

THE CHILD WITHIN

By William Samuel

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Spring is here! The azaleas are blooming and Woodson's many trees have yawned, stretched, rubbed their eyes and are in full bloom. Our bees are humming and the young weeds in the backyard are singing, "We shall overcome."

(I lie still in the sunshine to listen to the morning sounds but the body's physical anguishes interfere much the way blankets interfere with the wind. I try to listen through the blanket. For a moment the bird song is clear, but within another moment the bodily feelings close most things down. There is that feeling in the gut that grinds down the sensitivities and demands attention. It is ubiquitously present and never lessens except for the sweet times the Spirit is called for and comes to the fore. There is that Spirit within me. It isn't restrained by the bodily senses. That is, it hears without need of ears. It sees without need of eyes. It feels and enjoys without need of skin and sensations. That is the joy one longs for. That is the place where peace and contentment lie. That indomitable Spirit is within myself. It is within Everyman.)

The bursting bud is catalytic to the tree's "normal" state before blooming. The swelling buds breaking open, peeling back, exposing naked petals to the light may very well seem painful to the tree should it compare one feeling to the other - one "normal," one "abnormal," one to be maintained, the other to be resisted and healed.

(It is the quiet Spirit that brings up glimpses that may be written. I get up, go to the keyboard and try. The body fights back and it isn't long until something grows tired and overcomes the thought that might have been written.)

But the bud bursts anyway and the tree contains the strength to get through its ordeal - an agony soon to be seen in the new light as no real ordeal at all, but a normal aspect of its own unfoldment.

(Then I pause, close my eyes and rest on the arms of the chair in quietness, listening, awaiting the Spirit and its strength again. The sunshine felt good this morning. The stillness let me hear the birds for a time, hear the wind and gather this little thought of the indomitable Spirit within each of us.)

Truth is catalytic and cataclysmic to the world's "normal" view of things. Upheaval and turmoil are often experienced when one turns "within" to the Real. But this upheaval relates only to the old view of things, not to the new. The strength to get through these periods of turmoil is built within us and we get through, despite our attempts not to bloom; despite our attempts, out of habit, to return to the old ways and despite our efforts to personalize everything.

(Yesterday was one of those hard days when the heaviness was overpowering and nothing seemed to help. I gave up and went to bed early. Then, this morning after a stint in the

sunshine and hammock, my fingers are plunking the keys without resistance. What a difference a moment's stillness can bring. Spirit within, come forth! Bring me up! Take me over! Lift me out of this binding confining scene where a body hesitates and reacts and grows tired so quickly. The little boy wants to run and clap hands. He yearns to examine things and hunt for arrows from yesteryear. Still, for all his yearning he thanks you for these moments when the fingers hit the right keys and the sorrow is subdued and the war perhaps comes to an end.)

We bloom because we have already bloomed. We unfold in time because we have already unfolded in timelessness. We appear to catch afire because we are already the Flame that Light is - and all that is necessary for this "catching" will present itself in precisely the way it should, whatever we do or don't do.

With honest love,
William Samuel

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