



WELCOME *the* WILD
POLLINATORS

~An Oracle of Essays~

Elka Eastly Vera

~ ALSO BY ELKA EASTLY VERA ~

Seeds of Wisdom

Moonwise

My Heart is a Garden

Seeds of Wisdom Flower Essence Companion

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by Elka Eastly Vera

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The contents of this book are not intended to diagnose or treat any medical or health condition. The author is not a medical practitioner of any kind. The writings herein do not constitute professional advice.

~ HOW TO USE THIS BOOK ~

As an “oracle of essays,” this book is designed for you to access whenever you need a dose of encouragement, guidance, or inspiration.

Hold the book. Tune in to your own energy.

Open the book at random.

Trust that the essay you open to is just right for you.



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Gratitude

LIKE A GARDEN, creative work requires care, love, supportive conditions... and pollination. I am deeply grateful to all those who have contributed to this book.

First, to Iris, Juno, the Muses, the Spirits of the land, and the unseen-but-ever-felt forces of creation — I am blessed by your support. Thank you!

To the collective Soul of my community — thank you for allowing me to connect with you when I wrote the blog posts, monthly messages, and other communications that came to comprise the essays in this book.

To everyone who has sent me a kind comment in response to my monthly messages — your encouragement breathed life into this work. Thank you!

To my clients and course participants — this book wouldn't exist without the experiences we've had together. Thank you for the privilege of supporting you on your journeys.

To my daughter — your influence on this book (and on me as a person) is beyond measure. Thank you for contributing your wisdom to my life and for inspiring many of the stories that appear on these pages. Thank you for teaching me the phrase "Medicine Book."

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Barbara McIntyre, thank you for your joyful talent and the inspired image on page 159.

And, finally, to Marquis Zane — thank you for all your love and support. Your magic is rock-solid and yet so flexible. Words can't express my gratitude and love. Plus, I am thrilled to use your incredible photograph on the cover. It's perfect!

Introduction

WHAT YOU HOLD in your hands is the culmination of an intention I set about 15 years ago to write a book. This is not the book I set out to write. This is a book that coalesced out of things I wrote that were not books.

Specifically, this is a collection of essays curated from a blog I began in 2005 and maintained for a decade and from the monthly messages I've been sharing with my online community for the past 10 years. (For more about my background see "About the Author" on page 157.)

One of the essays from this 15-year stretch talks about that original intention. Its title is simple and self-explanatory: "I Wanted to Write a Book." I wrote this brief essay, as I did many of my pieces, to offer creative encouragement to my readers, many of whom are themselves writers and creatives. I'm including it here, just after this introduction, as a sort of preface to the collection.

It illuminates an essential theme that has woven itself through both my writing and my 20 years of experience as a transformative facilitator.

The theme is this, expressed multiple ways: Your path has no guaranteed destination but it's important to walk it anyway. The call of the soul must be heeded even if it takes you places you prefer not to go. Even when it is fully aligned with an initiating vision or intention, a creative outcome may not look at all like what you expect.

This theme is at the heart of my creative, spiritual, and entrepreneurial process. It assumes a few things: that my (or your or anyone's) life is embedded in the greater order of Life itself, that each person's life is guided by an internal compass, and that Life itself has a similar guidance system on a greater order of magnitude. It is premised on notions of Divinity and of Free Will.

Divinity and Free Will. You are guided by your inner compass and also by something larger than yourself. You are free to make your own choices. You have a destiny, and you are its author and agent.

This is potent (perhaps paradoxical) alchemy. It points to another theme in my creative and professional work: oracles.

As you'll read in the prefacing essay "I Wanted to Write a Book," my first published book was *Seeds of Wisdom*, the companion guidebook to an oracle deck I created. The word "oracle" is rooted in the Latin "*orare*," meaning to speak. Oracles are opportunities to let the Divine speak to us.

You'll notice the word "oracle" in this book's subtitle. *Welcome the Wild Pollinators* is a collection of essays, yes. But more than that, it is an *oracle* of essays. That is, you can use this book as an opportunity for the Divine to speak to you and guide the choices by which you exercise your Free Will.

How would you do that? Simply ask a question like this: "What does my inner guidance system want me to think about right now?" Or: "What do I need to hear right now?"

Then open this book randomly, as your fingers guide you. Trust that the text your eyes fall upon has some meaning for you. Another word for this type of oracle is "bibliomancy."

(For a deeper exploration of oracles, please see the chapter "On Divination and Oracles" in my book *Seeds of Wisdom*.)

You can, of course, read this book from cover to cover. But it is really designed to be dipped into when you need encouragement, guidance, or inspiration. The essays curated from these past 15 years of writing are organized into thematic sections: Good Guidance, Inner Alignment, Right Action, Soul Sustenance, Spiritual Unfoldment, Energy & Healing, and Creative Callings.

This collection does not include all my writings on these themes. Nor does it include the many essays from this period on other topics dear to my heart: business coaching, time management, and seasonal wisdom. I imagine those essays will find their way into other works.

Welcome the Wild Pollinators takes its title from the closing sentence of the final essay in this collection. It evokes the power and presence of Nature, which weaves her magic through this work and all of my work.

Speaking of Nature as “her” reminds me to mention certain capitalization and style choices I have made throughout this book. In some instances, words like “Nature” and “Life” are capitalized; in some instances they are not. Throughout all the essays, the word “Earth” is capitalized. If you discover an anomalous capitalization or gendered pronoun for a so-called inanimate object, be assured those are deliberate and not editorial oversights.

