

RENEWAL

SUMMER 2026

MOMENTUM

Leaps of Faith:

falling as liminal space

SACRED SPACE: *feathers*



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW | WORK IN PROGRESS | RITUAL FOR RENEWAL

RENEWAL

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Hope

is the thing with
feathers

that perches in the soul,
and sings the tune
without the words
and never stops at all.

I've heard it in the
chillest land,
and on the strangest Sea,
Yet never in Extremity,
it asked a crumb of me.

Emily Dickinson

A question I've been asking
lately: What does Hope ask of
me?

A crumb of wishful thinking?
A healthy slice of optimism?
Toxic positivity?

In a world ruled by time and
gravity, how do we keep hope
"perched in our soul?"

For me, the three branches—life,
death, and rebirth—provide the
structure, the architecture for a
continuous cycle of becoming.

The cyclical rhythm of the
Universe assures me that there
are brighter days ahead.

— CM

BIRD'S EYE VIEW

FLIGHT SCHOOL

FALLING AS LIMINAL SPACE



Not all birds fly. The penguin, the emu, the ostrich and 57 other species have adapted over eons to living on land or in/near the sea. Those who *will* fly still need to learn how.

Before they lift their wings, the new hatchling must learn to lift its head first. They arrive weak, disoriented, often blind. They are completely dependent upon their parent for survival.

And then, much like human teenagers, the nest starts to feel more restrictive, than cozy. Bird parents still provide “Door Dash” meals, placing them further out of reach to motivate the young birds.

One day, out of the blue, the parents enroll their babies in flight school. The delivered meals stop and the littles are nudged to the edge of the nest. Sound familiar?

The call often comes before we feel ready. We learn to fly by flying. We will never be ready by sitting in the comfort of the nest.

Often, what is required is a leap of faith.

“Birds make
great sky-circles
of their freedom.
How do they
learn it?
They fall,
and falling,
they’re given
wings.”

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Mid-air, a transformation happens. The instant the hatchling steps over the edge of the nest it becomes a fledgling. A new identity.

Most birds don't fly on the first try. The leap separates them from the comfort of the nest which is now holding them back.

The leap of faith is not technically flying, but it does give the fledgling a sense of moving through space.

A long way down

The time between the leap and the landing can be described as liminal space. The great Unknown.

With every embryonic Dream, we must choose over and over to trust the inner knowing calling us forward into the unknown. From breaking

past the egg, to leaving the nest, to eventually migrating somewhere new.

The fledgling bird only leaps once. It tumbles to the ground and recovers. From there it makes short test flights under the watchful eye of its parent.

Hunger kicks in and the young bird stumbles upon a worm, or seeds, or maybe a small fish. Baby steps.

Once the bird sustains a state of "loft," the identity shifts again from fledgling to juvenile. The transition to fully fledged adult depends upon the species.

Charting your course

Where are you and your currently active Dream? Have you made a leap of faith? Still clinging to the side of the nest? Is it off the ground yet? Flying high? Soaring?

Sustained flight is all about mastering momentum.

What action can you take today (this week?) to move your fledgling Dream forward?





Catching the thermals

Eagles can fly about 30-35 mph by flapping their wings. While they don't fly in flocks like other species, they do follow migration patterns that can take them thousands of miles from their nesting grounds.

To conserve energy and maximize efficiency, eagles will seek out thermal updrafts, large columns of warm air. The warm air lifts them higher, sometimes upward of 10,000 feet. They exit the column and then glide for long stretches without frantically flapping their wings.

For me, “catching thermals,” means tuning into higher vibrations. Listening for guidance, watching for synchronicity, “feeling” my way into updrafts.

Yes, we can go far on our own effort and determination. By catching thermals we can rise higher and be carried further than we ever dreamed possible.

I once asked a bird,
how is it that you
fly in this gravity
of darkness?

She responded,
‘Love lifts me.’

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FEATHERS



Altar for Tenderness: Calling in the Divine Feminine with a white swan feather, pink quartz and an exquisite shell.

Art: Tenderness Heart by [Laura Lavigne](#).

Feathers

have innate beauty. To use them in a sacred way though, goes beyond mere aesthetics. My ethos steers me toward using feathers carefully, in ways that have clear *personal* meaning. Humans throughout history have used birds and feathers as symbols of Divine connection. With that in mind, I use them as an *expression* of that connection, not as a substitute or placeholder for the connection. Yes?

As a bird lover, I *do* include feathers in creating sacred space at home. For instance, I once made space to display a tiny hummingbird feather right next to a very large raptor feather. The juxtaposition in size gave me deep contemplative fuel. We all come with different gifts, all of which are valuable. All of which are purposeful for the intention with which we came.

As elements of air, feathers can guide us in how to lighten up, rise above it, or be carried by the thermals of grace.

The folklore of feathers

In Celtic mythology, the goddess Morrigan shape shifts between worlds donning a cloak made of raven feathers. Toggling between forms can be of use to blend in unnoticed to observe a situation. Showing up in a cloak of raven feathers leans more toward making a dramatic (and perhaps intimidating) entrance.

