

MOUNTAIN
DREAMER



DR SUSAN KRIEGLER

PRELUDE

By Oriah Mountain Dreamer

What if it truly doesn't matter what you do but how you do whatever you do?

How would this change what you choose to do with your life?

What if you could be more present and openhearted with each person you met if you were working as a cashier in a corner store, or as a parking lot attendant, that you could if you were doing a job you think is more important?

How would this change how you want to spend your precious time on this earth?

What if your contribution to the world and the fulfilment of your own happiness is not dependent upon discovering a better method of prayer or technique of meditation, not dependent upon reading the right book or attending the right seminar, but upon really seeing and deeply appreciating yourself and the world as they are right now?

How would this affect your search for spiritual development?

What if there is no need to change, no need to try to transform yourself into someone who is more compassionate, more present, more loving or wise?

How would this affect all the places in your life where you are endlessly trying to be better?

What if the task is simply to unfold, to become who you already are in your essential nature – gentle, compassionate, and capable of living fully and passionately present?

How would this affect the way you feel when you wake up in the morning?

What if who you essentially are right now is all that you are ever going to be?

How would this affect how you feel about your future?

What if the essence of who you are and always have been is enough?

How would this affect how you see and feel about your past?

What if the question is not why am I so infrequently the person I really want to be,
but why do I so infrequently want to be the person I really am?

How would this change what you think you have to learn?

What if becoming who and what we truly are happens not through striving and
trying but by recognizing and receiving the people and places and practices that
offer us the warmth of encouragement we need to unfold?

How would this shape the choices you make about how to spend today?

What if you knew that the impulse to move in a way that creates beauty in the world
will arise from deep within and guide you every time you simply pay attention and
wait?

How would this shape your stillness, your movement, your willingness to follow this
impulse, to just let go and dance?



THE CALL

By Oriah Mountain Dreamer

I have heard it all my life,
A voice calling a name I recognized as my own.
Sometimes it comes as a soft-bellied whisper.
Sometimes it holds an edge of urgency.
But always it says: Wake up, my love. You are walking asleep.
There's no safety in that!
Remember what you are and let a deeper knowing colour the shape of your
humanness.

There is nowhere to go. What you are looking for is right here.
Open the fist clenched in wanting and see what you already hold in your hand.
There is no waiting for something to happen, no point in the future to get to.
All you have ever longed for is here in this moment, right now.
You are wearing yourself out with all this searching.
Come home and rest.
How much longer can you live like this?
Your hungry spirit is gaunt, your heart stumbles. All this trying.

Give it up!
Let yourself be one of the God-mad, faithful only to the Beauty you are.
Let the Lover pull you to your feet and hold you close, dancing even when fear
urges you to sit this one out.
Remember, there is one word you are here to say with your whole being.
When it finds you, give your life to it.
Don't be tight-lipped and stingy.
Spend yourself completely on the saying,
Be one word in this great love poem we are writing together.



THE INVITATION

By Oriah Mountain Dreamer

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living.
I want to know what you ache for,
And if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.
It doesn't interest me how old you are,
I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love,
For your dreams, for the adventure of being alive.
It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.
I want to know if you have touched the centre of your own sorrow,
If you have been opened by life's betrayals or
Have become shrivelled and closed from fear of further pain!

I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own,
Without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it.
I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own;
If you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you
To the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful,
Be realistic or remember the limitations of being human.
It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true,
I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself,
If you can bare the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul.
I want to know if you can be faithless and therefore trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see beauty,
Even when it is not pretty every day,
And if you can source your life from God's presence.
I want to know if you can live with failure, yours or mine;
And still stand on the edge of a lake and shout to the silver of the moon, "Yes!"
It doesn't interest me to know where you live and how much money you have,
I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair,
Weary and bruised to the bone and do what needs to be done for the children.
It doesn't interest me who you are, how you came to be here,
I want to know if you will stand in the centre of the fire with me and not shrink
back.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied,
I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away.
I want to know if you can be alone with yourself,
And if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.

THE DANCE

By Oriah Mountain Dreamer

I have sent you my invitation,
the note inscribed on the palm of my hand by the fire of living.
Don't jump up and shout, "Yes, this is what I want! Let's do it!"
Just stand up quietly and dance with me.

Show me how you follow your deepest desires,
spiralling down into the ache within the ache,
and I will show you how I reach inward and open outward
to feel the kiss of the Mystery, sweet
lips on my own, every day.

Don't tell me you want to hold the whole world in your heart.
Show me how you turn away from making another wrong without abandoning
yourself when you are hurt and afraid of being unloved.

Tell me a story of who you are and see who I am in the stories I live.
And together we will remember that each of us always has a choice.



Don't tell me how wonderful things
someday will be. Show me you
can risk being completely at peace,
truly okay with the way things are
right now, in this moment, and
again in the next and the next and
the next.

I have heard enough warrior stories
of heroic daring.
Tell me how you crumble when you
hit the wall,
the place you cannot go beyond by
the strength of your own will.
What carries you to the other side of
that wall, to the fragile beauty of
your own humanness?

And after we have shown each other how we have set and kept the clear,
healthy boundaries that help us live side by side with each other, let us
risk remembering that we never stop silently loving those we once loved out loud.

Take me to the places on the earth that teach you how to dance,
the places where you can risk letting the world break your heart.
And I will take you to the places where the earth beneath my feet and the stars
overhead make my heart whole again and again.

Show me how you take care of business
without letting business determine who you are.
When the children are fed but still the voices within
and around us shout that soul's desires have too high a price,
let us remind each other that it is never about the money.

Show me how you offer to your people
and the world the stories and the songs
you want our children's children to remember.
And I will show you how I struggle
not to change the world, but to love it.

Sit beside me in long moments of shared solitude,
knowing both our absolute aloneness
and our undeniable belonging.
Dance with me in the silence
and in the sound of small daily
words, holding neither against me
at the end of the day.

And when the sound of all the declarations of our
sincerest intentions has died away on the wind,
dance with me in the infinite pause before the next great
inhale of the breath that is breathing us all into being,
not filling the emptiness from the outside or from within.

Don't say, "Yes!"
Just take my hand
and dance
with me.

Susan Kriegler
Ph.D(Psig.) D.Ed.

181 Beckett Street
Arcadia
Pretoria
0083

+27(0)60 621 5398
reception.smk@yebo.co.za
www.susankriegler.com
www.Facebook.com/DrSusanKriegler

Dr Susan Kriegler is a highly renowned psychologist from Pretoria, South Africa. She consults from her practice as well as online to clients in more than 7 countries. To schedule an appointment, or for more reading material as well as Audio & Video downloads, please visit www.susankriegler.com.

