

WOMANHOOD

The life of this world depends on what Woman has to offer. She is the champion of hearts, the ultimate resort when life seems to deny what we cannot live without.

We all partake of and enjoy—at least vicariously—the beauty of womanly emotions. They put color on the page and keep life alive. And real. Womanly passion. Tears of compassion—and outrage. Girlish laughter. Shrieks of delight. By every breath of her emotions, woman reassures her world that there is life.

A true woman keeps a gentle finger on the pulse of life. She hears the cries of frogs that boys abuse, the victims of schoolyard skirmishes, the victims of war. She need not effort or strain to hear—she can't help but hear. Her native receptivity enables her to discern the unexpressed emotional content of any ordinary situation. She intuits what a man feels regardless of whether or not he wants to talk about it.

A woman validates all that is by responding to it. "Oh, look at that baby, how adorable!" And needless to say, a woman's positive responsiveness to a man can make both of them happy: "When you see me, I just go to heaven!" She coos with delight.

Woman nurtures. She's a river of devotion, emotion, and care—a life-giver for her man and for life as a whole. She gives her feeling, her energy, her love, even her sexuality, to heal, nurture, and uplift.

Misuse it and lose it

Under the principle "abuse it and lose it," we eventually lose everything we abuse. Every good thing has a way to be made bad, including womanly blessings. The liabilities of emotional power gone bad are obvious in many women. The negativity of an undisciplined female mind can make life utter hell—for herself and those around her. It is, in the extreme, not just unconsciously childish, but viciously so.

If a woman uses her powers unconsciously, selfishly, or without spiritual sensitivity, she creates all kinds of troubles. Then, to try to avoid that mess, she suppresses her most beautiful qualities. She becomes stiff, hollow, unresponsive, overly controlling, unemotional, and unfeeling. Stripped of her feminine blessings, she can no longer heal with her emotional sensitivity, her passion, her energy, etc. Castrated as a woman, she feels powerless. You can still catch the scent of what God made in her. It's still there; it is just twisted, and suppressed, and denied, and fought against.

The woman's job is to tune for beauty, and to tune out ugly. Ego and emotion make a toxic brew, but *love* and *emotion*, *freedom* and *devotion*—these combinations make sublime and soul-nourishing food, wondrous healing beauty.

Any woman who would live as God created her marches to the beat of a higher, inner drum. She will never be a slave to her egoistic tendencies, or to the floundering culture she is here to save.

