

Clear Light

On clear winter nights when your warm breath meets the cold air creating a small puff of fog, sister moon and a myriad of stars seem chiseled in the clarity of the moment. Winter nights echo with the stillness presented by bare trees and the absence of cricket symphonies. Winter evenings are lit by cinnamon smelling candles and tiny, glittering light bulbs. The stillness and the singular darkness intensify points of light in the sky and on the earth.

Light goes perfectly where it will.

Light can be beamed into any direction and it will find the perfect alignment. Walk into a dark room and activate the light switch. In seconds rods of light race to the farthest corners. Even where the eye can not see, light travels through wood and metal, over, under and around. From one flip of a small switch billions of particles of light are reflected, refracted and redirected. The particles of light just go and they don't stop. It continues whether we are aware or not, observing or not. In seeming darkness there is light. It can not, not exist.

Light is.

Imagine a Moravian star, 26 glowing points of light. In this season of gift-giving and anticipation, there is no gift more perfect than light. Send light 365 days a year, 12 months a year, any and every season. Light is not restricted by the calendar. No special wraps or bows are needed. No time of day or night is more appropriate. No special gifts of intuition or healing or fore knowledge of circumstances are required. There is no distance too far, no hurdle too high, and no water too rapid or deep. No predictions of outcome are necessary. Although we are infinitely connected, we can not know with complete certainty the needs of one another. But, we do recognize wants and desires. Rather than trying to fix someone else's problem with our version of their results, just send light. It is a magnificent gift that will perfectly mold into all containers of all sizes and shapes. And, regardless of the intentions of the sender, the chemistry is pure and the elixir soothes.

Observe the striking of a match and hear the hiss of connection as the small stick catches fire touching a candle wick initiating a halo of light. It is like the passage way between the conscious and unconscious mind at the edge of a distant dream. Yet, we perceive light to be visible and tangible. Can you not hold the candle? Beam a flashlight? In our desire to predict and direct we sometimes forget that light attracts and connects like a magnet drawn to its pole. Regardless of the highest intentions of the sender to force light toward a certain town, street, address or person, light will find its own level. The preferred course will be revealed.

Just send light.

Light is also invisible, emotional, and spiritual. Imagine a kindness done to you or for you. Giver and receiver radiate in the glow of the light of the kindness. Imagine walking down a hall, doors on either side of you, the heels of your shoes clicking softly on wooden floors. Laughter drifts out of the doors and through the seams of the walls. Every time you hear a little more laughter, you brighten. Your head spontaneously turns in the direction of the joyful sound. The pace of your walk slows and your stride shortens hoping to detect the direction of the laughter and enjoy a bit more of it. Laughter is light. It is the lilting, buoyancy of joy bubbling up and spilling out. It multiples as it hits the air. All who come in contact with it – even passersby – are affected. Those who are senders of light will catch the drifting laughter and expand it. Those who are

missing the light may ache or pain for what they perceive themselves not to have. Light exists whether we take advantage of it or not. We can shade the light coming toward us, deflect it or refuse it. Regardless of our actions or inactions, light will continue as clearly and steadily as it has always been.

Light is abundant. Step into the clear light and glow.

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