



# CHOOSE TO END: A MANIFESTO

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How to Ignite Personal and  
Cosmic Transformation Through

**THE PHOENIX GATEWAY**

By Jaime Mintun

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Jaime Mintun is a published author and coach in the self development, wealth creation, and spiritual markets, while also ghost writing and consulting.

Her clients include BlogTalkRadio.com, Christine Comaford (Best Selling Author, *Rules for Renegades*), E. Jean Carroll (Columnist for Elle Magazine), Anne Kreamer (Celebrity Author of *Going Gray*), David Wolfe (leading raw food and superfood authority), The Masters Gathering, Harlan Kilstein (renowned copywriter and NLP expert) and many others.

Jaime began her journey toward illumination as a young child while listening to Earl Nightingale's audio tapes with her father, who first handed her Napoleon Hill's *Think and Grow Rich* when she was 11 years old.

She has been living this material ever since, and teaching it through coaching, speaking, and information products for nearly 8 years.

Her passions include exotic travel, novel writing, tackling adventures that at once terrify and exhilarate her, and a consistent committal to personal evolution with the purpose to help and liberate others.

**You can follow Jaime at her website:**

[www.JaimeMintun.com](http://www.JaimeMintun.com)

## MEET THE REST OF THE MOTLEY PHOENIX TEAM

Along with Jim Kwik and David Bass, Jaime co-founded The Motley Phoenix to provide transformational healing and personal development coaching through the power of creative narrative.

Having spent the past decade teaching advanced learning techniques for organizations such as MetLife, Marriott Hotel, Harvard University and more, and holding a Guinness World Record for memory, Jim Kwik lends his unique learning technologies and teaching style to The Motley Phoenix.

David Bass, our technical wizard and strategic mastermind, rounds out our trinity by ensuring all our proprietary and unique methods for teaching, interacting, and connecting with you are as seamless, easy, and effective as possible.



# WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

“I’ve never met anyone who understood things well enough to challenge my way of thinking...

I was utterly intrigued at the fact that Jaime found her way to the source of the problem as quickly as she did, I NEVER EVER open up to people like that.”

~ Mark Morgan

“Before I began working with you I was stressing out beyond anything I had ever experienced. Work was never-ending, I felt unsatisfied with my entire life, I did nothing with myself. I indulged in the wrong things, and tied myself down when all I wanted was to be free of everything. I literally had a few complete collapses and breakdowns. I was boiling over with anger and discontentment.

Now, in just weeks, my problems are melting and becoming insignificant. My friends and everyone around me are waking up. It’s the weirdest thing, but just my new ‘way of being,’ as you say is inspiring other people to change!

One is going back to graduate school after floating around doing nothing for 2 years. Another picked up a sport that they always wanted to do and now wants to take the speech classes. My brother has started to come out of his slump and become happy again by making changes happen.

I didn’t know such rapid change was possible, and now I’m finally excited to live my life. Thank you.”

~ Rebecca Shafer

“Thank you for everything you helped me with. I can’t thank you for changing me, that was me, but thank you for being the right person at the right place at the right time with the right words to get me started on this path... That in its self is beyond amazing.

Everything about everything is changing. I’m going to continue on this path. I have never felt so alive.”

~ Jessica Lai

## “IT’S NOT A MEMO. IT’S A MISSION STATEMENT.”

~ Jerry Maguire

This is not a special report. It is not a “free giveaway.” What you have here is a Manifesto – **A WAKE UP CALL.**

I’m not interested in selling you anything and I don’t want your money. I just want you *awake*. I want you fierce and alert.

And I need you to answer me this:

### WHAT DO YOU HAVE WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

Forget violence because that’s not what I’m talking about. I’m asking for your warrior heart. I’m asking if you’ve *found* your warrior heart yet. Because in case you haven’t noticed, there’s a lot going on in the world and the cosmos right now.

The stories are numerous: global warming, a teetering economy, political mayhem, and war.

#### **But what’s *really* going on?**

In my opinion (and it’s only my opinion), we are witnessing a voluntary cosmic death; an ending to what no longer serves us – a clearing away, a tearing down, an opening up... so that we may hold the space for new beginnings: for REBIRTH.

#### **It’s not Armageddon; it’s TRANSFORMATION.**

In other words, our world is passing through what I call The Phoenix Gateway. To successfully pass through this gateway ourselves, we must embrace the first vital choice of many to come:

### WE MUST CHOOSE TO END.

I’m a massive fan of The Law of Attraction, *The Secret*, the universal laws and our living sages who reveal and teach them. However in my personal coaching and transformational healing practice I see countless individuals tirelessly struggling to achieve a new life without first putting their old life to rest.

We have to let go before we can free our hands to grab what’s next. We must embrace the fact that our beginnings will always start at the end of what came before them.

Again, this is not a memo. This is not a special report. **It’s a Manifesto.**

## I KNOW WHAT YOU SEEK.

You seek transformation. You seek healing. You seek a new way, a new life, a new you, a new... something. And this new thing – it's not even for you alone. You want it for your family, for your children, for your community and the global tribe.

