

The Miracle Cure

By Sapphire Jule King

So much has happened. In just 34 short years, I nearly drowned in the depths of emotional instability. My experiences comprised more pain than joy, more loneliness than togetherness, more giving than receiving, more trying than being. Nonetheless, I clawed my way out using an innate inability to accept the status quo and waltzed into my personal power by virtue of a strengthened spirit. Now living a life enriched beyond my wildest imaginings, the underlying secret of my healing success is as surprising as it is simple.

To be sure, the focus of my personal change extends beyond the myriad misguided efforts to escape the doldrums of my first two decades on Earth. As a child, I carefully crafted a fantasy world to provide security not tendered by an absentee father; relief from undisclosed sexual abuse; refuge from feeling ugly, disgusting, and impure in my own skin; and disassociation from my visions and prophetic dreams regarded as evil by some religions. These fantasies spilled over into my adult life dissolving my ability to connect with family, friends, romantic interests, and Spirit. Heavy drinking only served to deepen the chasm. Like a chameleon, I assumed the desires and behaviors of others – a habit which eventually earned a bipolar diagnosis. Consequently, when the truth brewing within could not live the lie anymore, I sought freedom in two divinely-unsuccessful suicide attempts.

Likewise, the core of my transformation certainly consists of more than the various moments when I declared, "Enough!" After a frightening drunk one January night that left me with no memory of how – or even if – I drove myself home, I murmured, "There has to be more than this." After nine years of being over-medicated for bipolar disorder with no relief, I screamed, "This cannot be the rest of my life. There has to be a better way!" After ending yet another failed relationship with a man who treated me no better than the molesters who used me, the rapist who abused me, and the father who ignored me, I begged, "God, I don't know who you are, where you are, or if you



even exist. But if you do and can see what is happening, then you must know that I cannot do this one more day. I want to live, but I don't know how. Show me. Please!"

Spirit answered, and I followed. While at times hesitantly and other times not perfectly, I followed. The transformation began when I banished the drink now eight years ago. Then, the secrets that imprisoned my happiness escaped through my pen and fled from my lips as I wrote and performed my own poetry. The more I accepted and expressed the truth of my past and present experiences, the more the bipolar-like behaviors subsided. Strengthening the connection between my Higher Self and my Higher Power through prayer, meditation, and Reiki brought yet more stability. Suddenly my truth had power.

Living at peace without meds for five years now seems like a miracle. Analyzing the phenomenon with my engineer's wit unveiled the secret ingredient to my healing – truth. Imagine holding a beach ball under water, releasing it, and struggling to push it back under. Similarly, I would suppress my truth until mentally, emotionally, spiritually, and physically drained. When it threatened to breach the levees of my fantasy world, fear generated manic behaviors in an effort to mask it and rein it in. The exhausting amount of energy spent doing so then hurled me into a deep, depressed state. As my strength returned, so did the attempts to suppress the truth thus restarting the cycle.

In the end, truth emerged as the key to my permanent healing and lasting change. Accepting and trusting my personal truth through conscious contact with Spirit formed the foundation of my personal power. With this power, no drink, no drug, no emotion, and no person can ever imprison or abuse me again. ☐



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