

Into the Light

by Rev. Irene Raye

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My first “hello” here on planet Earth, this lifetime, was at CDM. A psychic reading was a birthday gift to myself for my 50th birthday in 1982. It had been a long trek from my birthplace in the East to CDM here in Washington, as I attempted to run from my past and “find me.” At CDM, the people were not interested in my family heritage, my work discipline, or any of the usual material aspects of my life. They said “hello” to me as spirit!

The first class I took was Healing I, so I could heal my uncle. He wasn't my real uncle, but he was like the father I always wished I had. He was interested in his health, and I knew I could heal him. In the healing class, I discovered I could heal myself – what a concept. One class called for another. A friend I hadn't seen for many years recently reminded me I used to laugh and say, “These classes are like eating candy – you can't stop.”

Both my parents were self-taught ministers; so, of course, I resisted church and the very idea of being a minister. It seems to be really true – “what you resist, you become.” The healing and learning has been challenging, fun and ongoing. One can heal anything physically and on an energy level by using the techniques. I went through seminary and through the other training programs and became a meditation teacher. What a joy to watch others heal themselves!

Healing oneself is an ongoing process. This is a constant realization for me. Like the story of peeling an onion, I uncovered the layers of pain and abuse so I could let go of the pain and allow joy and healing.

Then I decided to take a break from the healing process. I attempted to use another person's energy to cover up the pain so I didn't have to be aware of what I had created in the past. This process didn't work very well. I was unable to heal the other person, and his energy in my space didn't work for me. We had retired on an island to build a dream home and “live happily ever after.” It was a frightening and disillusioning experience.

In desperation, I actually turned again to God and my good friend Jesus for help. For an Easter present, I returned to Everett and my CDM community. I became a single person again and resumed the healing process. I went to work for CDM. My divorce was a turbulent time. My only sister was dying, and I spent her last days with her until she made her transition. She and I will always be grateful for the help we received from CDM at that time. Overwhelmed with pain and grief, I was unable to continue working.

One of our CDM members was expecting twin babies when she discovered she had breast cancer. She was advised to have the babies earlier than expected so she could have surgery. Prior to the birth of the twins, I went to their home to help as I could with the two boys and the twins. The girls were beautiful, loving, healthy babies and a great joy. I stayed with them until they were almost six months old. The mother is now raising her family.

It was then a time to decide how I wanted to spend the rest of my life. The Spiritual Life Program (SLP) at CDM seemed “out of reach” for me, but that was what I knew was my spiritual path. I looked at a rose image on an energy level, for me joining the SLP, and then had no doubt in my mind.

Week after week, members of CDM had come to bring food, to help care for the babies, to take the boys on excursions and help in any way they could. Kim Zirbes, Dave Radetich and Marie Senestraro came every week. They were always loving and kind. Marie had been in the SLP Program and, when I mentioned to her I was interested in SLP, she kept encouraging me to apply. I did apply and was accepted!

It is my belief that each of us chooses the time and place of our birth, as well as parents and siblings to enable the soul experiences it desires in a lifetime. SLP would help me focus on all aspects of family life. My particular focus was on the Women’s Program and why, as spirit, I chose a female body.

While healing the layers of pain, I also realized the female body is a wondrous gift from God. It is nurturing, powerful and filled with beauty and wonder. What a miracle that out of one’s womb can come a complete body – eyes, hands, feet, all working in perfect harmony – and that new body has a spirit all it’s own!

Healing is an ongoing process. Doubts began to surface as my old habits and patterns came to the forefront. Could I really heal all the pain and abuse in this body at my age? My childhood had been harsh and abusive. I had often feared for my life. There was incessant invalidation of the female body. I had created a wealth of pain within myself, and I was about to create a dramatic opportunity to heal.

Sirens were screaming. People were standing around watching. The light had turned green, and I had followed the two cars in front of me into the intersection. In what seemed an eternity, I watched helplessly as the car sped toward me, apparently not aware it was going against a red light. It hit my car broadside and my brakes no longer responded. The steering did still work, but the only way to stop my car was to hit a light pole. Thank God no people or buildings were hit.

Then a man was offering to make a call for me. He dialed CDM to let them know I wouldn’t be in that night. Jean Carrillo answered the phone and responded, “Is this a joke?” As I struggled to maintain consciousness, an authoritative voice was saying, “We’re going to have to cut the car away from her.” A kind man was sitting beside me in the passenger seat and kept urging me to relax on his shoulder.

So many people were there with all their expertise and love, assisting someone they didn’t know and would probably never see again. A lady in uniform got inside the car and put important papers and keys to the car into my purse. She joked and laughed when, although I

was unable to talk most of the time, I would occasionally manage to say, “my purse.” “Leave it to a female,” she would say and laugh.

In my mind I was asking myself, “Why did I create this mess?” “To learn to receive” was the only response I could get at the time.

A man’s voice was saying, “We’re taking you to Harborview.” I objected, not realizing that my foot was totally separated from the rest of my body, except for the skin. He was kind but firmly informed me, “You **are** going to Harborview.”

The pain was excruciating when they moved me from the car to be transported to the airport. Mercifully, I remember no more until awakening at Harborview. A nurse was telling my daughter, “She doesn’t talk.” Somehow my daughter was there at Harborview. Sindi Somers from CDM was also there. Miracles never cease. Seeing the two of them, I began chattering like a magpie! A nurse was asking what medications I was taking. She registered disbelief when I told her “none.” My daughter reassured her I only take vitamins.

This same scene was repeated several times. Later an intern kept coming in and listening to my heart. She must have realized I was wondering what was wrong. She told me she had never heard such a strong heart in a 70-year old woman. Healing and swimming are good!

They had a four-and-a-half hour surgery when I first entered the hospital. The holes for steel and pins left open holes all the way from my knee to my foot – ugly! Another surgery was needed, but the medical team couldn’t agree on how best to proceed. I started talking to Jesus a lot. As I was again waiting for their decision, having gone without breakfast, the head doctor came by and calmly and quickly suggested the procedure to use for a swimmer.

Another four-and-a-half hour surgery – they did a fantastic job. Jesus was with me all the way. CDM friends had sent me numerous healings and much love. I was learning to receive. Then my daughter took me to her home to recuperate, and I finally had to really learn to receive. A new life experience for me!

Hobbling along and in a cast, I returned to CDM where I received love and healings, and eventually returned to the SLP. I had learned so much, and have so much more to learn. I was now ready to let go of facades and own and heal my creations, to let go of the past to make room for joy.

Healing is a process that lasts throughout a lifetime. Surely I’ll live a very long life, as there is much to heal. It’s great fun to run my female and male energies, learning to balance them to make communication and life a happier experience, on a daily basis. Creative energy is so fantastic. During my recuperation, I used it to heal my body, as well as me, the spirit. When one wakes up grumpy because things are messy and not as they should be, one can just turn on creative energy and the sun comes out – even on a rainy day.

It's a time of cleansing, of letting go of the dark aspects of me instead of covering them up. As I let go of and forgive the dark, there is room for light and joy, love and healing!