

~ 2 FEBRUARY ~

Light in Darkness

There are three candles that illumine every darkness: truth, nature, and knowledge.

—ancient Irish triad

Truth has been the mirror and shield of all seekers since life began. The primal integrity of all beings shines out like the light of a diamond, sharp and clear; but when truth is hidden, we are aware only of a dimness and obscurity that cloaks our perception. Our unique sensitivity of soul to truth is inbred. It tells us what is good, well-aligned, and perfect. If we return to recognizing truth in ourselves, our actions, our speech, and our thoughts, we relate to ourselves and to the universe with better respect.

Nature is the shining garment in which all life is clothed. The vigor, strength, and power of life are nature's gifts. We experience nature through our physical senses, and this experience is often ecstatic. We tend these days to rhapsodize nature, after a long era of neglect and abuse. We are each part of nature: if we abuse it, we abuse ourselves and those we love. If we observe and learn from nature's beautiful and balancing continuum, we live lives of harmony and justice.

Knowledge is the glory that arises when truth and nature are properly welcomed and respected. It cannot be given to another; it can only arise when Mother Nature and Father Truth conjoin in union. Knowledge is the glorious child stored in every cell of the universe. If we search for glory in our thoughts, motivations, and experiences, we align ourselves with knowledge. But neither truth, nature, nor knowledge can be owned: this is why they are the eternal candles. Let us always be on guard, therefore, for anyone who attempts to trade these three, for such action heralds the approach of absolute darkness. But with the three candles of truth, nature, and knowledge to light our way, we need never be in darkness.

How do these three candles illuminate your own darkness?

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~ 27 FEBRUARY ~

The Between-Places

Celtic mysteries occurred in twi-states between night and day, in dew that was neither rain nor river, in mistletoe that was not a plant or a tree, in the trance state that was neither sleep nor waking.

—ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND, *Ravens and Black Rain*

For every one of us there are moments of revelation at the nexus point where opposites meet: dark and light, joy and sorrow, knowing and unknowing, keeping and losing, making and unmaking, silence and singing. In these days of growing light, when spring is still far ahead and the grip of winter is ever present, the opportunity to sample the opposites and stand at their still center is potent. These experiences do not have to be sought after; they arrive, magically blending elements together to seek us out. These are thresholds of power where *néart* (see 28 January) and soul are fused in one vision of wholeness, unity, and often ecstasy. These between-places are the creative nexus at which vision and craft come together in embrace; this is where poetry, song, art, beauty, and inspiration uncoil from their hidden domain.

The between-places are neither fearful nor horrific, as popular opinion has so often depicted them, nor are they filled with monsters and demons; rather, they are thresholds of awakening where the soul is alert and watchful for omens of change, auguries of joy, promises of belonging.

Be attentive to the thresholds and boundaries of your life—the places where change happens. What is your most ardent need for transformatory and revelatory change right now?

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