Summer Solstice | Monday Night Talk

Jack Kornfield · Notable Dhamma Teachers — Jack Kornfield · 55:50

So welcome back, my friends. Let yourself relax and listen, not so much to try to remember or take notes—no quiz from this teaching—but rather let it be a reminder to you of something that you already know.

Here we are, the week of the summer solstice, the longest day of the year in the Northern hemisphere. I'm down in Los Angeles staying with Trudy in her place, even though we also live up towards Spirit Rock and Marin part of the year. And everything is blooming. These huge walls of bougainvillea and people's rose gardens—I turn everywhere and there's blossoms, like the sunlight is having its way with the green things and the flowers that want to grow.

And of course, the sun, the center of our solar system, the light that we all live upon—it's something for us to pay attention to, something we take for granted. Ruth Dennison, one of our wonderful and great teachers, now an ancestor, was leading a retreat at Insight Meditation Society in Barre in the early years, and she was going through the refuges: to take refuge in Buddha and Dharma and Sangha. Ruth had her own accent, having been born and raised in Germany. And a woman from the South came up and said, "I understand taking refuge in the Buddha and the Dharma, but would you explain why we're taking refuge in the sun god?" And Ruth said, "Ah, the sun god, yes. Sangha, sun god."

But in fact, the sun is the source of so much. It's what we live from. One of the best and most beautiful reflections I have is that every single leaf that I see—the trillions or quadrillions or quintillions of them—has this magic capacity to turn light into sugar to feed us all. What an extraordinary thing. And it all comes from the source of the most primordial light.

Here we are in the change of seasons, which is the great turning. I remember friends who went to see a full eclipse of the sun in Africa. They were up in the mountains, I think in Kenya, looking out across this vast plain. As they looked across the vast plain, this huge edge of a circle, which was actually the shadow of the moon, started racing across the plain and moving toward them until it reached them and they were in the total darkness of the full eclipse. They said it was like seeing the spheres, the music of the spheres, the dance of the spheres. You could feel the moon moving around the earth and the earth around the sun. This is what we are a part of, this great turning.

But as this season turns this week from the most light, it starts to diminish and go toward the winter and the darkness. And that's a question for us, especially in these times. Are we headed into the dark? You know Dickens' beginning: "It was the best of times. It was the worst of times." Should we be optimistic or pessimistic?

There are lots of reasons for pessimism, sensing that we're going into a kind of darkness. Climate change, habitat loss, the pandemic, continuing warfare, economic injustice, the scourge of racism. Plato said, "Only the dead know the end of war." Materialism, the loss of democratic values, fake news—where, as it's said, a lie can travel halfway around the world while the truth is still putting on its shoes. This is samsara. This is part of the deal of a human incarnation. One British reporter's view, looking at the US from England, said, "I hope you Americans learn how to end an empire gracefully"—because that's also what's happening. So we can see in some way through that lens of things getting worse: democracy under threat, the planet.

But there is also cause for optimism, amazing possibilities: the re-enchantment of the world, movements for social justice and racial justice, the science of fusion reactors that will have no terrible byproducts, the possibility that the interdependence revealed by the pandemic and climate change might bring a collaborative model to show us our interconnection. All of this is possible for us at this time.

And so many acts of goodness. Little acts of goodness. "I see the goodness on my husband's face when he sees the kids after an out-of-town trip. Or when my youngest son hears the fatigue in my voice and brings me a cup of water. I see it in my wife when she greets the parking attendant or the cashier with such kindness and attention and respect. I see it in my five-year-old daughter who says to the sun at sunset, 'Goodbye, sun, I love you.' When my husband pulls over to help someone whose car has died and never asks anything for his time."

So many acts of goodness. Mark Morford says, "Stop thinking our global crisis is all there is. Realize that for every ongoing war and religious outrage and environmental devastation and fake news, there's a thousand counterbalancing acts of staggering generosity and humanity and art and beauty happening all over the world right now on a breathtaking scale, from flower box to cathedral. Resist the temptation to drown in fatalism, in pessimism, to shake your head and sigh and throw in the karmic towel."

Realize that this is the perfect moment for enthusiasm, for the re-enchantment of the world—to change the energy, to step right up and crank your personal volume right when it all seems dark or bitter or offensive, acrimonious, conflicted, bilious. There's your opening. Remember the mystery and finally believe in the seeds that you plant as part of a groundswell, a karmic impending shift, small but amazing, the beginning of something important and potent and unstoppable.

