

# THE JOY OF CONSCIOUS LIVING – Part III

## Sue BECOMES the Flower

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People often ask me what inspires me to write, and if I get “writer’s block.” Honestly, the answer is no, I don’t get writer’s block. That might sound odd, so let me explain...

Aaron and I lead a very busy life, caring for our clients, writing and teaching workshops, innovating and creating new healing tools/products and healing techniques, writing books and articles, speaking at conferences and trade shows, caring for my elderly parents (who have lived with us for 12 years), and tending to both our “girls” – our dog Rosie and our cat Ra-Shait. Our life is scheduled many months in advance due to our work.



That’s why I must – and do – give myself permission to do absolutely nothing on a regular basis. Among other things, camping in Maine is our retreat, our “nesting time”, and our inspiration as we’re engulfed by nature and beautiful lakes. After we take Rosie for a swim, we often enjoy healthy “lunch smoothies” of baby kale, blueberries, strawberries and multiple raw nuts and seeds.

We then settle into our comfy lounge chairs on the deck of our camper. Aaron and Rosie fall asleep; I close my eyes and focus on my breathing. With each breath, I follow the molecules of oxygen that are rejuvenating my body. I simply rejoice in the flow of oxygen and energy throughout my entire being. After awhile, I open my eyes and merely gaze at the canopy of leaves overhead. A mesmerizing array of multiple shades of green and layers, dimensions of energies, cast by rays of sunlight. Random thoughts come in, and drift down stream, as I choose to not attach to any of them. I am enjoying my “beingness”, fully present in these moments.

A thought floats in, “*Those flowers I planted a month ago are so beautiful...*” When I eventually feel like moving, I go inside the camper to retrieve my camera. I capture the beauty of my flowers:



I find myself going deep *within* the flowers, like a tiny, glistening dew drop. I imagine the velvety smooth petals creating a fantastic slide on which I glide... I comfortably land deep within the flower, nestled among the stamens. I am cocooned in velvety softness and an intoxicating fragrance.

Now I imagine what it is like, to simply “be the flower” in all its magnificence and glory. I AM the flower. I simply AM. I AM the incredible fragrance, the velvety softness and gentle curves of the petals. I delight in this Beingness that allows me to remember that we are all one, we are not separate at all... I AM, oh YES, I AM!