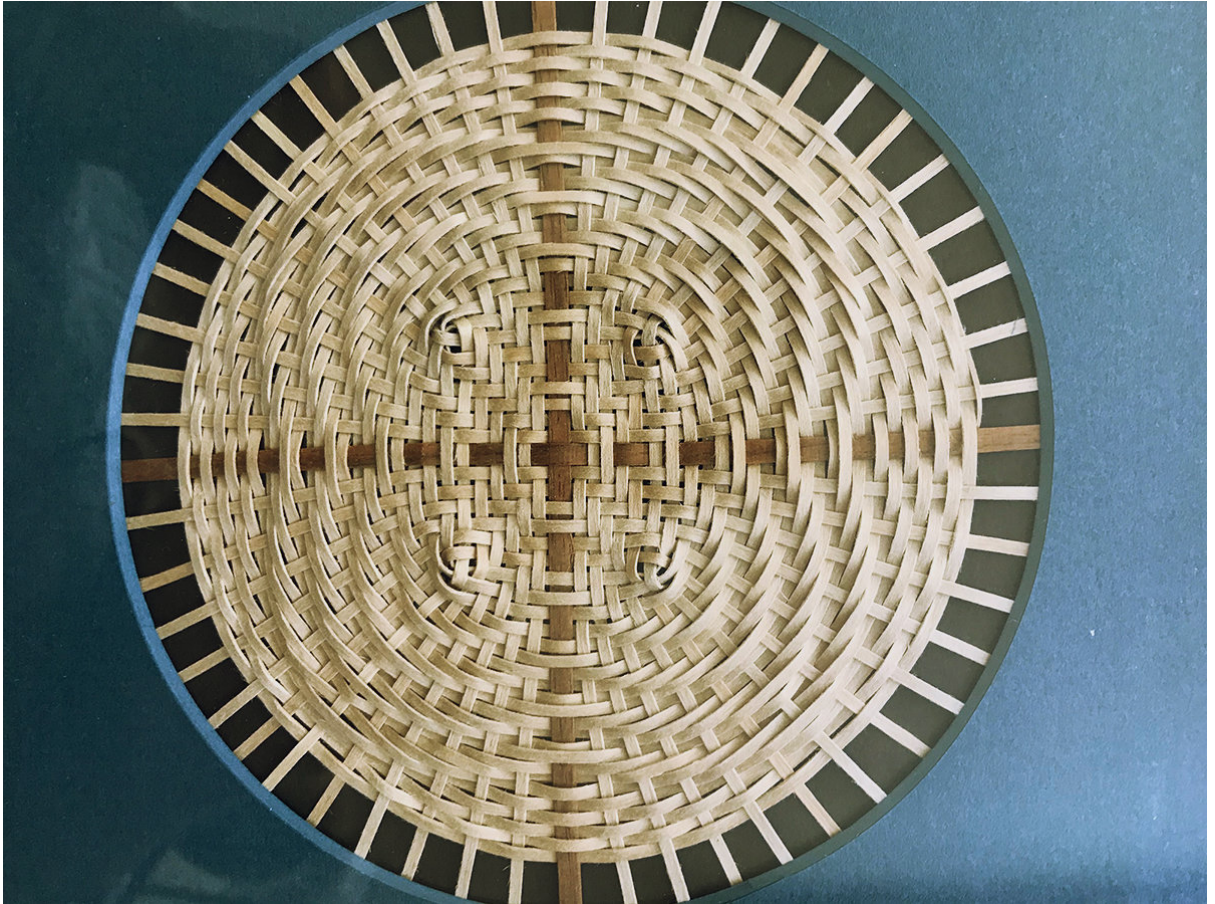


Cynthia F. Davidson

Author & Mystic



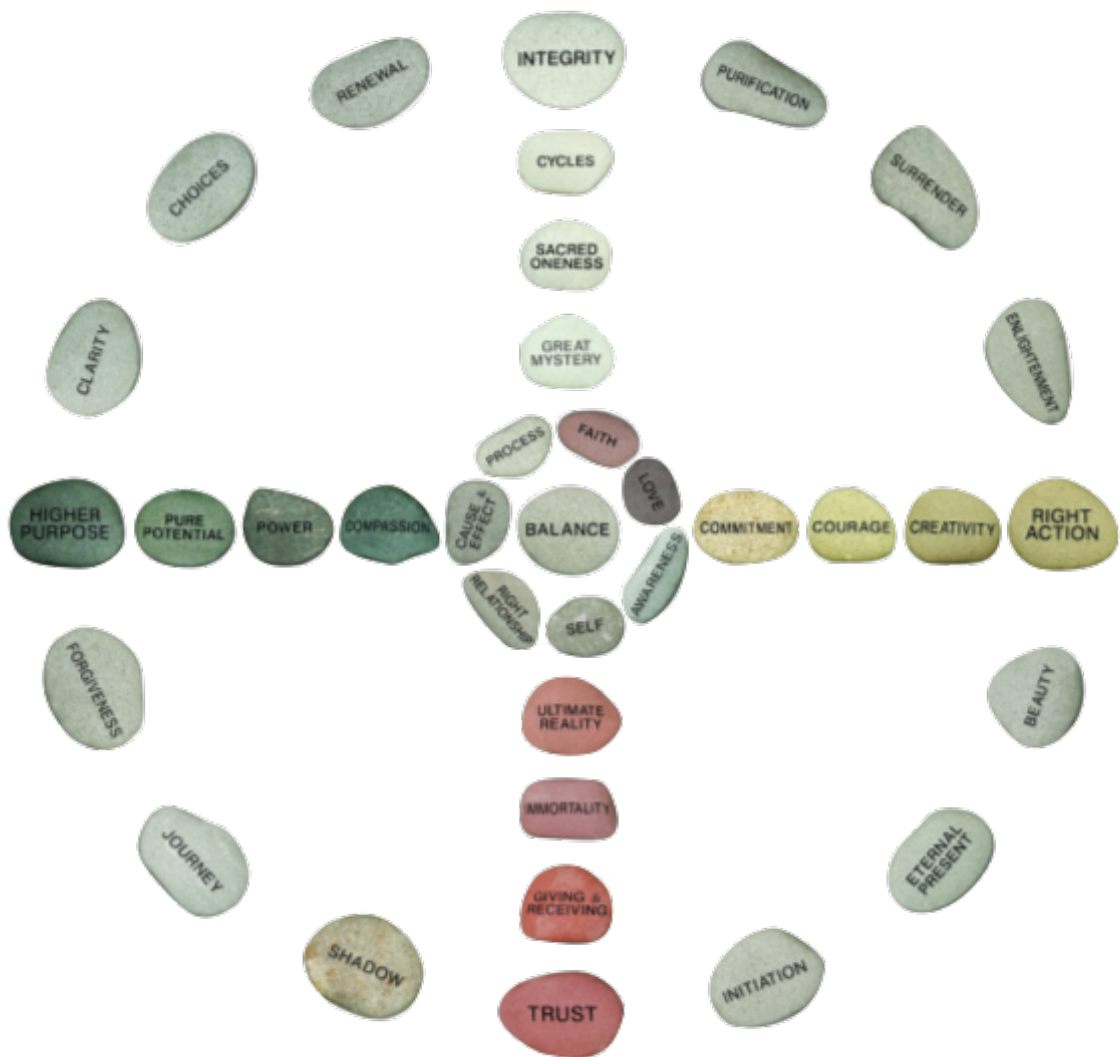
Vol. 1, Issue 5 MORE ON SURRENDER

The Surrender Law has been knocking a few more lessons into me of late. According to the Great Wheel of Life, its energies are with us until the Spring Equinox arrives on March 20. Then we'll finish celebrating our Pisces born family and friends, whose Birth Law is **Surrender**, and turn to the Aries folks, with their Enlightenment Birth Law.

