

Conscious Choices

EVOLUTIONARY LEAPS

This article was written by Paula and originally published in Eagle Eye.

To reflect on my experience of the Primal Nudgings Workshop is much more a celebration of the present fullness of my life than it is a reminiscence of a past event. So many of the gentle murmurings of transformation which first whispered from the depths of my soul during that weekend, have become strong, clear voices of truth guiding me in new ways of being with myself and others.

Quiet, dark, feminine, gentle, mystical, sacred - all words that describe the atmosphere in which this transformative weekend took place. Marlyn's open, welcoming heart drew us all together as we shared our stories and symbols of the feminine. This initial awakening of feminine strength, wisdom, and power was deepened by the primal sounds of drumming - sounds that whispered to me something I had not heard before, or at least not for a long, long time. As my body swayed in surrender to these sounds, I intuitively knew that there was something here for me. I felt connected to myself and to the whole collective of womanhood. In that connection, I could discern a calling.

One part of me felt frustrated and confused because the calling was neither clear nor specific. Another part of me felt joyful in this rediscovery of the feminine, creative life force within me. As hard as I tried, I could not squeeze out the meanings or life implications of these soul stirrings; I could only surrender to them as I felt them in the moment.

Before my mind could begin to dissect and analyze my soulful stirrings, Marlyn would introduce yet another body and heart centered activity to invite the flow of feminine, creative energy. Through guided visualization exercises, vivid images imbued with wisdom, strength, masculinity and femininity surfaced from some untapped, unfamiliar place in my being. The meaning of these images was foggy, but the sense of strength, acceptance and support that accompanied them was crystal clear.

Later in my journal I wrote of my soul stirring images as visions of boundless love, limitless possibilities, and endless creation. I also wrote of my struggle to be patient with this unfolding and rediscovery of my primal life force. What does this all mean? How can I fully allow boundless love into my daily life? What limitless possibilities do I need to be exploring? What needs to be created in my life? Rather than receiving answers to my pragmatic queries, the rest of the

workshop activities only plunged me further into the actual here-and-now experiencing of this creative life force within me.

As perplexed as my mind was, my body knew what to do. During the sculpture exercise, my hands sensually danced with blobs of clay until an explicitly feminine/ masculine figure emerged. My critical inner judge gasped in shock, but my soul smiled then laughed in delight. What a novel and risky experience for me to allow my creativity to come forth uncensored! The courage to risk not only came from within me but from the hearts of the five women who accompanied me on my journey of self-discovery. Their support and acceptance created the space for me to continue venturing forth into this strange, new, primal "wild woman" land. I had a sense of each one of us traveling to different places yet very aware of each other's supportive and caring Presence as we forged ahead in this "new land".

As the workshop progressed, I became aware of an inner mantra forming from within. It sounded something like "Here I am". After experiencing the loving, nurturing, sensual process of mask making, and seeing the mask reflect my emotions and my self as I had never seen her before, the words "Here I am" echoed clearly. Here I am - unique, individual, loved and loving, and part of a bigger whole. I ceased to pursue meaning from my experience but rather allowed it to ensue from whatever emerged from within.

Finally, in a joyous celebration with my five traveling companions, I created and presented a skit which celebrated my "Here-I-Am-ness" and which honoured the different parts of myself: the masculine and the feminine, the strong and the soft, the light and the dark, the "be"-er and the "do"-er.

I left the workshop reveling in wonder and excitement of all that I had experienced. I had no idea that the primal, creative, life force that I had tapped into would continue to ripple through my life over the next few months, enabling me to make leaps where I had not dared to even jump. "Here I am" making decisions about motherhood; here I am making plans to secure a new space and place for myself in this world; here I am negotiating a new relationship with my mother; here I am being direct, assertive and straightforward with my needs and desires; here I am feeling more free in my body and the way I carry it; here I am ready, for the first time in six years, to live again.

I came looking and hoping for answers; I left with a deep trust of the power within and around me, and a way to find my own answers. The primal nudgings which gently invited me to taste the life force within me, cleared the way for me to take the running leap in making evolutionary changes in my life.

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