

MINDING THE LIGHT

Our Collective Journal, Chapter 19

WHEN HAVE YOU EXPERIENCED THE LIGHT THROUGH YOUR SENSES?

I have often felt a motion of love to leave some hints in writing of my experience of the Goodness of *God*.

John Woolman

Sensing God's Presence in the Mountains

It is no secret to anyone who knows me that the mountains are one of the places where I most reliably encounter God. Last month I climbed to a favorite high ridge in Olympic National Park to spend a couple of nights in God's company – and God, of course, did not disappoint. While I have many special memories from this trip, this video captures the essence of what I want to say here.

Most of us who venture out to scenic places take pictures to capture and remind us of the beautiful things we see. But I find that photos only begin to hint at all of the ways God uses our senses to

delight us with the bounty of creation. After all, we do not visually perceive the world as freeze-frame, but as one in continual motion. I shot this video because I wanted to capture how the glacier lilies wave to all who pause to watch them – as if they are so delighted to be created in God's image that they can't keep from dancing!

If you turn the volume up a bit, you will also hear the sound of the wind that day. The wilderness is never silent. In addition to wind, there are sounds of water trickling (or gushing), insects buzzing, and birds calling; when walking, there is the crunch of gravel, the crush (or squeak) of snow, the soft brushing of undergrowth against one's legs. I laid back and closed my eyes in this meadow, and the aural input was beyond my ability to catalog.

One can't tell from the video, but the air temperature that day was almost 80 degrees. I tried to pay attention to all of the sensory input

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coming to me through my skin, and again it defied description. The warmth of the sun, the gentle massage of the breeze, the feel of the meadow against my back ... to say nothing of the limitless variety of textures within arm's reach: flowers, leaves, sticks, and rocks, each touch communicating a different aspect of God's creation.

And with such a warm breeze, my sense of smell was also in overdrive. The scent of the glacier lilies combined with the broader exuberance of the rapidly growing foliage (the meadow was under snow only a few days earlier), all highlighted by the omnipresent aroma of the evergreen forest. Smell is the sense most directly connected to our brain and, especially, our memories, and I, too, find that it stimulates me in a way unlike any other sense.

MINDING THE LIGHT is a bimonthly collection of stories from the lives of members and attenders of West Hills Friends, a Quaker meeting in Portland, Oregon. Among Quakers, "minding the Light" means noticing, listening for and paying heed to the voice of our Teacher.

Early Quakers kept journals about their relationship with God to share with the community. A well-known example is John Woolman's journal, which has been continually in print for more than 200 years. We believe that the Light of Christ is in everyone and that God speaks to everyone, giving us all stories to tell. We hope to carry on the tradition of sharing stories about minding the Light by publishing them for our community and making them available to others on the web.

Each issue is organized around a query about minding the Light. Our writers speak from their own experience, not going beyond the measure of Light they've been given. We hope these stories will transform our way of seeing God and each other and that they will bring comfort to those who seek news of God's presence in the world.

I often like to take one light book with me on backpacking trips, and my choice for this trip was *Help, Thanks, Wow: The Three Essential Prayers*, by Anne Lamott. It just so happens that I read the chapter entitled “Wow” while sitting in the very spot in the video. Sometimes God can be very subtle, but this was clearly not the day for subtlety.

Wow! 🔥

—Greg Morgan

[Greg’s video can be seen at this link: <http://tinyurl.com/ksnzm5m>]

Pancakes

One summer when I was in college, I traveled home to Portland from Florida by Greyhound bus. I had some money in my pocket for emergencies.

Somewhere in New Mexico I woke to a breakfast stop. In the food line I purchased some chocolate milk, my usual food for the trip. When the line had slowly passed through, with most folks ordering a more substantial meal, the cook came to the table where I sat.

"Could I fix you some breakfast?" Feeling unworthy because of the money I had, I said no.

He persisted. "I watch for people who come through the line who look like they could use some food. It's my way of helping."

I said yes, and he brought me the most wonderful plate of pancakes, eggs and bacon. I hadn't finished when the bus fired up. I looked around for the cook. He was busy again at the counter.

I returned to the bus and my slumber, only just aware that I had experienced God's love via pancakes. 🔥

—Thea



[Photo credit: Mark Pratt-Russum., 2014]

The Scent of Compassion

I was alone in the hospital when our 10-month-old daughter Annalee died. My husband Fred was 2500 miles away in Boston at the bedside of his father, who had been badly burned.

