

Shalom Maker

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even caged birds fly even caged birds fly

Warning! Let me fly the howling winds. Let me fly on thermals high. Let me be wild and in part, willful.

Do not take advantage of my good nature. Do not separate me from my presence. Do not tread or trample my aura's brightness. Do not subdue the creative force. Do not divert the passions. Do not peg or encapsulate or box or decanter the spiritual juices. Do not repress or subjugate my persona. Do not mis-direct my best intentions or mis-interpret my words. Do not block my view. Do not screw with my head or heart or soul!



Birdcage Mania



You are not the judge and jury. You are not the keeper of the gate. You are not my scheduler of activities or the pit boss of my unplanned spontaneities. You are not my rising moon or setting sun. You are not my subduer. You are not the dungeon master. You are not an air traffic controller.



Birdcage Mania



I have little else than my name and my place. So, sacred is my time and holy is my space. I am the center of my little galaxy. You are an invited guest. I am a wild bird, a bird on a wire, a bird in the wind.



Play with me. Protect me. Converse with me. Remind me. Plan with me. Encourage me. Bless me. Reason with me. Resonate with me. Comfort me. Counsel me. Console me. Commit to me. Nurture me. Be gentle with me and respectful. Help me. Share with me. Be loyal to me. Humor me. Thank me. See me. Hear me. Touch me. Confide in me. Honor me. Celebrate with me. Be still with me. Fly with me. And, I will return these things to you and more.



But don't cause me to stumble. Acknowledge the limits of your territory and I will do the same of mine. Do not send your demons and dragons to slay me. I am not your voodoo doll. Not your blow-up doll. Not your pin-up. I am not your alter ego. Not your whipping boy. Not your savior. Not your projection. Not your excuse.

Look into my eyes and see deeper. Listen to my breath in your ear, my heart pounding on your chest and the sound waves of my energy causing heat and friction. Me here. You there. And, together. Together.

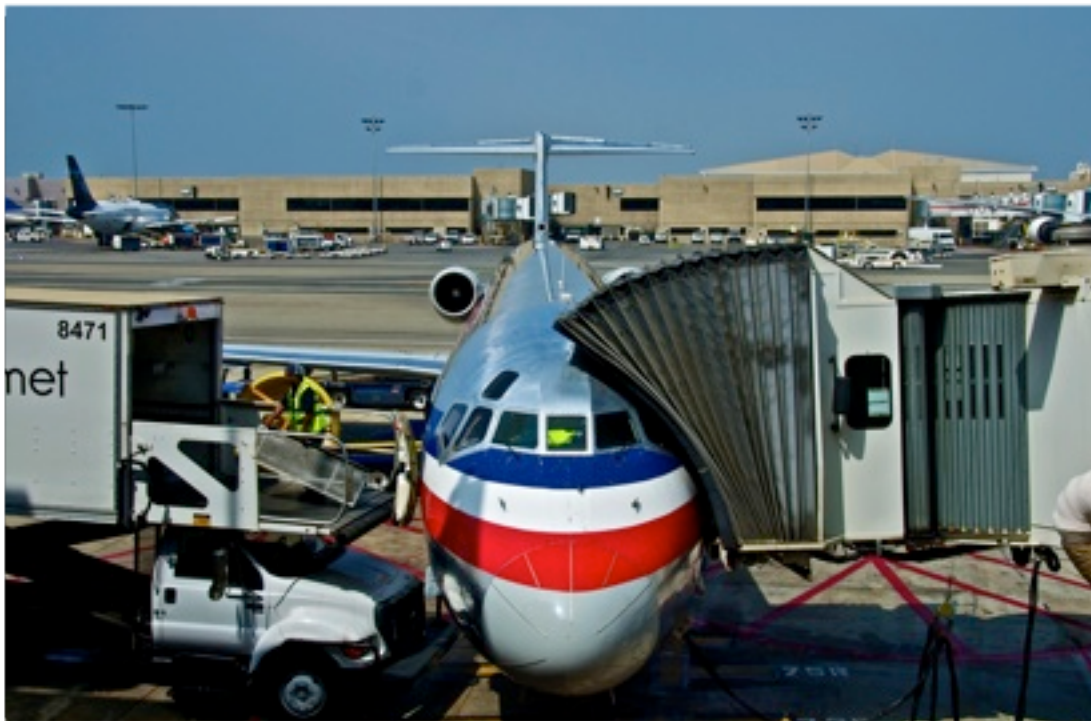
Birdcage Mania



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even caged birds fly

this



not this



!

