

'My Conversation' by Mark Valentine

... a poem received in Bainbridge Island, Washington on Valentine's Day, 1998

I begin my story with a poem that came to me when we lived in Bainbridge Island, Washington, near Seattle. It came in what felt like a download torrent to impress upon me the importance of my spiritual path ahead. It came as reassurance at a time of deep questioning and deeper emotional struggle in my journey. But this I know now - this poem *is* my journey with my creator



On The Ferry from Bainbridge Island to Seattle

And here is the poem -

Before birth, I had a conversation with my Creator. A still light before me, I spoke these words... *"I want to be born into a life where I will know the meaning of spiritual healing"*.

The Creator said... *"Your intentions are noble. You will need a way of discovering spiritual healing in your life. I will offer a gift to help you. Will you accept such a gift?"*

I said that I will accept the truth in this gift so that I may live a humble life and journey beyond time.

The Creator asked... *"Are you willing to accept such a gift if your journey leads you through uncertain times and even in dark moments when your pain runs deep? Are you willing to do your part?"*

I affirmed my willingness because my soul knows the truth in this gift and that a gifted life must be lived in a humble way. So I asked the Creator how I could live with humility.

The Creator said... *"This humility you seek requires three things. First, you must be willing to forget this conversation for a time so you can discover the sacred meaning of compassion and forgiveness. Second, you must be willing to remember our conversation for a time so you can discover the divinity that you are and that our conversation may continue. And third, you must be willing to teach others what you have remembered."*

The Creator asked again... *"Are you willing to accept this gift?"*

The answer came from a certain voice within my soul memory. *"Yes! This is my way; my journey with You; your creation as me. I accept this gift; this life; this journey of discovery."* The Creator spoke no words, but in silent transcendence I knew the meaning of the gift my soul embraced. I surrendered to the presence in this silent place of knowing, the Creator's voice whispering still.

The soul called me to sleep. I began to dream. I dreamt about my birth and my journey. I slept for a while. I forgot for a time. And in my sleepy forgetfulness, the soul began its work in this dark abyss of dreaming. I discovered compassion through pain. I discovered forgiveness through surrender to each place where an open wound disturbed my sleep. Compassion was my compass. Forgiveness was the fire that exhumed my pain.

The embers of suffering were stirred by a deep sadness and longing in my dream. Words crept into wakefulness; words fading in and out of faint mind-talk. The Creator whispered to my soul once again. I began to recall my request; the Creator's silent response; and the gift. This jeweled gift spun from the sacred stuff of life. The gift of a breathing body, a waking mind and a life fully lived. This gift as my beacon home to a place where breath, body and mind give way to a more subtle realm of being. It is the me reflected in the many and the many shining on within me. It is life itself - life waking into new life - eternal and forever.

I call to my compass and my ally once again. I remember for a time. I remember the conversation and our words, the echo of the Creator's Voice lingering on. I recall to memory that divine gift tendered to my soul, my divinity.

The dawn breaks anew. Our conversation continues...

The Creator whispers silently -

"Teach what you have remembered."

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