

Aloha Rose,

I hope you've soft-landed into new beginnings with openness ever present. I have.

I write because heart called and spirit encouraged.

In a nutshell, boldly stepping into the light of truth, I say - I act and talk and think as if you are near me always.

You are a breath of ecstasy I can't separate myself from.

Since we met, every thought I have ever thought, you've been there. Every word I have ever said, you've been there. Every feeling I have ever felt, you've been there. Every contraction and expansion I have ever overcome, you've been there. Every everything and nothing since we met I have ever experienced, you've been there.

It's simplicity in its complexity.

I chose not to deny it, neither fight or support it. Instead, I opened up to it.

When I left your arms, things began to shift in rapid speed. Unbound by time, life made no sense when in the space of fragility out of the fog of denial I understood nothing.

By then, I had met a fearful child in a fearless skin.

Helpless in the process I slipped into the

heart of surrender where I faced the greatest unknown known to self.

Entirely stripped from identity, first with a bitter taste of resistance, in the absence of all I had to admit - I don't know how to love, but without a doubt I knew, I will love again.

Back in December twenty-sixteen, I made a choice - I will use the beautiful you as a reminder to love myself as never before.

Fiercely, through tears of uncertainty, I kept the practice when I shot bullets of love with one 'I LOVE YOU' at a time, aimed straight to my heart, whether I felt the words or not, and I never stopped.

I died into each breath, individual and universal, slow and deep when in silence I drank the nectar of life, of love, of you, of me.

I learned quickly, I know nothing.

Life as I knew, collapsed again and again where my vast pigeon-holed guidelines of gobbled up spiritual practices felt useless in the game of transformation.

Then, in no time, I mastered the game of hide-and-seek when I refused to be related to anything remotely inspirational I had ever done. I felt fake, drenched in despair, and disguised by my own deeds of hope. My legacy depicted a shadowy remembrance in the playground of real heroes, the Generous Souls, the humble of the humble, The Face of Hope. Castaway with inauthenticity, I soon forgot

what it meant to be grateful.

I guess, sometimes a step back is a step forward.

Unable to hide, I played in the dark.

Somehow, periodically, I only blamed myself until blame dissolved into nothingness on a day I rediscover, clearly, life's no one's fault, not even mine. Everything that I am and everything that I bring into this world came from the dark, even this, loving you the way I do.

For months, mostly in self-isolation, I crawled in the peculiar land of non-reasoning where any moment began to serve as a reminder - I need more love not less. So I said to self, I will love the loved and unloved parts of me. May that never happen, I will at least become better at it.

Then in it, confusion heightened in the majestic dance of polarity with its extraordinary highs and infinite lows when slowly but surely I was introduced to my own power of vulnerability, the unfiltered writing. Truth wrote itself with murky feelings portrayed in words when line by line the old paradigm of spirituality began to crumble beneath my feet.

Somehow, I had still been locked in the imaginary beliefs of good and bad, light and dark, connection and separation, while not fully rooted in the fact - THERE IS ONLY LIGHT, ONLY LOVE.

It was then, when I began to respect my shadow, when my heart revealed a greater truth - any darkness is the light just unaware of itself.

Soon, rivers began to flush. Skies began to open. And reincarnation was recreated.

Over time, the beauty of dark led me home, to a home I had never left.

My body speaks when I say.

Stillness became a necessity. Spaceland became a denial. Socializing became daunting. Smiling became distracting.

It has never been about getting out of something that longs for my loving attention.

In the Angel Academy of Love Warriors, I am the master in training, fully knowing, ONLY I can love myself the way no one else can nor is designed to. Loving the fragments of me is my homework. It has been and it will be.

Whatever negative I experience, I am clearing the debris out of the bodies of all. Whatever positive I experience, I am anchoring the highest vibration for the benefit of all. But I choose not to be stuck in the loop. I let it flow however it wants to move with awareness sharply present so I can use my light to recognize The Light within the darkest of things.

Without a question, the human body is a vessel

of contribution with the dark being as glorious as the light within a disconnective touch of rationalization in one's journey of misery versus another's journey of ecstasy.

Therefore, contribution is a contribution, same-same but different, where you alongside with the dark handed me THE GIFT of gifts - me - my biggest guru, my innocent heart.

In all honesty, with my addictive nature to evolve, I haven't nor will I always like life's ways, it's twisted humor whipped with lessons to be learned, but I am allowing it while knowing it, I don't need to play in the dark to remember I am the light.

For a while now, my persistent wants to understand the perceived and unperceived reality of God's miracles are dwindling while I am rooted in the insurance of the soul - understanding doesn't get me where I need to be, faith does.

I often ask myself - if only love is real, why be afraid of what wants to enter my field?

What comes, comes anyways.

Why 'what' comes is what I need.

When 'why' comes is divinely timed in me.

I have to become aware of it, to feel it.
I have to feel it, to transform it.
I have to transform it, to be it.
And I will survive it, to live it.

Surely there's a power greater than me. One than knows all, has all, created all, is all

where heart chants with primal notes - in the world of endless questions love is the only answer.

With my explorations into self, I closed the chapter of spiritual window shopping. It was fun until it lasted. It served me well. But now, I see clearly, me chasing something that's already here - alignment, connection, liberation, wholeness, love - is the only way to feel separate from it. I did it, more than often. Not knowing what, knowing it, when detoured by illusions. I chased the eternal now. The hunter in me had to die into the prey of disappointment of what, why and when to see the greater truth in it all.

