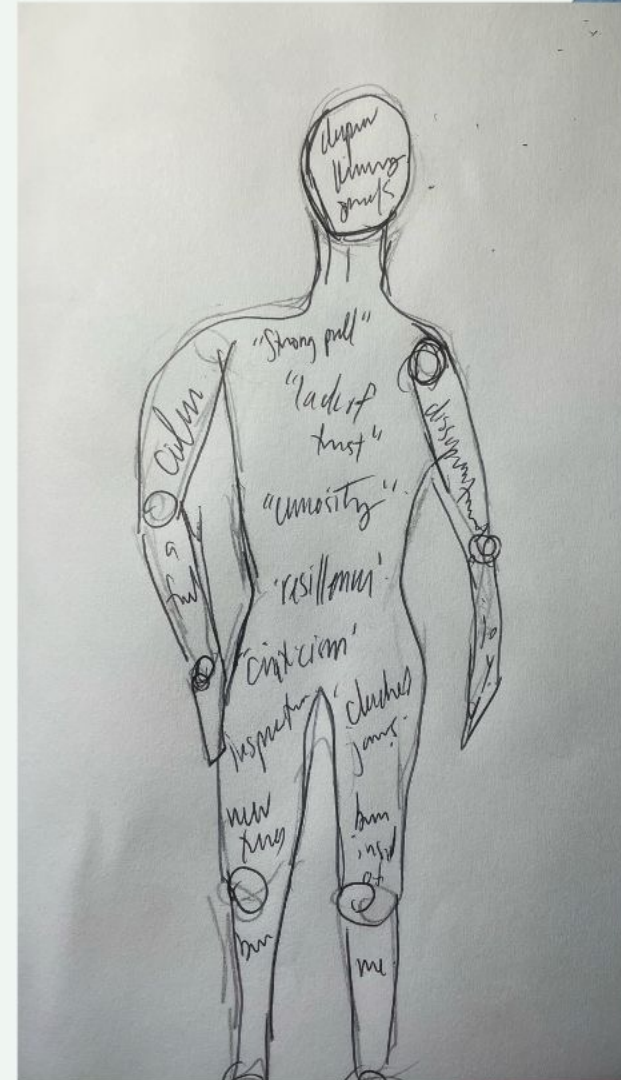


# Showing Up

While we arrive...

Draw a simple image of your body. Inside of it name all of the parts of yourself that you have observed in the creative process.

## Week 5: Following Our Deepest Calls



Jalal-Uddin Rumi  
(1207-1273) 13th Century Turkish Sufi Mystic Poet

Don't grieve. Anything you lose comes round in another form.  
Friends are enemies sometimes, and enemies friends.  
I was a tiny bug. Now a mountain. I was left behind. Now honored at the head. You  
healed my wounded hunger and anger, and made me a poet who sings about joy.  
If your guidance is your ego, don't rely on luck for help. you sleep during the day and the  
nights are short. By the time you wake up your life may be over.

Let the beauty we love be what we do.  
Let the lover be disgraceful, crazy, absent-minded. Someone sober will worry about  
events going badly. Let the lover be.  
Let yourself be silently drawn by the stronger pull of what you really love.  
Most people guard against going into the fire, and so end up in it.  
My friend, the sufi is the friend of the present moment. To say tomorrow is not our way.  
Nightingales are put in cages because their songs give pleasure. Whoever heard of  
keeping a crow?  
No longer a stranger, you listen all day to these crazy love-words. Like a bee you fill  
hundreds of homes with honey, though yours is a long flight from here.  
No mirror ever became iron again; No bread ever became wheat; No ripened grape ever  
became sour fruit. Mature yourself and be secure from a change for the worse. Become  
the light.  
Only from the heart Can you touch the sky.  
Patience is the key to joy.  
People of the world don't look at themselves, and so they blame one another.  
Since in order to speak, one must first listen, learn to speak by listening.  
That which is false troubles the heart, but truth brings joyous tranquility.  
The intelligent want self-control, children want candy.  
The middle path is the way to wisdom.  
The only lasting beauty is the beauty of the heart.  
Thirst drove me down to the water where I drank the moon's reflection.  
To praise is to praise how one surrenders to the emptiness.  
We come spinning out of nothingness, scattering stars like dust.  
We rarely hear the inward music, but we're all dancing to it nevertheless.  
You think the shadow is the substance.

# Following Our Deepest Calls

**A voice only heard  
in stillness.**

Review: Safety, the observer, true welcome, gremlins...

What are we doing here? Listening. Creative process is for you, to listen deep, hear calls and follow them!

