

A Vision for Anyone Who Feels Lost

I looked from a long way off, from a different perspective in time, and saw you sitting there... a tired and sad expression in your eyes. I wanted to reach out somehow and fix things...to make everything all right. But I couldn't. So, I'm inviting you, now, to come to this place.

I live in a house in the middle of a high meadow, and there are wild flowers all around. It's a quiet place, far away from cities, warm and peaceful. The strange thing is that during the winter, outside and surrounding this meadow, even though a storm rages and the snow can drift to depths of fifteen feet or more, here on this mountain, the faint smell of flowers still mingles with butterflies on the breeze; and the clear stillness of the air is broken only by the buzzing of bees and the occasional cry of a bird in flight.

Sometimes, the wild creatures, such as fox and bear and bobcat, come out of the storms to collapse in the warm, sweet smelling grass. Their wounds are healed and their hearts are gentled, and they don't seem to mind one another's company at all, often lying side by side, peacefully, in the sun.

Yesterday, I saw a she-wolf drag herself into the meadow, half dead from starvation and covered with raw, ugly wounds; but today, she's lazing about, her eyes are bright and her coat is rough and shining. And there's no sign at all that she'd ever been hurt. She can leave any time she wishes; and, for awhile, a piece of the meadow will surround and stay with her.

Please come and visit, my friend. Don't get that stubborn look on your face that I know and love so well. There's no need to weather the storm alone. My Father's mountain is a beautiful place and you can come at any time; but I think that winter is best. Come in the winter if you can...or better still, just before winter begins, because that's the time when miracles are most easily seen. [TSP]