

WORDS FOR THE NEW DAWN FROM BARBARA WILDER – NOVEMBER 2008

The world has changed since the last time I wrote to you in October. The shift has happened. The *new dawn* has begun. It's pretty hard to believe. But it happened. That moment that we will all remember for the rest of our lives. We will remember where we were and who we were with. And it won't be just those of us in the United States, but all around the world. This was not a just a political moment. This was a transcendent moment in human history. For me, I was just sitting there in my living room in front of the television at 9:00 PM MST and it happened, the world changed. Suddenly, without warning it was announced that Barack Obama had been elected the 44th President of the United States of America. John McCain had called Barack Obama to congratulate him, and hundreds of thousands of people who were gathered in Grant Park in Chicago were cheering. Cheering like nothing I had ever heard before. It was a cheering imbued with great joy. I was almost in shock, it happened so fast. No drawn out returns, no sitting up 'til all hours of the night, no vote recounting. The moment the polls closed on the West Coast, it was a done deal.

And as I watched the tears stream down Jesse Jackson's face, I was swept back through history, my own and our country's. First I remembered the horrible riots right there in Grant Park after the 1968 Democratic Convention, when the hopes of the Sixties were bludgeoned almost, but not completely, to death. Not to death, because right here, the promise that was born in the fifties and sixties through the Civil Rights movement, and the anti-war movements, and the flower child movements were all being fulfilled right in that place at that moment.

I was alone on the floor with my dog in my living room, but I was with the millions of us who had been together marching for Civil Rights and against the war in Viet Nam and more recently in Iraq, and with that sweet 750,000 of us who had gathered on Yasgur's farm at the Woodstock festival in 1969. All of us who had hoped for this moment, but had almost given up.

In that moment I remembered a day when I was a young teen. There was a Civil Rights march scheduled in my home town of Sacramento, California. It was 1962, and I was so excited to be able to join the march across the city to the State Capitol. But when I was leaving the house my parents stopped me and forbid me to go, and when I made a fuss they sent me to my room. But this was too important to miss, so I climbed out my bedroom window and caught a bus downtown. I remember walking along the city streets with all these black people and singing "We Shall Overcome." I remember sitting on a blanket in Capitol Park just outside the governor's office with a young black woman and her grandmother and her two children, sharing their picnic lunch with them, and talking about a new world where all people would be considered equal.

I remembered the day in 1968 that I suddenly felt faint, felt like the life was being drained out of me, and then turned on the TV to learn that Martin Luther King, Jr. had

just been shot. And I remembered how for many years after that I went to a black church in South Central Los Angeles to celebrate his birthday. And I remembered the year I went with my friend Amadou Diagne, who is from the African nation of Senegal. And I remembered participating in Holding Hands Across Los Angeles in South Central LA for healing and solidarity after the 1992 riots with Amadou and his wife Alexandra. And I thought of their son, Dimitri, who is now 12 years old, whose mother is a white woman from the midwest, and whose father is a black man from Africa. And I thought about how Dimitri was the little brother of Barack Obama, who could dream about being president one day.

Yes, I remembered all that in that moment on November 4, at 9:00 PM Mountain Time, and I cried. I cried for the goodness. I cried for the promise that I made as a young woman to work for a new world of love and equality and peace for my whole life, no matter what that meant, and my heart burst open.

And then I heard our new President elect say, that we must all be the change. And I knew we were home. I knew there was so much work to be done to heal our country and the world, but I knew now that it would be done, not by the beautiful black man at the podium, but by millions and millions of us, who had maintained the dream, or if it had been lost, regained it on that magnificent night.

Wishing you a very Happy Thanksgiving.

With love in my heart,

Barbara

NOW WHAT? THE NEW DAWN

So, now election night is over. And the new dawn begins. But what does that mean to each of us individually? I know that for me the first week was kind of crazy. I felt elated, then I felt angry, then sad, and finally, I realized, that two things were happening. One, was what always happens after a breathtaking event in our lives, the feeling of let down that can manifest as a mild, or not so mild, depression. And many people I know were feeling out of sorts. What is next? What do I do now? Does everything go back to business as usual? Will this guy be just like the rest? Our victim or our cynic, or both, pretty much started taking front row center, along with grief and guilt. Those two had a field day with me.

