals itself when allowed. If we believe that we are energy, then when the body is relaxed, energy moves to areas needing care and healing and begins the work of self-healing.

Relax and let the magic continue.

Let the peace that passes all understanding move through you and around you.

Let the energy within and the energy without heal you.

Let the thoughts be.

Huh?

Thoughts?

What thoughts?

Gotcha!

Take My Advice and Let It Rain on You

I started a community vegetable garden in the middle of summer and it was a struggle to keep it going. Living in the tropics with long days, high heat indices, and little to no rain at this time of the year, meant that starting a kitchen garden now was a trip down insanity lane. But it was something I have been iffig and butting about for a while. So when I finally got the area fenced and the garden beds prepared, putting in seedlings was naturally the next step.

I have always had this strong attachment to the earth. There was something mysterious about it being the source of life and cradle for death. We need it to grow food for us to eat and live and when we die we ask it to accept our earthly bodies and transform it in a way that best contributes to the cycle of life. As usual, I digress.

Keeping those plants alive had been a struggle until the rain started to fall, then oh, what a transformation! Everything is blooming now: bees are busy from flower to flower, pumpkin vines are running as if to catch up with lost time, sweet pepper plants are blossoming, birds are singing, caterpillars are feasting on newly emerged leaves and life is good. All as a result of the rains. The heavens opened up and showered us with its blessings.

This leads me to ask, how are you blooming?

Have you allowed the Universe to rain on you?

Have you given up the struggle of barely getting by on the little bit of blessing you allow yourself to receive now and again?

Have you accepted that your gifts were set aside, just for you, even before you came into this physical existence?

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Are you opening up and accepting the showers of abundance in your life, after perhaps, a prolonged drought?

If not, why not?

Who do You Think You are?

'Runnin' 'round leaving scars...' Christina Perri. (2011). Jar of Hearts. Love Strong Album

As soon as you begin the process of awakening to yourself, you will hear that question. I guarantee you--either silently as a rising pimple in the morning or as loud as angry waves crashing against the innocent shore. Even more, the speaker of those words will surprise you.

Spiritual awakening is one that can be fraught with many stressful moments and anyone proclaiming it to be a walk in the park is a liar. Awakening or the art of awakening involves the realization and consequent acceptance of reality outside the ego-self or the I.

The initial signs are common and most persons would experience several. For example, a feeling of being drawn to nature and wanting to be in nature, increased compassion and empathy for self and others, a feeling of inner peace and renewed consciousness, a feeling of being more authentic - true to oneself and a pulling away from negativity and negative people. In short, the status quo shifts and life as you know it changes.

Be warned, with this shift comes the who-do-you-think-you-are voice. It is the voice of the ego-mind that sees itself being destroyed, it's power structure demolished--leaving it naked and afraid. And so it lashes back, striking below the belt, attacking relentlessly, knowing exactly where to hit because after all--it knows us better than we know ourselves. It has been the king of this body castle for a long time. This onslaught may continue until the seeker feels certain his near future involves donning a straitjacket. The ego-mind, sometimes referred to

as the Lower Self, by believers of Taoism, is convinced that it runs the town and will continue to do so as long as the breath of life courses through its human body. The idea is that the body is here to serve, not the soul, but the self. The thing is, awakening starves the ego, preventing it from partaking in its regular buffet of base pleasure, fear, judgment and the belief that one is separate from the whole.

Awakening seeks not to kill the ego--since a little bit of ego is necessary for living fully in the material plane--but it makes the ego understand and accept that it is no longer in charge.

So fear, no more

Hate, anger and jealousy, no more

Bad relationships, no more

Lack of confidence, no more

Crippling beliefs that serve no purpose, no more

The sense of separateness, no more

The ego has been shackled.

So who do I think I am?

I am the I am that I am.

All Roads Lead to Om-Ram Dass

*I don't care how you get here, just get here if you can...*Brenda Russell. (1988). Get Here. As sung by Oleta Adams. Circle of One Album (1990)

At the end of the meditative session, you feel connected.

To your Higher Self,

To Spirit,

To God,

To the Divine.

However you name it, whatever you call it, it is good.

