**Drawing the Curtain**

*There is something that can only be found in one place. It is a great treasure, which may be called the fulfilment of existence. The place where this treasure can be found is in the place on which one stands.*

Martin Buber

I have always been drawn to peel away and find the underlying dynamic that lies behind the immediate and more visible social drama. In so many social situations, I sense that the exchanges that I witness, and am part of, take place in front of a curtain. While what’s really happening, the deeply rooted truth, the kernel of life, is to be found behind the curtain. And it is that which pulls and intrigues me.

As I write this, I see that this longing is a fundamental aspect of my practice … and has been part of my life-long yearning. In a piece that I wrote in 2018, I reflect on:

… this deepest and most compelling longing for the reality that lies beyond the veils. The reality that is made manifest through the phenomenal world. Perhaps, in its most simple articulation, a search for … the ineffable mystery of Life … the layered and complex manifestations of spirit. The underlying knowing that all this is an expression of that. From the youngest age, this knowing has accompanied me …

I never thought I would begin writing this piece here. In my deliberations, my starting point was in a thousand other places, but not here. And as I sit down to begin that first impossibly difficult sentence, I find myself discovering this remarkable symmetry: what I am in search of in my practice – that underlying unity, that generative energy out of which everything else finds its expression – is none other than the aim of my life-long search, which began as far back as I can remember.

The bonhomie with which everyone arrives at Towerland for the CDRA writers’ process, November 2019, towards the publication of a book which gives expression to the myriad ways in which the CDRA practice has stretched itself into the world, masks a kind of rattling emptiness and tension. There is a cheeriness and almost deliberate warmth amongst the CDRA colleagues, ex-CDRA colleagues, and those who have – over the years – been touched by this practice. Yet the arrival feels charged, expectant, uncertain, ever-so-slightly discernibly fraught. An underlying fragility. And I, facilitating this process, ~~I~~ am trying to sense ~~into~~ what is happening behind the curtain. It’s not easy.

For me, personally, the stakes are very high for this CDRA closure-book-beginning-writing process. I am the partner of one of the CDRA founders, Allan. The workshop is happening at Towerland, our wilderness retreat venue. Allan is one of the participants in the process. There is clearly much that has been unspoken in all the multiple movements, comings and goings and separations of those strongly connected with CDRA over these last many years. Some I am dimly aware of; much I do not know. But there is energy in this gathering, and it is a charged and complex energy which also and simply involves the closure of an organisation which has created a tradition of practice that has enormous reach and potency.

What an unlikely scenario. I wonder who had had the temerity to suggest Towerland-as-venue and me-as-facilitator. And here we are. I sense anger, tension, exhaustion, anxiety, fear, anticipation, and perhaps even some excitement.

Towerland-as-venue: Towerland, this unbroken and unspoilt wilderness retreat centre set in the Langeberg Mountains, abundant with fynbos and exquisitely alive water, studded with an extraordinary sense of the wild, within the unboundedness of the natural world.. With an inordinately strong presence, Towerland enfolds social process inside the miracle of processes of nature, providing both safety and challenge to inner life and movement.

The terms of the engagement are both clear and not clear. Just like in front of and behind the curtain. In front of the curtain: CDRA as organisation is closing, after some 30 years of deeply influential practice across the world. It is fitting that the practice that CDRA pioneered may continue to grow and develop after it no longer exists as organisation. Those who have been invited to this gathering have all encountered this practice in one form or another across these 30 years. We are here to celebrate and to collect the strands of this practice, to honour it, and through all of this, to bring together a collection of writings – enlivened and inspired through this gathering process – as a way of sending forth the CDRA legacy into the world.

As yet, what lives behind the curtain has not announced itself. Its presence begins to prick.

A seeding.

A seed holds all of life within it, growing in the darkness …

Writing. Was this to be a process *about* writing? About the CDRA legacy? A time to write for potential contributors to the publication? I knew that there needed to be substantial time given during the week for writing. And I also knew that the process had to create the inner and outer space for the kind of writing that can shift people’s lives. Not just interesting or nice. But radically ground-shifting. For writer and for reader both.

*The poet speaks on the threshold of being.*

Gaston Bachelard

This was not – in my mind – to be merely a collection of practice stories that illuminate CDRA’s practice. It needed to be writing that captures and conveys the inner movement of the writer. Not a simple recounting of past experiences which might fit into the CDRA lexicon, but an evocative gathering of depth and meaning; a threshold encounter expressed through reflection on practice.

