

*There is a profoundly divine chamber
in the epicenter of my soul.
The God spark dances there.*

The Pine Cathedral

Hurrying, Daniel and I crossed the steamy black highway and moved out of the searing sun. Coolness greeted us as we stepped lightly into a hushed and holy, timeless pine forest. Drawing in pine-rich breaths, we exhaled slowly, as if our breath might disturb the waiting peace.

With shoulder room for giants, each tree had the opportunity to stretch its branches sunward. Sunbeams angled through the canopy, bits of forest dust swirled, sparkling in the light. A gentle breeze passed tree to tree, a rumor and caress. We walked on quiet dancer's feet...toe – heal, toe – heal, our feet sinking with each step into the rich, golden brown carpet of inches' thick pine needles. We stepped around monoliths of black and grey granite, blanketed in shimmering, soft green moss. Beaver-felled trees were obstacles which we clambered over or around. Spear-pointed stumps pointed to the sky.

Feeling the watching, waiting forest, we moved deeper into the muted gloom, stepping from shadow to sunbeam, shadow to sunbeam. We heard a Mockingbird in the distance crying: "Peter-Pete, Peter-Pete" and not so far away we heard the slap of a beaver's tail on water. We began to hurry. There was/is a spirit there which dwells in the shadows, rocks, trees and moss. She welcomed our awe and reverence. And yet, she urged us on hastening, humbled feet to move on. We were children standing on holy ground, our senses overwhelmed by the ancient one who resides there.

*What God exhaled holy onto this
Secret, silent, sacred place?
Then, overjoyed with the breath-gift
Tip-toed away?*

*Keep this shining, transfiguration
Heart-held
Less Peter drop a tabernacle there.*