

CONTRARY TO the fear-based theologies of our popular religions, we are *not* spiritual outcasts, or “sinners,” who have been *thrown into* this world as punishment from some *external* Paradise. We are spiritual expressions of an *internal cosmic process*; we *grow out of* a living Universe, like blossoming flowers emerging from the living Earth.

Our innermost thoughts and feelings are notes in the same eternal symphony as the birds flying, the rain falling, the water flowing, the flowers growing, the seasons passing, and the great stellar movements of stars and galaxies. The entire flow of life and nature around us is part of our own being and identity. This whole dynamic process of matter, life, mind and spirit in the cosmos is an expression of our ultimate true nature—a reflection of *who we really are!* Celebrate the presence of this exquisite beauty in every moment of your life.

Erase the lines: I pray you not to love classifications:
The thing is like a river, from source to sea-mouth
One flowing life. We that have the honor and hardship of being human
Are one flesh with the beasts, and the beasts with the plants
One streaming sap, and certainly the plants and algae
and the earth they spring from,
Are one flesh with the stars. The classifications
Are mostly a kind of *memoria technica*; use it but don't be fooled.
It is all truly one life, red blood and tree-sap,
Animal, mineral, sidereal, one stream, one organism, one God.

ROBINSON JEFFERS, poet (1887-1962)

