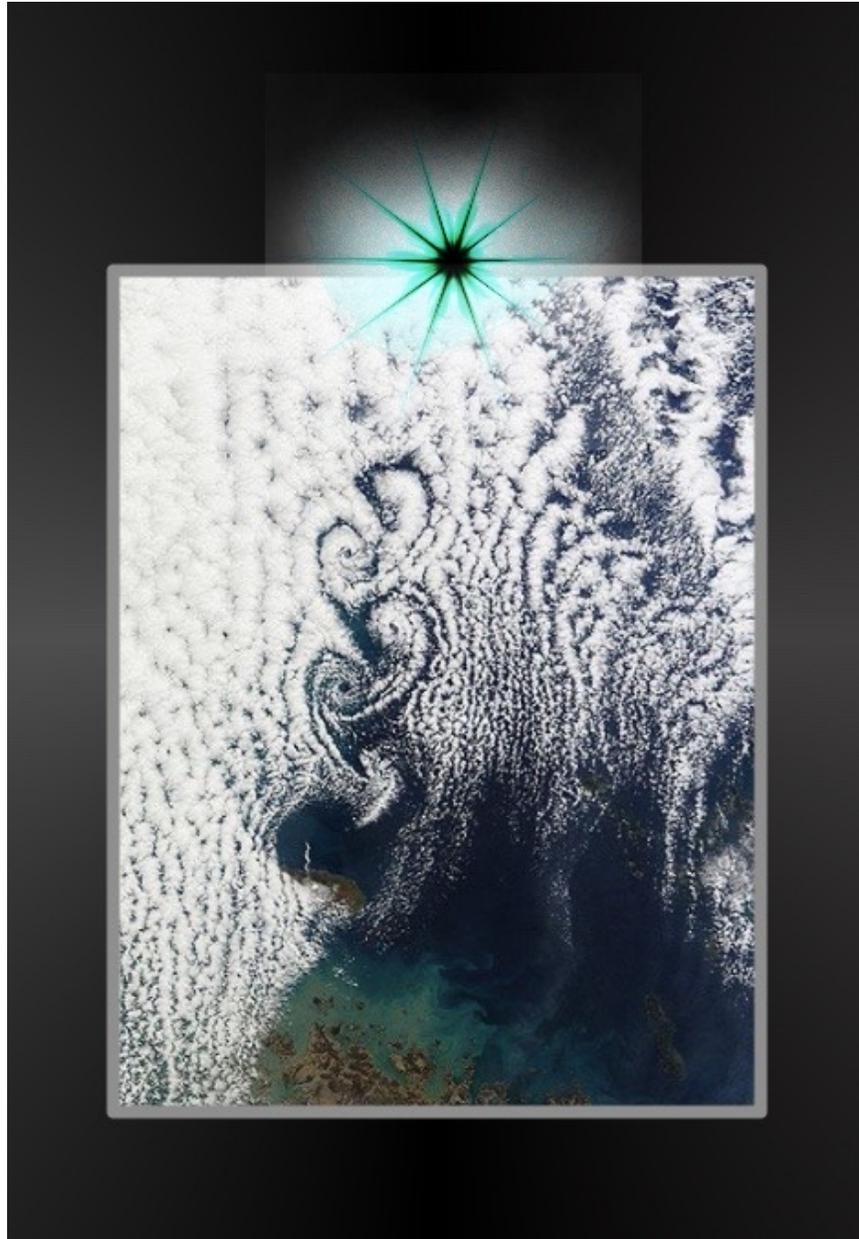


Social Distancing: The Praxis of a New Consciousness.

Part 1: Bubbling



*"We cannot let the cure be worse than the problem itself," Trump tweeted
"I would rather die than kill the country," Glenn Beck declared on his radio show.
"Those of us who are 70-plus, we'll take care of ourselves," Texas Lieutenant Governor
Dan Patrick said on Fox News.*

It didn't take long for the life saving practice of social distancing and mask wearing to become fodder in the culture war. So now fights break out over wearing a mask.

It seems that consciousness is at war with itself. The divisiveness of culture is playing itself out on the streets and in social media. Guns meet masks, tear gas meets peaceful protest, and all the while Covid finds the cracks and silently spreads and the planet burns.

And in the midst of all this chaos, something is bubbling, consciousness is bubbling, something new is trying to birth. We see it, we feel it. We call it goodness. We call it leader-full. We call it creativity. We call it visionary seeing. We call it integral consciousness. We call it decentralized sense making. We call it prophetic. We call it love.

This bubbling consciousness arises in the apocalypse of the melt down within the chrysalis— the biochemical goo oozing in the openings, in the cracks of breakdown where sanctuary secretes itself underground, practicing, learning a new lexicon, finding and knowing itself as something new. It takes safety and quiet to listen into the deep vulnerability that is the womb of this birthing. Does this consciousness dare to emerge yet. Does it have the capacity to crawl, let alone walk.

And then suddenly a practice emerges in full daylight. It is called social distancing and wearing a mask.

In some places the curve is flattened and at 7pm cities erupt into a noisy expression of gratitude and love for all those risking their lives to save others. But then the mask becomes a badge of provocation. And so now the curves are sky rocketing. The virus wins, always.

Is this practice simply the only sensible response to the crisis or does it have its source deep in the bubbling consciousness? Is this a new spiritual praxis?

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Part 2: Praxis

*In the story of InterBeing, life is a gift. The world and everything in it is a gift.
Charles Eisenstein*



We are being asked to wear a mask not only to protect ourselves but also to protect each other and the commons between us. We are being called into something greater than the polemic of rugged individualism or self preservation. We are being asked to protect ourselves and our neighbors, our friends, the air between us. We, as distinct, individuals live within a public health commons. We are not simply separate units of consciousness maximizing our safety, our comfort, our precious narcissism. We are part of a precious commons, that for so long we have exploited, trashed, and taken for granted.

Along comes this simple practice, this simple discipline, this courtesy reflecting a consciousness of what is being called InterBeing. We are individuals, distinct and precious, arising within a living commons. This is more than interdependence, we are

part of the commons and the commons is part of us. We humans are an emerging property of the commons, co-emerging out of the ground of being.

So we can think of this practice, — following public health guidelines— as simply the practical and responsible thing to do. But could it be that these simple gestures of care for both the individual and the commons are the whiffs of the consciousness of InterBeing, bubbling up, pressing forward, begging for a global engagement, so that we might grow beyond 'you can't tell me what do' and the raw instinct for survival.

We live in a matrix of the extremes of a binary world, where ideologies—capitalism versus communism, the individual versus the community, the self versus the other, the inner versus the outer— are pitted against each other in struggle for domination and survival.

If we bring our mindfulness and our embodied presence to the air between us, to the contact we have with each other, to our own souls, could this awaken us to the urgent cry of our precious planet. Is Covid the carrier of a new spiritual practice, not one we learn at a weekend workshop and forget, but one that takes the diligence of love? Could Covid be a gift, a gift that cannot be ignored, a gift that is birthing something new right at the heart of our vulnerability?