

Stillness Reflection

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"I awake to the distant booming of thunder, a change is in the air. The world outside is bustling awake, calling me to join in the familiar and freneticbut there is a calmness deep inside, a resonance that comes from a deep place in my being... a place that I have come to call the still centre and I make a decision to allow myself to move in and with this beautiful resonance. For I have found the peace that passes all understanding, a sacred stillness..... it is here with us now, in each of us... always with us....can you hear it calling you...calling you back.

The precious gift of stillness.....and stillness has friends...remember you knew them as a child....self worth, creative abandon, connection, joy, flow.

When we were small children we knew stillness. She was there when we were drawing with crayons, squelching coloured paint with our hands, studying flowers with our tiny fingers, building towers out of coloured blocks of lego, making mud pies, searching rock pools for precious shells. Stillness was there in the creating....stillness was there in the deep breaths.

But somewhere along the journey of life, we turned our backs on stillness and her friends.....we met new companions...judgement, competition, expectation, fear and isolation and slowly these new acquaintances took up more space in our souls, crowding out the stillness....

While stillness never left us, our new companions were noisier and demanded more attention...we tried to do everything to make them happy but it felt like we could never quite 'do enough', 'be enough'....it was strange how sometimes they made us feel good, sometimes they made us feel really important but there was an emptiness.. a longing in our souls that could never quite be filled.

Occasionally we would catch a glimpse of our old friend stillness... when visiting an art gallery, she had her arm around us while we watched a sleeping child, we felt her presence while our hands were digging in the garden, and while reading and she was there sitting with us as we marveled at the setting sun. She resonated in the whisper of the wind through the trees, we heard her in the distant call of seagulls, in the musical strains of the orchestra and in our inhale and exhale.

Stillness is a sacred gift available to us all... if we allow her the space in our soul"