

MAYBE THE CRICKETS ARE PRAYING!

At 10:34 pm, two nights ago, the late spring song of the crickets sailed smoothly on the evening breeze and into the open windows of my home, warming my heart with the rhythmic pulse of its sweet melody, and I smiled softly in the preciousness of the moment.

Sometime later, this night song changed to that of an argument occurring between two people somewhere down the street trying desperately to be heard by one another, and a child began crying. The crickets brought their song to a halt, and I was aware of it all.

My heart wonderings included the couple, and the child, and the crickets. I whispered to my partner, David, "Maybe the crickets are praying!" Now, in this moment, I realize it was me who was praying...for us all...for us all when we arrive at those moments in which we have reached our current limits, when we have lost touch with our breath, when we know no other way. Within minutes, maybe 10 or so, the arguing came to rest, the baby no longer cried, and the choir of crickets once again caressed the heart of my ears.

I should mention that this entire experience began when I sat down to send a poem to someone dear to me. My email started with mention of the singing crickets, followed by my random opening of a Mary Oliver poetry book. Allowing that wise and silent place from deep within me to spontaneously decide which page to rest my eyes upon rewarded me well, and I celebrated with the slightest upward curve of the corners of my mouth when reading the title of the poem on the page before me, "Snow Crickets." Yes, as magically as the melody of the crickets arrived that evening, so too did the cricket poem, to pay homage to the moment.

Not only was the Snow Cricket poem warmly welcomed by the dear soul receiving it, but in return, he blessed me with a prayerful song of his own by sharing a fond memory about another night singing insect he heard years ago along a basin in Mexico. He beautifully described his experience of their song this way: *"It was magic, so constant and awake to night that the stars seemed brighter for it."*

Two nights ago, the singing crickets reminded me of the importance of singing my own song. Two nights ago, the silence of the crickets reminded me of the importance of my own prayer. From this point forward, each time I hear their song floating through the night air, I will be reminded to return to my breath; I will be reminded there are no limits; I will be reminded there is always another way. From this point forward, each time I hear their silence filling the night air, I will be reminded to pray, to pray for each of us to return to our breath, to pray for each of us remember our limitlessness, to pray for each of us to remember another way.

Guess what? It's 8:58 pm, Sunday evening, and yes, they're at it again...singing us all straight into our own songs and prayers!

Written by Jane Ellen on June 1, 2008