

Weekly Meditation by Rev. Teri Lubbers

July 6, 2011

Longing For The Ocean

Now I understand that, despite our pressing busyness and endless worry, we need that stillness from which all things grow. Despite our distorted want to be the sun, we are more like plants growing toward the light. Despite our secret want to be in control, we need the armless surrender of a drop longing for the ocean. ~ Mark Nepo, "The Exquisite Risk"

Now, your waterbead lets go and drops into the ocean, where it came from. It no longer has the form it had, but it's still water. The essence is the same. This giving up is not a repenting. It's a deep honoring of yourself. ~ Rumi, "The Essential Rumi"

I know something about longing for the ocean. It has been a bit of hardship living landlocked in North Texas. I grew up within an hour's drive of the ocean. For years when my children were in school, our family would make an annual pilgrimage to the Atlantic Ocean from wherever we lived. As we would drive across the causeway that connected the mainland of North Carolina with the barrier island, something would open up in me, some new kind of expansiveness, an excitement and anticipation of seeing the vastness of ocean for the first time again. What it always felt like was coming home.

There are many things that press us, that worry us, that drain our precious time and energy and attention. We worry about children and parents, partners and co-workers and bosses, money and houses and cars, health and love and purpose. But in the midst of all of that there is a stillness, a quiet place of light that we are growing into. An ocean that all our little drops are longing for. We are longing for home.

How curious that the things we most long for sometimes are out of reach because we are not willing to surrender. What do we need to surrender? All the shoulds, oughts, musts with which we saddle ourselves regularly. Usually we stop only when we are physically, emotionally and spiritually exhausted. What if we started surrendering before we reached that point of exhaustion?

So, just for today, I will be a small plant, content to reach for the light. Just for today, I will be a small waterbead, content to flow into the ocean. Just for today...

Prayer: Maker of all-that-is, I surrender into you. Be the sound of ocean to my ear, the light of sun to my eye, and the taste of salt on my tongue. Amen.