

*The Evolution of the Human Self as supported through the Foundation Stone
Meditation*

Friday – Blessing the Soul

Soul of Man !

Practice spirit-Awareness

For the Christ-Will in the encircling around holds sway,
In the rhythms of the world, blessing the soul.

“In the rhythms of the world, blessing the soul.” Feel into that grace. The cosmic rhythms that surround us bestow grace, or blessing, upon us. Day and night, four seasons, the waxing and waning moon, the ebb and surge of the tides are all things we experience directly. Then, through our thinking we can experience the circling of the earth around the sun. The slow spin of our own planetary-orb, the stately progress of our solar system through the spiral arm of this galaxy. All these, and more, are the *Cosmic Rhythms*, held under the sway of the Logos-Love, the Sun-radiant heart of the Christ. To sit in awareness of this: Can it possibly **not** feel like a blessing? It is not just the sheer beauty of it, it is that the dependable nature of these world-rhythms, like our own breath, calm us and endow our lives with reliability.

An excellent practice that manifests this call to spirit-awareness is to watch a flower bloom and die away. Daisy, Daffodil and Rose all emerge from a single bud into multifarious beauty. Nothing but repeated experience could assure us that this pointed green egg-form could result in these extraordinary colours and textures. There is a musical harmony in the forms, how the centre relates to the periphery, how the petals unfold to reveal these remarkable stamens within. At what point does your flower, the one you are watching now, reach perfection? When is that perfect moment that nothing can get better? Maybe it is any moment in this beauty? And yet each moment seems to promise that there is still more, even better to come. Then, before we realise it fading has set in. The curve of the outer petals becomes curl, the colour enriches, the texture loses its sheen. The atmosphere emitted is one of glory-past, rather than glory-to-come.

Maybe this is why it's called a flower; it is Always in Flow. There is no perfect moment, no stasis, it's very coming into being and passing away is rhythmic.

Does not the next flower emerge before this one has finished. Indeed, we are blessed by flowers.

Yet, pause, and notice. This dying away is also beautiful. If we do not project upon it our own fear of death and loss but rather open our soul to the process itself: Colour getting richer, shine passing on, out into the world while the substance itself becomes more solid. Notice all the feelings that this process of dying away brings up in you and separate them from what you are actually seeing. The feelings are real, yet the process is its own, and not yours. Both are independently valuable.

All around us, everything is coming into being and fading away. Some things, like mountains, so slowly that we cannot notice it with the senses. Some things that we notice only with the passing of our own lives, like trees. Some things so ephemeral that we have to pay attention to catch them, like notes in the air.

To give our spirit-focus to this coming-into-being and passing-away is to open our hearts to the blessings that the Christ/Logos rhythms bring to our souls. A central practice in becoming more of who we are, ever more richly human.

What is there to bring, but gratitude?

Both to life and to death.