Most of all you seek an end to past or present circumstances that frighten, pain, or bore you.

Oh and let me guess: you have *countless* resources that teach you how to achieve any new thing you desire. Perhaps you've watched or read *The Secret* and experimented with The Law of Attraction and other Universal Laws. Maybe they even worked... to some degree.

### **Yet somehow you still feel STUCK.**

Am I striking a chord yet? Because trust me, I'm not flailing in the dark here. I hear some variation of the above grievance from pretty much every person I coach or even hold a passing conversation with.

*If you feel stuck, scared, or lost... If the way out is invisible to you and your dreams seem distant and hard to reach...*

### **It's Not Your Fault.**

But it is your responsibility.

So you can choose to leave things as they are, or...

### **You Can Choose To End.**

Too often we try to create something new before we've let go of what we currently hold, what we currently are, what we currently feel, think, believe, and express.

Whatever it is you seek, there is only one way to get it, only a single path to reach it.

Like I said before, you must pass through **The Phoenix Gateway**, also commonly known as...

# THE END

All true beginnings commence at the end of what comes before. This space that holds the new beginning at the edge of a previous ending is what we call **TRANSFORMATION**.

This is not new knowledge; yet it is rarely emphasized.

We should be as proud of our endings as we are of our beginnings. And often, when we meet challenges, set backs, and destruction in our life, what we are actually witnessing is life's uncanny ability to strike down that which no longer serves us... to clear space for something new to develop and grow.

What can you end right now? What can you let go of or release in order to make room for your dreams and desires?

Here are some common answers I receive from my clients:

I choose to end and release:

- Fear
- Anger
- Negative thoughts
- Emotional pain
- Physical pain
- Excess weight
- Physical and emotional dis-ease
- Abusive or unhealthy habits and habitual choices
- Relationships that cause more pain than happiness, that keep me stuck rather than inspire me to grow
- Hatred and judgment for what I may not understand or can't agree with
- Inertia, stagnation, the status-quo
- Any career, environment, relationship, or life-direction/lifestyle that does not make me happy or that leads me away from my bliss/passion

Whether you want more money, a different life, the love of a soulmate, impeccable health, or anything else imaginable...

**None of these can properly and effectively begin until you've released the negative expressions and environment that will persistently cancel out any positive progress you make.**

And the funny thing is, although this seems like common sense, it's also hard factual *science*! We've all heard of universal laws like The Law of Attraction and how they affect our ability to create what we want in our lives. But believe it or not, the physical laws of our universe (think Einstein and Newton) also affect and explain our reality and our ability to get what we want.

I'll touch on that more in just a moment.

First, let me introduce you to...





# WELCOME TO THE PHOENIX GATEWAY

In my opinion, our world – our universe – is passing through this gateway whether we like it or not. Planetary vibrations are rising drastically. Exploring spirituality, questioning the meaning of life, and wondering at the nature of reality are all now front and center for the masses, rather than the domain of a select few.

We see it in our struggling economy, in the falling away of major corporations, and the heating up of our planet.

You probably sense it in your personal life as well. Time seems to be speeding up. Things happen faster and you may be questioning and probing things you never even considered in the past.

For many of us, life is slinging our fears and wounds in our faces at dizzying speeds. Though all of this is hard, even painful to face... don't worry! It's all intended; and it's all good.

The Phoenix Gateway is our threshold into rebirth, regeneration, and renewal. It is through this gateway that we pass into evolution, transformation, awakening, and bliss.

You know where this is going...

**To pass through the Phoenix Gateway is to move through a voluntary death into a glorious rebirth.**

This is of course not a physical or mortal death. I'm talking about shedding the parts of yourself that no longer serve you – that encumber you and hold you back. The Phoenix Gateway requires you to release that which harms and hinders you.

**But how can you be ready to enter this daunting threshold? As you inevitably pass through it, how do you embrace this figurative funeral pyre and emerge a triumphant phoenix?**

The answer, like all sacred truths, lies in the telling of a very special story...



## THE MYTH OF THE MOTLEY PHOENIX

It was during the first days of our cosmic birth, in a teeny nest in a distant corner of some speck of galactic dust, that a fledgling was born.

Her tentative pecking at the wall of her shell quickly led to precision strikes. Soon an elegant if awkward head emerged, then crimson and golden fuzz. What followed were two clumsy feet teetering on broken eggshells as the hint of a feathered tail swept behind her.



Curious about what lay beyond, she gazed out from her nest. But there wasn't much to see. A silky void, neither dark nor bright, stretched out in every direction, bulleted by countless specks of light.

They reminded her of the specks of light she saw as she pecked the first holes through her shell.

*What if those dots out there are others like me?*

The thought excited her and she waited eagerly for the specks to crack and open, to welcome these emerging companions. But the silence stretched on and the dots in the void never cracked or grew or moved.

