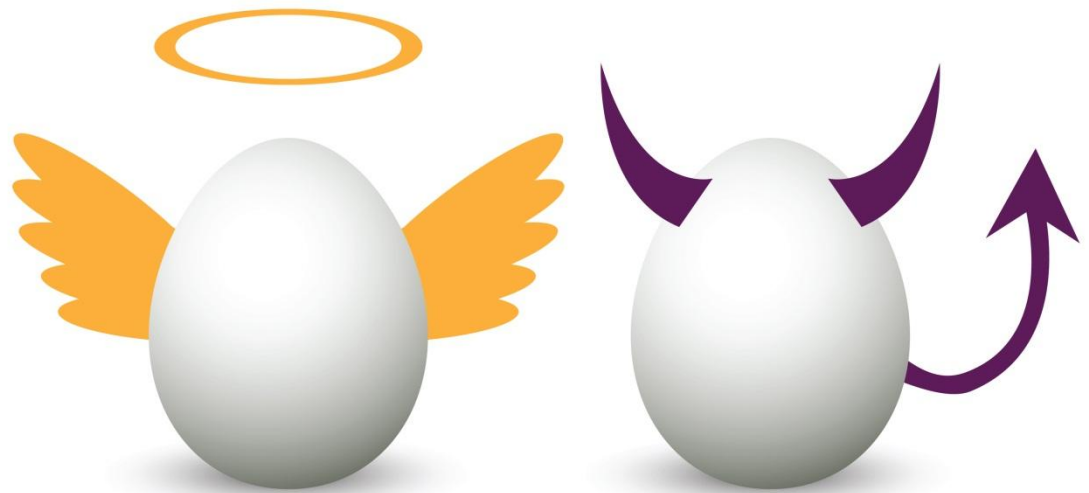


Adele Ryan McDowell, Ph.D.

# Stan and the Angels: A conversation about light and dark



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## Satan, are you real?



One evening, I find myself in a contemplative mood as I sit in a candle-lit room. My mind wanders and I begin thinking of a recent conversation with a colleague about Satan, his word choice, not mine.

As I am deciding what it is I actually think about Satan, I look over and see one candle holder blinking brightly with starry eyes and the one next to it, for the first time ever, is showing two, dark, glowering holes. I think to myself, there's a sign if I ever saw one, perhaps I should pursue these tangential threads of thought.

I must admit I have trouble with the word "Satan." It conjures up an old *Saturday Night Live* routines of the Church Lady saying, "Are you Satan?" in a high-pitched, guilt-producing, finger-pointing shriek.

"Satan" was not a word frequently used in my childhood. I can't even type the word "Satan" correctly; it keeps coming out "Stan." "Are you Stan?" loses something in the translation.

Satan, or Stan as I now seem to call him, became synonymous with devil. When I think of the devil, my childhood image surfaces and I see a red-suited, horned devil complete with trident frolicking amidst flames from all that hellish fire and brimstone.

In my childhood, the devil was an abstract concept. I could well imagine my guardian angel walking with me, but the thought of keeping company with the devil was beyond my ken. The devil was more of a Halloween costume character.

As a child of the 50's, I remember assorted cartoons when the protagonist had a choice to make. The choice was animated with a haloed angel on the right shoulder

sweetly urging the person to do the right thing and a pitchfork-waving devil on the left shoulder nagging the person to go ahead, give into their baser instincts, and do the wrong thing. It was all very black or white, good or bad, clear and simple. I understood that model of the devil. I, too, wanted the second candy bar.

The angel always hovered brightly on the right shoulder and the right is filled with the merits of its moniker—all things proper, good, and correct. In the past, left-

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*As a side note, the devil is usually portrayed on the left side. Etymologically speaking, the word “left” is from the Latin root that forms words like sinister. In some countries, toilet hygiene requires that you wipe with the left hand. Metaphysically speaking, the left is associated with the feminine and intuitive side of things.*

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handed children were often forced to learn to write with their right hands. Right is attributed with logical, organized, and linear ways of thinking and doing; it’s also associated with the masculine, taking-action side of things.

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The terms “Satan” and “the devil” are often used interchangeably. The term “devil” has become diluted over the years. We might affectionately call someone “you, little devil” I have never heard anyone called “Satan” save perhaps the occasional pit bull dog or all-black cat.

