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# The Shattering

by Roxanna Padmini

I didn't know until it shattered that I **had, had a prism of certainty**.  
I made it myself.

It's surfaces were made of 'He loves me', 'We're soulmates' 'This is for life', 'This is home'.  
**My prism** of certainty.

I really didn't know that I was missing out parts of reality, suffocating parts of with my assumptions of foreverness. I was living in the shapes I desired, conclusions that felt safe, reliable and secure.

I had noticed that in some moments my reality would shake, dissonance rattled my prism walls. The ALL of Life that was my life with him, couldn't pass through my prism of certainty. At odd moments my life trembled, I pushed those moments away.

I struggled to pull my Life, my marriage, my Reality **to come back into view** through my prism, refusing to take in whatever didn't comply with the vision I held.  
Yet, the dissonance did make itself felt at times, and then I'd tremble in confusion, tremble as it moved through me, and yet, I'd refused to take it in and let it inform my world.  
Gradually, less and less of what he wanted and less and less of the direction he was taking fit through the lens of my prism of certainty.

And soon, everything was to change.

Was it a shattering? Was it a freeing? Was it the loss of all my dreams and Life I had? Was it a realignment with a more expanded a more comprehensive me? How could I even begin to deal with it?

How do we deal with Reality? YOU KNOW THE ONE WITH A CAPITAL R. Turning away from the Islam I was born into, I've taken my spiritual inspiration from varied....sources in my life... Julie Andrews had told me when the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad..I simply remember my favourite things and then I don't feel so bad...Girls in white dresses and pink satin sashes snowflakes that stay on your nose and eyelashes...it sounds so good to me. I wanted to live in that kind of world...But No, life...had other plans....

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I had to stay  
With grief  
With shock  
With loss  
With OUTRAGEOUS agony  
HEART WEAKENING FURY  
With the clinging of biochemical addiction  
With soul longing  
With shattered dreams  
Pain  
Loss  
And more Pain

How on earth could I handle this?

It depended on where I located myself in any moment on the spectrum of me, on the spectrum of Life personal to impersonal and all places had their place as it were.

Yes, the shattering was destruction. Yes it was creativity. Yes the potential to create volumes of secondary suffering was ever-present. Yes, the shattering struck with a severity that tenderized me, yes like meat on a butcher's block.

Skinless I felt.

Definitely receptive to Life with capital L now. No escape. Pain broke open the barriers of my prism walls. Prism....? Prison...?

Skinless. Open. No escape. Help...help I'm drowning, drowning in the Set of the World...I can't tolerate this, I can't receive or relate to this set, can I? Can you? *But I've been blessed to WITH other spiritual education that took me beyond the lovely Julie Andrews' approach*

And this as you know my friends is the path of the non-dual kabbalistic healer. A member of this Society of Souls. The ones who want to be intimate with Reality. To live cheek to cheek with the Great Bear Mother **the sacred compassionate one who is at once the merciless one.**

This schooling will certainly shatter our illusions, our dreaming, our contractions that try in vain to hold Reality to shapes we think we want or need or think are the only shapes we can cope with. **Uncertainty will demand her place amongst our** safety blankets, rigidities, assumptions and conclusions.

This schooling is a schooling in relating to the Great Bear Mother, claws, teeth, tender embraces  
~ All.

And it is a path of kindness, *albeit a fiery kinda kindness at times.* This schooling gives us places to stop for a moment and learn to breathe to enter the vividness of Life here, to stay here, stay here, stay here.

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It is a path that over time guides us in growing a new metabolism, one that can digest and breathe and live with the parts of the All that our particular family circumstances and Life constellation could not cope with.

**Uncertainty WILL claim her place.**

Welcome dear students, dear warriors and lovers, dear devoted ones and frightened ones, welcome.....we can't tell you which gate uncertainty will enter through for you, and you and you, (*I point to them*) we can only be certain that she **WILL** claim her place **in the assembly of your life.**

Where have **YOU** been guarding against her? Where have you built up rigidities, walls of ancient assumptions, shapes made of seemingly concrete conclusions?

