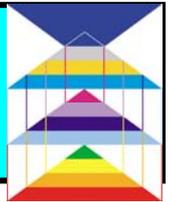




# Rumblings and Ruminations



Newsletter from Sharon Snir for June 2006

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## CHANGE

**I**t is raining softly outside my window. I can hear some brave lorikeets squawking and the gentle hum of the computer accompanying my nails click clicking on the keyboard. It all feels so comfortable and familiar.

Some things never change.

Ah! What an illusion!

Having just returned from the States where I taught both in LA and Jew Jersey I am looking back and reflecting on the experience.

Ryan Daniel, organised the LA workshops and found the most beautiful space in Santa Monica. The venue was part of the Santa Monica Television Studios and was used during the week as a trapeze school for kids.

Coloured silks hung from the rafters wrapped around various trapeze apparatus. We were surrounded by the echoes of children taking risks and trusting the momentum of life.

Although the group was smaller than expected the work was profound.

The energy of this space impacted me deeply and I took a giant leap into the unknown.

With no more than pure intent and absolute faith, once we had finished Levels 1, 2, 3, and 4, I chose to condense Seminar II into only one day.

By the end of that day neither Rebecca nor I could remember how we had done Levels 5,6,7 and 8 in two days for the past few years.

The excitement of letting go was intoxicating.

I decided to let go even further and in New Jersey flew through the air on sheer trust, condensing both Seminar I and Seminar II into two days.

In letting go I let the momentum of the Levels carry me forward. Indeed they carried us all forward.

This poem was written by someone who chooses to remain anonymous. It describes Change better than anything else I have ever read.

## Change

One of the difficulties in moving out of the familiar is the temptation to close off the full drama of change before its own attractions have a chance to ripen.

The sense of being bereft of all that is familiar is a vacuum which threatens to suck up everything in its reach.

What is hard to appreciate, when terror shapes a catastrophic gap,  
is that this blackness can be a fertile void.

The fertile void is the existential metaphor for giving up the familiar supports of the present and trusting the momentum of life to produce new opportunities and vistas.

The acrobat who swings from one trapeze to the next knows just when he must let go.

He gauges his release exquisitely and for a moment, he has nothing going for him but his own momentum.

Our hearts follow his arc and we love him for risking the unsupported moment.



The hallway that led to our beautiful room in Santa Monica

Yours in Letting Go and Letting Be

*Sharon*

