

## introduction

writing has saved me, relieved boredom. loneliness. it especially kept me from being invisible. mostly to myself, when i felt shoved into a corner like an old piece of furniture.

whether journaling or preparing to-be-published work, writing is still my healing. my sanity. joy. most assuredly, a faithful companion in challenging times as well as company for lazy sundays and meditative mornings, where scribbled thoughts are stuffed between birdsong and honey light.

slowly but surely, inspired writing has accompanied the more personal, a way to allow intuition and guidance to shine light on my path, giving welcome breaks from painful emotions and the jagged thoughts that cut like fractured glass. but, then again, some days my writing is just a quirky blend. mental mish-mosh. soft sentiment. wisdom sprinkled with old challenges that seek closure.

i never quite know what's going to emerge and that is, at least half the fun.

Writing was never so important in my life than from 2020-2021. During that globally and personally tumultuous time, the various trends of my authoring lineage converged. And what merely seemed to be a way to navigate the mire birthed *through my bedroom window*.

At first glance, the title (which seems sexier than it is) reflects our household's daily morning lockdown routine: bum firmly planted as a blanket-

wrapped human sausage in a comfy chair, dogs at my feet, cat on lap, at my bedroom window looking out on the world. There I sat. Rested. Reflected. Allowed inspiration to come. And I wrote. Sometimes for hours, when time permitted.

Coaxed into expression via Covid-19's turbulent wake, what actually prodded *through my bedroom window* into existence was isolation, loss, personal transformation, and empathic resonance. You see, the pandemic collided with my life in an annoyingly curious and untimely whirlwind of changes - divorce, empty nest, selling my only home of 25 years, downsizing, and moving to a new but neighboring town. The profound hurt and weight of that transition, which accompanied me into quarantine along with the same fears, social isolation, and community shut-down that you experienced, dear reader, was further compounded by my challenges as an empath along with the steady decline and passing of our beloved family pet, Ash Mayard.

As an answer to the mounting transience of corporeal existence (the human struggle with all that comes to pass: People. Youth. Innocence. Relationships. Loved ones. Homes. Pets. Gardens. Our waistlines. Shedding hair, sleep, skin, bodily fluid, poop, and money as part of our natural exchange with the world.) amplified by Covid, my constitution, and life changes, I knew I had to go deeper...past many 2019 transitions, above energetic sensitivities, and beyond the psychic contamination of our terrified and grief-filled mass consciousness. So, I sought spiritual vision, pursuing guidance and intuition while steeping like a tea bag in piping-hot introspection and understanding.

The teachings of Penny Donovan, *A Course in Miracles*, and *A Course of Love* aided in more ways than I can count. And with years of spiritual practice behind me, the beauty I sought in the quarantine's far-reaching ripples helped me fervently look to the gifts orbiting in daily lessons as well as those seemingly past. *What was life truly showing me?*

Thankfully, nesting within the pandemic's reverberating theme *go home and stay there*, I discovered something unusual but central to my journey. And as I continued to seek, the dictate *go home and stay there* became *go Home and stay There*. In other words, *go within*. Go Home to the sacredness of your innermost being, the stillness of divine nature, the love in your grace-filled essence. Go deeply into your heart.

As a result, *though my bedroom window* not only helped me navigate grief and the accompanying process of letting-go but also brought what surfaced in me, no matter how hurtful, into the light. Additionally, *through my bedroom window* came to chronicle other discoveries – hope and love, patience and softening, sacred remembrance and unity, forgiveness and reconciliation – soothing balm to calm the sting. Questions and searching and heartache dissolved into love, a recognition of the love resting in my juicy core. And not in a cryptic or mysterious way, mind you, but with inspirational, authentic, and charmingly simple expression. One heart's non-linear weaving.

So, dear reader, I hope you find something helpful here. Words that give voice to your challenges. Left-over hurt. Something healing and comforting. A blanket of velvety sentiment. A warming cup of tea. Thank you for bearing witness to a part

of me. A vulnerable, squishy, sentimental, raw piece  
of my soul, one that's talking to yours.

With abundant blessings and gratitude.