*So now what?*

She peered down over the edges of her nest. Mist coiled around her, blocking any clear view of what lay below.

“Without feet now.”

A voice had surfaced, faint and distant.

Her feet pattered against the dried twigs and leaves as she circled her nest, eyes squinting to see through the mist.

“There you go now,” the voice echoed again. “The first step is always the hardest but it is time. You must come down.”

“But how do I get down?” she called out into the void.

“Just as I said. Without feet.”

“But...what?” She picked up a foot and studied it. What did the voice mean, ‘to step without feet?’ How would that help her get down? More importantly, how *far* was down?

“Your first step must be made without feet,” the voice called again, more urgent now. “Stand on your faith instead...and then what feels like falling will teach you how to fly.”

To spare our fledgling any embarrassment I’ll skip the several hours that followed while she padded back and forth in her nest, wondering how and if she could really fly-fall like the voice said.

Instead I will tell you that she made it to the edge and took her first step into the void, standing on faith where she had no feet or ground.

What happened next she could not explain.

As wind whipped around her, tugging at her feathers and wings, such a tremendous and overpowering fear gripped her that she could no longer think. Her body took over... some deep instinct emerged... and her wings stretched and flexed, seizing the wind and allowing its resistance to carry her rather than drag her down.

She was flying. The voice had been right!

Seeking it out, she rode the wind down and down and down until solid ground came into view. There in the distance stood a lithe and fierce animal with auburn eyes and a silvery mane.

The fledgling hovered before him, afraid to land. He did not look at all like the voice had sounded.

“I am Coyote,” he said. “Only truth can I speak, with all its hues and shades at my disposal.” His jaw curved into a lopsided grin beneath his long snout.

“Is it safe for me to land?” she asked.

“Do you believe you’re safe if you don’t?” He simply gazed at her, his eyes neither kind nor malicious.



Startled by the response, her wings lost their grip on the wind and she fell with a great big *plop!* before Coyote.

“Do you know your nature?” he asked as she steadied herself once again on her feet.

“I can fly!” she exclaimed, surprising herself and extracting a chuckle (which sounded very much like a growl) from this new companion.

“Yes, yes you can, dear fledgling. But do you know what you *are?*”

Her spirits fell and buried themselves in the ground beneath her. She glanced up at the dots in the void that never cracked or grew or opened like she had. They looked impossibly far away now. “No.” It was merely a squeak.

“You are the Phoenix!” Coyote bellowed so that the fledgling scuttled backward. “Through you the cosmic waste will birth itself into glittering and diverse expression. Through you we engage the spiral of life.”

The fledgling simply gawked in reply.

“What is grand and sacred is also very simple, little one. Your living makes the world.”

Her gawking continued.

“And *that* is why I am here. I am the Cardinal Vanguard, the first of your guides. Your journey is one that may be lonely, for you are the only one of your kind. But you will never be alone.” Coyote approached the fledgling phoenix and circled behind her, raising a playful paw to bat her feathered tail. “I see your plumes are coming in nicely.”

“Coyote...” Turning to face Coyote, the little bird, the only one of her kind, searched deep into the eyes of the single friend she knew. “Do I have a name?”

“It is by our living that we are defined, little one. Your name will find you when you have discovered your true self.”

“But you told me what I am: I am the Phoenix!”

“Then what is your name?” Coyote asked.

But she didn’t know.

“Come then. Let us see if we can’t inspire your name to come forward.”

She followed Coyote through the never-ending mist for what felt like forever. Time stretched yet nothing changed. They were alone, with only the distant and mocking specks of light blanketing the void above them while the flat and solid earth stretched before them.

Then, without warning, Coyote stopped.

“Are we here?”

“Of course we are here, little one. We are always ‘here.’ There is a better question you could ask.”

“Where is ‘here?’” the fledgling corrected herself.

“We are standing at the edge of all that is, and at the threshold of all that is not...but could be.” Coyote beckoned her forward to stand beside him. As if on cue the mist parted to reveal...

“It’s just more of the same,” the fledgling sighed in disappointment.

“Are you sure?”

“It looks the same.”

“But do you know what *it* is that you are looking at? How can you know it’s all the same if you don’t even know what *it* is?” With that, Coyote squared his shoulders, arched his body, and threw back his head.

A wild and ferocious howl tore through the air, reverberating louder and louder as it rose, and rose still.

*He’s calling to the specks of light!* she realized. Transfixed, she watched as the far-flung specks dislodged from their holding pattern and descended.

Countless in number, they grew larger and larger. Coyote’s howls continued to ring through the void, somehow illuminating the way down to where the two of them stood.

They were no longer specks. Glittering, massive orbs of pure light, they now hovered before her in all manner of size.

“I cannot tell you who you are. But I can show you what you’re made of.” Turning to the nearest orb of light, the Cardinal Vanguard took a colossal and toothy *bite*. The orb burst with a thunderous clap and they were blanketed in a sea of teeming light.

