



WHISPERS OF THE UNIVERSE

SUMMER'S LISTENING BOWL

As the days stretch long and golden, I prepare my listening bowl – a quiet ritual to honor the fullness of the season. I place it near a sunny nook where the breeze drifts in.

Inside: a small seashell for serenity, a sprig of wildflowers for wonder, a tiny sun charm for warmth, and a folded slip of paper with a question I'm not yet ready to answer.

Each evening, I sit beside it for few minutes. No pressure. Just presence. Sometimes I listen to the crickets. Sometimes I watch the glow of a candle. Sometimes I simply breathe. Sometimes I do nothing at all.

The bowl doesn't speak, but it holds space. It reminds me that *the universe whispers not in storms*, but in the song of cicadas, the shimmer of sunlight, the pause before a dream.

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 summer unfolds.

The universe is whispering. Are you listening?

