

sunrise chakra prayer and meditation

Divine Creator, every cell that binds my body is a miniature of me and I a micro-universe. Everything I am prays my intention: Lead me in a lively dance of balance and compassion, love and loveliness, humanity and harmony, offering nourishment and reaping happiness in every sphere: the cellular and individual, the hearth and home, community, environmental, planetary... through the solar system out into the galaxy, and on and on, through the entire purview of Divinity—all there is, has been, will be.

Divine Creator, gather those who need thee to be present in this time of prayer, each and all affirming their intention, guided by their longing and their bliss to pray with me for holiness, for health, for unity. Together, we affirm: God lives in us, confers on us perpetually new life, pure love, unsullied innocence. In utter confidence we give to thee all that we are, have been, will be. Witnessing the rising of the sun, we too rise in the flow of it, the motion that began when thou, Almighty God, said, "Let there be light."

I close my eyes; my spirit goes where I have witnessed many days' arriving in the spring above a wide stream. In prayer I summon it. It comes, the sight of it and the aroma, dampness in the air, doves in their nests and rabbits in the shrubbery, leaves of poplars rustling above. I brush my hand along the tops of little tufts of grass and lacy ferns; I see the motley colors and varieties of flowers—hundreds, thousands, none can count them—lilies of the valley, purple clover, bachelor's buttons, daisies, and the wild rose.

Those who wish will summon their own quiet woodlands, each to seek a welcoming and venerable tree, one with an unrough concave surface to be leaned on comfortably. (If you don't have a woodland or a tree like this in your experience, I give you free and unrestricted use of mine.)

I settle back upon my amiable tree. Divinity embraces me, eternal Father-Mother. I rest against it unconstrained, in trust and confidence, withholding nothing, and with equal certainty relying on the cool, dry ground supporting me this final moment of my heaviness, before the sun baptizes me, releasing me from useless things that cling or I hold on to in my insecurity. Thus by thy grace begins my ceremony of rebirth, in the awareness that I lean upon Divinity, releasing all dependencies apart from thee.



Raucous early-morning birds have quieted. Reverently, they wait. The sun is taking one last cleansing breath so when it tops the bluff and floods the valley, its clear light will purify each leaf and blade and wing it touches, as thy light divine does for the souls that wait for thee.

Time stretches and the veil thins in this endless moment of anticipation. Thy salvation comes in its own perfect time.



In the guiding rhythm of this ageless place, the seventh chakra opens, freely spins in order to accept and then disperse the light that is about to enter. Then, heart center unobstructed, like the sun I take a mindful breath... inhaling silence that holds infinite divine potential... and exhaling my confession, which is everything in my awareness that no longer serves me or the world. In the cleansing *out* breath is the toxic residue of fear... of blame... of anger... of persistent sadness... jealousy...

emotional fatigue... reluctance... of my pain... of everything in me that is no longer fresh and full of promise... everything that doesn't love and nourish... everything that lacks compassion. All that presses on my heart, I breathe it out. Like ashes from an open fire, it drifts away and falls upon the ground, which takes it in. The earth knows what to do with it.

now my heart, unshielded and exposed, is open to the blessing of the mighty strength, the boundless energy it will be given. All the bits of brokenness, the cracks and bruises on its surface, are presented to accept the balm of harmony, to mend; nothing is withheld or hidden, tucked away.

Here are gathered, God of Mercy, people and their weariness, each offered individually for healing... friends and family and strangers, troubled households and distressed relationships, massed along the hillside, left and right, in such profusion I can't see the end of this great throng of supplicants. Some may have traveled through eternity to join us at this sacred ceremony.

...for now we know with certainty that only
love and beauty lie ahead

Divine Beloved, we are one in our intention: to receive the health and harmony, the love and innocence, compassion and forgiveness, strength and guidance toward the purposeful activity

that in truth is always present and available—not only now, at sunrise; at no time is grace withdrawn. This gathering at dawn is our reminder and our signal to give welcome to this huge abundance, limited by only our reluctance to suspend activity, to break away from entropy, to pause and pay attention.

On this morning, we have stopped our busy-ness. Time bestows on us the gift of its forbearance, giving us however much we need.

At the moment of the sun's appearing, light will strike the cords that claim us. What there is of love, the sun will strengthen. Where the chains have rusted; they are twisted and degraded, and they weigh us down. The first and bravest rays will find these and, with swords of light, slice through them. We will barely notice as the remnants splinter, are drawn down and sink into the earth, becoming compost like the dreck of the activity of living.