“This is the fabric of all that is and all that is not...but could be. It is the thread with which you and I are both sewn, and the supreme tapestry we will eventually join. You can call it Essence, Spirit, Consciousness, or Energy. It is all these things. *You* are all these things.”

“What do I do with it?”

“Whatever you could wish or desire! Create with it, express with it, experiment and play with it. There is no wrong way to do it – though you will find that you like particular creations far more than others.” With that, he smiled coyly and the fledgling couldn’t help but smile in return.

Was he serious? Could she really create *anything*?

“So how does it work?” she asked, stretching an exploratory wing into the dancing mass of energy.

“Well that’s an excellent question. But I’m not the one you should be asking.” He turned from her and looked intently at the sea of energy surrounding them. She didn’t fully understand what he meant, yet from somewhere deep inside her, she felt a profound desire to know. It welled up in her chest and she felt... *tingly*; vibrant.

What now danced inside of her seemed to mirror the pace and dazzling *aliveness* of everything around her.

*I can show you what you’re made of.* Coyote must have meant that what she saw surrounding her was also what she felt *inside* of her.

*Incredible...*

The teeming sea of light issued a deafening rumble and then promptly faded. It almost looked like she imagined dying must look.

“Wait, what’s happening?!” she asked, not exactly to Coyote in particular.

“You are creating,” was the guide’s simple reply.

“But creating what? It looks like its dying!” As if to punctuate her terror, the energy mass dimmed drastically and its once stunning dance slowed to a halt. Each particle began to float then waft down.

“Then you have created dying.” It was a matter of fact reply. Holding her gaze so that she would focus on him and not the falling flakes around them, he asked her, “What were you thinking when the energy sea changed? Tell me your exact mental thought.”

“I thought it was beautiful. That it was incredible.”

“Ah, and see how loving and magnificent Consciousness is? There is a lesson in this for you; a powerful, exquisite lesson.”

Well that didn’t make sense. Not in the least!

She was angry now. She couldn’t quite put a feather on it, but a hollow sinking feeling gripped her and she felt somehow wrong, like she made a mistake or she had hurt the sea of light. Coyote had told her that her living would make the world and what did she go and do? She created dying.

“Do not be so sad, little one. Dying is no worse than living. Energy cannot be created or destroyed. Things end in their present form or expression, but Essence never ceases.” He stood and stretched a paw out, signaling to the vast and quieting waste around them. “What you see around you is a mirror reflection of what is happening within you.”

“Then I am dying?” the fledgling gulped, her eyes growing impossibly wide.

“No no,” he laughed. “See beyond appearances. You gave a command and the sea responded. The lesson here is in figuring out just what exactly your command was.”

She had thought Coyote would be easy to learn from if he could only speak the truth. She obviously thought wrong as she was utterly and hopelessly confused.

“This is how you discover your power, little fledgling. This is how you learn who you are. Think carefully... you imprinted upon the formless sea a command – you created a new expression for this energy with your thinking.”

“But I only thought that it was beautiful! I loved it!” she cried. “And then it died.”

It felt good, in a bizarre kind of way, to voice the horror she felt.

“That is not the truth,” Coyote shot back firmly. “That is your story of what happened. I want you to go back to that moment and tell me the truth. You thought it was beautiful *and...*”

“That it was incredible?” she finished. “Isn’t that the same thing?”

“Ah, and we are back to this again. Is *it* the same thing? There is a better question you could ask.”

“What is ‘incredible?’”

“What is ‘incredible,’” he repeated. “Again you are swift; very good. The truth of it is that what is incredible is difficult to believe. Your thinking expressed that what you witnessed before you was a struggle to believe in. That struggle to *be* is what you now see.

“But tell me, little one: is it not still beautiful?”

Looking now at the falling flakes around them, as Coyote’s words sank in, she realized that yes, it was all still very beautiful.

The flakes pulsed in response, a soft buzzing oscillating from their tiny bodies to fill the space between them until again they were dancing. Instantly, her spirits lifted and she hopped with a flutter of her wings. Perhaps the energy sea in her was dancing again too. She paused, squeezing her eyes shut to concentrate on that tingly feeling she had felt before.

Yes it was there!

Relief washed over her and she felt her feathers ruffle while the warmest, most delightful *zesty* sensation coursed through her. Her entire body was alive with it and she sighed heavily, plunging deeper into the feeling until she could not distinguish what was her and what was the teeming sea around her.

“Well aren’t you just the clever conjurer,” she heard Coyote exclaim. He sounded surprised... and pleased.

She opened her eyes and almost reverted back to an overwhelming disbelief. But she stopped herself and simply opened up to take it all in.

There was color *everywhere*. Depth and height with jagged peaks and sinking valleys. Piercing light raining down from above and rich shadows lurking in all the crevasses and corners of the earth below. Everything glittered with the substance of the energy sea that had been there just moments before.

This too, she had somehow created.

Her eyes drank in every nuance of the delicious landscape that yawned out before her.



A rich and gleeful laugh erupted from her beak and it felt so wonderful!

“I take that to mean you like it?”

