

# Penney Peirce's 2014 Letter

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## Summing Up 2013

2013 was certainly a year of Transition, with a capital T! Or should we call it a "roto-rooter" year of cleaning out the pipes? It certainly was a time for realigning ourselves with our new life, with our "promised land," with our newly developing Intuition Age perception. Everyone I talked to seemed to be going through a dramatic testing of their ability to let go, trust, and move forward while keeping their attention totally in the present moment. Everyone seemed to be consciously or unconsciously jettisoning old limiting ideas and patterns of behavior in favor of falling into the void, in secret hopes of discovering what's there!

I personally felt like a piece of tangled rope that was shaken out, or snapped briskly into line by some higher force. My new book, *Leap of Perception*, was released in May, and I traveled extensively to promote it, while simultaneously packing up my house, getting ready to move Aug 1. I left Marin County, CA where I had lived for 35 years, and moved across country to Florida, ostensibly to be closer to my mother. Instead of renting, as I had thought, I watched myself decide to buy a house (first time in my life!), in spite of a feeling that I might not be here for the rest of my life. And all along the way, my left brain kept repeating, "Florida? Are you crazy?" But the Flow seemed to keep me steadily in motion, and the tasks never stopped pouring in, in a flood. There was no time to stop, so I had to learn to rest WHILE in motion, while being fully engaged.

## Some Lessons Learned

I was unable to work with clients during my limbo time, as I didn't have good access to reliable phones and recording mechanisms, and then the hunting for, buying of, and work on the new house took up almost all my attention and energy. So, slowly, I am now getting back in the loop, catching up on record-keeping and contacting people who requested private sessions. I appreciate everyone's patience, by the way! And this, too, was a lesson in faith: It's OK to "let people down" and not jump through every hoop. If something wants to happen, conditions will reorganize themselves to reoccur when timing is right. Sometimes you just can't do everything.

Leaving Marin County and driving across country, visiting friends and clients along the way, opened me back up to the reality of life beyond California. I grew up moving all over the country, and lived much of that time in the East and Midwest. I lived in cities and on farms, knew people from all religions and walks of life. California had felt like a home place, though, and I had become somewhat jaded by living around people who are innovative, spiritual, intellectual, open-minded, and artistic. It's easy to be spiritual—to hold your “home frequency”—around people on your own wavelength. I realized part of 2013's change was for me to be able to be the way I like to be no matter where I am, no matter what kind of people I'm around. My own happiness is not dependent on other people's vibrations. And I found so many heart-warming people everywhere. Here in Florida, I've yet to find a nasty person, or anyone who is rushing and superficial—except for that one person who gave me the finger—from the *passenger* seat—in traffic the other day!

I also was forced to be in the moment because the process absolutely would NOT move any slower or faster than IT wanted to. Will power and pressure just messed everything up and caused snags. I had to be with each experience, enjoy it, validate it, integrate it, and participate fully. Going to the hardware store was just as meaningful as meditating at the beach. Superimposed order from my left brain—like, “I'm going to do all the bookkeeping, then I'll do the plumbing repairs, then. . .” just wouldn't happen. I might do an hour of bookkeeping, 3 hours with the plumber, twenty minutes at the hardware store, back to bookkeeping, and so on. No validation of my old way of being organized, and no comfort there.

## **What 2014 Promises**

As 2014 gets underway, I sense an unrolling of a red carpet. Last year we let go, realigned with something higher, and this year—sure, there's more release and realignment work to do, the polishing—but now the opportunities that align with our new vibration are beginning to occur in our fields. It's like Don Juan told Carlos Castaneda: “Stop the world.” Then it reappears, recreated from the true place.

For years I've been saying I wanted to go to Norway (I don't know why), and guess what? Someone called out of the blue to invite me to Oslo to speak at a conference in early April. I got another invitation from the Infinity Foundation to do a *Leap of Perception* training in—of all places—Highland Park, IL, on the north shore of Chicago—where I grew up! Wow!

Now here's an odd thing. . . Since I've relocated, I've become very interested in intergalactic beings and communication with "ancient aliens." In fact, I'm addicted to that TV show, *Ancient Aliens*! Is it because I'm close to the Bermuda Triangle now? Or the intersection of ley lines near the Bahamas? It is something I was extremely well-versed in many years ago; in fact, I wanted to write the undocumented history of the world one day! Wished I could just go into the Akashic Records library and know everything! Today, I'm noticing that I feel like I have amnesia, like the way I have described and interpreted my visionary dreams over the years is kindergartinish. Why can't I "see through"??? The impatience may indicate a veil about to be lifted.

All in all, I feel 2014 to be a powerful year for clarity and seeing through. In fact, my new Florida license plate says: C-NOW. I got the custom plate that has a lighthouse and says, "A State of Vision." Cool, huh?

Please feel free to connect with me in any way you want, via social media, email, or my website. Let's share our experiences of how we are preparing for our expanded life work, how we are welcoming our destinies. And please join me for events this year!



Many blessings,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Pam Stein". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.