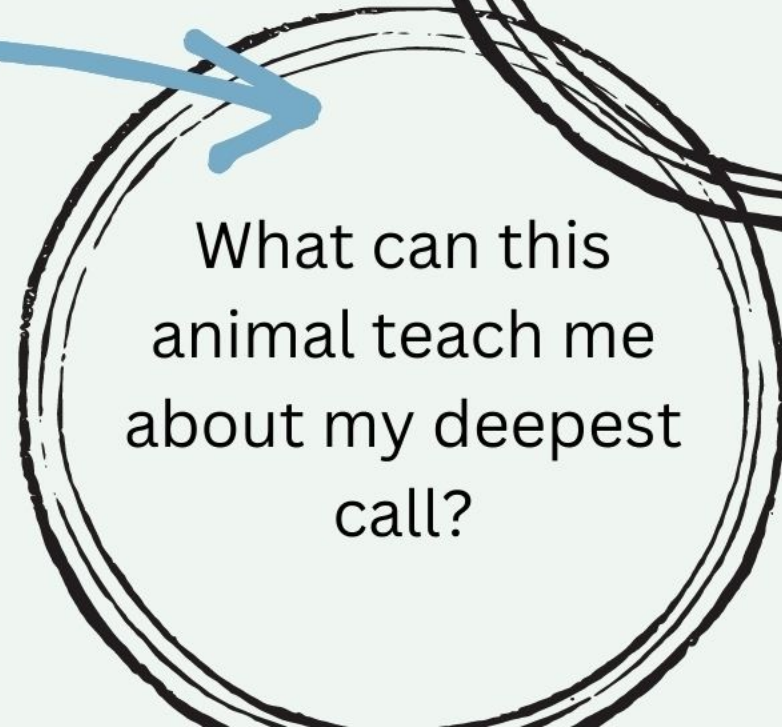
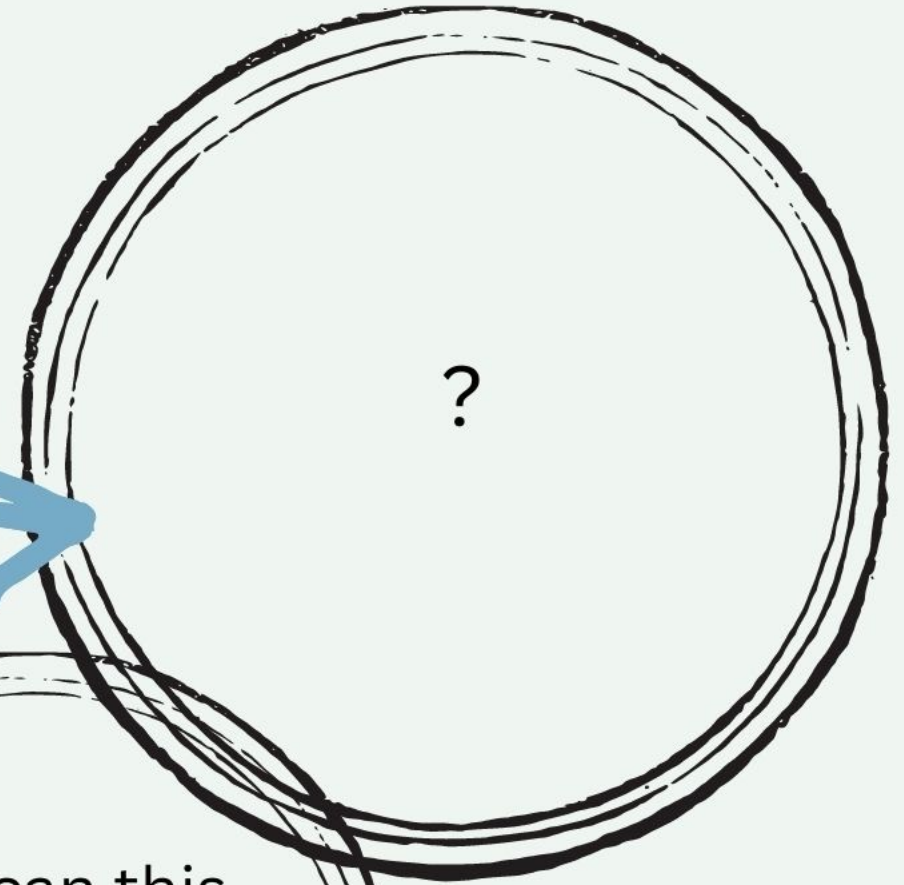
What is your call, what is the work you need to do, the transformation next, the insight most needed? I don't know...but I do know that it's born from deep listening.

