

## **SOUL LIGHT - Fifty Seven**

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### **BUTTERFLIES.**

Have you seen any extraordinarily beautiful butterflies flying about lately?

I have. A friend was with me and he suggested we catch it to add to his specimen board.

This man epitomises our materialistic human society: let's catch it and own it. Let's keep it all to ourselves. Let's add it to our collection of dead things. Let's show it off as something that belongs to us.

This is the madness of our world – we collect dead things.

People do this with just about everything from old resentments to ancient religions and modern gadgets to brand new dollar notes.

Friends, cars, bank accounts.... the latest electronic gizmo, the newest overseas holiday destination, the miniature horse, the latest flat screen plasma TV...

What do we want? Everything!

When do we want it? Now!

Surely we need to learn to simply enjoy what we have in the moment.

To let it be, without having to own it.

If we have it for the moment, we enjoy its presence. If we don't possess it in that moment then whatever we do have in its place we enjoy, instead.

Of course, if my friend had been a scientist (or a doctor) he'd have wanted to dissect it.

These are its wings. Pluck. Pluck.

These its antennae. Plick. Plick.

Here's its six legs. Plack. Plack. Plack. Plack. Plack. Plack.

This is its Head. Schook.

Here's its Thorax (chest). Schunk.

And its abdomen. Plink.

All done, six little bottles containing one butterfly.

But do they?

Where is the lofty soaring of the butterfly?

Where is the numinous beauty of the butterfly?

Where is the wonder and awe that took our breath away?

Certainly not in the bottles.

The bottles simply contain the dead bits. The dead things.

The aliveness of the butterfly has flown away!

That aliveness lives on – now it's in your heart!

Try for a week NOT OWNING DEAD THINGS.

Let go of everything that isn't YOU.

That means dropping your sense of ownership toward money, jobs, family, social status, lovers, the future, the past – even your guilt's, worries, doubts, fears, hopes and expectations.

Let them all go.

Move out of your long dead cocoon of safety!

For just one week gently move above the mundane..... and become the extraordinarily beautiful and capable butterfly you already are!

Come, fly!

Love and blessings,

*Les*