



Winter 2019

Skyline
EARTHLINES

By Diane Pendola

Released by Forgiveness

*Undo the thong of the yoke.
Let the oppressed go free.
Begin with yourself.*



Each of us is a prisoner. Each of us is a liberator. Each of us is a gate. And each of us is a key. Each of us is able to open. And each of us is able to close. What you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven. And what you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven. Forgiveness is the key—your heart, the gate.

Forgiveness of self, first. Can you, will you, let yourself out of the dungeon? Out of the hell of self-punishment for all the lost dreams and lost opportunities to give and receive love? Or will you bind yourself with your own fear and loathing, your own anger and dread, shutting heaven's gate and sealing away its light in your own self-made tomb?



And if you can forgive yourself, then perhaps you can offer forgiveness. Perhaps you can perceive the light streaming through the key hole into your cell of revenge and self-righteousness, allowing you to see the other in yourself, and yourself in the other; forgiving in them what you have already tenderly touched inside yourself.



Now the light is burning through hell's door, streaming into dark corners, illuminating all those to whom you are chained by your need to punish. One by one you slip their hold upon you as you turn away from your locked embrace toward the incoming light.

But now the light is strong enough to reveal those you have hurt, wounded, hated and violated. Yes, you— out of your own fear, your own ignorance, your own callous self-centeredness. Light now streams through the gate, through key hole and from under the threshold. It burns through cracks and licks the hinges. Yet these harmed refuse to release

you from the dark hold of your own sin. You are bound together in this hell by your mutual demand for suffering.



But even in prison you need water. Fetch your empty basin. Fill it with your tears. Soften the entire geography of your being with the greening rain of your sorrow, your regret and remorse. Bring the basin to the feet of each you have wounded:

“Will you forgive me? I ask your forgiveness.”

Hinges melt. The gate swings open. The whole of you is flooded with light: a stream flowing freely between heaven and earth. Unbound. Released by forgiveness.



We hold the keys, you and I. Begin with our own hearts because our hearts contain the entire world. And the entire world awaits the unloosing of our love.

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