Writing. That art of capturing meaning; writing into the past from the present offers a passage into the future. That ‘threshold of being’ is the poetics of meaning-making. The threshold of being – always at the very edge of our own understanding, stretching ever towards insight which arrives by grace; and no sooner has it come into form than it has already dissolved.

Like a cloud.

We cannot hold onto it, but we have to catch it as it arrives; find that inner gesture which makes us both active and receptive, alert to its gracious visitation. Alive in the moment, the flame illuminates and inspires. It is inspiration that moves us, that allows for a different kind of imagining. Without the inspiration of the writing, there is no inspiration for the reading. A coming-into-being of meaning for both. And without that inspiration, there’s no point to the publication.

Writing. As the seeding of CDRA into the future. How could it be that CDRA – as organisation – was dying? This potent, ground-breaking, daring organisation, the darling of the donor world, the reference point for many and most development organisations, internationally. How could its life be ending? It felt unreal; impossible – really – and unspeakably poignant. Indeed, the strangeness of this reality (and also, then, this gathering) carried a profoundly unresolved silence; a silence that hovered: the air was thick with it, thickened by the omissions. Some attempts to speak to this phenomenon were set aside with a voice that a proper closure would have its proper time.

Who is CDRA anyway? Where are the boundaries of CDRA – as organisation, as impulse, as inspiration? What is decaying and what is flourishing? Who belongs to CDRA now? Who may speak on behalf of CDRA? None of this is clear; it keeps appearing and disappearing; and as the week unfolds, it seems to matter less.

What does matter is that – through the writing, through the week and through the process – we begin to see both ourselves – each person there – and CDRA, more clearly. We begin to see the form of CDRA emerging as out of a dreamy, pastel water colour painting. It is animated through the delicate dance between light and shadow. We see how, over time, its light has been trammelled by the dark. We see, too, how its light was an expression of the light of its time, addressing – with a deliberateness, incisiveness and directedness (yet delicacy) – the issues that imposed themselves on the world.

The unspokennesses. In this historic moment, this historic gathering, differences between people, different positions, perspectives, understandings, relationships, begin to be felt. Have they always been there? There is history, playing itself out right here. This history carries the entire movement of CDRA from its inception until now. As it stands now, in its closing garb, it is very different from the way it began as an organisation. Yet it is still CDRA. And so, the conundrum arises again about the nature of this process – do we need, at least in part, to work with this history; to reveal it, to try to make whole what has been broken?

As facilitator, I am carrying this question and this ambiguity. It is always present. Through the week, it becomes clearer to me that this cannot be the focus. The process needs to contribute meaningfully towards the future by carrying an articulated expression of its practice into the world. So, while CDRA as organisation recedes into a backdrop, the impulse becomes stronger; more differentiated, more focused, more powerful. We are grappling here with something of real substance, and it needs to reveal itself. And now, through conversation, through writing, CDRA’s light begins to twinkle. At first tentatively.

The point of focus is the legacy of practice that CDRA has created, and that will find its way into the world, stretching beyond this present time and space. And this will happen through writing; writing that endures, that needs to endure. Writing that beckons, writing that stirs, that touches, that offers, that stretches as it suggests.

So as we are letting go of CDRA as organisation (and this has to be named, it has to be seen), we are simultaneously offering this practice into the future through the pieces of writing that will emerge from this time.

And the process? The process itself needs to be an expression of the essence and the very best of CDRA’s practice. To embody whatever might emerge about its practice. To be responsive and alive. To be a listening which takes us all to some essence. To have conversation deep and true. And to note the countless ways in which this practice has grown itself through the individuals present; remaining faithful to core, and expanding through the individual and contextual uniqueness of each one. This constant flickering dance between content and process; between individual and community; and – also – the spaciousness to write on the threshold of being.

Seeding into the future.

*Everything that exists is in a manner the seed of that which will be.*

Marcus Aurellius

Holding this process as facilitator feels as delicate as candlelight. I am holding a diverse group: while there is a unifying reason which has brought this particular group to Towerland now (an enduring connection with CDRA’s practice), there is enormous diversity … insider (those who have worked in CDRA present and past) and outsider, age, extent of intimacy with CDRA, with the practice; and this diversity needs to be acknowledged and held roundly and lightly. Experience in writing is also diverse, and this needs to be supported generously. And then, too, there is a great lack of diversity in this gathering with respect to race.

