

Journal 52 - 2018 with Effy Wild

Week #14 - Storm



I wrote a long essay about storms and storming for my art witches in Moonshine2018 this month. In it, I shared that whenever we embark on a spiritual course of study, something I call 'storming' happens. Storming is when all kinds of unexpected stuff comes up for us as we settle into learning new things. Storms that look like all the reasons we should give up. Storms that look like things that need to be cleared before we can proceed. Storms that look like suppressed emotions that blind side us, and seem to come out of nowhere.

I think this happens cyclically for all of us, whatever work we're doing. It happens in every phase of our existence. It happens when new relationships form. It happens when groups come together to do new things.

I used to be afraid of storms. I prefer calm, blue skies, and balmy breezes, but then again, doesn't everyone? No one particularly looks forward to difficult or stormy times in their lives, right?

But what I do look forward to is the way the storm clears away everything but the absolute essentials. I look forward to the quality of light that arises out of that foreboding looking bank of thunderhead clouds. I look forward to sorting through and assessing what's left after the storm passes.

I think maybe this comes from my experiences with storms and storming. I know how it works. I know how it ends. I have survived every storm I've ever been in, and in some cases, I have, in the process of standing in its eye and facing it head on, become the storm.

There is a meme that goes around the Internet every now and again, and I have no idea who to credit it with, but it goes something like this:

"Fate whispered to the warrior,
'You can't withstand the storm.'

The warrior whispered back -
'I am the storm.'"

I've adapted this and replaced 'warrior' with 'witch'.

Storms happen for all of us, and we have a few choices to make when they do. We can hide. We can run. We can rise. I always choose to rise, because when I stand in the eye of it, when I confront it head on, the results are crystal clarity, and that intensely fresh perspective that can only come from the sun bursting through the last vestiges of thundercloud.

Storm on!

PROMPT:

Paint a stormy sky, or express a stormy internal landscape through colour, shape, and symbol.

PONDER

How do you handle life's storms? How resilient are you? How does art serve you when you're in a stormy time?

QUOTE

"Fate whispered to the witch, 'you can't withstand the storm'. The witch whispered back, 'I am the storm'."

[DOWNLOAD THE ART CARD](#)