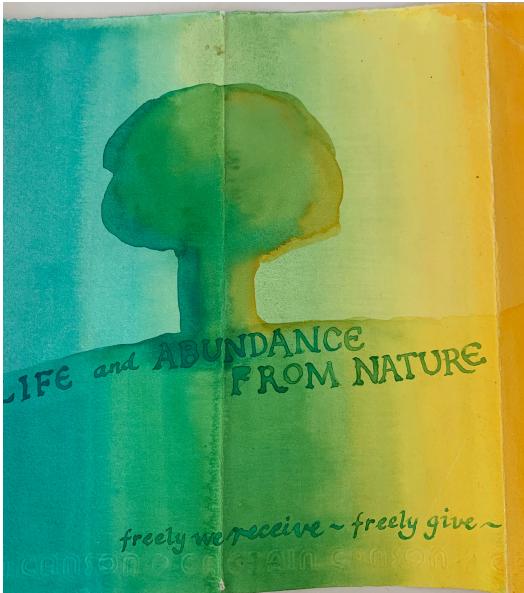


Week 17 Waking up



Gradually, and then every day, we started to notice. We saw it. We smelt, heard, tasted, felt and knew it. Our hearts started to awaken into the light and space in the morning dawn over the hills, into the peace and birdsong, the fragrance and profusion of bee filled flowers, the good food fresh picked from our garden, the friendly, kindly neighbours, the innocent joy of wind in our hair as we cycle to the library and the shops and the golden glow of setting sun on the back porch as we sang.

Tall dark trees generously shelter our evening horizon. Stars, more than ever before, have us gazing upward in awe. A morepork sounds the silent night. We sink slow and steady into a turangawaewae, a place to stand, a home of quiet breathing. A life outwardly simple, inwardly rich, resilient, collaborative and co-creative.

I am here. I have arrived deep into the whole of life in my own body.

I am made of this place I call home and garden.

I am made of this home, garden, bay, country, Ocean, Gaia, and the Cosmos. The passing breeze rustles the last autumn leaves. Loose late lemons fall with a soft thud. Birds chirp, flit and perch in tall trees. Two small redcurrant bushes stand bravely up to the first frost. Writhing worms wriggle through the heap under the avocado tree. An orange promise glows out between dark green leaves. Monarch caterpillars have gorged themselves into curled silence. Their green and gold cocoon transparent to the miracle yet to emerge.
branches. Tiny olive waving branches. rounded with sunlight. perfect and fleeting. All beginning and no end, interdependence, Passing through. Ever Consciousness listen, to hear.



The fig tree buds bare fruits decorate slender Faraway distant hills are And there is a rainbow this I am. There is no only interrelationship, through my body. transforming. everywhere starts to

“Who will do this with me?” “We are all in this butterfly process together.”