



SHAKTI BECKONS THE GODDESS...

Get Acquainted with Your Very Own “Roommate”

By Julie K. Halevan

My college-aged son was having a conversation with me about his dorm mate. He conveyed that he was having difficulty being in the presence of this hyper-active guy who incessantly rambled on about everything. He said to me, “Mom, I just can’t listen to another word...he’s driving me nuts”. My son continued on with his lengthy discourse about his roomie woes. I listened for a while and then began my own lecture on the topic of why people engage in constant chatter – it’s a good distraction. I went on and on for some time. We finished our conversation and my son left the room. As I sat there for a moment, talking to myself and reflecting on the exchange, I began to laugh at the irony. I realized that both I and my son were dealing with our own inner chatty roommates – the constant energetic voices in our own heads!

This reminded me of a book I read a long time ago where the author referred to our minds as habitual and lingering roommates...constantly there, talking away. We have this inner voice that is always narrating and verbalizing and judging the world. In a sense, it is manipulating reality, because without the voice, the world would still go on. That voice wants to stay in control by telling us what really is, so that we may “know” and can feel more empowered. What if we were willing to remain more objective? In other words, how would it feel if we would allow ourselves to just simply watch these mind-thoughts and talks. What if we could sit behind all the chatter and just observe? As I contemplated my conversation with my son, after recognizing my own patterns, I began to see scenarios and my thoughts as if viewing a picture-show. From that point on, I practiced being more aware of the mind talk. As I practiced this more and more, I noticed that I wasn’t experiencing as many “emotional charges” as before. All of a sudden, I felt so centered. This left me feeling more liberated than ever. I sighed a breath of fresh air.

For the most part, extremes became less extreme. No more wide pendulum swings. My body came more into homeostasis and the center way became a simple, yet exquisite experience. I simply had more energy because I wasn’t expending it adjusting to the extremes, conjured up by my mind. I was enjoying the abundance of energy I had to just be in the moment, more. Now that’s living life! I encourage all to become the witness more often. Try it as an experiment, and see what you find. Most probably it will be You, the unbounded observer.