

## Diary of a Mad Retreatant.

If I lead retreats again, I muse on what that means, mostly now I hang out in timelessness, with profound natural majesty as my shrine. I have one dog bumping my bottom as she chomps for flies while sitting beneath my red folding chair. The chair is my present manifestation of a meditation cushion. My old dog Conner, mostly deaf, doesn't even bother with the flies, teaching 'old dog enlightenment' as true as it gets. I've been blessed with this melting pad of my mind, a stunning lake the Indians called Dances with Light. Will it be a more real meditation if I sit on the edge of my folding chair with a straight spine, I choose no. I'm losing the boundary of meditation/post meditation. It seems totally superfluous to count breaths, watch breath or do mantra. Just light, awake, heart aching beauty.

Light, I want to write about light. We're built from light, our planet is built from light. Everything you see growing on the Earth, the Earth itself, this Christmas tree ornament dangle in space, is alive because of light. We are creatures of the sun. Somehow we forget that everything we eat starts with the sun's benevolence, starts with plants, with photosynthesis. So we're light creatures who pretend we're globs of protoplasm made from a genetic code. No, it's all because of light. That sun, that star gives out this insipid bath of light. Amazing that 93,000,000 miles is the magic distance to give just the right amount of breathing room, chilling out space, to give this small window of livable temperature for our tenuous species. We have figured out say -40 to + 125 tops, -20 to +45 if you live in centigrade land.

There's a wild dying process that known and documented in Tibet where advanced spiritual practitioners undue their bodies solidity before death. They dissolve into light upon their death.

Poof! However, it's said the such beings leave some traces of their bodies like hair or finger nails as compassionate remnant of their lives. The rest- poof, into light.

It seems to me the lighter you are the happier you are. I mean who wants to be heavy, serious, problem laden, whining butt, disconnected, dark hole? No we like intuitively like light people of any color. It takes a lot of unloading and consideration to hook up to our light heritage. We have to give up being disconnected , separate, self centered and sure. How sure are you that your stories, thoughts and entanglements are what your focus on this planet should be? You should be weighed down, down, down and seriously worried and fearful. Or..... you can see it all so much lighter.

I've live in both places, heavy, serious and then amazed. I take both rides throughout the day and I can tell you one is more fun.