

Bluebell Wood

It is a clear warm spring day and you are walking through the woods, see the shafts of sunlight dapple through the branches of the trees, showing up all the new buds, tiny leaves are forming, the woods are alive with energy and life force. Feel the earth under your feet, the damp mossy leaves, the newness of the grass, the fresh green shoots. Here and there ferns are unfurling opening gently, the smell of wild garlic is in the air, a musty damp smell. Be aware of the birds busy nest building, the snowdrops beginning to lose their purity for they are snow lovers, the feeling of expectation and renewal has began.

As you walk on you come to a clearing and it is as if a paintbrush has been swept across the ground covering it in all shades of blue, from the palest shade, to deep indigo, you find yourself surrounded by bluebells, you are in a bluebell wood.

Finding a fallen tree trunk, you sit down and look at the spectacle, the shades of blue, how all the flowers differ in stages of development, some are tight buds and some are fully open. How intricate they are, how each tiny bell possesses its own shape and colour. Close you eyes, feel the warmth of the sun on your face, visualise one of these bluebells, be aware of the deep heady scent, as you look closely, you discover the bell expanding, until it completely

surrounds and enfolds you and you find yourself lying inside the huge bell.

How comfortable it feels, lie back allow the head to rest on the pale blue petals, feel the petals surround you like a soft mantle. The blue rays emanating from the petals play upon your body, releasing, dissolving, melting, allowing you to let go and surrender. Feel safe and secure, you are safe and secure you are completely at peace, allow the blue light to circle you with a healing light, for any part of the body or mind that may be in need of healing at this moment in time.

Take your time bringing the body back to lying in your own space.

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