Bards and poets of the old world often carried feathers as a talisman for the art of enchantment.

According to Egyptian mythology, the heart of each human was weighed on the scales of Ma'at in the afterlife. If the heart was found to be lighter than a single ostrich feather, called the "Feather of Truth," the soul was seen as pure and was granted entrance into the higher realms.

If a feather has found its way to you, what gifts does it bring? What meaning does it have for *you* in particular?

work completed



Swan Song

a journey of love... with a soundtrack

I fell in love with this painting. A commission emerged in late Fall and I started blocking in the loose shapes where the major elements would go. With such a simple composition, I soon moved to adding a round or two of details. It was already “coming to life” when I balanced it on a single screw on the wall facing my bed. For the next

several months it became a very unexpected focal point.

The couple I was painting it for was traveling the world on tour—to accommodate [Paul Baron's](#) trumpet playing habit. I had to do an online search to find out he's very well-regarded among other musicians, which is a flex all its own. Then I

saw his credits, and wow: Natalie Cole, Harry Connick Jr., Diana Krall, Lou Rawls, Ray Charles, James Ingram, Patti Austin, Sheena Easton, and too many more to list.

His wife Trinka and I worked together years ago and always had an affinity for the magical—and romantic—aspects of life. So you can imagine how thrilled I was when she asked me to paint two swans from a cover photo on my Facebook page. Trumpeter Swans that mate for life—I can't think of anything more romantic than that.

The sky took a little tinkering. Influenced by the late November skies, I first laid a very grey-blue base. After showing early jpgs to the Barons, I went with a lighter, truer blue.

Over last Winter, I bonded with this painting unlike any other. In a way, I feel as if it healed me.

I took a chance, and asked Trinka how she felt about me adding a

feather in the clouds to honor their son, Lee. They both agreed—all of us misty-eyed—and I finished “Swan Song” on the anniversary of Lee’s passing. Love takes so many forms.

Finally, I *had* to take a trip to Whidbey Island to deliver it. On the *ferry*... from the Olympic Peninsula. That is the definition of a joy-stack right there.

We had a delightful chat over a delicious dinner while time stretched out before us.

On the drive home, a text notice popped up: “We have the picture hanging and I love it even more.”

I think this is the part of the story where they fly off into the sunset.

SWAN SONG — 24"x 48" mixed media on canvas, from a composite of two photos: swans wintering near Fir Island, Wash. and April clouds. When I put them together, it felt like something from a fairytale.

tools for the *journey*

WINGSPAN RITUAL



This non-traditional ritual calls upon your deep imagination.

It will help you to:

- claim your wingspan
- build momentum
- trust your inner GPS
- move in the direction of your Dream.

Tailor the following to suit your beliefs.

You might want to read it once first, then start at the beginning. The movement engages your lymphatic system and your imagination, so participate “with enthusiasm.”

MARK THIS TIME as sacred by unplugging and tuning within. Standing tall in a place where you can extend your arms in all directions, notice your breath moving in and out easily. There is no need to force your breath into a pattern, just silently notice the intake of air into your body, followed by the release of air. If you’d like, breathe in through your nose and exhale with a long slow breath through your mouth.

Raise your arms to shoulder-height and spread them wide. Feel the power of your wingspan. Flap your “wings” backward and forward, as if you are beating the air,

or as some call it, “ruffling your feathers.” Raise both hands over your head. This is your essential personal space.

Raise your arms high over your head, then pull them down toward your hips. Repeat that movement and feel the capacity of your “wings” to build momentum.

Plant your feet firmly on the ground. Close your eyes and tune into your soul’s inner GPS. Where are you headed? What direction calls to you? Are you clear why or is it a mystery?

With your eyes closed, create a smile out of thin air. Resist the urge to need a reason. Widen your smile until you can feel your cheek muscles pulling up and outward. This signals to your nervous system that “all is well.” Allow your spirit and all the cells in your body to feel uplifted. Hold your smile as long as you’re able. Then take a deep breath.

When you feel complete, raise your arms above your head again and beat your wings three times. Where are you headed?

Open your eyes. Feel the power of your wingspan and your capacity to build momentum toward your Dream.



Recently, I held space for an initiation ritual on a few acres here in the South Sound. My friend has a vision of growing community around patchwork farming (think cottage industries like flower-herb growers). The site will be home to what may be my last “large” Nest, as I transition to working with a smaller “traveling” Nest.

About 15 people gathered on a beautiful late spring day. I decided not to open the ritual by calling in

the directions, a common practice among the ritualists I know. In this case, it didn’t feel like the humans needed to call in the spirits of the place. In fact, it felt quite the opposite: that the spirit of the place has been calling to the humans: to gather, remember, and attend to what matters.

Together, we all took a leap of faith into the unknown. It’s a fledgling Dream that is catching some loft. More to come in the fall issue.

What Dream are *you* nurturing now?