

Daily Meditation 09/10/21

Medicine Against the Sin of Arrogance

(For DM “Racism, Arrogance and the First Chakra”)

Good morning.

This morning our meditation is on the capital sin of arrogance.

And arrogance, too, I relate directly to a failure of the first chakra: misdirected love about the first chakra. Because the first chakra is about the whole, it's about the cosmos, it's about all the vibration, all the sound, all the music, that's coming at us from the cosmos, and that we are returning to the cosmos.

And therefore it's part of our medicine in building up our first chakra and nurturing it, that we pay attention to the wonders and the awe of the universe-flesh, just as yesterday I spoke about the the earth-flesh as being the source of medicine for the first chakra.

So here's a wonderful poem I cited in my book in the chapter on the universe-flesh, Chapter One, from our friend Walt Whitman. It's a poem he calls "Miracles," and listen carefully to where he finds miracles.

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love, or sleep in the bed at night with any one I love,
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—the
ships with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

Albert Einstein says there are two ways to look at life: as if nothing is a miracle, and as if everything is a miracle. I presume he read Walt Whitman! But the word "miracle" really means "that which moves us to wonder." And that again is the Via Positiva.

This is the medicine to cure us of both acedia and of arrogance, because if we put these miracles first, the question of who's on top, who is superior, these questions behind racism and sexism and all the other isms, these melt away. Because we were all birthed, by the miracle of the universe, over a 13.8 billion year time span, and this is what makes us all equal.

Thank you, we'll see you tomorrow.