Divine Father-Mother, hear our prayer for health and harmony:

May the sick be strong and well.
May the injured heal. May the dying rest in confidence of immortality.

May frail relationships be mended, and may animosity give way to gratitude and curiosity. Let the heavens open and the spring rain wash away the muck of jealousy, distrust, and insecurity; dissolve resentment and self-righteousness; and penetrate and cleanse the heart.

May we cast off the illusion that we are alone, separate from one another or from thee, Almighty God. May we see each other as we are: perfect soul to perfect soul... radiance to radiance... glory to glory.

May thy light ignite our lanterns and illuminate our journey... make us shine with energy and purpose... safe, secure, and yet courageous in the morning of Creation... no longer blind, able to find and navigate the path of angels, where lie satisfaction, service, peace, compassion, joy...

Set us on the road that guides us to our reason for becoming.

Divine Creator, God of Grace, by thee we are endowed with gifts, abilities, and inclinations that reveal the way of happiness, of peacemaking, of victory. In the practice of our dharma, we repair the fractured universe and reassemble, stone by stone, thy kingdom on the earth.



Keep our compass ever true, our motives pure, our intuition steadfast.

May we open to thy guidance and entrust our prayers to wings of angels. Our petitions kneel before thy wisdom: We pray, "This we seek, or something finer, truer, purer, more sublime, and dedicated to the greatest good of all creation." Thus may we thrive in the abundance of experience, generosity, and shared delight. Thus may our endeavors take flight, yielding bliss in the pursuit as well as the achievement.

Given courage by thy grace, O God, may we embrace each other in the confidence of shared, admitted recognition. All is well; all is forgiven. Undivided by religion, fear, or bias, strangers now are friends, and friends and families unite: husbands, wives, mothers and fathers, sons and daughters, sisters, brothers, and the children of our children... generation on to generation without end.

In our common habitat, may streams be swift and pure, lakes fresh and placid, oceans clean, their motion constant, unencumbered by the careless use of earth's great treasures. May the winds whirl freely and disperse the fog that would obscure the sky. May the trees and crops and herbs be bountiful and vigorous; and may all creation flourish, giving no cause for a sense of lack or for an impulse toward acquisitiveness, greed, or hoarding.

May all be granted understanding that thy truth abides in love, in honesty and kindness, and in generosity. Patiently remind us of thy presence in our day-to-day concerns and our great enervating struggles.

May we be aware, each time we listen for it, of the pulse and chorus of the universe, music of our souls, rhythm of our lives, and singing of our spirits.

Now we are ready; each of us is fully present, open to new life and healing, having set loose what we needed to release. Everything happens then, in one ferociously adoring instant. Clouds ignite in waves of color, gray to pink and lavender to gold in dizzying succession. A slice of scarlet sun appears above the bluff and strikes the stream. All the birds make glad, heroic song at once. It is as if we see each ray reach out, first as a sword and lethal to what is, in thy reality, already lifeless... then as a miracle of transformation, blessing and inspiring one by one the waters, every leaf, each blade of grass, and all of us, and all that is beyond us out of sight.



And as we breathe it in through head and heart, the healing, energizing, sacred radiance of sunrise penetrates each cell and atom. We feel our hearts and minds awakening, we understand

that our surrender blesses other beings and communities, other nations, other worlds... supports and deepens their experience of holiness... fortifies the surge of living that begins at sunrise.

Now may what blesses us become a universal blessing. As we thrive in body and in spirit, may others benefit from what we have to give... and may they thrive. From the abundance we are gathering, may others take their fill of joy and nourishment. All are invited to our banquet; may they feast at their own firesides as well. As our relationships—those that shall arrive to teach us and to keep us company, and those we have already formed—become infused with purity and trust. May all relationships so heal and flourish, keeping faith, remaining whole beyond the story of decay, even the change that we call death; for now we know with certainty that only love and beauty lie ahead.

merciful God, we thank thee for this time of common prayer, abetted by the sun and sky... by the earth, whose heartbeat is the rhythm giving rise to song... by the inventors and refiners of our language and our speech... by all who have transcended what we know as *physical* to find at last no separation from thee, One God, Creator, or from one another, or from ourselves, the souls within... by the pen with which I write these words and by the minds that have devised them... by our teachers—those who eased our way and those who offered challenges by which we know our power and thy grace to rise to them... by all who have participated in this prayer and those who will pray with me in our tomorrows. Now, Divine Creator, for the gift of life and its renewal, we lift up to thee our praise and thanks. Amen.