We cannot say how these will fall whether they will be shattered by pleasures, (because, *yes that happens too*) or shatter through moments of insight or tenderness or whether they will shatter through losses, disappointments, shocks or a tangle of seemingly opposing experiences. We just know that **uncertainty WILL claim her place.** She will insist on opening up your **Life to the ALL**, opening up your capacity for surprise, adventure, risk, the unforeseen, the spontaneous, the unknown and questions, **so many questions.** A rain.

I had questions.

The more uncertainty crashed her way into my Life...haha I say '**my**' Life..can you hear another set of prism walls.... How shall I put it: The more **that all of the 'who is's here in this location.... came into relationship with Life with a capital L.** the more the questions flowed.

What can I make my life with now?

What can I rely on?

What will stay?

What is Real?

Where do I turn my love towards? **Is my love, really love?** What is worthy of devotion?

What can I trust?

Am I stupid? Am I blind?

Walking a path of Awakening...and yet I've been living in frozen places.

All these questions gripped me. What can I hold onto? ...I'm falling.

The curriculum of this schooling is LIFE ...it surfaces through the storm of questions that is *me.*

**This is the whole of my life...breathe breathe this is my entirety is right now .....breath...This is the whole of your life, right here.....the only Life you have right here....**

I hear the speed of Light always stays the same....*always the same* ...could I use it as a comforter? A cosmic duvet...to hide under.

What is this pain in my heart? What is this joy in my heart?

Can I trust? Me, you, Life, anything?

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I thought I was falling and even that has been taken away from me.....I'm not falling!!!!...the ground doesn't exist...down up...up down....**Alice knew that** in the rabbit hole....no....I'm not falling.....I'm..... floating...we're floating....What's here NOW?

Now uncertainty...has claimed me.

Mostly, She feels Cruel, mysterious, Dark. She feels strange, she strangles my breath and life-force...**She will not be denied**. Here she is and here she is again.

How did I avoid you? Why? Why are you the face of ultimate terror for me?

I wrack my history. What was I taught about uncertainty?

Stranger danger ~ is what culture alerts us to.

And **Oh yes! Mother**.

The beginning.

The rages, the unpredictable intensities. To freeze, and narrow my aperture to love, to my needs, to mother, that was my solution. To tolerate the visceral grip of anxiety by **floating away from it as much as I could**, into a surreal state with no name and no mental content...only 2 things, the visceral grip and the movement away from the grip.

Now uncertainty has ripped my aperture wide open. My Life **bleeds and shakes**.

The breath crushing anxiety of uncertainty.

I asked Jason in the first year, "But why? Why Jason why do you want us to feel this..."form anxiety" In my understanding spiritual teachers were lovely people (a bit like Julie Andrews....) that wanted everyone to experience bliss and peace and that kinda thing. And him over there ....Anxiety....The angry earth planes. Not knowing! I didn't know this was on the curriculum when I signed up ...stay there, stay there, **stay there?**

I would never have labeled myself as a person with anxiety. No, because that would have meant to actually see it, to differentiate it from moments when anxiety wasn't there. Yet the terror was always there, viscerally, I did my best to freeze it, silence it.... At yet at odd times, it became extraordinarily vivid, **often it was in those first** few moments of waking up, the familiar grip of the terror of uncertainty had me, it's unnamed visceral intensity was so familiar like my skin....so familiar and so unseen.

Where are **you** keeping yourself from the Great Bear Mother? From Uncertainty's certain influence?

What moves in you as you recognise through my words... **your world, your relationship with uncertainty?** Is what moves... a trembling/ an epiphany...a knot in the stomach, a sense of freedom? Uncertainty wears many garments.

Look out. Look into your habits. Simple intolerances will reveal uncertainty's presence and grip. **Everything** is on the surface as they say in this school.

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For me, I can't bear waiting for people at pre-arranged spots: like airports/ restaurants / art galleries/ ...tube stations....I can't tolerate the waiting for them. I tend to make myself late so the other will show up first. **Will I? Won't I be met?** The horror of this specific nuance of uncertainty is too much for me in these waiting spaces.