So which is it, dear ones? Pessimism, decline, chaos? Or optimism, potential, new ways, synergy?

If you stop and get quiet, you begin to realize that optimism and pessimism are just ideas. They're only thoughts. The average person, it's said, has sixty-seven thousand thoughts a day. How do we even know which ones to believe? Hope, one said, is almost as great a deceiver as despair. Because thoughts are like empty clouds. They appear and disappear, and they only have the power we give them.

So breathe for a moment with me quietly, and step out of the thrall of thoughts and just listen deeper. For

the opposite of optimism or pessimism—it's not realism. It's mystery.

Remember the story of the poet Lord Byron. He was taking an exam at Oxford University, a class on theology and the Bible that one had to study back in those days, in the 1800s. For the whole hour and a half, the proctor walked back and forth and saw Lord Byron sitting quietly, not writing anything in his notebook while everyone else scrawled away at the question. The question was: write an essay about the miracle of Jesus turning water into wine. Byron sat and sat until finally the time was about to end and the proctor came by and said, "Have you finished? You only have a couple more minutes. You've written nothing." Byron smiled, got quiet, and wrote one line: "The water met its master and blushed."

He got an A. He got an A because he listened so beautifully to that mystery—what Mary Oliver calls being a bride married to amazement.

When we get quiet, we can feel ourselves in the turning of the spheres. And the way that the world works—when you go on a very long retreat, a year or three years, the retreat master will say, "While you're on retreat, many people will be born and many will die. And your task is to sit and open your heart to it all." If we have birth, we have to have death. That's how it works. If there's birth, there is death. If there's gain, there's loss. If there's joy, there's also sorrow. The world is constructed this way. If our earth didn't spin on its axis and turn the way it does, if it were still, one side would be freezing and the other side would be baking and boiling. But the truth is that all things turn. And we are part of these great turnings of birth and death and gain and loss and pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow.

Remember the Ojibwa saying: "Sometimes I go about pitying myself, and all the while I'm being carried by great winds across the sky."

And so on the solstice, we can quiet ourselves and feel this great turning, the timelessness of it. Mindfulness—it's a kind of prosaic word. I like to use the phrase mindful loving awareness. It is an invitation to see with the eyes of wonder.

I was recently asked and invited to give last words to a dear friend who was dying. While I couldn't visit in person, as I have in many cases with people that I'm close to, I was able to say, "Can you put the phone up to her ears?" "Oh, nobly born," I began, as if in the text of the Tibetan Book of the Dead. "Now is the time to let go. Now is the time you are leaving this body. You are dying. It has come to this time. Listen carefully. Let go into the light, into the ocean of light and love that is who you really are—the pure, clear light that is your true nature. Trust it. Relax into it. It is your home."

And it felt so moving to be able to join with this loved one in this mystery. This is to see with eyes of wonder and to remember that who we are underneath it all is a light.

It's the light that Thomas Merton saw walking down the streets of Louisville, Kentucky, shining out of everyone's eyes. He asked, "What was I doing in the monastery when I could see the luminosity behind the eyes of every human being going by?"

But of course the question is, how can we see in this way?

I love this poem that I've read for years and years, by Barbara Ruth. She writes:

I'm a country girl again in a middle-aged disabled body. I once walked the six miles from my house to Kent Lake in four hours, but that wasn't my best time. My personal best is eight hours and fifteen minutes. That includes time resting with lizards sunning on the rock, writing down a dream remembered, staring at Mount Barnaby, listening to woodpecker in the tree that harbors osprey's nest.

This is how.

Thomas Merton goes on: "Of what avail is it to travel to the moon if we cannot cross the abyss that separates us from ourselves and from one another?" And without this loving awareness, we're in exile from the natural world, from our own bodies, from the sacredness of the earth.

A couple of years ago, I told a story that's quite famous in Zen—the story of Seijo. Seijo was a young girl whose mother died shortly after she was born. Then sometime later, her older sister died. In those days, without antibiotics and other medicines, the death of children was more frequent than here. And so she became the anchor for her father, Chokhan. "At least I have this beautiful daughter still."

Seijo played often with a cousin of hers, a neighbor, a distant cousin named Ochu. And because they got along so well, people would joke and say, "Oh, you're such a sweet young couple, you little ones. You'll make a good marriage when you grow up." And so they believed it. They played and believed they were married in some way in their hearts. And over the course of time, their love deepened.

