

NECKLACE OF GRIEF – Agate Beach, Bolinas, CA (2021)

To gather offerings from Land to Sea, intuitively I kept allowing my hands, my feet, my body do whatever *knowing* there could be.

How does grieving gather what it needs? How does grieving know when to let go? How does grieving know how to?

Grieving knows, came an answer. And more answers came to us. Like memories arising, offerings swept and sifted themselves for us among sand and stone in forms such as whale comb baleen, and fresh servings from a kelp forest, and pebbles polished by sea swirl, and wooden drifts jettisoned from outer Ocean (she leaves whatever she is done with each time now happens again). I found that everything we needed for sorting, presenting, and releasing had arrived already and eternally. For us this meant practicing humility, patience, and curiosity enough to wander a beachhead of uncertainty, then a willingness to surrender to it like that constant casting off by erosion.

This day became a walk along ways we had visited before— to confront loss because it is real as this Cliff of Weeping Stone, real as wind gradually lifting grains away, real as these tides washing our hands and feet clean, real as our time together must end. We came to give gravity to this vast taker of weight, giving to shifting waters a release of our Selves upon this ocean because in our half century that is what we have learned to do with change: to let go of our grasping nature and to be other-wise.

With these images, another garland let out to sea. What was left in wakes of flow will be rediscovered, reclaimed, or discarded again by the future and the others.

What we found, we released.

—csd

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