So what of CDRA’s practice? What picture of this practice emerges out of our collective enquiry? It is important, at the very beginning of this process, to articulate the practice of CDRA. To build a synergistic picture of what it is we are going to be writing into, inside of. The container for the week. Not as rigid definition and parameter, but more as a description of a way of being in the world. A way of seeing, a way that coheres, that can be recognised – not as a ‘thing’ out there, but as an inner path. Celebrating individual creativity, yet with fidelity to a deepened relationship to how this way finds its expression in the world. And the recognition that the practice is the practitioner. Or the practitioner is the practice. I *am* my practice. Every step I take, every deed I accomplish, everything. Not just the work I do ‘out there in the world’.

This is the focus of the first exercise. People say:

At heart, the ‘CDRA practice’ is responsive and reflective. And self-reflective. It recognises that all of life is about relationship. This would suggest that everything is alive, and in constant and dynamic movement. As practitioner, our work is to be crafting this aliveness in each encounter. A humanising practice, weaving between inner and outer, living at the interface between form and substance, offering an alternative voice and building the bridge between voice and practice. Living with question, living the question as a form of life enquiry which turns us towards a future revealing itself. Fierce love, accompaniment, working on the edge, including what’s been excluded and unspoken. Passion and love. Rigour. And not to forget shadow; the dance is also between light and shadow, and the self-reflection that is germane to this practice holds this dance as central (which does not – we note sardonically ­– exonerate CDRA from its expressions of its shadow in the world).

This makes me think …

*Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and try to love the questions themselves, like locked rooms and like books that are now written in a very foreign tongue … And the point is, to live everything. Live the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually, without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer.*

Rainer Maria Rilke

And I know that this process – here at Towerland – needs to embody all of this. And more. I need, at every moment, to sense into the movement, to hold the unfolding process. To gather the threads, to reflect back so that all can see and experience the inner and outer movement of each one and of the collective. To create the spaciousness for writing out of depth, of meaning, of connection with the articulation of this practice.

To experience the threshold of being. To begin to anticipate that invisible, formless form shaping this process as it is coming into being. To allow it to announce its presence; make itself visible.

Fleeting momentarily behind the curtain.

It has to do with what lies behind the curtain. It’s invisible. And it starts to reveal itself as the week unfolds, though it’s not written into the process. But then what lies behind the curtain never is. And it’s always the invisible, that underlying unity, which is that generative energy giving rise to what we experience, what we notice and observe and express.

The process itself is light in design. And lightly held. Since this is about a CDRA publication, writing needs to be principal. Spacious writing time, every day. Morning-time preferably. Time to read, to share, to comment. Interspersed with some plenary sessions; some structured exercises (more so at the beginning of the week) which bring people closer to themselves, their practice, and, of course, to one another. As facilitator, I am attentive to the form that this process is needing. How much structure is necessary and helpful for the writing. How much alone space for writing. What conversations, activities, exercises, can foster inspiration for writing.

The structured exercises are important; the first brings the CDRA impulse into the room. And then, on the second day, people are invited to look at their own practice through the lens of significant moments; turning points, if you like, in their practice history. Moments, events, where something fundamental shifted for them, rearranged their orientation, tempered their understanding, catalysed an intrinsic reordering of their (practice) lives. They are to share this in their small groups (of three), and their listeners are to reflect back to them their practice evolving over time; the living nature of their practice.

It is clear that this exercise is powerful for many of the people who are there. They are being given – from their partners – a picture of the unfolding nature of their lives, their practice. Up to now the focus has been on CDRA, CDRA practice, each person’s relationship to CDRA-as-organisation. A collective container has been created. But now we move into stories of individual practice, and people are meeting themselves through the eyes and hearts of their listening partners and also simply through the telling of their stories. Something enlarging: a picture that comes into being – for that moment – which captures something of their essence, and their essential striving. They are seen, they are heard, and this illumination of self creates, for many, a sense of expansion, a sigh of liberation.

Of course, this is not so for everyone. Meeting yourself (through the reflections of another) is not always an easy experience. Some demand deeper self-reflection.

