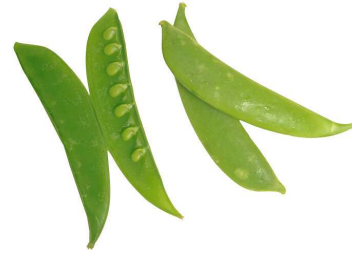


## A TINY GREEN PEA

In the spring of 1999 I had attempted suicide.

It was a lovely May morning in the Appalachian Mountains and I was on my way to pay college tuition, which I did not have.



A woman with a big crooked nose, black hair, and a hairy wart on her chin looks at me across the desk. A large gold tablet with her *University Registrar* title separates us. Anxiously, in my broken English, I begin to tell my story, hoping she will understand the human struggle of working three part time jobs, picking through dumpsters for clothes and food, and washing dishes late at night at restaurants so I can put myself through school in America. Still, it's not enough money.

The hairy-wart lady pulls the tiny clerk glasses down to the tip of her nose as her thick southern draw floods over my trembling bones: "Is all this about you not having the money again? I though we had agreed to a full payment... TODAY!"

I shrink to the size of a tiny green pea on the cold chair. My eyes begin to blur, hot tears of shame burning my cheeks... I don't know how to win this woman's heart, I feel so defeated and helpless.

I run out of the office, uncontrollable sobs cracking my ribs wide open. My defense mechanism against helplessness is to beat myself up: "I am so stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid!" The downward spiral sucks me in. The raising thoughts, like a pack of hungry hyenas, attack the raw heart: "Nothing will ever work out. Nothing will ever change. What you are doing is not good enough. It will never be good enough!"

Crying, I run. The enemy is on the inside. And still I run...

I don't see the yellow daffodils, the college sweethearts holding hands, the hummingbirds zigzagging through the morning sky. Inflamed with shame I run into my dorm room and slam the door behind. One by one I yank out the dresser drawers and dump everything onto the floor – underwear, skirts, journals, bottles of medication for Bipolar... The spinning grey ceiling is nauseating... I want out!

On an impulse I chug down three bottles of painkillers. I simply want to fall asleep and not have to ever wake up to a life of a tiny green pea on a chair. Curled in my bed, deep asleep, a mystical vision comes to me:

*My dorm room is flooded with luminous white clouds. The walls, the Appalachian Mountains, and country borders have all dissolved and the white light extends out in every direction. I too am dissolving... like a fluffy cloud unraveling in the rising sun.*

*There is a ringing in my left ear; it expands in rippling circles inside my head. The past and the future suddenly disappear. Poof! Time is gone. There is only light...*

*I close my eyes... Cold water drips down on my face. It is my mother's tears. She is grieving the death of her unborn grandchildren, the songs of life unsung. Eternity passes... Innocently I think I have died, if this was my time, but it was not.*

*A gentle androgynous voice from the belly of the Earth whispers, "No matter what mistakes you think you have made, the truth about who you are is unchanged."*

In that moment the weight I have been carrying on my shoulders dissolves. At last I am cradled by the tender love I chose to forget, but which has not forgotten me.

With a newly cleansed sight I see it! Outside of body, outside of time, amidst the luminous white clouds I see that nothing is broken. Nothing has to be fixed. The whole universe is a warm swirling soup and I am one ingredient in it – a tiny green pea. And I am okay with that.



**ABOUT THE AUTHOR:**

Olga Aura is a Gold Medal Winning Soviet Gymnast who has overcome Bulimia and Bipolar Disorder with the use of the transformational tools which she now teaches internationally. She is the founder of the global virtual **I Am Fully Alive! Cleanse**. Olga is available for public speaking, retreats and consulting at (415) 512-5775 or [Olga@lamFullyAlive.com](mailto:Olga@lamFullyAlive.com).