

Bidding Farewell to Another Year of “COVID”: Vigilance and Hope

Analysis by [Tessa Lena](#)

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STORY AT-A-GLANCE

- › It’s “that time of the year” again, and despite the holiday cheer, we may feel a little worn
- › Over the past four years, we’ve been yanked around a lot as a part of the tyrants’ rotten game of musical chairs
- › There is light at the end of the tunnel, and despite the abuse we’ve been through, we are here, standing dignified and tall
- › In the grand scheme of things, pain exists to teach us lessons about ourselves and the world, while our legitimate destination is joy
- › Even the most cynical tyrants can’t dominate us forever, so let us celebrate and leave behind our tears and fear

We are at the end of yet another year of the great reset. It’s the end of December – we can see Christmas trees everywhere, and the holiday cheer in the air – yet something feels off.

Something’s off. We are busying around, we are going about our holiday tasks – but it feels a bit like a “calm before the storm” scene in an average Hollywood film – just before the zombies come out of the shade and start attacking the proverbial happy beach goers.

And why does this "holiday season" feel this way? Perhaps, it's a part of the war on our hearts, too? This is my take on it, anyway, and I pray for joy as I remind myself to be grounded in reality – and kick out all fear.

We've been wounded, God, we've been wounded. We've been yanked around too much over the past four years. We've lost innocence. We've been given personal tours of the belly of the beast, and we can't unsee this awful beast now. Things feel off because the beast is very hard to unsee.

As we are getting together with our family members, the scars of being cast out by some of them are still haunting us. There are heartfelt words of apology and love that we want to hear from them, there are connections that need to be healed to make us whole.

And perhaps we clutch our teeth and throw daggers of our hurt at them out of our hearts and eyes. Or perhaps we love them still very kindly and hope to be loved by them again – wronged and forsaken for too long – and we pray for them to hear. It is difficult. Four not-in-any-way-sane years later, the world has "moved on" without apologizing making us whole – and so what do we do? Here's how I personally handle this and keep whole.

Keeping Whole

My unusually dramatic life experience and dealing with abuse in the past have taught me that in every crazy twist, there is a lesson and an opportunity to grow our souls.

While we go through a painful segment of our journey, things often feel like unnecessary and sadistic torture – but once the soul gets what it needs to get out of the experience, the pain disappears, and the soul soars.

Don't Get Attached to Pain

When a person experiences harsh abuse for the very first time, it is very easy to go from the initial denial and rage to the kind of an acceptance that makes us "at peace" with the

circumstance, where our mind convinces us that tolerating abuse and living with it is a sign of strength and a point of pride.

And that's the tyrants' trick that they hope we go for, a mental leash they hope to keep us on. Don't let them do that to you. Pain is there strictly to teach us a lesson, not to stay with us as a permanent companion. We may have to learn how to deal with it to the extent we need to learn what ours to learn — but it's our duty to always move toward joy.

Rite of Passage

Paradoxically, the experience of going through temporarily inescapable abuse is a spiritual exercise in learning how to defeat the abusers without walking over to dark side. It's an exercise of growing our soul in the direction of genuine freedom, total aliveness, and joy.

It's about discovering our courage, our real soul, our true relations, our very essence — stunningly beautiful and lovable — when we are deprived of oxygen (the pun is intended) and pressed against the wall. It's the paradox of finding out who we are on this Earth. As the spectacle props disappear, and the need to know who we are takes the front row, something happens. We grow our soul.

Dealing with temporarily unescapable abuse is a rite of passage. It's a way to learn realistically about the world. Sadly, our world of today is full of horrific abuse—and the tyrants keep dragging us into a game of musical chairs that they have so wickedly designed for us. And since our pain often makes us blind before it makes us suddenly see with clarity, in the short term, the tyrants rarely fail.

Sadists by choice, they keep yanking us out of our well-being and ease straight into degradation and helplessness, and they take sick pleasure in doing that. Tricksters by choice, they want us to be selfish sufferers, fully focused on our own relationship with "our" chair (stolen by them a long time ago) and not on the wicked design of their very game.

Hope, Lots of Hope

There is good news for us that cannot be undone by any tyrant and that cannot be moved out of the way. It's the fact that there are spiritual laws, and that they actually work. While it's true that the tyrants' grip on the world is tight – and that they can delay the joy for as long as the people refuse to push back and fight – even the cruelest tyrants cannot escape the spiritual laws.

To my personal senses, this has nothing to do with any institutional theological dogma but with the fact that our life on Earth is a place where we grow our souls and remember the timeless love from the inside – as we meander, do silly things and beautiful things, and exercise our free will. The love that we chose feely is much more authentic than the love that we choose based on other people's stories or our desire to please.

