

MEDITATION

Deanna

Go within and review the year. End with appreciation of the dark season, spark is always with you inside and return of the light. What did the year give you? Bring that gift to the light. The circle begins anew. Ring bell

SANTA MEDITATION

Relax and give yourself to the support of the floor. Feel it strong and solid below you. Let every part of your body relax into it. See a golden warm ball of light enter into your toes and soothe them, turning them over to the support of the floor. Breath into your toes. This ball of light moves up through your toes into your feet ankles and up your calves, warming and comforting them, releasing any tension found there, the warm golden ball of light moves on up into your knees (ahhhh) take a deep breath as the light moves up through your thighs, releasing from the inside out, the front and back of your thighs, moving up into your hips, all around both sides of your bottom, across your abdomen, up into your belly and into you lower back, bringing warmth, light and relaxation, Ummmm up your back and into your shoulders and up from your belly through your organs into you chest, take a deep breath and feel your chest rise as the golden light moves into your lung and shoulders, through your shoulders and down your arms, your upper arms and elbows wrists and hands and out the palm of your hands and finger tips, feeling the light emanate form you, through you. Feeling the warmth around your shoulders and neck moving up through your neck and into your jaw and the lower part of your skull, into your face, feel your mouth and lips relax, up into the back of your head and around your eyes, feel the tension fall away around your eyes and across your brow, on up into the top of your head, through each hair follicle, down your hair shafts and out all around you warm and glowing, Breath deeply and slowly and feel the breath of life in you. It is a wonderful gift to be alive and you are perfect and special as you are. You are a blessing.

We're going to take a journey now. Look back into this life on earth, to a time when you were a young child, maybe two maybe three maybe four years old. The time when you believed in magic, no question, no doubt, no worries. Fairies were about and Santa Claus was real. Remember that magical, mystical feeling. The feeling Dorothy had when she awoke and found herself in the Land of Oz. Or the children as they stepped inside Willi Wonkas magical Chocolate factory and saw all the sweets and treats they could ever imagine and the little magical elves who were helping. Remember their wide eyes of excitement and wonder, their dreams coming true. Perhaps you can imagine your own magic and wonder as you anticipated Christmas morning. Perhaps your Mom and Dad tucked you into bed and you felt the warm sheets all around you and you knew in the morning it would be Christmas and all the presents would be under the tree. Maybe it wasn't like this for you, but it can be tonight. Remember your self as a child, small and full of wonder, believing in magic. It is the night before Christmas. Mom and Dad tuck you into bed. Perhaps you aren't alone there. Perhaps you share your bed with a brother or sister. Feel the warmth of their body next to you. Feel the sheets around you. Feel the safety and security and comfort around you. It is Christmas eve and tomorrow all your dreams will come true. You are excited with anticipation. Feel that excitement, that wonderful feeling that during the night Santa will come with all your presents, those special things you wanted will be there in the morning, those magical toys and things you wanted will be there waiting for you, when you wake up again it will be Christmas. You believe in Santa and Santa is truly real, he lives however in a different vibration that is easier for children to know. With all this excitement and anticipation it is hard to fall asleep. You want to stay awake. You want to see Santa. But alas after a while slumber overtakes you and you fall into a deep sleep.

Sometime during the night you awake suddenly to a big bumping noise. As you lay there you hear it again. You slip out from under your sheets and go to the window to see what it is. What? There below you in your yard you see a bus and the little people inside are waving at you to come down and join them. You notice the driver is a little elf like fellow and the other people in the bus are children like you , in fact they are the women of this circle. You are all your child selves and you are all going on a trip on this magic bus. You slip out your window now and slide down a magical slide which appears for you and board the bus. The elf behind the drivers seat welcomes you by name and says you are a special one and this magical trip is for the special ones. You are welcomed. You pick a seat and suddenly the bus lurches forward. You're jerked a bit and the elf apologizes saying they aren't used to driving these buses. The bus begins to speed up and take flight, you feel the wind whisking into your face. You look out the window and see your house and your neighborhood below you. You glide through the sky, flying higher and higher, faster and faster. You begin to rise above the Sierras and move north over Idaho and Montana, on into Canada. You see city lights below you and

wonder what cities these may be. You travel further on, always moving further north, on and on and on to the north Pole. You are going to visit Santa. Ahh what is that all around you in the sky now? Colors, beautiful, brilliant colors. These are the northern lights. They shine and glimmer brilliantly all around you in the sky like magic. It is magic and magic is real. You continue further northward. Up Up Up to the north pole. You begin to notice a bright golden light in the distance. This must be where you are headed.

