

Benediction®

Unexpectedly awakened just before dawn by invisible urgings, I arise in the darkness and open a window shade that shields me from the outside world.

Standing in the cool morning hush, I am now bathed in the soft golden light of the lushness of the full moon.

I have always preferred moon bathing to sunbathing, welcoming the satiny feel of moonlight on my skin like the touch of one I love.

I close my eyes and indulge in this voluptuous pause.

In this morning moment, the moon seems extra close, as if she has drifted down toward me during the night, calling me to feel her palpably cool caress on my skin.

This caress gestures with a wondrous alchemy, coaxing me into a soundless conversation, binding my soul to the moon's soul in a sudden and perfect promise of wedded bliss.

The moon implores me to open fearlessly.

Yielding, I receive into my deepest Self the simple eternal beauty of her radiant light.

I am struck by her beauty of course, as I have always been devotedly porous to beauty.

Beauty has, since childhood, seeped into me countless times through the permeable boulevard of my senses, and each time that beauty captures me, it unfailingly slakes my thirsting soul.

And so it is now.

But there is more.

Tasting this moment clearly, I feel an unexplainable sense of oneness with all life, with all the bearers of eyes that have gazed upon this self-same moon since time began.

I watch as Eve did, as Buddha did, as Shakespeare did, as Mozart did, as wild tigers on the savannah did, as all life has done with wonder and wisdom.

I reflect on the moon as hare and doe and soaring night bird have done during an unimaginable number of past nights since the moment of creation.

I smile, recognizing that I am unassailably kin to all these creatures.

I am safe now, standing on our Mother Earth, held in the wispy arms of the moon's rays, and hearing the song of her beauty so clearly.

I know with a tangible unshakeable understanding that I am more than just connected to the river of life because I *am* that river.

I bow my head in humility and wonder.

I leave the cathedral of the moonlight, refreshed, forgiven and forgiving, to welcome with a full heart the unknown of the waiting day.