

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**

*Abundant Heart* is available in print and ebook from online booksellers worldwide.