

LAURA STALEY

*Abundant
Heart*



THOUGHTS ON HEALING,
LOVING, AND LIVING FREE

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RECLAIM



Impulsive

Some angels gathered before my soul came down to earth as I sat in the front row so eager to go. The angels said, “We’ve got a super, challenging assignment. Think long and hard about whether you want this particular life journey on planet earth.”

I jumped out of my seat, hand waving up in the air.

“Pick Me! Pick Me! Pick Me! Ooo! Ooo! Ooo!”

I danced around like I needed a bio break.

The angels looked at me and said, “Really?!?! YOU?!?!?”

It had already begun. I realized I needed to be sitting in my seat, so I sat back down, yet squirmed with ecstatic excitement, my hand still waving in the air.

“YES! ME! ME! ME! I CAN DO THIS!! I WANNA LIVE ON EARTH no matter how challenging, terrifying, or what happens to my earthly body, brain, heart, and psyche--I WANNA LIVE ON EARTH!”

So, they sent my soul down to planet earth...

On earth, I’ve learned to sit quietly and ponder some things before I impulsively say “YES!”

And “OH MY GOSH,” what serious training this continues to be! Those angels had been accurate, truthful—when they described how hard it would be... Wow! They forgot

to let my soul know how incredibly beautiful it could be, too, with all kinds of things in-between places, the shoved together simultaneously things, like how a plate of food can have the eggs touching the toast; the crumbs of the toast get on the eggs, and the honey for the toast gets sticky all over everything on the plate, table, and my fingers.

A beloved one asked me yesterday, “Seriously, how have you come through all of that mayhem?”

I thought for a while. Rather than blurting out some words like “Courage” or “Feistiness” or “Willpower” or a whole string of Salty Sailor words, I listened to my heart which said, “I came through by returning to my center, the dynamic sweet spot of my Inner Fly on the Wall, the Experiencer of Life experiences, that grew into Inner Quiet Charlotte, a gazillion times in gratitude. I have anchored deep inside me an unwavering fierce optimism—a belief that Love Always Finds a Way to Love. I know that my soul came here to love and be loved in return. My soul is Love. I returned to Love every single time some shoe flew at my face, or my dog peed on the carpet, or the stars twinkled in the night sky.

Do you know why you came to planet earth? I hope you’ll figure that out inside your own heart or wherever you go to figure things out.

I do know—

You are loved more than you can even imagine. You matter. Pain births wisdom. Cherish You.

Fulfilled

To laugh at yourself and life's foibles,
To endure all types of traumas
And to rise strong with a quiet mind, a loving heart,
And a peaceful countenance.
To welcome the honesty of beloved ones,
To walk away from those who would break your spirit,
To forgive the seemingly unforgivable,
To accept the seemingly unacceptable,
To cultivate compassion,
To know you matter,
To delight in the beautiful,
To seek the best in others,
To uplift the world with your gifts, courage, truths, and
lessons learned.
To experience fearlessness even for a day
To leave the world with soft love handprints
on people's hearts,
A glorious flower or vegetable garden,
A home as a safe haven of love,
A vibrant, thriving child,
A dance, a recipe, or crafty creation.

To know in your soul that you left it all on the field with
everything you had,

To know even one person grew, breathed,
laughed, and felt valued,
Because you lived.
This embodies a fulfilled life.



Cherish You

I have learned that other people's judgments and criticisms rarely have anything to do with me. Their condemnations come from unresolved hurts, the person's inner critic, shame-maker, or straight-jacketed unexamined expectation machine. I've learned that some individuals will not ever approve of or accept me or my choices, ever. I'm at peace with that. I've learned that other people are moved by the Dignity, Love, and Compassion I have become because that Dignity, Love, and Compassion lives inside them.

When I live aligned with my deepest values and take actions from my Inner Wisdom, I no longer require applause or fear the disdain or the dismissal of other people. All these reactions from others probably will happen. All these reactions of other people remain out of my control, forever and always.

I continue to make myself right with mySelf from the inside, the anchors of post-traumatic wisdom, confidence, grace, compassion, dignity, joy, and honor. I no longer fear the inner self-loathing because she's become silent and was not my Voice, anyway. When I make mistakes, I own them and learn from them. I forgive myself and change some more behaviors.

I am free to set boundaries. I can say, “No, thank you.” I can live true to my core values. I live free to be a humane human being.



Valuable

When difficult things happened in my life, I used to think that it was my fault. I was not a good enough person. I wasn't grateful enough for all the blessings in my life, including the hard things. I wasn't a smart enough student of life to figure out the secret practices to keep me safe from heartbreak. I thought I still carried around too many limiting beliefs in my unconscious including some of the following: life loved kicking me; I got punished for being crabby to the people I loved the most; I got triggered as a way for me to discern a thousand ways I could either react or respond that often finally included laughing; the stupid mistakes I made twenty years ago or yesterday flew back to smack me in the face.

Conversely, when beautiful, loving miracles of kindness and tenderness spontaneously happened, out of the black and blue, I thought I had absolutely nothing to do with those gifts. I hadn't earned them. I wasn't worthy of their appearance in my life. I could barely breathe them into my heart.