Therefore, addiction is an addiction, same-same but different.

Hard to accept, I also saw, how the paradoxical mantra of awakened beings - we are one - masked an opposition in me. Repeatedly I thought, even said, "This energy, it's not good for me," and I ran from discomfort to protect my precious vibes in fear of being popped like a balloon into the galaxy of ignorance. Unaware first, then in self-denial, I slid on clouds of superiority while I simply became toxic to my own conditioning while knowing, in the form and formless I am consciousness looking at myself. Namaste. Fuck that. Its a divorce from reality in higher states of consciousness with oneness wrapped up in separation. So I humanized the 'I SEE YOU' to a heartfelt thank you to all of creation, after I drank another drop of revelations - consciousness can be a whole lot

darker than I know how to pretend to be enlightened.

With the reconstruction of each light bridge, my shadow slimmed up. It's been seen for who it is. But still today, like the filthy rich of the top 1% of the top 1%, I also gamble with power, unwillingly though, while my inner life rolls like a tattered carpet into painful past and uncertain future with whispers from a neglected child of mine. But that weakness, it holds my strength.

After soaked in dirt and flown in space, here's what I know in the not knowing - I ALREADY AM AND HAVE BECOME WHAT I AM BECOMING.

I am the Hero of my life's story.

No matter if I believe it, I am it.
No matter if I know it, I am it.
No matter if I feel it, I am it.

My spirituality one-on-one is this.

Through the heart that I love all things are transformed.

Loving me is loving you.
Loving you is loving everyone.
Loving everyone is loving everything.
Loving everything is loving nothing.

And when I am loving others, it's me I am honoring.

That's that.

A love letter sent to one heart is a love letter sent to all hearts.

It's simplicity in its complexity.

After all, I came to this earth to feel everything, to experience everything, to go knee deep into the pain, to be engulfed in the misery that's so alive in the collective unconscious, and to survive it, only so that I can rectify it.

And gosh, I have been cute, embarrassingly cute, in each stage of my awakening.

Back in Copenhagen, I re-entered my childhood when I became a five-year-old child crying in pain with my heart broken open so deeply that the pieces forgot how to reassemble. I lost my speech. I lost my thoughts. But the intelligence of my body knew - I have to open up when it doesn't feel safe in order for safety to be discovered.

My little Elsa, she was brave. She did the unthinkable. She welcomed discomfort to pay tribute to the comfort of unease. She then transcended the grief cycle with her heart exposed to life. She's something. She's my inspiration. She's the center of my universe.

It was then, when loving myself in the diversity of unexpected change, time and time again, began to throw me deeper and deeper into the limitless heart of relaxation. And that's safety, my freedom from adversity.

So now, it's twenty-eighteen.

I breathe. I feel. I listen. I speak. I write. And I do language while I am making love with creativity with you by my side.

In March twenty-seventeen when I hired myself to work for myself, I cracked open the book project - LOVE OR FEAR - fully knowing, I don't know who I am, and I couldn't recall who I was. I walked on thin ice when I began to recollect memories I felt afraid to unlock with shades of help all around. Shockingly, on and off, the dirty underwear got me stuck in an inner Metallica concert of a feelers nightmare when I thought back, reread and relived the akashic records of me.

But in it all, I found my north. I write to heal not to publish. It's simple, I wish to unwrap the seen and unseen beauty of me so I can recognize the beauty in others. It's my roadmap to honesty with crystalline communication polished to shine with all colors of truth.

I am the writer and I am the reader.

But if guided to share, I allow the exploration into my lively affairs.

Rose, you're a key part of the book, in spirit and in written words. It's my way to say, I love the love you've sent my way, while I am on a mission to marry my mind and heart together as lovers so I can be the humble parent I came here to be with a wish to clear the karma by no longer being at odds with my innocence.

In the aftermath of all, it didn't matter what I thought, it mattered what I said to myself when life fell apart. And here's a symphony of a broken record I played to disarm my defenses.

I LOVE YOU ELSA. I LOVE YOU ROSE. It's okay. Everything is here to help me, everything. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU. THANK YOU. THANK YOU. THANK YOU.

Shoveling the past escorted me to a brighter now. And thanks to all, I truly cannot help but love the people who know the pain I felt and feel.

Today, as never before, I am committed - first to self, then to life, and then to you.

Rose, all of you revolutionized how I feel and how I think, and what I say and what I do. You did what spirit asked to be done. You taught what spirit wished to learn. It's beyond the beyond, your bravery in it. Fathomless in its immaculate beauty of eternal grace.

I suppose, I always get what I need, not what I particularly want. So I bow to life, I bow to love, and let them do what needs to be done wherein the sea of greatness I am just a ripple, unique and impactful, where my choices define the quality of the movie I am playing out for the benefit of all while I sing the mysterious songs I came here to sing.

So whatever will be, will be.

The more I grow the less I know in the sneak preview of what's yet to come.

ROSE, THANK YOU FOR THE BEAUTY OF YOU.

You're an unshakable part of me becoming me. I love loving you from an imaginary distance with openness ever present. It's easy. It's beautiful. It's powerful.

As never before, near you always.

Jeg Elsker Dig,

Elsa

P.S. I love you.