

Catchphrases

One of my favorite, a logical response to an insane world, is that there is not one. My first recognition of the insanity of the world, didn't come until I became insanity of the world. My memory of it is dual in nature, ten fold. I became insanity by thinking negatively of my life, then my thinking spiraled. Since then, I have been, learned, and received a lot of words and ideas and pictures in my mind. I try to absorb and receive, but I value most what I have learned. The lessons fly by, and I forget, but there are times to asks questions, insights to gleam, and a world to explore. My journey involves many words, feelings, and even beliefs. The journey I take most often is mental in nature, audible wording and response, demands and desires, reception and denial, doubted and determined. Some people journey outwardly, physically, across miles and through space, adventures of the lifetime, boring and immersed, but my logical response to the insane world we've created is to think about what can be done to rationalize our role in it. It is difficult, disturbing, enlightening and emotional, and I often forget that I'm not the only one to experience the world this way, and I also am.

My newest venture is before your eyes, on your mind, and in your hands. Is it a logical response to ask this world, do you understand? Or is that insanity to logic? God knows; I do not know. What I do know is that my life revolves around words, worlds, feelings, and resolution. The resolution of this venture is now a part of your world. Because I am writing and you are reading; the logical response to this insanity is look to God. I have had a fight with God, many actually, been a cheerleader on his team, in the ring with his opponent, and lay down with his Son, as they call Him, in my childhood dreams, but mostly my subconscious- and my conscious. As far as the logic of you looking to God after reading that sentence is if it turns into a thought, snail mail, email, or phone call from you. Because where two or more are gathered, God is there. This writing is many consciousnesses, and needs input from many more, the reader.

From Christa, the author by design, I will restate, God knows; I do not know. But, at the same time, I guess we also know if knowledge is also dual in nature. Do I not care? Do you? Many do. I have...and I do. But I also fight to not know, to not care, and to respond logically. For the socialite, child with many siblings, the active participant in the modern world of busying from one thing to the next, it seems their perception is face value, validated, and as logically responded to as was mine. But, I made my world insane inside as well. Today, I ignore the insanity of the outside world, immerse in words and ideas, and feel my way through the unknown. I forget, obviously, that we all have an inner world that no one else's experiences, whether you are conjoined twins, or husband and wife, or president of the free world. And outer ventures have different affects on different beings. So, I come from a place of confusion as well as not knowing. Is this what the serpent means by eyes being open? I often feel like I know what it feels like to be God. I prayed to know, just as Eve ate the apple. But, I was not tempted. I wanted God to not be alone, not feel his pain alone. Yes, I think he feels it. He knows; I do not know.

I hope to end this with a note from Christa Bells, the woman I want to be, but will I ever be? Eternity seems like getting nowhere slow and somewhere fast. Life sneaks up, takes us over, and doesn't stop. That is debatable. But so interesting to ponder. It's not the future that I put much thought into though, unless you include going into zones where I feel myself listening to the wisest of counsel, sometimes eaves dropping, and often chiming in from a place in me that is my most soulful feeling, and even get upset when I have to join from afar. I do not even know if I am welcome, but have no choice about being there. Kinda like staring out the classroom

window and daydreaming. Although, this is less imaginative, or more so. Perhaps by the time Christa Bells puts my signature on this, more will be revealed, as it always is. I hope for some validation by then, but it may remain metaphysical. Yea, yea. He knows; I do not know.

I would like to introduce myself by writing, I was christened Sara Christina Holland. A beautiful name with a lot of potential, also one I don't recall ever hearing. If I adopt a female unnamed baby, she will be Sara Christina. Hopefully everyone I know will read this, and anyone I don't. I hope to write my experience for you, for God, for myself for growth and resolution. If you are reading, this is only my experience, strength, and hope, and a meeting of the minds. My name changes often, but so does everything else about me. I do believe I have a return to origin often, but I most often return to the past. The past is something I want to write a lot about.

This is not an autobiography, more an ongoing memoir. My experience of reading memoirs has been to relate to the author, seek strength from their words, and hope to have as much to offer. God willing, I am.

In the face of contempt, what shall I do? I generally respond to the insanity of contempt by my logical response of words, justification, pleas, and prayer. Change is what is most important, but that lesson of the patience of love is that there is always time. Time is something I question. Perhaps it's a lack of acceptance, but I believe it's a logical response to an insane world. The past may have already occurred, it lingers, and my question is about it traveling. Catchphrase....if you have one foot in yesterday and another in tomorrow, where does that leave today? The saying is that it is disrespectful to today, but without the past, and the future, now would not exist. So, I choose to remember (not always memories of my choosing), to plan (not that it always comes to fruition) and live to the best of my ability coming from that dark place of I don't know. What I hope to understand from this is that God does know, and, most importantly, that that is a good thing.

In the face of contempt? I saw it today. An argument. Unspoken resentment and feelings that burst forth at me as my tears burst forth and now....patience. Will this storm find a calm as peaceful as the water Jesus stilled? This storm swept me from my present moment neutrality into the lack of the past and uncertainty of what is because what is is not always neutral, always fair, and always the same. I am in a place of patience now that I would like to remain with less fear, more certainty, and more love. Always more love. This contempt was all about love. The imperfection of display, the dissatisfaction of unmet expectations, and the struggle of the decision to call a truce, wait for the calm, or make life changes. I am willing for all three, but love has an object. Is the object of my love as in love as me?

My definition of love is undefined. I do not display it perfectly, but desire to, try to express it, and wait patiently for God to unfold it. For some, it is action, selfless service, total acceptance. I see it more as perfection. It can be a moment. The fact that moments don't last forever, and forever never comes, makes holding on to perfect love hard but the journey is always worth it. Perfection I guess is an opinion, a state of being, an unfolding that is the peace that surpasses understanding. Perfection is God if God is. Have you ever felt that perfection? I think I have. If I hadn't, I don't know how else I would put one foot in front of the other. The other side of the coin is that fear creeps in, slowing the pace, shaking up the foundation and ruining the moment. The peace that surpasses understanding? The unfolding? Brings perfection to the wait, makes it worth it, and is the joy of my journey.

Atheist? Agnostic? Staunch Christian? Open minded cynic? God is always at so many levels. His name, his reality, his presence permeate and dissipate. He is overwhelming. I prefer that I had not realized, but am glad I was shown, the Love is God. I transferred love of a man into creation of an idol and worship of God into love of a man. And on and on the story goes. Or so I hope.

My question, is why doesn't God intervene on our behalf instead of against? Is my impatience faster than my patience is long? That would mean what I just realized through meditative contemplation is that an owner of a single identity known by "God" could answer as in one above any other. That would mean you deserve as much love and adoration as we give those around us. Why isn't the inner as good to us as we are to ourselves, and as polite and insignificant as we are to strangers, and compassionate for our families, empathic with our brothers, and sensual as with ourselves? Is my search really relentless. Or will the good be as good as the bad is bad?

In the light of day, I know He intervenes. In the logic of my delusional mind, the journey is a journey of mystery as much as He is. What seems fact is fiction and fiction fact. This is evident in differing perspectives, differing experiences of the same experience, and the unfolding that brings to light the unfolding never unfolds.