I've learned to share love and kindness generously from my heart and to receive love no matter what happens in the realm of external realities. I discovered that anchors sink into the inside, not the outside. Protection from life events does not

exist. The way I respond to circumstances shifts the trajectory of my life from the inside out.

Is the butterfly loved because its wings flutter? Does the gosling wonder if it's eating the grass the correct way, too much or too little? Does the wind worry where its next paycheck comes from? Are you as valuable as a tree, a ruler, a bowl of blueberries, a red cardinal? Where does worthiness live? What contains the measure of your or another person's life? What does it mean to be valuable? Are you loved for existing?



Here Now

I sit seemingly between two worlds.
One I knew, endured
And this one
Created each day I
Wake up vibrantly
Still present.

I notice a pattern of
Intermittent
Weepy tears of gratitude.

This soul of mine
Cleanses the past,
Misses people I love,
Feels free, safe to
Express joy in being alive
When many have died,
Are dying, struggling, suffering in
Countless ways.

Who am I to be full of life?

Who am I not to be?

Always in my heart,

You are.

Love.

Create.

Me.

We.

Here.

Now.



Fearshame

Got distance from
You
That held me
Frozen in my tracks.
I hear you
A hidden, terrifying, poisonous
Constrictor
Lurking, silently
Awaiting
the
Death of possibilities.

Suffocating
Potential
Airways,
Passageways for
Freedom.

You attempted to
Convince me I could

Not move, grow, heal,
Transform.

You tricked me
Into believing
That you were me,
That I was you.

I suddenly see you,
A snake
Separate from Love's Truth.

From a deep river
Of hot belly water
You
Slither
Far, far away
For now.



A Big Question

How do you want your body touched?

Did you even know

You could tell people

Your preferences or did you

Feel like an object passed around?

Swatted,

Spanked,

Smacked,

Grabbed,

Pinched,

Bruised,

Punched,

Shoved

Defiled by larger humans

Entitled to

Your girl parts.

Touch

Did not know
This body
Was not an
Object for others
To poke, squeeze,
Smack, spank,
Startle, shock,
Molest.

Did not know
This voice
Could tell him
“NO!” and
He would still
Persist in proceeding.
“No!” did not
Ever mean “Yes.”
“No” always meant
Stop what you
Are doing with
Your hands, arms,
Chest, mouth,

Cockadoodle Do.
Freeze frame
This Instance!
Hear these
Preferences for
Gentle, soft, tender
Touch,
For a Love
Connection.
Affection does not equal
A sexual pursuit agenda goal
Of Getting Off all over.
A French kiss is not
A predetermined gateway to
A Baseball Game of
Tagging the bases of
This body!
My lady parts are not bags
Placed on a dusty, muddy
Field of Dreams
Made for Your
Landslide into
Home Plate.
When did sexual
Interactions become a
Strong-armed
Transaction rather than a
Spiritual Revelation?
Whole people await

Acceptance,
Love.
Creation.
My
Skin,
Humanity
Remain
Steadfast
Exuding
Internal
Reverence.



Reframe That Game

You taught
Us tricks,
Songs,
And silly rhymes.
I felt safe
At parades
Family picnics
And
Swimming pools.

I watched you
With mug and brush,
Strap and blade
Shave your silver
Whiskers.
All those old
School tools.

Leaning up to
Kiss your cheek.
Smelling of

Old Spice
You seemed
Nonplussed
And I
Quite meek.

Then it happened
That one time
Exchange
I kept it shrouded,
Silent.
An internal pain.

I've done my work
And healed
This past.
I ask myself
Now, could I
Reframe?

I'm nine years old
You stand
There asking
Me,
"Play and pet
My
One eyed
Trousers Mouse."

Surprised, I ask,
Don't you
Want to do
This activity
With another louse?

I don't think
This is Parcheesi,
Spades, or Go Fish.
Your pockets
Remain empty of
Horehound deelish.

When I ask about
Your wife,
You tell me,
"You are beautiful
And she is not."
Seriously?
I look like a boy
Without the parts.

Put
Your mouse
Back in its house!
Find someone
Your own age
To play this
Odd game of

Hearts.
You are
Dead now.
You died years
Ago.

Your secret shame
Remained With
Me until
This final
Lyrical
Heave Ho.

I love
And forgive you
For you did not
Know what to do
With your status
Your pain and
Twisted desire.

Embracing my
Beauty took
Years of unfolding
I'm here now
Radiant,
Glowing,
A Super Nova
Full of fire.

Sacred Haven

Right here
In Large
Strong
Warm
Arms
I will
Cuddle
Hold
Soothe
You.

Light
Fingers
Gently
Caress
Your
Face
Touching your
Wet, salty
Tears of fear with
Quiet knowing.

Curl up
In this wide
Soft luxurious
Lap of
Kindness
A comforting,
Cozy
Fluffy blanket of
Acceptance
Grace.

For I
Am with
You always
The safe
Haven
Your
Tender
Silent
Soul
Within.

END OF EXCERPT

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