I believe in the power of manifestation.

If the me I was 10 years ago heard me utter these words today… Why believe in something so elusive such as the ability to have that which I most want, need or desire?

I was working full-time, taking care of my father, trying to help run a dance company, and attempting to keep the peace at home with my former partner. I was run down, overweight, sick and exhausted. Then, I had a moment when I was 48 years old. It was the start of a reawakening for me. Something had to change. And I started asking myself, “What kind of 50 year old do I want to be?”

Manifestation- Happy and healthy were my words of choice. I left my partner, bought a house, got healthy, and made room in my life for change.

I was raised UU. And back in my teenage days LRY, Liberal Religious Youth had recently been revamped into Young Religious Unitarian Universalists. I joined YRUU with my whole heart. I spent summers at youth camps, weekends traveling within Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Canada to spend time at youth-led conferences where we let our guard down and immersed ourselves in workshops, art, politics, coffee house style talent shows and music, music, music. THIS is where I started to develop my sense of spirituality. Through exposure to the Tao, Buddhism, Passovers, Wicca, Paganism, Native American ceremony, etc., I grew to understand there is something greater than myself. I didn’t come to it through religion, politics or education. I came to it through life, experience and prodding from other youth who prodded, and poked, and questioned everything.

I did eventually turn away from what I was beginning to believe. I spent a lot of years in addiction. Then my dad passed away 3 years ago, during the first year of the pandemic. And I was numb. Numb, and relieved. Unburdened from the weight of the responsibility of my dad, I found myself with time for quiet and self reflection. A huge difference from all those years of pushing, pushing, pushing.

So maybe that is why I had time to notice…

And here comes a bit of mystery. Not once, but three times a piece of paper upon which was hand written the description of a few beautiful stones and crystals my dear friend had given me after my dad passed, moved. Three times that piece of paper moved itself from my bedside table to the middle of my bed. Not a gust of air. Nope, it was winter and windows were closed. How did that piece of paper get moved? Others rarely enter my room and I hadn’t looked at it in over a month. But, three times…

(Pause)
Ok, I hear you.

Awakening spiritually comes in phases. I went through them all. Bliss, questioning, and the dreaded dark night of the soul. I did mention addiction earlier. I decided in the early stages of my darkest dark to start doing the 12 Step program. And I threw myself into it with a deep understanding that this was my way through, my way to the other side. It felt right, guided. It was my sole purpose (or my soul's purpose) for the next year and a half of my life. For me, Higher Power, Universe, the Divine has become part of me. Guidance saw me through the 12 Steps.

Guidance brought me back to this church. Guidance had me typing an email asking to join this choir. And for months I woke up to the idea of being part of a community of choristers, slowly making my way back to my long ago roots as a vocalist. I would open my mouth to let flow what I now feel is another form of prayer. And sharing my voice in this way has brought me to a new understanding of "home". When I stand in front of you, whether it is with a trio welcoming you to our "Crowded Table", or the entire chorus reflecting on the repeated word "Alleluia", it is my way of bringing forth a prayer for all of us.

For me, it is as simple as planting a bulb and watching it turn into beauty. Opening a score of music for the first time and before I know it, what is just notes and words, has become magic. Belief that I can manifest a world where I belong took time and a lot of inner work. But I have come to believe in the mystical wonders of my mind and my heart. And I have married the world of reality with faith in that which I cannot see. I am faith.