

A Call to Our Humanity & Care of the Living Earth

Have you noticed that Great Nature is rattling? Can you sense the frayed fabric of the culture's unraveling? Can you feel the edifice of progress becoming increasingly hollow? In quiet moments, can you sense in your bones that the mania for growth of all kinds is rapidly consuming ever-more beings - plant, animal, rock, water, mountain, in its over-extending reach?

Looking deeply into the modus operandi of all civilized cultures, it is clear that their primary agenda is one of Acquisition. Indeed, civilized humans have been "on the take" for quite some time now. The world is now awash in the consequences. Despite this fact, most of the purveyors of extraction are still doing their best not to notice that the ship is taking on water.

Learning the nature and particulars of limits and consequences is the truest litmus test for each and every generation. These form the metric by which future generations will discern whether their forebearers were *willing to proceed in a manner that bore them in mind*.

For the love of GAIA and for the sake of all the lives to come, what are you willing to do in the name of healing this scarred and scorched Earth?

Would you let go of some comfort for the sake of simple shelter? Would you be willing to trade some Privilege for Inclusion? Inclusion in the unsteady ramble of a shared culture. Not just human culture, but a full cultural immersion in the beautiful particulars of the place that holds you in the folds of its hillocks and valleys. The place where the water you drink, *that which you are made of*, still ebbs in gentle tumult towards mother ocean.

Would you trade some of the mania for traveling and consuming the latest transformative experience in the name of "personal growth" for a kind of depth - a deeply *lived relationship* with those that nourish and sustain us?

Would you relinquish your acquisitive desire, with all of its trembling urgency for satiety, for the sake of learning and living close to your longing? For allowing some of that desire for *more* to slip gently through your grasping fingers, leaving your hands free to lovingly care for what is sacred and beautiful in this moment?

Would you learn the skill of *beholding* - that way of *honoring*, of holding what you see with deep respect for all the many ways it has come to be what it is? All this, instead of *taking* a look?

Could you let go of the fixation on the future, on progress, even on transcendence, in order to deepen your commitment to service in this time and place?

Can you relinquish some hard won certainty in the name of crafting a well wrought sense of wonder?

Can you let go of the attachment to framing circumstances in a solely positive or negative light just because these might suit your mood and worldview? Can you *instead*, become a faithful witness to events as they unfold, holding all the gravitas and nuance without premature recourse to labeling it?

Could you cultivate and curate a kind of noble and tender *grieving*; both as a *skill* and a *practice*, all underwritten by an emergent acknowledgement of that which is sacred and has passed beyond your reach? To let it have its way with you for a while and, in this way, allow it to nurture your love of life and all that is sacred around us?

Can *enough* on the table or in the bank be as good as a feast? For the true feast has already been gathered. The bounty is contained within the myriad mysteries that perch just outside of our narrow gaze. It is the secret poesis, that mysterious unfurling of creation perpetually emerging at the edge of our senses. All this contained within ordinary moments of grace, such that even our simplest of days are laced with holiness.

Could you be in one place long enough to be *claimed* by it? Could you listen well enough, feel deeply enough, look closely enough to know this? Could you avail yourself of the practice of *stewardship* to that place that nourishes your soul and feeds your body, such that you leave a legacy of fertility for those to come in a time beyond your own?

Are you willing to tread lightly on this living Earth GAIA, to open your awareness to the real *limits* and *consequences* of being a human living in the Anthropocene, and have that be fodder for the deepening of your humanity?

Could you embrace Love as an ongoing *practice*, rather than a feeling, or a thing to obtain?

And at the end of the arc of your days, can you give yourself unto dying, not with defeat, resignation, or resentment, but with an honoring of its mandate, and a loving obligation to feed those to come – both through your manner of dying and with the sustenance that your body will provide?

So May it Be...

~ Written by Jon Carlson, 2019, 2022 ~