Some people use mantras, some use breathing techniques, some use music, some use pure silence, some use guided meditation, some use a monotonous sound in the room.

Some use prayer, some use chanting, some use walking, some use yoga, some use driving, some use washing dishes, some use knitting...you get my drift.

The purpose is to preoccupy the mind so that the awareness is allowed to unfold. These techniques collect the energies of the mind and bring them to a concentrated point, making space for the connection to one's Higher Self.

So it does not matter.

Really, it does not matter.

Just get there.

Meditation—The Space Betwixt and Between

Meditation is found in the space between

Our thoughts

Our breaths

Our actions

Our pauses

Our getting there

Our knowing

Our dance between the ego and soul.

It's also the space between

Our shortcomings

Our humanness

Our failures

Our base urges

Our fears

Our fears

Oh. I said our fears already...my bad.

It is that space that is always welcoming,

willing to assist us on our journey

to being better versions of ourselves.

Really Better than Sex

I was awoken at 3:05 am, about 20 minutes earlier than the time my body normally stirs. My program is to head to the bathroom and then engage in some quiet meditation. This has become a ritual for me--both the need for a bathroom break and the need to connect to my Higher Self and the Divine.

For a moment I was unsure as to what woke me. There was not the usual bustle of traffic even at this time of the morning. The roosters were silent, perhaps deciding on a sleep-in. The dogs on the porch were not engaged in their usual rambunctious behavior chasing shadows around the yard. It was perfectly still.

So what woke me?

The realization was quite surprising.

It was the smell of clean, fresh, pure air wafting under my door and up to my nose. Until this time, I never noticed the rareness of this scent. The sensation was so strange that it drew my body awake. My nose reacted first, then my lungs expanded and drank it in. All the while wondering what manner of sorcery was being visited upon them.

I slowly stretched and took in several large beautiful breaths, filling both lungs with clean air, expanding my chest cavity to capture one of the few things on earth that is still abundant and free. Now Mother Nature had upped the ante by providing it unpolluted and pure. She reminded me of her goodness and capability to provide if only us humans cooperate.

Eventually, I returned to my normal programming and subsequently had one of the most orgasmic meditations ever.

Samahdi.

You are Chasing an Empty Bag

As humans, we are busy being busy, running after the transient things of this world because we figure that they will give us pleasure and happiness. ‘Look how happy Mr. Jones is,’ we say. He has been chasing everything that moved in this plane of reality. He chased money, power, women, status, and he appears quite content—happy even. So don’t you dare tell me that happiness cannot be had this way.

As time passes, we achieve our goals, so now we have it all. All that Mr. Jones has and more. Now to rest awhile and savour the happiness that was promised. Alas! There is nothing to savour except the acrid taste of regret and disillusionment. We wasted so many years chasing the proverbial bag and it contained no ‘happy’; not even half an ounce.

The money lost its lustre.

The women lost their looks.

Status caused stress and the power was short-lived.

Money. Women. Men. Status. Power.

The only thing left to do is to weep for the loss of our beliefs. We cry tears of blood and shout to the heavens, accusing it of betrayal. There was a promise that was not fulfilled.

So now, what to do?

We glance at the clock of time and realize we have a few good years left. So we embark on the real search to find ourselves and discover the true meaning of our lives. What was it we came here to do? Why did our soul choose this physical body, this time and this space?

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And so my friend, the journey begins. It will be the hardest one ever but the most fulfilling.

Welcome.

Leave me Alone, Let me Be

Leave me alone and let me grow and thrive and discover my own brand of spirituality.

Let me feel my own connections to the Divine.

I want neither your help nor your advice--let me be.

Though I appreciate your concern for my soul, my soul is just fine; but I can hear yours crying out for the same freedom mine has found.

So, side-eye my oracle cards, my plant altar, and my meditative practices.

I do not ask you to understand, nor do I care if you do.

Laugh when I speak about third eye-opening and trusting my intuition.

I do not ask you to understand, nor do I care if you do.

Shake your head when I marvel at the energy of the moon and my connection to the universe.

I do not ask you to understand, nor do I care if you do.

Pray for me when I say I am the god within.

I do not ask you to understand, nor do I care if you do.