The truth be told: the word “Satan” makes me very uncomfortable. It makes me think of rigid fundamentalists, who see everything in the polarized world of good and evil. It feels like there is little room for context or discernment. You are either right or you are wrong; there is no equivocation. I want to squirm. Can’t individual moral truths be subjective? Can my wrong be your right? Can your wrong be my right?

No wonder I ‘mistakenly’ type “Stan” instead of “Satan.” “Stan” is friendlier word; it is familiar and carries little promise of danger.

The word “Satan” implies something serious and mysterious. Satan is associated with satanic cults, ritual abuse, bloody offerings, temptation, and evil deeds. When faced with temptation, there are those who say, “Satan, get thee behind me.” Others attribute mental illness and psychopathology to the work of the devil.



British author, Phillip Pullman has written a remarkably complex, multi-dimensional dark materials trilogy for the young adult audience. Like the Harry Potter series, there is an ongoing battle between good and evil and, once again, the good-hearted children save the day over the self-interest of the power-hungry bad guys.

Be it films, books, television, or the front page of the newspaper, this good-and-evil theme is everywhere. There is always a struggle that becomes a conflict between the white-hatted good guys and the black-outfitted evil doers. Power seems to be the ultimate prize.

There is a theory circulating that the world is currently undergoing a very real battle between the angelic realms and Satan's dark forces. At stake is the future of humanity and the planet.

I'm not sure I believe that there is an actual battle, but I do believe there is a huge effort for expanded consciousness and, therefore, expanded light to help humanity survive and overcome the darkness.

I know I believe in light; therefore, by default, I must accept the darkness. In accepting that darkness, then I must admit that Satan is no Stan and that Satan -- in all of its dark and evil connotation -- is real.

I have much to learn. I think this will be a hell of a trip.

# Letter to Satan

Dear Satan,

Since I last pondered your reality, I have had a hellish week. Happily, I am not the paranoid type to think you have nuked my computers, sprained my ankle, curdled many a conversation sour, and upended my orderly existence. However, I do wonder what caused the blips in my daily life and triggered an onslaught of negative feelings.

I must confess that I have handled the glitches and pitfalls of the week quite poorly. I have been turbo-charged with anger, frustration and hurt. Those darker feelings of fury and rage were exhausting and no fun. They put me into obsessive spins, contracted my heart and made everything in sight potentially incendiary.

I became--temporarily--a woman possessed. Some would say this was your handiwork; after all, anger is attributed to energies of the devil and possession is one of your calling cards. Whereas I might say this was human error, life doing life and detoxing off Christmas chocolate.

Am I mistaken?

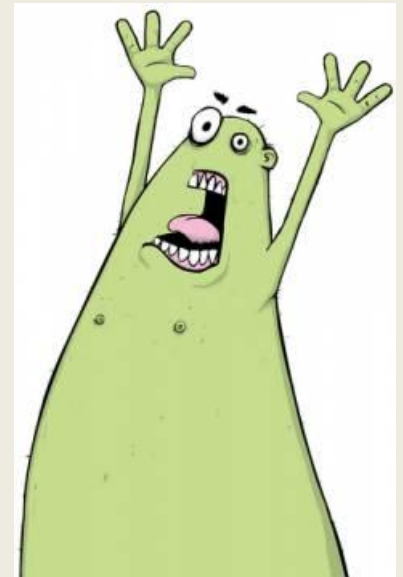
Are you red-hot fury, white, smoldering rage, violence, destruction and hate? Are you depravity, cruelty and evil?

I think you are.

There is one thing I do know about you: you really smell, Satan. You reek of death, disease, and decomposition. You create odors out of fear and fury. I think if it stinks, you and yours are close at hand.

Yet, you are elusive and hard to pin down. There is a constant question that surfaces within groups of people. "Where does evil come from?" emerges out of many gatherings. People are concerned. Every headline screams with atrocities and heartaches. Unbelievably inhumane acts are done in the names of greed, righteousness and power.

Isn't this your handprint?



Just as some might have called Mother Teresa an earth angel, are there human faces to your dark work? You must have your own forces, something like “Soldiers for Satan,” dressed in a variety of everyday jeans, uniforms, hats, robes, and white shirts. There is no standard issue for evil, violence and destruction, so you can hide and lurk, be tricky and camouflaged. You’re clever. There is no doubt about that.



