

Underpinnings

There's a tiny grey rock wren waddling up and down the pine tree outside my music room window. I see him almost daily pecking a free meal. He never seems to worry where his next buggy delight is coming from. And then there's that geranium on the deck - a crimson so brilliant it takes my breath away. And my stomach is creating a series of complex enzymatic "ase's" and "ose's" which are transmuting the Caribbean papaya I ate about an hour ago, into pure energy, so that I can think and type. And here we all are, sitting atop a spinning silvery blue orb, twirling around a fiery ball whose light and warmth give life to everything here on earth. Our sun with all its planets in tow is circling a star called Betelgeuse in the constellation of Orion. And the whole kit and kaboodle is twirling around yet another sun much further afield. My God! I mean, these are huge fields of action! What unfathomable power and majesty and order!

And, I don't hear the slightest moan or groan. There is no straining or forcing. All this is unfolding in silent grace. Do I *really* think that this momentum which pours forth and sustains galaxies with such perfect ease is incapable of correcting the little blips and bumps that loom so big on the screen of our awareness?

Personally, I am grateful for all the temporary man-made, mind-made, economic, technological, political, judicial, military, medical, and educational solutions that mankind has come up with to keep the litany of problems we have created over the millennia at bay. And I suspect that these institutions will need to be kept in place a little while longer. But in the secret crevasses of heart and mind, the fact that these solutions have never permanently rectified anything is becoming more and more obvious.

All I have to do is see the elegant action of the rock wren sailing from the pine bough into the skies to know that all the power needed to eradicate war, starvation, cancer, AIDS, anger, depression, drought, flood, crime and abuse of all kinds is present with us now. But I don't expect a big feather duster to come swooping down out of a cloud and swiff away all our problems. Power - Love's power - works through people who know how to vessel it properly. Something is required of us human beings in order that this earth may be delivered from out of the jaws of chaos and torment into the beauty, glory, magnificence, and harmony that, at some level, we all know is potential. If we didn't inherently know that we were intended to reveal something much finer, grander, and glorious, then why are we forever striving for it? How do we know there is something to strive for, if that something isn't inherent in life itself, and in us?

Actually, the solution is very simple. It may take some changing of habit and thought. But it is very simple. All that is required is that from this moment on we devote the fullness of our being to listening to and obeying the commands of the "still, small, inner voice" present with us now, and now, and now. Those directives are born of a

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oneness with the same force and wisdom which create and sustain the cosmos. It's that simple.

Who is willing, right now, to drop his or her grinding obsession with trying to hammer out a life based on what he or she imagines will make him happy? Who is willing instead to trust his words, his actions, his feelings, his well-being to the quiet but insistent inner urgings that are one with the power that designed and built that rock wren in the first place? Who is willing to get to know that power and cooperate with it, so that this world and all who dwell upon it have a chance at the same freedom, joy, power, order, harmony, and fulfillment that the wren knows?

Who's in?

Ellen

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