

## **Welcome to Contemplations!**

*This newsletter will show up monthly in your IEA inbox to inspire, uplift, and maybe make you laugh just a little.*

*It is with delight I create this space for you, and with anticipation I compose a few months' entries and then invite you, fellow IEA member, to compose thereafter! Do you have a story to tell, an encouragement to share, an insight to inspire? Then please submit to me [Patricia Baldwin Seggebruch](#) and let's begin to see what can come as we all reach out with the desire to help each other rise higher.*

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## **Traveling outward~**

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**People travel to wonder at the height of the mountains, at the huge waves of the sea, at the long compass of rivers, at the vast compass of the ocean, at the circular motion of the stars, and they pass by themselves without wonder~**

St Augustine

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I will die, trying to live my life as completely, earnestly, faithfully as I possibly can.



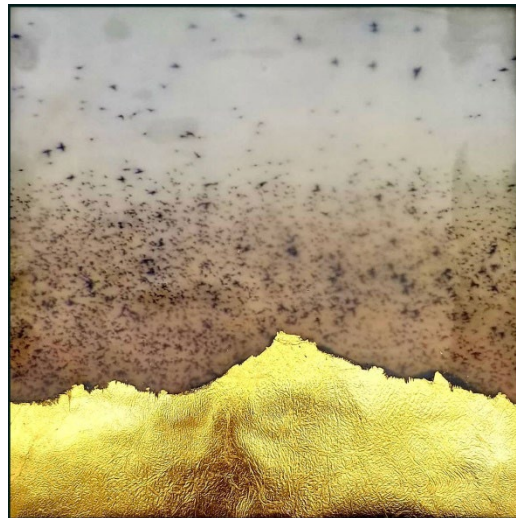
This sounds dramatically intense, nearly insensitive to the world around me-to the 'those' my life is a part of; children, parents, husband, friends, and cohorts. Lives I've touched in some measure, yet feel negligently responsible, always somehow-is it ego?-to touch more deeply.

Yet there is no insensitivity. This is not about what lives outside of my inside. This is not about what comes to be visible in my world because I will it or the lives I've gotten to touch to whatever depth. Quite the contrary.

Exactly the contrary, actually.

I am speaking to the effort of living, as I have come to see it.

For, there is no living, real life, without an earnestness to be completely each day, closer, deeper, narrower, realer, to the self that was implanted on that given day when soul met body; each one of us.



*Salyna Gracie, "Murmurations Series"*

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**This is why we're here; to be shaped by time into a tool.**

Nepo

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Oh we get it wrong; so wrong! But guess what? We are supposed to! We are designed to. If we got it right-exactly 'me' from the first breath outside that initial watery earthly existence-we would have no more reason to take the second breath. We would have no more will to fight back at that first slap life gives us through the doctor's job to make us cry the air into our lungs.

There are so many in the world who travel; from home to faraway lands, who share these travels with us in our media-drenched world, and make us feel a bit more expanded, experienced, in touch with a greater sense of life beyond our arms-length lives.

We travel ourselves some of us; taking our courage in the luggage, our trust packed to fit in the compartment under the seat in front of us. But do any of us enough, travel inside? With the travelers we admire - Anthony Bourdain comes most readily to mind - coming to life conclusions dramatic and painfully cut short, and many others, unknown to the world yet traveling all the same, maybe not cutting short, but ending before the end all the same, this life, what can one do anymore but travel the path left to us, to all of us, if we will?

Travel inside.

We are all capable of this journey, we have it inside of us and are able to grab hold of it at any time. It takes no counting of PTO, it is not necessary to check the balance of the holiday savings account. All that is required is a few moments, or if you can spare, a day.

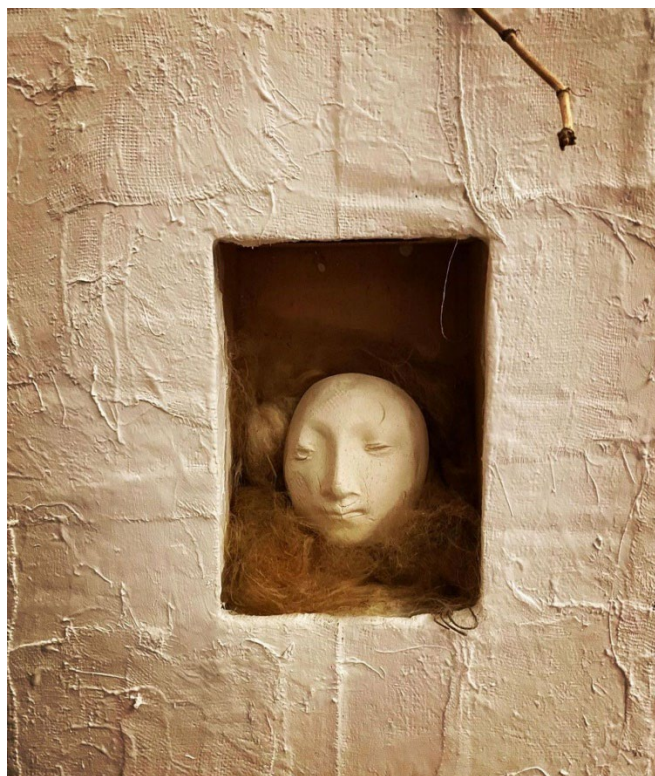
I've invited myself to this travel of late. Weekly taking those moments, and just recently, a day set aside. Next month, a whole week, if I can bare to tell ego to pack her bags~

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"The most regretful people on earth are those who felt the call to creative work, who felt their own creative power restive and uprising, and gave to it neither power nor time."

Mary Oliver

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*Lyn Belisle, encaustic mixed media assemblage*

The most frightening thing that occurs when settling down to take these moments and days and weeks is the little voice taunting that *nothing will come of it*; that there will result a *massive chasm of wasted time* alone. That's all ego there, causing an uproar, no longer in charge of making the travel plans....

There comes a time I believe, for some later rather than sooner, when even that voice, that seemingly self-voice, comes to be realized for what it is, just an ego layer of protection no longer needed or wanted and certainly no longer helpful. So we shrug it off, slowly, in layers, moment by meditative moment, day by determined day, until once and for all we can stand back in our earnest search to travel, and go inside instead of out, seeking refreshingly new horizons deep and wide-spanning the eternal parameters our own being.

And ego? Oh she's there. I've handed her a cup of hot chocolate. A glass of shiraz on weekends. She thanks me warmly, smiles with honest delight, and even I can see, a gleam of pride in her eye.

For she sees, as I go ahead and go off in my travels, that she's never had anything to worry about, and in the end, in this end, she always gets to be part of the journey, no matter what~

Create.

Go inside and risk the journey to discover what you alone are born to travel to discover and claim as your own land.

warmly in wax,  
Trish

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