“Yes, Coyote, I love it!”

“Well there’s more, little one.” As he spoke, he led her across a patch of hardened earth, onto a spongy, mossy hill that tickled her feet, and down to a glistening pool of water. “Look,” was all he said.

And look she did, though she did not recognize what she saw.

Where once her head felt clumsy and heavy atop a shrunken body covered in fuzz, she now saw a crimson head held high upon a slender, elegant neck, and crowned with willowy plumes of gold and yellow.

Her beak, once fat and wide now looked strong and fierce. Rich, sleek crimson feathers speckled with gold now draped her body where once there was only fuzz.

She turned to her side and behind her trailed the most magnificent tail of blazing plumes. Crimson and gold feathers danced and mingled with her every move.

“And so now you see.”

“See what?” she asked Coyote.

“The spiral of life,” he responded. “What you express from your being the world then becomes; and as you experience the world, so then you become.” His eyes smiled brightly at her and she knew that to him she was beautiful.

She *was* beautiful.

“It’s a feedback loop,” he continued. “What you create creates you and if you ever do not like what is created, then you create something new. Do you understand?”

“I think so. I mean I’m beginning to.”

“Good. Then I need you to do something for me – something very important; something very sacred.” He paused and she took in the gravity of his words.

“Do you think you are ready?” He fixed his stern amber eyes on her and she got the sense that what came next would be far more important than all the glorious work they had already done. She hoped she could do whatever it was that he would ask. She hoped that she would be enough.

She broke from his gaze for a moment to again look upon her reflection. *I was enough to create all this, wasn’t I?*

I can do it, she told herself. Whatever it is, I can do it.

“I want you to play,” he said.

Huh? Her beak fell open but she could not find any words. Just as she felt she was beginning to understand all this, it just kept getting stranger.

“You heard me right,” he laughed as she continued to stare at him. “I want you to have fun. Experiment, play, get lost and get found again. Don’t worry about how – the how will take care of itself. Just decide what you want, feel it in every fiber of your self, and let it come into being.”

“But what if—” she began, but he cut her off. His muscles had tightened and she couldn’t help but sense he was suddenly in a hurry to be somewhere.

“Sorry, little one, but no more questions. I must leave you now. When I return, all this will seem so easy to you, I promise.”

He nudged her playfully with his snout. “Now go on, explore this world you’ve created. That’s what it’s here for.”

“Will I be alone, Coyote?” It was the one question that terrified her, the one she couldn’t *not* ask.

“You are never alone, little one.” And with that he left her.



When Coyote had uttered those words, she had doubted him. Yet experience would show her that Coyote in fact seemed to be telling the truth.

Since that day, she had continued creating, playing, and experimenting. The world grew and expanded in ways that delighted, surprised, and sometimes terrified her. Countless companions came and went, taught her and learned from her, hurt her and loved her.

After what seemed like lifetimes – and in fact *was* multiple lifespans of her various companions and friends – she greeted the dawn one morning and plainly knew...

She must return to the edge of what is, and the threshold of what is not...but could be. The nest of her birth had been near there. And she had found Coyote there.

She returned to the one landmark she clearly remembered: the pool of water that had since become a vast and mysterious lake. She had never created creatures to swim its depths because she loved its glassy surface and quiet stillness. Yet somehow life had crept in. It was one of those things she’d come to utterly love even as it annoyed her – the sheer unpredictability of life.

It turned out that every creature, rock, plant or spore had as much ability and right to create the world as she had. She’d just been at it far longer than they. It kept life interesting and aside from the initial shock she experienced, she’d grown to cherish this truth.

Her only regret so far was that every creature had its tribe... except for her. Her every attempt to find or create one such as her seemed impossibly thwarted. Why must she be the only of her kind?

“All will be revealed as and when it is meant to. God is never late.”

She spun with a flutter at the aged, but familiar voice. Her heart soared as she saw Coyote before her. He was older now, his features wizened, his body softer. His coat had lost its sheen, but his amber eyes hadn’t.

“Welcome back old friend. Time has aged you well.” He growled a deep chuckle she’d forgotten how much she missed.

“I’ve noticed that,” she responded. “Why haven’t I aged like the others, like you?”

“Because you are The Phoenix; your path is different from ours. Though...” he considered thoughtfully, “in many ways it is very much the same.”

“Do I die?” It was a question she’d held for so long now. The funny thing was that when it first crept up, she feared the answer would be yes. Now, after so many years, so many gains and losses, so much *life*, she now feared the answer would be *no*.

“It depends on your definition of dying. Every expression has a beginning and an end. You, me, this water, those rocks, even that mountain over there... we are all expressions that have our beginning and our end.”

“So how do I... I mean... I don’t want to die but I do want to know how to. For every creature I’ve known or encountered, they grew old, grew sick, or were injured. I seem immune or impervious to all of these.” She paused, but Coyote only studied her, so she continued. “I guess what I’m trying to say is that, when I’m ready, how do I...”

“Choose to end.”

