**[The Measure of Spirit](http://www.womensradio.com/account/articles/3253.html%22%20%5Co%20%22The%20Measure%20of%20Spirit)**
Love Angstroms and Life Force Units

**The Measure of Spirit**

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| ***By Kathy Kirk, Contributing Editor of Bringing More Life into the World***Share |
| http://www.womensradio.com/uploads/users/images/3rz3xcorx865q2i4.jpgThere is an expression in spiritual work that says, “First the mountains are the mountains; then the mountains aren’t the mountains; then the mountains are the mountains again.” This riddle describes a journey of evolving consciousness. If an outsider were to observe someone in the process of a spiritual journey, he could only describe the behaviors actually observed. So, the observer would see him doing, then not doing, and then doing again. The observer might very well draw the conclusion that the subject made no progress or had simply slipped back into old behavior again. You, yourself, might even find yourself saying, “I vowed never to do this again, and here I am doing it again.”However, spiritual work is a journey of consciousness, of beingness, dear reader. How then do we measure our progress? What proof is there of an ascending soul? How is this evaluated? By the quantity of Love - the number of available Love Angstroms or Life Force Units - present in the conscious choices we make. We can know by how it feels.

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http://www.womensradio.com/uploads/users/images/bd6izrfhm45bm09l.jpgYears ago when I was married, someone would have seen me cooking, cleaning house and working slavishly at our many and varied enterprises. What they couldn’t know was my *internal state*. The thoughts that crowded my thinking were shaped by societal conditioning and characterized by lack, need, fear and future. Lower thought levels and unconscious beliefs motivated me. I cooked and cleaned because it was expected in my role as wife. There was no question about why or if it gave me joy or satisfaction, let alone if it was congruent with my life’s mission. I didn’t have an idea that I had an individual life mission separate and distinct from being married. It was simply a given that I would work for our marital enterprises. If I had identified a mission for my life, it would have been subjugated to the goals of the marriage and to those of my husband’s. My operating beliefs and ideas were unconscious, unexamined and unquestioned. Therefore, my actions were unquestioned. Thus for me, the mountains were the mountains.Then one day it all fell apart; I literally blew apart on the job and in the process blew my life. My blindly followed an unconscious path was up for review. Thus I began to evaluate, reflect, discern; but most importantly I began to *feel* the correctness. After a lot of thought induced by many uncomfortable feelings and much angst, which was my soul endeavoring to be heard and expressed; I slowly began to realize that the disintegration of my life was a very good thing. It created an opportunity of for my freedom. It was an opportunity to examine how in the world I got to be an automaton in a life where none of my activities were giving me any joy or soul expression. By evaluating where I’d been and what I’d become, I was able to make new choices and vowed solemnly to become – just the *opposite*. So the observer could now see me never cooking for someone, never cleaning up after anyone, and never working for anyone else. For an equally long period of time as a single woman, I explored the outer limits of independence and solitariness. Thus, the mountains were *not* the mountains.http://www.womensradio.com/uploads/users/images/9rz03wxzyv8z5l8e.jpgThen one day I realized I was quite finished with this expedition, as well. It was time to reevaluate the new information I’d acquired from the experiences gained since my original declaration of independence. A new idea had begun to root in me: perhaps instead of either/or, I could think in terms of “and”. Maybe it was possible to have love *and* be ***un***dependent. I realized that no longer had to live isolated and uninvolved in the world, keeping relationships, love, and my old temptations to be dependent at bay. I’d grown enough to be able to have both, but in a brand new synthesis of my own design. Therefore, the observer might now see me cooking dinner for someone, because I had consciously chosen to do it as an expression of my heart or in conscious support of another’s journey. Now the observer may notice me cleaning, but he wouldn’t know my conscious choice to do it for my own therapy or perhaps as a gift to someone else. And finally he might perceive me working diligently at an enterprise of my own or even assisting someone else in theirs, but what he couldn’t know is my *internal shift* or how I came to consciously choose to do – again- what I vowed I would never do. To him it might look as if the mountains were the mountains again.http://www.womensradio.com/uploads/users/images/d63j208qs2iro2qq.jpgSo how do we discern the difference in others and ourselves? Others are not our business. We can’t know anything about someone else by what we see with our eyes or hear with our ears; our physical senses are for navigating in the physical world only. But we can know only by how it *feels*. Is there the experience of more joy, love, truth or light in our words and actions? Is our attitude clearer, our expression more Real and Authentic? These things that can only be felt are the manifestations of conscious choice rather than unconscious enslavement. These things that can only be felt experientially reflect “I want to be here doing this thing” rather than “I have to or I need to be here doing this thing.” The journey is not circular, rather it’s a spiral upward and the difference is in *how it feels* to us in the moment. The world can’t know by your behavior, but it can know by the measure of love now flowing through you – how it feels to them, the number of love angstroms or Life Force Units that weren’t there before.Someday I believe they’ll have some scientific instrument that will measure what we think is now immeasurable: the amount of Love or Truth in a given situation; the quantity and the quality of wisdom in a song or a policy; the degree of available Life Force in a remedy or medicine; the amount of receptiveness to Love, Truth, God or Light in a person. However, right now our only measure for these things is by how it ***feels*** to us. Does it quicken us or fails to do so; and if so, by how much? If you, the observer, were to have one of these gizmos, then you would be able to see that the journey of the mountains to not the mountains to the mountains again is quantifiably measurable in the amount of love, wisdom and joy now flowing through me – and you – that was not available before the journey began.Feel the Good, it’s the measure of Spirit. |