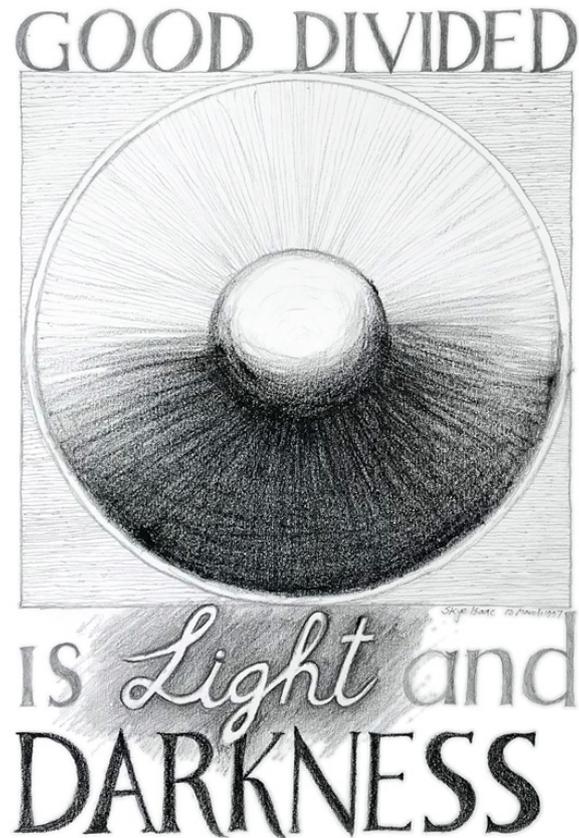


Week 3

The First day of Creation
Let there be Light.



The face of Good moved over the deep, searching and whispering,
“Let there be light.” And there was light. The light of the sun revealed all the colours, all the parts of creation. Each part was uniquely creative as well as remaining in Unity with the whole. Unity AND Diversity.

When I meditate I often sit in the rose tapestry couch with my feet up and a straight back supported by the arm of the couch. It's usually 4 or 5am, quiet and still, with the whole world asleep. Deep belly breaths. Relax my face, jaw, shoulders, torso, legs. I feel the energy fall down low and slow in my body. Mmmm! Part of me seems to disappear at the end of an out breath. It's as though I fall ... fall ... fall ... and disappear into an empty space with no direction. It's restful. Safe. Soft. Dark, vast, timeless ... I am breathed.

One morning the emptiness surprised me. In an instant it became everything. All that is. Could Nothing be Everything?

As a nine
a summer
sister and I
of our bedroom
happily skip,
sleeping streets
to reach the
overlooking the
had an
of ocean facing
huddle together
waiting for the
when at last a
gold appeared

“Push,
And we urged

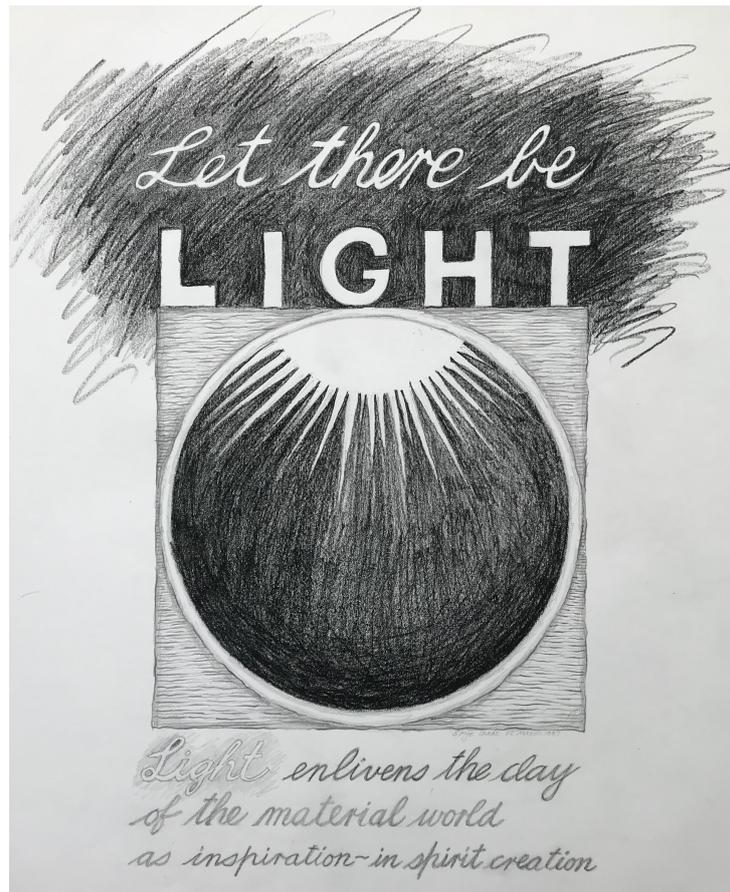
the whole world to move toward the brilliant light until the hills across the bay, the port and all of us was golden with the first light of the world’s new day.

“Hurray! We did it.” We’d laugh and do handstands, jump up and down, then run home for breakfast and school.

I have continued on most fine days to walk to the ocean and greet the first light of the world’s new day with a heart bursting with wonder, love, gratitude. I give an ancient chant and a prayer for the world. The moon and stars affect me in a similar way. What about the dark. It’s the unknown for me or a time to sleep, or dream beside a fire. If I’m camping it’s ... What could those sounds in the bush be?

I’m glad to know that the dark is the start of all Creative Process.

I wonder what your relationship to the sun, moon, stars and dark is?
I am interested in your experience.



year old girl on
morning, my
would climb out
window and
run through the
of Napier Hill
Bluff,
port. Here we
expansive view
West. We’d
waiting ...
moment ...
stream of pure
on the horizon.
push,” I’d say.
our bodies and

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