When I began the admittedly arduous process of putting together 15 years of expansive work into a volume with order and flow, I put each of the essays through what I called “grandmother at the kitchen table test.” Since I am casting this collection as an “oracle of essays,” but the essays originally were not conceived of as parts of an oracle, I knew they could function as an oracle if they could pass this test:

Imagine that you are sitting at the kitchen table with a

wise old crone. You are asking her for advice. She answers you, not with a concise yes or no, but rather with a sprawling yarn on what seems like an entirely different topic. You may have been hoping for more direct guidance, but you realize she is offering you a story to draw your own conclusions and that her stories, while seemingly divergent, are surprisingly relevant.

I hope you find these essays pass the kitchen table test and that you are deeply nourished.

Elka Eastly Vera
Spring 2020

I Wanted to Write a Book

IN 2004, I decided I wanted to write a book. I made a contract with myself to write for three hours every day for a month. At the time, I was running two separate businesses, which meant I needed to begin my daily writing at 5am. So that's what I did. I got up at dawn, made coffee, and wrote. I gave myself permission to write on any topic without editing, just to see what was in my creative hopper. The only rule was to keep writing. As fast as my fingers could fly across the keyboard, I wrote.

About a week into the contract, I renegotiated with myself for a shorter daily writing period. I simply couldn't sustain the pace. Writing in shorter daily stints, I completed my month-long contract. In the process, I completed the content for two small works — a chapbook of healing rituals and a values discovery workbook — and generated a lot of text which I occasionally still draw on for new projects.

Over the years since then, I've written and published several book-like products, including *Can Do Kit* and *Ritual Journal*. I've written and produced two year-long web-based periodicals — a weekly publication and a monthly e-zine — and made regular contributions to my blog since my first post in 2005. And in 2012, I released *Seeds of Wisdom*, what some might consider my first actual “book.”

When I set out to write a book back in 2004, I envisioned a BOOK. You know, a tome. A hefty masterwork, presenting

an entire body of wisdom. Something that might take me years to write. Indeed, my laptop holds an assortment of folders with the seedlings of BOOKS, including a memoir and a business guide for spiritual entrepreneurs. And buried somewhere in my storage unit are several bankers' boxes of wild, untamed writings and 23 years of journals. (I imagine them to be composting in there.)

But I did not create the BOOK I envisioned. I created a book and book-like things. Chapbooks, tools, workbooks, journals, periodicals, and a profound little paperback book. ("Profound, this little book is. Profound," said a reader of *Seeds of Wisdom*, and I was honored to receive that.)

I used to judge my written creations for not being BOOKS. At some point, I stopped. I think it was my mentor praising the value of my concise bits of writing in a media-saturated world that put the kibosh on my creative self-criticism. I began to validate my works for what they were, rather than invalidating them for what they weren't.

Writing a book is a common dream in my community. Colleagues, clients, friends — many of them wish to share their wisdom, their creativity, and their stories in written form. If this is your dream, I say go for it! Set out to tell your stories and share your gifts. Write. And in the process you may create BOOKS or books or book-like things.

Your books may turn out nothing like what you envisioned. That, my friend, is the magic of the creative process. Validate what you have created, even if you determine to edit it into something entirely different.

A black and white photograph of a large, intricate flower head, likely a Queen Anne's lace, with a bee on it. The text "good GUIDANCE" is overlaid on the image.

good GUIDANCE



Life Says Yes to You

HERE IS A RESOUNDING YES! It is the permission (and the power) to do the worthy work you are here to do. It is permission to shine! At a more basic level, though, it is permission to *exist*.

The simple fact is you are here on this planet. But what is more, you are actually *allowed* to be here.

If your soul needs to hear that one more time, here it is: You are allowed to be here. Incarnated. Fully alive. You.

This Earth community we are all a part of welcomes you... as you.

You have permission to be *you*. Not what your parents wished you were. Not what society told you to be.

That permission is not granted by me, your parents, or society. It is not human-given, at all. It is given by Life itself. Life is not circumscribed by human definition or intention.

Humans can be hoodwinked into believing cultural norms are universal truths. Humans can take great pains to make other humans (and other life-forms) feel un-allowed to exist. So much harm has been (and still is) done at the boundary of "us versus them."

But Life itself includes *all* of Life. There are groupings of relative sameness and difference at the level of Life's expression. Life expresses itself as plants and birds, four-legged carnivores and four-legged herbivores, as well as two-legged omnivores. But all of Life's expressions are expressing... Life.

Set aside all this language and simply tune in to the rhythms of Life within you: your breath, your heartbeat, your digestive processes. Life is alive in you, allowing you, empowering you.

Your breath is saying yes to Life and Life is saying yes to you.

Simplexity

LIFE IS SIMPLE. Yet so complex. We dance between this paradox with every breath. Breathing is the simplest thing in the world. And yet it is underpinned by so much biomechanical complexity.

You are elegant in your simplicity/complexity — I want to call it simplexity. (The word sounds so plausible, I have to look it up. I discover the concept is already in play within systems theory and other fields.)

Simplexity. How much experience, thinking, wisdom, and education have been invested into the simplest things you do in your daily routines, in your career, in your love life?

An uncountable number of moments have led you to this moment. Pause for yet another moment, and reflect with wonder on the awe-inspiring life-form that you are.

You are the culmination of nearly 14 billion years of evolution since the universe first burst into being. All of that history behind you when you brush your teeth and tie your shoe, when you conduct your business or tell your sweetheart, “I love you.”

And it doesn’t end here. You are still evolving. The universe is still unfolding.

Let yourself truly sink into the awareness of your evolutionary magnificence. Give thanks.

You are a rock star. Literally. Your body is comprised of

matter made from this Earth, which was coalesced from stars born from that Big Bang.

Your place in this universe is assured. So, go rock your mojo. Let every simple/complex aspect of your being be celebrated!

When every simple thing is perceived with mindfulness of its complexity, then every simple thing is a miracle.

Just like you.