

Full Moon April 2011. Where the walking stick took me.

I can only go forward. The way behind me has disappeared. I can choose to go forward gladly, from here where I am. I chose my fate. The fate that I chose is a good one. It offers me opportunities to grow, in ways I must need to grow. I need this moment, so that I can see the clouds moving through the sunlight. So that I can realize what I've done with my life. So that I can accept what I haven't accomplished. So that I can choose to love what is. So that I can gladly go forward.

I exercise my capacity for free will as I live through this moment. The fact is, I am here. What I want may not be. The way I respond to this difference is the choice I am given. The moment becomes divisible into an infinity of opportunities to choose. In each, I have a whole lifetime in which to alter my perception of what is. I can choose to see what is as beautiful. Every incarnation is an expression of this opportunity.

The ultimate expression of any lifetime is to be excited by life. To wake up looking forward to the day ahead. The nearer we get to the end of any lifetime, the more we realize this – the opportunity in each day. Even if it is a day spent waiting. The clouds moving through the sunlight. The raindrop. The spider. The flower. All that we can perceive, if we choose to, as beautiful.

I do not seek to define beauty. I do not wish to know better. I do not want for anything to change except that within me which is not in love with what is.

I look out the window at the clouds. There is a tree between my eyes and the clouds. It is blowing around in the wind. I know it is sick with root rot, and my first thought of it is that it should be cut down. It is almost dead anyway. Very few needles left, only little tufts here and there. But I see in its movement the joy of all living things. I see it choose to love what life is left to it, to dance with the wind, to know the sun, to embrace the rain.

The tree seems to me to be excited. Not by what could be, but by what is. As the tip of each branch lifts and falls, as the stem bends and creaks, I learn what it means to be here now. For me to go forward beautifully, I must be here now, beautifully. I choose to be so. I choose to be so again. I choose to be so again. I have many opportunities to choose to perceive my life as a series of beautiful moments, moving forward in this way. The past falls away, the future arises. I choose to embrace my fate with loving arms.

The Moon is Full this evening at 7:44 PM pacific time. If you are looking for it then, look to the 28th degree of Libra, where it will be waiting for you to wrap your heart around its message.

The Fairchild symbol for that degree is, "A little old woman in a shack in the woods offers spiritual guidance."

Take it.

Jon