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Spiritual journaling — the gift that goes on giving

I've never been a keeper of a diary or a journal, my day-to-day activities, thoughts, and plans seemed too boring to capture on paper and, perhaps more importantly, held within them the potential for great embarrassment. Why on earth would I write down my dreams, hopes, fears, and fantasies so that ten years later I could revisit them with a red face?

However, all that changed in the November of the first lockdown. A year in which I turned seventy, felt unable to do my work on Zoom, and found myself with enough time on my hands to clear out all my cupboards. But it was not just my cupboards I was clearing out, it was the debris of life that I had allowed to accumulate around my spirituality. A fraught subject indeed, mainly from my childhood, but also in life. Spirituality is the marmite in relationships, relished in some and ardently avoided in others.

So here I am, on cold November mornings with a long day to fill. A day which has always started with meditation with my partner. A routine that had become so commonplace to me it was almost habit. Rather like cleaning my teeth, sometimes I did it because I felt I should, at other times I did it to cleanse myself and start the day afresh. On the days it was a positive choice there was always benefit and on the days it was sheer routine? Well, thanks to journaling it turns out there was a positive affect as well because when I started recording my meditations I realised how much they affected my day.

It was not just a revelation about how fundamental my daily meditations were that was the benefit of journaling, but the portal that it opened up. Not just to my imagination, although that was a delight, but to the level of Spiritual input and guidance that is constantly available, if you give it time. Time, respect, and gratitude are the three qualities I would say that spiritual development requires, and all of these things are mutual gifts. What you give to Spirit, or to your soul, you receive in abundance.

In my writing, *The Library of Lives*, I did not allow myself to censor the content. This was not a story, but an honest account for my eyes only. It was raw, repetitive, and honest about my process, my procrastination and constant questioning about where imagination ended and inspiration began. It was a process of self discovery that only amazed me in retrospect. I wrote daily for three months and then read what I had written, and it was not until that point that I realised two things; firstly my process probably mirrored everyone else's and secondly that Spirit are indefatigable. They, or It,

will fill whatever opportunity they are given with wisdom, Light, encouragement and upliftment. It was only then that I started to feel that this work would benefit others.

What I realised I had captured, and continue to capture, is something other-worldly that is entirely worldly. Let me explain ... the breadth of knowledge, the scale of the perspective in the words that come through me is breathtaking, but also entirely practical and demonstrates a knowledge of my inner self that is deeper than my own. It is as if I am transparent and in being transparent to this presence, or presences, the narrative that I capture always leaves me with a feeling of completeness and often of wonder too.

I say these things because I do not believe they are a product of my own abilities, I believe that this level of communication, which is pure Love, is available to all. It is just a matter of clearing your personal cupboards of doubt, disbelief, and procrastination first. It is, it seems, more difficult to become empty and step aside, than it is either to believe you are worthy of spiritual Love or demand that Love and place conditions upon it.

However, who am I to preach? It's taken me years and years to do just that, but if I can encourage one other person to do the same, then I am sure you will reap the benefits as I have. My one piece of advice is to keep recording without self-censorship and to review your output later. Write for yourself, no one else, and you will be amazed at how self-nurturing that is and then, perhaps, how others can benefit from your dedication and willingness to be vulnerable.

Two examples of my own journal, where my own words are spoken by 'Dorothy' and the 'Librarian' is the name I have given to one of my inspirers. It is this conversation that has lasted over a year now that has opened my eyes to the power of journaling and the many benefits it brings.

Twenty six letters

Librarian: 'Beloved one, shalom to you this day. A day when you hesitated before opening your blank screen wondering if any inspiration was present and for a while deciding, 'no, not today'. But I am not like your word games, beloved one, which you return to each day with the same twenty six components to be realigned. I am not like your puzzle setters where you try to guess their thinking, their logic, their preference for one word over another. No, I am as mysterious as I am familiar, and my vocabulary transcends language, as does yours.

'Earlier you smiled to yourself as you took a few turns to decipher the thinking of the puzzle setter and ended up with what seemed obvious once you thought about the setter and not the letters themselves. So, is this the same with me? Do you approach this place with an expectation of a particular outcome, upliftment perhaps? A commentary on your life in spiritual terms, perhaps? In other words, do you bring me twenty six letters and expect me to rearrange them?

Dorothy: 'I think you have a point, routine builds expectations, but how can my expectations be anything other than I what I know from experience? I only have twenty six letters to offer you, don't I?

Librarian: 'Not really, you have twenty six letters with which to capture what you receive in your attempt to both record it and share it with others. But the experience is never really describable in human terms and as that is all you have to work with you inevitably lose some of its magic.

'What is important with every spiritual journalist is that they acknowledge that the energetic record is holistic, and their written record is but a signpost to the multi-layered energetic imprint that is created each time an entry is recorded. The very act of recording means that the personality explores their Etheric field and that exploration creates patterns within it in the same way as you create patterns in your word games.

