

When Hell Just Won't Go Away

by [Kathleen Stilwell](#)

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A few days back I saw headlines about Syria and my internal knowing was that many, many more innocents were going to be harmed. It was happening, ready or not.

Sadness overwhelmed me.

The sadness I felt was linked to something more than the suffering of our precious brothers and sisters in Syria. This felt to be a turning point, if such things exist.

I knew something was already in motion. It was like sensing the first movement of an avalanche. It felt like small vibrations from the level of earth sensations, but was already crashing downhill in the causal world.

It's outside of any sane person's ability to understand that evil is so wrapped up in itself that it actually thinks it likes what it is creating. It does not want to stop and it's not looking for a way out.

Evil has always been determined to have its way but now, confident that it has already won, it appears to be throwing away its own rule book and racing to the finish line. It seems we are now in the midst of an in-your-face grab to control the soul and the substance of our world. The totalitarian tiptoe strategy doesn't seem to satisfy evil any longer and whoever they or it are/is, they've determined now is the time for the jack hammer to come down.

Anyone reading this blog has spent a long time in contemplation, meditation, intention, imagining, prayer, activism, speaking out, chopping wood and carrying water,

standing in front of an oncoming military tank... or whatever loving way of your own you've devised over time to use your own creative power and heart to change our world. You know well the dismay and deep sorrow I was feeling in that moment, and you've also asked the same questions of Life about what else I/we can do.

I was up most of that night, listening for inner guidance. I decided to sing love songs to the world. I held all of the realities that I currently have access to in my heart – the physical world and the spiritual world, love and kindness, monsters of death, predators and prey, the ins and outs, the ups and downs, all of it – and just sang to it.

I felt others singing with me, everywhere and every type of love song imaginable. And there was humor – a heartfelt understanding that no matter how horrifying evil imagines itself to be, it can only lead to its own demise. It will consume itself eventually. Only love is eternal.

The prayer in my heart as I walk through life contains borrowed words, for there really is nothing new under this sun. "Be impeccable with your words." "First, do no harm." are some of my mantras.

I don't ask myself to love evil because that would require my heart to speak a lie. But I do ask that evil wake up to love. The love is already here. I don't need to pretend to be love's source. But I can allow that love to speak through me.

Today, I ask myself, what can I do as I hear that the United States has begun assaults on Syria. The answer comes back simply.

Speak lovingly to all you meet.

Let each person you encounter be truly seen. Not just spoken to, but seen. If seeds of love are still there within that person, love will rise and heaven will smile right there

through both hearts.

Speak honestly to all you meet. No sugar coating. No love and light gobbledygook. Speak the truth but be kind in intent.

Sing, create works of art, do your work with a sense of prayer or gift to the world.

Feel all who suffer and follow the trail of tears that flows into the great soul of the world. These sacred tears, as they join together, create a mighty flood that cleanses the wounds which act as portals allowing evil to enter our realm.

Share loving laughter and feel the laughter arise through our tears. We are amazing beings and we will make it through this.

Know that we never die. Evil will never be able to say that. But we can, because we are Love. We are constantly being reborn in every moment anyway, so we need never fear the cycle of death and rebirth.

If evil destroys this place and creates it's own temporary stronghold, then we are on to the next adventure, to quote my beautiful son, Lukas.

And in the meantime, miracles are all about us. We have NOW and there never has been a more auspicious moment in time for earth-shattering change than NOW.

There's no knowing what we beautiful souls can create together. There is no trajectory that can't be swept away by a tsunami of love at the last moment.

A game, even this end game, isn't over until the last man's in. There are way too many of us who have no intention of ever going into their version of what is to be. Even if it was just one of us, the game could not be over. But we are many and our ancestors – and our ancestor's love, wisdom, courage and tears – are right here walking beside us.

Love, baby, love. That's the secret. ~ Louis Armstrong

[Louis Armstrong: It's a Wonderful World](#)

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