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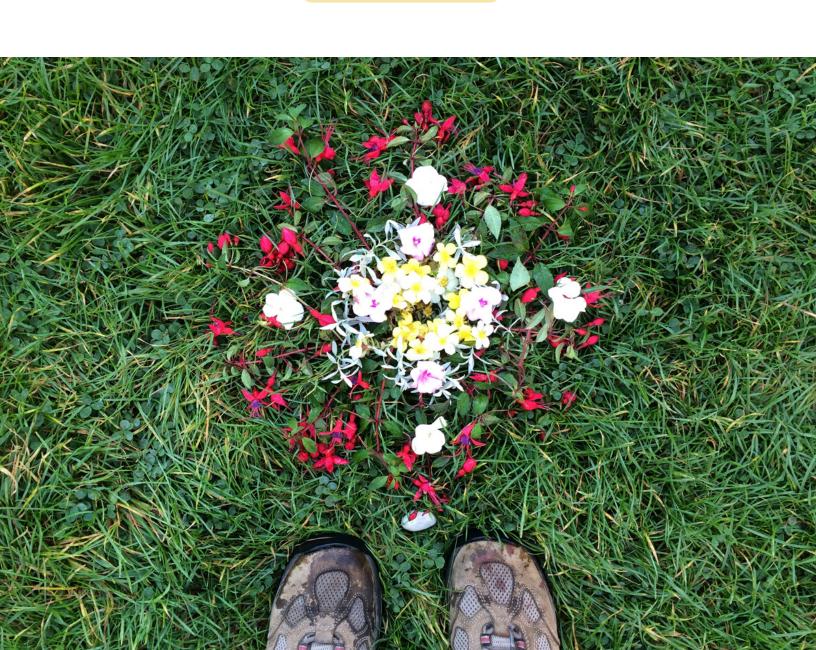
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A Small Thank You

surround yourself with "More Beauty" cards, printable nature photography and quotes created for you by the author as a small thank you.

make your day more beautiful!

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Wisdom From a Hazel Tree

Be patient. Strength doesn't come overnight, but over generations.

Stay still long enough for moss to grow on you.

Prosper and share with others.

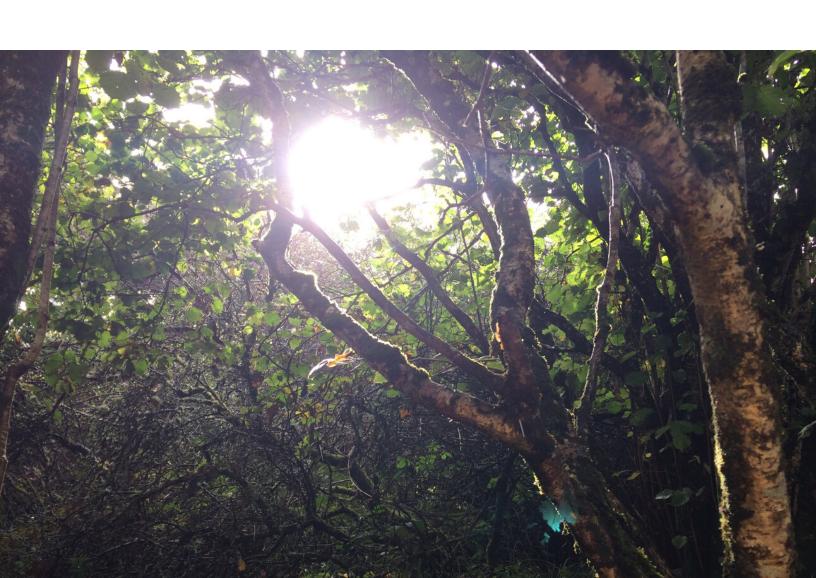
Look out for those around you.

Gather rain and sun equally, for they each have much to give.

Be rooted, ground down and reach up to the sky, too.

Keep your third eye open and listen to your dreams.

You, like me, are right where you need to be.



