Tab 1

# Week

12

# Day

1

# Day Title

Meeting the Fear of Death

# Lesson Name

Death and Rebirth

# Meme

(insert meme image)

# Summary

The fear of death lives quietly beneath many of our struggles with change and loss. When we face it with awareness and compassion, it becomes a teacher rather than a threat. To meet death is to remember the timeless nature of our being. Each time we soften toward this fear, we reclaim more freedom to live, love, and awaken fully to the moment at hand.

# Daily Passage

At the heart of every transformation lies the same ancient fear, the fear of death. Not only the physical death that awaits every living thing, but the smaller deaths that accompany each change, loss, and letting go. When we grieve what ends, part of what we feel is this primal fear. Something within us trembles at the thought of disappearing, of losing control, of not knowing what comes next.

To meet the fear of death is to turn toward what most of us spend our lives avoiding. It does not mean we stop fearing, but that we stop running. We learn to sit beside the fear and listen to what it is asking of us. Often it is not asking for answers, but for acknowledgment, for presence, for the warmth of being held in awareness.

The fear of death is the fear of ending, of nothingness. Yet when we approach it gently, we begin to see that beneath this fear is the longing to belong to something larger than our temporary form. We sense that what we are does not end where the body ends, that there is a deeper current of being that holds us all.

Every ending in life gives us a small rehearsal for this truth. The death of an identity, a relationship, a season of life, all teach us what it feels like to lose what we love and still remain. If we pay attention, we begin to notice that after each loss, something remains untouched. Awareness is still here. The breath still moves. Presence itself does not die.

In many spiritual traditions, contemplating death is considered a path to freedom. The Buddha taught that remembering our mortality wakes us from forgetfulness. The mystic Rumi said, “Die before you die, so that when death comes, you will not die.” These teachings are not meant to frighten, but to awaken us to what is timeless within. When we make peace with death, life becomes more vivid.

When we avoid death, we often avoid life. The fear of losing what we love can make us cautious, hesitant to fully engage. But when we remember that everything we touch is temporary, we begin to live with deeper tenderness. The fragility of things becomes their beauty. Each moment becomes more precious because it will never come again.

Meeting the fear of death is not a single event but a practice. It begins with honesty. We allow ourselves to admit that death frightens us, that we wish to hold on to what we love. Then we soften the edges of that fear through presence. We bring awareness to the body, to the breath, to the simple sensations of being alive right now.

When fear arises, we can ask, “What is this fear protecting?” Often it guards love, the love of life, of connection, of possibility. To meet fear with love rather than resistance allows it to transform. The trembling begins to relax into tenderness. Fear dissolves into reverence.

One of the simplest ways to practice meeting the fear of death is through meditation on impermanence. Sit quietly and notice the coming and going of breath, sounds, and sensations. Watch how everything changes, moment to moment. In this noticing, we see that death is not a final catastrophe but the continuous movement of life itself. What ends makes space for what begins.

When we befriend this truth, we begin to live more freely. The fear of death loosens its grip. We realize that we do not have to be fearless to live fully. We only need to stay open in the presence of fear. Each time we do, we remember that death is not the enemy of life, but its companion, the presence that reminds us how precious every breath truly is.

# Alternative View

For some, contemplation of death may feel overwhelming or triggering. It is not necessary to force this reflection before one feels ready. Meeting fear begins with safety. Ground yourself in the body, in breath, and in connection with others before exploring mortality. This practice should be an act of love, not an endurance test.

# Activity

What emotions arise when I reflect on my own mortality?

How has the fear of loss or death shaped the way I live?

When have I experienced something ending, yet felt an awareness that remained unchanged?

What helps me feel connected to something larger than my physical existence?

How might remembering death help me live with more gratitude and love today?

# Sources

Thich Nhat Hanh, *No Death, No Fear.* Riverhead Books, 2003.  
 Stephen Levine, *A Year to Live: How to Live This Year as If It Were Your Last.* Bell Tower, 1997.  
 Rumi, *The Essential Rumi.* Translated by Coleman Barks, HarperOne, 2004.  
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Yalom: Staring At the Sun: Overcoming the Fear of Death

# Domain

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# Modality

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Tab 2

# Week

12

# Day

2

# Day Title

Death as a Teacher of Life

# Lesson Name

Death and Rebirth

# Meme

(insert meme image)

# Summary

When we allow death to be our teacher, life becomes more vivid and precious. Traditions around the world have long practiced meditations on death to awaken presence and gratitude. Remembering that our time is limited clears away distraction and fear, revealing what truly matters. Death reminds us not to postpone life but to meet it now, with open eyes and an open heart.

# Daily Passage

To contemplate death is not morbid. It is a profound act of love for life. Death is the great equalizer, the truth that no one can escape, and the teacher that shows us what truly matters. When we bring death close instead of pushing it away, we discover that it has something to teach us about how to live.

