

THE SOLAR TIDES  
A STRONG NEW SOLAR FLARE TODAY 6:55 AM EDT  
July 4, 2012

By Michael Erlewine ([Michael@Erlewine.net](mailto:Michael@Erlewine.net))

I don't mean to be beating a dead horse with this solar-flare-influx material, and please feel free to ignore what follows. It has to do with how solar change comes over us, and for most of you this is probably more than the 'enough' you seek. I write it only for those of you who resonate to it, so that you don't worry when it comes. Or perhaps, finally, I am just talking to myself, if that is allowed.

Once again we are looking at deep solar change flooding our regular sense of our self and perhaps changing that self at a core level. And it may appear to be doing so without our knowledge or even asking our permission. Yet since this change IS our deeper self, it trumps who we thought we were. It is the new and updated 'us'.

One of the more difficult to detect (wake-up-to) signs of real change is the ennui or the dissatisfaction of assessing who I am and where I am at. One day I am just humming along in my little self-driven universe and the next I have somehow fallen out of it. There I sit once again, left high and dry while the tide of my current life apparently has decided to go out for a spell. What went wrong?

This then is where the gag reflex 'not-to-panic' comes in. My previous tendency was to madly try to cover up or over my emptiness, the nakedness I feel when I run out of satisfaction or happiness and come to a linear stop – the end of a line. How do I manage to forget each time that life is cyclical and not linear? Somehow it all just goes void and there I am, seemingly without a clue as to what has happened. When solar flares emerge, this experience of void-ness is very likely to occur at some point in the cycle of change.

These empty or wasteland times are indeed challenging and the challenge is not some head-on opponent that I can take up arms against, but rather deflation, as the air runs out of the tires of my life and I am once again stranded in ennui with no direction forward and none home, either.

At these times, my day-today life seems to end, as T.S. Elliot pointed out, "Not with a bang but a whimper." My very full-and-busy life suddenly is gone empty, as far as I can see, and I don't even know how I got there. For me, these are times to tread most gently and carefully.

And it is this kind of wipe-out experience that the influx of intense solar energy can bring about. The flood of solar light simply overwrites whatever RAM we have so carefully gathered around us in the way of direction and self-satisfaction, and cancels or voids it -- nada. But I try to remember that these times are a prelude and not a conclusion, so please bear with me.

In every case, unless I panic and cloud my mindstream with unnecessary worry and fear, this feeling of emptiness will pass, and the tide of life will come back in, filling me once again with purpose and the linear sense of going somewhere, however ridiculous that is philosophically. Somehow the myth of linearity persists in me. Perhaps that is why I love to look down a long two-track road in the forest to where it vanishes in a point. I always have to be going somewhere.

Solar influx is not linear. It is always a rewrite, often an overwrite, and sometimes a total firmware upgrade that replaces what I know of me with what I am apparently about to get to know. I am replacing myself, real-time. Understand?

The saving grace (so I tell myself) is that solar influx or overwrite is always more germane, more up-to-date or real than whatever line of thought I imagined I had going for me. In effect this is a kindness that makes it easier for me to let go of what went before and not struggle to remember and compare what was (used-to-be) with what is now.

Letting go of who we were (or thought we were before we changed) is an art well worth acquiring. Allowing the waves of certain change to gently replace our best-guess-at-life, adding what needs to be added and removing what must be removed, is in order. But WE have to allow it to happen. If we struggle and fight this change, the noise of our struggle drowns out whatever clarity we might otherwise gain. And clarity amidst change is the only grace we are offered, so cherish it.

In summary: when we have a mental wipeout like solar influx can bring, when we come to a standstill, when all can appear empty and what we thought we had gathered into a direction is suddenly rendered meaningless, this is a GOOD sign, one that is best experienced calmly, and with no reaction or panic.

It is like our breath in that it goes all the way out each cycle, pauses for a moment, and then gradually returns. But it is the pause that refreshes, although it may not at first appear to be so. The solar influx from flares, CME events, or what-have-you brings with it something new that we need, but that something new replaces or overwrites some of the old we knew as us, which must now be forgotten -- overwritten. In the end, we agree to forget what we find so hard to remember and go with the flow. What is taken away is only what is no longer needed, and what is added on or replaces it is just what we most need.

Learning to let go and trust solar change (welcome it) is always to our advantage. The changes from the Sun are unavoidable; they are our life blood. Taking this change is like sailing a boat. It all depends how we set our sails and take the breeze, where it will take us.