

SHAKING DOWN THE SEEDS

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Wintertime has settled into the red rock mesas of northern New Mexico. The blue skies have quieted since the geese and sandhill cranes have flown by boisterously celebrating their migration to the waters farther south. I rarely cross paths these days with coyotes and jackrabbits. There's a hush among the lavender since the hum of bumblebees has grown silent. The yucca and prickly pear cactus simply hold their ground, no new fruits or pods or blossoms, no visible signs of growth since the frosts. The quieting on the land and shortened hours of daylight have brought my winter homing instincts into full bloom - to be home by dark; to settle in and embrace the quiet; to focus inwardly, like the trees, toward the core of my being and my roots.

Jasmine, our beloved canine friend, blends her wild romps on the mesas with long hours sleeping on the land - luxuriously stretched out in the warmth of the sun, her nose touching the ground, breathing in the earth. The winter ways of the canines reveal the extraordinary that exists in the ordinary moments of life. Like taking a nap. Deep inside the stillness we discover the rhythms of our own hearts. Breathing in the earth and soaking up the sun intimately connect us with immense celestial beings, our planet and our star and the healing medicines they freely share, the remarkable knowledge they've gathered up through the passages of space and time. It's all there in the soil and the sunbeams. Jasmine breaths it in and soaks it all up - a wide-open welcoming of the gifts being shared, a grateful giving-back with ease and contentment, a natural weaving of connection with all that's alive within her and all around. The lushness of the sharing between the canine, earth and sun has gotten me to wondering what it'd be like to so generously give and so warmly receive the diverse and extraordinary gifts of life ~ in all the ordinary everyday moments, with each and every breath that I take.

The songbirds enchant the winter season with an ingenious feasting dance. Bouncing around on golden tufts of dried flowers, the petite winged ones jostle the delicate stalks and blossoms until the ground is peppered with tiny morsels. Hopping down to the sandy soil, the birds chirp with

delight while gathering up the delectable seeds one by one.

Nourishment rains on the earth when songbirds shake down the seeds. A universe of potentials and vast volumes of information are held inside the body of each tiny seed. There within lies a living matrix of what is and what has been joined by innate, empowered knowing of when and how and what and who may be. The seeds taken in by the birds and those left resting on the earth nourish life with the sacred promise of generations to come.

Dreams awaken inside the winter stillness. Our inner journeys are our pathways home. When we discover and befriend who we really are, we fill up our inner space with our own unique and beautiful essence. That's what runs through our veins. That's who we feel in our bones. In the claiming of our passions, we remember our dreams. That's how we set ourselves free. It's a creative, organic unfolding. All things manufactured and synthetic get set aside.

Winter offers initiations into new cycles, a passage into stillness that feeds the birthings of spring, a readying for the awakenings to come. In this time on the earth so potent with change, I feel the whispers as I walk about the land: Nestle in the stillness. Breath in the earth. Soak up the sun. Shake down the seeds. There's an irresistible calling to join in this sharing with the earth and the sun and the moon and the seasons, with the four-leggeds, plant nations and winged ones. Nestle in the stillness. Breath in the earth. Soak up the sun. Shake down the seeds.

If we seek it, we will find it for it too is seeking us ~ the exuberant dance of life we're innately a part of. The vibration of ancient rhythms will be carried up along our roots. We'll feel the hum and soon find ourselves humming along, sharing our voice, finding our rhythm, dancing on rich fertile ground. Nestling in the stillness. Breathing in the earth. Soaking up the sun. Shaking down the seeds.

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