

For **Beloved Laura** and Friends

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld



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of intimacy
that we can share
with another,
in crisis and otherwise,
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THERE ARE SO MANY FEELINGS that can't be expressed. Perhaps the most important ones must go unsaid. It seems that putting words to the soul's tremors can destroy their delicacy. When a beloved is dying, how intimate is our heart's embrace. In the midst of these raw tides, we can only cherish the poignancy of every moment.

We are all "dying" and being conscious of this sobering truth gives the moment its rightful wings. The passion of intimacy that we can share with another, in crisis and otherwise, seeds our beings and changes us forever beyond what we can imagine. A mysterious exchange of gifts flows between the caregiver and the recipient, as they become one.

The roles we play are interesting to examine. Often it is possible to see the karma or seeds of being a caregiver early on in one's life. To quote Mephistopheles: "In the end we all create the creatures we ourselves depend on," which is a thought-provoking statement. Certainly the shadows we cast are ourselves reflected, as are the rainbows.

As always, Laura made the impossible possible. I say this because the nobility and courage she lived in her dying offered me an undying strength that will live on forever as a blazing torch. I am ever fortunate to have been inspired by the muse of Laura, and to share her beams of light with you.

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Laura Archera Huxley; 1911-2007;
beloved friend; violinist;
therapist; author; founder of
Children: Our Ultimate Investment

O eternal flower

(for beloved Laura Huxley)

O eternal flower,
how fragrant your scent,
and how far-reaching your stem.

Although you've come and gone,
you're still here, nevertheless.
Somehow, concepts of life and death
are too limited
for your present formlessness

No, it's not real to me
that you've died
It's no more real than
life's other illusions.

My truth is, O eternal flower,
that you still exist — outside of time
like a scent that forever lingers.

How infinite your spirit,
as it travels the universe
and mocks the smallness
we dote upon.

O eternal flower,
how fragrant your scent,
and how far-reaching your stem.

No, it's not real to me
that you've died.

It's no more real than
life's other illusions

February 10, 2008
Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

To find out more about Ms. Kleefeld's
work see: www.carolynmarykleefeld.com

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld will be having an exhibit at The Frederick R. Weisman Museum of Art at Pepperdine University in Malibu, California from August 23rd to December 14th, with an opening reception on Saturday, September 13th from 6:00 to 9:00 PM. Her paintings "Dionysian Splendor" and "Laura Huxley's Departure"— as well as the art by Brummbaer and Dean Chamberlain, which also appear in this issue of the *Bulletin*— are for sale, with fifty percent of the profits going to help raise funds for MAPS research. For more information visit: www.maps.org/catalog
