

## **From Debra Roberts:**

An act of senseless love to celebrate this next turn around the sun (and all the turns that led to here) ...

The weather has grown colder here in the mountains. I went out to the bee yard yesterday afternoon to greet the bees who are generally clustered together for warmth at this time of year. I go out to tell them, often, how much I love them. The cold sometimes makes a few bees drop to the bottom of the hive and I had noticed a small group of bees on their sides in the entrance way of Bindu hive ... they were partly blocking some of the other hardy bees from heading out into the midday warmth and sunlight. I moved the seemingly dead bees out onto the front porch area of the hive, moving their bodies into a cluster together for shared body heat ... in the sunniest and most wind-protected place in case any of them were still alive. I couldn't be sure that any of them would survive but sometimes the small miracles happen and a bee that looks like it has crossed, can resurrect.

I call this sacred bothering ... doing the small things in day-to-day life that give life itself its best chance to bloom, to prosper, to thrive. I can't know if today, with those bees being gone, is because the hive cleared them away (as they will sometimes do) or if some of the bees survived and went back into the hive after jump starting with the heat of the sun. But even in the not knowing, it is worth this small loving gesture because these beings have my heart and always will. Everything and everyone alive is precious. Everyone is somebody's child.

Happy birthday Aryae, my dear compadre on the high Sacred Bothering Road. May your life continue to be filled with love, blessings and miracles.

Love from your friend,

Debra