

thought for today

When God Calls Your Name

This title comes from the first chapter of a book by Susan Spalding called *An Invitation to Heal*. Susan has been an inspiration in my life, and this book holds some beautiful, life changing truths. The book itself is about how to take responsibility for your life, and for healing those parts of your life that are not working, whether it is physical or emotional health, or some other area that is begging for change. She shows how your energy anatomy and physical anatomy are connected to your spiritual self. Through that connection you can heal.

When God calls your name.

I think we have all received some kind of call. Susan's call was to bring a new kind of healing to this planet. That call manifested over many years. The first time she heard the call she had no idea where it would lead, or even that there was something for her to do.

When we receive our own call we may have to wait for it to come to become more. We might not be ready. The time might not be now. It is a "heads up." Something's coming. If we continue to unconsciously go along wherever life leads us eventually the call will become something we cannot resist.

When I was ten I was very involved in a little church in Alamogordo, New Mexico. I was a champion at learning bible verses and received an award. But, for me learning bible verses was not enough. I felt a call I couldn't describe. I was too young to know much about what life would dish out both wonderful and horrible. I just knew I wanted to serve in some way. I sat on a little wall outside my bedroom door and said, "God. I want to be good." It was the best I could do to describe the longing I felt.

A few days later I felt the answer in a life altering way. I was in the little church waiting for the grown-ups to get out of a meeting. I wandered into the vestibule and picked up a little brochure. On it was a picture of Jesus with a heart on the

outside of his robes. I had seen this picture many times, but this time I wondered, "Why did the artist paint the heart on the outside?"

I put my finger on the heart. An energy I still cannot describe flowed from my finger, up through my arm, into my heart, and out into every cell in my body. It was a molten stream of golden love. That's the best I can do to describe it.

I told the adults about it. They didn't understand. Some even thought I was just trying to get attention. The pastor was one who said, "Well, isn't this what we all want to feel?" He validated my experience, but couldn't explain it.

Everyone forgot, including me! I remembered it years later, when I knew what it was, and could understand it better. The human brain is wired to forget. We forget the pain of childbirth or a burned finger because we need to get on with life. We forget about past lives and present grief for the same reason. I forgot about this wonderful feeling of liquid love pouring through my veins.

All of life is change. Each moment is a new moment in your life. You remember when you need to remember.

That call was loaded with information that changed every atom of my being. It was the first of many.

I have heard that people who are hit by lightning come back with so much information it takes years to process. In my case, my life was the process.

Now that I know better how to tune into God, I can feel the download. I am getting something that will take a while to know. Maybe I will never know it all with my mind, but Soul knows. This is how I work. It is how I try to live. Physical life always falls a little short, but we all do the best we can with who we are right now.

My twenty minutes per day to listen to God is one answer to my ten-year-old self. God isn't as interested in our being "good" as in our being "aware." Good follows awareness. Love follows awareness.

When I wonder about something, I can sit down and listen for an understanding. I wondered once why God sent Joan of Arc to this earth-plane to live only sixteen years and then die a lonely death. I sat down and asked. Pages of history began to wash over me—more history than I ever knew! A map of Europe and the Americas floated in my vision. I understood that Joan's mission was known to her where it mattered, as Soul. As Soul she was not lonely and abused. She knew the difference that her life made. Her life was the turning of a small screw that set the whole Western world on a different path.

Why was I shown this? Because I asked with no fear, and no strings attached. And, because Spirit wanted to show me how It worked, in Joan's life, and in mine.

When I am working on a book or a scene, I can sit down and listen for a better approach that has more of the "God-stuff" in it. My mind can only do so much. It often takes wrong turns, or lets ego run amuck. If I sit and let the God-stuff flow through me for a while, I get back on track.

Susan heard a voice. I felt a feeling. We both received a life-altering connection to Spirit when God called our names.

When did *God* call your name? How did it call your name?

It will call again when you and your life are ready.

Bless This Day,
Kathy O'Dell