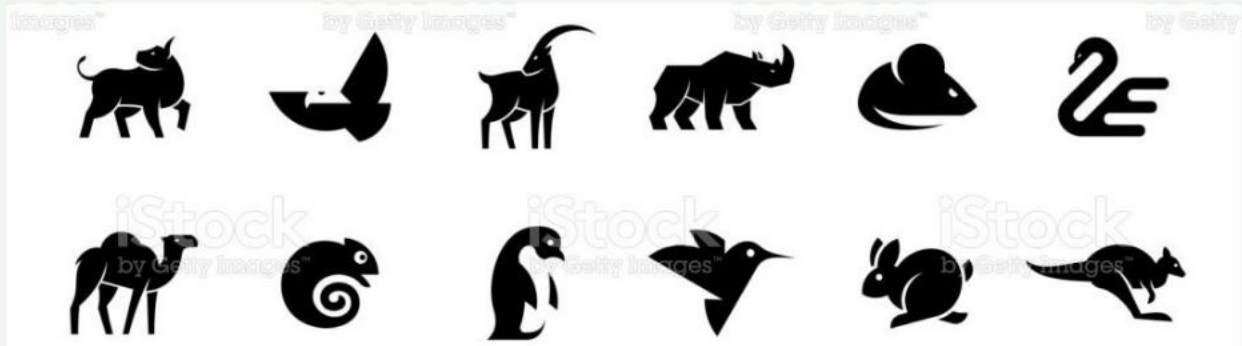
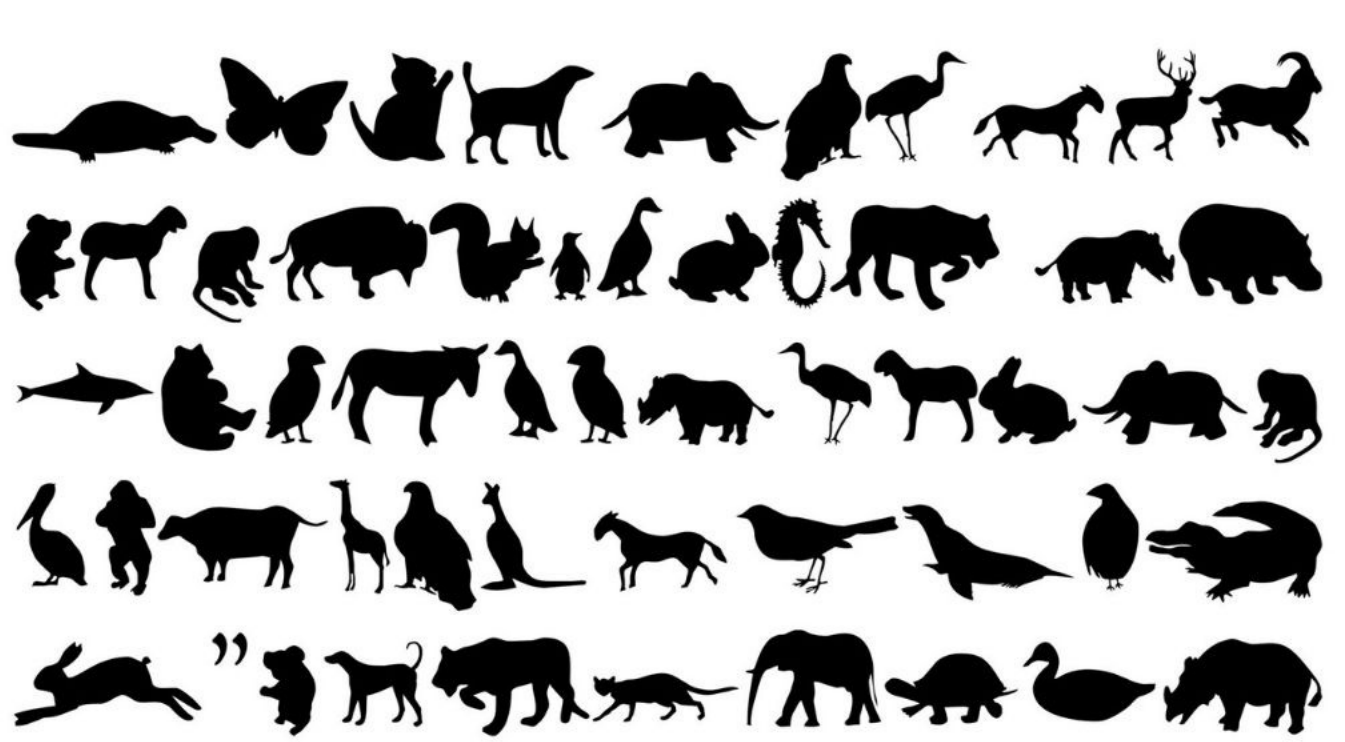
My deepest call (so far) is to help people get quiet and listen through expression.