Now it happened that Seijo was also quite beautiful. She grew into this winsome and lovely woman, and she had many suitors. Finally, when she came to marriage age, her father announced to her—which was the way of arranged marriages in that time—that he'd agreed to have her married to a young man from a very prosperous family, and that the marriage would take place in just a month.

She was shocked. She wept. She was depressed, cast down. She thought she was marrying Ochu. That was the love of her heart. She was so brokenhearted, as was he. He was so brokenhearted he could barely breathe. And he decided to run away. He couldn't be around what was happening. So he took his boat, put some possessions in it, bid goodbye to his parents, and began to go downstream on the river that flowed by the village where they lived.

Seijo, hearing that he was doing so, that night gathered a few things in a knapsack and ran along the side of the river calling out his name—"Ochu! Ochu!"—until he pulled the boat over and said, "Get in."

And they went down the river together and found a village some far distance away and began to work and build a life together. They got married. They had two beautiful children. They lived together.

But after five years, regret over leaving her old father and longing for their home grew stronger and

stronger. She said, "We have to go back."

So they got back in a boat and went upstream. Finally they arrived at the dock near her father's house. Ochu got out and went toward the house and met the father, Chokhan. He began to apologize. "We're here, we've come back to apologize for leaving you. We're so sorry." He bowed deeply.

And the father grew angry and stunned. He said, "What are you talking about? What are you talking about? Seijo never left. Seijo is here in bed. She's lain in bed without saying a word for five years, and I've lived with her—not quite alive and not quite dead—lying in bed, unable to speak."

And the young man Ochu said, "No. She's here with me in the boat."

We have grandchildren for you to see.

And the father sent a servant out who came back and said, yes, she's there. And the father's eyes got wide, and Seijo came out of the boat and walked toward her home. And at the same time, the Seijo who was in the bed stood up and walked out of the door.

This is a mysterious story.

And the two of them came together and entered one body. And Seijo's spirit or soul that had left her body became reunited again. And her father wept with joy and freedom.

So this is a famous koan, a famous story. And it has many levels. Who are we really? Are we our body? Are we that soul that goes elsewhere, that spirit? Who is Seijo? When we're brokenhearted, when we go through a grave illness, when all these things separate us from ourselves, who are we?

Remember the poem that I read so often, it's almost like a Buddhist text, from Juan Ramón Jiménez called "I Am Not I" — Yo no soy yo:

I am not I.
I'm this one walking beside me whom I do not see,
whom at times I manage to visit and at other times I forget.
The one who remains silent when I talk.
The one who forgives sweet when I hate.
The one who takes a walk when I'm indoors.
The one who will remain standing when I die.

And this poem itself speaks of how we split off. How do you do it? There you are indoors, but somewhere else your heart is in the mountains or by the ocean. How many ways we've split off. We walk down the street on automatic pilot. We eat not paying attention to the mystery of the food coming into our body. We come home and we don't see the eyes and the spirit of the people we live with. And I make it a practice when I come back to look at Trudy and try to see her anew each time in some special way.

But we get carried away with our busyness. You do. Or we have in us shame or guilt, ambition, depression — these default networks that we get lost in. Even in our spiritual life, we lose ourselves, just as we can lose ourselves in shame or anxiety or guilt. Spiritual life can become a grim duty. We're trying to perfect ourselves and make ourselves better, improve ourselves. Or it becomes a bypass — let me go to the light and not really deal with all that's broken in my heart.

So like Seijo, we all have our exile. You do and I do. And often we don't even know the extent of it, of our exile, how lost we are, until we stop, until the tears come.

My daughter Caroline sometimes critiques what I do, as a good child should do with their parents. She said, "Dad, you tell so many stories. You know, you tell these heartbreaking stories." But then I look at her — she runs this beautiful nonprofit called Oasis Legal Services. She and this group of hotshot young lawyers have built what's now become one of the chief places for LGBTQ people whose lives are in danger from around the world to seek asylum. And she sits and she hears their stories, which they may never have told to anyone. She listens, because they need those stories when they go into an asylum interview. And people will tell her the ways they've been abused or tormented or raped or mistreated in Uganda or El Salvador or wherever it happens to be — so many places around the world. And I said to Caroline, you know, we need to hold these stories in our heart too.

