

FEATHERS AS MESSENGERS

PAST MEMORIES AS POTENTIAL TEACHERS

Some experiences stay so vividly in our memory, floating in and out of our awareness at the most perfect moments, offering us opportunities for deepening and expanding levels of awareness and new understanding.

Yesterday, as I entered into the joy of 'show and tell' with someone dear, I found myself revisiting a brief and powerful moment from my childhood. Feathers! As a small girl, my curious and observant nature, that old and wise part of me that *knew* a blessing when I saw one, noticed a precious bird's feather lying at my feet. As I reached for this treasure offered from my winged friends, a deeply influential person in my life (one of my greatest teachers) halted my joyfully outstretched hand. "DON'T touch that! It's dirty and full of parasites!" the voice shouted in horror. Confusion and fear flooded my impressionable being, overshadowing the experience of magic that had been swirling gracefully and effortlessly through my tiny body only moments earlier. I left the gift behind that day. More importantly, however, I began to leave behind my childlike ability to 'trust receiving.'

Fortunately, it is with equal clarity that I recall the day, more than 20 years later, that I unexpectedly revisited that childhood experience. Once again, I was offered the gift of a precious feather at my feet. Filled with joy, I spontaneously bent down to reach for the blessing and witnessed myself suddenly freeze in the imprint of my earlier years. The clear voice of my past rose up from the depths, and like a wildfire, ignited the memory within my cells, reminding me of the dangers of receiving the gift. For what felt like minutes, but was actually only seconds, I was paralyzed in confusion.

CREATIVELY UTILIZING THE PAST TO DESIGN THE PRESENT

This time, I heard the voice of Wisdom clearly enough to choose a new response. With fear standing recognizably close by, I slowly and cautiously picked up the beautiful and tattered-looking feather from the ground. While I squirmed a bit at the thought of parasites, I most certainly felt pleasure in my moment of creatively utilizing my past to design my present. I cradled this treasure in my cupped hand and upon arriving home, gently and lovingly rinsed the feather with soap and water, and lay it in the sun to dry. It was beautiful! I was safe! My heart was ebullient! I had safely 'received.'

FEATHERS AS MESSENGERS

Four years ago, during my flower essence training with the Flower Essence Society, I stood outside visiting with two classmates during a mid-morning break. We were surrounded by the beauty of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the pulsing and vital energy of the late springtime, and the constant presence of the flower essences. It was gloriously beautiful, and my soul was being nurtured and nourished in numerous ways! Just then, it happened again, the way it always does. My eyes were magically drawn to the ground beneath my feet. There it was...the most beautiful iridescent blue feather I had ever seen! Without a moment's hesitation, and filled to overflowing with joy, I scooped the feather up and sang out, "Ohhhh, a feather! I *love* finding feathers!!" Smiling ear to ear, I soaked this special blessing into my entire being, and with deepest gratitude and appreciation, placed the beautiful feather in a special place for safe keeping when one classmate proclaimed, "You're going to lose that feather!" I was stunned, and *nearly* confused. Quickly, I replied, "No I'm not." She persisted, "I'm *telling* you, you're going to *lose* that feather. *I can see* and I *know* you are going to lose it!"

During my time alone that evening, I quietly reflected on my mid-morning experience with the feather and my classmate. Care-fully, I listened to my own Wisdom and Knowing, and found myself responding to its voice by gently wrapping the feather in white tissue, and writing a note explaining that I was giving this precious blue feather to her so she could keep it safe. The following day, she received my note, and the beautiful feather. She accepted my offering.

RECLAIMING THE ABILITY TO TRUST RECEIVING

You *must* know, this gesture did not occur free of resistance on my part, but it *did* feel true, so I honored it. I do not know what message that special iridescent blue feather had for my classmate, and I do not know if it was kept safe or lost. That is none of my business. What I *do* know is this...I continue to find feathers of all kinds...small and large...various colors...and so often they are white, and *sometimes* they are blue. I continue to reclaim...one feather at a time...the curious, observant, wise, magical parts of me. One feather at a time...I continue to reclaim my ability to *trust receiving*.

Written by Jane Ellen on 11-23-07