

## MUIR WOODS FERN

*“Fly to San Francisco, rent a car, when you cross the Golden Gate you will not be far.  
Look for a place called Belvedere, and then you will be very near,  
Where their Majesties reside.  
Go there, meditate, and receive their gifts.”*

Thirty-two years ago I had a dream. It was a powerful and vivid dream. Upon awakening I grabbed a pad and pen and tried to write down all I heard from my encounter with the regal being that spoke to me. In the dream I was floating within a deep rich forest, with fragrant smells, vibrant colors, and sounds of the woods. While hovering, there came the sound of crackling pine needles and footsteps. Looking down and in front of me was a crimson red velvet cloak dragging with a swish along the path of the forest floor. As I soared following behind, suddenly a voice began to speak in a kind of poetic rhyme. Gazing up the crimson cloak, he turned and there were his eyes looking at me. He was a magnificent and elegant being who no doubt lived in this place. The only reference in my limited mind would be that he was a Mystic, a Wizard of sorts. The quote above is part of what he said. The rest of his communication just faded away as I feverishly tried to jot down what was heard on my writing pad. The next thought was to grab a road atlas from the bookshelf. Opening it up and going to the California page, my finger began sliding to San Francisco, then across the Golden Gate Bridge. My pointing finger came to a sudden stop resting on a small town; low and behold there was Belvedere! Then surveying the map closer, my eyes fell upon Muir Woods, a short distance away. Never in all my years on the planet had I heard of Belvedere, California. The giant redwoods had to be their Majesties of Muir Woods. This mystery was unraveling and I would be going there soon!

On the first visit, the woods were as magical as they were in my dream. No doubt this was a place where the world of fantasy melded into reality. There was a feeling of great energy and Spirit. I meditated with my back against the trunk of one of the giants. What came to me was here is a place that I am always welcome, and within this quiet refuge there was much to be learned.

Muir Woods has become a place of pilgrimage throughout my life. I have seen it in heat, cold, fog, mist, rain, dry and dusty, witnessed baby trout swimming up a robust stream, observed that same stream barely running at a trickle, walking in to find one of the noble giants freshly fallen across the path, watched rays of golden light bursting through the branches above, and always the ever changing performance of Mother Nature. I have laughed, cried, mourned, prayed, had insights, miracles, revelations, and lost things have been found in these woods.

The camera has been with me on most visits. On a recent trip this last May, the forest was more green and rich with color than ever before. While sitting and taking a rest, I noticed a stand of healthy vital ferns next to me. They were twisting, climbing, bending and stretching upward in delicate harmony toward the light at the tree top canopy above. They were filled with strength and stamina, a graceful dance of skyward spiraling rhythm. One curving beauty stood out. Looking closer, I aimed my camera and felt the unity of all things in the forest, from the mightiest to the most gentle. I was watching the artistry of Creation at work.

*E. McD September 25, 2018*