



Skyline, Summer - 2017

Earthlines

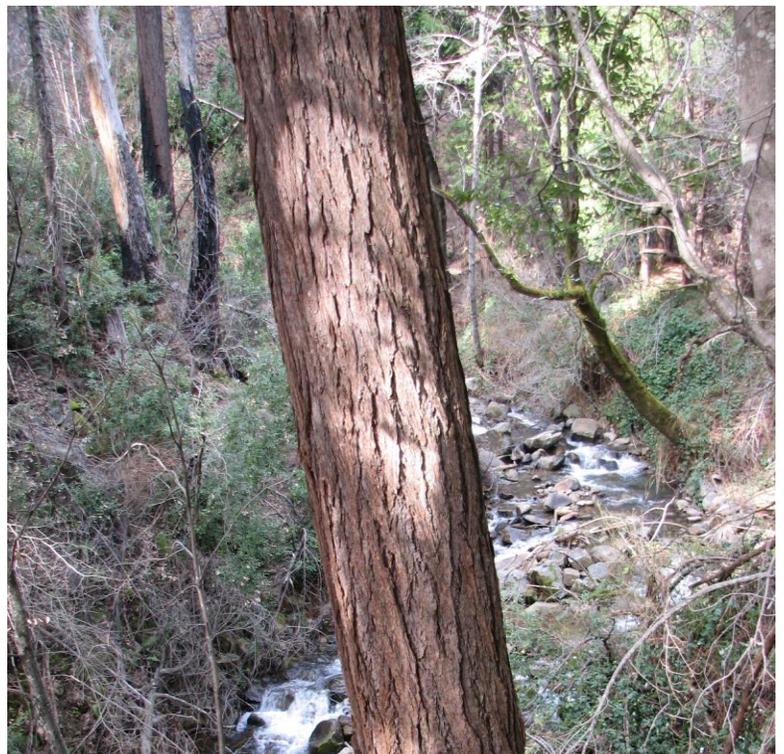
By Diane Pendola

Time is No Enemy

The wild sweet peas are exploding their pink and purple faces across the hill in front of our house. I feel a sense of joy looking at them as I listen to all the various birds chirping and whistling and talking. Just a few weeks ago the adults were making their nests. Now the young have fledged, and together they are like parents and children calling to each other in the cool green of a wooded park. This bird world is constantly available for me to tune to, but I need to quiet my own chatter to hear their speech, to enter their world.



The thunder of the creek in the canyon is also here. I sense the birds land in the inner limbs and branches of me, extending from my heart and up into my crown; whereas the roar of Bridger Creek is in my root, a deep cavern pouring out energy, life, and vitality, connected to mystery, to the hidden and unknowable well-springs of life.



I'm sitting in the swing on our deck. It is early morning. The sun is just beginning to light the tops of the trees to the east as the waters of Bullard's Bar Reservoir begin to gleam from gray to blue. Sitting here I have a sense of well-being: listening, sensing, feeling, smelling the alive coolness of the new morning before the summer heat settles in, and life takes a nap beneath the shade of the giant fig tree.

To me this seems the one thing necessary: quieting my chattering mind so that I can listen to what connects me, rather than listening to my tired thoughts about what separates me. The wind blows and I am reminded of Jesus breathing on his friends and saying “Receive the Holy Spirit.” Wind is here. Breath is here. Holy spirit is here. It is I who go away from this awakening breeze on my skin, in my lungs, and singing through the sweet song of a house wren.

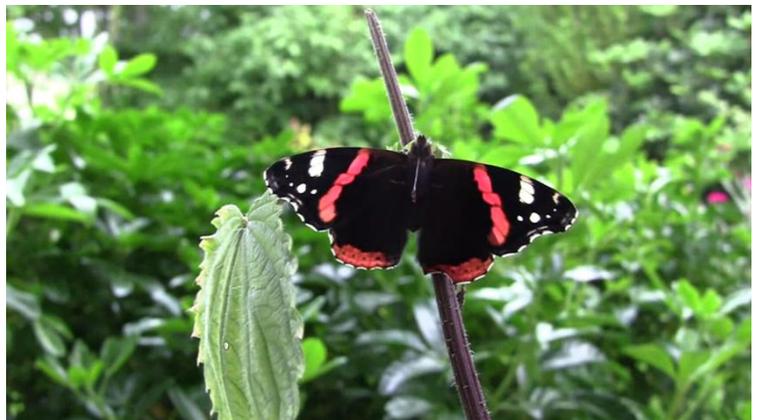


My mind is an unruly thing. Silence is my remedy; listening my medicine. Receive the gift that is already given. Let the egoic trappings fall away—well named for the traps they are. Let my eternal Self slough off the too tight skins of identification with all that I am not. Let the gleaming kundalini serpent energy rise unrestrained. Let the butterfly emerge from her chrysalis.



And be patient.

Time is the cocoon that allows eternity to reveal her brilliant sun-lit wings. Time is no enemy— though it be a dreadful door to pass through, and a laborious canal for a soul’s precious birth.



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Photos of sweet peas; tree on stream bank; black dog beneath fig tree, are all by Diane Pendola taken at Skyline Eco-contemplative Center; photo of wren from <https://pixnio.com>; Photos of butterflies from

<https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fichier:EmergenceVuIcain.ogv> Go to this link to watch a two minute video of this amazing process from caterpillar to butterfly.