# Our Process

1. Set an Intention
2. Ask a Question
3. Trust Impulses
4. Trust the process
5. Write

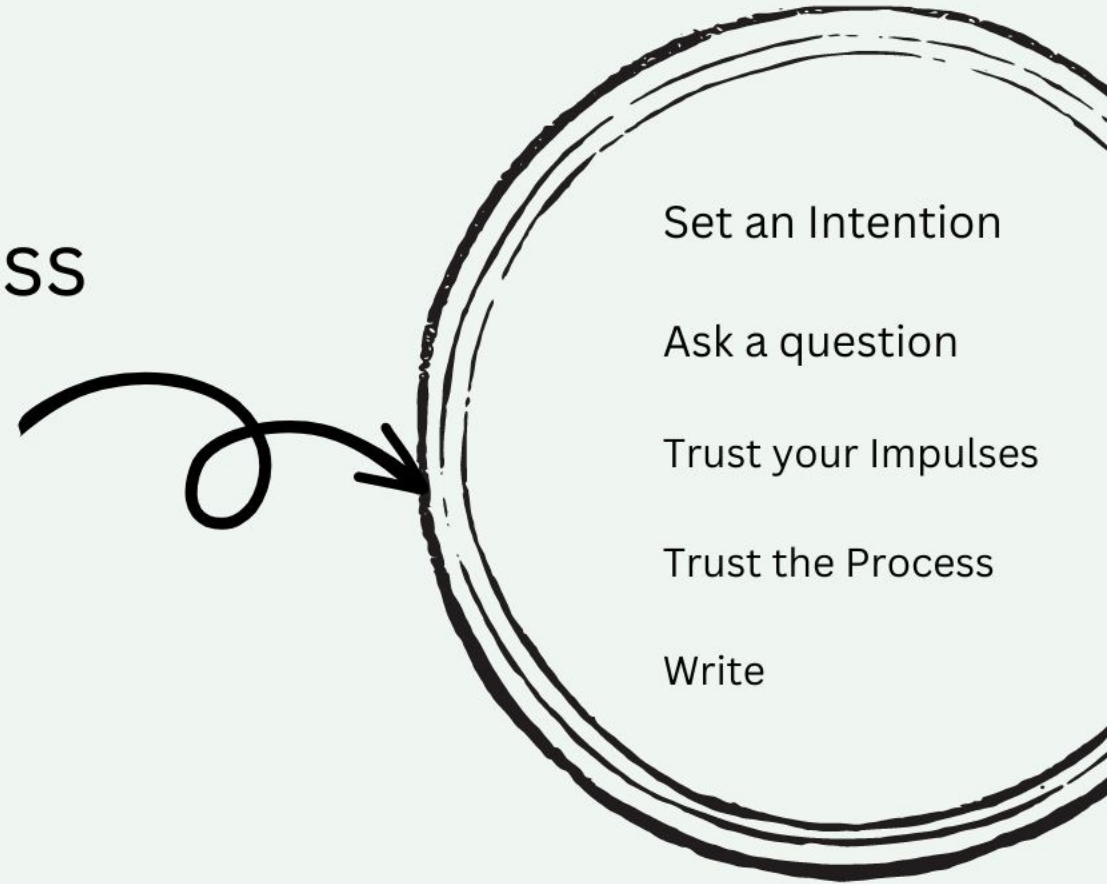




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# Homework

- **CHECK IN- one word**
- 5 minutes of quiet stillness
- Set your intention
- Ask a question
- 15 minutes of art making
- 5 minutes of writing
- **CHECK OUT- one word**





## OUR DEEPEST FEAR

Our deepest fear  
Is not that we are inadequate.  
Our deepest fear  
Is that we are powerful beyond measure.  
It is our light, not our darkness  
That most frightens us.  
We ask ourselves  
Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?  
Actually, who are you not to be?  
You are a child of God.  
Your playing small  
Does not serve the world.  
There's nothing enlightened about shrinking  
So that other people won't feel insecure around you.  
We are all meant to shine,  
As children do.  
We were born to make manifest  
The glory of God that is within us.  
It's not just in some of us;  
It's in everyone.  
And as we let our own light shine,  
We unconsciously give other people  
Permission to do the same.  
As we're liberated from our own fear,  
Our presence automatically liberates others.

By MARIANNE WILLIAMSON