

## Going With the Flow

How many of us experienced relationship challenges during May's mercury retrograde? The beautiful part was that nature provided us with a full moon lunar eclipse mid month(signaling death to old ways which are no longer working) and a new moon solar eclipse June first (bright new beginnings).

In the midst of it all, and since communication was horrible all month long, my friend and I decided to just go out in nature and just "be" for a day. We needed to avoid criticizing each other for a day and remember what it was that we like about BEING together!

We chose to hike Emery Creek Falls. At an hour and a half north of Atlanta, about an hour and a half hike in, and seven crossings back and forth through the creek, it's a perfect day trip. Because of all the rain this year, we cut walking sticks to brace against the current. The crossings were knee to chest deep instead of the usual ankle to thigh deep. Deep into the forest we hiked. Deeper still into our souls. With each crossing, the layers of superfluity were stripped away. The forest grew darker, the trees more dense. The fir trees dripped with rain and fragrance as if the mother earth herself were filling her sanctuary with her sacred incense. I hearkened back unto a time when I was one with the land, the trees, and the stream.

"I am beautiful and I am ugly too", she said. "If you can't handle my shadow, you won't be able to handle my light either". The darkest spaces in the forest was where I found the most solace.

Finally we arrived at the falls. The waterfall is magnificent in her glory. There was no weakness in her soft fluidity. The water roared around us. Power and strength were in her thundering currents as she deftly rushed past giant boulders. Grandly, she taught me the lesson of going with the flow.

I began to cry as we left. I stopped to write. I didn't want to go. How can I capture the fragrances with a pen? Oh the smells, the deep moist earth. The trees were fresh with the whisper of scent caught ever so daintily in the air. It settled silkily on my skin and impregnated my hair with richness. Can I write about the sounds enough? The sounds of the birds chirping, the water rushing, the slight rain dripping? Can I write enough about the many shades of green the mosses, the ferns, the trees? Even then rocks were green!

I was wondrously different as we hiked out. Gone was my chatter. Gone was my frenetic energy that propels me urgently me through my days I just wanted to stop and be still. I see my partner up ahead, but for the moment I am alone. I enjoyed the space between us and felt comforted by my glimpses. Tranquillity permeated my being.