Billie Paul summed it up when he sang, "*You go your way, and I go mine...*" But I'm not meeting you tomorrow nor the next day, sorry.

Blossoming Inner Child

We bury our inner child deep, citing no time for play, no time for adventures, no time for fun. So, now trapped—caught in our own small spaces—we have no more excuses.

Remember when life was for living, happy and carefree? When a simple pleasure was watching an ant make a trail taking food to its nest? Or, observing a bee nestling in an open flower searching for nectar?

All before so-called adulting came to play.

All before the ego took control of the us within.

All before we ceased listening to our higher self and spiritual team.

Throwback the curtains and invite the connection to our inner child. Seek out the things that we loved as children and get to doing.

As we sit at home during the day, locked away from the unseen and still hardly understood; we feel the stirring for that connection. Like a flower slowly unfurling to the warmth of the sun's kiss.

That, my friend, is the blossoming of the Inner Child.

Let her play.

Astral Travel 101

I saw a promotion some time ago that advertised Astral Travel tours. Astral travel or astral projection is an esoteric term used to describe an induced out-of-body experience. Practitioners believe that one's energy or astral body is capable of separating from the physical body and travelling throughout the universe.

The idea was that the curious, not necessarily true seekers of the light, had an opportunity to astral travel—pay your \$299.99 and tour the universe, with no money-back guarantee. The natural wanting-to-know that we possess as humans drives this interest to explore what lies beyond our limited consciousness. In so doing, we present money-making opportunities for those claiming to be in the know.

I have a better offer. My price is a little time and patience plus a guarantee that you will be better for the experience. And to sweeten the pot and encourage you to give it a try, I will let you in on a secret, one so good that I can only whisper it—*it's all in the getting there, not in the being there.*

We start by sitting or lying, whichever is most comfortable, and begin the process of quieting our minds for the trip. This may take many trials since the mind is not easily quieted. Remember I spoke about time and patience? We sit for a few minutes each day and concentrate on our breathing, having relaxed our physical bodies as much as we can, starting with the toes and moving up to the crown of the head—an activity referred to as mindful meditation by many. During the process thoughts come and go, some we engage, some we simply watch. But we notice our engagement and we notice our watching. After each mind-wandering session, which invariably happens; we go

back to the breath, feeling it move in and out of our lungs with no effort, no help at all.

This going within can go on for many weeks, sometimes many months, during which time other things begin to happen. We find ourselves calmer, more intuitive, more at peace with ourselves and our circumstances, and ultimately more connected to our Higher Self. This is what I meant when I spoke of the getting there and before long the thought of engaging in this activity just for the experience of an astral travel tour becomes a vague memory, well at least it does until it actually happens!

For some, it occurs quietly. For others like me, you feel the rush of energy like a freight train tearing up the tracks at a zillion miles per hour. It starts somewhere in the toes and moves up through the body. The energy, a mixture of sound and light, continues until it reaches the crown. The feeling is like a thousand sticks of dynamite exploding inside the head. There is brilliant white and yellow light, sometimes turning mauve or purple accompanied by a tremendous roaring sound. You hear the noise inside your head. Sometimes fear steps in, but be brave, accept, and let go. You will feel yourself being released from the physical body, similar to the sensation encountered during those moments when inside a plane, you experience an upward-lifting motion as its wheels leave the tarmac.

You are now off, set your intention, and enjoy the trip.

The travel begins. Explore. Be amazed. Return before waking.

PS. Stay tuned for Astral Travel 2.0

Blame it on the Rain

Every morning for a few weeks now, a morning shower sweetly kisses the dawn, gently and lovingly. The connection speaks by saying:

Let me rain down on you covering you with my blessings.

Let me cleanse your mind as you begin a new day, washing away the yesterdays and their problems.

Let me remind you of the eternal goodness of the Universe.

Let me encourage you to just be.

But us humans, we do not like the rain. It dampens our plans, interrupts our flow—we have so much to do and now we will just get soaked.

We see the rain as getting us wet.

We see the sunshine as burning us up.

We see the trees and plants as making us rake leaves.

We see nature's animals as disturbances, too many bats, rats, and centipedes.