How does one become one of your minions? Are there tests, specific qualifications, or vulnerable wounded moments where you seize the opportunity to claim and convert?

How does one learn to inflict pain, wreak havoc, plod the sightless dark, and become bone dry of compassion? I don't think those

actions come naturally, much less easily.

There are accounts of monks in their cells, like Padre Pio and the Desert Fathers, who were heard throughout the night physically battling with you. Their struggle was related to what is called a “discernment of Spirit” that prefaced a next, enlightened step in their spiritual work. Like a moth to a flame, you seem to be attracted to those who choose to work with the Light.

You know we have met a few times. The meetings have not been pleasant and have certainly left me with a lasting impression. There is one specific incident that stands out in my mind.

A good 10 years ago, I was doing shamanic work with a young girl who had been ritually abused and, in that process, she had lost her heart, energetically speaking.

This small, wide-eyed child presented as very pale; she had minimal energy. Her physical state was seriously weakened. Her loved ones were distraught with worry.

The abuser had hypnotized the child. He told the girl he had taken her heart and, by that act, he completely owned her. To prove his point, he produced a bloody animal heart as evidence of his work. This child believed what was before her eyes and knew, without a doubt, that he had taken her heart. And he had. Energetically, the abuser had pulled that life force from her.

Our work was to recover her heart via a shamanic soul retrieval process.



In doing the work, I was literally assaulted and assailed by a negative, physical force that wanted to prevent me from retrieving her heart. This sweet child, who was accustomed to a more mild-mannered me, was frightened by my loudness, language and movement as I did actual battle with this force. I had to fight for her heart.

My experience was very real; I know I physically struggled with evil.

It was a hard-won battle, which, once concluded, had a young girl who “pinked up” immediately with her newly retrieved heart. She regained color in her face, her

physical energy increased, and she was able to feel life again.



Satan, I have talked to dead people, conversed with the angels, communicated with the saints, met hate and bigotry, faced rage and fury, seen the ravages of destruction and physically struggled with evil. I feel ready to call you forth.

Machiavelli told us to hold our enemies closer. With that in mind, Satan, I call you to a meeting. I want to interview you. I will not make light of you; I know you are a potent force and I have serious questions that only you can answer.

Will you meet me, face-to-face and force-to-force?



## An interview with Satan

I'm at deadline and Satan has yet to show. I am growing increasingly anxious as the clock tick, tick, ticks and my page stays empty.

I could make this whole thing up. What the hey, you wouldn't know, but I would. I am the one who tries to do the right thing. Perhaps, I am too much of a goody-goody for Satan.

Yet, I have a temper as recently evidenced by my computer tech #1 (yes, there is a #2) sending me a bill that included a \$1000.00 charge for what he described as "the yelling incident." He was charging me for being vocal about my anger at his egregious actions. Who knew I had so much juice to warrant that response? Wouldn't that be a draw for Satan?



With candles lit, intentions set, and spiritual allies at the fore, I begin to travel towards a dark void. I travel in counterclockwise spirals that feel as if I am burrowing into the center of the cosmos.

My stomach gets queasy; my mind wants to focus on trivial daily matter. I keep reigning myself in to stay focused and to continue this counter-intuitive movement towards a dark angle of energy that radiates enormous force.

It feels both cold and hot. The energy is heavy; time has stopped. I am awash in a dark force field and I sense a presence.

*ARM: Where did you come from?*

Satan: I came from the beginning of time when the earth was merely a ball of fire flung about the universe. I have always been here. And I always will, simply because you are human.

*ARM: What does human have to do with it?*

Satan: You come in human form and that means you have free will and you have choice. You can choose right or wrong, good or bad. You can choose whatever you want, and you mostly choose me.

You forget that you are all part of whole. You can forget each other; you can forget the consequences of your choices. You don't want to take responsibility. You want everyone else to pay, make it better, make it easier. You are chump change for me.

You are so easy, because you want it so easy. I can influence and manipulate you like rag dolls. You whine and plead all day long: "I don't care what it costs or how much it hurts others or what it means for the future. I want it all for me and I want it now."