In many spiritual traditions, people are encouraged to meditate on their own death. Tibetan Buddhists practice *maranasati*, mindfulness of death, to remember the impermanence of all things. Zen monks sometimes sit in meditation while imagining their bodies returning to the earth. In the Stoic tradition, philosophers like Marcus Aurelius reflected daily on mortality to sharpen awareness and gratitude. These practices are not meant to create fear but to strip away illusion, to remind us that our time here is precious and fleeting.

When we contemplate our own death, we begin to see life differently. The noise of comparison, ambition, and resentment starts to fade. What remains are the simple, luminous truths: love matters more than being right, kindness matters more than control, presence matters more than achievement. Death has a way of simplifying what the mind complicates.

Remembering death can bring us into profound intimacy with the moment. The breath feels sacred. The sky looks sharper. The faces of those we love seem more beautiful. We begin to realize that every moment is unrepeatable, every conversation potentially the last, every gesture of care a sacred act. In this awareness, life becomes less about striving and more about belonging, less about control and more about wonder.

When we forget death, we tend to live as though time is endless. We postpone joy, delay forgiveness, and hide behind fear. But when we remember death, we stop waiting to live. We pick up the phone, say “I love you,” take the walk, start the project, speak the truth. Death does not take life from us; it gives life back its urgency and depth.

Meditating on death does not mean obsessing over it. It means staying close enough to it that we no longer need to deny it. We can practice this simply by reflecting each day: “If this were my last day, how would I want to meet it?” or “If I were to die tonight, what would I wish I had said, done, or forgiven?” These questions are not meant to create anxiety but clarity. They awaken the part of us that already knows what is essential.

Death as a teacher also invites humility. It reminds us that we are temporary expressions of something vast and timeless. Our bodies will one day return to the soil, our names will fade, but the love and awareness we cultivate ripple beyond our lifetime in ways we cannot measure. In this recognition, the fear of death begins to soften. We see that we are not separate from the cycle of life and death but participants in it.

The Sufi poet Rumi wrote, “When you see my corpse being carried, don’t cry for my leaving. I am not leaving; I am arriving.” In every ending there is arrival, in every death a return. Death teaches us that what we are, in essence, cannot truly die. Awareness, love, and presence continue, reshaping themselves like waves returning to the ocean.

To let death be our teacher is to live with greater courage, authenticity, and tenderness. It invites us to loosen the grip of fear and inhabit our lives fully. It asks us not to wait for permission to love, to forgive, to create, to be free. It teaches us to meet each day as both gift and mystery, knowing that every sunrise and every breath is already enough.

# Alternative View

While meditating on death can deepen appreciation for life, it can also feel unsettling for those not yet ready to face mortality directly. It is important to approach this practice with care, grounded in safety and compassion. Begin slowly, perhaps by reflecting on impermanence in nature before turning inward. Death’s teachings should open the heart, not overwhelm it.

# Activity

What feelings arise when I reflect on my own mortality?

How might remembering death help me live with more presence and honesty?

What truly matters to me when I imagine that time is limited?

What do I wish to say, give, or forgive before I die?

How does contemplating death change the way I see this very moment?

# Sources

Thich Nhat Hanh, *No Death, No Fear.* Riverhead Books, 2003.  
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# Domain

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# Modality

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Tab 3

# Week

12

# Day

3

# Day Title

Living Fully While We are Here

# Lesson Name

Death and Rebirth

# Meme

(insert meme image)

# Summary

Living fully while we are here means recognizing time as sacred and fleeting. Awareness of death becomes a source of vitality, reminding us to love, create, and connect now. It also helps us release distractions and choose what truly matters. When we live with presence, ordinary life becomes luminous. The sacred is not elsewhere; it is woven through this very moment.

# Daily Passage

Every moment we are alive is an unrepeatable gift. We know this, yet we forget so easily. We move through our days distracted, preoccupied, waiting for life to begin. But each sunrise, each breath, each fleeting conversation is part of life already unfolding. The invitation is not to chase more life, but to enter the life that is already here.

Awareness of mortality helps us wake up to this truth. Remembering that time is limited does not darken life; it illuminates it. When we see that our days are numbered, they become more precious. Time itself becomes sacred. Each hour, each shared meal, each quiet evening holds the shimmer of impermanence. When we treat time as sacred, we stop spending it carelessly. We begin to live with attention, gratitude, and reverence.

To live fully while we are here means to meet each day with presence. It means to taste, touch, listen, and feel without rushing past the moment. It is not about constant happiness or productivity, but about depth. When we live deeply, even ordinary moments become holy. Washing dishes becomes an act of care. Breathing becomes a prayer. A conversation becomes a temple where connection unfolds.

Living fully does not require perfect circumstances. It asks for an open heart. It invites us to love what is in front of us, to cherish what we often overlook, and to bring compassion to what is difficult. When we are truly present, joy arises not from having everything we want, but from realizing that we are alive, right now, in the middle of it all.

In many contemplative traditions, living well begins with remembering death. Monks meditate on the fragility of life not to become somber, but to awaken urgency and appreciation. The poet Mary Oliver asked, “Tell me, what is it you plan to do with your one wild and precious life?” The question is not a demand for achievement but a call to aliveness. What do we want to offer the world while we have the chance? How do we want to show up for the moments that will never come again?