We even see ourselves as a bother to us.

And then we wonder why we are stressed, why our energetic selves are unbalanced, why our inner child is still hurting.

The thing is, we continue trying to satisfy a part of us that is never satisfied—the ego. And in so doing, we strangle our connection to our inner god.

We damp down on our intuition.

We block the connection to our Inner Spark.

Chronicles of an Awakening Soul

We refuse to listen to our angels and spirit guides.

We live in a fantasy that we call reality, unhappy, and unfulfilled.

Then we blame it on the rain.

The Cock Crows

Every morning at about 3 am he begins to make himself known. I do not know if he is the alpha male or simply the official village timekeeper; but Mr. Rooster starts to crow, and one by one the other roosters in the village join in the chorus. So that by 4:30 or so, there is an entire flock of birds encouraging us to rise, shine, and welcome the new day.

And what a beautiful song that is! The sound of nature, by its own timing, reminding us that we are an important part of the whole!

Early in the morning, when you wake to the sound of the rooster, it is a perfect time to allow your mind to quiet itself I--f it chooses to, and engage in a short meditation. This simple practice largely determines the kind of day you will experience.

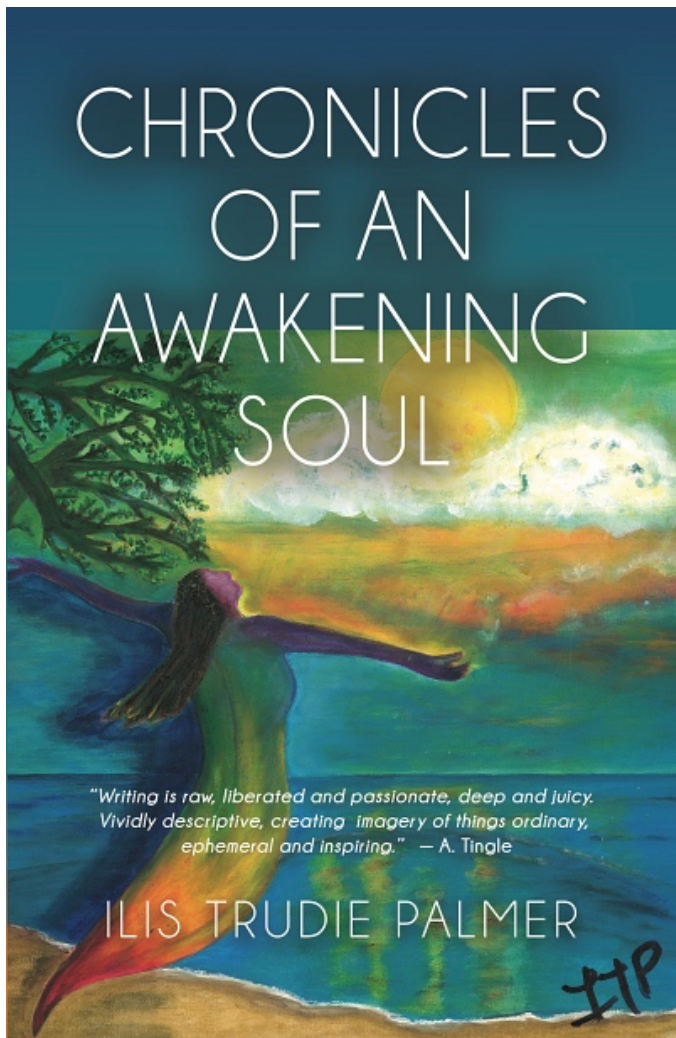
Will you be calm and peaceful, or rushed and stressful?

Will you have found the solutions to problems, or still be harping over things?

Will you be happy in the present, or be feeling guilty about the past; while simultaneously worrying about the future—stressing the body, and irritating the soul?

I encourage you to wake with the rooster.

Rise, shine, get down on your mat, and welcome the new day.



A book of tiny stories, the author narrates the experiences of one soul echoing the often-asked: 'Who am I and why am I here?'. Bringing clarity to the challenges, happenings, and happenstances of an awakening process that is ever-evolving.

Chronicles of an Awakening Soul

By Ilis Trudie Palmer

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