Practice

Angela 2 — Week 4, Day 5, Session 8 — 30 minutes

Summary: After becoming simple, hands rest and eyes close. Each person is invited to let a moment of being touched live in the body and speak it slowly, in the present tense, without names. Shared moments — an apple, a passing woman, birds, a horse, a son's hug, grief becoming a jewel — are received, then offered outward to those in pain.

Becoming simple

[Silence 2 minutes]

[Russell:] Let yourself become really simple.

Just this.

[Silence 6 minutes]

Moments of being touched

[Russell:] Let your hands rest and your eyes close.

You invite moments from the day, being touched — little things, big things, medium things — and take time to let your body have the moment.

And when it feels right, I invite you to speak your moment out loud. Present tense language.

If another person is there, no names, and go slow enough that you can have it growing in you as you speak.

[Participant:] I'm sitting, eating.

Light, shadows, color of the leaves.

And I see someone just looking very touched and moved by something.

I can see a hand going to the heart.

The smile, bright eyes, and something like a joy goes through my body — is going through my body.

And my heart is one with this heart, and my eyes are glancing to another who smiles, and the sounds around come clear.

Everything is in the right place.

There's a joy and a settledness in my body.

[Silence 2 minutes]

[Russell:] It feels right at a moment. Bring forth a moment, and listeners, we will resonate in the way it resonates in our body to listen.

[Participant:] Sweet, juicy apple.

[Participant:] Music to my ear.

[Participant:] I'm sitting in this room, hearing his voice speak about, there are no enemies.

The sound of the elevator opening, and a woman wearing a white sweater enters the space.

Not too hurriedly, walks to the door to pass through, glancing a little bit to the left at us, but going on her way.

Enjoying this sense of serendipity. Some humor, pleasure.

[Participant:] Outside, with binoculars, looking at birds. Parking lot in the garden. Brings me home, shows me where the nest is.

And tells me how he took a fledgling bird to the rescue center after it was attacked by jays.

And I miss you. And say a few things.

He said, Bruno.

And then I listened some more, and suddenly — not suddenly, suddenly for me — Please first tell me how we have to protect the earth, how we have to educate the children.

He's very proud of the grounds.

And a catch in my throat just releases through this urgency that I have to say something. I have to teach him.

It just releases, like a hinge.

True, true. I just — true.

[Participant:] I'm on the bench, in the shade of a tree.

And there's a big place in front of me.

And there's a squirrel coming to me, makes little jumps in the sand.

And then it comes, and it's climbing the tree right next to me.

And suddenly it comes ahead and yells at me. Go down and jump away, away.

And the singing of having a brother squirrel.

[Participant:] I'm running, and the sun is hot, and my limbs feel scrawny, sweating, and people walking towards me in suits, warm shower, and a woman sees me and a big smile.

She runs.

[Participant:] Walking through streets.

Hearing the crunching of the dead leaves under my shoes, looking at an angle upward, and I maneuver myself up a large tree.

Green moss, but hair, like a golf green, growing along the side of the tree.

I perch myself up just enough to see over a metal wire fence.

Look out in the distance, see rolling hills of tall, light brown grass.

And I call out.

Far in the distance, in the woods — far, far away, I hear — and I'm curious to know if that was a random gobble.

Is it a callback?

So I — again.

There's a lightness now in my heart, knowing that although I'm looking, squinting, hundreds of feet away to try to find where this turkey is, I can't see it, but I feel so connected to it.

[Participant:] While I'm walking down the road, I see a recent acquaintance standing in the field.

He's maybe 15 hands, and a paint.

And I call to him, and he snaps around, looks at me through his fly screen, and will drive over.

Sticks his head over the fence, and put my hand out, let him sniff it.

Reach up and stroke his face.

He leans in right here.

[Participant:] I assume I'm eating my lunch, and I realize that I'm taking long, slow breaths in — long, slow breaths out — and plus, I'm doing that while I'm eating.

My knees. And I realized that I don't breathe very well, maybe?

And I'm very grateful for the silence, so that I could take that with me.

And maybe spend a bit much time, all day there.

[Participant:] And the only part between the couch and the coffee table.

We can feel the metal — one arm — and the surface of the coffee table, the other arm.

[Participant:] I see him in front of me, and he looks in my eyes and with a sob says, Mom, I still love you.

And we hug each other, when I can feel his hair in one hand, and his back through his t-shirt in the other hand.

And it's a really precious reconnection.

Something that feels like gold in my chest.

[Participant:] I'm sitting on the edge, outside, after focusing, and having released what felt like fabric of ancient grief into the furnace of my heart.

Some kind of alchemy opened my eyes, and the world looked like a jewel.

Sitting together

[Russell:] Let's take our mudras and let our eyes open.

We'll just sit for another bit together, letting all this goodness live in the air and in our bodies.

We can drink as much or as little as we like from the blessings that are coming to each and every one of us.

We can radiate out, beings so challenged right now, having difficulty either in the circle or beyond.

And may the goodness that we feel and the connection to life help those who are frightened or in pain, struggling with a moment, become beacons — for ourselves, for each other, and for life.

[Silence 59 seconds]

[Russell:] Let's bring our cushions back.

Can bow together.