



January 2002

Volume 2, No. 1

Poetry

Now IS the Time

An Opening

Somehow it feels like now is the time.

As if this is the cosmic opportunity, finally,

.....

To see a fuller version of the truth,

.....

That illusive view which sweeps away our illusions,

.....

Allowing us a moment to glimpse the Greater Reality

.....

Of which we could, each of us, and everyone, become a part.

.....

Ah, to taste Life, to hear the music of the Spheres, to smell our own breath,

.....

To touch Infinity and to dwell in the Eternal Moment.

.....
If we just take the time and create the place,
.....

To pause, to reflect, to self-review, to self-renew,
.....

For the potential rewards of any "here and now,"

Especially this NOW !!!

Call your guardians around you.

This IS the time.

Take this time,

Before it too is lost, fleeting into the time killed,

The time not realized.

The Time is NOW !!!

It is hard to find these windows in time

Through which we can look and see with crystal clarity,

Around corners, across time, and behind the back of beyond.

Back into the wisdom's of the past,

Into the depths of ourselves in the present,

And, even into a clearly perceived future,

We can plan to be the fullness of our potential.

THIS is the time our of time.

Entering Through Our Doorway

Finally, in this moment, if we choose,
We can pause in a deep way,
For in this moment is
An opportunity forced on us by tragedy,
Yet, an opportunity we have been waiting for
From the deeper levels of our being-ness.
This moment, somehow intuited, but never quite felt before.

This moment, to pause for reflection,
Brought to us by the deep oceans of our despair,
A deep cleansing only offered to us
After the sweat of our sincere labors,
Flows from the core of our hearts,
In times of deep and tragic circumstances,
Which confront us with our denied limitations,
Which humble us in a forgotten way.

Some of these moments are
Only occasionally offered to us,
For the possible vision of our wholeness,
At least, as best as we ever can glimpse it,
From our huddled, prayerful human-ness.

This is a moment that we never would wish on anyone,
But must grasp with all the firmness of our greater Self,
As Jung would say, with a capital "S."

We each will do this in our own way,
Given the uniqueness of our ability for seeking, ...
For finding, ...for knowing.....
We must call forth our courage

To stay near our core.

For all there is, for us, for others, and for that beyond our ken.

Finally, the moment of promise has come

To seek and know the perennial wisdoms,

Which have been laid down

As the basis for all of life's lessons,

Taught, but not yet comprehended,

Hard fought, and yet never learned with inspiration and clarity,

Holding Onto Eternal Time?

Seize this moment

For it may not cycle back through us again,

In this lifetime.

For that is just the nature of things,

As we can know them to be.

These are things far beyond our control,

Beyond our meager management.

We are helpless to manage

Father Time and Mother Nature.

We are their children,

Not their makers.

In these kinds of moments,

We can hold dear an opportunity

To reflect on the past, with all its harshness,

And with all its beauty, harmony and balance,

From our safe place,

Where we commit with sacred intention,

To know justice and truth.

From our safe place of no place,
Which opens into the broader horizons
We all are capable of navigating,
When we take the time and set aside the space in our lives,
For that which we call sacred.

A Place Made Sacred

Finally, a place of sacredness,
Where we can take measure of
That which we must, and most, truly treasure
And give gratitude for the inventory of our many blessings,
Forgive ourselves our transgressions,
Atone for our omissions,
Suffer our consequences,
And find the plan that will balance our sorrows with our joys.

It is at this kind of time, in this kind of space,
Where we feel Grace,
Which we have worked so hard to attain,
But, can only open to,
Pray for, and wait for.....

It is that kind of time,
When we pause to give back,
Sacrifice our greeds, to only ask for our needs,
To beseech us our forgiveness,
And finally feel satisfied,
Finally knowing of the depth of our value,
Before our wealth, and after a tally of our blessings.

It is this kind of reflection that leads us
To the eternal, veritable truths,
That are offered to us, daily,
But which we hurry past,
In the everyday of our humming~drumming existences.

"All true Wisdom is in open books," Harry said,
"But, we must be ready to read it....."

The Sacred Void

The time is now and we have found the place.
We have arrived near the center,
Sitting near the core of our being-ness.
We with stay within this moment,
With its momentum.
We will finally take the time to see,
However, painfully,
Past the curtains of our desires,
And into the sacred place
Of our most valued and enduring wants,
Needs and opportunities.
There will be rewards beyond measure,
Hard to transcribe, hard to tally, but of the enduring value
We have been promised.

Let us freefall into the Sacred Void,
And accept the nothingness that we are,
The smallness of our self,
The limits of our number

In the face-count of historic time,
The minuteness of our number among the many,
And be relieved of our centeredness,
To experience a greater core of being,
For a moment, glimpse the light
In the darkness, at the center of all that is.

We are but a speck among the stars,
Even as our eyes try to grasp the horizon
Of our Planet Home.
Yet, we can be a spark,
Within the darkness,
If we so choose.

.....

It is from this state of being that we can know of things
Which are forever elusive, yet deeply desired,
Known by our Divine self, known by the Divine plan.
It is here and now that we can pause
To tap into the perennial wisdoms,
For the answers to those questions
That haunt us,that taunt us,that .tantalize us and
Yet, lead us ever onward toward a quality of life
That we somehow know is possible.