“Do you ever give a straight answer?” she asked, perplexed. Nothing Coyote said ever made a lick of sense to her until he knocked it around in her head a few times.

The Cardinal Vanguard laughed heartily at that and she couldn’t help but giggle herself. It felt good to be with him again. She felt like a fledgling again, new and innocent and alive with wonder.

“I’m giving you the straightest answers I can. It’s just that life isn’t the straightest of arrows and so we seek to complicate what we fear to understand.”

“So I just choose to end. That’s it?”

“Yes, just like you choose to fly north or choose to bathe in the lake here. Exactly how you chose to manifest this world out of a teeming sea of light.”

“But how?”

“Well, in my tribe we have a saying: that when a question finds us it is because its answer already lies within us. If you are asking, then perhaps it is time.”

This she did not expect. Was Coyote telling her it was okay to die? To end?

He seemed to read her thoughts, or her expression at least. “Walk with me,” he said, and they left the edge of the lake, back in the direction of her first nest.

“This will be hard for you because you have not gone through the tiny transformations the rest of us endure through life: the seasons of our aging, the journey of a relationship or the birth of a cub or chick.

“Do not be sad for this,” he added as tears welled up in her eyes.

Could a phoenix cry, she wondered. Apparently she could.

“Coyote, how can I *not* be sad for this?” She paused and held her breath, held back the wildfire of sorrow and rage that roiled inside her. She’d never felt like this before and it scared her. As he watched her, giving no response of his own, something shifted and broke in her and it just wasn’t any use.

She let go.

“When I first met you I felt that I was the luckiest most special bird ever. No, forget that. I was the luckiest most special *anything* ever! You taught me that I had the power to create... anything! I was to birth the world into existence through my own living. My own thoughts, feelings, movements and experience.

“And I did it all, just as you said, and it was wonderful. But—“

She choked on the next words.

“But you *lied* to me, Coyote! You said I’d never be alone. I’ve been nothing *but* alone!” She bellowed the words with a ferocity she hadn’t known she possessed. In all her life she’d never said any of it out loud. *Because who could possibly understand?*

Who could she share this with when there were none like her; none who knew such suffering and emptiness?

“It feels good doesn’t it?” He wasn’t laughing this time. His eyes were soft and kind. But how could he throw all of this back in her face? How could any of this possibly feel good? “You’ve learned your final lesson,” he continued.

“How to be alone?” *Was he mocking her now?*

“How to speak your truth – no matter what.” He raised the back end of his paw to her wing and patted it gently. “First you had to learn the gravity of your thoughts, feelings, movements and expressions. Naturally you would come to fear the creeping up of any negative or fearful thoughts. And now you will see that it is only by expressing our truth, no matter what it is, that we can embrace it and – if need be – let it go.”

“I don’t think I can accept it... or let it go. Why can’t I change it? Why does everyone get to have a family, or a companion of their own kind? Why do you get to have a tribe and I have no one? It’s not fair.”

“I do not have the answer to all things, little one, and for that I am sorry.”

She could tell he meant it and that gave her at least some semblance of comfort.

“But I can tell you this,” he began, “with utter certainty: there are no accidents. All things, even this, have a purpose and in the end that purpose will always lead to bliss if you can follow it all the way there.”

The phoenix frowned. It didn't make sense. As usual.

“I don't understand,” was all she could say.

“Give it time.”

She said nothing to this and so they made the rest of their way in silence, he on foot and her gliding on the wind.

When they reached the place of her birth, what was once a void surrounded by mist was now a mammoth tree that rose, wide and round as most mountains, into the sky so that its crowning branches tickled the clouds.

It felt like coming home. But it also felt like leaving.

Looking up to the crown of the great tree, she knew that the way forward would be made, once again, alone. Coyote could not follow where she was going.

“Are you ready?” he asked her. Genuine concern colored his eyes with the slightest hint of gray.

“I'm not really sure. I just know... I mean I feel... This is the right thing to do.” It wasn't a question, and that surprised her. She really did know, all the way from her crowning plumes to the scales at her feet, that she was ready for this – whatever it may be. “I am choosing,” she said simply and she knew Coyote understood.

He nodded and invited her closer. She ducked her slender neck to his shoulder and sighed as he threw a paw around her back. Though it may have appeared so, it was not an awkward hug. She was deeply grateful for Coyote and she could feel his sincere gratitude for her.

“I will never forget you, Coyote. Thank you.” She whispered it into the fur of his mane and wrapped a wing around his back.

“You are right about that, little one. You will find that much stays with you through this transition. It is not so for most of us.”

She pulled back at this, at the sorrow that crept into his voice. She'd never heard even a hint of regret or sadness in anything Coyote had said to her.

“You will not remember me,” she realized. Again, it was not a question. She'd seen it before.

Too many times she'd chanced across companions who had returned to a new life after departing the prior one, and though she recognized the spark within them, they did not know her.

"I likely will not remember you, friend. But I will know you. Some part of me will always know you."

