

My Election Day Birthday!

By Mary Jane McCormick

What do birthdays and political elections have in common? Nothing really, except the General Election of 2016 falls on my birthday. So I am taking the liberty to talk politics.

The polarization this country is experiencing is in our faces every day. It is as if there are two countries. One country is increasingly more angry, fearful and hateful. The other country is trying hard to be optimistic and inspiring as it is bombarded with gender and trust issues.

Although I am very clear which candidate has my vote, I have given too much emotional energy to the heightened emotions, the negative rhetoric and the media frenzy that fuels this great divide.

And I am really tired of my own 'stinking thinking' about 'those people.' You know, the ones supporting the other candidate! I am weary of thinking, "I just don't understand" and, "How can they be so blind?"

It was time to do a self-intervention and remind myself that such chaos can also be viewed as an unfolding process toward needed change.

A recent group study opened my eyes to *The More Beautiful World Our Hearts Know is Possible*. This book by Charles Eisenstein is a comprehensively honest awakening to the fact that our days of separation are coming to an end. As citizens of the world, we are being forced by circumstance to wake up to all that separates us as human beings. The "Old Story" is giving way to a "New Story" of interconnectedness; or as this author calls it, "The story of Inter-being. The age of Reunion, a new kind of civilization."

I believe America is in the midst of a transition to this "New Story." Dysfunctional systems are collapsing because our collective distorted and destructive perspectives, beliefs, attitudes and behaviors are transforming. We are sitting in the space between these two worlds and it is messy.

Are we moving toward deeper separation or interconnectedness? I have one litmus test: Why does it hurt when we hear of another person being harmed? Why do we feel such profound sadness when news breaks of another killing?

Our collective grief screams we are connected to each other and that we are living through the collapse of blatant allegiance to the old story of separation.

Call me crazy, naïve or a hopeless optimist. But for the next 93 days before my Election Day birthday, I will hold onto the belief that this insanely negative and maddening campaign cycle is proof we are moving toward a unity we cannot even imagine.