You humans excel at being bad; you are master connivers. You see someone with a ski jacket, watch, country, or resources you want, and you use me. You will hoodwink, steal, or kill for it without a second thought. It's very common place.

You get all wrapped in your emotional traps. You are full of anger, envy, greed and lust. You walk around all day and act like wounded animals. You regularly leak your poisons and expel your noxious notions, words and actions.

My work here is a day at the beach; I just sit back and roast.

*ARM: You seem a little one-sided to me, but, then, again, that would be like you wouldn't it?*

Satan: I champion warring dualities, be it within the psyche, across borders, among families or inside institutions. I relish one side pitted against another. There is bound to be some trouble and always a lot of snot.

Duality can become competition where one is better, stronger, or richer than the other. That usually creates conflict.

Conflict polarizes people. Sides are taken; names are called out of blind allegiance. Acrimony and hate, war and bloodshed can ensue. It works for me every time.



*ARM: Are you a separate force, the accumulated energy of negativity and toxicity, or simply the anti-Light? How would you describe yourself?*

Satan: I am evil.

I am also rage, cruelty and torture. I value anguish and hopelessness, bitterness and screams.

I am malignantly-intended destruction and violence. I enjoy chaos and mayhem.

I am the spirit of divisiveness and the force of malevolence.

I am the power of hate and vengeance.



I feed on fear, despair and desperation. I am fueled by closed, tight hearts and closed, tight eyes.

I am everywhere, and there is little that you can do to stop me.

*ARM: You seem fairly sure of yourself. There is much good being done in the world today. Some would argue that the Light is winning. Don't you feel this is a close race between Light and Dark?*

Satan: I will always win, Pollyanna. People, institutions and nations think of themselves first. This race is already over. I have won.

Do you really think people will join forces and help one another? Do you really believe people will move beyond banal celebrity gossip and work to make the world more cohesive and co-operative?

Humans are like sheep, or even better, lemmings, they follow unconsciously all the way to the edge of the cliff and then jump into my dark pit.

*ARM: There is a whole range of color between light and dark, a world full of possibilities. I am not so ready to throw in the towel and hide in your shadows.*

Satan: Hide behind your rose-colored glasses, then. You will still experience my darkness.

*ARM: And you will experience my light.*

## Angels demand equal time

Angels are a regular part of my life. I talk to them, call upon them, invoke their presence in prayer and ritual, and thank them frequently.



At my behest, they wake me most every morning. I tend to be a night owl and, consequently, a snooze-monster in the morning. They're good: Over many years, I have experienced ringing phones and knocks at the door with no one there, as well as loud thumps, assorted banging, and other mysterious attention-getting noises. When the Angels told me they wanted to speak, I initially had visions of picketing white-winged angels holding aloft signs that read "Angels Make the World Lighter," "Illumination Works," "Save Our Wings," and even "Satan Smells" held askew by a round, young cherub.

However, the vision faded and what I received was more like a manifesto. These were not at all the feel-good words I was expecting, but more of a no-nonsense directive and a serious call to action.

Without further ado, I give you the Angelic Realm:

*Attention Dear Ones:*

In the spirit of fair play and balanced discussion, we, the Angels, demand equal time to express our views in the matters of good v. evil and the Darkness v. the Light.

There has been enough contemptuous word-spitting and one-sided folderol from the opposing force. We would like to illuminate the conversation.

*Point One:* Let's be clear and define who and what we, Angels, really are and what we really do. There has been some confusion and debate. It is important for you to know the range of our work and the scope of our intentions.

- \* We, Angels, have been historically recognized, and accurately so, as messengers from the Divine. From Mohammed to Mary, this has been a favored task for eons. We enjoy being the conduit and trumpeting the good news.

- \* We happily accept our role as beings of light and love who facilitate moments of grace and miracles. These are dandy assignments where happiness, joy, and gratitude

abound. We readily acknowledge that much of our good reputation is based on this aspect of our work.

Did you know that we served in the following capacities as well?

\* We are the Keepers of the Faith. We maintain the flame of Spirit. We keep the Light illumined throughout all the ages and guarantee its eternal presence.

\* We are the Chalice of Compassion. We are the openhearted and open-armed receptacle that holds the space for love, acceptance, mercy, forgiveness, kindness, and generosity.

