

## My dream for our world.

Written by Grace

Wednesday, 12 December 2012 10:44 -

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This earth, and all its birdsong, orchids, teacups, and toffee is already a living paradise.

Perhaps we incarnate to experience sheer joy.

For ourselves and for the Divine.

After all, God/dess cannot run through a field, play with a puppy, paddle in the sea, enjoy a foot rub, savour freshly picked broad beans or make love. But we can, and through us, God/dess feels this delight. We need to feel joy so the Divine can experience these treasures. Maybe the world is meant to be beautiful.

In the Celtic traditions the world has good and bad equally alike in it, where curses are blessings and the bitter pain gives life its piquant sweetness.

I cannot outline what heaven on earth would look like as truly it would be different for each individual and so to assert my preferences would be to dash one hundred thousand dreams.

When we all find paths and places; looking to bring the joy we wish to see into the world. It is then that paradise appears in a rainbow of hues and tints beyond number. Painting the earth bright. Streaming from our hopeful hearts.

What I can do now is pray to be of service, to bring love, feel love and beloved.

What I can do now is practice my yoga in the wild grasses, pick fresh peas, laugh and dive and run away to the sea shore.

What I can do now is savour elderflower wine and almonds, scent the breeze and give thanks for summer.

What I can do now is pray in the secret places of the forests, pick berries for my cakes. And do all of it over and over again.