Fred caught the first plane home, and friends took me to their house to wait. The house slowly filled with other friends bringing food and flowers. Mostly they brought themselves with anything they could to help me.

My good friend Chena arrived. I wanted her to sit beside me, wrap her arms around me, say something to help me make sense of Annalee’s death. Instead, she barely looked at me, barely spoke, as she passed me on her way to the kitchen. There, in silence, she set out to make a pie, chopping apples, dusting them with sugar and cinnamon, cutting butter into flour, rolling out a crust.

I remember crying, looking up as new arrivals came through the door. . . my sister from Seattle, a nurse from the hospital. I remember talking to someone on the phone, tears running down my face. Drinking tea. Holding Tina's hand.

And then the smell of apple pie drifted through the house.

Slowly I began to notice that even though Fred wasn't here, I was no longer alone in that totally isolated, bereft, bottomless-pit emptiness. As I looked around, I really saw the faces gathered around me. I breathed in that smell, and it was the smell of love.

Queries for Chapter 20

Our next Query: *"When has minding the Light changed your perception of a relationship with something or someone?"* Tell us a story from your experience in any publishable format: narrative, poetry, song, art, other.

Query for Young Friends (of any age)

"When has God helped you see someone differently (like a friend or a teacher or a family member)? When has God helped you act differently?"

We encourage young Friends to participate, so please consider asking very young children in your life whether this query makes them think of a story. If it does, consider helping the child tell their story in words or images, or ask us for a Story Catcher.

Story Deadline: 10/19/14

And still, 26 years later, the smell of apple pie takes me back to that memory of love in the midst of my deepest sorrow. 

—Peg Edera

The Voice of the Killdeer

Between a meadow and the woods, North Valley Friends Church has built a labyrinth. I had an hour to fill on a fine afternoon, so I decided to walk it.

This labyrinth is a medieval design, like the one at Chartres Cathedral, with eleven large circuits, twenty-eight 180-degree reverses, and six 90-degree corners. The idea is that by allowing the twisting path to lead you — eventually — to the heart of the design, you experience the spiritual geometry of moving mysteriously but inexorably to the Center, which is Christ; and then taking what you found back out to the world as an offering. Or maybe the idea is something else, the whole thing being personal, after all, which you discover and describe in your own way. But in my case I never got to find out.

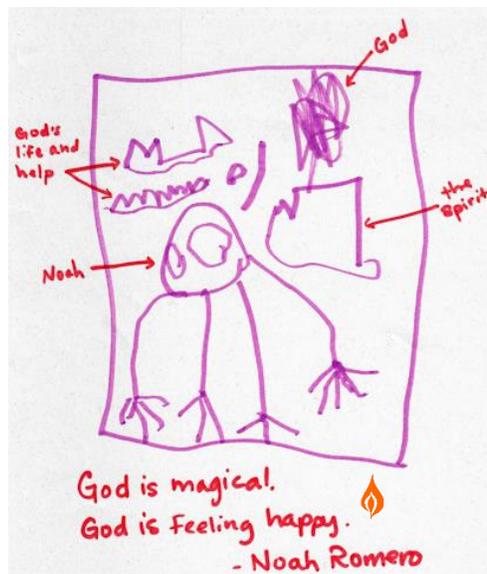
A pair of killdeer had apparently built a nest in the nearby grasses, and as I approached the entrance to the labyrinth, one began to wheel around me in large frantic circles, crying out, "killdeer, killdeer!" Despite the bird's objections, for a brief time I stuck with my determination to contemplate. So I began methodically tracing the outer circuit on the ground, while my companion set up his clamorous orbit in the air over my head. Suddenly he dove straight

into the center of the labyrinth, and began to act out the broken wing routine, as if to say, "Here, take me, and leave my babies alone."

I was wise to this, having read about killdeer and, if I didn't have any sort of heart at all, might have persisted in my pilgrimage. But somehow it's hard to pursue an interior quest when someone in the outside world holds a thing against you, such as trying to kill his children or something. So we came to an understanding, which was that he would stay and I would leave. 

—Tom Stave

[Ed note: printed with author's permission]



Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Isaiah 55:1-2

Called Home

The mournful Call to Prayer echoed against the dark purple hills of Northern Turkey. A smoky haze from hundreds of campfires hung in the air like a grey blanket. After two devastating earthquakes, this small city teemed with green canvas army tents filled with families who had lost their homes and loved ones.

