

From One human to Another

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There was a time when the wind touched the trees and the trees spoke. Their leaves, messengers of the event of this dialogue would then pass through the air, among the plants, flowers and insects and land with a gentle touch on the moist ground where their decay would enable the message to pass into the soil, as nutrients. The message of death as regeneration, as the poetry of life.

When I look at the world today, and at all the different factions trying so hard to be heard, to be right, I feel like the leaves have lost their way. They have not landed on the rich ground. They have been interrupted by life's inventions, life's tarmac of ideas.

I truly feel that there is one thing that we all have in common and that is the ability to feel. If we connect to that, we will see how all the things we are doing are as a cry for being noticed, for contributing. Another thing that we have in common is that we are afraid of the dark. Of being alone. Of being ourselves, for we do not really know what that means on the human level. Our inability to hear each other is a reflection of our inability to know ourselves well enough to put ourselves to one side, in order to truly listen.

The ego of the self is frightened. Of everything true. It knows its time is limited so it rushes to make the most of it. To it, death is real. To the spirit, death is but a moment of change, of ultimate contribution, whether it is through the body's own decomposition or through the releasing of the ideas that each person emanated in his or her lifetime, that then become available on the wind, like the petals of a dandelion, carried beyond their normal domain of residency.

We give all the time and yet we forget that the giving is an act of generosity from beyond ourselves, to beyond ourselves. There's a reason giving makes us feel good. When we give, in some deep part of our being, we are aware of recognizing the quality and truth of our connectedness. When we give, whether it is by deep listening or by the simple ability to remain still in a crisis, we are being moved by our inherent belongingness to that which is, to that which created us, houses us and moves us beyond ourselves. We ultimately belong to the planet, to the stars, to the void, to each other, to the abstract, to the everything and to the nothing. We belong in and out of time itself. We just belong. Even if we cannot name that to which we belong, to which we resonate, we still belong.

We are all home. In love.

There is always love.

Love loves us. And that is belonging.

With thanks,
Clare

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