

## Veriditas Friday Handheld Labyrinth Meditation

Laura Esculcas, January 27, 2023

Theme: Compassion for the Walk

— — —

**May I be kind to myself in this moment.  
May I accept this moment exactly as it is.  
May I accept myself exactly as I am in this moment.  
May I give myself all the compassion I need.**

— — —

*Self-Compassion Practice to Rewire Your Brain for Resilience, by Linda Graham*

<https://lindagraham-mft.net/wp-content/uploads/2020/08/Self-Compassion-Practices-to-Deepen-Your-Resilience-Mindful.pdf>



### **Inspiration: Compassionate Pele - Compassion, Emotional Maturity**

“Let this card be a reminder to walk the path of peace and compassion in every way, every day. Know that your every thought, word, and action has an effect on the whole and touches the Spirit of every other beings. Walk in awareness with compassion for all of creation.”

Excerpt from Sacred Geometry Cards for the Visionary Path  
by Francene Hart, p.99

### **Music by David Darling**

“The Beauty of All Things” from the album *Homage to Kindness*  
“Reverie” from the album *Gratitude*  
“Prayer for Compassion” from album of the same name

### **Poem: Before I Leave the Stage**

*By Alice Walker*

Before I leave the stage  
I will sing the only song  
I was meant truly to sing.

It is the song  
of I AM.  
Yes: I am Me  
&  
You.  
WE ARE.

I love Us with every drop  
of our blood  
every atom of our cells  
our waving particles  
—undaunted flags of our Being—  
neither here nor there.

## Poem: Belonging

*by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer*

And if it's true we are alone,  
we are alone together,  
the way blades of grass  
are alone, but exist as a field.  
Sometimes I feel it,  
the green fuse that ignites us,  
the wild thrum that unites us,  
an inner hum that reminds us  
of our shared humanity.  
Just as thirty-five trillion  
red blood cells join in one body  
to become one blood.  
Just as one hundred thirty-six thousand  
notes make up one symphony.  
Alone as we are, our small voices  
weave into the one big conversation.  
Our actions are essential  
to the one infinite story of what it is  
to be alive. When we feel alone,  
we belong to the grand communion  
of those who sometimes feel alone—  
we are the dust, the dust that hopes,  
a rising of dust, a thrill of dust,  
the dust that dances in the light  
with all other dust, the dust  
that makes the world.