It was December and the holy month of *Ramazan* (as they call it in Turkey). For one not born in a Muslim country, each of the five daily prayers took me by surprise. A tremendous wall of sound, generated by large speakers hanging above every minaret in town, amplified the call of the muezzin and would whirl to life suddenly, winding up like an old Victrola record player and pour over me as I worked. I wished I spoke Arabic, so I could feel comforted by the prayer, but, to me the generated sound was loud and insistent, almost like a scolding. After a few days I found that each prayer provided a rhythm to the work and a chance to slow down, but I longed for the comforting blanket of familiarity each Prayer seemed to hold for the Muslims around us.

On this day, Aaron and I were returning to eat with the other World Relief volunteers. Our route took us through the rows and rows of portable grey shipping containers that volunteer crews were rushing to ready for the hundreds of waiting "tent" families. As we passed one finished portable, a man with dark hair peppered with grey perched on his small wooden porch. Covered in dirt, he looked tired and lost in thought, but when

he saw us, he smiled and nodded. We greeted him. He gestured toward the open front door. "Come. Eat!" It wasn't a question, but a command. The enticing smell of garlic, onions and mysterious spices drew us in. We hesitated. Breaking the daily fast at sundown was a very holy time for these families, but we were hungry and curious. Smiling cautiously, we bent our heads into his small tin home.

Bright rugs of red, black and gold transformed the stark, grey walls of the container into a colorful quilt. Two thin, bright-eyed children motioned to the floor cushions and we sat and exchanged smiles and simple Turkish and English greetings. An older brother, with dusty hair and clothes darkened by the day's work, saved our awkward conversation by helping to translate. Soon, a quiet, dark-eyed woman with a flaming red headscarf, motioned us to a low round table filled with dishes of ground beef simmered in parsley and onion, plump white fava beans with garlic and lemon, a vinegar and oil cucumber and tomato salad and a plate of warm bread, flat and spongy. We felt welcomed; two young American strangers and two more mouths to feed. I was overwhelmingly humbled as we sat with them and took in this holy meal. My full attention, coupled with gratefulness, were the only gifts I had to share.

As we bowed our heads, I listened to the cadence of the father's prayer and wondered at a multifaceted God who can hold such a paradox of faiths. I was reminded of the story of four blind men who ran

into an elephant and tried to describe to the others what they found. If we hold tight to what feels familiar, a trunk or tail, we are sure to miss an important aspect of the whole picture.

Returning to the camp later that evening, the final prayer rang out in the distance. This time, the voice seemed more welcoming, more familiar. I hesitated for a moment, almost afraid to breathe. With my next step, I was stepping forward as a grateful pilgrim. That evening, through sharing an unexpected meal, I had found an extravagant and mysterious God that called me home through the Call to Prayer. 
-Jill Townley

Light in Gramothe Village

This was my fourth year traveling to Haiti with West Hills Friends Medical Mission Team. In April of each year, I've worked as a nurse in Mountain Top Ministry's extremely busy rural clinic pharmacy in a small village named Gramothe. Processing prescriptions and teaching health care has become fairly routine to me. What has not been routine, are some of the profound experiences I have brought back with me from Haiti!

This year's trip included a journey to an orphanage. While visiting the orphanage, I saw 12 children, mostly babies with a few toddlers. I really enjoyed holding and playing with the children. The house and gardens were very clean and the children looked well cared for. I observed a mother in a corner caring for her twin infants. It must have been very hard for her

knowing that she could not continue caring for the infants and that they would soon be up for adoption.

My eyes fell upon an infant who had just been admitted to the orphanage. It was very sad to see that she was listless, malnourished and had lost her nursing reflex. Her skin was wrinkled indicating severe dehydration. The staff seemed resigned to the fact that this baby would die by morning. Luckily, we had a neonatal intensive care nurse, Dianna, in our group that day. This nurse, at first, was overcome emotionally as she assessed the condition of the baby, but she knew what to do. We encouraged her. She got a large syringe and took the rubber nipple off a baby bottle. Then, she inserted the tip of the syringe into the rubber nipple and gently pushed fluid into the baby's mouth. We continued to encourage and assist her. After many tries, the baby finally started nursing and swallowing the fluid. We were overjoyed because now the baby had a chance to live! This experience was very moving to me. I realized that life is so fragile, but so precious at the same time. I felt a Divine, Holy Presence, helping us with this baby. We were the instruments. I was overcome by the synchronicity of it all. I had just seen the miracle of life. 
-Margie Simmons

[Jesus] took the blind man by the hand and led him outside the village. When he had spit on the man's eyes and put his hands on him, Jesus asked, "Do you see anything?" He looked up and said, "I see people, they look like trees walking around."
Mark 8:23-24

Healing through Time and Space

My mother passed away in September 2005, and my sister and I were very distraught. No healing words would come to mind. In October 2007, I turned to the rosary for help. My grandmother had prayed the rosary for us until she died at age 109.

