

MEDITATIVE REPOSE

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Heavy rain dumps down drumming soothingly in my ears as it splashes to earth on the rooftop of the warm, dry, sealed from the outside world, protection of my car. Buffeted by occasionally strong gusts of wind parked at Ocean Beach I sit just across the sidewalk which runs alongside the concrete barrier which demarcates the walkway of the Ocean Beach Promenade from the sandy beach, beyond which stretches to what seems infinity, the Pacific Ocean. A visit here is a frequent respite from the hustle bustle of routine daily life. Even though daily I drive past here to-from work and on errands necessary to maintain a daily life routine, these intentional visits are different. To stop both physically by parking the car and mentally at the beach is my answering to a call to which only some inner sense or intuition responds.

This, it strikes me, is the last frontier of freedom in the City of San Francisco. It is the western-most edge of humanity on the North American continent. Always open to wherever the eye or mind wishes to roam, it is a like a living movie without a plot. It just keeps moving and changing. A low-flying aircraft with only two people inside who must be laughing and enjoying their buzz of the beach propels through the vista. A movie crew sets up and films a few scenes, both saving in freedom images of and contributing to the variety of life mobiles and characters who people the beach and the Promenade of life. Swimmers, surfers, waders, walkers, runners, bicyclists and people fishing, none daunted by the steady pelting drops of water which now, off and on, let loose their load. My eyes trail the gaze across the way to a gleaming glow which seems to float atop the ocean like a puddle of gold where pools of sunlight breakthrough the gray streaming clouds to alight for moments only until life again changes. I wonder why painters do not reveal this moment not only what is seen but what is not seen? The loss of distinction between ocean and sky fascinates me as they run together, blending water into air. The feeling of being grounded disappears and my thoughts traverse in a flash across the water to see what waits on the other side, absorbing my attention. Why can't I *see* it?

A meditative repose is a gathering and letting everything return to itself. It is a dynamic interplay of openness and resolve for truth. It is attainable in the continuity of dynamic aspects found in the movement coming-into-the-nearness of distance that reflects the continuity of these apparently different grounds in its nature as *Inbetweenness*, the connectedness of it all.

The rain pounds on the windshield blocking all exterior vision, rivers form in my eyes and interior vision is projected onto the inside of the now glazed glass. Questions about life surface and pass before the curiosity of my

viewing mind's eye for examination. In this peaceful parade there is no pressure for immediate answers or resolutions. They simply are suspended before me as I contemplate possible courses of action or changes that may be needed. I can just explore these ideas or leave them unfinished as something different emerges and takes their place. As experiences flow along in front of me I may pick out one in particular to dwell with to play with, turn it this way and that reverse it, look at what if and not necessarily draw any conclusion or make any decision, only understand more fully or deeply. Then a familiar face appears to me. Someone not here but whom I know and it changes everything. Suddenly I notice the sun is now shining and the clouds will soon move on as they trail behind my front ward vision. I can again see the outside world that has now assumed all properties of usual reality and I know it is time to go.