

DRINKING FROM THE THIRST QUENCHING CUP OF EMPTINESS



My perceptions have always been colored with an unconventional palette.

In my early teenage years, I recall feeling shades of loneliness sitting at home on New Year's Eve. I somehow knew the emptiness I felt would not be filled by the sort of celebration welcomed by many on that evening. Instead, there was a place of questioning percolating within me. What did I want New Year's Eve to mean for *me*? How would *I* choose to welcome in the New Year? For 30 years I've lived with those questions, sometimes experimenting, most often tending to ignore the New Year's Eve and New Year's Day holiday entirely, until this year.

As 2008's final pages are written, there is much within me that now feels different. I sit peacefully, alone, in silence, in my beautiful studio space, writing to you, writing to me. Next to my keyboard, the single flame of an orange candle dances as I reflect, in splendid awe and wonderment, upon the repeated metamorphose that transpired within my world and the world around me throughout this unique and magical year, and I am reminded, yet again, of the unmatched Teacher ever-present within Change.

Yesterday, I heard my Self say out loud to a dear soul, "It's strange...I feel strong, and excited...in the midst of all the space...in the midst of the emptiness," and I knew then that this New Year's Eve and New Year's Day would feel different.

In this cherished moment of abundant space and emptiness, there is no loneliness, no need to fill the empty places. Instead, I am cradled in multiple expressions of love, in blankets of gratitude, in the peacefulness of self-acceptance, and the freedom and simplicity of allowing my own unique expression.

I offer my warmest goodbye to this brilliant year. There is nothing more for me to do or be.



On New Year's Day, I will drink from the thirst quenching cup of Emptiness, knowing the Great Mystery will repeatedly fill me to overflowing.

Together, hand-in-hand, heart-to-heart, may we warmly welcome 2009 and the pure perfection of its offerings. May our truest thirst be quenched.

Blessings to you, love to you, peace to you...dear and precious heart!

Written by Jane Ellen on December 31, 2008