The Buddha, when teaching a group of people, could tell how important this was, and he told a famous story about a king whose followers captured a great elephant in the forest — one of the elephant kings — and brought him into the king's palace to lead all the other elephants and the king in battle or in procession. But the elephant wouldn't move. The elephant would do nothing but stand there. And finally, the king called — I don't know what you would call it — an elephant whisperer, some man or woman who knew the heart of elephants, who could listen.

And this elephant sage came and spent time with the great elephant and said, "Oh, your majesty, this great elephant who would be proud to lead your processions cannot move because when he was captured, he'd been feeding his old, old mother who couldn't get food well in the jungle. And now she's alone and he's terribly worried."

And the king said, "Then go find this mother and bring her here, and we will treat her beautifully and give her the best of foods."

And they did so.

And the Buddha went on, this tenderness, where we love someone and care for them no matter what the distance—he said, this is what opens the heart of all those in the Dharma. And he went on: when his listeners said the Buddha shed floods of tears by reason of the softness of their heart, they became fully attentive and then awakened.

Mindfulness, mindful loving awareness, is the way to the end of exile. It's the inner quality of illumination

of the path to wellbeing and freedom. And in this week of the greatest light of the summer solstice, it's a time to also let that light shine within us—to remember that who we are is awareness itself, this luminous quality of mindful loving awareness.

And as we do, we bring this mindful loving awareness to this fathom-long body, as we did in that opening meditation. Loving kindness for the body. To honor it, to offer thanks to our body for all that it carries, to tend its wounds and come home to it with love, to feel the mystery of being incarnated and how life wants to continue in you. The body wants to heal itself and continue. As Voltaire said, the art of medicine for a physician is primarily to amuse the patient while nature does the healing. Yes, an orthopedist can set the bone. Yes, a physician could apply an antibiotic to stop the bacteria. But then the body has to heal itself. And it does, day after day, again and again. It is filled with the luminosity of light, growing like spring, renewing itself in this mystery.

And when we bring mindful loving awareness to this body, it teaches us. It teaches us to trust the healing. We feel the breath, and we start to feel inter-breathing with the whole world, that we are connected in breath with all things. And all things arise and pass like the breath and change. And we find a vast stillness in the midst of it. This mindful loving awareness teaches us how to be present with love.

And this body, when we did that meditation practice and invited light—in deep meditation, when the mind becomes concentrated and focused and still, the literal experience is that the body fills with light. It dissolves into light. Because the nature of consciousness, when it's not obscured by the busyness of mind, when it's not lost in that outer way of reacting, and it becomes still and silent and present, is luminous itself. As the Tibetan Book of the Dead says, remember the pure light, the clear pure light from which everything comes, to which everything returns—your own true nature. And this is a direct experience.

And with it, as we quiet the mind and tend the heart, we learn to love with a tenderness. I try to run or jog every day, pretty much five or six days a week. But I'm turning seventy-six, so I have to wrap my knees with some strong support to do it. Still, I can do it. And I so feel the beauty of being able to move my body. And I say, thank you. Thank you to my knees for still holding out. Thank you to this body that I tend and love and care for. I shine the light of loving awareness in myself, as you just did when we sat.

Take a moment. Quiet, maybe even close your eyes. Instead of exile—what happens if you really come back to your body? What is calling to you in your body? What wants to be loved? What wants to be healed? What wants to be honored? What are the honest lessons that your body wants to teach you just now, in this season? You can know.

And feel now how your body is connected to the body of the earth. With every drink of water, with every breath and every step, you are on this earth. What is this illumination of mindful loving awareness? This end of exile? What does the earth want you to know just now?

This is one of the beautiful things of meditation. You can open your eyes if you wish. It shines a light. It

opens to the light, it listens, it illuminates. And just as our body can be illuminated, so too our heart, with all its feelings.

You know, when I teach about feelings and emotions, I have this list of five hundred feelings, starting with the A's of feeling aggressive or abandoned or amused or apoplectic or animated or angry—and it goes on to the B's of bored and bunkered and belligerent and betrayed and bright—hundreds of different feelings.

The heart is an organ that can open to the ocean of feelings, but it's also an organ of light. When you pay attention, especially to those difficult feelings of fear, anxiety, anger, grief, depression—they arise because you care. You wouldn't be angry if you didn't care. You wouldn't be afraid or worried if you didn't care. And underneath that which is difficult, there is illumination and care and love and joy and connection when we pay deeper attention. The difficulties, as they say, are where the light shines through. That's where the heart cares the deepest.

