

## **When all is said and done ... a personal account of a sisterhood lost by Leone Kennedy**

From time to time I write as an outlet to expand and share what goes on in my inner world. It may confuse some and help other. This year (2011) in particular it feels more difficult to hold clarity long enough to write two sentences, let-alone an article. Does anyone else experience that I wonder. It is not due to lack of awareness or understanding, the challenge is in finding the right words, the closest meaning and the right head space to articulate the profound nature of our inner wisdom that it fighting to come through at this final part of the cycle.

It feels like this 'inner tapestry' buried so deep and at the same time splintered beyond recognition is fusing together on its own journey to see the light of day. Some days I feel like the carrier, the vessel, allowing the fusing process to happen, witnessing something for the very first time. So, all of that said, stay with me while I attempt to rejoin and assimilate the essential nature of my own collected wisdom.

If you are reading this it goes without saying that you are fully aware that we are on the edge of a COLLOSSAL change that will reset the course of everything planetary, galactic and universal.

I have come to realise that 'one' of the threads at the core of my true nature is to do with the relationship I have with my true feminine nature. I have tears as I write this. To describe what lies behind those tears is what I will attempt to do.

It feels that for so long we (the sisterhood) have acted like the Universal walls, holding back everything true, everything dear and everything light so that darkness could explore its own nature to the enth degree, allowing it to tire itself out eventually. The undertaking of being the ones to hold back such power whilst allowing a lesser power to disrespectfully run rampant has taken its toll, and for that we have learned much and also paid a price.

We (the sisterhood) started out united and like everything else on this journey, we stumbled, crumbled and almost fell down. It is likely this was all part of the pre-destined 'Holding Back' process but regardless of our perfect plan, regardless of the strength we gained I now can fully see and grasp from my own internal place the grief, loss and longing I feel for the sisterhood I once helped to create and held so precious and dear.

This has affected aspects of who I am, what I have done, and also my life at present. As a woman you give yourself to a man, but what are we actually giving to our men? It is fair to say I don't know, how can you know what you need to be giving when for eons of time you have been part of a process that has not been able to receive? Now I can see that I have not known what it is I have to give because for a very long time I/we have not received. This imbalance is evident in the axis tilt of our planet. This is playing out in woman who have incarnated here at this time whether they are aware of it or not. This is an integral program that has been running and finally this program is ending.

Here we are now correcting this imbalance with everyone feeling the effects, women, men, husbands, brothers, sons, this is big. And woman may not understand why they feel so responsible. It is not easy to shift from being the Universal Givers on an unbalanced playing field to being the Universal Balancers in a Unity Consciousness, this is an unspeakable shift that only the brave take on. It is being felt in every aspect of this reality, affecting all aspects of our daily lives. I believe for many women it has been a silent unspoken inner journey, in most cases it has been difficult to speak this way because we ourselves could not fully understand. Then when we could understand it may not necessary be easy to share with our men and our companioned sisters in spirit. And so 'for now' we are re-learning what it means to balance giving and receiving, we are re-learning the gift of being the Universal Balancers from a place of silence and reflection. For me the hardest part is re-learning to rebalance 'my silence' with 'my voice'. A voice that is now softly whispers back through the echoes of time.

And so I write ...