## Trust in the Rhythms and Cycles of Life

The Pulse of Spirit December 13, 2017



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Good morning and good evening, everyone. I have been thinking of cycles this morning. Here in Kamloops, autumn is waning and we are on the edge of winter. This change, to me, is literally hanging in the air, with heavy gray skies some days as well as the gift of gorgeous sunshine from time to time. Outside my window I have an exquisite view, one that greets me each morning these days. It is a very old Hawthorne tree, which has an abundance of bright red berries in this season. This tree, when backed by a dark, blue-gray sky, is spectacular. Each year around this time a flock of cedar waxwing birds come and pluck the berries from the tree. They fill their little bellies with as many berries as they can. Yes, every year at the same time. This is happening in its season, its cycle.

It is such a reminder to me of Life's design, its rhythm, and indeed its wonder, being demonstrated

in the earth. How trustworthy Life is! The birds move on instinct. I have a choice: to move with the direction of Life that is moving through me, or to resist and ignore it.

I wish to convey further thoughts with a story this morning. I remember living at Edenvale, our Emissary community here in British Columbia, in the1970s. I had lived there for over six years and I loved it—the property, the lifestyle, the people, and especially the spirit of what we were creating together at that time. I was on top of the world! In the summer of 1979, I felt something new stirring. It was something that felt uneasy, surprising in fact: the feeling, then the thought, that I was not to stay at Edenvale, that I was to move on. At the time this felt preposterous! I was so happy there. I tried to ignore this internal impulse I was feeling, brush it off, but it would not go away. Ignoring it became agony, so yield I did to that

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internal impulse. Key to the change was my trust in Life.

I am seeing that now from a larger perspective. What had brought me to Edenvale in the first place was still active in me. During the time of transition from one circumstance to another, support by my friends at Edenvale and friends waiting to receive me in a city brand-new to me assisted greatly in this change in location. I cannot recall any fear or much concern at that point, after yielding to the impulse—just some wonder about why I was making this move! It ended up to be such a major and important step, following that impulse. The willingness and openness to move forward into the next cycle was key. Listening to that "still small voice," the call of Life, regardless of how uncomfortable or preposterous it might have appeared, was absolutely crucial at that time. It required trust in, and acting upon, the internal relationship with that One Who Dwells, as referenced in services of late.

Yes, moving in the direction of what seems like a great leap can be both agony and ecstasy. I found that to be true on that occasion, and many times since.

Yet, as a result of the experience I have described, six years later I had the opportunity to live at Sunrise Ranch for a year—another highlight of my life. "Glory unto glory," as we say sometimes. The cycles of nature—thinking back on our own cycles of how trustworthy Life is and acknowledging where we are presently in the rhythm I am speaking about—can be such a blessing, something of a reminder as we move forward. Yes, there are both short and long cycles, unique to each one of us. Yet one learns that they feel similar, have a similar rhythm. We can start to identify the beginning, middle and end of these cycles as we experience this rhythm, this connection with the source of Life, over and over through a lifetime—some very intense, some not as much.

The cycle leading up to speaking this morning came with such an awareness, testing my mettle, so to speak. What new is being asked of me and of you, now, and what can I and we offer and create as we move forward together in *this* day in *this* cycle?

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