

I Ran Away to Mexico

An Unexpected Spiritual Journey

Laura LaBrie

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DEDICATION

For Lee because he was with me every step of the way and for my children Sarah, Michael, and Thomas for supporting their mother's crazy journey.

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DON'T COME HERE TO HELP US

Come live with us.

MEXICO

1. IF ONLY

My heart is still broken. When I allow my conscious mind access to what is deep inside, I can still feel it. When I quiet myself, I feel the pain, the loneliness I am trying to cover up with life, with adventures, with volunteering, with wine, with friends. It is still there, underlying everything I do. It prevents me from getting in touch with myself, from slowing down and hearing my own heart. It is very deep and colors everything dark purple. How I long to be free from this pain. If I cannot heal, I will never be free. I will need to cover up my interior, to hide from myself, to disconnect. And how can I ever be whole if I am disconnected from myself?

I have been running. I know this. Of course, I have experienced many amazing things and I know I have encouraged many people along the way. And maybe this will just be my reality from now on. But I feel there must be a settled place, a place where I feel good again. I am driving myself into the ground, with no recourse, and I see the end of this road is not a good one. How do I escape from it? How do I find a road that is paved with life, not destruction?

I feel I must make a change, but I am afraid to do it.

I am afraid to face the pain. But if I don't, I am afraid of the ramifications of that too.

And now I am supposed to write, write about Mr. Sugar and Chicken

I RAN AWAY TO MEXICO: AN UNEXPECTED SPIRITUAL JOURNEY

Bone and the adventures I have had, which could be great stuff and should be easy to do. But in order to plug into my creative side, I must brush against that pain.

And in the brushing, all I can do is gather my life-force into my breast and hold it there, away from what hurts. All I can do is retreat.

How can I escape from this miserable prison I am in?

And so off I run, doing anything possible to hide from what is inside.

And those who surround me see my life and envy...if only they knew.

2. BLUE PEOPLE

Blue people? Blue people? are you kidding me?

Darryl was sick. He was taking experimental medication for a brain tumor. The tumor was gone. They had removed it in surgery and it didn't come back, but they insisted he needed to take medication or it would. And anything was preferable to death by brain tumor.

I am sure it was killing him.

Not the tumor. The medication.

He would not get out of bed, even though he was perfectly capable of it. He spit his food at me when I tried to get him to eat. He rambled on about things that made no sense. He said a little girl in a white dress was in the room. He said his brother was sitting in the rocking chair next to him.

All that I could handle, somehow, even though it was devastating to me. At least it seemed within the parameters or normality—for a brain tumor.

But when he told me not to worry because the four blue people would take care of me, I lost it.

I told him I was leaving him. I packed a small bag and drove to the pier—my place of sanctuary. I called a good friend and she talked me down.

How could I leave him in this condition? He needed me. He could not take care of himself. After 27 years of marriage, it was my duty to be at his side.

So I went back.

Two weeks later, he died. I won't bore you with the details except to say this, he died in his sleep and I was in his arms.

It wasn't until a year later that I remembered something a pastor friend said to me.

He was in my kitchen long before Darryl even got sick. He told me I had four angels. I asked him to describe them and, in truth, all I remember was that one was female and she was small. I think the others were male, but there was nothing out of the ordinary about the description—at least for angels—because I am sure I would remember it if there had been.

So what did that have to do with blue people?

Well maybe nothing.

But there were four.

I looked up *blue people* online. I found a reference to people with odd bluish skin living in Kentucky.

I didn't think that had much bearing on my question.

I also found a reference to Atlantis. There was a race of blue people—tall, intelligent, blue skinned. Interesting. As I kept looking, I found stories—many stories—of people who saw other-worldly beings with glowing blue skin. In every story, these were good beings who brought wisdom and enlightenment. Hmmm.

I have no answers. Not definitive ones, anyway. But I do know this; Since my husband passed away, I have had help. I like concrete answers,

even if they are spiritual ones. But, I know I can't always get them. Or sometimes I have to wait patiently for them to come.

In the meantime, I know there is someone, or *someones* helping me. I see it nearly every day. I think of things I desire and they come to pass. I ask for signs of encouragement and they appear. It's like the universe is aligning itself on my behalf. I do believe in God and I do think He is the Creator of all that we know. But I do not always understand the channels God uses to help us. Some people talk about angels they have seen. Some talk about spirit guides or good energy. Apparently, I have Blue People. And for now, that's ok with me.

3. AKUMAL ASHES

So I ran away to Mexico. I always said I would if things got really bad. My husband and I spent our 25th wedding anniversary there and fell in love with a little fishing village on the Yucatan. So I went back. And I brought him with me.

They almost didn't let me through customs at the airport. They wanted me to open the urn his ashes were in. I suppose they wanted to see if I was smuggling in cocaine (which is stupid because people don't smuggle it from the US into Mexico, it goes the other way) I had all the necessary paper work, but they were suspicious.

The guy checking our luggage said I needed to open the urn, but he didn't want to be the one to look inside. He went to get someone else, who went to get some else, who went to get someone else. Apparently, the Mexicans are very superstitious about the dead. For me, that was a good thing. Finally, I was able to leave the airport with my husband's remains undisturbed.

I went to my favorite little hotel in Puerto Morelos where my good friends, Crescent and William, have their dive shop. I put the urn on the shelf and I left the room and locked it. I sat on the beach all day. I stared at the waves and tried to be social to people who walked by. I was numb.

Two days later, Crescent agreed to go to Akumal with me. Akumal is a

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