

A photograph of a tropical landscape. In the foreground, a hammock is strung between a tree on the left and a wooden post on the right, hanging over a grassy area. In the middle ground, there is a calm pond reflecting the sky and surrounding vegetation. A person is sitting on a bench or low wall in the background, looking out over the water. The scene is set during sunset or sunrise, with a warm, golden light illuminating the sky and the water. Palm trees and other tropical plants are visible on the left side of the frame.

All Is
Welcome
Here

At Hui Ho' Alana
with Mary O'Malley



“The most courageous thing you can do is open to life again. The most healing thing you can do, not only for yourself but for the world, is to open to life again. See through the game of struggle enough that the veils between you and this living moment -this miraculous, incandescent moment – lift and you know again the joy of being fully alive!” --Mary O’Malley

I see you.... I love you....



How could anyone ever tell you, you are anything less than beautiful? . . .

. . .How deeply you're connected to my soul.

All is welcome here





“You know quite well, deep within you, that there is only a single magic, a single power, a single salvation....and that is called loving. Well, then love your suffering. Do not resist it, do not flee from it, it is your aversion that hurts, nothing else.” ---Hermann Hesse





THE BODY KNEW by Tim Seibles

Long before there were words, long before there was patience, the body was twiddling its thumbs
Long before this haze of lies this, swirl of stupid things, said and done, the body knew
Long before the animals ran from men, before the lands were named, before the clouds rose up and
flew, the body knew

The body knew the tongue would come up with something to say, that the ears would listen, that the
words would come like ants, that soon the brain would be infested and the head would grow hard and
heavy,

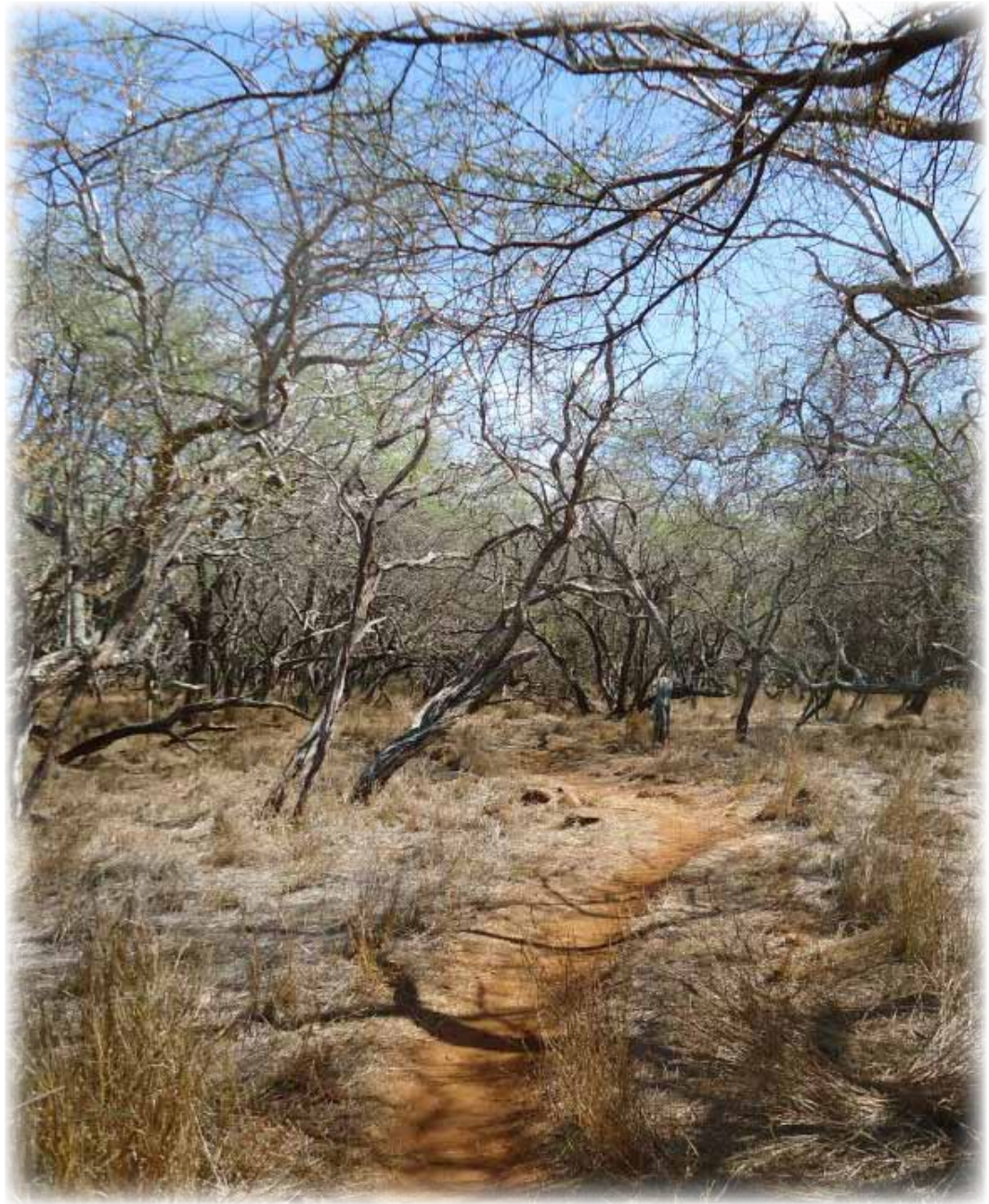
The body knew the body would be forgotten. The body knew the body would be used to take the
brain here and there to make money, to make relationships, to assume the countless postures of idi-
ocy - to sign the contracts and treaties to stock the stores the homes the schools the offices the streets
the prisons the battle fields... the body-bags

