

As the book title illustrates: *Dying to Be Me* by Anita Moorjani is an example of how much we all fight to be right. We plot, struggle and strategize our lives in order to be accepted, in hopes of being loved.

We catch the thoughts and concepts of others and formulate and internalize our opinions that support our ideas of how the world works best on our behalf. We mold the inner criticisms of ourselves in ways so the thorns of the rose we want to paint of ourselves won't prick too sharply. Only then do we find the valance we've built has scarred and grown hard and uncomfortable to embrace.

This book paints a background of a desire to be a cultural hybrid while rebelling against assimilating into any particular cultivation. While one can think this is such a strength of character, it usually breeds loneliness and a sense of inner abandonment.

Having spent most of my youth engaging in emotional puzzles, thinking the outcome would produce a more gratifying picture, there is so much similarity in the descriptions of inner struggle written in this book.

Belief is a curious thing. What we think is not what we believe. I always wanted to be cool and the center of attention. I would do my dance and manipulate the life around me to what I thought would bring me the attention of friends and keep the wolves at bay. However what I've learned was, I believed I was not enough. Not the right size, not at the right place at the right time, not in with the right crowd, so I would fight to be noticed. I would fight and fight and cry inside, while beating against those thorn laden valances laced with fear that stood at the entrances to a world I so desperately wanted into. But inwardly I battled against the beliefs of this world. I wanted nothing of the pain that others could shoot from their quivers of judgment. But yet I still yearned for their nod of acceptance, their reception, I blamed the world.

A jumping off point in any persons consciousness is the awareness of responsibility for their thinking and thus their beliefs. In this book, the compounding of years of inner strife, confusion and immersion into fear was a perfect mental bed for seeds of disease to grow within the flesh. Faced with imminent end of life, the author experiences an acute revelation of oneness and self responsibility of all life. That in the acceptance of this all encompassing wholeness, anything unlike it became integrated into the nothingness in which it came. It transformed her once diseased body and beliefs into wholeness and health once again.

A contrast is shown however. In this book, this miraculous revelation comes to her while she is dying. There is a gift given I believe by Grace. A gift of an awareness that we can totally change our mind and accept something so much greater than our human personalities can conceive. The author is truly blessed by this and chose a belief so complete it became her knowing. In this knowing all life supported

her to the point of complete physical transformation and healing. However this is against the constant backdrop of choice.

Most of our lives are not played out like this book. This book illustrates and gives us an example of how we can begin again, begin again and choose rightly. There are tools that allow us to peer into the causes of our fears, the circumstances that create our judgments, the roots and seeds of diseases in our lives and relationships.

We are blessed to have a process I use called a Fear to Faith process. This process uncovers hidden negative beliefs and thought patterns closely held in our unconscious minds that play out in self destructing ways in our experiences. Once uncovered, the light of Truth can heal and change the expressions of our lives and bring wholeness to our flesh. The contrast is however that this takes a day to day choice and commitment that allows individuals to engage in similar revelations as the author but in their chair of willingness and not a hospital ICU.

One notable similarity is present however. The gift of wholeness is still given by Grace.