

WHISPERS OF THE UNIVERSE

SPRING'S LISTENING BOWL

As the vernal equinox ushers in softer days, I prepare a listening bowl—a quiet ritual to hold the openness of the season. I place it near the window, where the dawn sometimes visits. Inside: a sprig of lilac for rebirth, a daisy for joy, and a folded slip of paper with a question I'm not yet ready to answer.

Each morning, I sit beside it for few minutes. No pressure, just presence. Sometimes I sing. Sometimes I light a candle. Sometimes I smile. Sometimes I do nothing at all.

The bowl doesn't speak, but it holds space. It reminds me that the universe whispers not in earthquakes, but in the bloom of flowers, the breeze of dawn, the pause before an answer.

This week, I invite you to make your own listening bowl. It can be a teacup, a shell, a woven basket. Fill it with symbols that feel like you. Let it be your quiet companion as the season unfolds.

The universe is whispering. Are you listening?