Along the Sound of Iona

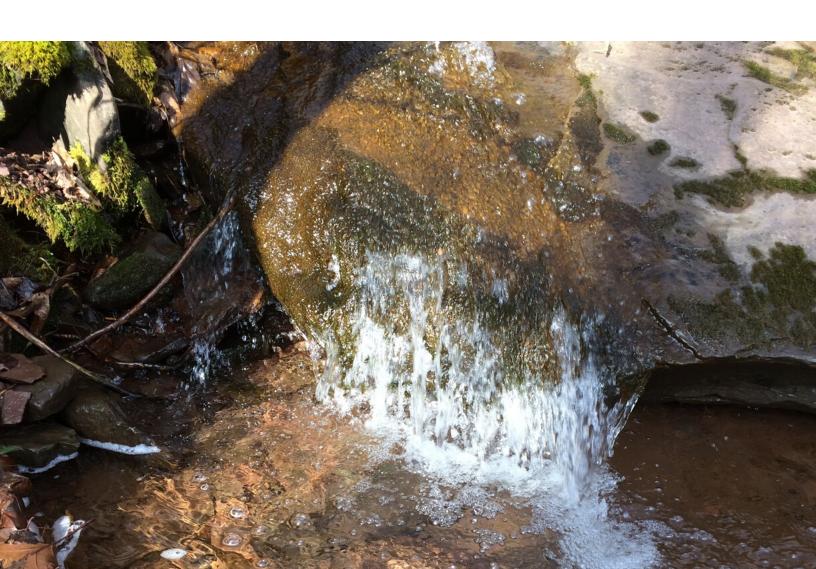
I laid my head on the ground this ancient ground this sand made of as-close-to-infinity-as-you-can-get little shell particles of limpets who find their home on a rock and grow with it circles upon circles of growth like a tree. They leave their rock at high tide to feed and glide but leave a return trail for themselves to find their way home again before low tide and the gulls come. With their rock, their home, their protection, their anchor with the rhythms of the sea they expand and ground simultaneously. I laid my head on the ground like the humble sheep taught me accepting what is givensteady support of this great Mother, Earth. And then sun warmed my curled, tired body still at last after so much movement free as the waves that moved softly in and out hushed Iulling me to sweet sleep. I raised my head up off the ground content and moved my body

once more.



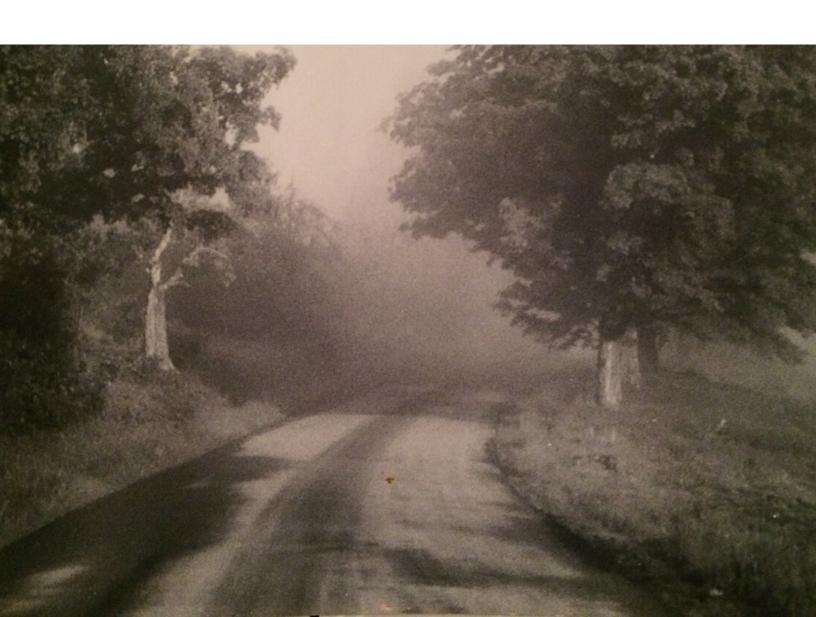
Breaking Open

Breaking open again and again
I find the new edge the pocket of grief the unexpected roaring creek I must cross to get to the other side refreshed and washed clean once more until I wander into the next pool of sweet healing waters.



Home

I had a love affair with another place for a while its tendrils of beauty giving me just enough to keep me there until you called and I woke up and started my journey back home.



