

Tara, Is That You Talking?



I'm sitting on Cnochán Dara na Naomh (The Hillock of the Oak Tree of the Avatars) on the seat that my brother, Séamus, chiseled out of a fallen redwood log with a chain saw, a few years back. I'm doing my morning meditation out-of-doors for a change. Placed around the hillock are figurines of various spiritual traditions. Right now my focus is on Tara, whose face is dappled by sunlight streaming through the branches and leaves of the scrub oak. It gives her a freckled appearance - she could almost be an Irish colleen; even her name would be a fit.

Her eyes are closed, deep in her own meditation; her right hand is raised in benediction, while her left hand holds the bowl symbolizing her treasure trove of compassion for all sentient beings. A halo indicates her radiating aura. I find myself think-talking to her and am only slightly surprised when she think-talks right back at me. Here's how the conversation went:

“Tara, are you a *real* person,
or are you simply an archetype that got personified?”

She responded:

“Isn’t that what *you* are? Do you not know that you, too, are an archetype which is currently personified? Look around you - trees, rocks, clouds...don’t you realize that each of these is an archetype that got incarnated? Haven’t you heard of Plato’s ‘Ideal Realm’? Don’t you remember the prologue to the Gospel of John, ‘the Word became flesh...’? Everything you experience in the cosmos is an enfleshed word from Source. Incarnation is simply a device to allow incarnated archetypes to dance together. Enjoy the dance; give your very best performance; and when the final curtain goes down, take off your costume and happily go home.”

“Right!”

I said, and looked about at all the other dancers. Nobody seemed to notice me, so focused were they on the music. So I stopped think-talking and attended fully to the symphony.

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Sean".

Tír na nÓg
April, 2015