

Rat Bag Lit

The Impossible Opening

There is a historical brick factory across the street from my house. In front of the factory (now a renovated art gallery/house) there is a worn, uneven path made from bricks crafted of Georgia clay.

In walking toward the trail to where the brick path leads, I noticed the loose brick dusted in magical gold. I reached down to pick up the beautiful glittering square and noticed a large wooden door with worn iron handles at the back of the factory slowly opening. The afternoon sun could not hide the light beams dancing from the door. I gingerly walked toward the door, like the new kitten who lives next door and fearlessly moves in the direction of magic.

The Hidden Door

I stepped through the door and into the healing waters of Tirta Empul. (I knew it was Tirta Empul because I had visited the temple years ago.) I stepped into the water — surrounded by fellow seekers, gentle pilgrims, loving warriors walking our paths — and immediately felt profound peace. I stood in the sacred fountains, letting every mantra I had ever been taught about grace and forgiveness and kindness and joy wash over me. I stood there and breathed and wished and prayed.

The Consequence

The impossible opening — a door revealed by a golden brick — guided me to peace. I gained profound stillness. Which is miraculous. I gained knowing that we all have doors to peace. Which is miraculous. I gained the capacity to access specific memories and be transported to those moments. Which is miraculous. After enough time, the door vanished and I returned to the brick path and the everyday.

The Reversal

“Now, when I walk along those bricks, searching for loose golden magic, I think of that door and know peace is within my grasp. ...” At this fearful and exhausting and cruel time, a door to peace means comfort. A door to peace means grace. A door to peace means hope. Comfort, grace, and hope are miraculous in the way that centers hold, tides wash, and birds sing. Peace feels miraculous right now. Peace in the ordinary. Peace in cracks and crevasses. Peace in ebb and flow.