As a moment in the process, it becomes a turning, punctuating this iteration between community and individual. And as people slowly begin to express themselves through this exercise, so the room begins to warm, and the air flows more effortlessly between us all; more soft, more delicate.

In between these structured exercises, people are writing. Short pieces, longer pieces, pieces in response to a prompt, pieces which might mark the beginning of their piece for this publication. Rather than spending too much time talking *about* writing and about the publication, I create spaces for people to write. To warm their writing muscles, to help them feel their way into their own particular writing container.

[It bears a little side-step here into writing-as-activity, writing-as-striving, writing-as-stretching. Writing – at its very best – offers the possibility of an entry into our inner world, our understanding of our relationship to the world we inhabit. It offers a way of stretching ourselves beyond what is here, and what is now. It takes us along a path of exploration, of discovery; finding what is new inside what we think we already know and understand. It offers the possibility of deepening our relationship to life, to all that is around us and within us. And through this, it brings us – ineluctably – closer to our self; deepens our understanding of ourselves. Writing is the most marvellously creative act of enlarging the world through our efforts to articulate our experience and understanding, offering word to deed, and thus enlarging and deepening our experience and understanding of the world. It is sacred, holy work when it is taken seriously; it offers something enduring, and, at the same time, something boundless and infinite.]

Writing. Writing inscribes a path for enlarging our understanding.

I am dedicated to creating the space for this quality of writing to happen. There is time to write, time to share in small groups, time to share challenges, struggles, victories, insights, in the larger group. Time to think, to reflect, time for solitude, time for walking, swimming, running. Guided writing time, open writing time. Time to gather meaning, to hold the process, to hold the individuals in the process, to thread together a sense of the whole. To create a feeling of belonging within a shared activity, each person giving unique expression to this collective work. A kind of breathing process; a strong focus, a gentle pace. Expansion and contraction.

And I notice, as the week unfolds, a parallel process taking place. I feel as though I am given permission to witness what’s happening behind the curtain. Just a little. At this point I cannot look directly, but need to let my gaze embrace the periphery – what’s coming in from the edges into the centre. A simultaneous movement is happening … as the process and the writing deepen~~s~~ individual intent and connection with self and practice and other, a softening of some unspoken hardened positions, judgements, attitudes, begins to happen.

As people begin to find their voice and also to write their pieces – however nascent, however incipient or inchoate – so, too, there seems to be an opening. A crack. Spontaneous bursts of conversation begin to happen here and there; a touching on the wounds, a naming of the pain, one to the other. Old stories, carried for years and years, often unconsciously, begin to be spoken. Voice, voicing, is happening within and across the barricades, the divides. It’s getting warmer, lighter, more open. There’s more laughter. And it’s robustly tenuous. Of course, this is not a uniform movement: as with all such processes, there is an unevenness. There are closed doors, unspoken feelings and conversations. But through the week it is clear that something *is* moving; it seems that conversations are happening that open doors which have been closed for quite some time. Many of these conversations are happening outside of the facilitated process, but shift the texture of the process.

A new kind of seeing, which holds to life rather than to product. Yes, the writing is the product, but it is also the vehicle for allowing other things to start moving.

Writing. Digging deeper – through the writing – into the often unpenetrated chambers of their hearts, people find more of themselves, they find more of their voice. What I notice – again and again – are the ways in which writing can liberate us. Can reveal what was hidden before; can allow us to see what we have not yet been able to see. Can enable us to feel so much clearer, larger, more powerful. An expansion of self. And this creates the space for a different kind of meeting with the other. Martin Buber calls it the I-Thou relationship. Here, all is sacred.

*Spirit is not in the* ***I****, but between the* **I** *and* **Thou.** *It is not like the blood that circulates in you, but like the air in which you breathe.*

Martin Buber

I have this image of a vortex: as the focus of the writing deepens, spinning further and further into its centre, so the rim, the periphery – of relationship – is expanding further and further outwards. And they belong together. You cannot have the one without the other. This simultaneity of deepening and widening, further inwards and further outwards, connecting with self and other, is happening together.

The unspoken erosion of CDRA-as-organisation, carried in its history … this silence, long buried deep inside each person intimately connected with CDRA, and very likely intimately bound up with its demise-as-organisation – this silence is beginning to break. The days begin to soften; a kind of lightness tiptoes in. And, with the lightness – the light – the shadow too. With the softening, also expressions of momentary hardening. Surfacing of difference, of pain, does not always magically resolve; it is inevitably – and necessarily – uneven.

