



**Mark Your Calendars for Upcoming Events!**

**Monday, October 5th - 5:45 - 7:00 p.m. -  
GoddesswRap!**

**ATTN: SPECIAL FILM FEATURE**

**"Mother Wove the Morning: by Carol Lynn Pearson.**

**Sunday, October 18th - 9:30 - 11:00 a.m. - Sunday  
Morning Meditation. Please join us for a nice  
morning of meditation.**

**Beverley Danusis on Facebook,  
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**What They Say About  
Wisdom Goddess Bev:**

**Referring to "Ponder This: Out of the Mouth  
of Babes"**

**Dear Wisdom Goddess Bev**

**This is a beautiful heart warming revelation  
for all of us everywhere. The first time I read  
it last week I was so moved I could only sit  
and accept the blessing you and your grand-  
son so simply and beautifully expressed into  
our world. Every time the words are read  
the blessing is magnified and life is glorified.  
You are right - through the innocence of his  
"ABLE consciousness" and your heartfelt lov-  
ing awareness you have provided us with a real  
connection with the heart of Being which can  
be felt each time we read these words. May the  
LORD Bless thee and keep thee as you have  
blessed us.**

**As ever, Ayil**

P.S.

If you enjoyed "Ponder This," please pass it on  
and invite your family, friends and colleagues to  
sign up...after all, these mailings are free!

Simply click below to the "Forward email," and  
empower someone you value today.

Thank you.

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**"Bringing Wisdom into the World through  
the Hearts of Women & Girls."**

***Ponder This - Officiating a Funeral.  
What's death?***

Monday, I officiated a funeral for the father of a dear girlfriend. It was a sad, yet joyful time for each one of us. There was a bitter sweet atmosphere permeating the room where Woodrow Nine now slept. Some family members were crying, while others chuckling, as they reminisced of "the good old days." The sacred space was filled with loved ones whom had come to pay their respects for this noble life of 93 years.

A sacred energy began to permeate every soul in the room. I knew that Love had come to comfort us. Her presence was revealed as each face began to soften. Every person, on some level, knew that Love stood near-by, whether he or she had defined it as such or not. There was this compassionate *feeling* that swept through us and bathed our hearts with equanimity.

Love had come to support us just like I knew she would. "My faith sustains me, I thought." I did my best not to become hypnotized, as I basked in the assuring Love. I had to finish the service; therefore, I needed to remain conscious. The power of Love was so intoxicating, that for a moment, I felt compelled to shout out loudly a big "hallelujah." Quickly I came to my senses and retreated. I paused and basked in this Love and was delighted to know that Love never let's us down... *we must only be open to her.*

I started the service with speaking on the Mystery, which we call death. I could not speak about death, unless I spoke of its equal opposite the Mystery of life - since they are truly one and the same. I explained that life and death occurs on a continuum and they depend upon each other for existence. This is a powerful paradox that boggles our ego-minds but not wise-hearts.

I reminded the group that we are not bodies that have souls, rather souls that have bodies. The soul belongs to the unseen or the eternal realm. Life itself and love are unseen realities, which we can only be seen as they are expressed. The expression may change, but the realities are eternal.

I continued my message saying... as a soul, we live in the body for a while loving and giving, serving, and forgiving. Just as the soul animates the body, so it is that Divine Love animates the soul. To lay down the body is like removing a worn-out garment, and the soul rises free and unlimited into the Light of the Sacred into the spiritual realm.

I concluded the service with an intriguing poem, "There is No Death," which I will leave below for you. My wish is that you will ponder this poem and allow the truth of the life-death paradox be revealed to you in a deeper way.

***There is No Death***

I am standing on the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength, and I stand and watch her until at length she is a speck of white cloud, just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says, "There! She's gone!" Gone where? Gone from my sight, that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and she is just as able to bear her load of living weight to her destined harbor.

Her diminished size is in me, not in her. And just at the moment when someone at my side says, "There! She's gone!" there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

Author is anonymous

***Ponder That!***

Wisdom Goddess Bev

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