Do you have a smart phone?

Let’s see it.

Take it out.
This most simplistic and complicated and ubiquitous device may be something other than what we understand it to be. This is actually a good thing, because it may be able to help us clue into something.
happening right before our eyes, which we have conveniently overlooked and remain numb.

Look at the beautiful stained glass windows -- volumes of saturated yellow lit from a source behind. A source we can call sunlight, or it might be an unknowing lightness. All stained glass requires a source to work.
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A source we can call sunlight, or it might be an unknowing lightness. All stained glass requires a source to work.
There is an unbelievable trust that we hold in this source and what it provides us.

When we see sunlight, we may question if today will be hotter than yesterday? How's the drought? Or even, ask ourselves...
“What shall I wear today?” These are slightly different questions about sunlight, and more about our expectations about using sunlight for our daily needs.
There was a very fortuitous moment, not too long ago.

I was in a deep crisis trying to think my way somewhere, anywhere, from where I was. It wasn’t good. I needed to gain some sense of equilibrium, because my brain was
not accommodating my wishes.

In the past, I always had nature as my default. Now, a therapist, doctors (plural), homeopathy, pharmaceuticals and medical marijuana, but there lingered a pain,
an “ancient wound,” which an old acquaintance once called it.

My MO for getting out of a bad emotional situation in the past was to try any possible option to get an answer: the more off the page the better.
So, I sought out council: unusual, yes, yet untapped for forty-seven years. This was an extreme, unorthodox, approach for me, but I literally had no choice. Nothing seemed to be working.

Ouch!
What was this dilemma about?

When was the last time I felt this out of control?

Was it a spiritual crisis?

Okay...
Are you still focusing on the yellow stained glass windows?

Let’s return to brightness: light, all light, especially the light shining through all of our cultural screens – of which there are plenty – shapes, sizes
and forms. And, be sure to include CT scans, MRIs and ultrasounds. All of them.

Our screens glow from within. They offer brightness.
Here is my suggestion:

What if when we’re looking at screens, we’re not actually looking at data or information or pictures on the surface, but instead finding ourselves attracted to the brilliance of a special type of brightness?
Enjoying the pure pleasure of being saturated in light, being overwhelmed in a visceral brightness would be alright, right?

Dwelling in a brightness would allow each one of us a moment to partake in the commonality and rarity of brightness.
So, the next time you’re out and about and looking around at others who just may happen to be focused on their screens, do not judge, but try to accept this/their activity as an exchange or conversation with brightness,
much like looking with compassion at a personal stained glass window.
STAINED GLASS

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