\* We are the Wings of Hope. We offer sustenance and support, nourishment and



nurturing when you feel you cannot move another step, take another blow, or see the possibility of change. We lift you up in unseen ways.

\* We are the Shield of Courage. We give you the strength and wherewithal to guard and protect yourself. We aid and abet your best efforts to be authentic, brave, and true to your Highest Self.

\* We are Spiritual Warriors and we do battle daily in the war between good and evil, light and dark.

*Point Two:* To quote St. Paul, we, Angels, “fight the good fight” constantly and continuously.

This is hard, tenacious work. We remain stalwart and focused; we do not falter, much less acquiesce, as the consequences are too dire. As such, we are warriors who understand the importance of standing true and battling that which is false and pernicious.

We bear the message “The Light will prevail,” and we know this to be true. However, that said, the Darkness is thriving. And it is so much easier to fall asleep in the dark than stand awake in the light.

*Point Three:* A pro-active stance, not passive resistance, is required to deal with the Darkness. This is the ultimate in power struggles.

You, humans, have called up us for help and we have been there. Now, we, the Angelic Realm, call you forward and ask that you step up to the plate.

It is time for you to stop dilly-dallying around and face the very real truth that evil exists; denial and blindness will not diminish or dissolve the existence of evil; and, most importantly, your light counts.

Every word, every action, every thought, and every feeling of each and every individual is weighed in the balance. It all counts; it all matters.

The under-your-breath snarkiness to your co-worker or your eye-rolling at your spouse might be viewed in the grey zone, whereas your genuine smile at the cashier, heartfelt support of a friend, and prayer for another is seen in the lighter tones.

Every choice holds the power of light and dark. What will you decide?

*Point Four:* If you are ready to take a walk on the light side, we invite you to join us and begin your work in Spiritual Warriorship. It will be demanding, humbling, and, ultimately, satisfying.

Do we have any volunteers?





## Boot camp for spiritual warriors

My creative muse has hunkered down with a fit of pique. My allergies have run amok. My dentist is no longer pleased with me. It's been a tough week.

On top of this, I am in the gray zone. I am between dreams. I am awaiting my next mission and find myself hanging out in limbo land, where the waiting wears thin and I have memorized every nook and cranny of my holding pattern.

I am quietly grumpy. My energy is out of whack. I am best left alone. My unspoken counsel is to step away from the snarky woman. I remember — finally — that I do have resources, and I call on the angels for some guidance.

I can use any and all the help I can get to move out of this stuck spot. What I get in response is a sign, I mean a *literal* sign. (Those angels do get a kick out of irony.)

Shimmering before me is an impossibly bright poster to join the Defenders of the Light, an elite branch of the Angelic Army: Human Division. Donning my sunglasses, I arch an eyebrow and squint quizzically at the message. "Could this help me?" I wonder.

No sooner do I say the words than zip, zam, zingo. Lightning bolts flash. I find myself transported through time and space. I am bumping along on a squeaky bus with 12 other stunned individuals en route to a secret location for what we learn is boot camp.

"Oh, boy, boot camp," I groan to myself. The mere thought gives me a stomachache. What did the angels get me into?

We recruits are called "Dimmers." We are divested of our sunglasses, hats, earphones, jewelry, anything that can obfuscate our vision, dull our senses and enhance our egos. Essentially, we are stripped of all extraneous matter. We are told to shower, dress in uniform sweats and report to our company officer.





The C.O. is an enormous angel named Nicholas; he is no-nonsense kind of angel with a rippling wingspan. He brooks no silliness, demands complete concentration and really knows how to use a harmonica. He tells us we are here to get our basic training in spiritual warriorship.

Nicholas begins by teaching us a very old, as in the fourth century, Hebrew hymn entitled "The Face of God," which we are to sing when in formation. The song and footwork are more than confusing.

*The Face of God*

*those on the right*

*now stand again to the left,*

*those on the left*

*now stand again to the right,*

*those in front*

*now stand again in back,*

*those in back*

*now stand again in front.*

The first essentials to master are the Attention and Being Drills. This seems odd. I was expecting calisthenics and relays around the base. The angels have a different requirement for spiritual shape. They want us to be able to be present, be in the moment, stay in the now.