We are doing eurythmy every day, and we are working with centre and periphery. And with this Rumi poem:

*The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.*

*Don't go back to sleep.*

*You must ask for what you really want.*

*Don't go back to sleep.*

*People are going back and forth*

*across the doorsill*

*where the two worlds touch.*

*The door is round and open.*

*Don't go back to sleep.*

This is the central motif of the eurythmy, and it is compelling in its injunction as bodily expression of keeping ourselves awake and enlivened to each moment.

*… [E]urythmy provides the forum for making the invisible world of social process and relationship visible through group movement so that we can surface its living lawfulness not just with our heads but with our whole embodied being.*

Liz Smith

We are working, in eurythmy, with the relationship between the centre and the periphery, with the individual and the community, with intention and actualisation, with relationship, with awakeness. It is all weaving together, and the eurythmy is somehow settling and strengthening our sense of interconnectedness; our forming of this community in this moment. Helping to open up the locked spaces between us.

As we come towards the end of the week, we discover an unexpected, unprescribed richness. One of the most profound secrets of this practice, this practice that we’re all here to write about, is that the invisible wholeness can only reveal itself if our practice speaks – in every moment – on the threshold of being.

A seeding.

*The seed grows only in the dark, where it is invisible. Yet it holds everything that is to unfold, the core of life to come. We have witnessed [this] practice as a rare form of seeing that moves from the visible blooms of life to the hidden seed, stepping inside this to experience and expose the signature of all that manifests from this core.*

Anya Mendel

And out of this generative process, there are seedings: the writing itself (carrying these legacies into perpetuity), and the renewing of relationships (holding the core of all that life is, infinitely and unerringly).

Through the creation of this transient community, through the meeting and the writing and the reading and the explorations – within ourselves, between self and other – there is this faintest sensing that while we have been busy with the writing, there has been a simultaneous process of rethreading of relationship, where – over these more recent years – it had become unthreaded and disparate, distant and separated.

The parting has a very different quality from the arrival. Bonhomie has been replaced by intimacy, and much of the tightness has softened into laughter and a greater sense of expansiveness. We have travelled a path together, and I am breathing out, deeply. Holding this process has been challenging and daunting; at all moments I have had to sense into what is being asked of me. Stepping in, holding lightly, holding strongly, moving back. Never intruding, always listening for what comes next. I am relieved that many seem to leave with a greater sense of belonging, purpose, connection-with-self-and-other-and-writing. And knowing too that there will always be that which will remain unspoken. Perhaps needs to be.

What lives behind the curtain can be none other than what lives in front of the curtain. And yet we cannot perceive it with our senses, in the same way that we can see what is in front of the curtain. Behind the curtain is the invisible streaming of energy which is forming and making manifest what we meet with our senses. Stretching our observation further and further – both inwards and outwards – enables us to be bold enough to cross that threshold, to extend the realm of the visible, and to trust our ability to behold, beyond the world of the senses. I know now that my practice takes me to this threshold – which is never fixed, but always responsive to our striving and to our gaze – always. This is my life quest; and it lives in every moment. Every situation.

What a compelling picture this has been of growing and decaying. This gathering was called as CDRA’s life as organisation was nearing its closure. An ebbing of life as physical organism was evident, and it felt important to honour this moment, to ensure that it held dignity, was not ignominious. As the ebbing was cupped, gently, a nodding acknowledgement by all, we recognised that its time was not yet done. That there was still a beating heart, a pulsing intentionality. But the energy was giving over now to seeding toward the future.

The brief for this workshop – after some working through – had been clear and simple. The process more complex. More differentiated. Much of what happened, and what needed to have happened, had little to do with the brief. But allowed some release from distance and judgement. An easing. And clearly, not for everyone. True process can never offer a uniform experience for everyone …

Dignity was intact. There would be a proper closure, a different kind of burial. But not now. For now, we had inscribed a picture of organism and context, of strengthening our voices to speak into a world desperately in need of a different kind of voice; of seeing, of knowing, of practising.

And we had edged our way forward, offering – perhaps modestly put – a kind of healing force in the world. Acknowledging how this practice might speak – with strength and coherence – into a context of increasing fragmentation and dissociation; shards of life scattered across broken dreams.

