

Accept Who You Are

And Witness Your Reality Transform



Natasha Sumner

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Foreword

Imagine opening a printed work and picking up, in one text, much of what you need to know to graduate from the University of Life. That would also be a mighty fast accomplishment... and that's what you could well experience when you turn the final page of this book.

Seldom have I seen as much incredibly valuable, right-on-the-money observations, insight, and advice as I found in each chapter of *Accept Who You Are* by Natasha Sumner. If you want a short course that could take you a long way, you're looking at it right now.

Accepting, embracing, and actually honoring who we are can be a challenge for many people—especially those raised in a household where children were told: “Don't think too much of yourself.” Those admonitions from parents, while well-meaning, often produced unconscious self-suppression nonetheless. This question then, as we entered fully into our own adult lives, became meaningful and important: How do we accept who we are?

Well... you've come to the right place to find out. Thank you, sincerely, for having the gumption, the determination, and the commitment to accept who you are, and to offer the best of this to others. Our world is grateful to you.

~ Neale Donald Walsch

*The sun took refuge in the twilight...
The dazzling lights that tantalize fade...
The dark will creep in soon to shroud all that is of the light...
The eye turns inward, do you see me now?*

*The tongues wag, the ego clamors for attention...
A mad rush to fill the void, squirming in the silence...
A jab, a death, a shock to the system...
The mental chatter slows, do you hear me now?*

*Feet a-marching to the noiseless beat of a pavlovian drum...
The dancer grows tired of the dance...
He glances back and sees his strings...
A silence sets in, do you feel me now?*

*Souls jostling for affection and acknowledgement...
Love loses meaning as beyond the grasp of the mind...
Scattered reflections, how could Source not love itself...
The heart expands, do you remember me now?*

- An Ode to Self

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Preface

Have you ever felt like you're different? Not different as in lacking ten fingers and toes, walking through walls or somersaulting off-of-a roof kind of different. Not that these things aren't possible, but this is not the difference of which we speak. In fact, the difference alluded to cannot be qualified in words. It comes up as a feeling – better yet a knowing. You've always been different. It's something you've always known.

For as long as you can remember, they've called you all kinds of names. *Black sheep, dreamer, loner, oddball, misfit, upstart, renegade, outlier, autistic*. You name it, you've heard it. Any label that could justify the anomaly of who you are. When these boxes no longer seemed to fit, they came up with more elaborate names, or worse yet, diagnosed you with afflictions that no amount of talk therapy, pills or poppers could fix.

With time, the boxes grew bigger, enshrouding you in their makeshift world. And you remained a part of that reality for as long as you believed them. Until you did not.

There was always that little nagging voice in your head, whispering to you for as long as you were willing to hear it. Entreating you that you were something more. What or who, you did not know. But you knew what you were not.

So, at an early age, you rummaged through books – as many books as you could find, and meandered through life...the relentless seeker, the silent watcher, looking for

some clue to the puzzle of who you are. You felt that if you looked deeply enough, listened attentively enough, read extensively enough, felt fully enough, cried softly enough, laughed spontaneously enough and loved passionately enough...you'll uncover a clue; a clue that explained your existence.

There were many little clues along the way. Moments where time stood still, and your heart pounded erratically in your chest for no particular reason. Like the *DeJa'Vu* that took hold upon stepping foot in a place that you've never before visited or locking eyes with a complete stranger... when every fiber of your being hummed with familiarity.

Or that moment where you felt like you plummeted into a brick wall and hit rock bottom, except visually there was no wall or rock, so no one was going to believe you if you told them anyway.

But you certainly felt it and continued to revel in the poignancy of the moment long after that; much after you were catapulted back to the present reality. But wait a second – why did that moment feel more real than anything you'd ever experienced, why did you feel so much more alive than before?

In the space that straddled that moment and the one that followed it, where everything stopped and the mind for the first time snapped out of its analytical frenzy – you'd never before experienced that degree of peace, presence and clarity felt. It was like the entire Universe had stopped its agenda to dialogue with you, and every cell in your body perked up to attention as if in the presence of something transcendental. In a space of no words, you were given a fleeting glimpse of something quite magical.

It left no doubt that there was something much larger, much grander than yourself that existed, and that it and you were one and the same. *It was outside of you, yet a part of you. It was larger than you, yet within you.* Your mind swirled and

resumed its usual chatter, trying to attribute meaning to the experience. Slicing and dicing to extract the logic – something concrete that it could hold on to, something to unravel the mystery... to decode the truth.

The truth of who you are – that clue, lurked right around the corner. You could feel it. You are so close to discovering the missing puzzle piece that is going to make your entire story fall into place. You're so close to unveiling and unshrouding the truth of your identity. Why? Did you think it is by coincidence that you've picked up this book and pulled apart the pages?