



Blocking our Nourishment The Atrophy of Life  
with Jasmuheen  
Excerpt from The Food of Gods

In his book *Self Matters* current daytime TV guru and Oprah Winfrey supporter, Dr Phil McGraw, shares that only people who choose to listen to their authentic self (their DOW) end up fulfilled; as their 'fictional self' – the aspect of our self that is moulded by our culture and conditioning, does not have the capacity to give us what we require. He states that because our fictional self is usually too caught up with fulfilling everyone's expectations of us, we often end up completely out of touch with our true nature. I believe that the continual ignoring of this authentic self leads us into a state of emotional, mental and spiritual anorexia and the atrophy of health and happiness levels in our life. The ignoring of our authentic self is the no 1 cause of all dis-ease on earth today and our lack of holistic awareness, and/or disbelief in Its power, blocks Its ability to keep us properly nourished. There are many factors in life that we encounter and allow to block our access to the Divine Nutrition Channel. Apart from feeding the physical body toxic substances that are chemically at odds with what it needs, there are also the 'fear and judgment' blocks that are part of the toxic feeling and toxic thinking game. Fear of death, fear of change, fear of being different, or the judgment of self and others – all of these impede the nourishing flow of our authentic self's unconditional love. Lack of nourishment means we are always dancing with our death as this lack feeds the atrophy of life and with the lack of nourishment of human contact and love, our Divine Self cannot operate at Its maximum potential. Unaware of Its true power and role in our life, we choose to block our inner voice, and the food It offers, by forgetting It is there or by treating our Divine (authentic) Self as if It were an external God that only talks to the priests and the Holy instead of as a part of who we are. We ignore It by our material world focus, we seek Its answers when in need and then relegate It like an unappreciated friend into the deeper valleys of our mind where only a bath in the Theta – Delta waves can release It from the prison of our ignorant actions. We choose lifestyles that perpetuate death and disease as if our life was never a precious gift from an imaginative and loving Source that endlessly breathes life. The atrophy of our bodies, minds and inner joy being, happens through both our negligence and the fact that certain experiences have been pre-selected – or at least the learning of their outcomes. In other words even our ignorance can be a source of food for ignorance often allows us to make choices from which great suffering and then learning can come.

The cycle of life – and us upon it; the cycle of earth as a planet kept alive by the food of the sun; the cycles of a sun fed by a Central Sun; the cycles of the inner and outer galaxies; and the cycles of universes held and unfolding within universes – all are just cycles in time. A Divine heart beats, a Divine breath creates sounds and words and magical rhythms of life and so it all goes on with people seeking answers to superficial and superluminal questions while others seek nourishment for their cells and their souls. While some block the call of true nourishment, others blossom and open to it and the game goes on – again just cycles in time. All unfolds perfectly with no right or wrong – just another rhythm of life, and each rhythm adjusts itself to mirror the consciousness of our mind. How we as individuals choose to be nourished is quite irrelevant in the greater scheme of it all – as is our suffering and learning, or lack of it, and our pain - and yet it is not irrelevant to us as we are here now, alive and able to dive through the depths of it all.

It is easy to criticize ourselves and others and ask why we block our nourishment from the one Source that nurtures us all, is it ignorance or arrogance or simply amnesia of this Source? Is it just lack of holistic education? And who's to say that all the death

and disease that we perpetuate aren't a perfect part in a natural cycle of our learning called life? Perhaps our senses have become so dulled by the beta field that we've become insensitive to Its true call. Yet as more of us remember It, the clearer our choices become – we can breathe in Its power and blossom or we can ignore It and experience the 'normal' cycle where we see our lives atrophy and die.

### The Dance of Dying

I began a new year – 2003 – with my mind filled with such questions for death was at my door. So many loved ones moving on slowly or moved on – a dying pet, a dying father, a dying marriage, a dying life. Although it all sounded difficult there was so much to be thankful for, for I was witnessing a feast of change, of human emotion and control, and assessment and recognition, and questioning and just dealing with it all. At least I had a ton of tools to work with, tools that I could utilize to tune myself through it all with minimal negative side affects - tools that I would like to share in this book.

Things like too much melancholy is never good for the soul and fear in particular, of change or of the unknown - puts our energy fields into a classic Beta cycle of static that is almost like a burning at the stake, those times of crucifixion by fire that our fanaticism created in the time of less enlightened past, a darker cycle in time. And yet death can bring rebirth when we truly let go and agree to change and to move on. Marriages, like lives, can be reborn by giving them the nourishment that they need - yet only when two people listen to their authentic self, can our relationships truly blossom. The first step to feeding our selves properly is to recognize when we are not being fed and then having the courage to change things so that we are and to not block a needed transition - for the death of something is always followed by rebirth.

The bonding that can occur in the time of a dying is a joy to experience and witness. It's a time to be real and honest and to assess and re-choose and value and do hand in hand – up to a point - for the true dance of both dying and rebirth is always done alone.

