



Basmati

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[Home](#) > The Wisdom of Sitting With Your Feelings

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Lately I find myself wading deeper and deeper into the realm of emotion. That may sound funny because people often describe me as “emotional,” but what I mean is instead of flirting with an emotion, I’m embracing it. The despair, the anger, the disappointment. All of it. Not only am I embracing my feelings, I’m also no longer trying to fix them.

For me, whenever I felt really down, or lonely, for instance, I turned to something to make myself feel better: I called a friend, turned on the TV, picked up a book. I’m not saying there’s anything wrong with those activities, but they became compulsions, ways for me to avoid diving deep. To avoid the emotional pain of fully embodying my emotions. These days I’m learning to sit with my feelings, no matter what they are.

Matt Licata, a psychotherapist, has a blog I read every couple of weeks. In one blog post he wrote:

[T]he question during these times is: Are you going to use these reorganizing and shattering experiences as vehicles through which to befriend yourself, to attune to the unprecedented flow of feeling with you, and to weave a sanctuary for the wisdom-pieces of the broken world to be held and illuminated? Or, will you fall back into your habitual, conditioned history, attack yourself, your tenderness, and your sacred vulnerability, spinning into the habitual fight-flight urgency of shame, blame, resentment, and self-aggression? In another he wrote: The invitation is into intimate communion: to move closer, and even closer still, into the feelings, the emotions, and the sensations as they surge. To surround the surging material with curiosity, warmth, and most importantly with kindness, as an inner explorer of the galaxy of your own body, of which there is no temple more sacred.

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Communion. Yes, that's what I long for. And communion means befriending my pain, befriending my sorrow, befriending my disappointment. Every cell of my being longs for love, and that means the pain, the sorrow, and the disappointment too. In my journey toward wholeness, toward the divine, I must embrace everything within me.

In my spiritual practices, we view everything as an expression of an infinite loving consciousness, and that means me too. Not only the *me* in this physical form, but the *internal me* as well. The one that feels pain, the one that feels lonely, the one that feels disappointment.

These days I'm practicing loving those parts too, and I have that wish for others as well.

I dream of a world where we embrace all parts of ourselves. A world where we feel every emotion as it arises. A world where we sit with our pain because we recognize it, too, is divine.

Another world is not only possible, it's probable.

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