

## **The Blessing of My Confusion** by Stewart Blackburn

If I were to go back in time to when I most wanted things to be different, it would be the time when I first had to shower with other boys. I was very attracted to their naked bodies and after allowing myself to express that once, I shut down those feelings hard. The negative response I got from my classmates showed me how dangerous it was for me to reveal my feelings. I felt that my body had betrayed me and was pushing me into areas where my very existence was threatened.

That collection of experiences and the effort to understand my feelings and the lack thereof shaped my life. There was no framework or story that I knew of that could help me put my attractions and inner experiences into a sensible understanding of what was happening to me.

As I gradually confronted my bisexuality (without having use of the word at the time), I still couldn't face my residual shame. I naturally saw others who lived, and lived well mostly, with apparently similar feelings. But they seemed to have simply swapped out feelings for girls for ones towards boys and gone on with life more or less as usual. Bisexuality was maddeningly, tortuously, and humiliatingly confusing.

As I started following my inclination towards the deeper spiritualities, I was deeply drawn to the esoteric abilities and skills that I read about. While I could meditate for long periods of time and hold my focus for extended periods, I couldn't get out of my body or do any of the other mystical things that others seemed to do easily. All I knew was that I had to keep exploring myself to find the answers.

This quest to understand why I wasn't seeming to get where I wanted to go propelled me for many frustrating years. I was able to sort out numerous conundrums about being in a body and, with the help of many others, how our experiences were the results of our thoughts and feelings. But I just wasn't seeing how my deepest questions weren't getting any answers.

I explored many sexually oriented philosophies and techniques. I experienced the wildest sexual rituals I could find. I even worked semi-

professionally to help others deal with their sexual issues. But none of that helped me where I needed it most.

Things started to change when I was asking myself if there was any connection between my seemingly stunted sexual expression and my lack of success in conducting out of body journeys, despite extensive training. The clue that finally cracked open my puzzle was recognizing that both endeavors involved my energy. I got that my feelings were my experience of energy. And then I understood that I had been restricting my energy by still resisting my childhood sexual feelings. Add to that a comprehension that out-of-body travel is done with the “energy body” and I was well on my way.

Apparently by restricting my sexual feelings for the boys in my school, I had shut down aspects of my energy body (astral body, or whatever you call that part of yourself). I had become so accustomed to blocking parts of myself that I couldn't see what I was doing.

I found that as I meditated on relaxing, I was aware of increasing sexual feelings from long ago. And the more I allowed myself to be aware of those feelings, the more I found myself relaxing. I also found myself more aware of my astral body. That in turn allowed me to play with and within that part of myself that is clearly a part of me but is wholly non-physical.

This awareness has prompted me to see my existence in terms of energy. I am a conscious energetic entity, which is only working at peak levels of performance when all channels of energy are open. This means I must be willing to feel *whatever* is coming up, no matter how intense or socially unacceptable.

From this perspective then, health is the free flow of energy and sickness is the restriction of that energy. The astral body or energy body seems to be the closest aspect of our spiritual selves to our physical existence, and when that gets interfered with, we experience discomfort or worse.

The path to my understanding of this had to go through my many experiences of frustration, humiliation, shame, excitement, and love. I'm enormously grateful that I have lived long enough get through this

odyssey and to wash up on the shores of peace. I know that I have more, much more, to learn but to get to the point where I see how to use my feelings is a blessing that I can't cherish enough.

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