Everything is on the surface

It sums it up...the whole life of my longings and the history of my neglect...perhaps of all our longings and our neglect. **Will you be met? Won't you be met?**  
And now what?

What can I be in relationship with? What will stay?

I can't even pray...for to pray would be to ask for specific change, to be in a different place.....  
*stay here, stay here, stay here.*

The speed of Light...constant...absolutely constant... It's not furry or cuddly though is it? What solace can this 'me' gain from that? My heartbeat? My breath constant? Constant? Constant enough....

How do we grow a metabolism for uncertainty How do we remove it's **danger only** sting and welcome mystery, creativity, opportunity, risk, adventure, spontaneity.  
I found a prayer.

"Oh heal me out of my clinging to certainty" ...this certainty that strangles the sap of Reality until Reality roars 'me///this part of herself' awake.

Death and taxes...that what Abraham Lincoln concluded were certain about human life...he searched for certainty too...death and taxes was the sum of what he found.

**A certainty kit for *his* time.**

Jason Shulman had a certainty kit:

**"Hear oh Israel! The Lord our God the Lord is One"**

And just look what he made from it....(*I gesture around at us*) Namaste to him.

I **want** a certainty kit.

The new ones, the innocent ones, our first year students little do they know they have entered a path of training into a new relationship with uncertainty, a new reformed relationship to the certainties of their lives...

their relationship to uncertainty even now is invisibly driving them...to our doors.

How can I begin to be in relationship with uncertainty... Can I Placate her...give her my 'acceptance face' or shall I

bare my honesty and bring my raging tantrum self?

What do I do with the reality of my denials, my head in the sand face?

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What about my reading the signs and potents (*wrongly by the way*) and then being convinced of what's around the corner?

**What is** around the corner? For any of us?

When the phone rings? When the door slams?

When the message arrives? What moves in you?

But we also love uncertainty too don't we, we need it.

The computer games, all games in fact rely on the play of uncertainty. The suspense in movies, novels, crime novels, the tv series that dangle us between episodes...We can tolerate and metabolise that level of uncertainty can't we? **And yet how often do we attempt to shield ourselves from uncertainty.** I can get life insurance, house insurance, pet insurance, holiday insurance, insurance for my personal possessions, insurance for my boiler and jewelry and even my new washing machine.

Acts of God. Inclement weather. What do we do with those? Even insurers insurers Lloyds of London won't go near them.

To be or not to be?

As the shores of what we know extend, so too do they have **ever more** surface to feel the lapping of the infinite waters of uncertainty of our not knowing.

Damn the school and bless the school that heals me out of my certainty. Out of the parts of me that take me out of relationship with Reality. *This too the small view along with the more integrated view must be held, can be held.* Kindness, the universal lubricant.

A society of souls ~ a healing of our capacity to be in Reality...Oh! there go my delusions. But I didn't know they were delusions though, I thought they were real..**oh! there they go...**and I really liked them..I was having fun with them..I was OK with them. Well.....part of me....But now it's time to be ALL of me.

To be or not to be?

Can I begrudge awakening...?

I do.

They say that in 50% of relationships people stop having sex. I think the data analysers are missing the point. The threshold of sexual intimacy... holds deep uncertainties, often more and more as time goes on. I think it's not that these 50% have so much stepped away from having sex, as they've become crippled by the uncertainties on the threshold of intimacy....a territory where uncertainty can have the impact of landmines....

Will I be met? Won't I be met? Here it is again ~ a primary uncertainty.

My friend the EGO....clings to certainty...'I' 'I' 'I'

Isn't this the same I that I was when I was 3, 17, 33...etc..

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Isn't this the same I that you were when you were 3? 17? 33? Did something stay the same even as everything else changed....**Maybe the yogi's certainty kit is the very awareness....**that the EGO claims as it's flesh.

The deepest healing requires the inclusion of opposites...what if we held the certainties of our life and uncertainty close together right now...for a few breaths....lets do it together

As I hold them close, I sense my certainties wobble as uncertainty penetrates them and uncertainty itself becomes a softer place...and something more....*the third thing*.  
I am filled with Time, ALL TIME.

Welcome to the society for certainly uncertain souls, a society of souls uncertainly certain.