Within a month after starting to use the rosary, I began to see flashes of an old friend named Cynthia who died suddenly at age 23. Cynthia was attending university at the time she died. Cynthia had not been able to bear children and had been heard making fun of me, an unmarried woman, for having three children.

About that time, my workplace gave employees a Thanksgiving turkey. I advertised the turkey on Craigslist to give away, and almost immediately, a student from PSU called to claim it. I took down the woman's address and drove to her place with the turkey.

When I handed the turkey to the young woman who opened the door, she gave me a thank you card. On the front was a drawing of three infants, and inside was this note: "Thank you once, thank you twice, and thank you once again. Cynthia."

I was struck with a powerful sense of meaning by the parallels between this woman and my friend Cynthia, who had so recently come to mind when I was praying the rosary. This woman named Cynthia was also a university student, and the quaint note card she gave me (which Craigslisters aren't known for giving) was similar to one that my

friend Cynthia gave me in high school. (I still have it).

I felt that my nightly prayers (oh yes, I'd been praying for Cynthia) were heard. 

—Name Withheld

Luke 24:28-32 (RSV)
 And they approached the village where they were going, and He acted as though He were going farther. But they urged Him, saying, "Stay with us, for it is getting toward evening, and the day is now nearly over." So He went in to stay with them.
 When He had reclined at the table with them, He took the bread and blessed it, and breaking it, He began giving it to them. Then their eyes were opened and they recognized Him; and He vanished from their sight. They said to one another, "Were not our hearts burning within us while He was speaking to us on the road, while He was explaining the Scriptures to us?"

Hearing God: Kay at 4
 Augusta, Georgia: 1956

I

God is alive. God lives at our house. God lives in the woods where I play and God lives at church, too. Sometimes I want to say to God, "Are you following me?"

My Sunday school teacher told us that God is a boy. But God is not a boy. That's silly!

You can't see God but you can hear God. God is magic. God can fly! God is the Holy Ghost.

II

I like to sit in the backyard with my back against a pine tree. I braid the pine straw on the ground and pile up the pine cones. I look at the ants and ladybugs crawling around and the doodle-bugs peeking out of their holes. One time, a butterfly flew all around me and landed on my hand!

I hear the frogs and the katydids and the birds making happy noises. Sometimes the wind comes up and blows through the trees. The trees wave their arms and the leaves make a whispering sound. That is the Holy Ghost, flying across the sky.

III

I like the sound of my Daddy. His voice is deep and strong. It has laughing and hugging in it. He sounds like a daddy lion ~ not the bad kind that eats you ~ the kind that helps you when you are lost in the forest.

When my daddy is in the kitchen, he whistles pretty songs. Daddy hums all the livelong day. Mother calls him "my little hummingbird".

Daddy sings me funny songs when we are lying in the hammock. Daddy sings in church, too, and sometimes he reads the Lesson. Daddy is a Lay Reader. But he doesn't lay ~ he is standing up way down at the front and he goes like this, "THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN!" People like it when Daddy reads.

Best of all is when Daddy reads to me from "A Small Child's Bible". I like the blue cover and the beautiful colors in the pictures. I lay my head on Daddy's chest when he is reading to me. His voice rumbles inside. I can feel the sound and hear it at the same time! That is the Holy Ghost, too.

IV

Our cat Tuxedo likes to cuddle with me in bed. She gets very close to me and sometimes she even lies on top of me!

Tux likes to be petted. I pet her starting at her head and going towards her tail, but not the other way, because she doesn't like that. She likes scratching on top of her head and under her chin, too - just a little bit, not hard.

Tux tells me she loves me by purring and purring. She closes her eyes half-way and smiles a cat smile. When Tux is purring, that is the Holy Ghost, too.

V

My Sunday school teacher told me, "God is inside you." Another time she said, "God can talk to you."

One day, my tummy was making funny noises. I was excited! I ran to my friend and said, "God is talking to me!" He laughed at me and said, "That's just your stomach growling!"

