



Becoming a Cauldron of Wisdom

In MotherQuest, the Cauldron is the first symbol of Mothering Mastery.

Being a cauldron is a metaphor for the capacity to contain our emotions and ourselves. That is, to hold ourselves until all reactions and projections are owned and the world has returned to a peaceful reflection of our loving minds.

When we let go of controlling the world around us, and instead chose to step inside the vast dark space of our interior world, we start to see with our inner eyes. Here we see/-feel with a depth of acuity that enables us to trust that our thoughts and our emotions are fleeting. Contained and in mastery, we remember that all that is permanent is Love, not its perceived absence.

Once, every mother owned a blacked cooking pot. Here we heated the water, to drink, to wash, to cook and to clean. Over the magic of heat and flames, we made the stews to nourish and nurture. We dyed the layers of clothing to be wrapped around our soul skin and we heard the teaching stories about life, and loving and being a woman.

Once we were taught that a simple pot was a sacred symbol of our sacred womanhood. We learnt, that our wombs, were the holy grails that collected the seeds and created life. Once, we were taught, as we learnt wisdom around our mother's fire, how our wombs were sacred, and that being a woman was far more than being female in body and skin.

Once we were taught that to be a woman, was to know that we were *already* whole. We were not, did not need to be, completed by a man. Instead, with a man, we could become reformed into a sacred vessel. With our love, our longing, our radiance, we could wrap our legs, our soft skin, our womb around him and be filled. *Filled*. Then in alchemy, transformed.

In MotherQuest, your path to mastery starts with your willingness to travel your interior landscapes as a sacred vessel. **You are a mother of something. Own your power.** Own your authentic voice and if you don't know who she is, keep listening, digging, travelling, deeper and deeper until you not only find her but ravish her completely.

Let your Conscience, the voice of the Sacred Mother within you, speak through you with exacting discernment. Let her assessment, not others judgements of your Bad Behaviour, be your guide.

While journeying your MotherQuest, hold your Self, Your Soul, Your Spirit and your Shadow within the embodied confines of your own metaphorical cooking pot, and turn your life's experience to gold. Let your self-awareness Radiance become your own and everyone else's Rainbow.

A Caldron : A simple pot

A simple pot made of mettle
shaped by life's toil and nurturing others.
It may be old or scrubbed back to new
polished or blackened by design or intention
but what it looks like doesn't really matter.

What *does* matter is
what it can contain inside.
Especially when the heat is on
and stuff is being brought to the boil.

Do you splutter, spill or splatter when
Someone, your creative child, your colleague, your
love, the world, lights your flint, snaps your anger
and makes your rage burn?

Or do you put a lid on it?
Suppressing the truth of what's bubbling inside you,
only to moodily steam acrid
smokescreens of *niceness*?

Do you fill the room with the burnt smoke of
"I'm fine" when everyone can *feel* and knows
that it's *your* lid that's rattling?

Or can you own your reactions before they become
projections?
Can you act like a cauldron and say
I'm cooking something big
and hold your bad behaviours on the fire?

Can you be like a pressure cooker
boiling the dead wood of your past into
present enlightened diamonds?

Can you be a Sacred Vessel
and hold your messy stuff?
Not seeping bad behaviour
nor splattering misdirected heat instead,
honestly admitting,
I'm running something deep.

Then without apology,
cries, rage, or comfort seeking
without leaking into she-said-he-said-she-said-
stories,
simmer until its done.
Done.

Can you be like a cauldron, a simple cooking pot
and hold yourself to yourself
without wasting your precious diamonds-in-the-
making
by ladling out your raw emotional soup too soon?

Or can you cook your herstory
until the marrow has leaked from your bones
until all your rigid beliefs have boiled down into mush
and
insight peppered with brutal honesty has spiced your
beliefs?

Can you cook until the sweet tears of release?
have reconstituted your heart's blood
and whet the deep water of your Mothering soul?

Can you hold your bad behaviour?
Until it has boiled down to wisdom
and the clarity of Right Action has appeared?

Can you be like a cauldron
alone to your own conscience be true
and rise with dignity in your
Fierce Mothering Force?

If so, then you will find yourself full.
So full that you will gladly let all those you love
be filled, loved up by your wise life wisdom.

If so you will be full, so full that you are -
Empty and the next enlightenment soup
will begin its creation.

© Lhamo 2013

