

And we know that part of the commitment to any transformational process is patience, and trust in the darkness of the still season....at least for those of us in the Northern Hemisphere -

In the words of Joyce Rupp's "Winter's Cloak"

### Winter's Cloak

This year I do not want  
the dark to leave me.  
I need its wrap  
of silent stillness,  
its cloak  
of long lasting embrace.  
Too much light  
has pulled me away  
from the chamber  
of gestation.

Let the dawns  
come late,  
let the sunsets  
arrive early,  
let the evenings  
extend themselves  
while I lean into  
the abyss of my being.

Let me lie in the cave  
of my soul,  
for too much light  
blinds me,  
steals the source  
of revelation.

Let me seek solace  
in the empty places  
of winter's passage,  
those vast dark nights

And in some words from our friend Rumi -

We bury our seeds and wait,  
Winter blocks the road,  
Flowers are taken prisoner underground,  
But then green justice tenders a spear

And

Don't think the garden loses its ecstasy in winter.  
Its quiet, but the roots are down there riotous.

Rumi

And lastly - "Have you ever seen a seed fallen to earth not rise with a new life why should you doubt the rise of a seed named human."

— Rumi

Here is a Solstice and Christmas Message for us all -

*Poem © 2016 by Joyce Mason*

We're winter seed pods  
closing in on ourselves.  
turning inward by instinct:  
tightly concentrated essences  
gathering energy  
waiting to regenerate

...

Till then we hang like bulbs  
on the holiday tree  
symbolic of peace and joy  
yet often feeling neither  
as the things that bother us  
bubble up for reckoning.

Be gentle with yourself.

Be Santa to yourself,

a beloved

confessor or shaman.

For insights and peace come  
from new perceptions

new viewpoints

often born of temporary discomfort

*your most authentic self  
turned upside down  
hanging in the dark.*

## **The Pomegranate**

BY KAHLIL GIBRAN

Once when I was living in the heart of a pomegranate, I heard a seed saying, "Someday I shall become a tree, and the wind will sing in my branches, and the sun will dance on my leaves, and I shall be strong and beautiful through all the seasons."

Then another seed spoke and said, "When I was as young as you, I too held such views; but now that I can weigh and measure things, I see that my hopes were vain."

And a third seed spoke also, "I see in us nothing that promises so great a future."

And a fourth said, "But what a mockery our life would be, without a greater future!"

Said a fifth, "Why dispute what we shall be, when we know not even what we are."

But a sixth replied, "Whatever we are, that we shall continue to

be.”

And a seventh said, “I have such a clear idea how everything will be, but I cannot put it into words.”

Then an eight spoke—and a ninth—and a tenth—and then many—until all were speaking, and I could distinguish nothing for the many voices.

And so I moved that very day into the heart of a quince, where the seeds are few and almost silent.

