

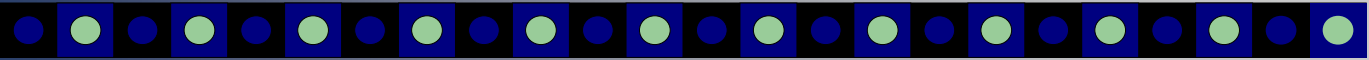
The Stillness Newsletter

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Dallas, TX

Written by just me, Renee Baker. Thanks for reading!



Oceans of Eternity

Every time I visit the rocky beaches of Monterey Bay, I can't help but be reminded of eternity. I think of the waves moving in from across the Pacific, turning around and heading for home. Perhaps some came just to move a few pebbles, to turn them into sand. Perhaps others came just to give a brave surfer a ride back to the beach. Perhaps though, there were a few waves that kindly came to soothe me too, so I could stop and reflect on how short our lives are on a planet so very old. The ocean, certainly, can be a gentle reminder on how to bring our lives into perspective.

The Earth was born, scientists say, some 4.5 billion years ago. It is hard to imagine living perhaps a thousand years ago, nevertheless countless lifetimes ago. I can't help but also think about how fragile our humanity is right now, that we are on the brink of either a beautiful rise in consciousness, to a heaven on Earth, or to a place beyond an unlearned lesson. If we can only allow our oceans to bring us peace, then the former realization can take place.

Our oceans heal us. They are our birth home. The salt water that constantly bathes our eyes reminds us that this is so. And as we must honor our parents for giving us birth, so too we must honor our oceans for bringing us renewal and new life. When we fail to honor, Mother Nature will bring environmental balance back to us, in perhaps not so delicate of ways.

Our oceans heal us, because they speak to us. We cannot resist the ocean when we are near. It brings us great peace and stillness. It calls each of our senses into play, the taste of salty water, the crisp, bursty air, the song of seagulls and symphony of waves crashing on the beach, the push of sand beneath our toes, the pull of infinity across white tipped waters. And the serenity we cannot deny when we allow ourselves to simply be a part of something greater than ourselves.

Our oceans heal us and tell us that life matters. Though they speak of an eternity, they bring us here to this moment, out of our heads and into the present. They bring us to the only moment that there ever is, the only moment that matters. They bring us to now.

MOTHER NATURE
*How can I capture
her stillness
with the strokes of my brush*
Or
*with words
from my pen*
**When gently
I am called
to give up my own name**

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Journaling Through

Writing has perhaps always been my savior. It helps me capture a truth, even though I can't quite reach the heat waves rising in the road ahead of me. It helps me to heal when I fall off balance. There are times that words need to rise like steam from a boiling pot of water. And there are times they tickle me even before I know what they are. More though than anything, writing for me is like scratching the scar. I write, but the itch never goes away.

Journaling is the most personal writing of all. It is a private diary, mainly for our eyes only. I have been journaling off and on for fifteen years. Sometimes it has been too hard. There was too many dark truths, not ready to see the light. The spiritual walk can only be taken when the time is right and often only when a healing teacher gifts us with their love. We don't even know this, because what is dark cannot be seen. But, when the glimpse comes, and the light appears ahead, there is much writing to be done. I had my own *Year of 600 Poems*, when I had to carry a pad with me at all times, to capture what my spirit spoke to me. Each poem came with a feeling, often painful, but always healing. I thought my pain would never end, but it did.

My writing has proven to be my alcohol, the type that is 70% isopropyl. The type that cleans wounds. I often say that we suffered to get muddy and we'll have to suffer to get clean. This is still true. There is no way around feeling our hidden truths. To change, we must learn to sit still with our feelings. And this takes faith, because sometimes we think our feelings are in control. They are not and peace will return.

In the midst of intense feelings, give them a written voice. Acknowledge them—honor them. They will honor you in return, and let you have peace, letting your unsung ocean waves return to sea.



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