One of the first things that happened to me immediately following the election week was I learned that my best friend from the Civil Rights era, Judy Simmons, an amazing poet and writer, and the host of the first black talk radio show in NY, had passed away. I was engulfed in grief for the loss of her, and more than that, because she didn't get to live to see this day. I also experienced guilt for not staying in closer touch with her even though I loved her very much. Next, I began feeling that it was great that the African American dream had been fulfilled, but what about the women? Thinking about how my friend Judy hadn't lived to see this great moment, brought me to Obama's grandmother, who didn't get to live to see the moment. And remembering her in his acceptance speech, he had said that "she poured all that she had into me." And that was so sweet. So,

powerful. And yet, I thought, yes, we women do that so often. We pour all of ourselves into our men, our sons, our grandsons, our partners, when is someone going to pour all of themselves into us?

A good question, but one that led me to think of what my son, Sean Harrison, had said to me after Obama's nomination acceptance speech when I was on board, but still a little bit in mourning over Hillary not getting the nomination. He said, "Mom, I watch how Obama looks at his wife and his daughters and how much he loves and honors them, and I want you to be loved and honored like that." And then he added, "Mom, the women aren't the problem in the world. The men are the problem. They need a shining leader to teach them how to become better men." And at that moment I realized everything has its season. The women's time will come. And I do believe now, that I will live to see it.

So, after the great elation comes the little niggling things, the parts of ourselves that aren't quite on board with the great change for good. The parts of ourselves that are saying, what about me? Or are saying, what now? Will this all fall apart? Will it all be politics as usual. Our victim pops up or our cynic or both. And it's natural.

Cynicism, which many many people are almost addicted to after so many years of waiting for the dream, which until now had not been fulfilled, has to be shaken off. Most of the people who are reading this are aware that where we put our thoughts and attention is what we manifest, so it is time to *Keep the faith, Baby*, as we said in the sixties. It may have been fashionable in the past to be cynical, but it does not serve the good. It serves the bad. So, now is the time to say, no, to your inner cynic. To send him/her packing. To say, this is a new dawn. I will put my attention, my thoughts, and all my energy to the positive. I will say, yes, we can reach across the aisle. We can bring an end to the wars around the world. We can love those who seem unlovable. We can. Yes We Can!

We must also pull ourselves out of feeling like victims. Everyone on earth is victim of someone or something, but blaming the victimizer hasn't seemed to help much. Recognizing that there is injustice is good, but once we have recognized the injustice, we must quickly step into the strong, good, shining part of ourselves and begin looking for solutions, which are based in goodness and love. We must harken back to the call of the bright new president of the United States who said, "I can't do this alone. I need your help."

The New Dawn is about cooperation and community. It is about each of us stepping into the best part of ourselves and sharing with each other. Sharing the good times, and the bad. Sharing the load, and sharing the treasures.

What now? Look deep within yourself. Look to your own personal dreams to find how you can follow your dreams to become part of the dream team. The team of this brand new dawn.

MEDITATION

At the beginning of this New Dawn, we are watching as all that is unsupportive of love and goodness is collapsing. That includes our current economy, which is based on fear, greed and power over others. This old paradigm economy must fall so that we can create an economy based on love, goodness, and abundance for all. During this transition it is causing a great deal of stress in most people's lives. But to help the transition move quickly it is important to stay positive. This is very difficult, especially because the media is promoting fear constantly. One tool you can use to stay focused in the positive so that you can allow abundance into your life is to practice focused meditations on love and abundance, to help you lift up and out of the fear.

MONEY IS LOVE MEDITATION

Begin the meditation by taking several deep breaths. Let your body sink a little deeper into your chair. And feel yourself held and supported by the chair and the floor beneath your feet. Relax a little deeper and let yourself become aware that you are being held, not only by the chair, but in the arms of the Divine Mother. Let yourself relax into her great embrace. Feel her loving you, caring for you, supporting you, and honoring you. Open your heart and let this immense love in. Now, experience that you are surrounded by the Divine Father. Feel him protecting you, believing in you, standing up for you, and loving you. Open your heart and experience this immense love.



Now, allow yourself to dive into a great sea of light. Feel yourself diving deeper and deeper until you reach a portal of Royal Purple light. Let yourself slip through the portal and into the Royal Purple light.

Direct your heart to open and drink in the Royal Purple light. This is the energy of abundance and goodwill for ALL. Let all of your fears of not having enough be consumed in this light. Let heart open to your own True Wealth.

After a few minutes swim out through the portal, filled with your new abundant light. Swim up through the sea of light and into the new moment.

Feel your abundant self filled with the Royal Purple light of the new era.

Do this meditation daily and it will help you experience the joy of true abundance no matter what is happening.

GIVING, SHARING, CARING

Also, no matter how little you have, there is always someone who has less. Give whatever you can to someone who could use a little help, and be open to receiving help from others.

THE MANTRA

Money is Love. I am Love. I am True Wealth.

**Have a healing day. You are love. You are light. You are the abundance of the
New Dawn**