That's when I knew that sometimes when the Holy Ghost is talking, no one can hear it but me. 

-KD Novak Burnett



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Migration of the Tarantulas

I found myself driving to work every day on a crowded and dangerous piece of California freeway. The sense impressions were heat, the smell of gasoline, and the blinding glint of sunlight reflecting off chrome. Then I found the back road. It took longer to get there, but I arrived refreshed, nourished. The sense impressions were stopping the car in a dewy morning meadow to listen to the contrapuntal melodies of meadow larks, glimpsing a fox dashing across a field with a mouthful of pheasant, circling hawks, the smell of alder, the fluff of cottonwood, and in the fall after the first rain, dozens of tarantulas crawling out of the thirsty hills to sun themselves on the wet pavement. These tarantulas creeped me out most wonderfully. I wrote this song for them:

Tarantula moves in the hills again
 All the senses are attentive
 Buckeye dancing in the summer wind
 Time to capture lost incentive
 So many roads so many chances
 So many ways to rise above
 Lord, forgive these furtive glances
 Guide me through these brief romances
 Love, love, love

Tarantula pauses in an open field
 Big moon rises high above her
 Secret causes in a spider sealed
 Some try to kill her, some to love her
 Sometimes this heart gets filled with sorrow
 Sometimes it strives to rise above
 Rise and soar o'er field and furrow
 Farmer's hope and foxes' hollow
 Love, love, love

One day these hills will break their silence
 Cast off these highways, tell it all
 Then He will come to regain His brilliance
 Love's true prize as kingdoms rise and fall

Tarantula moves in the hills again
 All the senses are attentive
 Buckeye dancing in the summer wind
 Time to capture lost incentive
 Lord, ordain these many chances
 Give me strength to rise above
 Show this heart its vast expanses
 For the hour the mountain dances
 Love, love, love.

-Jim Nail 

Breath of God

Recently I calculated that I have practiced over 1000 yoga classes. I started yoga because I thought it promised it would give me a lean strong body, and help cure my stress-induced backaches. I've never been talented at athletics, but yoga was something I could easily do and I found it was fun. It produced all that I hoped, except for the lean part. That would mean I would have to give up sugar, which is never going to happen. To my surprise, it also provided a moment to connect with the Light.

My classes start with resting still in one position, often a not-so-comfortable chest opener, symbolizing a willingness to receive, with focused attention on movement of the breath. My teacher will often ask us to, "Start with stopping," letting go of whatever is holding us back so that we can be filled with only the breath.

While I lie there on my mat, the words of the old hymn, "Breathe on Me, Breath of God," have often come to mind. Those quiet moments of meditation in that darkly lit room have been an opportunity to surrender to God my challenges and pain, my mother's Alzheimer's disease, my husband's decision to change careers, and another family member's difficult diagnosis. Many times tears have trickled over my cheeks onto my mat as I lie there slowly taking in the Breath of God while releasing my struggles.

This last month it was my own new diagnosis of melanoma that I had to bring to the mat. Breathe in and

breathe out. It's localized so I'll be fine. Breathe in breathe out. Yes, it was a close call, so it's ok to feel scared. Breathe in breath out. God fills me and I am at peace.

*Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love the way you love,
And do what you would do."*
Psalter Hymnal, 1989

The week before my melanoma surgery, we sang this song in worship service. I believe this is how the Light works. The music leaders had no idea these were the words that were carrying me through this difficult time, yet I received this blessing. 
-Mari Kay Evans-Smith

Light Brigade*
Sally Gillette, Clerk
Mike Huber, Recording Clerk
Sarah Blanchard
Carol Bosworth
Peg Edera
Pat Matthews
Julie Peyton
Cindy Stadel
Britten Witherspoon
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*Story Committee

Learning Ways of Sensing From the Mother

Somewhere in the mountains of Northern California, a winding dirt road meandered its way down to a sacred space in the small valley floor and welcomed all of us who came to camp, to sing, and to be a part of each other and the beauty of Mother Nature. This was a yearly summer pilgrimage. The camp was encircled by Mother Nature. The mountains gently shaped the flow

of the river that found its path through the valley floor where we camped, sang and listened to "stories" of God's love.

As a young teenager, it was crystal clear to me that this beauty of blue sky, river, singing, night sky, pine aroma, stars, sun rising and going slowly down was a clear manifestation of God's beauty and love. This knowledge came through my ears, eyes, nose, skin, inner feelings. Fullness and gratitude were constant companions there, and now, as I write this.