The body knew it would be lost under fabrics, that soon the belly would hang and the back would be
stiff, that the days would pass the months would pass, the years would pass

The body knew it would be rated "X" because the body knew words would be used to deceive to deco-
rate to pack the space between bodies until reaching out meant climbing the mountains of things said
The body knew the brain would be a bully, that the face would be a canvas forever painted with words
that love could never be what they said it was, that a word was always a mask

The body knew the body would dream of headlessness the way a breast dreams of bra-lessness of
blouselessness of sunlight and weightlessness. The body knew that someday it would have to move to
forget to dance to forget that it knew what it knew that it knew





If there were no confusion, there would be no wisdom.
Chaos is workable, not regressive.
Respect whatever happens!
Chaos should be regarded as extremely good news.
--Trungpa Rimpoche





It is a commonly held view that meditation is a way to shut off the pressures of the world or of your own mind, but this is not an accurate impression. Meditation is neither shutting things out nor off. It is seeing clearly and deliberately positioning yourself differently in relationship to them. --Jon Kabat Zinn



*What anybody thinks
of you ain't none of
your f**king business!*





Whoever really has considered the lilies of the field or the birds in the air and pondered the improbability of their existence in this warm world within the cold and empty stellar distances will hardly balk at the turning of water into wine – which was, after all, a very small miracle. We forget the greater and still continuing miracle by which water (with soil and sunlight) is turned into grapes.

--Wendell Berry



*We were seen in beautiful songs.
Thank you, Margi!*



Floating between waking and sleeping, inquiring into the dark tightness, I heard the shaming voice, Big Surprise! "How could you buy that? You can't afford it!"

Then I saw and felt the deeper tightness of the desperate tiniest entity deep in the basement cringing with the words hearing "you don't deserve." Translating to "you don't deserve anything good – nice clothes or maternal embrace and you can't do anything right."

Stepping outside, moving on the rain soaked grass, energy flowing, tears running on the cheeks, groans spontaneously expelled into the wet winter morning.

Gathering, I (the adult in my life) welcomed this tiniest little entity back to the heart where you deserve all there is dear one, so much more than you can imagine. It is ok, I am here for you, you are safe.

Such a relief to know that the havoc-wreaking desires originate in the muted and poorly translated messages of the locked down dear tiniest entity wanting only to come home.

