

*The following is an original dramatic monologue written and performed by Mary Wanser on June 10, 2007 at Unity Church of Citrus County in Lecanto, Florida for a class based on the book The I of the Storm by Gary Simmons.*

I was confused. I was angry. I was hurt and vengeful. Rage—it enveloped me.

Then, I was taught that what I *felt* was anger, what I *felt* was rage, but I am NOT my feelings! *I* am whole.

I had been whirling around the circumference of the storms of my life, tossed about like a leaf in an autumn current—swirling, whirling. But now, now I stand firm like the mighty oak with my branches reaching toward heaven, and I know that I am One with my God.

When I heard the barrage of your insults, your demands, your less-than-loving arrows slung at me as the bull’s-eye of your target, I had resisted, attacked, protected, run. But now, now I stand, I face, I breathe as I request for you to, “Tell me more. Tell me more.” Be my mirror such that when I look at you I see my own reflection staring back and beseeching myself, “Heal me. Heal this part. Reunite, connect, come back home.” For this, I bless you.

It was always *your* fault. *You* did this to *me* and robbed my peace of soul and my peace of mind. How dare you! But no more. No more do I slumber in that nightmare of illusion. I am awakened. I know now that *I* create my own reality. *I* make my life what it means. *I* am responsible for my reaction to the circumstances in which I find myself. I know now that situations are only what I perceive them to be.

And guess what. Here’s the grand lesson, the big surprise, the whammo: No one is against me! The Universe conspires *for* me.

How easing to know that though I *feel* afraid, there really is nothing to fear; it is only my disconnection from Source that I am recognizing. Oh, what a blessing to know at last what it is that has been causing my discontent. Now that I have this knowledge, it’s a golden opportunity to get connected again, to plug in like a lamp into the socket of my light source.

When conflict arose and I found myself in the midst of wild storms, I ran to find a safe hiding place. But now, I've no need to hide, no need to blame, no need to judge. I find refuge at my center where I've a pillow of Truth principles on which to rest and a blanket of Purpose to cover me. What comfort when conflict is embraced!

My desire to separate has become a longing to commune. Where I had pushed against, I now crave true reconciliation. My barrier of resistance has faded into an invitation of neutral engagement, and I am no longer in the way of God.

I am calm. I am clear. I am peace. I am the *I* of the storm.

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