

The Seer

by Sheila Luecht

"There are actually many people who can see a bit into the future in the world. They can actually see it or there are some who are from it, and then there are some who are just playing at it. There are seer dabblers. They are the cautious souls who know a few things, deny a few others and try to keep themselves in the legitimate world, as if there was an illegitimate one to be fearful of.

So why would a person who could see the future or know things that others do not, hide that talent anyway? They don't want to believe themselves, they don't want others to be shocked or dismayed or dismissive of them. They don't really want to be judged by someone else, to be thought of as a loony or perhaps even worse, a liar.

They do exist though. They have for centuries and when one comes forward and is vocal and authentic, it pays to give a listen. How to know if they are authentic? They charge nothing, they fear nothing and they merely exist in the world, just as you and I might. The object of their ability or prophecy is to warn or foreshadow an event, to often prepare others, or to stir it out of it's intended direction because it is possible to do that with free will.

There is a seer out there who is saying that the world as we know is changing. She is pointing to the climate change, to the politics and to the hysterical rise in hatred and violence and saying, if we don't get a handle on this big ship of the future, the iceberg will greet it in the proverbial ocean of tomorrow and many will not exist through the experience.

She is inviting those who are spiritual to join her on the quest for peace and to envelope the tide as it continues to rush forward to destruction, and hold it back as if the moon has changed it's very cycle and stilled the high surf to silky drifting.

As she might stand out near you, and shout in words that only the mind can hear, will you listen? Will you stand and listen or pretend not to, going about your business and your life, indifferent to all the rising voices of pain and sorrow filling the atmosphere. It is better to listen, to be aware and much better to act. To act within your power is to help provide the platform for the changes needed to grow from. Time is running out. Running out and turning history backward, to lawless abandon, to strangely focused strains of pain and misery. It is as if we have forgotten what has been gained and must focus only on tiny grains of satisfaction which will be washed away before we realize how little that self centered gain has really meant.

If you can hear the words of the seer and see what you are actually living in now, this time, this place, are you not called to action? Do you not strike out to preserve the future for those who will come after you?

Send the seer back into her little corner, let her sit there and know what she knows. If you hear her, even there, you must be compelled to act. Do you act with direction? Is there violence? Ask yourself, how is change really made, where does one start? If you cannot think of something, if nothing is obvious to you, then connect with others, those who have also heard. How will you know them? You will see them, the words they use will tell you that they are not thinking of their own little lives, but of the bigger, wider world that they live in. Their words will let you in and you will find a way to act. Connect with the words of change, connect with the wind of awareness, otherwise nothing will happen that needs to."

As I walked off the platform at the train stop and hurried down the steps to the parking lot, I wondered what I had just experienced. It had been a woman, an older woman, standing next to me in the lobby of the train car. As the train had jolted after the last stop on it's way out of the city, coming up to my own, she had stood, silently

beside me. Her hair was grey, her eyes blue. I don't even know why I noticed her. Her clothes were kind of colorful, not a business suit, more like something an artist would wear. I have no idea why I even connected with her. Usually I am focused on getting off at the next stop, standing, holding the support before the second step. Things had been bothering me lately at work, well, the world in general. The quakes, the wars, the killings, the cold, I guess my mind was playing a game with me.

I will have to check my meds again. However, I could swear that woman was talking to me, yet we were soundless on that stoop. That smile she gave when I left the step and looked back, it was very strange. Like she was letting me know it was real. No, the end of the week, a tough week, not enough rest and too much stress. Still...