We can let that light hold the whole of the heart with all of its possibilities, hold it with beauty, hold it also with lightness and ease.

Here's a story I haven't told in a long time but feel called to tell tonight—what it means to hold all that we're going through, all the feelings of the heart illuminated in the light of mindful loving awareness as they come and go.

Roberto DeVicenzo, who was the most famous Argentine golfer, kind of the equivalent of Tiger Woods, finished a tournament one day which he won. He went back to the clubhouse and smiled for the cameras, they gave him his great accolades, and then they gave him a gift. At the end, he went back to his car in the parking lot and was approached by a young woman, a charming young woman, who congratulated him on his victory and then told him that her child was seriously ill and near death, and just poured her heart out. He was so touched by her story that he took out a pen and signed over his day's winnings, the check, to her, pressed it into her hands and said, "Make some good days for the baby."

The next week, when he came back to that club and had lunch, some of the guys in the parking lot came up to him and said, "You know, last week, that woman who was here after the tournament?" DeVicenzo nodded. "Well," they said, "I have news for you. She's a phony. She doesn't have a husband, a family. She has no child. She's got no sick baby. She fleeced you, my friend."

DeVicenzo looked back and said, "You mean there's no baby who's dying?"

They said, "That's right."

And he smiled. "That's the best news I've heard all week."

Think about it. What does it mean to let the illuminated heart shine? All the things we hold on to out of our fears, the way we care, the way we repeat our stories—the frightened heart, the judgmental heart.

Close your eyes again. With the illumination, the quieting of the mind, and the illumination of awareness—what does your heart need right now? What is it time to let go of in the heart so you can be free? What is it time to illuminate and hold with more love? So many frightened hearts in the world, worried hearts like your own that we share.

Let yourself imagine that the wisest and most loving being has left a gift at your feet. The gift is a clear symbol of just what your heart needs to move through this time of the summer solstice, through this time on earth with all that we're sharing and going through, just what your heart needs to live with love and wisdom. Imagine picking up this gift and unwrapping it—the clear symbol of what the heart needs—holding it up to the sunlight. You can see. You can know.

Sometimes it's so simple. It's a crystal that has many facets and you remember, "Oh yes, there are many ways to see things." It's a staff that gives you support from the earth. Let the symbol appear. This is another way of illuminated attention listening to the wisdom of the heart.

The mind—just as we can illuminate the heart with love and attention, just as we can illuminate the body, what about the mind? So many stories, thousands of stories and opinions and views. As they say, the mind is a good servant but a poor master. It doesn't mean we have to do battle with the mind. The mind produces thoughts the way the salivary gland secretes saliva—it just does. But we can step back, quiet ourselves, and see it all with a loving heart. For the mind can put us in exile into the past and the future. But all those thoughts are like a dream.

Like Seijo and Ochu. Where we're coming back to is this amazing present moment, just where we are. The mystery of being able to see and taste and smell and touch and love.

And so you witness the mind with illuminated, mindful, loving awareness. Instead of fight or flight, it's tend and befriend. And as you do, from this perspective of illuminated attention, you can nourish what's beautiful in the mind.

As Thich Nhat Hanh says, the mind is like a beautiful piece of earth with many different seeds in it—seeds of joy and peace, of wellbeing and mindfulness and understanding, love. And also seeds of fear and anger and craving and hate, forgetfulness. These healthy and unhealthy qualities are there always, sleeping in the background, in the soil of the mind. The quality of your life depends on the seeds you water. If you water the seeds of peace, peace will grow. When the seeds of happiness are watered, you will become happy. If the seeds of anger are watered, you'll become angry. The seeds that are watered are those that will grow strong.

Let the sunlight of your attention and loving awareness tend the garden of this mind and heart. Let beautiful things grow.

Who you are is this light. Who you are is loving awareness itself, is the consciousness that was born into this body, the consciousness that creates all things. You're not the body or the emotions or the

thoughts—they come and go. You are the awareness that witnesses it all.

So then the question is, now what? And I love this question because I've been with grandchildren. We'll take them out to a special place to eat and get a great ice cream or see a wonderful movie. This is a common scene in Trudy's and my time with grandchildren. Something beautiful would happen and it would be over, and they'd look at us and say, "Now what?" And you may ask the same thing. Now what? What's next?

