

## The Dark and the Light



By Anna Von Reitz

All my life perfect strangers have walked up to me and told me things they would never tell their Mother or their best friends.  
This always amazed me.

Why, I would wonder, would anyone in their right mind just walk up to a stranger (me) and tell me that.... they cheated on their husband, that they lied to their best friend, that they cheated with their best friend's wife, that they stole thousand of dollars from their employer, that they had an abortion and still agonize over it, that they pushed their sister down a stairwell, that they killed their wife's cat and so on and on and on..... you name it, I've heard it.

I used to grimly joke about getting the word "Confessor" tattooed on my forehead.

And, then, unable to stop or further comment on this phenomenon, I'd just shake my head, say to myself --- "Duly noted." ---- and move on.

Most of the time, all these people "confessing" their sins to me just needed to tell someone, and maybe to be comforted.  
It wasn't like I, or they, could or should do anything about 90% of the past wrongs being confronted.

What good does it do to admit an "indiscretion" with your best friend's wife thirty years ago? And you can't pay back money to dead men....or bring back dead babies.... or cats.... or make crippled sisters whole again.

Once you get thrust into the Confessor business, it rapidly becomes apparent that most of us owe debts we can't repay. And most of us have secrets that wouldn't look good in the light of day. All of us have things we regret.

It wasn't until my sons started reporting the same phenomenon --- perfect strangers walking up to them and blurting out the contents of their deepest and darkest secrets --- that I began to take a sterner look at this.

It was weird enough when it just happened to me, but when I realized that it was a common thread for my children, too---- then I began to worry about it.

Some of the things that people have told me really shouldn't be told except to Our Father in Heaven. Sometimes they just go too far, confess too much, and their gaping wounds and the wounds they have caused to others are horrible to know. Like lead weights. Like fingernails scraping on the blackboard.

And then these same people may get scared and lash out, really try to take me (or my children) down because they have told us all their worst secrets in a single blind blurting that even they don't understand.

I didn't want my children to go through that, but I was at a loss to prevent these weird outpourings myself. How could I help them deal with it?

It comes down to this ---- the dark always comes to the light for relief. The dark is trapped, waiting for a place to go, and when they perceive the light in someone else, those who are carrying all this darkness within themselves come forward and burst like a dam breaking.

They literally can't help themselves. They just pour it all out, because the conduit to "raise it up to God" is there, and they somehow know this. They are seeking healing and relief.

We listen like loyal St. Bernards and hope that it helps somehow. And keep our own mouths shut.

For all those like me out there who have had this happen repeatedly for no apparent reason -- there is something you can do. You can accept the darkness and pass it onward and upward, through your own energy system, transforming it as it flows on.

All that dark, chaotic, disordered energy and information needs to be reformed, returned to Our Father, the only One who can remake it into something good and bring roses forth from all our pain and all our manure piles.

Just imagine all that awkward awful darkness flowing harmlessly through you and flowing on upward to the throne of the True God, where it will be transformed into creative energy and cycled back to the Earth to do good works.

As strange as this concept is, that the Dark is coming to you to find relief and to be transformed, that is in fact what is happening.

Ever know a good person who is constantly beset by heartaches and troubles and accidents? It's because the darkness comes to them for help.

And they don't know what to do with it, so it just collects and pools up around them and causes them grief.

Think of your internal energy system like a step ladder. The darkness will typically enter at your mid-body and travel upward through the Crown Chakra at the top of your head. The dark will already be transformed enough to be harmless and it will not harm you as it exits your energy field, so long as you are conscious of this process and not blocking the flow.

If you think about it, everything connected to this realm has its own sanitation regimen. The garbage has to be taken out. The worms have to do their work. So it should not surprise us that the energy that flows through and around us needs to be purified and recycled, too, converted from chaos to order, from low vibrations of fear into high vibrations of love.

Somehow along the road mankind has forgotten how to do this, our attention has been distracted and our understanding has been lost, with the result that we are awash in un-recycled, dis-ordered, "waste energy" that has nowhere to go---- no conduit upward.

Be the conduit. Direct the darkness upward to Our Father, to be cleansed and restored and returned as new light and new love and new creative energy for the whole Earth.

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