

"Yet ... I urge you, ask you, gentle you, to please not spend your spirit dry by bemoaning these difficult times. Especially do not lose hope. Most particularly because, the fact is – we were made for these times. When a great ship is in harbor and moored, it is safe, there can be no doubt. But ... that is not what great ships are built for."

...One of the most calming and powerful actions you can do to intervene in a stormy world is to stand up and show your soul. Soul on deck shines like gold in dark times.

The light of the soul throws sparks, can send up flares, builds signal fires ... causes proper matters to catch fire. To display the lantern of soul in shadowy times like these – to be fierce and to show mercy toward others, both — are acts of immense bravery and greatest necessity. Struggling souls catch light from other souls who are fully lit and willing to show it. If you would help to calm the tumult, this is one of the strongest things you can do."

-Clarissa Pinkola Estes

And I have been thinking and feeling and feeling some more, constantly wondering how to keep up the dialogue with my son who is feeling the climate, the intensity of our world right now. I sense his tenderness and willingness to face and listen to stories about violence being directed at real people on both sides of the political line. He is inquisitive and seems to be asking for me to keep talking to him, to not pretend everything is ok or to just move on. I think this opening, this unveiling the vulnerable is what also gives him the freedom to feel the full spectrum of joy. I sense that there is something safe for him about this revealing of the hidden, of the previously unsaid.

The Sunday after the election was his 11-year-old birthday party and I showed up raw, very much in my feminine. By that I mean, I carry with me this feeling that I no longer want to hide, that I bring with me bear, jaguar, and the felt expression of my rising. And as I felt the earth beneath me, the November sun and wind, I had this overwhelming sense of awe about my son's fierce love of life.

This love, this complete freedom of being a boy, complete surrendering to the heartbeat of his tribe,

-while the world breathed its heavy sighs of grief,

it's erupting chaos and violence,

-while the people stood at Standing Rock crying "protect the sacred. water is life,"

And all the while, the earth held these beautiful boys in her wild ways,

-And they ran and ran and ran some more

-And they sang as loud as they could possibly sing into the wind, into the sun, into the moment-

-And they chased each other as wildly as they could through the grass and the trees and the sky

-And they knew that the right thing to do was to be alive, to be so very big, loud and alive.

There is a strong rising of voices from the planet, from the mourning of the people which is feeding my heart, is shedding some light in the cracks. This deep awakening from within is giving me new sight and I am seeing..

-seeing the shadow of my son as we stand on the bridge in Reeder's Alley loudly howling at the Super Moon

-seeing what my therapist means when he says, " I no longer appear like an apparition,

a vapor,

a ghost"

-Jamie Anesi

Blessing Prayer: Clarissa Pinkola Estes

Relax , hand on heart or palms open and up, close eyes

May you be kept safe

May you be watched over

May all the good that you are seeking, seek you as well

And may you know that everything you need is given to you in the proportion that you need it.

And may you see the signs everywhere that help you to understand and to learn exactly

Who you are, why you are and most of all that you belong to us, tribe of the sacred heart, many of us scar clan.

Amen and as my grandmother used to say and a little woman.

-Clarissa Pinkola Estes (Dangerous Old Woman)