

## Veriditas Friday Labyrinth Meditation: Presence

March 25, 2022

*Laura Esculcas, Facilitator and Rob Hodges, Cello*

My gaze is clear like a sunflower,  
It is my custom to walk the roads  
Looking right and left  
And sometimes looking behind me,  
And what I see at each moment  
Is what I never saw before,  
And I'm very good at noticing things.  
I'm capable of feeling the same wonder  
A newborn child would feel  
If he noticed that he's really and truly been born.  
I feel at each moment that I've just been born  
Into a completely new world...

I believe in the world as a daisy,  
Because I see it. But I don't think about it,  
Because to think is to not understand.  
The world wasn't made for us to think about it  
(To think is to have eyes that aren't well)  
But to look at it and to be in agreement.

—

To think a flower is to see it and smell it  
And to eat a fruit is to know its meaning.

—

I go inside, and shut the window.  
They bring the lamp and bid me goodnight,  
And my contented voice bids them goodnight too.  
If only my life could always be this:  
The day full of sun or bright with rain,  
Or else stormy as if it were the end of the world,  
The gentle evening, passing groups of people  
Observed with interest from my window.  
A last friendly glance at the tranquil trees,  
And then, with the window shut, the lamp lit,  
Without reading anything, or thinking anything, or sleeping,  
Feeling life flow through me like a river along its riverbed,  
And there, outside, a great silence like a sleeping god.

*translated from the Portuguese by Margaret Jull Costa and Patricio Ferrari*

**- Alberto Caeiro (Heteronym of Fernando Pessoa)  
From his book *The Keeper of Sheep***

**Instructions for living a life:**

**Pay attention.**

**Be astonished.**

**Tell about it.**

**-Mary Oliver, from the poem "sometimes"**

Hopelessness leads to hope. It is through hopelessness, not in spite of it, that we arrive at hope. When we are hopeless, when we believe we have exhausted all our options, then we stop reasoning, we stop rationalizing, we stop justifying or looking for threads to cling to.

Surrendering to hopelessness is to allow yourself to be taken into the dark night of the soul, to descend into the underworld, to throw up your hands and say, my God why have you forsaken me? And then, yes then - when all hope is exhausted and all expectations cease - you are suddenly plunged into stillness: the stillness of non-expectation, the stillness of the now, the stillness within yourself.

And from the place of stillness, we finally begin to hear, or really truly listen to, birdsong, the wind, its echo in our own breath, the beating of our hearts, and the sigh of Nature.

Out of stillness comes renewed sensitivity, an awareness of the enduring dialogue we are having with the world through our five senses, and an experience of the calm at the center of the storm. In that calm is where God waits for us, has been and always will be waiting for us: the God-spark, which is found in the now and is longing for the manna only we are capable of feeding it through this present-moment-in-which-no-time-exists dialogue of the senses.

**-Laura Esculcas, March 2022**

***Inspiration Card***

**Jade Meander**

Meaning: Harmony, Beauty.

Message: Walk in beauty and flow with the harmony of the spheres

***Sacred Geometry Cards for the Visionary Path***

***by Francene Hart***