Even as we remember, we can choose to forget,
Even as we draw up the presence of our being-ness,
We can be present with what we choose,
Even as we hope for the future,
We can realize our choice to carry forward

Only what our Self needs and desires.

Heaven was conceived on Earth,

Earth can be our paradise.

Paradise can be our goal,

As well as our life's chosen destination.

On our life's chosen path

Let us remember to realize the fullness,

So we do not waste our opportunities.

Let riches be defined by value

Not by their cold, hard count.

Feeling The Blessing

Let us bless each moment,

Even as we damn our faults.

.....

Let us love our selves,

Even as we face our hatreds.

.....

Let us grow into our emptiness,

Even as we release our fullness

.....

Into a world waiting for our gifts,

To create more sacred emptiness.

.....

As we can look back across time,

.....

In this moment of strength of character,

.....

Supported by the hope and promise of our seeking,

.....

By moving into the reality of our being-ness,

.....

All at once,

.....

We finally can glimpse a greater plan:

.....

A plan that gives all a sense of value, all a sense of place

.....

And, all the time to grow into their potential, including us.

.....

Let us pause now to really look,

.....

Because now we can really see,

.....

Because now we can really feel,

.....

Because now we can really know,

.....

Because now, we can really understand,

.....

Because now we can really believe,

.....

With a clarity and purpose, and with a meaningfulness

.....

That only our privilege and practice of honor

.....

Will allow us to attain.

.....

It is now that our strength will allow us honesty,

.....

It is now that our hope will allow us the privilege of seeing

.....

Into a future of possibilities,

.....

It is now that our faith will allow us to see a grand design,

.....

Which will offer us an understanding of things far greater than ourselves,

.....
A vision more inclusive than our everyday,
.....

Our perceptions are cleared of illusions,
.....

A commitment that will lead us to a more meaningful and purposeful life.....
.....

These moments are so hard to sustain.....
.....

Let us not miss the moment.

Let us begin again, even as we finish.....

The Re-Invocation

Now is the time,
Let us make sacred this place,
Let us live the peacefulness,
Inside us and around us,
And stay strong enough to choose
To be ever open to the Whatever.

Call your guardians around you.

Now is the time.

Happy New Vision,
Happy New Birthing,
Happy New Year,
Even as every day has a new dawning.

New Year's 2002,
after September 11th, 2001,
a new beginning.

**Dedicated to all those who have had the capacity to love
And care for me deeply, as I grew, and as I continue to grow....**

Thank you.

Roberta J. H. Shoemaker-Beal
Hidden Creek,
Wimberley, Texas
USA
Copyright 2001.

Thought for the Day

John MacEnulty

I am on a mountain top, looking down, seeing the beauty from this perspective, feeling the love flowing, wrapt in adoration.

I am in awe of the power of this place, my presence in it, the joy and peace.

It is the stillness of my soul, my quiet within, the silencing of the many voices, the clarity of divine love, everything.

How do I deserve this, the questioning mind asks, breaking the peace, introducing doubt. I am not so wise as this peace, not the real teacher. I am a lone human in the presence of something so far beyond me as to flood me with silence and humility.

Yet I speak.

I am witness. That is all.

The gift is shown me, and I share.

It is beyond me, this rainbow mountain, this paradise of birds and love.

Yet I am a part, its part, its love, a manifestation within of the divine beauty. I am one with God, and I tell you it exists, this beauty within the silence.

If there is wisdom here, it is the wisdom of witness, the wisdom of humility.

Today I will make many mistakes, hunger and need. But I will witness again and again and speak the beauty.

The world needs this wisdom, this information, this fact of the existence of the mountain of truth and beauty. See the beauty. Love and give the freedom.

We are witness who share from our mountain tops, come down, live in the world, love, forgive, and return.

Eman8tions

Copyright © 2001 by John MacEnulty

1/1/2002, St. Louis, MO

"Finding the Love, Volume 1, Emanations from the Still Point" is now available. It is a collection of the daily writings and is available for 17.95 plus 3.50 mailing. (For two or three copies to the same address the total postage will be 3.95 due to a flat rate priority mail.) Make your check payable to Emanations, PO Box 1925, St. Louis MO 63118.

<http://hometown.aol.com/eman8tions/myhomepage/business.html>

<http://www.geocities.com/eman8tions>

Please feel free to forward Eman8tions
to anyone you think will enjoy it or benefit from it.
If you are receiving Eman8tions as a forward
please feel free to subscribe for yourself.

Subscription is free. Email your request to
Eman8tions@aol.com
John MacEnulty
PO Box 1925
St. Louis MO 63118

TERMS OF USE

The International Journal of Healing and Caring On Line is distributed electronically. You may choose to print your downloaded copy for relaxed reading. Feel free to forward this to others.

The International Journal of Healing and Caring
P.O. Box 76, Bellmawr, NJ 08099
Phone (609) 714-1885 - Fax (609) 714-3553

Email: center@ijhc.org Web Site: <http://www.ijhc.org>

Copyright 2001 IJHC. All rights reserved.