

*(A sample week from Earth Vision's A Calendar of Nature and Soul - summer season)*



## **Week 15**

July 14-20

Wrapped in veils of summer enchantment there broods awareness of the perpetuity of life. Microcosms of genesis, seeds, begin to mature now, encoding within their etheric blueprint the entire expression of a plant. Within each compression that follows closely on the heels of a flower's gesture of expansion there pulsates this dynamo of concentrated life. With etheric forces adrift upon the sea of solarly, encrypted beyond reach of even the charmed language of poetry, the seed's power bides in its containment, a quality that stands in direct contrast to summer dissipation.

During a sweat lodge ceremony, the shaman noted that he carried very little "overburden" - not much material overlay the bedrock upon which the gold of his soul lay waiting to be mined. Until this revelation, he had been in the habit of pushing himself, enduring needless pain for the sake of spiritual progress.

Traditional indigenous practices, once effective for their time, commonly entailed tenacious endurance - for example, running through the

desert until collapsing, or fasting without food and water for a lengthy span, the central intent being to crash through the doorway into the spiritual realm. Today, modern spiritual paths, like Anthroposophy, counsel approaching the Threshold by means of rigorous discipline, but in a conscious, grounded and moderate manner.

In a later year, he became involved with the work of a psychic surgeon. Because of his training in an alternative modality known as polarity therapy, he soon found himself joining a group of secondary healers, reconfiguring the disrupted field of patients' etheric bodies due to the impact of the surgery. With various alternative healing modalities underway and the intensity of prayerful purpose mounting, the energy in the center rose to a rarefied level.

At one point, he worked as the surgeon's assistant and witnessed the remarkable process of flesh fluidly parting and rejoining on a molecular level, painless and remarkably efficient. Despite incredible results, however, he came to understand that the patient's condition was his, or her, own responsibility. The surgeon could remove a tumor, but if the patient didn't change the underlying cause of the tumor, it would eventually grow again.

The week's Calendar verse is exemplified in a setting like this, by virtue of the enchantment that avails itself "in spirit's weaving." For those able to open themselves to the magic of a powerful healing experience, the weaving of spirit brings uncommon power to the ultimate of cures - that of self-healing or, more concisely, *Self-healing*.

- - I feel beckoned to explore alpine tundra, where a thin, light-swept atmosphere and a short, intense growing season ensure plants must undertake development with determination. And later in the week, ranging above tree line, I traverse above the meagerness of my life until, saturated by exhilaration, I can descend like a modern Moses with tablets of rapture to hurl upon the baser aspects of my life.

Hand in hand with this fervor, I have been developing an appreciation for progress I have made in my life, something I usually skim over lightly, and pay for with lower self-esteem. I am also experiencing the gnawing loneliness that accompanies being not truly met in a relationship. Withdrawal escalations are taking place on both sides, until one of us makes a conscious effort to forgive.

As I peel back the layers, I begin to see that acute loneliness is the principal force at the foundation of my addictive impulses. But I do not descend upon my deficiency with an iron rod. Repression is unhealthy, as is giving way to appetites, which are essentially bottomless. While moderation for us incarnates is typically a challenge, I see it as a reliable means of freeing the soul from bondage to the body.

Cedar waxwings, having held off through spring and

half of summer, choose now to nest. Gentle and unassuming, with an unconventional manner and exotic appearance, truly elegant among the avian race, these highborn avatars are possessed of a sweetness akin to the nectar they imbibe, and a refinement not unlike the flower petals they graze upon. Waxwings practice a peculiar ritual in which they pass a berry or petal from one bill to another, eventually ending the social interplay when one of them swallows the ceremonial icon. The labyrinth of one's social life one can always use some waxwing grace and charm.

Late in the week, entering a phase of enchantment, the soul, as in a sanctum gathering strength, can be found building forces for the imminence of a morning. Buffered in its cushioned parlor, within a quiet chamber of renewal, the season's restraining parameters will serve until the season grows ripe for the iron resolve of will to transcend the boundaries.

Meanwhile, the wolf rests from its ranging by containing its wander within the bounds of domestic pursuit, and the spirit of Beethoven's First Symphony, descending from summer-high pastures, both portrays and relinquishes impulse for drama - softening, quieting, mellowing into the heated folds of grassy plains, and curling along the sanguine beach of summer, like a long-sweeping wave finally coming home. Within, a star of hope shines, gleaming despite the broad light of day. Here, in this mid-year stretch where, from afar, first-of-the-year vision once gazed, the inner eye has closed its

weary lid. And the inner sensate being rests, now, within the quiet boudoir of summer rapture. The soul lolls upon a hammock strung from star to star, as the season delivers the enrichment of a dormitory renaissance.

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