

THE EYES OF LOVE

Sandy Brewer, PhD

“Love is already here
Can’t you feel Its Presence? It’s
already here...”

I’ve more than doubled my age since I first sat in a New Thought Church singing this little ditty. I was still a wounded thirty-something – still struggling to find a way to live with an inner pain from which I had no surcease. It was a pain that was caused by years of true trauma, cruelty, and outrageous abuse. A pain that encompassed me and appeared to block my Light. I sat in that pew with an aching heart, never dreaming that in ten years I would be a featured speaker in that same church, standing at the pulpit teaching the Divine Spirit within and the promise of all that we can become.

But on that Sunday so many years ago, joy and possibilities were less than a distant potential. I wasn’t looking for the Light. All I was seeking was a way to live with the pain.

Of course, that meant that pain was my story. Sorrow and suffering had inadvertently become my gods, for, not knowing any other way, I had given them all the power. I had identified myself as that which I had experienced. I had given the cloak of a dark past the right to name me. I listened to the teachings of Ernest Holmes that morning, and it inspired me to pursue his teachings as well as those of Emerson, Quimby, Brooks, and so many more.

And I discovered what we know. That God is not an old white man with a beard. He’s not even a “He” or a “She.” God is the Source that joins us in an interactive dance; the womb within which we all exist and manifest; the Supreme Being that is within us, and that “within” is not a spot in my body. Spirit is beyond time and space, yet presents Itself in realms of time and space. I learned what at that point in my life was the most powerful, life-changing awareness: life is not happenstance, I chose. Oh, I didn’t choose to be raped and tortured – to almost die more than once as result of such aberrant cruelty. Nobody does. But, as a spiritual being, with the blessing of the Divine, I chose a challenging journey that would practically dare me to reach for something greater. To reach for Truth, to know that the dark is a part of the Light, but that no thing, no circumstance and no one can supersede that which we are. “I am one with a Goodness that has no opposite. Nothing stands between me and that Good, for God and I are one. All my needs are met.”

This healing didn’t come overnight, not even with the wonderful principles of New Thought. But with practice, intention, and commitment it did come.

Yet echoes lingered. One evening I looked in the mirror and saw the reflection of my own eyes. I thought about the quantum field and, knowing that all form begins as a frequency, the translucent nature of all that is. And I thought about God. How it expresses Itself through the planets and stars, trees and flowers, light and dark, puppies and butterflies.

And us. I looked into the eyes in the mirror and realized these are not just Sandy's eyes, they are the eyes of God. What if I looked at me the way I believe God does – if I understood that God uses my eyes, our eyes, as part of the expression of Itself? What if I beheld me, and everyone, through the eyes of Love?

I looked in the mirror again, saw the softness of the reflection of the Divine looking upon Its own, and felt the lingering wafts of darkness fall away.

And then I remembered the little song:

“Love is (and, even in the darkest moments, always has been) already here
Can't you feel Its Presence?
It's already here...”

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