Fear of loss and fear of death can inhibit the way we love which can inhibit the way we are fed. A few years ago my youngest daughter declared as we lovingly buried our first pet rat to whom she had become extraordinarily close:

"That's it! I am never going to have another pet - all they do is die - and I can't stand the pain of it all." Yet I knew that her pain would atrophy her heart and prevent her from experiencing the nutrition that unconditional love can fill it with so that same afternoon I brought two new baby rats home for us to love.

My pet rat Mondi has been the most loyal and loving friend. From the moment we met eyes we became quite entranced with each other. "Hi!" her eyes and whiskers said. "God, it's great to meet you!" At least that was the feeling she induced within me as my inner child giggled in excited anticipation. I just knew we'd be great friends, and we were.

There are times in life that ask us to act with a certain dignity and Grace. The dance of dying is one of them. Seeing Mondi waddle around at the grand old age of ninety plus, with her brown fur tinged with grey, and eyes that tell me she is tired, touching my caring soul. Then when I channel my love to her small form I feel her body strengthen and feed and it's an amazing sight to behold – almost 'vampire-ish' yet in a very gentle way. One blast of love seems to give her a new lease of years - at least in rat terms. And how can we deny our loved ones real food? As she nestles into my hand I cup her back gently in both hands so that my fingers can stroke her on her brow and I am reminded of how precious it all is - this bonding between animal and man. Its gift is the sheer joy of connection and getting to play in the field of another intelligent life, for rats are incredibly intelligent. The rat was the first creature to answer the call of the Buddha. Adopting a rat as a friend is a very wise idea for anyone interested in the interplay with another intelligent species, or for someone who wishes to experience a little more of the unconditional love food of life. For a start they are great examples of work and play, and seeking and finding, and responding, and having fun, for they are always ready for a game. Mondi loves it when I hold her upside down, lying on her back, legs in the air, while I tickle and stroke her. I'm sure her little belly just quivers at my touch as she soaks up lots of the nourishing chi energy that flows from my fingers. Our hands can be as holy and healing as we wish, and there are times to recognize this and use them as such for even our hands can channel the true food of the Gods.

Nestled against my heart chakra I'd open it further and begin to flood her fields with my love as if a big lighthouse beam is on. Mondy always sits there and drinks it up, as I talk soothingly to her, interested in her day and telling her of the new home at the beach where I have begun my solitude time of life for my dying marriage and hungry self are being re-born by a silent sojourn by the sea. Unplugged from technology, my time out time is bliss and my heart has begun to release Its joy again. I know Mondy also needs some beach air and more time with me as she figures out her needs. Is death a negotiable process? Perhaps it is. Yet watching somebody go through the dance of the dying, and knowing there is nothing you can do but give them love and support in whatever way they need, is a very interesting experience. Developing the sensitivity to feed others what they need can develop in us the ability to nourish our selves as well.

As I lean on my dying father's bed we look lovingly into each other's eyes and recognize the reflection of our own souls. It's been nice between us, precious somehow, particularly since my mother died as we've had so much more time to enjoy together, to bond as fathers and daughters can do. My mother's presence always filled his eyes with light and after she died a part of him went with her, leaving him as someone incomplete. Meeting his new wife gave him a few more happy years to his life yet he dearly wished to move on and so he bargained with his God, asking and praying and now his time had come.

"I'm calm," he'd said, "And so is she," he continued while looking lovingly at his wife as she shuffled out into the corridor of the ward.

"The hospital is nice," we all agreed, well prepared for this next game unsure of the roll of the dice.

"The doctor wants to talk to you all tomorrow, I can't tell you anymore, but I know and I'm calm." He sighed as if he was glad there was set time - time to prepare. "No pain, the doctor told me and no dementia."

"Yes, I agree - this way will be much better. Your system will just become weak." We nodded in silent agreement having guessed the outcome of his tests. Later I asked, "Do you have no will to fight this? I'm sure it can shrink and disappear," I said pointing to the tennis ball sized tumour that now blocked his stomach entrance and intruded into his esophagus.

"No, I'm happy and calm," was his reply.

"A new adventure ..." we both said at once, and giggled like a couple of kids.

"Are you nervous?" I asked.

"No, I'll see them all ... your mother, and Paul and Nina."

"And your mum and sister too."

"Yes." He grinned.

"Scared?" I asked and then said, "It's really just letting go."

"Only of the fire," he responded. And I realized he didn't mean the brimstone type as hell just wasn't part of his agenda.

"OK, I promise."

"What?" he asked.

"To check there are no eyelids fluttering before we send you into the crematorium fire." We laughed again and said in unison:

"Deal."

I saw the nurse from the corner of my eyes. Perhaps she thought it all a little strange, yet we'd been preparing for this time for years.

How does a tired and hungry soul leave the human form? In the civilized dying game a Lama will meditate and leave at will. For others we simply break the body down over time, as everything breaks down over time unless it is properly nourished with food that can keep it alive and whole. Sometimes the allotted time and learning games synchronize like a book to be closed when it's been read and its message has been imparted with the turning of each page.

I'd been thinking of the stages of life, our personal cycles in time, and how sometimes the load can weigh us down. Or when a chapter has been digested and we are suddenly open to a new life, a way of being nourished and feel complete in the "I am pleased with who I am and what I have created" line that we eventually must look at in life.

