

Mirror of the Universe

Mirror of the universe began one day when I was looking at a pool of water in the red rocks. I had been walking an edge of red rocks in some cliffs. There was an outcropping of rock on the higher levels where existed this pool of water. It's a pool that never goes away, it is there throughout the year. In this circle of water I was reminded a story of the Great Mystery. Everything is a circle. What we create becomes is energy that returns to us.

In the magic of sacred winds my world flows with very serendipitous and synchronistic patterns. It is a constant flow that surrounds me and my world is guided by it. Perhaps it is something amplified by the nature of the red rocks.

In these challenging times it becomes important to understand how we create our road. It is easy to believe that what flows our way is not of influence of our creation. But then what is that we tell ourselves when we are impacted by this returning flow, is a question for our deepest warrior.

I'm constantly seeing the polarities and balance in all things. I'm reminded of this at sunrise and sunset. There are times in the morning hours where I could place my hand on the horizon as the moon just touches it and at the same time the sun just touching the opposing horizon. It's a perfect time of symmetry mirrored by the sky.

These qualities are constantly reflected through nature and our everyday journey. The night and the day are two eagles that see with different eyes. They are two guardians of sacred sight when we allow ourselves to see. We can find stillness in the storms as the knowledge of clarity can be sitting in the gentle breeze.

A ripple in a pool of water is the circle or spirit and its never-ending flow. All of these signs are found in the things around us when we have the eyes to see. A pool of water is much like fire, both tell the stories of creation.

There are as many doorways of understanding the nature of spirit and universe as there is stars in the sky.

All is infinite and ever changing. The only thing constant in the universe is change. So the Earth is the robe of spirit and all things that exist on it is the mirrors of the universe.