

November 10, 2016

Dear Ones, many of us feel that we've entered a new dream we don't yet understand. Yesterday I spoke of the first task at such a time, calling yr soul back and providing it a good home. Today we turn to sending out filaments of soul stuff to others. After a campaign and an election that were themselves traumatizing (not a word I use lightly), there are so many people in our country, in the world, who are terrified at what might happen – in fact is already happening – to them and those they love.

These days, please, every chance you get, send a simple message : *We're in this together*. If it's a conversation, a meditation, a donation, bearing public witness – let the frightened know, let the frightened parts of yrself know – that kindness can be stubborn, and brave.

When I was old enough to vote, I vowed that I would always cast my ballot on behalf of those who had no vote : the trees and rocks, hummingbirds and killer whales. Tuesday's election has passed, but every day we have a new choice about what ballot we cast, upon the waters, into the air, to wrap around the shoulders of our sisters and brothers.

On election night some of those likely to be part of the new administration were saying that they had long memories and were going to take revenge on those who opposed them. It got me wondering, what is the revenge of kindness? Would it rise from an ancient steadiness, be made of standing with and sheltering, of refusing to go along with what is cruel and declining to be divided one from another? Kindness too has a long memory, and it lives in us.

With my love,

 