

How Beauty Heals  
*By Eydie McDaniel*

My early morning gaze has caught tall trees lighting up in the sweet yellow firelight of our precious morning sun. The tree twigs now are bare, but those brightening images continue to feel sacred to me even in the quiet darkness of a new day. My spirit overflows recalling the resilient strength of earth's beauty.

Waking thoughts in a silent morning perhaps come up less filtered by some drive for practicality. In private moments of word flow, perhaps writers let fears of an opinion hinder them less. Such defenses rob what could be our best magical unfolding. A brave personal openness allows discovery all new. Powerful beauty only touches where willingness receives. Some say beauty will heal us.

I want more awareness of how that might happen. I know that beauty is bigger than I am. I don't know how beauty heals. In seeking for answers, I took an opportunity in a bit of unexpected good timing. My turn to give a topic came up, so I asked our Windsor Gardens Writers Group to write on How Beauty Heals. I expect to gain fresh insight from our diversity of approaches. The described gifts of beauty will become gifts we share. Wrapped in ebullient inspiration, I let the remaining sips of rich dark coffee grow cold in its cup. Yet my heart feels warmed by the flow of this dawning moment.

Stunning sights in nature often give beauty. Deeds may serve beauty. An appealing meal set out on a plate, or even a washed car creates a bit of beauty. The wordless touch on a grieving friend will at times liberate healing beauty uncontainable by words. Weariness of hours can vanish into massive color, through pausing in a glorious sunset, high and wide. Maybe instant healing happens in finding one bright flower, with vivid, intricate petals wrapping all around. Agony pauses as a sweet moist taste blesses a parched tongue. Music, deeply taken, lifts and heals the human spirit.

Remedies sustain our life vehicle. Health so worthy of vigilance only remains through the timing of heredity and circumstance, and abides in temporary bodies. Neither spirit or beauty will ever be contained by the fleeting boundary of life's time. We seek to create, to reflect, to honor, to share beauty, but it is forever here and forever beyond. If it is beauty that heals, the best we can do is open our own heart and mind to receive. This might seem daring. Negative dividing distractions could tempt us not to allow its gentle strength. Still we choose what to allow inside our being.

Beauty, withheld from no one, will equalize us, and calm us, and outlast the clattering din of argument. I pray that frightened masses in our beloved land will allow beauty as a common language. Oh, America, breathe deep and take powerful taming beauty that never requires human agreement. I want to trust that beauty is now and eternally healing us.