

Soul Whispers:

Learning From Nature's Wisdom

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Step outside...

What do you see around you? Describe it.

You may have just described the facts. "Hedges. Barren grass. A door that needs to be painted."

Now go back and really describe it.

"Stately hedges that surround the home they have protected for decades. Strong and healthy branches, which mean the roots are deep. A door...weathered by its use. Children's hands, dog scratches, paint faded by the sun and shows the trappings that spiders have journeyed across it."

Different, huh? The paragraph does not going to win any writing awards, but you get a different sense of the moment. Let's try it again.

While you are outside, what do you hear? Describe it....really describe it this time.

All around us we have things that can teach us, but first we have to be present...and to notice it. If we take the stately hedges paragraph and add another piece to it, "How is this like your life?" it may turn out like this...

"Stately hedges that surround the home they have protected for years. Strong and healthy branches which mean the roots are deep. A door... weathered by its use. Children's hands, dog scratches, paint faded by the sun and shows the trappings that spiders have journeyed across it. This reminds me of my body. Nearly six decades of life, showing some of the wear and tear of the years, but also full of memories. The scar beside my left eye reminds me of the time, when I was four, right before my brother left for the service. Being an impish little sister, I took his pen and ran to hide it. He playfully chased me and as I ran into my room I bumped my eye. All these years later, it reminds me of the two memories of playfulness and spontaneity with my brother.

Knees, scarred from the adventures of the first two decades, still strong, but getting stronger with exercise. Laugh lines which show the years of love and silliness with friends and a bit too much sun. The scars are a part of my history, reflecting a life well-lived and still in need of loving care."

Your writings are only for you. There are no critics except the one that lives within. How does your soul whisper lessons to you?

Start by noticing.