Over time, and through my practice, I have come to understand that each moment I find myself in is always an instance, an expression of a vast, infinite reality. Within each moment lives a whole world. This longing – to encounter this whole world through every instance – brings me back to the beginning of this piece. Inside this process was an entire universe waiting to reveal itself. It had everything – and nothing – to do with the writing.

*My eyes already touch the sunny hill.*

*going far beyond the road I have begun,*

*So we are grasped by what we cannot grasp;*

*it has an inner light, even from a distance –*

*and changes us, even if we do not reach it,*

*into something else, which, hardly sensing it,*

*we already are; a gesture waves us on*

*answering our own wave…*

*but what we feel is the wind in our faces.*

Rilke

That was the context then, back in November 2019. Context was everything for our writing; we had recognised the need to write not so much *about*, but into context. Formidably, courageously and softly. This was clear for all of us, and much of our plenary conversation bemoaned the horror of our times, our current context. How difficult it was to practise with integrity and from our own sense of truth.

Many of the people at this gathering are practitioners from the 80s and 90s … a time of intensive and focused meaning-making in practice in the world. It seemed, at the time, that many people left the gathering with their writing close to their hearts and their fingertips. Four of us, ‘The Book Club’ (Sue Soal, Doug Reeler, Allan Kaplan and myself) were editors supporting individual people in their writing, and also, ourselves, writing. Support, intimacy, conversation; plenary meetings to check where the writers were; everything was in place for a flourishing writing set-up.

Who could imagine that barely a year later our context would have turned around so dramatically? Who could possibly have anticipated that we would find ourselves where we are now? Shaken to the core by a dystopian nightmare that carries the echoes of the very worst of science fiction. Our lives forever changed, our hearts smouldering through separation, through ‘social distance’. Our rhythms and lives disrupted irreversibly, and – it would seem – indefinitely. And while this is now our current context, it’s almost as if it comes with no context at all. The prophetic Leonard Cohen (The Future) sings:

*Give me back my broken night*

*My mirrored room, my secret life*

*It's lonely here*

*There's no one left to torture.*

*Give me absolute control*

*Over every living soul*

*And lie beside me, baby*

*That's an order!*

Leonard Cohen: The Future

The context-less context; the extension of our already fragmented world into levels of disconnect and separation unimaginable. Any certainties in a world of uncertainty have dissolved; unless we are very careful, and wide awake, we are buffeted by forces beyond any reasonable understanding. We have entered what strikes me as a Pandemic of Fear, Lies and Greed. It has affected everyone across the world. Our sense of interconnection and separation are both so amplified at this time.

People have struggled with their writing. Daily rhythm, flow, meaning, context – all of this has been seriously disrupted. We have delayed and extended due submission dates, we ourselves (The Book Club) have struggled to find space and inspiration to write.

It’s an avalanche.

Finding meaning during this time is challenging in the extreme. How can we now write into the context when our life of practice has been brought to a standstill? When we have been unable to work face to face? When there is very little current context that we can write about which emanates from the fingertips of our practice? It’s all retrospective and – perhaps dangerously so – no longer alive in our hearts. Rather, wooden in our memories. Cohen again:

*Things are going to slide, slide in all directions*

*Won't be nothing*

*Nothing you can measure anymore*

*…*

*There'll be the breaking of the ancient*

*Western code*

*Your private life will suddenly explode*

Here we are. Here I am. Finding my own voice – at this time – like I said, through writing. Trying to see further, to understand, to be a responsive practitioner, finding something whole when most everything has floated, weightlessly, to the ground.

And yet I know that there’s something that cannot be taken away from me, and that is my quest. My quest to open the curtain, so that there is no ‘in front of’ or ‘behind’. That the interplay of visible and invisible dances itself into my body, my heart, my seeing so that I can offer this quest, which is this practice, whatever the outer circumstance. In this current context, this practice of ‘drawing the curtain’ becomes ever more important to me: the quest to understand what is really going on, seeing through manifestation to source so that I can find my true discerning ground in that human bridge between the visible and the invisible.

What comes from inside me forms an arc; a kind of space of knowing, and gently urges me towards what I have come to do in my life. The quest is a flame that burns, that keeps me awake, alive. Perhaps the flame is also my guiding star. And perhaps in this instance, my star and my flame are one, they are the picture of my destiny drawing me ever closer to myself. Towards the open curtain.

Sue Davidoff

September 2020