Welcoming this home we do for all.

--Steven Daverel





If God said, "Rumi, pay homage to everything that has helped you enter my arms," there would not be one experience of my life, not one thought, not one feeling, not any act, I would not bow to. --Rumi





THERE IS BROKENNESS by Rashani

There is a brokenness
out of which comes the unbroken,
a shatteredness out
of which blooms the unshatterable.
There is a sorrow
beyond all grief which leads to joy
and a fragility
out of whose depths emerges strength.

There is a hollow space
too vast for words
through which we pass with each loss,
out of whose darkness
we are sanctioned into being.

There is a cry deeper than all sound
whose serrated edges cut the heart
as we break open
to the place inside which is unbreakable
and whole,
while learning to sing.



*In, Out
Deep, Slow
Calm, Ease
Smile, Release
Present Moment
Wonderful Moment*





THE GUESTHOUSE by Rumi

This being human is a guesthouse.
Every morning is a new arrival.
A joy, a depression, a meanness
Some momentary awareness
Comes as an unexpected visitor

Welcome and entertain them all.
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows
who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing,
and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.

Welcome difficulty.
Learn the alchemy True Human Beings know:
The moment you accept what troubles you've been given, the door opens.

Welcome difficult as a familiar comrade. Joke with torment brought by the Friend.

Sorrows are the rags of old clothes and jackets that serve to cover, and then are taken off.
That undressing, and the beautiful naked body underneath is the sweetness that comes after grief.



The Dance of Life





THE SUN NEVER SAYS

Even after all this time,
the sun never says to the Earth, "You owe me!"
Look what happens with a love like that.
It lights the whole sky.
--Hafiz



Soft Belly





“Whatever arises, train again and again in looking at it and seeing it for what it is without calling it names, without hurling rocks, without averting your eyes. Let all those stories go. The innermost essence of mind is without bias. Things arise and things dissolve forever and ever. That’s just the way it is.” --Pema Chodron