So, when it comes to this wicked game of the musical chairs, at some point, being yanked for the thousandth time leads to an awakening, and one starts to realize that the entire game is rigged. That is when the tears come out. That is when one starts to remember the sacred mystery he has once known.

That is when the forever-yanked individual realizes that the game is rigged, that there is multi-directional hurting going on for no reason, that everyone is hurting each other out of brokenness, and that he just cannot live like that anymore. And from there, comes a true prayer from the heart of hearts. And eventually, happiness moves in, and pain leaves.

The Glass Is Half-Full

As the fourth year of "COVID" is coming to an end, let's remind ourselves of the good things that we have gained. There've been many, many painful things we had to go through but it's not been in vain. Let us take a good look at just some of the beautiful things that we found in the past four years.

Meaningful Friendships

Personally, I am in awe of the friendships I've made over the "COVID" years. They are solid, beautiful, deep friendships, they are for real. Under the pressure of tyranny, a lot of the fluff fell off, and our true spirits soared.

I am eternally grateful to the beautiful souls whom I found and who found me over "COVID." If I had to do this all over again, I would have chosen them again over the friendships I lost.

Clarity

Having a realistic view of the world is better than being delusional even when delusion is sweeter than the truth. It is better because when we are dealing with predators, delusion can cost us our lives. Even if the learning process is rough, we benefit from being alert. Grounded, calm and not frightened – yes – but alert.

In the past four years, lots of previously innocent people saw the face of the machine for the first time. Seeing its face was a big shock! Previously, the man-eating machine had been only showing its face to the "other," not to us. But now we know. Oh, we know.

When it comes to our loved ones and the bitter realization that perhaps, some of them have always loved not us but their idea of us – based on a dead set of "talking points" – this is a bitter discovery, indeed. That discovery hurts. However, realistic ideas are still better than fantasy – and sometimes, it's okay to **bid farewell to our co-travelers** and allow them go on a journey of their own.

If they only loved us on the condition that we fully agreed with their opinions, was it love? Has it ever been love?

And you know, we may very well still meet them again at a later time – and perhaps, after learning what their soul wanted to learn through a zigzag, they will tell us the heartfelt words of apology that we've craved. They may still bring us their love – not a guarantee but they may. Time will tell.

In the meanwhile, if we feel like it hurts too much, if we feel like we've done all we could, that we can't try for them anymore, it's okay to hand the problem to the Creator with a prayer for the sweetest help – and let them go. If it's spiritually important, they'll come back. And if not, it's our time to dry our tears and focus on our purpose and on who we are.

Redefining Our Relationship With The Medical Mob

That is a painful blessing but in the long-term, it's an empowering one. For decades (and before that, for centuries), the tyrants have been hard at work trying to separate us from our Creator-given spiritual powers and from the healing gifts of this Earth. Modern medicine is superb when it comes to addressing emergencies – even now, especially on occasions when they don't force us to do the things that we don't want to do – but it's never been great at supporting the overall, lasting health.

There's no benefit to the **mobsters** in our **natural health**. They would rather have us depend on them. For that reason, they have been squeezing us, poisoning us from every end through every way they can – and then offering treatments that would make us "customers" for life.

No, it has not been all bad. Yes, there are circumstances when advancements of modern medicine and even pharmaceutical drugs can save lives. But those are individual, case-by-case circumstances – while the scale of drug consumption that the power mongers want from us is simply unreasonable and obscene. And let's not forget the mandated vaccines!

Come 2020, and a lot of people were forced to open their eyes and see what had been there but stayed unseen. Like it is the case with any experience of awakening, there is a period of shock and pain. But there is a silver lining.

We have now learned to "do our own research" and take the responsibility for our health with more vigilance than before. At the same time, our brave doctors who have managed to stay true to their intellectual integrity and to their sacred oath to do no harm will

inevitably find new ways. Oh, they will find new ways. The decay of the institutional medicine will inevitable give birth to something new. Human beings are resourceful.

Even in the USSR, at least by the time I was around, people always came up with ways to counter or circumvent the boot. Like the grass that always breaks the asphalt, we'll prevail.

Conclusion

Let's enjoy "this time of the year." Let's feel good, treasure our real connections and hand our problems and our pain to the higher powers to solve sweetly and lovingly. We are not the first generation in history facing tyranny. We'll prevail.

On my end, I say, do not comply with the tyranny. Do not comply with their fear mongering. Do not comply with their tempting offer to get bitter and inadvertently walk over to the dark side. Do not betray your wise heart. Do not comply.

About the Author

To find more of Tessa Lena's work, be sure to check out her bio, [Tessa Fights Robots](#).