

the two-sided archetype. I was equilibrating *Victor* by playing out the side of *Victim*.

Over time, I had slowly fallen asleep to the *Victim* side and begun playing out the equal and opposite side of the *Victim* — the *Victor*. In other words, I had stopped considering the many strengths, blessings, and gifts that had been cultivated as a result of my perfect childhood. I had contracted my life plan to learn the deeper meaning of love—to live through both sides of all situations and traits, in order to experience the real meaning of love. Therefore, like my parents, until I saw two sides, I was viewing my life through a perception half-seen.

Despair and Death

I had fallen hard for a guy named Stephen, whom I had met while working at the Dairy Queen. He was from Prince George, and in my mind, he was possibly my way out of my parents' house, or so I prayed. After a week of dating, we decided that I would go back to his hometown with him. My hopes were crushed, however, when a friend told me that Stephen already had a girl back home. The realization that Stephen was not going to take me anywhere hit me hard right in the solar plexus and the heart—he was going home to “her,” and my hoped-for chance to leave home evaporated; I plummeted into despair.

The following Monday afternoon, my parents had some friends over to our house, and I was told to keep an eye on their children, while the adults were busy chatting. I was thinking about death as a way out of my hopelessness. I had thought about dying

many times before, and it did not frighten me at all. I knew that “I” wouldn’t die; I would just get rid of my body, and finally get out of the house I perceived to be hell.

I began methodically taking small quantities of many different pills, ranging from anti-inflammatory drugs to painkillers, that Mom had gathered over the previous ten years. Some of these pills were for dogs and some for humans; some had an expiration date that had long passed. I timed my ingestion—I needed to, if I was to do it right. Every 20 minutes, a few more pills. Then I walked into the living room and stared at the gorgeously framed picture of Jesus that hung on the wall. It was so surreal. He stared back at me, not a word spoken. This was not like times before, when we would converse on how to help and support others. This time it was I that felt broken, irreparable, and so, so sad. Suddenly, rage surfaced, and I said in disbelief, “You promised me that you wouldn’t give me more than I could handle...you lied. I’m done here, I’m coming home, and not even you can stop me.”

Moments turned into hours—everyone home, yet too busy to notice what was happening with me. No one was present enough to see my glazed-over eyes, my shattered heart, or my desperate act. I was becoming disoriented. I made a final call to my friends at work—to say goodbye and to tell them that Stephen had betrayed me and that he had another girl back home. I hung up the phone, stepped into the bathroom, closed the door, and dropped to the floor, unconscious. The friends whom I had called realized that something was wrong with me, and called back. My parents answered the phone, which hung on the

wall opposing the bathroom. When they learned that I had made that desperate call to my friends, they came looking for me.

The next things I remember are streetlights, Ron's face filled with fear and screaming, "Wake up!" Then there was blackness...then doors rushing open...more bright lights, then blackness...then having my stomach pumped...then blackness again. Then the pain stopped and unspeakable peace and love filled my being. Suddenly, I was hovering over my limp body; I saw crash carts, sorrow, and my friends in tears. I was floating through the hospital, into the waiting room, then back into the emergency room. It was eerie—I seemed to be in many places all at once; with every thought came an instantly different experience. If I thought "Mom," there she was, but simultaneously I was wherever someone else thought of me, too. It felt like I was everywhere and nowhere. I was much more expansive than I had ever imagined, or remembered. Frantically, they worked on me, and then, suddenly, I was filled with light and back "in the Garden" with Jesus, where I had spent much time in my younger years, although it seemed to be in my mind rather than an actual place.

"You have to go back," He said.

"No, I won't, I can't, it's too hard...it's too painful," I answered.

"You have not finished your life there yet, you have much more to do...children to have, and people to help," said Jesus.

"I can't live there, it is too hard; I won't go back. Please, don't make me," I pleaded.

“What if you didn’t have to stay with them [my parents] anymore? What if you could move out?” He said.

“Then I would go back, but you have to promise that I can leave right away.”

“I promise,” He said.

Then, with a jolt, I was back in my body. It felt horrible, tight, and so confining—then I fell asleep.

I was later told that I had been clinically dead for 17 minutes while the doctors and nurses worked unceasingly to bring me back to life. Five days passed as I lay in a coma. Then on the fifth day, I awoke. I told the nurse what had happened to me, what I had seen, and where I had gone. She was dumbstruck as I told her in detail what I had seen—the crash carts, the defibrillator, the waiting room. I asked about my friends, and I wanted to know where my parents were. She said they all called to check in daily; she would call them to come. “No, not yet,” I said. I fell asleep.

Next, I underwent psychological evaluations. This was the standard procedure for patients who had attempted suicide. I knew that if I told the doctor about the abuse that I perceived in my childhood, he would be horrified and investigate. I lied and told only a part of the real story—the part about my boyfriend having another girlfriend. I told him I knew it was silly to take it all so seriously. I faked my way through all his questions brilliantly—I was my mother’s daughter; I knew how to lie, better than most.

My Ticket to Freedom

My ticket to freedom came through our Japanese neighbour's son, Al. I will call him dance partner number seven. My brothers were number three and four, and my first puppy love, Scott Masters, was number five. The "Magician" was number six. Dance partner seven, like all my previous dance partners, would do just one dance before he would leave.

The day after my psychological evaluation, Al, who was 21, came to see me in the hospital. I think he intuitively knew what was going on at our house, and he probably suspected that leaving home was my next move. He wanted to move out, too, but needed a roommate. I knew that he had a crush on me, and that he would like to have me for his girlfriend. I also realized that he was what I needed to be able to escape, so I compromised what I really felt about him—I lied. During Al's half-day visit, we developed a verbal "contract," although I never told him my plan, or the way I was going to use him. I would begin by moving in with him, but sleep in my own bed. Then, after a while, we would see if the friendship could be cultivated into a romantic relationship. Enter in the archetypal pattern of the *Prostitute*. We may find it difficult to admit, but we all prostitute in some areas of our life. Take an honest look at yourself, and you will see where you are willing to "sell out" for your physical, financial, emotional, or spiritual survival. For example, I know that, throughout my life, there were moments when I wanted to leave a love relationship, but was afraid for my own financial well-being and thus chose to stay instead.

After I was released from the hospital, Al and I moved into an apartment together. However, two weeks later, I moved out, because I realized that he had a private agenda—to have sex with me. His sexual tensions and “come-ons” were more than I could bear. I had used Al to get out of my parents’ house, which, at that time, had been my highest value. I left his place with mixed emotions, having nowhere to go, but finally feeling free. During the following weeks, I slept in and lived out of my car.

The archetype of the *Prostitute*, like the *Victim*, is neutral in and of itself; it is polarized only when we let fear or guilt govern our decision in moving forward. For instance, I might have the desire to get financially ahead when an opportunity to do so comes along. The only thing I need to decide is if the opportunity is congruent with my current morals and values. If it is not, the archetype questions us to see if morals or secure outcomes are more important at this time. The *Prostitute* archetype is there to help us decide whether we will negotiate our spirit or integrity to get what we want now.

These archetypal patterns of influence are not attached to which choice we make as much as they are attached to seeing what currently drives our decisions, fears, guilt, or love. All archetypes are parts of our psychological make-up. These “parts” have formed (and are still forming) from a culmination of traits and qualities that have evolved, both individually and collectively, over millennia. Specific traits and qualities, when woven together, create a filter through which we make our daily decisions.