THE INNOCENT MISTAKE

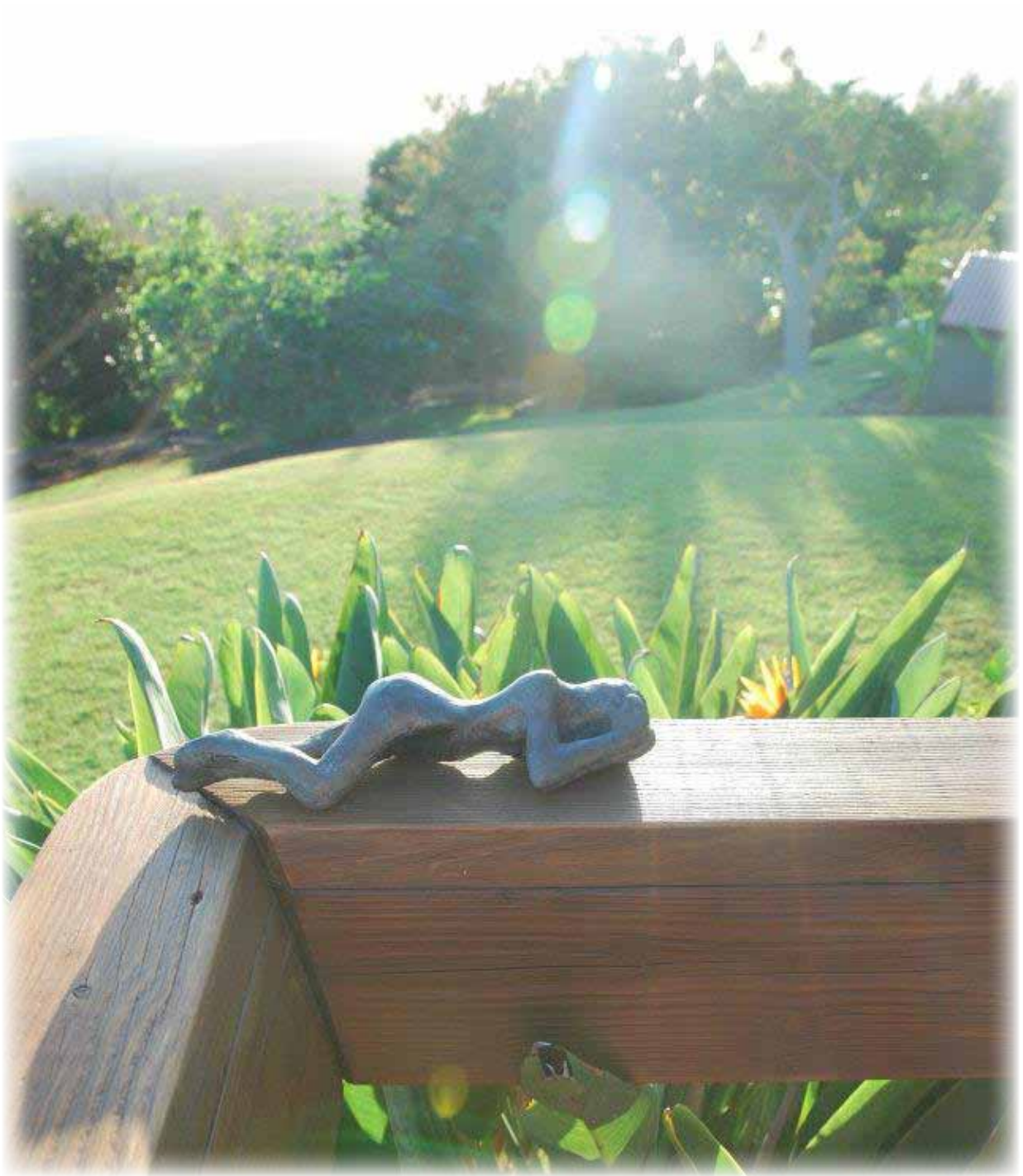
The innocent mistake that keeps us caught in our own particular style of ignorance, unkindness, and shut downness is that we are never encouraged to see clearly what is, with gentleness. Instead there's a kind of basic misunderstanding that we should try to be better than we already are, that we should try to improve ourselves, that we should try to get away from painful things, and that if we could just learn to get away from the painful things, then we would be happy. This is the innocent, naïve misunderstanding that we all share.

Meditation is about seeing clearly the body we have, the mind we have, the domestic situation that we have, the job that we have, and the people who are in our lives. It's about seeing how we react to all these things. It's seeing our emotions and thoughts just as they are right now, in this very moment, in this very room, on this very seat. It's about not trying to make them go away, not trying to become better than we are, but just seeing clearly with precision and gentleness.

The problem is that the desire to change is fundamentally a form of aggression toward yourself. The other problem is that our hang-ups, unfortunately or fortunately contain our wealth.

--Pema Chodron, *The Wisdom of No Escape*





Her survival mantra has been simple: "Sit in it, be with it, be in it. There is such a freedom, in a weird way, to say, 'Look, here I am, this is it.' You move through it faster." --Jennifer Aniston

"I like fairy tales because they have such happy endings, but they also have such interesting and clever darkness all through them. That always excites me because life throws everything at you, and it is how you handle that is the interesting part." --Drew Barrymore





THE SUMMER DAY by Mary Oliver

Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean –
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down –
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
With your one wild and precious life?





OPENING WHAT HAS BEEN CLOSED
By Em Claire

Opening
what has been closed,
letting light in,
you stir,
move again
keening, arching, dying
to the warmth

*

So many times
my god, so many –
triumphs
within each of your darkneses

Opening
what has been closed -
letting
Light
In

SHINE by Em Claire

God says for me to tell You This:
nothing needs fixing;
everything desires
A Celebration.
You were made to bend
so that you would find
all of the many miracles at your feet.
You were made to stretch
so that you could discover
your own beautiful face of Heaven
just above all that you think you must shoulder.

*

When I appeal to God to speak to me
I'm feeling just as small and alone as You might be.
But this is when, for no particular reason at all,
I begin to shine.

