

Centering in the Wake of Charlottesville

I invite you to notice your breathing.
Bringing your awareness to be with life itself.

We sense that we are connected
and that what happens to one matters to us all.

We also sense that the reality and sacredness of our connection
is too often rejected in our world.

Violence and white supremacy cast aside
the intrinsic holiness of each person
and our essential connectivity to one another.
The inescapable reality of our being in one another.

The reality of our connectedness goes far beyond our understanding.

In our very own bodies, when we examine the nature of our cells and
the molecules within them that make up who we are,

We find that the building blocks of our existence
are not actually blocks, but instead
a constellation of relationships.

Scientists have not found any hard matter that endures through time.
Nothing is concrete, not even concrete.

The building blocks of the universe are not hard, unchanging,
Impermeable as we had thought.

The building blocks are tiny activities of relationships, permeable, changing,
dynamic.

The particles, quarks and quanta
that make up our world blip in and out of existence in
fundamental relationship with one another.

We are made of tiny activities of relationships,
Buzzing, moving,
defining and calling one another into form and being.

We are not separate billiard balls bouncing around in life,
Acting upon one another.
We are the interconnectedness of life itself.

No matter how lonely we may feel,
No matter the depths of our despair
or how all encompassing might be our belief that we truly are isolated.

No matter how discouraged we may feel.
how enraged we may feel about another's violence or equivocations,
no matter the number of torches lit,
the voices chanting,
the homemade shields made more to pummel than protect,
no matter the riot gear and number of semiautomatic guns,
No matter.
NO matter no matter.

No action or choice someone makes can terminate the relationships
that connect us and essentially make up who we are and how life moves.
No rally can overpower our connectedness.
Life cannot be cut off from itself.
We are always in relationships.
We are always a part of the activity of life.
We are still and will always be connected.

Not everyone knows this, senses this, experiences this...
Not everyone is able to feel the mystery and holiness of each and every
embodiment of life,
Each voice, each hue, each way of being.
Not everyone sources their life and perspective
from our wholeness
in being life itself.

Some of us don't know the gift of our own being.
Some of us have not been encouraged to trust the beauty that is our existence.

Some of us source our sense of self from being better than or worse than others.
I am just as likely as the next person
to believe my thinking and feeling that I am less than, or more than another.

Some source this perspective from a perverted version of religion.

Some do not know our intrinsic holiness
Our existence as a manifestation of life.

Our confusion, anger and grief exist,
Calling to us.
How will we answer?

Rather than nurture our anger into hatred and division,
Let us allow our anger and grief to speak to us,
Reminding us of our connectedness.

I invite you to take a breath and consider allowing yourself to welcome this
knowing not merely as an idea or a philosophy, but instead as the reality you
already embody.

Let us take a time of extended silence
to rest in our connectedness.

As we hold that knowing consciously here and now.
What happens to one matters to us all.