



Awakening at the Edge

*A story of transformation and healing by
Karen Davies, creator of Conversations with a Butterfly*

“Come to the edge. We might fall.
Come to the edge. It’s too high.
Come to the edge.
And they came, and we pushed, and they flew.”

Christopher Logue

It was December 2012 and I was standing at *the edge*, staring below at the uncertainty and unknown; crippled by fear and pain, yet knowing that I must take a leap of faith. That leap was the only way forward now, as behind me all I could see was a landscape, painted with many undulations, pot holes and mountains – a panorama that no longer served me, and to which returning would be futile.

Oddly, I had visited *this edge* many times before and not heeded the call to awaken. Instead, choosing to turn on my heels and find sanctuary in the familiar habits disguised so often as security. Yet this time I realised there was no going back, because I was worth more than the masquerading simplicity of that return ticket.

As I reflect on how my *awakening at the edge* began, I guess searching for a breaking point is a good place to start – that space where you find yourself feeling exhausted, exposed and vulnerable. Pinpointing that moment is actually easy - it involved a work project and a business relationship that had been living on the edge for too long, held together by loyalty, fear and an inability to let go. After years of giving so much of my heart, commitment, passion and energy, I had nothing left to offer and so underneath my lifeless wings, I crumpled.

The dawning visited me whilst sat on a plane, flying to a business meeting. With tears cascading down my face like a waterfall after the winter’s snow, I realised I could no longer go on as I was and that something had to change, deep within. Strangely, it was *in* my suffering that I found the courage to change fundamentally, profoundly.

Now don’t get me wrong, I took full responsibility for the story that I had created, and this chapter of my life’s book was just one of many that needed healing and perhaps rewriting. I was not looking to blame anyone or

anything for my suffering and least of all myself. I accepted that I just needed to wake up and realise that the time had come to face my challenges and, through the fog, find the authentic light that would shine on the path to self-actualisation.

So, with intense courage, I walked away from a lucrative business project, my Training consultancy of fifteen years and a business partnership that we had sustained for over seven years. Suddenly, it was about so much more than money or the façade of success that draped over my shoulders. It was about a need to attend to my growth, my health and my well-being.

Armed with an erring determination to be different, I chose to take a month off – I was sure that would be enough to heal! Driven by my naivety and the achievement of my ‘healing month’, I decided in my infinite wisdom to set up a new venture, which felt much more aligned to the person I wanted to be. Drawing on my professional experience, I busied myself with the creation of a business infrastructure – a useful distraction from the real work that I needed to do - and set about finding courses that would support my new adventures.

Thanks to the guidance of a friend, I attended a workshop that would help me to eliminate my financial blockages, attract abundant wealth and define my new business. Now it is true, I did learn about my money blocks, although whilst sat amongst a group of strangers, I found myself exposed, naked and laying myself bare - spiritually speaking I must add – it wasn’t one of *those courses!* I was surprised to hear myself reveal my inner most fears about the shedding of my twenty-five year old corporate, ‘suited and booted’ skin, which was so much part of me that I had lost my true self. It struck me, within this revelation that I needed to go way beyond the healing of my December trigger point, which had pushed me to the edge, and explore the deep-rooted patterns that took me there in the first place.

This amazing two-day experience gave me permission to dip into my spiritual energy and, supported by like-minded souls, encouraged me to address my old, ‘drama’ patterns, open up my heart and seek my true gifts. Metaphorically, they presented me with a very special onion, the layers of which needed careful peeling, one by one, to uncover the source of my greatness.

Was I ready to heal that profoundly? Surely, that would take time. What about my business goals, my income generation, my profit margins? Was I ready to surrender to the unknown? You bet.

How interesting, that as I write this and recount the months since that *corner-turning course*, I realise, symbolically that it is nine. The same amount of time for the conception, growth and emergence of a new human life, paralleled with my own rebirthing. To emerge more authentically, I knew there would be some growing pains and, with the help of some inspirational guides and a dose of inner strength, *I went within*. I entered the cave of self-awareness, knowing instinctively that my metamorphosis was an inside job and that my outer experience of life would only change when I was prepared to heal the very essence of who I was.

This inside job has taken me on a whirlwind tour around my 45 years of life, going as far back as, would you believe, pre-birth? Like the three spirits in the Charles Dickens’ novel, *A Christmas Carol*, I was shown how the tangled web of my life’s influences had shaped my beliefs, values and behaviours. Aspects of my tour seemed strangely familiar, as I realised that through my work in the leadership and personal development arena, I had already begun to learn about myself, albeit in a superficial way. This more profound, inside job was helping me to join the dots of my puzzle, leaving me with a more robust understanding of who I had become.

I started to connect to my heart, allowing me to reach into the prison where my *little me* was trapped. Together we visited un-nourishing relationships, wrote letters that expressed our pain, unearthed our deeply rooted insecurities, understood our patterns, forgave, drew, meditated and cried. I started to understand why I had attracted certain people and events to me and why I worked so hard to be successful and loved.

My insecure child was so desperate to be loved that she pleased others at her own expense, unable to sustain the thin film of self-esteem that covered her bedrock of existence. Years of passivity created a landscape of drama, dis-ease and compliance, encased within an exterior armour of defensiveness and masculine energy.

At the centre of my transformation, I knew I must dive deep and heal my heart, love myself profoundly and build a relationship with *little me* so she could fulfil her potential. The path has been rocky at times and I have blistered feet, although this fades into insignificance compared to the lightness I now feel. I have taken some pit stops along the way to immerse myself in some heart-centred practices that have been medicine for my soul. On my prescription pad is a daily application of meditation, permission to rest and a dose of surrendering to what is. I take a regular remedy of gratitude and compassion, I let go of issues that are out my control, I eat more mindfully and nutritionally, practice forgiveness and allow my vulnerability to breathe.

My reward is that the business-like, protective guise I wore is shedding like a snake's skin. Softness replaces my masculinity that fits like a pair of fleece gloves, my eyes are opening, my heart is healing and my inner respect is growing. I am developing a new way of living that appreciates Mother Earth's beauty, connecting me to a more authentic and earthy life. I am focusing energy on doing things that make my heart sing, engaging in activities that serve others and that will enrich the lives of all those that entwine with mine.

Life has a very strange way of presenting us with gifts, wrapped with beautiful paper that piques our curiosity. As we open the box like an excited child, we see only lessons, a chance to expand, grow and emerge more awakened. Disappointed we ungratefully push it away and instead return to the rhythm of normality. Instead, should we receive that gift with grace and go within, as it reveals a new light that shines on the darkest corners of our lives, illuminating our infinite possibilities.

So as I stand on *the edge*, I feel ready to take that leap, trusting that by doing a profound and courageous inside job, I will fly with a strength that can navigate the choppiest seas, the most tempestuous storms and enjoy the clear blue skies that are ahead of me. There is still more work to do, it is, after all a journey and not a destination. Although with fortitude, I tread the path with awareness, faith and anticipation.

The Universe encourages endurance by blessing me with inspirations that come from a place, I know not where, that lift me from my hibernation into a luscious green field of potential. Arising from its scrumptiousness, I am nurturing a new vocation; an adventure that embodies my journey and that will reach out to those who too are ready to leap forwards from *the edge*. ***Conversations with a Butterfly*** embraces the authentic me, offers a heart-centred space of unconditional support in the pursuit of health and well-being. Shaped by my experiences in the personal development world and my cathartic healing, I feel ready to serve others more meaningfully, guiding them in their metamorphosis as they build inner strength and emerge with a genuine spirit of well-being.

For all that has been, all that is and all that will be - I am eternally grateful.