There is no doing here, only being. There is no daydreaming, playing on the Internet or mindless channel surfing. There is nothing to do. There are no specific, measurable tasks. We are asked to be present to ourselves, to be aware of our inner landscape, to eat our meals mindfully and to meditate or pray in any form or fashion we choose.

We are asked to do this minute after minute, hour after hour and day after day. It is bloody torture to get the mind to sustain any kind of mindfulness. It takes so much practice and concentration. And if your mind wandered, the surprisingly heavy-handed Nicholas would come up and tap you on the shoulder to bring you

back to present time.

We learned from the "Bulbs," the second years, that if you want the wattage to create miracles, you need to be in present time. This is motivation; we want to be able to zip, zam, zingo ourselves.

Those who mastered the Attention and Being Drills are given the ultimate test of mindfulness, a round on the Buzz Lightyear Golf Course.

The second area of training is the Compassion Exercises. We are placed in an

amphitheater, where we are taught the HeartMath techniques to decrease stress and open the heart. It's pretty powerful stuff.

The real test comes when a huge screen is lowered and we are presented with televised news from around the world. Our assignment is to develop compassion for every segment of the news, from every viewpoint.



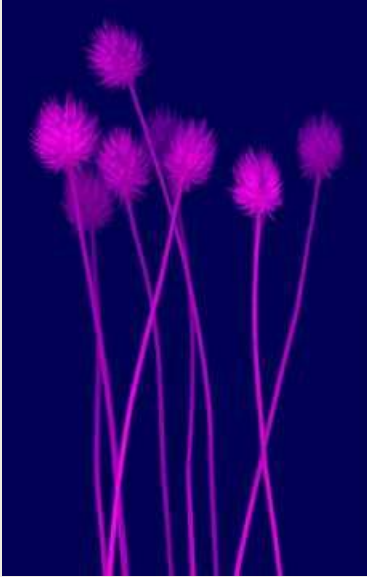
This reminds me of a story attributed to the Columbia School of Journalism. There is a fire in a building that covers an entire New York City block. Reporters are sent to each of the four corners of the block to report the fire. Which one is telling the truth?

The answer: All four are, each from his or her vantage point. This is a good reminder that the small "t" variety of truth is subjective.

This compassion work literally cracks my heart open and reminds me of a phrase from a Rumi poem that reads something like "break my heart/break it again/until I can love more fully."

Not a bad thing to learn.

## Dealing with dark force bullies



As a child, the nuns taught me to make the sign of the cross whenever I was afraid. When I would go to bed at night, my overactive imagination would take the reins and I would be in a dark, scary place where evil figures lurked menacingly from my open closet door. I would madly and repeatedly make the sign of the cross from my bed with my eyeballs glued to the closet door opening, awaiting some tiny perceptible movement to prove that my fears were correct.

Happily, there were no face to face meetings with any of the dark closet creatures. And I did learn to close my closet door and truncate my fears.

In psychological parlance, I am counterphobic. This means I confront my fears— with the notable exception of the reptile house at the zoo. It does not mean I am unafraid, it means I am afraid, and I do it anyway.

Over the years, I have become accustomed to my adult version of dark closet creatures. I do have things that go bump in the night. Sometimes, it's dead people looking to get my attention. Other times, it can be messages.

In fact, while writing this Satan series I had some bouts of dark play. In the middle of the night, there have been precipitous blasts of cold air that have sent this menopausal women looking for an additional quilt or two.

And during those bewitching hours of 2 and 3 a.m., when all is acutely quiet, there has been some nocturnal havoc with sounds of my apartment being trashed. It was as if small bombs were being dropped from the ceiling and things were flying everywhere. Bedcovers were yanked and pulled. Snorting noises were heard. Run-of-the-mill dark mayhem.

With my heart thumping, I turned on the bedside lamp, got out of bed and did a walk-through of my apartment. Nothing was out of place, everything was in order. I knew this was a tactic to scare me off. Actually, it did just the opposite. My “Irish” was roused and I became even feistier to discuss good and evil, light and dark.

One afternoon when the sunlight was streaming into my apartment and I was writing about this very topic from my perch on the couch, there were very loud, jump-off-the-couch crashing booms. There was no outside or neighboring activity to account for same. Nothing was amiss save an empty paper shopping bag was now on the floor of my closet.

Clearly, these were not major doings, but they were enough to momentarily grab my attention.