As you get nearer to this light the bus begins to descend until it is laid on the ground at the mouth of a giant cave, a sort of whole in the ground from which the brilliant golden light is emanating. As the bus stops you see beautiful sleighs with reindeer tied to them at the mouth of the cave and more elves coming to meet the bus and very excited at your arrival, the special ones. The elf driving beckons you to get off the bus and the others wrap you up in the warmest most wraps you have ever felt, you are motioned over and settled into a sleigh. As you all have boarded the sleigh picks up off the ground and enters the cave, whisking through the air, into the light, into the cave, deeper and deeper until you come upon a small village deep in the heart of the cave. there you see various small red houses and lots of elves moving all about in and out, here and there. The sleigh stops and you get out and enter the first red building. Here you see elves making and assembling all kinds of joyful gifts for all the children of the world, making dreams come true. This is where it begins. The elves look into your eyes with a deep and recognition. They know who you are. They have visited you many times. They recognize you as a special one. The love you feel from them is so warm and gentle. You could stay here forever but you are moved on and told Santa is waiting for you. You enter the next red house. ahh here a beautiful, round, warm older woman comes up to you. You recognize her as Mrs. Claus. She takes you in her arms and gives you a big hug. She smells so wonderful, warm and reassuring. As she releases you you notice all the smells here in her kitchen, sweet smells, spices, cookies and cakes, the warmth of the oven and her love in everything she has baked. She wraps her arm around you and brings you over to a wooden table. She takes off your cloak and hangs it over a chair. On the table is a warm steaming mug of cocoa for you and a warm treat out of the oven. You begin to drink the cocoa. Wow you have never tasted cocoa like this. It is so silky and warm as it moves down your throat, like yummy chocolaty, liquid love. Ummm. Now you taste the yummy treat. Feel it move down your throat and glow inside you. As you finish she takes you by the hand and smiles into your eyes. She is very happy for you. She recognizes your specialness. She loves you. You feel so wonderful. She escorts you into the next room. There you see Santa sitting in a chair by a hearth of a warm golden fire. He looks at you and Mrs. Claus with the warmest and most loving eyes, big dark pools, shining at you. You feel the love emanating from him for you and Mrs. Claus. HE is very happy. Mrs. Claus kisses you on the forehead and Santa beckons you over. The door closes behind you and you are alone with Santa. You are so excited to be here with him. He pulls you near and gives you a big warm bear hug. You nuzzle into his beard and neck and lean into his warm chest. You feel his soft, luxiours suit all around you, his arms folded around you engulfing you. He picks you up and places you on his lap. You lean into his big supportive body and relax. You sink further, just letting go, feeling the warmth of his heart, the glow of the light if his face. He begins to talk to you. He tells you, you are special, you are sacred, you are loved. He asks if there is anything troubling you. You begin to think about the time you were mean to your friend, or your brother or sister. You begin to recount with Santa all the things you have done that you feel sorry for or regret or shame for. You remember things you did as a child but you are able to see beyond that to adolescence and puberty. Mistakes you had made. You fell tears inside as you recount your mistakes, your dark side, the things you are not proud of. You continue to remember. You later teens and into your twenties, the hurt and pain, on into your thirties. The two of you are able to sit there and look at you life. Santa sees everything you are feeling and remembering even without you saying. You remember this year 1998 and recount some of the trials and tribulations you have struggled with, the darkness and loneliness you have felt, the mistakes you feel you have made. You would think visiting all this would be scary but somehow with Santas arms around you, comforting you and loving you, you can look, you can look at all of it. You cry, feeling your hopelessness and fear at times. Your head turns into his coat and you sob. As you cry and look at these things you feel this energy moving out of you, releasing from you. The unacceptance and judgment of these parts of your self or these experiences of the past, the shame is ALL moving from you. Santa knows and smiles at you warmly. You continue to feel his love. This is Santas special gift for you. He loves you unconditionally. He sees everything and loves you completely. He tells you that all is perfect. Nothing dimities his love for you. You are no less or imperfect in any way. You are perfect as you are with all of this and he is so glad that you chose to visit him today. He wanted you to know this gift. He has always wanted to share this with you. Santa tells you he wants to give you something. He reaches into his coat and pulls out a golden ball of light. It rests in his hand gleaming and sparkling as nothing else you have ever seen. It is so beautiful, almost translucent but at the same time rich and golden. When you look into it it seems to be infinite. He tells you to

open up your hands and he places the light into your hands. He tells you that he wants you to take this light with you. To always remember who you are special one. You gaze into his eyes and know this is a very special and rare moment you will never forget. You sit there looking into his eyes.

You begin to hear the creak of a door opening and Mrs. Claus is there at the door waiting for you. It is time to return. You step down from Santa's lap and look one more time into his eyes, knowing. You carry the golden ball in your hands. Mrs. Claus is smiling at you and takes you into the next room where she wraps you up in your brilliant cloak again for your trip home. She takes you to the elves and the sleigh which awaits you. She gives you a hug goodbye and tells you you may return any time you like. They are most happy to see you. You find a seat and sink into its comfort, your golden light in your hands, so glad to have something to take home to remind you of this experience. The sleigh takes off and you swish through the cave back to its entrance, gliding along. Flying out of the entrance the sleigh continues on into the sky, heading south to your home, over all the snow covered land, over Canada and Montana, Idaho and the Sierras, down to your hometown. As it nears your home it descends with a whish and the rush of air seems to blow your golden light out. Fear starts to grip you, it is gone, you have lost it but then you see Santa's face before your mind's eyes. He is smiling at you. You see his eyes as if you were back there again and you hear him say. Don't worry little one. Look inside. It is always with you. And as you look down you feel the glow inside you and notice the light is inside of you. The sleigh stops in your yard and you get out. Everyone hugs you good-bye and you slide up the magic slide up through your window and walk over to your bed and crawl back under the sheets. As your head sinks into your pillow again you feel the gift of your life just as it is. You know it is perfect and that the light is always inside of you, no matter how dark it may appear outside. You close your eyes and glow.

Now begin to notice the ground below you here in this room. Notice your toes. you are beginning to wake up to your life here and now. Here in this circle. feel your legs and chest and head. Begin to move your toes and fingers and roll around from side to side, bringing your consciousness back to your magical life here and now.

Deanna

~~Ms. Claus hugs, kitchen smells, cocoa, cookies~~

~~Santa's house-eyes twinkling, rosy cheeks, you sit n his lap, tell him what you want, he assure you it is all for you for you are one of the special ones.~~