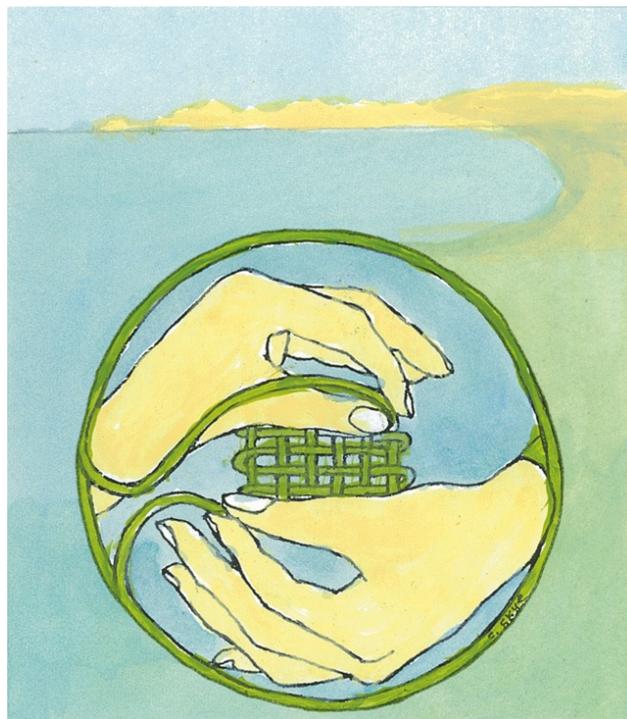


## **The seventh day of Creation Pause. Rest.**

The once formless matter has been polarised, stabilised, enlivened, balanced, imprinted with all the phases and attuned with the Source of Creation. It is time to 'rest.' A teenager grows physically to a certain height, then stops becoming taller. Evolution is then primarily an inside job. In a similar way, seven is the number of unity unfolded to its limit. In seven-ness, all experience, attitude and belief have been aligned with Universal Principles.

Human is a creative creature. The seventh day of Creation is the time to allow humankind to start to wake up. To take the first wobbly steps toward maturation. To explore, create, work with and resonate. To make myths and symbols and works of the imagination that intimate the more mysterious dimensions of reality. At a certain stage in the Creative Process we must wait. Allow. Avoid premature closure. There is more. Don't push.



For many new dawn days of headstands on the deck by the ocean I had felt the magnetism of the hazy Waiheke Island on the horizon. One fine day I caught the old ferry bound for Waiheke Island. As I sat on the deck awaiting departure, a woman on shore called out. "Would someone accompany my daughter to Waiheke?" "I will." I stepped forward to greet

seven year old Alicia who wore flowers in her hair and a soft, white, lawn dress. We were met at Matiatia wharf by a garlanded Maggie in flowing white. “Would you like a tour of the wild roses and then come back to my place for the Spring Festival? We have a fiddler and Maypole dancing.” So began seven glorious years of magical surprises. Waiheke Island life allowed me to sort, sift and renew.

Little did I know then that my time as the ‘ideal’ couple with two beautiful children, an exceptional, crafted home, fine jobs, creative acclaim and social recognition, had ended. The ‘happily ever after stories’ of my childhood were no guide. Gardening with a friendly kereru became my love. As did dancing, singing, swimming, storytelling and healing. I was happy. I lived in my fisherwoman’s hut I made from a car case, complete with stained glass windows and verandahs to sleep on by moonlight.

A white shell path led to my meditation seat surrounded by yellow daisy bushes on the headland high above Mawhitipana Bay. One morning meditation I opened my eyes to a little hedgehog sitting beside me, earnestly gazing out to sea. Ever new, constantly astonished, I and my tribe were nourished into a well of Joy and gratitude.



I invite you to be open, listen, allow and let the Universe breathe you.

Week 9