'Those patterns are recorded in the Etheric and will be revisited when your time comes to live entirely in the Spirit realm. Those Etheric patterns are multi dimensional and are accessible to those in Spirit who have permission to access them. It goes without saying, I hope, that your soul is the prime recipient. But, as you know, your soul contains more Aspects within it than your body contains cells, and those Aspects, who have achieved a particular stage in their development, will have access to your progress and process as it is intertwined with theirs. So, you could say you always have a spiritual following even if you do not have a human one.

‘Nothing is wasted, but so much of life remains undiscovered by those who are living it. So little curiosity is applied to observing and experiencing the full richness of the subtle bodies and energy fields that surround humanity, for it is in the observing that the effect is grounded. Just as observation affects the nature of particles, so observation of the greater self has an effect because in order to observe you move into the subtle realm and absorb its Light, for it is that that enables you to expand. The act of recording stimulates creates connections in the same way that your brain generates electrical signals that are transmitted by the synapses in your brain, the difference is that these connections are recorded in Light so that its benefit is shared.’

Dorothy: ‘Ah! You’re coming dangerously close to the admonishment that dominated my childhood that, ‘your thoughts are real’.

Librarian: ‘Your mother was not wrong but she, like so many others, misapplied a little knowledge in the hope of achieving power and control. And, as you recollect her admonishments, which bordered on threats, can you feel how your expansion has contracted? How close, once again, you have come to closing this page?’

Dorothy: ‘Yes I can feel it, I am struggling to keep going.’

Librarian: ‘Then surely you can see the wisdom in my words. Where the connections that are made are full of Light and Love they bring peace, where they are filled with fear they trigger a fear reaction which tightens the aura around the personality. That holographic imprint from sixty years ago has the same impact now, if you let it, as it did then. But, thankfully it is earth bound.

‘The imprints of Light, Love, and hope are expansive and dwell not only within the Earth realm but in the spiritual realms too and it these that the spiritual journalist brings into life. It is a service of Love.’

Dorothy: ‘My goodness, thank you. So much for, ‘there’s no inspiration here’, how wrong I was. You have woven together word games, my history and so much more. I am so pleased I continued.’

Librarian: ‘As am I beloved one, without you I would not even have twenty six letters to rearrange. Shalom.’

The art of spiritual journaling

Dorothy: 'I started writing early this morning about a sense of freedom tinged with sadness and fear, and relating that sensation back sixty years. However, I was unable to fully explore that before we went into joint meditation, where we are now concentrating on colour. During that meditation I saw the same scenario, you might say, as swathes of gold stretching out over landscapes. And I realised that I had remained focussed on one small, cultivated, walled, garden when there was a whole world open to exploration. I have the same feeling of freedom as I had earlier, but it is lighter, it is not burdened by memories of the past or fear. It seems the effect of the colours alone is transformative.'

Librarian: 'Indeed it is, beloved one, and I feel the lightness within you. Of course the tendency of words is not just to dull the colours, as was mentioned earlier, but to combine colour with understanding, and experience with knowledge. That is no bad thing, not everybody has the time or the space to do what you do. So, words are, you might say, a poor substitute, but not if the reader sees them as signposts and not the destination.'

'This, I think, is one of the hallmarks of how you are approaching your journals and your writing and trying to share the process with others. It is by absorbing the Light and the colours in the first instance and then allowing the recording to be as fluid as possible. Not dictated by your personality, but by your soul who motivates your inspirers to both formulate language that captures the Light and to describe, or present, imagery that enables the journalist to recreate, as best they can, what they see, feel, and resonate with.'

'It is a form of writing that is devoid of commercial intention. Now here I am having to choose my words carefully, you have described it as, 'without self-censorship' and that is a good description. What I am trying to describe is the need for a very particular form of intention. You have to intend to put the time aside, to clear your mind not just of tasks but of what you feel anyone else might wish to read, or find acceptable. You have to intend, and practise, the form of meditation, self-reflection, self-emptying that you embark on every day and create the space for the Light to fill you. And you have to believe in that Light.'

'You also have to believe that you are not alone, that you have inspirers, be they artists, authors, potters, jewellers, musicians, poets, scientists, doctors, any number of creative forces within your Higher Self who are willing and able to bring their Light to bear. And by their Light I mean the stream of consciousness that they expressed in their lifetime and which they have explored further in the Spirit realms.'

'I hear your question about linking scientists with creativity, and yet there was nothing that was not creative within Creation. It is that ... that spark of genius if you will, that

spark of inspiration, that aha moment that moves their current thinking forward that I am speaking of. That element of creativity that circumvents the constraints of the personality, the current patterns of thinking, to present something new. It happened to you this morning, the colours circumvented your normal reflection, which included past patterns of thinking, and showed you a new way forward without words. You then applied those colours to these sentences and as you write you feel the energy of those colours rise within you.

‘This, beloved one, is the nature of inspired writing, or speech. It is complicated, beautiful and takes practise and trust, but the rewards ... well, you feel them now ... out of despair comes hope, and a sense of upliftment in every meaning of that word. Shalom.’