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TO: Clf Prison Ministry, The  
SUBJECT: mp.66 UU correspondance course responses  
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mp.66 UU corespondance course responses 1-29-14

The following are responses to an assignment for a correspondance course through the Unitarian Universalist Church's Church of the Larger Fellowship program for prisoners (UU-CLF prison program). The course is entitled Spirit of Life and starts with a focus on what words express "WOW" in my experience.

1. Wow words?

Wholeness, web of life, stillness, silence, open heart

Add new words?

The Way, awareness, awake, inter-being, inter-are, emptiness, interdependent

2. My most vivid memory of "Wow" are backpacking and hiking in several national and state parks in TN and AR. The web of life or interdependence I felt in the forest or overlooking a beautiful river or gorge, evoked "wow." The night sky on a clear night filled with stars can still send tingles across my skin. Sunrises and sunsets are another time for those wow feelings.

Recently thought I have begun to sense them in my personal life. Several moments of real connection between a friend and me would give me a similar feeling. The words wholeness, open heart, awareness, awake, the way all get at these moments.

I find these memories of the past to be nice reminders as long as they are momentary. I have friends who constantly live or relive the past so that the present can bear live up to the idealized past. They create their own misery by replaying their dreams over and over in their mind ( I believe) I know that my experience with spending too much time reliving rather than living.

3. Activities: writing, drawing, poetry, etc.

I first started with free writing. Mostly to put some words on paper to use to write a poem. I have not written much poetry, but I think poetry is a good form for me. I like to write densely and have a natural tendency to stop and edit with the goal of adding layers of meaning into what I originally wrote. So to counteract the tendency to censor myself, I started to write freely, turning off my editor's head. Then I looked back on the result to pull out images to use for the poem. I was pleased with the result. I really should try the process more often.

Free writing

The moment was not expected or planned for, but a lot had to happen to make "it" happen. In the final seconds it was not doing that opened the door, but being. I surrendered to the possibility. I did not will "it" into existence. My doing was release, letting go, committing. My being was accepting, embracing, looking. In that moment i was awake. Aware of "all" - no - some of the ways that I inter-are with you.

We, the tree, my lover, the grass, the roach. my enemy all coexist in the same space. Shere the same air, soil, breath, molecules. The differences or gaps between become smaller. The sameness evolves inot a web that ties us down. The spider loves the fact that we don't see the web til after we are caught. She slowly wraps us in preperation for dinner.

Poems

spider waits for food  
oops - did not see the web  
she slowly wraps me

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i awoke to you  
surrendering to being  
letting go of do

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