

# Sinking in Quicksand

I looked into those tired eyes and it was difficult to recognize them as the once bright sparkling windows of my soul. A dim, cloudy rice-pudding white was now the backdrop of my jet pupils that once glistened as they caught the light. They were not jewels any more but more like dried-up currants. Where had that girl gone? What had happened to her? I really did not recognize her and I felt a great sadness at her demise. I choked back inner tears but they broke free and trickled down my face followed by a groan like a wounded animal. Why was I crying? No one was here to comfort me; I felt as if I was sinking in quicksand. My tears were wiped away brutishly and I found myself staring hard at my reflection in the bathroom mirror. Disgusted at the dark circles and wrinkles around my eyes and the unevenness of my complexion, I felt worthless. My entire persona was wretched and lowly. If I did not have an innate fear of suicide due to my reverence of life I would have thought it better there and then to end it all; to merge into the vast great nothingness around me. But then I saw my sister's face before me as a blurred vision and the chaos and distress I would cause her and others if I chose to exit this way. "God help me!" I wailed, as my mournful sobs gradually subsided.

Lathering my face with soap from a hand dispenser I then turned on the tap. I splashed my face with water a lot colder than I had anticipated which shocked me into the realisation that I had neglected myself. I had fallen out of love with myself. This self-neglect and contempt for myself had made me look and feel awful and it was taking its toll on my health. I had begun to feel pains in my chest and stomach. Why had my journey led me to a pitiful self? Then I heard a calm and clear inner voice say, "Come on Martha, take a grip of yourself girl," I felt compelled to repeat it out loud, "Come on Martha, take a grip of yourself girl." Then I repeated it again but this time I shouted it defiantly looking back at my reflection with my hands clenched tight into fists at my side, "*Come on Martha, get a grip of yourself girl.*" I then splashed some more water on my

face vigorously and had a flash-back of myself when I was in my twenties. I was positive, laughing and smiling – life was opening up for me, I was meeting new people, experiencing new things and I had goals and dreams I was reaching for – but with the passage of time I had become jaded and disillusioned. Why? Had my decisions been wrong? If so, why didn't that clear inner voice I was hearing now stop me?

A sense of urgency suddenly welled up inside of me. I needed to grab a pen and a piece of paper. I dashed down the stairs snagging my skirt on the catch of the bathroom door. "Oh bugger," I gasped. I fumbled around my computer workstation under the stairs and found a pen and a pad tucked behind its screen. Great! I ran into the front room and threw myself onto my sofa, pulling up a side table in front of me. I was scared and excited. My heart was pounding fast as I scribed the stream of words that were filling my mind onto the pad.

*The author's reflection On My Divine Self:*

Sometimes we only need to change our feelings and thoughts about the conditions and experiences in our life for real healing to take place. Then we can move forward. When I read through My Divine Self I feel stronger and I have no fears for tomorrow. All is well!

**I hope it will do the same for you.**