Biblical Birds of a Feather

Deuteronomy 32:11-12

As an eagle stirs up its nest, hovering over its young, spreading its wings to catch them and bearing them on its pinions, so the Lord alone was guide to them, and no strange god was with Him.

Hosea 11:10-11

The Lord will roar like a lion,
And they shall march behind Him;
When He roars, His children shall come
Fluttering out of the west.

They shall flutter from Egypt like sparrows,
From the land of Assyria like doves;
And I will settle in their homes
--declares the Lord.

Proverbs 26:2

As a sparrow must flit and a swallow fly,
So a gratuitous curse must backfire.

Song of Songs 2:12

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come,
and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

Psalms 84:3

Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may lay her young, even your altars, O LORD of hosts, my King,
and my God.

Psalms 102:7

I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop.

Rabbinic Birds of Myth and Legend

The souls of all those who have not yet been born are kept in the *Guf*, the Treasury of Souls, also known as the Chamber of Creation. There each soul waits its turn to be born. When the time comes for it to descend into this world, an angel is issued along with it, who accompanies it. It is said that sparrows can see the souls descend, and that it is the source of their song...

From the beginning the Messiah was hidden in a heavenly palace known as the Bird's Nest. That is a secret place containing a thousand halls of yearning, where none may enter except for the Messiah. It is there that the Messiah waits for the sign to be given that his time has come at last.

The palace is known as the Bird's Nest because of the wonderful bird of the Messiah, which has a nest in a tree near his palace.

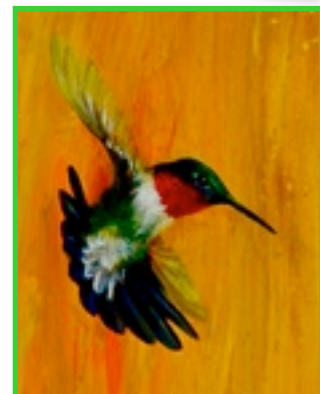
Now the song of that bird is indescribably beautiful; no one has ever heard a music so sublime. Three times the bird repeats its song, and then the bird and the Messiah ascend on high, to the very Throne of Glory. There God swears to them that He will destroy the wicked kingdom of Rome and will give His children all the blessings that are destined for them. After that the bird returns to its nest and the Messiah returns to his palace, and once again he remains hidden there, waiting.

The Ba'al Shem Tov was once praying with his Hasidim. That day he prayed with great concentration, not only word by word, but letter by letter, so that the others finished long before he did. At first they waited for him, but did before long lose patience, and one by one they left.

Later the Ba'al Shem Tov came to them and said: "While I was praying, I ascended the ladder of your prayers all the way into Paradise. As I ascended, I heard a song in indescribable beauty. At last I reached the palace of the Messiah, in the highest heavens, known as the Bird's Nest. The Messiah was standing by his window, peering out at a tree of great

beauty. I followed his gaze and saw that his eyes were fixed on a golden dove, whose nest was in the top branches of that tree. That is when I realized that the song pervading all of Paradise was coming from that golden dove. And I understood that the Messiah could not bear to be without that dove and its song for as much as a moment. Then it occurred to me that if could capture the dove, and bring it back to this world, the Messiah would be sure to follow.

So I ascended higher, until I was within arm's reach of the golden dove. But just as I reached for it, the ladder of your prayers collapsed.”



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This is not a rant of rage. This is a healing!

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