

On Being Ordinary

Many of us seek the extraordinary. That magic, precious moment of heightened awareness, of total oneness with the All, of transcendence. It will never happen. 🤔

Why? Because as we run our story of differentiation - of dividing the world into the mundane and the spiritual - we put our lives on hold. We are in wait and in lust for some future extraordinary event, hoping it will overtake the ordinary of every day living. But isn't it your own direct experience that in the gentle kiss of a lover, in the touch of the breeze, or in the thousand forgotten times of momentary relaxation... that there is a spontaneous gentleness and ease? Is it not your own direct experience that in these simple things, so easily and spontaneously experienced, striving and desire drop away.

In the casual preparation of a meal while gently chatting with a friend, in a laughing sunlit romp with the family dog, in breathing the taste of wet rain, need is momentarily suspended. But that's all too ordinary. And it doesn't last. So off we go to gurus in distant lands, spend money on yet another holy book to read... doing everything imaginable to find something different, something special. Then, we think, we will awaken. And as we seek solace from the poverty, from hatred and anger, from illness, disease, difficult jobs, from relationship woes, or from whatever does not match our image of perfection, how we suffer. Is it not your own experience that this struggle to escape, to be special, to have a superlative awakening experience, to be permanently enlightened, to experience the extraordinary, is in fact very painful?

So much easier to sit in the sunlight and enjoy the show whenever you can. To just be an ordinary person and live an ordinary life. No method or experience can bring you closer to or further from what you already are: you are nothing more, or less, than the ordinary stuff of life. How relaxing And how extraordinary is the ordinary. 😊