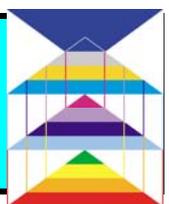




Rumblings and Ruminations



Newsletter from Sharon Snir for July 2006
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Tentatively I walked into the darkened room and saw my beautiful friend sprawled on the bed sobbing. She looked so vulnerable. So open. So completely present in her emotions. I walked over, placed my hand on her shoulder, and whispered it was all going to be all right. She sobbed until there were no more tears. And then her face lit up and it seemed to me the sun was radiating out every cell in her body as she raised her face towards the tiny bassinet and said, "Have you seen her? She is so beautiful."

It is said that the night is always darkest just before the dawn.

I never completely understood that until last week. My beautiful friend Tal (it means Dew) had given birth to a angel four days before my visit. She was sore, tired, heavy, and overwhelmed by the love she was feeling. A nurse came into the room and gently woke the baby who had chosen the day light hours to sleep and the night time to party. With efficient expertise she helped the tiny hungry mouth latch onto a painful well gnawed nipple and I saw my friend brace herself for the shooting pain of that first hungry tug.

But that never happened.

Suddenly Tal realised that she was hearing a sound she had never heard before. We listened. We heard the gulping and the swallowing of a new born experiencing her first real feed.

The tears and the milk had arrived together.



**Hand in hand.
The grief and the joy.
The pain and the pleasure
The agony and the ecstasy**

As I stood watching this moment in time, all Time seemed to stop. I no longer needed to breathe, for I felt the joy, the elation in the room breathed for me. And when I did begin to breath again it was the soft, silent, gentle breath of a midnight breeze.



*Everything is purposeful
although the purpose
of everything is
often hidden.*

Why would Mother Nature choose to bring mother's milk in 3 or 4 full days after a baby is born? Why not immediately? What possible reason would nature have in making the both mother and child wait?

Could it be that she is introducing us to Her innate wisdom through the Universal cycles of time. Could she be guiding us towards an understanding that the cycles of Nature move through darkness to the Light and back again, over and over?

I believe the Seasons are metaphors in each of our lives of the cycles that carry us from Winter to Spring from Summer to Autumn. From Darkness to Light.

Birth. Nine months of warmth and darkness turns into painful contractions squeezing the baby out of its cocoon and into the light. We wait until Birth announces she is ready and she signals the orchestra to begin.

From Darkness to Light. From Pain to Pleasure. From Hunger to Fulfilment. From Chaos to Contentment.

The timing however is not ours. To surrender to Nature is to trust in Divine Right Order.

Darkness comes in many disguises. Confusion, Panic, Betrayal, Abuse, Abandonment, Rejection. Under the blanket of disguise however, is always another story.

Tal saw the beauty within the pain, and the Grace within the tears. I watched her vulnerability transform into Joy, her confusion into calm, and her doubts into peace.

I walked way reminded yet again that no matter what happens, the break of dawn always follows even the darkest of dark nights.

**Until next time
Love and Light and Blessings,
Sharon**