

## PUSH THE RIVER... UNTIL YOU FIND YOUR SOUL

I pushed the River but the River pushed back.

I almost drowned from trying until the River flipped me on my back.

I didn't feel things going fast enough, so I struggled to regain control.

I pushed the River but the River pushed back.  
It took its toll on me.

The River knocked me over on my back again. What's this River trying to do with me! Is there some old sin which is causing me to darn near drown instead of moving easily on?

Multiple times I grabbed hold of my fate, and fighting to remain in control, I swam fiercely against the flow. None tried more than I. Sometimes I prospered, but mostly I almost drowned and died. Life became only struggle and the River a bitch.

I gave up more than once and sat and cried.

Til once a friend happened by and told me to "Let Go".

Being tired of living in such a frantic frenzy, I considered this "letting go" idea and dismissed it right quick like. I thought him crazy and kept right on pulling as hard as I could against the River. I'll win over her yet!

Til bye and bye my friend swam along side of me again as I were a sweatin, beastly so. Why he weren't pantin nor workin hard I could not tell. He simply seemed to glide along easily. And he was motating on his back!

So I flipped on over and expected to drown and I did indeed find myself going down.

But with more relaxing and simplicity, I moved on through the fraidy moments and on into synchronicity.

Now the river she still pushes but no longer is she against me.

I move with her life force and more easily than I can ever explain, cause going down her on my back seems a bit insane. Forever I was trying to conquer her woe and drive on upstream, which was the course I had set.

I can explain more now, that I think of it, why this new course seems so to fit.

This River, of whom I tell, is unseen by your naked eye. It's the heart with which you'll sense her first. Like the rain she'll quench your life thirst. Like the wind she's felt by each of you easily. But only after you "Let Go". She's not part of my imagination nor yours either.

I can't prove her to you. Nothing which you don't sense can be convinced to you.

This River is Spirit and without any religion. She's God's breath, pure and loving.

Spirit will move you, but it helps to face the right direction.

Or else you'll tumble painfully down life's mountain and wonder. Just plain wonder in your pain of misdirection.

I'm in the flow. I'm in the flow....Oh God, I thank you....I'm in the flow.

It took some letting go of some nasty ole blunders, burdens and some falsehoods, and surely airing some very nasty, dirty memories. And it took being told I'm OK, more than a few.

But once my sail was rightened.....from there I have been enlightened. I am in the flow.

So when a fellow Traveler comes and tells you to "Let Go." and "Go the other way." ...just roll over and list. Listen. Maybe its your soul talking to you.

I used to think I had to swim upstream forever in war, fright and fight. Now I am going the whole other way and coasting on my back in smooth delight.

Spirit. It has its own healing hand.

Spirit and your Soul. Moving together, life is Grand.

..by Philip E. Friberg Copyright 1993