

# Patrick's Ponderance:

## The Miracle of Transition

The date was March 27th. The event was an early spring kayak outing for Lisa and me. The sun was in full shine providing the Ohio air with 72 degrees, the lake was cold and forbidding. Most of the trees were still bare. They stood like silent grey skeletons against a background of barren brown earth. What leaves remained were simply reminders of life gone by the wayside. Their decaying bodies slowly returning to the soil that once provided them sustenance.

None of this really mattered to me, I simply had no judgement of the scene being good or bad. It just was. When Lisa and I are on the water we are one with Gaia, breathing in her beauty, feeling her on our skin. The songs of nature bring peace to our ears as her colors delight our eyes. I'll admit summer and autumn are my favorite times when I'm in my small boat. I love the endless shades of green in the summer and the kaleidoscope of colors in the fall. The designs of life are awesome to behold, our dear Mother provides variety in endless ways, most are invisible to us but it all works perfectly together. All forms, animate or not ultimately provides symbiosis for all others.

It's not paddling that we enjoy most but the sitting. The best spots for us are the areas of the lake where most people avoid. We favor the small fingers and coves where the water is calm and the wind is tame. We often sit quietly, together or apart, it's all good. We have taught ourselves to be in complete gratitude for the peace and beauty of nature. We feel our best here and we use this time to melt away a busy day.

As I gazed upon the static condition of the forest around me I could feel the energy of new birth easing itself from a long winters nap. I sensed the budding of trees and the stirring below the earth as fresh greenery yawned itself awake. Soon, the mushrooms would pop free and the leaves would dominate the scape. Eggs would be laid and hatched adding to the songs upon the air. Mothers would birth their young and neophyte critters would take the place of the ones that have moved through the veil into spirit beyond.

It seems so easy to appreciate the beauty of new life but on this sunny afternoon my gratitude dwelled upon the miracle of transition. In a sense autumn is bittersweet for me as I say goodbye to the warmth of summer and at the same time welcome the colors of the season. In winter a piece of me goes dormant and I retreat into myself. My poor wife has to adjust to my new personality for the next five months and offer support when I feel blue. It's all good though. I know I'll be back into the swing of things when the days become longer. My change of spirit is nothing more than a swing of the pendulum. A period of quietness to rest only to return to a state of life anew for my infinite spirit. I don't just respond to cycles but I am cycles. All of life is

cyclical and I am and always will be an indestructible aspect of life in the universe. I am not separate. I will represent the vibrations of life behind me and before me.

The Principle of Correspondence states; "As above so below and as below so above". This means that the lowliest element is governed by the same universal laws as the highest vibrational energy. To my mind, I am a paradox. Separate from all other energies. Living a life of cycles independent of other people around me. On the other hand I am influencing others as they influence me. I cannot truly be separate now can I? I represent the ebb and flow of all creation. I move forward and I return. When I shift upward I'll come back down. A wave will travel upon the waters to have its experience on the shore but will once again return to the sea.

All things will come and go, all events must end so new ones can begin. The process is perfect. I've said goodbye to family and friends but I have no regrets. All experiences have their purpose and when that purpose is realized it's time to move on to the next. As so many have, I've said goodbye to my earthly parents and blessed them as they have crossed over into spirit. Their lives on earth were just like the leaves of the ancient oak, vibrant and full for a spell only to return to that which gave them sustenance.

Saying goodbye can be difficult because we often forget that we are a part of, and not separate from, all cosmic energies that are ruled by the Principle of Correspondence. Our human pain disguises the reality that we are part of the cycles of life. I choose not to call it the cycles of life and death, not because I deny death in a human sense, but because I know in my heart that life can only beget new life.

In the spiritual practices of Lisa and me, The Archangel Azrael has given us a message. Most would know this entity as the Angel of Death. They fear him as they fear death, but he made it clear to us that he is in reality the Archangel of Transition. His task is to assist and comfort those energies who seek new life. He never destroys or brings death but only helps us enter into new planes of existence with love, tenderness, and healing.

I see cycles playing out in every aspect of humanity. A lost jobs gives way to new opportunities. Terrorism gives way to peace. Disaster gives way to an outpouring of love. It seems too easy to get caught up in the grosser energies of life on Earth but if we can remember that all pendulums will swing and all cycles will complete then we can stand back and see the bigger picture. We can remove ourselves from the fear that change brings and honor the miracle of transition. It may not always seem so, but the process is perfect and it has been ticking along perfectly in time-without-time and it will continue, as we will continue through the miracle of one transition of life to the next. Ever learning, ever growing, and always moving forward to realize the next grandest and greatest version we could ever have of ourselves.

In peace and love,  
Patrick