

Ep 11 Dark Moon

TRANSCRIPT

G'day and welcome to Tide to the Moon, a podcast published on the new moon and the full moon, about yearning, and learning, to dance with the rhythms of nature.

My name is Kate Lawtence and I am your host.

Tide to the Moon aims to be a story-filled dose of what it means to be human, and to remind, inspire and stir me and hopefully you, to examine your own life for deeper meaning, joy and reverence.

MUSIC

This dark moon, which is the few days just before the emergence of the new moon, has a deeper shade of shadow to it. This month it falls on the anniversary of the death of my partner Adrian eight years ago, and as such it marks the beginning of a period that is difficult. It begins with this day that marks his death, passes through the day which marks his birth and culminates in the most complex and tricky days of all, the public celebration of the role he now only fills in his absence, that of Fathers day.

There are many mixed emotions I bring to this time.

For this day of his death, I sometimes feel this weighty obligation to do something meaningful, both privately and publicly. I wonder why I can't wait for the day to be over, I wonder why I don't wake remembering it is the day, I wonder why facebook is now the default way we remember people and how I must put on a face of remembering for this particular day and how I baulk at the formula of it.

So this time I do nothing.

I begin to wonder: what is the difference between a facebook formula and a ceremony? What is it that brings this man and his memories alive and honoured for me, rather than for a public showing?

More questions crowd in:

What is it that keeps me single and seemingly tied to a memory?

How do I keep my children connected and tended as one single adult missing the support and care of a partner?

Sometimes I think I wish I'd had a period of Adrian dying, in between him living and actually dying? So I could gain the wisdom from the experience of him dying, and bring it to our relationship as he was living.

Then I think Nah, I would have been exactly the same in the face of his presence.

How do we honor death and grief?

It sits like a tender flower in my chest, petals slightly bruised, scented and ephemeral, laid wilting across my heart.

My cares and troubles, regrets and recriminations crowd over it, twisting the grief into guilt and self criticism, an ancient groove in my synapses I smooth along without effort or intention.

The words are slow today, they step slowly onto the page, one tapped letter at a time.

What is it that comes from this place?
What is it that opens out to be heard,
What is that I offer in this moment to myself, to others, to the earth and the world.

Why is grief ?
Why is love?
Can we love without grief?

Ahhh the mind has found a thread to pull on, to contemplate and we are away, mind and thought, leaving heart behind.

This dominant mind happy to be away from these uncomfortable feelings.

But now that I've noticed what this slippery mind is doing, I try to get back there, to the place of heart, and while I can't manufacture the grief again,

I can slip into presence and here I am.

That is all.
A small smile curls my lips, I am here, and I care.

This is a little mantra I heard on a meditation recently and I like it.

It immediately taps into my heart and opens me up to more than my supposedly rational mind.

It brings me back to this tender flower heart and begs the question what is it that I care about.

I don't; spend too much time on that, it is nearly always answered by what is in front of me or what is in front of mind.

The big trick is to remember to say it
I am here and I care.
I am here and I care.
I am here and I care.

MUSIC

Thanks for listening to 'Tide to the Moon'.

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This podcast is a production of Story Ground, and me, Kate Lawrence and is made on the traditional lands of the Gunum Willam Balluk, at the foot of Mt Macedon, 65 km north west of Melbourne, Australia.