

DareMe: You Suck. I Love You.

It is only recently that I finally became aware of the vast, cosmic awesomeness of life. For the spiritual people, you can call it a kundalini rising, or for those of you who think that's some sort of Indian revolt or gluten-free bread, you can call it "coming into awareness." So, when it came time to write my DareMe about something scary or haunting to stick with this issue's theme, all I could think of was my last encounter with the scariest thing I had ever done in my life.

I did read and acknowledge all of your recent dare submissions; but no, it was not a midnight Ouija board session at the Ladd School (an abandoned mental hospital in Exeter) or skydiving, or even the nude bike ride around Block Island (Haven't you figured it out that I do that on my own volition?). But, *dun dun dun*, I meditated. And so, like all living things, I grew and changed, and as a result, so did DareMe. All of my wounded, ignored and suppressed emotions rose to the surface and I was left with no choice but to face my fear of facing myself. Yes, I sat in silence and allowed myself to just be, and of course, like for most people, it was very, very challenging.

Since I am my own worst critic, I had to read my own hate mail in my head. It was horrible. "You're a failure. Your articles are a failure. Even you hair is a failure. What are you doing with your life? Why aren't you in graduate school like everyone else your age? Because you're a failure, that's why! You failed at love, patience, and humility. Your jokes suck, too."

But instead of reacting to them, I just sat there, read and deleted my mental inbox. Then, to my surprise, after 20 minutes it was empty. I had no mail! All I had to do was just sit and be.

And so like myself growing and changing, so has DareMe. I propose a DareMe awakening. I need to put my energy into something with more positive energy. Why not a DareYou? So, I dare you to meditate. Find a place that brings you peace - maybe your living room or by the beach - sit on level ground with your spine straight, relax your body, and just breathe. Make sure your 21st century distractions are far, far away. As the thoughts arise, rather than react to them, allow them to pass through you. When your "you totally suck" thoughts arise, smile at them and send them loving energy. For a long time, I was a prisoner of fear, but meditation has helped me face my fears with mindfulness and compassion.



There are many places in Rhode Island that offer meditation classes to help guide you, such as the Providence Shambhala Center, Providence Zen Center, Rhode Island Meditation or even the MeetUp for Meditation on Meetup.com. So, I dare you to meditate, but more importantly, I dare you to face your fears so you can move forward spiritually and emotionally and live and love fully. You are awesome and I love you.

Yosefa Leora Kornwitz loves you. She is also a newly awakened writer and holistic food healer. You can contact her at yomotif@gmail.com and follow her at [goagnome](#) on instagram.