

## OUR SOUL HAS A SONG TO SING!

*COME, DANCE WITH ME AGAIN!*

*Swirling Mother, circle dancing with twirling skirts,  
swoop me up, spin me round,  
smile your eternal wisdom smile  
all over my open body.*

*Fall to the ground in laughter and Love with me.  
Teach me to celebrate my womanhood  
with strength, and joy, and passion.*

*Dissolve my self-imposed limits.  
Build a fire within me, and remind me  
I can survive these flames and  
shine brand new*

*in full flight, soaring to the highest highs  
carrying on my wings the courage to  
dive to the deepest depths,  
Knowing!*

*Stand at my center with me,  
look out from behind my eyes,  
live in me,  
breathe in me.*

*Encourage me in each step I take,  
purify me,  
carry me.*

*Come, dance with me again!*

*Written by Jane Ellen in 2000*

## COMMITTING TO THE UNKNOWN

Inspiration has wisdom all its own, consistently arriving in perfect timing, despite our occasional forgetfulness of its organic knowing. [Flower essences](#) operate similarly, revealing themselves in the perfect moment during consultations...sometimes immediately and effortlessly...other times slowly and gradually...always, in whatever timing most truly and respectfully honors the uniqueness of the one being served.

Resting my head upon my pillow last night, I heard the soft, silent voice from deep within informing me that the inspiration for this writing would

present itself through the sessions I would offer clients today, and so it did. Love works that way, igniting the Flame of Creativity, beckoning to be shared. After meeting with the third beautiful being seeking flower essence support, I turned my focus toward this writing and the above prayer spiraled up from the well of my memory on wings of liquid light, guiding me. You should know I still do not know what I will write...instead, in this moment, I am committing to the Unknown.

### **FOR THE SAKE OF SOMETHING NEW**

Most of us are aware of the swirling, twirling circle dance of change pulsing within our being and the world around us. We recognize the unmistakable call to thoroughly shed our skins, to courageously lift our masks, to let go of our veils...allowing them to float softly to the floor, to open wide the windows of our hearts to tender vulnerability, to become willing...*to become willing* to fall, and to rise up again...filled with grace...*all*, for the sake of something new.

### **BECAUSE WE MUST**

For some, once the call to change has been heard and felt...*experienced* in that place of knowing within...there is no turning back, for doing so would rob us of the birth of our truest Self.

Ironically, *honoring* this call to change requires a particular kind of death...the death of what is no longer in alignment with our truest Self. Despite the fears that knock heavily at our door, we respond to the call to change, because we must.

### **OUR SOUL HAS A SONG TO SING**

Four months ago, I was certain I wanted to "move"...to Portland. I was certain my experience of Santa Fe had come to completion. I was certain my relationship with my partner, David, was at a crossroads. I was certain it was time to move out into the world more visibly with my work offerings with the flower essences, including expanding upon their presence in [hospice support](#). I knew that the dissolving of what I had previously known was unavoidable, and that I was being called to make room for something new.

Many, including myself, thought we knew what was best for me...what steps I should take...what road I should travel...whom I should leave behind...what I should let go of, and what I should take with me. What we

lost sight of was this...*we cannot possibly know the melody of our soul's song before it has been sung.*

I've learned, the movement I was aching for was in the direction of singing my soul's song more fully and consistently; that what my soul was asking me to experience next could happen *anywhere*; that remaining in partnership with David to face the challenges before us would allow us to walk in a new direction together; and that the perfect healing office space would quite literally *call me to it*, reflecting the same energy that stirred within me during my visits to Portland, and supporting the expansion of my work with the flower essences out in the world, including the world of hospice.

What we *can* be certain of is that our soul has a song to sing, and that the search to find its place in the concert of life is a powerful force seeking ceaselessly to be honored.

**MAY WE COMMIT TO THE UNKNOWN...  
FOR THE SAKE OF SOMETHING NEW...  
BECAUSE WE MUST...  
BECAUSE OUR SOUL HAS A SONG TO SING!**

Written by Jane Ellen on April 18, 2008