



JAN DESAI'S

COMPASS ROSE

A Roadmap to an Authentic Life

Get Your Bearings and Stay on Course to the Life of Your Dreams



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In the end, life will deliver whatever experience you need so that you can evolve into your most authentic life.

March is a month of transition. The days are lengthening and the sun is climbing higher in the sky.

As the northern hemisphere moves into the light, the world does its best to shake off the doldrums of the tail end of winter. Yet, transitions are never easy and the weather in March bears this out. One day, the sun is shining, the wind is still, and you're magically transported two months ahead into May. The next day, the clouds return, the winds pick up, and you're unceremoniously dumped back into February.

Yet slowly but surely, the transition moves ever onward. The battle between darkness and light, warmth and cold, can have only one outcome in March. The days continue to get longer until, for a few seconds on the vernal equinox, darkness and light are evenly matched. Then, in one instant, light and warmth prevail and we tumble headlong into spring.

Here in my neck of the woods, the weather is definitely warming up and, with the arrival of daylight savings time, we are celebrating additional hours of sunlight in the early evenings. This has been a brutal winter for seasonal illness in our

family. ([Read about it here in last weeks Compass Rose!](#)) So, with the extra sunshine giving us a reason to play, I finally gave in to the relentless pressure and allowed our four munchkins back into the swimming pool. After their long winter hiatus from the water, they all scurried into the pool like desert nomads running to quench an endless thirst.

Now, my kids are confident and a bit daring when it comes to the water. Even so, I'm always right there carefully monitoring their activities. They've been around water since birth and swimming is second nature to them. Or so I thought.



My three girls immediately lined up on the side of the pool and began doing aggressive cannonballs, trying to see who could displace the most water. My son on the other hand, remained steadfast by my side.

Now our son is all boy. Engaging. Gregarious. Tough. He's both big and strong for his age. He LOVES swim time and yet, as I stepped into the pool with him in my arms he looked up at me horrified as if this were his first time in water. Even though his sisters were splashing around him in rapt joy, he was completely unable to relax. It seemed as though over the past five months in dry dock, every water skill had been wiped clean from his memory.

To allay his fears, I repositioned him solidly on my hip and slowly moved into the shallow water. He became rigid and grabbed the top of my swim suit with both fists in an iron grip that was astoundingly strong for one so little. He refused to let go and nothing I did could break his hold.

It was as though he were dangling off the edge of a cliff above a hundred foot drop.



It didn't matter how I tried to reassure him, his death grasp on my swim top didn't ease in the least. Even though we were standing in less than three feet of water in a pool where he had spent half his life, he was mortally afraid. From his perspective we were awash in unnavigable depths that were filled with monsters. Nothing I did eased his discomfort. Nothing I said erased his terror.

I took Leo out of the pool and sat with him while he calmed down. Slowly, his grip on my swimsuit and neck relaxed. The fear left his eyes. His smile returned. He felt safe again. After some more reassurances and a lot of hugs, we went and sat on the edge of the pool with our feet in the water and watched his sisters play.

It was in that moment that the universe decided to whack me in the back of the head with a spiritual 2x4. I was transported out of my body to a vantage point high above the chaos I had just experienced and I was given with a powerful and profound insight.

Leo's fear and anxiety was a perfect reflection of how at times I still struggle in my own life.

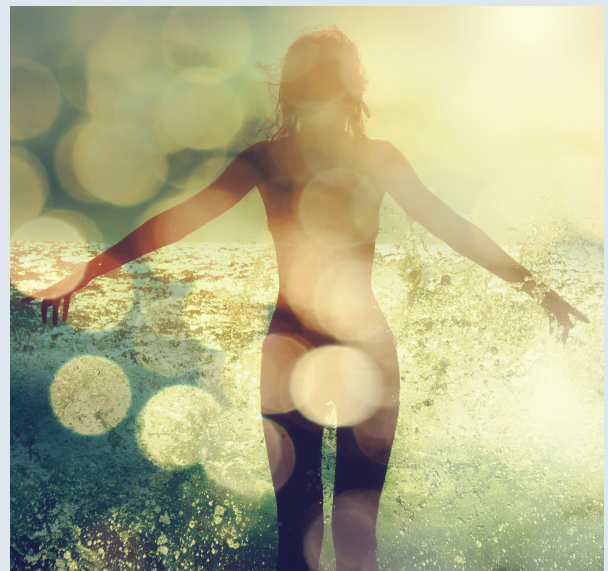
There are moments in the dead of night that I will rise out of a deep sleep terrified that my life is going to implode. I feel alone. Abandoned. Weighed down by the responsibilities of life. Convinced that I have to do it all. Manage it all. Be it all.

The worries are cruelly precise. They are visceral. I can smell the fear, taste the bitterness of the dread, see the explicit details of the crises that I am sure will unfold. I can feel the sweat pouring off my body. Just like Leo, I have forgotten what I know and, as a result, I am terrified even though in reality, I am completely safe.

Instinctively and intellectually, I know that I am on my true path. Yet, in those moments, I refuse to let go of my fear long enough to experience the freedom that I know awaits me. I deeply accept that life is always moving me into more; more love, more abundance, greater health, and deeper connection.

However, when I kick and scream against that movement, emotionally complaining that I can't tangibly feel the support that is there, I cut myself off from this greater evolution that is our collective birthright.

In the end, each of us has two choices. We can choose to fall prey to the amnesia, forget our ability to move into the light, and surrender to baseless terror. Alternatively, we can remember that we are on a journey - one where we are constantly being called to live a life of meaning, authenticity, and joy.



The truth is that we
are not just
surrounded by love,
but that we are love.

The truth is that we
not only know the
answers, but that we
are the answers.

In the end, Leo returned to the pool. He remembered his ability to swim and dive. He rejoined his sisters and spent a wonderful evening doing one the things that brings him true joy. His terror was temporary. Yet, in a strange way, it was necessary for him to live that experience in order to emerge on the other side, full of confidence in what he could do.

Likewise, our fears, sadness, and forgetfulness create a powerful entry point to becoming fully conscious. Everything that you experience, regardless of how you perceive it, is exactly what you need to continue your journey into a place of harmony, and authenticity.

Sometimes, you have to get lost in order to find your way. The tumult and chaos that is a part of life can throw us off balance and make us feel lost. But that chaos serves as a powerful reminder of who we really are and where we are really going. No one is ever separate from the universal force that not only created you and I, but also created Catherine of Siena, Joan of Arc, and Rosa Parks, as well as our planet, our solar system, and this glorious cosmos. That's a lineage to be proud of - one that each of us can use to create our most powerful, expansive, and loving selves.

This is what I know to be true: life will deliver whatever experience you need so that you can evolve into your most authentic life. As Eckhart Tolle says, "How do you know this is the experience you need? Because it is the one you are having."

Until next time,



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