

presence

I am vigilant. I value competence. I strive to be on top of everything. I am a woman who has climbed the corporate ladder at two Fortune 100 companies. I am a woman who had to advocate for myself through a serious illness. Vigilance was my ally. Or was it?

Even as my steel-toed boots vigilance has navigated life's land mines, it is also blinding, lacking peripheral vision, lacking in any real sight. Vigilance shows us only what we think we'll find. People can only be who we know them to be. No possibility. No surprise. The knowing of vigilance strangles.

Presence is dying to be born. A universe unknown, right here, in this moment, is dying to be born to me, to you, to all of us.

A letting go, as if in totally restful sleep, yet all the while fully awake – there is nothing to do, no one to be, no effort, senses engaged. A moment is an eternity – it's all there is.

Presence is where the world meets us – where we are. Without pushing, without striving.

Presence is where we can welcome another, with love, present for whoever they may be, opening us to a journey into new landscapes.

Vigilance has its place. Presence is dying to be born.