"How long does he have?" I asked the doctor as he later tells us all the options. "Three maybe four months, depending on what he decides - we need to keep him

nourished and curb the losing of weight. Otherwise he will just waste away and suffer other complications."

Later as I kiss and hug my father helping him to sit up and enjoy his cooled down cappuccino, he looks at me and smiles.

"Next month, I'd like to go next month. Yes I think it will be next month."

"I wonder if we can order it? Or if there is a calendar that says, 'oh yes, there's Arnie he's due out any day. When did he clock in? Aha! And when is he due to clock out? Uhuh!' Thirty days? Forty days?' Sounds civilized, like retrenchment papers being served." My father chuckled quietly to himself and closed his eyes to rest.

And so I watch and wait, and Dad watches and waits, and each day he gets a little weaker. Sometimes he's full of fun with the familiar twinkle in his eye, and other times he grumbles his way, shuffling through it on tired old legs that say they've seen better days. I look at the once tall proud man of Viking stock who used to carry me into bed each night after I had fallen asleep listening to the classics on our old gramophone. A gentle giant he'd tuck me in and kiss me sweetly on my head as if I was some strange precious creature, a boy-girl who'd come unexpectedly from his loins, as after my older sister came they swore they'd have no more.

As I watch I see a caring man who'd once spent months transforming a rusty old second hand bike, delivering it looking bright and shiny and new, for my seventh birthday. I remember how he'd sing so much, in his brilliant tenor voice, that the walls in his workshop reverberated with his song, often when he was miles away, as if concrete had ears for opera or maybe the bricks just absorbed the passion of his sound.

I've spent a lot of time reminiscing as I sit on the balcony of my new beach apartment and write. The Food of Gods is my focus and I look at what true nourishment is.

If food that is prepared with love tastes better, and is more nurturing for us, what about just love?

Surely pure unconditional love is the most nourishing food of all?

And what of the difference in the lives of someone who is nourished by food and good loving, compared to someone who has good food but no love?

What about food for the heart?

What about food for the mind?

And lastly, what about food for our souls?

Cells and souls, is there perfect nourishment for them both?

These are the questions that flow through my mind as the gentle sea breeze caresses my face and I sigh again thankful that I have time to think and be and no longer do.

The desire to nourish ourselves begins long before our birth. It carries over as an imprinting from another time as molecules re-gather to create a new form. The Ancient Wisdom says that half of all the atoms in each new life are re-gathered from our previous form, like old clothes cast aside then collected to dress us once more. Regardless of such beliefs, from the moment we exit the womb, we are driven by desire to be fed - to feed on the love of our mother, to feed on the milk of her body, to feed on her touch, to feed on the sound of her voice and to feed on her smell. Then slowly, all our senses come alive to absorb the food of the world and often it takes decades to discover what truly feeds us, and what drains us, and makes us cold and also old.

There are so many conflicting signals in the world and so the first real food comes from discernment and listening to that inner "I know". When we listen we are fed, when we ignore it we starve and for most of us who are born in this beta world, we begin to die the moment we are born.

Still, there is something so blessed about witnessing the process of a new life coming into the world, and more than one mother has found herself staring in awe and wonderment at her new born child, as the feeling of such love fills her heart and her soul, feeding that need to breed that Mother Nature gifted.

There's also something so blessed about watching the process of death. Completions and endings make way for new beginnings and experiences that will feed the soul, for the true food of the soul is the living of life and the sharing and caring that it brings. Food for the mind comes as answers to questions no matter how great or small. Food for the heart comes in waves of love that flood through us deeply enough to release the true gifts of our soul - for the soul is programmed to reveal itself within waves of love, as like

will always recognize like, and our hearts and souls are both are programmed only to be fed by love.

If death is like holidays and life is like school time, then death is also food, for it feeds us a time of rest, to step back - independent of form - and assess the game of life and plan the next round. True food nurtures us giving us both chemicals and insights that provide us with the strength to grow. With the food that comes from the Gods, there is no separation for it nourishes all aspects of our being, and as such we also need to recognize all the Sources that true food can come from, particularly as we expand our viewpoints to look at what is truly nourishing.

The expansion of our thinking, moving from limited thinking to lateral thinking and limitless thinking, obviously feeds our mind for the mind of humanity has huge capabilities, and how well we are nourished on the mental plane depends on what levels we are operating. Many people are driven by unconscious desires and needs, never really knowing who they are or stopping to question what their motivation is for many of the actions that they do. Many are driven by subconscious realities that bring hungers seeking to be fed. Rarely do we do absorb enough of the food of Gods to dwell in the level of the super-mind, except when we are being selfless, and have tuned ourselves to the channel of kindness and compassion; for the higher emotional spectrums that we have built within us of mercy, compassion, kindness, altruism, unconditional love etc. walk hand in hand with the higher aspects of our thinking on the mental plane. These are the thoughts that say to us, why we are here? Can we live in harmony? Can we co-exist in peace? Can we all get along? And when we sincerely want to know, the intelligent universe that surrounds us gives us the food we need to actualize it all and grow. These are the thoughts that also awaken and feed our DOW.