

# Wind Conductor



What is *your* favorite musical instrument? The organ? Guitar? Piano? Banjo? Violin? Mine is the baton - a special baton called, "The Wind". This is because I have recently recognized that the wind is almost soundless. It makes as little noise as does the conductor's baton.

Yet, the wind draws forth music from *every* living thing - trees, grass; and even from non-living things - iron gates, pipe-scaffolding, concrete pillars. The wind is a silent, silver-tongued seductress who elicits sound and song from *all* matter - from God's Creation to human creation.

Some say that the conductor is the *only* member of the orchestra who does not make music. Others say that the conductor is the one producing *all* the music. The baton is no mere timekeeper that alerts musicians when and how to play. Rather, the baton is the awakener of the eyes - the soul's sensors - inviting both the musician and instrument to express their core essence.

And that is also what the wind is. It is no accident that in many languages, the word “Wind” has three meanings: *wind, life* and *spirit*. In Hebrew the word is “Ruah”. In Greek it is “Pneuma”. In Sanskrit it is “Prana”. In Kiswahili it is “Pepo”. And in English, the word “Inspiration” means “to take in spirit, to be alive and to breathe in.”

The wind *is* Spirit. It is *breath*. And it is *life*. And *life* is the music that souls make as they celebrate incarnation. Souls who are not aligned with their incarnational purpose produce cacophony. This is the kind of music that emerges when the percussion section is not listening to the string section or the woodwind section to the brass section.

Aligned souls harmonize with the music of the Metaverse. And you can tell the state of a soul’s incarnation by the music of its spacesuit. The secret of harmony is to *listen* to the other sections of the orchestra - not just the human ones.

I regularly attend a local symphony called, “Pena Creek”. I can hear the orchestra from the cliff upon which my home is perched. Although my home is five hundred feet above the creek, I prefer a box office seat overlooking the stage.

Right now, I am sitting on a little bluff some twenty feet above the creek. A gentle zephyr is ruffling the surface of a sleeping pool of water, making it gurgle happily, like a semi-awake, absent-minded,

suckling infant at its mother's breast. The breeze then softly caresses the tall grasses which miraculously grow from a cleft in a midstream rock, causing them to whistle like a chorus of concert flutes.

On the opposite shore, a strong, deliberate wind is playing amongst the redwoods. They sway sensuously from their knees up, groaning with the pleasure of the touch. I've seen these redwoods perform breakdancing in the wild orgies of Winter weather and do slow, intimate waltzes in the Summer breeze.

Even my own unkempt tresses are swept across my face, tickling my cheeks and causing individual strands to vibrate like the strings on my grandfather's fiddle. I hear my locks whisper my sacred name, known only to my soul. I am reminded of Jesus saying, "Every hair on your head is counted."

I turn my face to the wind and make playful shapes with my mouth which produces all known human vowel sounds. I am a spirit practicing the languages of Gaia.

The wind knows how to please *all* senses. Although I live 17 miles from the ocean, I can sometimes smell and taste the salt air. At times, as I sit on the deck after a satisfying noon meal, the breeze will sing a lullaby, while it gently presses my eyelids shut for a post-prandial nap, so that I can dream of other miracles the wind is creating.

“In the beginning was the Wind  
and the Wind was the Word of God  
...zzzzzzzz.”

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Seán".

Tír na nÓg  
July, 2015