

Wednesday evening reflections

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As her day comes to an end, maybe the clarity of her minds might be suffused with contentment, with clarity, and we can appreciate that. Or maybe we're being visited by some discontent and the clarity and wisdom feel far away. But just a simple presence of mindfulness can bring all those wholesome qualities closer. And then the challenges that come up are not a problem to be solved, but just another experience to be known, another experience that comes and goes. And when those hindrances pass, we can appreciate the ease of them. So regardless if right now the path feels like we're walking up a steep hill, or if it feels like the momentum of practice is carrying you, just floating down the stream, the practice is the same, the simple recognition of what's here, and letting go of anything that complicates that.

I'd like to end the evening with a poem by Donna Falls called *Allow*.

There is no controlling life. Try corraling a lightning bolt, containing a tornado, dam a stream, and it will create a new channel. Resist and the tide will sweep you off your feet, allow and grace will carry you to higher ground. The only safety lies in letting it all in, the wild and the weak, fear, fantasies, failures and success. When loss rips off the doors of the heart or sadness fails your vision with despair practice becomes simply bearing the truth. In the choice to let go of your known way of being, the whole world is revealed to your new eyes.