

Oriah's Newsletter- Summer 2010

Well, if you have not been following me on Facebook (<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Oriah-Mountain-Dreamer/23576314116>) or reading the blog (<http://www.oriahsinvitation.blogspot.com>), you are probably wondering what happened to the spring newsletter. I did write one in early April, a note about spring and hope and new life. But, the next day, before I had a chance to send it out, my life exploded. My marriage collapsed, and Jeff and I separated.

People ask if I saw it coming. No, I didn't. Perhaps I should have and of course, with the 20/20 vision of hindsight I can see the events that foreshadowed the end. But none of that made it any less of a shock when it happened. The intervening weeks have been filled with grief, sadness and the endless logistical details of working out a separation agreement and moving some of my belongings from the house in the country to my four hundred square foot apartment in Toronto (and that size includes closets and inner walls, so I am letting go of a lot.)

So, you can see why you haven't received a newsletter in awhile.

So now, here it is- the beginning of summer, the time of the fullest light (which means I have to get up very early to do my Sacred Pipe ceremony at dawn.) And what do I know?

That I will be okay. That there will be more grief, but happily (no doubt an evolutionary fact that allows us to survive) it comes in waves and those waves, over time, grow smaller and the time in between grows larger. That there will be anxiety created by the sudden vastness of the unknown in front of me, an unknown that is always there but more easily forgotten when we think we know where we are going. That this vastness holds the promise of finding a new way to live true to who and what I am, and that the ability to be still and simply allow the anxiety to rise and fall is part of finding what that way looks like.

I know I will continue to write. I know I need to spend some time this summer amidst the rock and water of the Canadian shield either camping or at a cottage (so if you know someone with a private cottage to rent in Northern Ontario please let me know.) I know I will ask for vision: about how and where to teach, what to write, and what other offerings I might make to the world in my own small way. And I know, in the right time, vision will be offered.

So, dear friends, I write from a place of some sadness but deep trust. The day after Jeff and I separated I received an email from someone who had just read about Jeff and I coming together a decade ago in *The Dance*. She told me she was happy for me and hoped for something similar in her life. I cringed, but I knew I would not have turned away from this love, even if I had known that our living together would end in a decade. The love does not end. The being loved and loving does not end. That my life is more public than some just keeps me (hopefully) honest about the ups and downs of one, small human life.

May we all dance in the Beauty we are, Oriah