These acts remind me of a bully and truly, that is what the dark forces are. Call them Satan, Lucifer, the Devil or Evil, dark forces look to play on fear so we will kowtow to their very whims. They insert doubt and terror; they create panic. They take bullying to a world-class level.



And their approach has certainly been successful because we lose faith. We lose faith in ourselves, in our ability to survive or withstand and in our connection with Something Greater. We find no place to hang our hope, much less discern a viable alternative. Our hearts contract; we hunker down into reactive mode. We forget who we are.

Fear is an all too common experience. It happens. It's human. And, alas, it is also a learned response.

We know that darkness exists. We have felt the shadows of darkness crawl across our hearts and our stomachs have clenched in the knowing.

And terror is, unfortunately, a tangible reality. All we have to do is engage in air travel to be reminded of global uncertainties.

So, how do we deal with the fear? How do we face the darkness? How do we face terror without soiling ourselves?

From my point of view, this requires a kind of spiritual warriorship. There needs to be a strength and a certainty that that is predicated on faith, hope and compassion. There needs to be a memory that we are, indeed, soulful beings.

I am not talking about automatons that robotically claim the light and denounce all others. No, a spiritual warrior is complicated. A spiritual warrior does not adhere to any one-sided, trenchant belief system; there is no fundamentalism here.

A spiritual warrior walks the path daily as a flesh and blood human being who endeavors to do the best thing possible at that moment. Speaking truth, acting with kindness, helping a neighbor, being ethical, connecting with whatever face or name is given to the divine, these are acts of a spiritual warrior.

There is no special religion required. There are no Friday, Saturday or Sunday services. There is not even a pot luck supper to prepare, much less a bingo game to promote.



A spiritual warrior has earned those merit badges of faith, hope and compassion and walks surefooted in the light. A spiritual warrior stands firmly, holds strongly and protects fiercely. A spiritual warrior understands that darkness is a disconnection from the light.

Furthermore, a spiritual warrior, by definition, is your Best Self, the part of you that has regular conversations with your soul, the part of you that can see and accept the good and the god in yourself and others, the part of you that can see with the big view finder and find hope in the darkest corners.

That, my friends, is a shining Best Self and a 21<sup>st</sup> century spiritual warrior.

## About the author

Adele Ryan McDowell, Ph.D., is a psychologist and writer who came to her current place in life through the frequent and not-so-subtle prodding of the gods. She likes looking at life through the big view finder and is a perpetual student who believes in the power of an open heart, and a good laugh.

Dr. McDowell is a psychotherapist with more than 30 years' experience; a teacher of meditation, intuition development, and psychospiritual issues; an international workshop facilitator; and energy healer. Adele was the director of outpatient treatment at Liberation Clinic, a substance abuse clinic in Stamford, CT. She was founder/director of The Greenheart Center, a holistic, psychotherapeutic, and psycho-educational center in Stamford, Connecticut; creator of Faithwalk™, A Psychospiritual Approach to Transformation; and founder/director of the Institute for the Study of Symbolic and Shamanic Energies.

Adele's work focuses on helping clients find hope and balance in the face of crisis, trauma, and grief. She has worked with suicide, domestic violence, and sexual assault crisis hotlines, survivors of Hurricane Katrina, 9/11, the Joplin Tornado, clients struggling with addiction as well as those moving through profound life changes such as grief and health challenges. Adele's work integrates psychology with spirituality to help clients move through crises and restore balance by accessing core soul issues and to discover, and find comfort in, their authentic selves.

Adele is the author of the Amazon best-selling *Balancing Act: Reflections, Meditations, and Coping Strategies for Today's Fast-Paced Whirl*. Adele is a contributing author to the best-selling Shift Awareness anthologies, 2012: *Creating Your Own Shift* and *The Sacred Shift: Co-creating Your Future in a New Renaissance* as well as *Love and Oneness*, an Abundance in Manifesting anthology. Adele's next book is *Making Peace with Suicide*.

Adele -- a Texan by birth, upbringing, and pioneering spirit -- lives in Connecticut where you will often find her driving along the highways and byways, singing loudly in her car.

You can learn more about Adele, her writing, and her thinking at [www.adeleryanmcdowell.com](http://www.adeleryanmcdowell.com).



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