

MUSINGS

by FR. SEÁN ÓLAOIRE, PHD - 2019 VOLUME 2



WHAT I LEARNED
FROM A BEETLE

As part of my daily meditation,
I try 'earthing' myself.

I sit with my bare feet resting on a large rock
recalibrating the positive and negative ions of my body
from the healing touch of Mother Earth.

Today, I happened to glance down,
shifting my gaze from the lordly redwood trees,
and noticed a little black-and-yellow beetle
resting on my right foot.
He was just sitting there.



I've read that the human body doesn't just have seven chakras that begin at the base of the spine and end at the crown of the head; rather the body has four other chakras, one on each hand and one on each foot.



The little beetle seemed to be sensing
this foot-chakra of mine.
Was he drawing energy from it?
Or was he blessing it
with the acupuncture needles of his six legs?



As I pondered this question,
I was drawn back 2,000 years in a vision.
A thorn-crowned victim was impaled on a cross,
his entire body covered in sweat and blood.
Because he'd been in the boiling sun for several hours,
some of the sweat was caked on his skin
and some of the blood was coagulating,
creating tattoo-like patterns.



I noticed particular patterns
on the four chakras of his hands and feet.
And, obviously, so did another, Levant-born beetle
who was standing on the sole of this man's right foot.

Was the beetle attempting to heal the crucified man?

Or was it feasting on the blood?

Was it a vampire or was it, in fact,
attending a Eucharistic banquet,
drinking from the chalice of Christ's blood,
as Christians would later do?



And what about us?

When we humans harvest our crops
or breathe in Earth's oxygen,
are we vampires feasting on the body of Pacha Mama?

Or are we celebrating an Earth Eucharist
that is four billion years old?

If Gaia is the global Body of Christ,
isn't every meal and every breath a Eucharist?

And doesn't every Eucharist deserve
a Communion Hymn?

How consciously did you celebrate your Eucharist today?

What hymn of thanksgiving did you sing?



Thank you,
little black-and-yellow beetle
for stopping by to inject my chakra system
with a reminder to be grateful.

Namasté,

Seán

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