The silence passing between them in that moment was ample good-bye and it was enough for her. With a final hug she bade her Cardinal Vanguard farewell and climbed the sky toward some unknown end.

• ❧ •

There had been no nest when the phoenix arrived at the highest branch of the giant tree. Her inner knowing knew she needed one and so she traveled far and wide carrying branches, leaves, and mud back to her chosen branch. She gathered frankincense and myrrh to scent and bond the nest and their sticky resin carried her back to her first moments, pattering with clumsy feet around and around her tiny nest.

She smiled secretly to herself, enveloped in the cherished memory. She circled her new nest with a jovial gallop. She'd made it bigger this time.

*Who had made it the first time?*

Pondering that, she was surprised she hadn't wondered about it before.

But there was no one to ask just then, so she hoped she'd remember it after... after whatever was going to happen.

The sun had danced clear across the sky before she finished her nest and now it painted the clouds in striking reds and golden hues. *Very much like me*, she thought.

She sat there in her nest and drank in the scene. *It's as if the sky is on fire!* It truly was dazzling. She'd never quite seen a sunset like it; perhaps because she now sat so close to the sun.

*Your living makes the world.*

Coyote's words echoed in her mind.

"And my experience of the world makes me," she finished.

She couldn't explain it or understand why, but somehow in that moment she knew what she had to do. She knew how to *end*.

As the sun sank deeper toward the horizon, it sat directly before the phoenix. She could feel its heat radiating toward her, its light almost blinding. Now she understood why she'd instinctively chosen the highest branch of the great tree... it was nearest to the sun.

She stood and parted her wings, extending them out to either side of her so that her impressive wingspan stretched out as if to embrace the sun. She opened up her chest, breathing deeply, funneling the steaming air and burning light into her throat and gut.

She continued this way, with long, deep, and purposeful breaths. With each inhale, she filled her body with the essence of the sun, its fiery rays and kinetic heat. With each exhale, she emptied herself of the sorrow that gripped her. She'd had a good life. A glorious life! She saw now, in the blazing light of the sun, that acknowledging the intermittent suffering she'd faced, and the loneliness she'd always known, did not cheapen the love and companionship she'd had, or cancel out the joys she'd experienced.

And so with every breath, she let it all go. With every breath she emptied herself until, like a hollow reed, she let the roaring wind sweep through her and she began to sing.

As her song ushered from her beak, the heat within her burst forth and she knew she had caught fire.

*It doesn't hurt*, she thought calmly. Instead that familiar tingling coursed through her, tunneling from every corner of her being into the center of her heart. She could feel the energy building there, and as it rose in a crescendo within her, so too did her song swell and surge until the blazing ball of energy inside her detonated into a brilliant array of fire and light.

Later on, creatures far and wide would tell you that they remember precisely where they were this day and what they were doing when the most haunting and heavenly song sailed across the sun and into their hearts.

And so it was that a fledgling phoenix made the world and chose an end along her journey to new beginnings.



The darkness stirred.

*Knock... knock... knock...*

A speck of light; and then another.

*This is all so familiar*, she thought.

Pecking harder at the wall of shell around her, she wriggled her head out of her egg. Soft ash wafted from her nest and drifted along the wind.

She remembered.

*I am again a fledgling*, she mused. How strange.

“Ah but you are not a fledgling any longer, brave one.” Startled by the shrill voice, the phoenix peered around her nest for its source.

A strange rodent, with a bushy tail and perky nose that twitched sporadically, balanced expertly on a nearby branch. Its beady black eyes studied her with a familiar manner.

“Coyote!” she cried out instinctively.

“Not quite!” the strange rodent answered with a flick of its tail. In a flurry of fur, it bounded down from its branch to perch on the edge of her nest. “I am Squirrel, the second of your Vanguard.”

“Oh.” She wanted Coyote.

“He will always be with you, brave one.”

“What? Wait, did you just read my thoughts?” Even as she asked it, she knew it was true.

And apparently Squirrel knew too, because no answer was provided. Instead, the strange rodent said, “I know it’s hard to tell, but I’m a female, just like you! Now get out of that shell and let’s have a look at you. Come on, come on!”

The phoenix obeyed, steadier on her oversized feet than she’d been her first time around as a fledgling.

“Ah but I told you, you are not a fledgling... Jade.” Squirrel emphasized the last word, her tiny fists at her waist, eyes intent and waiting for...

Wait a minute...

“Is that my name?” the phoenix asked.

“Look at you, and then you tell me.”

Stretching her long neck around, she attempted a good solid look at herself. All was as usual. Tufts of fuzz and undersized wings. Her obviously large head and awkward feet...

She then stepped to the side and that's when she saw it...

"My tail!" she blurted. "But how?"

A single green plume colored her otherwise crimson and gold tail.

"It is who you are, and so your name has found you. With every renewal, all that you learn in your previous life becomes a part of you in this life. One day you will rival the rainbow and the very sun will bow in reverence."

