



## Tears on My Yoga Mat

a story by

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An excerpt from the book:

## Remembering Wholeness

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*“ My faith has the power to turn trauma into healing,  
conflict into growth, and fear into love.”*

*Gabby Bernstein*

## Tears on My Yoga Mat

I will Never Forget the moment when my life COMPLETELY changed.

I was participating in a yoga teacher training, on Mother's Day 2012, in Washington, D.C.

And I remember . . . *so clearly* . . . *pressing* . . . into Downward-Facing Dog.

As I was building my way into that posture, and placing my attention on *my breath moving through my body*, I was *feeling* each breath and sensation, and each movement and posture, *bringing me back to life*.

And at that moment, the teacher, Seane Corn, started to *Pray* . . .

I *listened* with my Whole Being.

She began by inviting us to *give thanks* for “The Mother” – thanks for *all* of the forms (literally and metaphorically) that she takes, and for *all* of the women in our lives.

*Right then* I felt my imagination begin to expand. And then, by her asking *deep* and *provocative* questions, we were guided to reflect on the *many* roles of women in our world and what it means to be a *woman*.

So there I was, in Downward-Facing Dog, emotions stirring and *tension building*, and rather than fidgeting and trying to escape the discomfort, I did as Seane instructed and dug my heels in and re-affirmed and stabilized the pose.

*And then*, she *swept in* with one more cue: we were invited *to be open to forgive*.

My body *felt* her invitation, and took *quite* a big breath. I felt triggered – and *conflicted* (. . . in a yoga pose, of all places !! ). *Even so, I was drawn to listen even deeper, and breathe more fully into the posture while further pressing my feet into the ground.* I knew there was *wisdom* here. I took another *deep and mindful breath* ... it felt like a *floodgate* of oxygen filling my whole being . . . *and as I exhaled . . .*

**Suddenly** – *Out of Nowhere!* – my *Whole Life* began to flash before my eyes.

I felt the *horror* of the life-long narrative I was carrying within me. The life-long narrative about being a woman in this world.

I had to Now *fully* consider all the influences, expectations, and pressures that came with *my* being a woman in our world.

I saw a whole series of memories and traumas frozen in time as well as the faces of *all the women* who shaped my self-perception. *All at once*, I saw the events and the cultural and social institutions that *conditioned me* and *influenced* the narratives that governed the way I was seeing *the world*, seeing *myself* and creating *my identity*, and seeing my place as *a woman* in the whole of life. My Mother, My Sisters, My Aunt and My Grandmother on my father's side, Beauty Pageants, Pageant Coaches, Dance Competitions, The "Row of Judges" Always Scoring Me while being "pit up" *Against* other women, The Churches, The Media – *each and all* taking their place in the *tapestry of who I thought I was*.

I had finally given myself permission to *really feel* my *true* feelings, and to *be Myself*.

In the next breath, while *feeling full of rage and frustrations*, I became intensely aware of a strong sensation of heat in my head, arms and legs. At the same time, I felt such heavy grief in my chest – for myself, and for all of the women who had shaped my world – and for the brutal irony that the "rules" that we were taught modeled the exact opposite of the nature of "The Mother" . . . and that I was stuck in the world of pain of the former, and yearned for the world of wholeness of the latter.

I exhaled.

I inhaled.

I was ready to *clear all of this trauma* and *put the past behind me*. I was ready to *be healthy and happy*. I was ready to *be free*.

Another exhale, and inhale . . . *and my inner guidance and wisdom jumped into the mix*. I sensed an all-consuming warmth around me – *and, an alternate view of understanding and relating to Life opened deep within me*. Instantly, I felt a very powerful inner warmth and deep compassion for all of

us. I was viewing through a lens of compassion for myself and the women in my life. I understood with such gravity that *they* were “*conditioned*” *too*. I understood that they were all playing out their roles of who they were taught to be, and of the personas, that they too, had built *in order to survive and find love*.

And as compassion opened within me, I felt so much love.

The wisdom offered in this vision provided a whole new landscape for healing to occur. It was like being open to forgive was a ticket to a multidimensional trip, if I was willing to lean into it, even just a little.

Most importantly, I realized that I could *now* build a *new narrative* about the women in my life and my being a woman in our world, and in that moment I *committed* to building a new narrative, a narrative that was aligned with Love and Wholeness. I knew that Love, Happiness, and Deep Fulfillment were available to me on a whole new level.

It felt like I was *remembering* all this from within myself and that this narrative was a deep, deep part of my very being. *Something ignited!* I started to *Remember that I was Whole*. Nothing was lacking or missing from me. With my Intuition, connectedness to Spirit, and Love flowing through me, I realized that there was another way to live and be in the world.

I began to fully embrace these insights and chose to dive further into my healing. I had chosen to forgive even though I didn't fully understand the complexity of my difficult situation nor was I fully healed of its trauma. However, this was key *to be able* to connect to Wholeness, Love and Freedom. And I was so ready to be Free.

So I chose to surrender into the wisdom, and to trust the depth and magic of the process – ***and so, I let go...***

I took Another *DEEP Breath* . . .

and on the *exhale*... my eyes began to water, and *I felt a teardrop* beginning to slowly form on the right side of my left eye. ***This tear was filled with emotion, and it felt so heavy.***

It rolled slowly onto, and over, the top of my cheekbone – and then . . . it *dropped* onto my yoga mat.

When I saw this large tear ***land*** on my mat, I quickly inhaled and became very still. Something happened . . . *Something Happened* . . .

**I was Free !!**

I had an Aha Moment! I thought to myself, “Oh my God, oh my God . . . this is how I’m going to heal myself! I get it, I get it!!”

In that moment, my life COMPLETELY changed!! That teardrop contained more than I had ever imagined.

***Forgiveness unlocked the lens of Love, and then Love unlocked my Liberation, and my Liberation created more space for Love.***

I *knew* that I could take all of my resources that I had come across thus far and weave them into healing rituals . . . healing rituals that would transform me on the deepest cellular level.

The book *You Can Heal Your Life* (by Louise Hay), and the wisdom that I had harvested from psychotherapy, offered me profound insights that acted as keys for me to understand my addictions, emotional pain, and self-sabotage, as well as for completely altering my awareness of the body/mind connection. In summary, *I held the key* to my personal healing and transformation by utilizing my mind as a powerful resource, and owning my ability to manifest a life I would love.

My teacher, Seane Corn, showed me how Yoga can be a center for healing, bridging and integrating all parts of myself: The Physical/Mental (body/mind), Energetic/Emotional (Chakras), Psychic/Symbolic (Spirituality and Intuition). I knew that all parts of me, finally, could be healed – and that my true self and power could be harnessed and expressed, *especially my intuitive depths*.

I was totally empowered...and I knew that I could completely heal, and reprogram my conditioning and build this new narrative, and live from Wholeness and Love. I knew I had a lot of work to do, yet I knew this all was absolutely possible. (How miraculous!!) My life would never be the same, because in that moment, in that teardrop, ***I Remembered Wholeness.***