

“The Long-Awaited Love Affair With My Body”

(The Fifty-Year Draught)

Wednesday, April 11th, 2001 @ 4:00pm

Oh, what I wouldn't give for a simple, beautiful, uncomplicated love affair. Peaceful co-existence of essential partners; respectful consideration of individual needs; no obsessing over unimportant imperfections. Instant admiration of unique abilities, to marvel at the balance of a God-like creation, to simply fall deeply in love “at first sight” and remain so for all time – a perfect and wondrous love affair.

This is what I desire more than anything. To stand before the looking glass and truly look beyond the image, “without killing the messenger”, as they say.

*Were we not all **excited**
at infancy, as we noticed these “things” flailing about in our view?*

*Were we not **amazed**
that we could actually extend these appendages and bring our surroundings closer to us?*

*Were we not totally **delighted**
the first time our body parts seemed to hold us upright, allowing us to move about the room, touch objects, see colors, and to explore?*

*Uncomplicated acceptance.
Unfettered joy.
Unbelievable abilities
that were soon taken for granted,
resulting in unsolicited gradual disintegration before our very eyes.*

*What happened?
How did it get this bad?
More important, how do I stop it?*

*Dark.
Stay in the dark!
Don't let anyone see!
Hide!
Don't look!!
Please, don't look at me...please!
What do I do?!
Help me...please, help me!
God, what do I do?!
Cannot go on like this!*

*Set my spirit free to search for the man who willingly gives his spirit to mine,
becoming one beautiful entity with me.
Be unafraid to love and be loved.
Stand naked before this man of pure spirit.
Let him love me without hesitation, seeing all of me.*

*My body IS who I am.
My tortured "insides" are showing up on the "outside" – years and years worth.
My body IS my life's map of events and lessons.
How can I be ashamed?
It is MY Life; unique unto me.
I have survived, no matter what.*

Words whispered in my ear at this moment...

*[Be proud!
Stand proud!
Walk into the light; before and after.
Be unafraid!
Be proud!
Be beautiful!]*

Thank You, God, Great Mystery, Universe!

Thursday, April 12th, 2001 @ 1:15am

*Cannot sleep...
There is no doubt; I need help with this.
A voice...I hear **"Ask God...Ask The Great Mystery...Ask the Universe"**.
Did so...
Still cannot sleep.*

Flipped through the television channels in an attempt to lull myself to sleep. Instead I found an HBO special documentary on a man named Spencer.

*His vision was to photograph people **nude**, in all fifty states of America. Reactions to his requests were varied, as you can well imagine. However, the resulting form of artwork was completely uplifting to my present state of spirit and mind.*

*Exactly what I required.
Exactly what I asked for.*

*People of all shapes and sizes agreed to comply, for whatever personal reasons.
Such beauty!
Unabashed clarity of creation in its purest form!
No sexual connotations, what-so-ever...just incredible beauty.*

Resulting images appeared on film, from just one person per picture in various outdoor settings, to a recent rock concert where 2,300 people shed their clothes, lay down along side

of each other, end-to-end and was photographed at what resembled “waves” of humanity on an old abandoned air field where war planes used to depart from.

Such peace, silence, and tranquility instantly embraced all of these people. Mogul or mother, doctor or ditch digger, model or misfit – it did not matter. Paradigms shifted. All were equal and non-competitive. A phenomenal photo!

Certain events in my life have put me in front of various nude photos or paintings, resulting as instant discomfort and embarrassment; walking away in disgust. Try as I might, I have never been comfortable with my body, even though I desperately wished I could be. Enduring much ridicule from others, as well as early training that the body was something to hide and something dirty, has resulted in fear of exposure.

Lights off!

One image during this documentary hit home tonight, as only God can produce. Her name was Deborah. Imagine that!

She was very pretty, but extremely overweight. Countless jeers, snickers, and grabbings have been her life. When Spencer approached her, something took over, and she agreed to be photographed. Alone in the early dawn, upon the rocky shores of a large New Jersey city outlined behind her, she positioned herself carefully upon the rocks.

Solitude.

Her initial reaction to the photo was disgust, as she saw the folds of loose skin hanging about her body, with very large breasts sagging over all.

Upon further scrutiny, however, she noticed the vivid contrast between the jagged, dark rocks and the soft, white curvatures of her body; the calm ocean water flowing by; her personal facial expression of pure peace and solitude against the perceived fanatic pace of the skyscraper city behind her.

Her spirit reached out to her with such beautiful reverence that she was changed forever. So much so, that she gladly agreed to have her picture hung in the art gallery premier of Spencer’s work, for all to see her beauty, as she proudly stood beside it. Peace had been found at last.

Needless to say, I have identified with this woman named Deborah. Not with body form, but with attitude resulting from years of heartache and abuse. I believe my long-awaited love affair with my body has found me.

*Thank You, God! Thank You, Great Mystery! Thank You, Universe!
[Love thyself.
To thine own self be true.]*

*Come to think of it, my body IS my very BEST FRIEND.
It has never left me, always been there when I needed it, continues to be my constant companion, and has housed my spirit for safe-keeping, long before I actually realized recently that I indeed DO have a spirit.*

No matter how much trauma came my way (physical or emotional), IT (this vessel) has withstood the storms of my life. Upon a moment's notice, IT has risen to the occasion to serve me. Wherever I go, there IT is to comfort me.

Periods of radical dieting and drinking, a lifetime of physical trauma, sleep deprivation and depression, pure hatred at the sight of it, and decades of unconscious self-destruction have never daunted ITS task to protect me.

The unbelievably intricate, self-starting creation and gift from God will stay by my side until the moment of my last breath on this earthly plane.

Even when my spirit and energy have moved on, IT will continue on without me, being recycled in order to give life to others.

*What more could you ask for in a BEST FRIEND?
How can I turn away in ignorance and disgust?
How can I not nurture and protect my BEST FRIEND?
How can I not fall in love with my LIFE-LONG PARTNER?
How can this not be **THE LOVE AFFAIR OF A LIFETIME?***

*Now I understand!
Abandonment?
Nevermore...
Love?
Pure love and devotion?
Forevermore...*

*Thank You, God!
Thank You, Great Mystery!
Thank You, Universe!
Thank You, so VERY MUCH!*

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