

SO OFTEN, IT'S NOT ABOUT WORDS

FROM CHAOS TO TAPESTRY

I doubt the last month of my life has been much different than anyone else's in that it has been brilliantly colored with chaos and rich with opportunity for insight. The soft overlapping of these experiences gradually creates the fibers and materials that will, with great care and hopefully patience too, be woven into the tapestry of my precious Life.

REMEMBERING THE VALUE OF SOULFUL SOBBING

It's interesting to be able to say that about the last month, today...to feel authentic in sharing that perspective...and to realize that 24 hours ago that way of viewing things was buried somewhere deep within me. It was somehow unreachable until *after* I allowed my Self the blessing of laying my tired body down upon the warm wooden floor of my office, and *finally, finally* allowing my tears of confusion, fear, and pain to pour from the core of my being, out into the loving arms of Sacred Space. I'm not sure why, at 48 years of age, I still have to be reminded of the value of a soulful cry, or better yet, a soulful sobbing. Invariably, my tears serve as a warm bath, returning me to the gift of breath, to the gift of softening, to the gift of my heart.

CREATIVE EXPRESSION AS MEDICINE

Today, my medicine is creative expression. Always, and in all ways, creativity heals me. Nothing else so gracefully draws me away from intellect and back to heart; nothing else brings me so effortlessly into prayer; nothing else offers such joy to the infinite fibers of my humble daily existence.

SO OFTEN, IT'S NOT ABOUT WORDS

In this one moment, this delicate, perfect moment of now...I am realizing that what I am attempting to share of my Self with this World is so often not about words. For example, I felt a pressure from within to explain why I landed in a soft and round heap on the floor of my office yesterday, sobbing. But it's not about *why*. It's about having allowed myself that pleasure! It's about the cleansing and healing that followed. I felt a pressure from within to describe what I mean by creative expression, but it does not matter what *I* mean by it. It only matters what form *your own* creative expression takes, and what it means to *you*. So often, it's not about words.

CREATING AN ALTAR

Tomorrow, in the late afternoon hours, under the influence of the watery Scorpio New Moon, I will create an altar. I will think of you. I will hold a sacred space for you. I will love you. I will feel blessed, as I do now.

MAY WE FIND WAYS TO WEAVE A TAPESTRY OUT OF THE CHAOS OF OUR DAILY LIFE.

MAY WE UTILIZE CREATIVE EXPRESSION AS MEDICINE TO RETURN US TO OUR HEART, TO PRAYER, AND TO OUR DAILY EXISTENCE.

MAY WE REMEMBER, SO OFTEN, IT'S NOT ABOUT WORDS.

MAY WE CREATE ALTARS OF LOVE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE NEW MOON.

Written by Jane Ellen on 11-8-07