

The Delicate Handshake

There is a delicate handshake between the races. It is a meeting of soul and of humanity, a deeper and more divine understanding that happens sincerely, gently, humbly, often without words. This meeting sometimes hurts. There is pain in the shallow layers of our human existence, where history and memory live closer to the surface. Yet these relationships are often the most memorable, because they are wiser, deeper. They carry a depth that reaches beyond our comfort. There is a connection and genetic path within them. It is difficult to explain, but you will know when you meet these souls. There is soul recognition. There is soul remembering. Some encounters fall like broken daggers. They do not heal hurt. They bring hurt. They work from fear and insecurity. They are still unlayered, still evolving, still learning. They adapt to their surroundings without yet reaching inner alignment, and from this place they may bully, subjugate, and draw others into harm, whether small harms, or wars, slaveries. Though young spirits are drawn in, this energy is not the kind we should shake hands with. We meet, we let go, we forgive, we move on. The handshake is for the devoted. For the natural peacekeepers. For the ones who guard, and who protect. They are charged with the light of God and the responsibility of community. They see others where they need uplifting rather than putting others down. They are channeled with others, special souls. Here, soul meets soul. And in this meeting, the poetry of life is shared. They bring the key of the arc of heaven. A message carried quietly and lovingly between those who walk with God. Men, women, if you are reading this, you are not meeting others as a conqueror. You are not meeting others to take or to impress. You are meeting as a friend, as a witness, as one who remembers. Earth as woman's temple, feminine, and delicate, held with care, a spiritual arm, open to those who walk in devotion and respect, here we have the eye of the eagle, and energetic rumbling of a woman's thunderous heart. Heaven as our kingdom. Of God's throne, of sword, and shield, a galaxy of stars, the light of the sun. Our spirits are equal, and shared. But good men and women are humbled. Good men and women carry a special strength. They often bring the energy of the mother, they are loyal to their heart. They bring the devotion of a good father, quiet strength. Those who walk this path recognize one another. They walk together for a time. Children of the flowing path of water. Children who greet the sun. They meet in humanity, in soul, they walk the path of God.