



Skyline
EARTHLINES

By Diane Pendola

Fall 2015 ~ My Strength is Trust

Trees are sanctuaries. Whoever knows how to speak to them, whoever knows how to listen to them, can learn the truth. They do not preach learning and precepts, they preach, undeterred by particulars, the ancient law of life.

-Herman Hesse

I have been contemplating the nature of Being. I have been asking myself is Being intelligent? And then I look at a tree. I look at a rose. I look at a mother lioness wrapping her huge paws around her tiny cubs.

Is Being loving? I was moved recently by the images of Syrian refugees caught within the borders of Hungary, weary, confused and surrounded by police. The trains were reminiscent of another time when people were loaded into box-cars and taken to camps where they did not want to go. The pictures made me shutter. But then other pictures began to be shown: regular Hungarians lining the road to give food and water to the refugees who had decided to walk to the Austrian border rather than to load trains to unknown destinations. And then those photos from Germany: thousands of Germans with welcome signs, smiles, hugs and human to human empathy that gave hope to me that perhaps we have learned from our past; perhaps we are coming into an awareness that all of us are kindred and sharing this planet; that we rise or fall together. Perhaps Being is as loving as we are. Perhaps Being loves through us.

From the discoveries of quantum physics, to the ancient Vedas, to the prologue of John's gospel both modern science and ancient wisdom have intuited a universal field of nature's intelligence fundamental to all the forms and phenomena in the universe. It seems so simple: Trust the love and intelligence of Being, of the energy that has brought the Monarch Butterfly, the Blue Whale and the Sequoia into manifestation. Yet it seems we trust anything and everything but this organizing intelligence at the root of our own true nature.

As Herman Hesse continues in his beautiful reflection on trees:

A tree says: My strength is trust. I know nothing about my fathers, I know nothing about the thousand children that every year spring out of me. I live out the secret of my seed to the very end, and I care for nothing else. I trust that God is in me. I trust that my labor is holy. Out of this trust I live.

I want to live out of this trust. I want to relax my own mind and attempts at control. I want to sink my life force into the dark unknown like a tree trusts its roots into the hold of mother earth. I want to return to a childlike simplicity that is not childish; that is hard won from the grief and the struggles and the losses and the triumphs of a fully lived human life. I want to let go of my sense of separateness and specialness and surrender all my doing into a being that surpasses my best thoughts and informs the deepest recesses of my heart. Yes, I think my strength is trust. I think it is our strength... human and other-than-human alike. I think it is our hope.

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Herman Hesse quote from <https://www.brainpickings.org/2012/09/21/hermann-hesse-trees/>