

An Allegory: Her Purpose

I wrote this allegory around 1988. It was my first attempt at telling my story. I include it in this book, as it is my story. (I updated some of the language.) It is my belief it is the story of many of us. The cause of the pain may be different for each of us, but we are united in the experience of pain and the motivation to create healing communities around the world. We are all part of the healing of ourselves, each other, and the world, both near and far.

Once upon a time, a little truth warrior was born. She was full of light and love. There was rejoicing in the kingdom. She was destined, as an infant, to leave the majestic mountains and her Earth Mother and enter into life with the dragon family in the valley below. Long before she was born, it had been predetermined that she would go. It was the way of the people of the majestic mountains. Legacy determined that all truth warriors must descend to the valley to learn their purpose. They had to find their way back to the majestic mountains on their own. The only way for them to know they belonged was through the path of the heart. The truth warrior knew she must face herself to find her way back to true love. It was the circle.

Down in the valley below, the truth warrior chose to become part of the dragon family. The dragon family was a very sad and wounded breed. Due to the dragon family's wounds, they could not look upon the truth warrior's light and love. It caused deep shame within them. You see, in an earlier time, the dragon family had been full of light and love. But eventually the lies handed down from their ancestors became their reality.

Soon after the truth warrior's arrival in the valley, the dragon family began instilling the ancestors' lies in this child of light and love. They would beat her with their powerful, whip-like tails. They never allowed her the tears that were rightfully hers. Worst of all was when the father dragon and his dragon friends took her down into the pit of snakes, where they would force her to devour the snakes' tails. She became convinced that she was very damaged and unworthy.

Her light grew dimmer and dimmer. Her love seemed to disappear, just as the snakes did as they entered her mouth. Her Earth Mother, living high in the majestic mountains, was pained by what she saw her child going through. She was hurt by the way the dragon family treated her beloved child. She was saddened by the dragon family's wounding of both the truth warrior and themselves.

The Earth Mother knew that this was a special child with a unique purpose that could not be altered. She must walk through the pain. She had a message for the children yet to come. Her light was to show them the way. As the Earth Mother witnessed the truth warrior's light dimming, she became afraid the truth warrior would not make it to the other side. Sometimes truth warriors lost their way and never made it to the other side. The Earth Mother knew her light could not be extinguished. She sent her helper down to the valley below to hide it. The helper put a hardened shell around the truth warrior child's tiny flicker of a flame. She knew this child would need this spark of light in her journey ahead.

There was no light that the truth warrior could feel, nor could anyone see her true self. Only the hardened shell was visible to the world and herself. She lived for many years in pain and misery with the dragon family, believing the lies of their ancestors. The lies became her truth— not of a true self, but of a dark and false self that took over her body. She was living as the dragons before her had lived. She thought she would become just like them. She could not see her purpose.

She grew into a woman, a sad, wounded woman. She knew she had to leave the land where the dragons ruled. The Earth Mother up in the mountains rejoiced to see her restlessness and waited for the truth warrior to call upon Her to show the way.

Sadly, the truth warrior had sworn to herself never to let anyone or anything get close to her. This only caused her pain. She was not going to turn to her Earth Mother in the majestic mountains, even though she felt Her presence. She told herself the Earth Mother had abandoned her from the beginning. She could not see her light, and it was so dark.

The truth warrior knew not which direction to go, so she just ran. She ran down the first path she came upon. She soon found herself in a desert wasteland of shattered dreams. The more she tried to find her way out alone, the more lost and turned around she became. She wept bitter tears as the majestic mountains slowly left even her distant view. The horrible irony was that the harder she ran into the desert, the stronger the messages of the dragon family became part of her. Where there was once light and love, now only hatred and bitterness grew. Every day “the voices” of the past would scream to her, “You are only good for a little action in the pit of snakes. You are worthless. You are damaged goods.”

The truth warrior eventually found herself jumping willfully into any snake pit she came upon. The more she ventured into the desert wasteland of shattered dreams, the greater the pain of being with herself increased. She grew very weak and tired.

One day she could take the pain no longer and cried to her Earth Mother in the majestic mountains, “I am weak, I am tired, and I am so very afraid. Show me the way!” The Earth Mother had waited so very long for her to call to Her. She was filled with joy. Now She could show her the path of her truth. She did not magically appear and take the truth warrior from the wasteland. This was her journey. She needed to learn her own power and strength. She had to know she had the power to prevent any dragon from ever pulling her into the wasteland again.

Only through the journey on the path of unspent tears could she know she had the power and strength of her own love and light. What did happen was that the protective shell covering her light broke away. Her tiny spark of light was still there. At first her light was small, and she stumbled along the path every step or so. Sometimes the truth warrior was afraid, and it was dark. But she was determined to leave this arid place forever. A little light began to shine. She soon started seeing others on the trail who had grown up in the land of the dragons. The truth warrior saw that others had fallen, just like she had. The difference was that they reached out to one another to break their fall, and she would not. She thought she could not. They would reach their hand out to the truth warrior, but she did not trust, so she wrapped her arms tightly around herself and looked away.

One day it came to her that she could not walk the path alone. She needed others or she would not make it. The next day, as she tripped over a rock, she caught hold of a companion’s hand. This fall was not as hard or as painful as the others had been. It was better to have a cooperative spirit with others walking the path with her. She found herself reaching out her hand to break the falls of those coming behind her, and allowing others to help her break her fall. With this newfound sense of being part of a tribe, her light began to grow even more. She woke in the morning looking forward to that day’s journey, even though she knew it was going to be hard. Her new tribe was teaching her what love meant.

“Together, with love and compassion, we walk the path. Together, we are stronger than one.”

She became stronger with each step along the way. She no longer had to live in the darkness of her past. She could march past the snake pits and not feel compelled to jump in. She was learning her truth. She had begun the journey of reclaiming herself.

The truth warrior now lives in the foothills of the majestic mountains with her tribe, in the land of all seasons. Her light and love grow brighter with each passing day. She often journeys back to the trail of unspent tears, not to live in the past but to offer her hand to those stumbling along their way. She does not feel the need to run, as she faces all the seasons now with the same light and love. She has learned to live her purpose. She was always meant to show others the way.