

PREFACE

What you are about to read is tough. Sometimes *very* tough. You wouldn't be the first to want to hurl this book across the room. Before you do though, please be sure to take proper aim—children, pets, and antique vases have a way of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. And you don't need more guilt to carry.

At the outset I will tell you that I don't like writing books that trigger such fierce reactions. I like having a head and intend to hold on to it, despite readers that want to lop it off. However, I understand their anger. When I came to a catastrophic crossroad in my life—that do-or-die moment—when I *knew* it was time to confront what I did not want to confront, when I *had* to find the courage to see what I did not want to see and acknowledge what I did not want to acknowledge, my anger could have exploded the earth into teeny, tiny, satisfying bits.

The tender, intrepid soul guiding, tugging, encouraging, leading, and pulling me through the process of breaking through my calcified silence was my husband, Phil. Never once did he let go of my hand. Never once did he chastise me for my fury, even when I spewed the F word at him and every deity I could think of daring all of them to cast me into hell where I would gladly burn with a smile on my face just for spite. Nor did Phil ever wince when my anger blew off his limbs—he simply kept limping along beside me, holding my hand. And never once, no matter how much he was hurting for my hurt, did Phil spare me the truth.

That, I have come to understand, is the highest order of love, the authentic purpose of the soul: To discover the truth. To bear the truth. To know the truth. To speak the truth. To live the truth. The soul's yearning for truth, for knowledge, for evolution far beyond what we—in our physical embodiment—think we know, rises from the divine; from profound, timeless love; from the deepest spiritual respect; and from the soul's sacred longing to be liberated from disabling fear and to be united with its true expression of its eternal, divine self. As we learn to listen to our soul's deepest whispers and brave the hardest truths, we are transformed in a way that we—that I—could never have predicted or anticipated.

Yeah, yeah, yeah... Nice words, but really, soul whispers? Forget it! That, and a few eye rolls for drama, would've been my reaction many years ago at the start of a journey I did not want to take. A whispering soul had no chance of getting my attention. Neither did a shouting and yelling soul. I didn't even spot the extreme antics my spirit was staging as warnings. Had I summoned the courage to heed those alerts, the catastrophic emotional explosion that forever changed the course of my life and the dynamics of our family would have been avoided. But I was completely blinded by terror, totally immersed in deep-rooted shame, and utterly convinced of an unforgivable sin buried far in my past. I absolutely believed that I knew the truth about myself and that I deserved condemnation for "what I had done." It turns out I was wrong. Dreadfully wrong.

When Phil first took my hand to begin that long, long battle to unlearn the lies and misteachings that had so crippled my life, I could not see beyond my anger. My fury would spike whenever I

encountered something I did not want to look at, something I did not want revealed to me. But those were also times of acute awareness. I knew that what I did not want to look at was *exactly* what I needed to confront in my struggle toward emotional and spiritual freedom I wasn't even convinced was available for me. (It was. As it is for you.)

Should *Breaking Through Silence* generate a visceral reaction within you, there is a reason beyond what is written in its pages. Something within yourself is pleading for your compassionate attention. If a particular chapter unleashes recollections that pose hard questions about matters you have always chosen to ignore, your honesty will lead you to greater knowledge and onto the path to undreamed of freedom. If certain phrases or perspectives trigger fundamental, inner conflict, know that this presents an opportunity for exploration and growth. Maybe the tension represents a critical disharmony between your spirit and an entrenched belief system. Perhaps you are being called to *see* in a new, more open way.

Rather than imagining you hurling this book across the room, I envision you embracing and taking advantage of whatever arises as an opportunity to illuminate the path that will ultimately connect you to the fullness of your beautiful soul. It is your choice. All your answers, all the resolutions dwell within you.

Yes, what you are about to read is tough. Sometimes very tough. But the process of confronting what was hidden deep within, of questioning and challenging what I thought I knew, of seeing and acknowledging what I did not want to know, is what saved my life — *saved my life*. I am passing it on.

*You
Beautiful
You*