Lineage

Nestled in between the fabric of my maternal lineage
I sleep
layered with warmth from those who came before me Mary
Earla
Susan
and those yet to come, still deep within me.

2 am, I awake anxiously and try to ready myself for what's coming the next task at hand the next threshold phase journey that is somehow beyond or better than now.

You are already there they whisper softly
You have everything you need and I fall back into sleep.

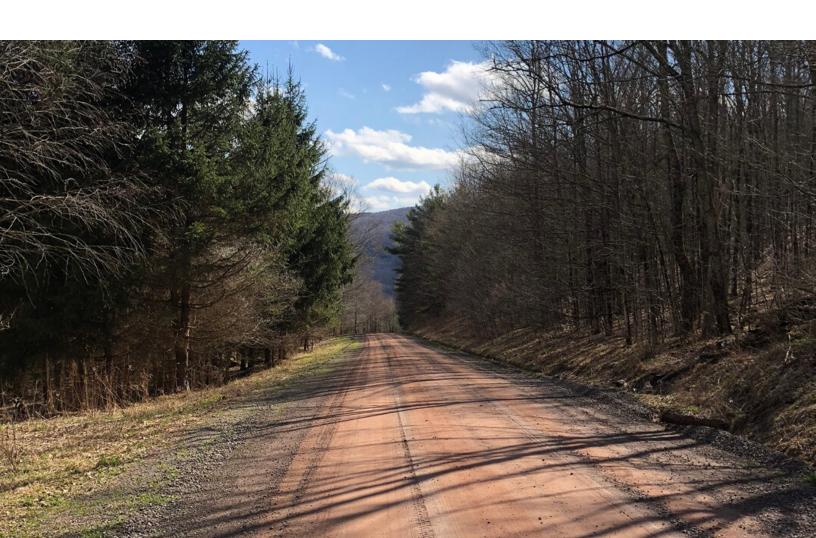
The Dance

flowing winter waters
hover in the thin space
between
movement and stillness
ice crystals constantly forming
connecting with others of their kind
resting awhile, exquisite
then melting, their rigidity releasing
as they rejoin the rushing dance
to the sea



Winding Road

the winding road
soft red of my heart
leads over hills to more hills
and valleys
peaks glittered with cold
hollows touched by sunshine
leading into the infinite dark
unknown



Wings

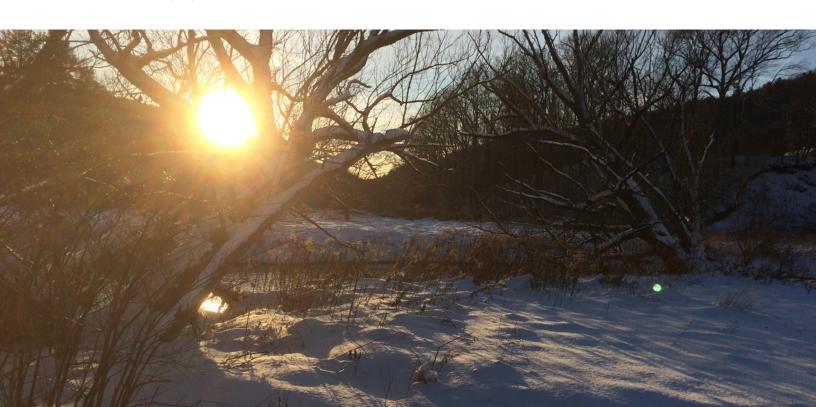
I used to think time and life were linear one path, leading forward with decisions about left or right all that were available to me.

Then I realized I had wings and learned how to fly.



Deep Peace

As soft as a fresh, clean blanket of snow laid upon the floor of the silent woods I walk among the trees friends, all of them Cherry Maple Oak Pine the wind gently blows the perfect white lines of snow on the branches off bit by bit floating down into deep peace.



More from Chelsea

Chelsea Frisbee is a writer, baker and farmer based in upstate New York. Her debut book, *A Journey of Light*, is a collaboration with her late mother, Susan Woodworth, and will be available in 2020. You can find more of her writing at www.chelseafrisbee.com or follow her on Instagram @chelseafrisbee.



Psst...pass it on!

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Thank you so much!