My earthly Mother taught me a similar truth about the senses: "Don't make up your mind about who someone is until you know them. Give them a chance to show you who they are."

My mother, a pastor's wife and a minister in her own right, was a gentle, playful, creative, funny woman who quietly influenced all who stopped to interact with her. I remember the Sunday a man and his Japanese wife first came to our church. She was among the women prejudicially known in California as a "Japanese War Bride" – very meek and quiet. My Mom went to greet this woman, gently held out her hand, and the Japanese woman put her hand in my mother's. I heard my mother softly say, "You are welcome here." This woman continued to come to our church and invited friends—also Japanese "war brides." At first, these women were quiet, shy and watchful, but a few months after my mom started a Sunday School class just for them, they became the loudest class in the building, causing all of us to smile and want to get to know them.

Another example of how my mother could see, hear and understand people was her relationship with a woman named Margaret who had severe cerebral palsy. People in church would smile at Margaret but didn't understand her well enough to talk with her. Whenever I saw my mom talking and listening to Margaret, I hurried over to stand by them and listen. As time went on, I learned to understand Margaret's words. Slowly, other people in the congregation began to talk with Margaret as well.

We moved to another church in Southern California when I was 14 years old. On Sundays there, I found myself totally immersed in a large group of deaf people who were watching a sign language interpreter. I was electrified by their participation and understanding in a service they could not hear. My fascination with this different form of communication led to a close friendship with the interpreter, and I eventually became a sign language interpreter myself. This new language changed drastically how my brain worked, and how I see differently-abled people as being whole and approachable. As I had already learned from my mother's openness and caring, people can always be understood, with love and intention.

Thank you, mom, for the deep gifts of what you knew in your heart.

I am blessed. 

—Patricia Timberlake

We cannot create observers by saying 'observe,' but by giving them the power and the means for this observation and these means are procured through education of the senses." Maria Montessori

Reborn

Sensory deprivation may sound terrible at first, but for me, the experience of floating in a soundproof water tank roughly 10 inches deep, at body temperature, in utter darkness, filled with 800 lbs of epsom salt, has become a safe haven of transformation. In the early days of floating, I came face to face with my deepest, secret (even to me) fears via various images that appeared in the darkness weaving together the story of my past and present. While floating with them alone, I drew on current realities and inner light to chase them away. Over time it became apparent that some weren't real anymore so I had no reason to fear. Others revealed that I could sit with my worst nightmares and still be okay.

After working through my fears, I gained new self-awareness and insights into my body. I began to focus on my strength and my power to heal. I took charge of every inch of myself while experimenting with the super buoyancy of the salt-filled water. Sometimes I danced, moving legs and arms, stretching in ways that just felt right. As the salt water pushed up against me, I found that floating could do amazing things for muscles and tendons. I felt the unevenness of my hips and I embraced it.

I stretched to one side and then the other. I worked out some kinks in my neck, shoulder, and back. I sat with the pain of tight, sore muscles while the Epsom salt water worked its healing magic. I began to trust myself, to believe in the power within, and to intentionally practice loving me.

After each float, I experienced deeply rejuvenating relaxation. For several days, I slept better than I'd ever slept in my life, and my whole demeanor changed from semi-okay to joyful and alive.

When I consider all my experiences in the tank, one stands out. It was my first float after a miscarriage. I got into the tank and let the darkness enveloped me. Floodgates burst as I sat against the edge of the tank, hugging my knees to myself; I sobbed alone in the dark. When ready, I extended myself across the water, stretching out into the float. With my hands on my belly, I spoke to my little lost child, expressing my deep love and sadness, and beginning my long journey of letting go.

After I had cried all the tears I had to cry, said all the things I needed to say, and breathed an ounce of healing into my sad little womb, I huddled my entire body up into a ball and relaxed into the water. I let myself be. I began to spin, and then I became the little lost child in my own mother's womb. In those moments I began to rewrite my own history. I patted my belly gently while speaking love and hope into my own pre-born soul. Instead of an isolated and lonely child born into a family where I would grow up in the shadows of everyone else's existence, I became a person of value from the moment I was conceived. In those moments, I gave myself the mother's love that I had never fully felt or received. And in those moments, I was reborn. 

—Sarah Blanchard

MINDING THE LIGHT

CHAPTER 3: HOW HAVE YOU EXPERIENCED GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE?
