

Cross Stitchery: Through Cross Eyes

I came to sit down with my cross-stitch piece – my last Christmas present to complete. A number of sittings and hours invested, it was clear to me that it had “visible” mistakes and I was ‘in a knot’. I like perfection even though it’s been ‘a killer’ – and a root of striving/driving, never reaching the mark and believing my creations and my Self as “not good enough” (oooo, I can still feel the sting).

Here this is again – as a kid I took Saturday morning art lessons from a lovely art teacher – full of grace, love and encouragement. I loved Mrs. White. This root showed up in art, in team sports in elementary school, at report card time. Yuck, and here it is again, while I wish to sit and create a Christmas gift!

If I had the time to start over, I would have surely done so – angrily destroying my first piece under coffee grounds and the like, in the garbage pail! But, not only was there not enough time, something in me, a quiet whisper, called me to stay with this, to be present, and look for the places to respond with imagination and care – as if I, myself, was symbolically this piece of creation. And I stayed.....

The day I sat down to complete the last actual cross stitches (before the outlining and then trimming and mounting work) I was light, relaxed, open and allowing. Mind was present, in a lightly attentive noticing way, mildly amused by the broad variety of thought leaves floating downstream.

I followed loosely the instructions for outlining stitches, trying to make gentle adjustments where possible. I trimmed and mounted it, with quiet joy and contentment. My gentle adjustments and finishing details were enhancing. The beauty of love, of creation, of my time and the thoughts in the gift shone out in clear view, in the front.

I was pleased with all of the gifts of “staying with” – the one I will give and the ones I have received.

I wish to reflect upon and contemplate this more – what else is here, what have I just glimpsed?

~We invite you to imagine and consider the same as it relates to you~

Namaste and Warm Regards,

Shelley & Becky

