

SPIRIT SPEAK

MEDITATIONS | MUD & THE TEMPLE

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People can only understand you from their own level of conditioning.

The process of filtration that I have forced you to become accustomed, is one that causes great pain initially. In the early stages of your journey and experience in this flesh, you struggled to accept that **I do** create walls. **I do** close doors. Your human condition had led you to an idea that peace and unity were one and the same, and that meant doors needed to be open, and people were allowed to come and go - you never wanted to [lose or] "shut people out". I taught you that **people riddled with condition, they [who] have no desire to excavate, are those who walk carelessly into the Temple with muddy shoes.** Your life [your aura] - the Temple. Their shoes - their conditions. And the mud left on the floor becomes your problem. You initially clean the mud with humility and gratitude for their visit, but eventually, your Temple is worshipped much less. **I close[d] doors - your doors** - to these people with profound, pious awareness that their mud is not and never should be your responsibility - *that is **not** how I love you.*

And like you, the writer, closes her window to the sound of a passing train, or to hush the sounds of the motorway so you may engage in your works - so you may create - so you may have a moment of clarity and peace of mind to birth some artistic expression, albeit by pen for your works in the arts, or by pen for your works to serve here, I, much the same, need close doors to the sounds. I need close [the] doors to those carrying into the ambiance of the most sacred of sets, "your life" - that man-made, tremendously disruptive, abhorrent, frenetic and furiously aggressive sensation. For like the sounds outside your window that cause you to shudder in times you know how desperate you are to attain calm - I shudder watching that disruption in your sacred life - your set.

You shudder for the sounds are abrasive, frenetic and disruptive to your own divine creation - I shudder as their muddy mess the same to your divine life - [which is] My creation.

Nicole Bonomi