

Live Your Dream by Suzanna Yahya Nadler 7/23/17

Dreams have been called the bridge to the soul. They are the nightly movies and images that our souls paint for us. What gets prioritized - art and beauty or duty?

In a recent session with my 80 year old Jungian analyst, I faithfully followed the protocol of supervision. In getting feedback on my work as a psychotherapist, I neglected my thought-provoking dream until time ran out at the end. True to the old pattern of placing others first (yes, it really is my mother), I put off the reverie from my soul, leaving my dream to skulk in the background, but not forever!



This weekend the astrological events have been heating up, transitioning from the watery realms into the fiery, creative energy of Leo. Mars entered Leo, the sun follows and then the new moon in the early hours of today. I say yes to my dream and look at the *narrow escalator that takes me to the art room, a small gallery where there are five people lying dead. Terrified, that I will be next I recognize that I have to make a decision to either stay and risk being killed or leave and risk being killed.*

My art room is my relationship to the world of nature. To arrive however, there is only a narrow passageway from the vast land of well-traveled responsibilities. Once I choose the "straight and narrow" path, the people mover easily guides me into a new way of being with creation. Sometimes it feels like dying, to surrender the overly-attentive preoccupation with others, and entrust myself to the earth where there is no compulsion to do or fix. My leonine originality shines forth when I am in alliance with the natural world.

I am not striving to be an accomplished photographer, or blogger, or even a dancer. I want to express that which touches my heart, because even as I glorify that which surrounds, who is to say who benefits. As I observe with wonder and gratefulness, nature blesses me as well. This is why I try to capture pictures of the intoxicating beauty, the amazement, decoct beverages from the bounty, and play at gardening. When I yield to the delicate touch of beauty, nature is my palette to express and create.