Remember the story of the monk who struggled and struggled to become enlightened. And although he got a little bit stronger and steadier, he still didn't understand. He heard that there was a great wise hermit living at the top of the mountain, so he decided to visit her one day. He made the long trek up and up the trails in the mountains. And near the top, he found an old woman coming down carrying a huge bundle, with bright eyes. He realized this was the hermit, coming down the mountain, coming back into the valley.

He looked at her and said, "Ah, you are said to be the wise one. I've been seeking enlightenment. Is there anything you know of this?" And she looked at him kindly, stared at him, steadied her eyes, and then dropped her bundle onto the ground. And he realized—oh, that's it. Just let go. She stood there plainly on the earth, carrying nothing, free. And he became illuminated. He realized this is what he needed to do: to stop even seeking to be enlightened, to be anything. Just to be.

Sounds good, doesn't it? There you are. Maybe it worked for you.

But then he asked, "Now what?" He asked that same question that the grandchildren who didn't want to be bored asked—but here he was, illuminated. He just said, "So now what?"

And she reached over and picked up the great bundle and put it on her back and continued to walk down toward the village and the town. The depictions of these in the great scrolls and teachings show the sage entering the village with what are called bliss-bestowing hands, looking upon everyone with the eyes of tenderness and loving awareness and compassion—that they too might be free.

When you see with the eyes of wisdom and compassion, you can see the light behind the eyes of everyone else, the secret beauty, the holiness of simply being alive. And it doesn't matter how dark things get and how difficult they become. Light a candle in the darkness.

And whether it's been a year or a thousand years, that light will illuminate it. Light it with your own heart.

For you become, like it says in the Tao, when your heart is at peace, you can watch the turmoil of beings and remember their return like the turning of the seasons. If you don't realize the source, the illuminated source of where we come from, the pure light of your own consciousness, you'll stumble, caught in confusion and sorrow. When you realize where you come from, you naturally become tolerant, disinterested, amused, kind-hearted as a grandmother, dignified as a king, immersed in the wonder of the Tao. You can deal with whatever life brings you. And when birth and death come, you are ready for them

all.

Even in the solar eclipse, when there's no light from the sun, the moon shines with earth light reflected back on it. Light finds its way into everything. The green wants to grow. The green wants to bring blessings back into this earth year by year. Your body wants to heal. In you is the innocent child of the spirit, born in inviolable beauty and light that gets covered over. But you'll see when it comes time to die that who you are is spirit and not this body. But you don't want to wait. Don't wait till that time. This is the time to carry your lamp. The last words of the Buddha: make of yourself a light.

Jasper was identified, labeled as a child with Down syndrome. In his case, his parents explained it should have been called Up syndrome. Every morning when he woke up, he rushed into his parents' bedroom and leapt onto them with enthusiasm. "Happy to you morning!" He meets the entire world with his heart outstretched and hugs everyone he can. They used to call his state retarded. Parents of similar children warned Jasper's parents to curb his hugging behavior or he could be the target of molesters. They disagreed, knowing Jasper's loving nature was his gift.

One day, Jasper and his parents were walking down the street and Jasper got out in front of them. He was almost twelve by then. An angry looking man with tattoos and piercings came toward him, and Jasper's mom thought, uh-oh, but it was too late. Jasper looked up, smiled, stepped in front of him and threw his arms around the man's legs shouting, "Hi there, hi there!" The tough guy paused and tousled Jasper's hair where Jasper was not so tall yet. And then his mom saw this innocent looking smile come over the tough guy's face. Jasper had done his magic again.

This is your time to carry the light, to make of yourself a lamp, to pretend you're enlightened. And who knows—if you pretend for a while, it could happen. And how long do you do it? As long as it takes to step out of the body of fear, to step beyond the limited sense of self, to end the exile of being lost in your fears and shame and all the things that keep you from actually loving this body, this moment, this earth.

And then you plant seeds for the earth that so needs it. You care for justice. You care for the climate. You care for one another because you become that light. You become that carrier of luminosity. You are that heart.

This is why we meditate. Yes, there's healing. Yes, there's breathing. Yes, there's vision sometimes. Yes, there are things we need to come to terms with in ourselves. Yes, there are ways of quieting ourselves and opening. In the end, it's to remember who you really are. The end of exile, the illumination. It is who you are, your true nature. You are loving awareness itself. Trust it.

You're the witness, the consciousness. You are that same light as the sun, the same source. Rest in it. It is your home.

So I hope, dear ones, that this reminds you of something, opens you, nourishes you, brings more love, sweetness, tenderness, courage, strength.

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