• ❧ •



Above is the beginning excerpt of *The Myth of the Motley Phoenix*. Upon its completion, the entire book will be published and made available. At that time, I invite you to join our phoenix as she gains her plumes – one for each color of the rainbow – until she earns eternal life as the Motley Phoenix.

**mot·ley**

[mot-lee] **adjective, noun, plural**

–*adjective*

1. exhibiting great diversity of elements; heterogeneous
2. being of different colors combined; parti-colored

As you may have noticed, your journey (and my journey as well) is not so different from that of our little phoenix. Sure the story is different... perhaps a different host of characters, a different set of circumstances... but **the essence is the same. The rules are the same.**

Have you ever wondered why our ancestors held their stories sacred or why these stories were the cornerstone of their culture, religion, social practice, and personal journey?

Are we, their modern counterparts, so different?

**Are we not still meaning-making creatures, sharing our stories and resonating with archetypal characters or situations?**

Consider the last time someone asked you about your day... a time when you provided more than a cursory “It’s fine.”

Think about what you told them. Was it only the facts: It rained. My boss fired me. I went home and ate a lot of ice cream while watching re-runs.

Likely not. You probably conveyed a very passionate story about what happened. There was a *reason* your boss fired you (and it was probably his fault, not yours). The rain had an *effect* on you. There was an emotional experience you had while eating ice cream and watching re-runs.

And all of that probably ties in (a little too) perfectly with another story from your past that explains *why* all of it went down that way.

See where I’m going with this?

**Story is how we live our lives and how we make sense of the world.** To our ancestors, it never thundered or rained. Their gods were angry or their prayers were being answered. We may have science now to explain what was once a mystery but are we any less immersed in our stories?

In fact science proves to us that we understand our world through stories. Our brains are designed to recognize and remember patterns. The paths in our brain actually shift and change as we create new correlations and connections. This is what creates meaning.  $A + B = C$ . In emotional math that can mean Love + Betrayal = Pain. For some of us, when we realize we can’t control whether someone else will betray us, we choose not to let love in so that Pain is then impossible (or so we’d like to believe).



## NARRATIVE AS TRANSFORMATIONAL TECHNOLOGY

Narrative, or the conscious creation of story, is one of the first technologies we ever discovered. Before fire, before agriculture or even hunting, ancient men and women used narrative to comfort, educate, and understand.

They also used narrative to communicate the essence of their culture and beliefs so that all these thousands of years later we still know who they were and what they believed.

Why is such a powerful technology virtually non-existent in personal development and success systems... now when we need it most?

How can we truly begin or end anything when we do not even know how to consciously start and finish our own stories?

**As this may sound a bit academic... Let's bring this a bit closer to home:**

Are you ever frustrated, as you listen to a new CD series or work through the latest step-by-step success or personal development system...

... That after all is said and done YOU still have to make sense of all you learned and fight your old habits, your old way of thinking, your environment and your relationships, to make *any* kind of progress?

Sort of feels unfair, doesn't it?

**Well if we're going to change the outcome we've experienced in the past we need to be really honest here for a moment:**

Do you really think you need *another* regurgitation of The Law of Attraction or another rip off of *The Secret*? Are you really confident that even though the last book or seminar you purchased may not have worked, this next one most certainly will?

Frankly, I'm not convinced. And that's because I know better. I know, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that **whether you succeed or fail, attain your dreams or waste your life... it has absolutely nothing to do with what you read, who you learn from, or what program you follow.**

These are tools – and *wonderful* tools that can make all the difference...

**BUT only if FIRST you become the craftsman who will use those tools.**

**It has everything to do with what you're willing to do and who you're willing to be INSIDE.**

That's it. End of story.

If you want the truth (and most others won't tell you the truth because they're selling you something), I'll give it to you:

**There's a cart and there's a horse.**

**Cart:** any external resource, such as a book, a person, an audio program, seminar, etc.

**Horse:** You.

Most of us keep putting the cart before the horse. We dress up the cart. We fill it with lots of wonderful things. We promise ourselves we'll take the cart all these wonderful places.

But without the horsepower to pull it, we're not going to make it very far.

So when progress starts to sputter or you hit a brick wall, don't look to the outside. Look within.

We are the only walls we have.



The first step to change is awareness. This Manifesto has provided a new awareness that can help you frame what you and the world are currently experiencing in a way that *empowers* you.

The next step is to act on that awareness, and in this case, that act is to choose.

Choose to end that which no longer serves you. Choose to end the habits, thoughts, beliefs, and relationships that hinder you or hold you back from your dreams.

This takes time and doesn't have to all happen this very moment. Just make the choice from deep inside your warrior heart – figure out what is worth fighting for – and you'll be impressed how life will swoop in to help you forward.

With this choice, you will find yourself suddenly in the midst of powerful new beginnings.

You are never alone.

*Jaime Mintun*

P.S. Come visit us at our blog: [www.IgniteThePhoenix.com/News](http://www.IgniteThePhoenix.com/News) for more articles, resources, videos, and telecalls.