



God, the Architect, we honor you.
You who silently whisper the secrets of home-building
in the hearts of weaver-birds and ants;
in the hearts of spiders and mice;
in the sacred geometry of the temple-makers
and in the wombs of mammal mothers,
we honor you.

Animals and Their Avatars

Scattered along my daily pilgrimage route in Tír na nÓg are artifacts and statuary that represent the great wisdom traditions of our planet. Today is May tenth; in Celtic Ireland, that means we are nine days beyond Bealtaine and ten days into the summer season. And the animal kingdom knows that. Since the rains stopped last week and the temperatures climbed into the 80's, the insect-world has released its sleeping wingéd ones and roused its slumbering crawlers. The air is sweet with their song and with their scent. And the more awakened ones are in search of their avatars.

I have a Buddha-head placed on a redwood stump; a carved stone reads, "*If you meet the Buddha on the road, kill him.*" It is an injunction to be, as he said, "*a lamp unto yourself*" and not get addicted to any theology, cosmology or guru. This particular Buddha-head was a gift from a friend in Virginia, for officiating at his wedding some years back. The head is carved with a myriad of little lumps on top, in reference to the story that once, in the heat of an Indian summer, as the Buddha sat in meditation, a host of slimy slugs climbed compassionately onto his bald pate in order to keep him cool. Today, some 2,500 years later, another crawler has added his own gift: a little blue-bellied lizard is perched right on top of the Buddha's crown chakra. Is he shading the Buddha or is he immersing himself in the stream of awakened consciousness that flows between Source and Sahasrara? Have I just seen Earth's first fully enlightened lizard?

At the end of my pilgrimage route, an ancient Scrub Oak, which I call, “*Daire*” (after the Gaelic) crowns a little mound called, “*Cnochán Daire na Naomh*” (The Hillock of the Oak Tree of the Avatars). A wooden carving of the Madonna and Child adorns it. I like to sing the “*Regina Coeli*” (Queen of Heaven) here. But as I approach her today, she too is sporting a crawler: a furry little millipede is working his way down her left shoulder. Occasionally, he lifts his front half aloft to reconnoiter the terrain before deciding his next few thousand footsteps.

On her other arm she is supporting the sleeping infant Jesus. She is the feminine aspect of God holding two of her babies - the Christ-to-be and the millipede. And She loves both of them.

Equally.

May God continue to hold you tenderly in the hollow of Her hand.

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sean". The signature is written in black ink on a white background.