

# WIND

## E. Christopher Mare – Patterns in Nature – Autumn 1995

The wind came through town yesterday, just like it does every year at this time – a massive rush of warm air so voluminous it took all day for the whole thing to blow through. Pulled by some distant, Arctic, cold, dry, high-pressure area – it moved in to fill the vacuum. It may have originated from Oregon or California; it always comes from the South, a steamroller heading North to equalize an imbalance in global atmospheric pressure. It was urgent, forceful, deliberate...and oh so refreshing.

Yes, that mighty wind entered and cleaned out every crack and crevice in the entire area. Any stagnant pool of energy left over from Summer has now been aggressively sent northward.

It cleansed my senses, that wind. I had stagnant energy left over from the Summer: unfinished business, unfilled desires, patterns of comfort and convenience. That wind came through town and blew all those away as well.

I sucked the wind deeply into my nostrils. Molecules from the South, having bounced around trees, collided with mountains, sailed through clouds – the vibrant, active molecules from far away entered my bloodstream and my brain as I sucked in deeply. Purposefully, with clear intent, I inhaled this fresh new wind.

Clean out my mind! Transform this clutter! There is no more room for unfinished business. “Winter is on the way!” That’s what the wind says. The mass of cold, dry air that pulled this wind like a magnet is getting closer; soon this cold air will be upon us. Get ready! Wake up!

The highly charged molecules from the South entered my brain. They reacted with my stagnant molecules....

Breathe! Breathe deeply. Breathe in the fresh air. Oxygenate. Oxidize. Fill your blood with highly charged molecules from the South.

Cleanse! Recharge! Empty yourself. Return to the fundamental, to the root. Like the maples drawing in their sap, pull your vital energy deep inside. Protect and nurture it. Keep what is essential, hold onto what is necessary, and let everything else go. The Winter is coming. The longest night will be upon us soon.

Get ready! Be ready! Be prepared for the longest night. The darkness is coming. We will have to face it squarely; we will have to live through our darkness.

Withdraw. Draw in. Breathe deeply this refreshing south wind. It will sustain us, it will cleanse us, it will prepare us for the cold, dark stillness. Yes, we are in transition: we are learning how to live with our darkness.

The vital energy is drawn deep inside and held fast like an internal Sun. The inner fire sustains us through the longest night.

Oh wind, wind, mighty wind – come again tomorrow! I'm not fully cleansed yet; I still have desires. I still remember shining in the noonday Sun; my ego still wants to shine. This could be dangerous now: there is no room for shining individuals during the longest night. It is a group time. We must all come together so that we can survive the cold darkness.

Oh wind, come again tomorrow! Tear down some trees; wreak some havoc. Stir us up! Come again tomorrow so that I might breathe you deeply into my being, so that I might clear out my clutter.

Wind from the South, you bring us a message of renewal, a warning, a stern reminder that all is in transition.

My Spirit moves with you, oh South Wind: I release unto you my self-absorption – take it North! I release unto you my summer pride – take it North! I release unto you my preoccupations – take them North, so that I can survive the longest night, so that I can live through the darkness, so that I may meet my shadow encounter with a freshly cleansed, open face.