

## JJ's Story and The Pink Rose Mystical Moment



*E*arly childhood memories float around in our minds like dandelion seeds on a breeze, tiny and illusive, hard to catch. It is rare to have confidence and clarity about the events of our earliest years. Yet, as unusual as it may seem, my first memory is vibrantly clear in my mind. The memory of that day still warms me all these years later, radiating like the sun on that bright summer's day. I cannot know my exact age at the time, yet I was young enough to still be wearing diapers and crawling. I remember being entranced by the sensations. The word entranced, of course, would not yet be in my mental vocabulary. Yet, the direct experience of *feeling* entranced filled me completely and left an enduring impression on my young mind, my heart, and the life I would come to lead.

I remember the prickly cool blades of grass on my hands and knees. I remember the warm sun upon my back. I remember hearing the hum of insects and the sound of a lawn mower. I remember the first moment I saw the huge pink rose hanging low to the ground. The flower appeared suspended in air, hanging alone and away from its thorny stem. I had to touch, taste, hold and smell it! I hurried my crawl and clumsily planted my face into the gorgeous pink rose blossom that was almost as big as my full face. Tiny dewdrops on the rose tickled my nose. I remember how soft the petals were on my lips and cheeks. I remember the smell, and how that fragrance made my tummy leap. I remember feeling held.

I remember loving that pink rose blossom. Sitting back upon my diapered bottom, I stared at the rose and began to grab for it—then everything in my little world changed. A light of golden-pink popped out of the blossom. It was about the same size as the blossom. I squealed and giggled. The light floated toward me and seemed to be looking at me even though the light had no eyes. I felt the flower-light smiling at me, even though it had no mouth. I felt it talk to me without words. I felt the light reach into my heart and touch me. I reached out to touch the flower again and the light surrounded my hand. The light was holding my little hand. The pink rose fragrance seemed to soak into me as if I could smell it through every part of my body. I felt filled. Then a grown-up with big arms came along, picked me up and carried me away from that blessed light of the pink rose and my first Mystical Moment. Nothing since then has ever touched me so deeply. The powerful loving reach emanating from that pink rose, traveled all the way to my soul and across sixty years of living. In that moment, with the light that came from the pink rose, I believe I had an experience of Divine Love.



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Of course, I did not know that at the time. I cannot explain what happened, or how it happened. I can only remember and continue to learn from the experience. All I know is that the Love that touched me in those few moments was a greater love and truth than I have ever felt from any human interaction.

I have come to understand that the golden-pink light was not personal, attached, or overlaid with desire or agenda. The light radiated like the sun warming my back. The abundance of the offering to me extended from a Source that had no limits, time or space. The experience went beyond the differences of a pink rose blossom, the light, and a baby girl. This transcendent ineffable Love, made me hungry to feel that again, for all the rest of my days. In only an instant, unbeknownst to my very young mind, my life-long perspective was profoundly shaped.

In that mystical moment of Divine Love, I unknowingly placed the shoes of a seeker on my soul and have trekked the seeker's path most of my life. A compelling drive was sparked in me to find and understand that source of Real Love, and to learn how to live in the light of that Love, every minute of every day.



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