The Wisdom Wheel

Last week, to help mark the 50th year celebration of a dear woman born under Surrender, I took a large set of Wisdom Wheel stones along to her party. Two decades ago, this friend had been in our original Wisdom Wheel study circle. The three years we met regularly then to study the Laws still bond us, despite all the water flowing under the bridges of our lives. We remember her before the birth of her three children and hope to be present for her 60th and 70th years and beyond. Her grade school, college and work friends had heard her talk about the Wisdom Wheel but this was the first time they experienced it.

After the food and cake, we drew our chairs in a circle around the rocks and I passed a bag of smooth blank stones for each to choose from and keep. After a brief explanation of the Wheel, they studied the set of 36 engraved stones in the center of the room, and picked one Law. Using the colored markers provided, each wrote their chosen law on their small stone. As we went around the room, each woman shared which Law they'd chosen and why. Four had picked Journey. Until we sat in a circle together, they did not know they were born under the Journey Law (Virgo) and that it balances Surrender, the Birth Law of the friend whose journey we'd gathered to celebrate. On my drive home from Connecticut to Rhode Island, I savored more of the wisdom exchanged and how the Wheel both drew it forth and helped to tie it down as we celebrated. Before my final surrender, I'm determined to leave behind a book that teaches people how to do these things for one another.



Watching & Reading

My husband Malcolm and I often wind down each evening with a good book or a good film. The other night he found a 2010 French language movie called *Incendies*, based on the story of **Souha Bechara**. Full of surrender stories, I highly recommend it, though it should not be seen alone. Like my memoir, it concerns the before, during and after effects of dealing with war in the Middle East. The Woman Who Sings, the main character, refuses to surrender her voice, although imprisoned. She already had to surrender too much, including her first-born child and her freedom, yet her voice empowered others to resist. Her message is about the need to stay together, which demands we surrender whatever keeps us apart. Powerful.

Ceremonies

Our annual four day Bear Fast begins on the eve of the Spring Equinox, **Wednesday March 20th** and ends with the Lodge ceremony on **Sunday morning March 24th**.

[Contact Me For More Information](#)

The Memoir

We still expect to make our limited release publication date of April Fools Day. Watch for our announcement about discounted pre-publication orders for *The Importance of Paris* memoir. Here's an excerpt from "Chapter 17. Le Cout de La Vie – The Cost of Living."

...I walked toward my apartment. Such a gloriously sunny day could not be spent working alone in my studio. I turned toward the Pont de la Tournelle instead, wanting to visit Saint Genevieve. Upon reaching the bridge and her solid stone body I felt deeply comforted. Near her towering form I rested. A strong sensation came, as if my island home was shifting shape, being transformed into a boat ready to move through the water. Ready or not, it was carrying me forward, heading out to sea. Standing on the deck of this spirit ship, the ancient motto of Paris came to mind, Fluctuat nec mergitur (Latin for "She is tossed by the waves but does not sink").

It was time to honor the death of my loves. What had animated our connections had to be released before the rot set in. To surrender any remaining attachments to Mon Fantome and the others, I summoned what was left, knowing this watery burial must complete the process of letting go. As reluctance gave way, the remaining tentacles of regret loosened. Leaning upon the bridge railing, I shoved everything overboard with a final great heave. Down into the frothy waters went this strange emotional package to sink in the wake of moving on. Rather than being dragged under, I let it all go. The River Seine was flowing on, showing me how to live.

Freeing them freed me. There was nothing more to learn. The soul of my love could take flight now and roam. I would follow wherever it led. Another love would reanimate me for I still had my capacity for ecstasy. Loving like I had would make the next time better and maybe a tad bit wiser.

Until next time,
Cynthia F. Davidson

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