

Grief Meditation

- Find a comfortable place to sit.
- Take a few moments to settle into the quietness.
- Gradually bring your attention to the center of the chest.
- Let awareness gather at that place of high sensitivity. Notice any ache at the center. Is there a physically painful quality to your mental longing?
- With the thumb, press gently into this point of grief and love.
- Begin gradually to exert pressure on that point. Feel the sternum, the bone beneath, as though it were the armor over the opening to the heart. As though it were that which blocked entrance so often to your spacious nature.
- Slowly, without force, but with gentleness and steadiness, push into that point.
- Press in gently but firmly. Let the pain into your heart. Breathe that pain through that point into your heart.
- Stop pushing it away. Push into it instead.
- Let it in.
- Breathe that pain in through the griefpoint.
- Let your thumb push steadily, but without force, into that ache, awareness entering deeply that point of sensation at the center of the chest. A merciful awareness, using the pressure on the griefpoint to enter through years of accumulated sediment of unfelt, unexpressed, unexamined feelings. Penetrating the exhaustion of our everyday, ordinary grief compressed hard as rock.
- Push into the pain. Past the resistance to life. Past the fear, the self-doubt, the distrust.
- Past feelings of being unsafe. Past all that holding around being unloved. Past the ten thousand moments of putting yourself out of your heart. The judgement, the longing, the anger.
- Past years of hidden grief. The shame and secret fears, and unrequited loves we have spoken of to no one.
- Let the pain in at last.
- Be gentle with yourself.
- Let it in.
- Let life in at last. Breathe that pain into your heart. Past the holdings and armorings of a lifetime. Let it in. Let it in at last.
- Let your heart break. All the losses, all the injuries, all the grief, of a lifetime dumped there. layer after layer holding you back from your life. Holding you out of your heart.
- Push in. Breathe that into your heart.
- Let your heart at last experience all those parts of your life you have pushed away.
- So little room in our hearts for our pain. Let it in. Receive it with gentleness instead of fear or judgement.
- Cradle your pain in your heart. Let each breath gently rock that cradle.
- All the pain in our heart we have tried so long not to feel, now drawn in with each breath. All the headlines we try to push away. All the news of the suffering world. The whole world on fire within and without. So much grasping to the burning embers of our longing and our dread.
- All those children starving with bulging bellies and watery eyes. The ten thousand flies that come to eat them.
- All the women all the men, who ave been abused and are being abused at this very moment. All the suffering of the world unfolding in this very instant.
- All of their pain. All of our pain.
- Breathe it in. Let it in.
- And your children will die.
- And your grandchildren.
- Breathe it in.
- Fear says stop, but gently continue in kindness for yourself and the deep healing.
- Push in gently to the fear. Gently but firmly.. Not as punishment but as a willingness to go beyond old protections and devices for escape. Past the old fears. Have kindness on yourself. Let this pain you have been

trying to elude come into the heart of healing.

- So much pain.
- So much posturing.
- So much hiding there.
- A lifetime of fear, of anger, of distrust.
- Let it in. Let it in.
- It is so hard to live with our hearts closed. It is so hard to live armored and frightened. Unavailable to life, to ourselves.
- Be gentle.
- Be kind.
- Let the tender heart receive all those parts of you that say it is self-indulgent to forgive yourself. That cruel, merciless judgmental mind. That cold indifference toward the suffering of others and ourselves. Let these griefs dissolve into the opening heart.
- Breathe them into your heart. Let them melt. Let them be healed.
- Let us get on with our lives.
- All the pain in this world, all the fear of this world. All the moments we have hated ourselves. All the moments we would have rather been dead, armored right there at the center of the chest, melting.
- All the times we couldn't say what we wanted to because we were afraid we wouldn't be loved. All the times we wondered what love really was. All the times we were disappointed, there at the center of the chest.
- So much holding. Breathe that pain into your heart. Let it in.
- Let it in.
- Each breath drawn in through the griefpoint carries the pain right into the center of our heart.
- So much room in our heart for our pain when we let go of the armoring and resistance. It is difficult to open to this grief-pain in our tiny body, in our fragile mind, so breathe it into the enormous heart.
- This heart of mercy drinks from our pain. Let it in.
- All the fear that we are less than good in God's eyes, that we are not the beloved. Breathe it in.
- All the fears that we have fallen out of grace, that we are cursed and unlovable held right there in the griefpoint. Breathe it in.
- A lifetime of pain. Breathe it in.
- Push into that point. Notice how part of our grief comes from trying to keep grief under control. This harshness with which we reject ourselves repeatedly. This often unkind mind, this fearful child we carry.
- Be gentle with yourself. Let the gentleness into your heart. Let it break your heart at last.
- Let it in.
- Our parents die.
- Our lovers die.
- Our children die.
- All that we know is in constant change. Constantly being born and proceeding toward death.
- The people we love most will at times suffer. There is nothing we can do to keep them from their pain. This world is so hard at times.
- Breathe it in. Let it in.
- And sometimes our loved ones kill themselves. They can't stand the pain, they can't get through the armoring to the healing just beneath. But you can get through it. Push into that point. That griefpoint in the heart center. Let it in. How long can you elude your life?
- So much of ourselves pushed aside. So much shame and harshness. All the places we will not forgive ourselves. All the places we are diminished. The despair, the helplessness, breathe it in.
- Breathe it in.
- Let the breath take the pain to the center of your heart.
- The heart has room for it all. Let it in.
- Have mercy on you. Let the pain in past the fear.
- All the moments that we weren't loved and weren't loving.

- All the parts of ourselves we've coldly disregarded, regarded with mercy at the griefpoint, warmly drawn into the healing heart. All the self-cruelty. All our unwillingness to love ourselves. All our judgement.
- Each breath bringing old mind into the heart, melting in the embrace of such kindness and car.
- Fear melting.
- Doubt melting.
- The armoring falling away, exposing the luminescent whorl of the heart center. Our shimmering nature discovered just beyond our pan. The sense of loss flickering in the enormity.
- Each breath drawing in gratitude for the moments shared with those we have loved and lost. And gratitude for the mystery of connection.
- The fear of a lifetime melting into the heart. Push ever so gently into it. Breathe that healing kindness right into your heart. An enormous energy. Let it in.
- Just let that energy into your heart.
- Draw the shadows into the light.
- The armor disintegrating.
- The griefpoint dissolving into the touchpoint of the heart. Hard-edge sensations softening. Dissolving into loving kindness.
- Bringing home the lost child. The heart embracing the mind with the soft breath of gentleness and the tender caress of forgiveness.
- As the griefpoint becomes the heartpoint, the body begins to hum. Feel the cells like a dry sponge absorbing this gentleness and deep kindness.
- As the griefpoint surrenders it pain to the heart the pained contents of the mind float in the spaciousness of gentleness and awareness. The feelings of separation increasingly become a sense of inseparability from that loved one, from ourselves.
- Now let your hand come gently away from the griefpoint, let your hands settle into your lap.
- Take the pressure off that point.
- And notice that there seems to be an opening where the ache used to be.
- You can feel the touchpoint of the heart when you take your hand away.
- Breathe in and out of that point. This is the breath of the heart. Let awareness of the flow between the world and your heart be your constant companion.
- Let the pain which drew your attention to the heart be an initiation into the healing you took birth for.
- May all beings be free of suffering.