When we live as if time were sacred, we also remember not to waste it on what does not truly matter. So much of our energy is lost to worry, comparison, or chasing approval. When we pause and remember how brief and miraculous our time is, we begin to let go of what drains our vitality. We spend less energy protecting the ego and more nurturing the soul. We choose love over fear, truth over distraction, presence over performance.

When we live as if time were sacred, we begin to notice how much of it we spend elsewhere, lost in thought, regret, or hurry. Time is not just measured in hours but in attention. Each moment we meet with awareness expands; each moment we ignore vanishes. The more present we are, the more time we seem to have. Sacred time is not about quantity but quality.

Living fully also means allowing life to flow through us without grasping. We learn to savor without clinging, to love without possession, to create without needing permanence. When we stop trying to hold on to time, we begin to experience eternity in the present moment. Eternity is not a distant realm; it is the fullness of now.

To live as if time were sacred is to bring ritual and reverence into daily life. Pause before meals. Step outside to watch the light shift across the sky. Speak gratitude aloud. Slow down when you can. These small gestures remind the heart that every instant is alive, and that our presence is what sanctifies it.

There is no single way to live fully. For one person, it may mean adventure; for another, simplicity. What matters is sincerity. To live fully is to love fully, to forgive quickly, to express what is true, to rest when needed, and to let life be enough as it is.

When we live with this kind of awareness, we do not fear endings as much, because we have been awake for the living. We have tasted what it means to belong to this fragile, magnificent moment. And that, perhaps, is the true meaning of being alive: to meet time not as something to spend, but as something to bless.

# Alternative View

Living fully does not mean constant activity or bliss. Some days, living fully means resting, grieving, or simply breathing through uncertainty. Sacredness is not found in doing more but in being present with what is. Even stillness and silence can be expressions of a life well lived.

# Activity

If I truly believed time was sacred, how would I spend today?

What moments in my life feel most alive, and what makes them so?

How does remembering my mortality change the way I prioritize what matters?

What might I need to release in order to stop wasting energy on what does not serve?

What would it look like to bring more presence and reverence into ordinary moments?

# Sources

Mary Oliver, *New and Selected Poems.* Beacon Press, 1992.  
 Thich Nhat Hanh, *Peace Is Every Step.* Bantam Books, 1992.  
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Tab 4

# Week

12

# Day

4

# Day Title

The Mystery of What Remains

# Lesson Name

Death and Rebirth

# Meme

(insert meme image)

# Summary

Beneath all endings and transformations, something timeless remains. Awareness itself endures through every change. When we touch this mystery, fear softens and compassion deepens. We begin to live from a place of presence rather than clinging, knowing that while everything passes, the essence of being is unbroken and eternal.

# Daily Passage

When everything falls away—when the roles dissolve, the stories fade, and even the body softens into stillness—something remains. It is not a thing we can name or hold. It has no edges, no form. Yet it is undeniable. It is the quiet awareness that has always been here, the witness that watches every change without being changed.

Throughout life we cling to what is temporary, believing that our identity, possessions, or achievements define who we are. But over time, life gently, and sometimes forcefully, shows us otherwise. We lose what we thought we needed. Dreams shift. The people we love leave or die. Our bodies age and transform. Through all of it, awareness remains. The one who sees, the one who feels, the one who knows “I am,” abides.

When we touch this awareness, even for a moment, a profound peace begins to unfold. We realize that the essence of who we are is not bound by time or circumstance. This does not mean we become detached from life—it means we live more freely within it. We can love more deeply because we no longer believe love can be lost. We can let go more easily because we know that what we truly are cannot be taken.

In meditation or moments of stillness, this truth sometimes reveals itself. The mind quiets, and we feel an open spaciousness that holds everything without resistance. Thoughts come and go, emotions rise and fall, sounds and sensations appear and disappear, but something observes it all. This presence is not outside of us. It is us, beneath the noise of our becoming.

Mystics from every tradition have pointed toward this mystery. In Hindu philosophy, it is called *Atman*—the eternal self. In Christianity, it is described as the divine image or Christ within. In Buddhism, it is awareness beyond attachment. Rumi called it “the secret stillness in the midst of the turning.” Though the names differ, they point to the same ineffable truth: what dies is not the whole of what we are.

To rest in what remains is to glimpse the eternal in the ordinary. The movement of leaves, the rhythm of breath, the pulse of your own heart—all of it is the dance of impermanence within the stillness of being. The more we sense this stillness, the less we fear change. Death becomes not a vanishing, but a return.

When we remember this, compassion naturally deepens. We see that every person is both fragile and infinite, both temporary and timeless. The one who hurts us, the one we love, the stranger passing by—all share in the same vast presence. Recognizing this softens judgment and invites tenderness.

The mystery of what remains cannot be understood by thought. It can only be felt, in the pauses between breaths, in the silence after grief, in the moment when the heart breaks open and we realize we are still here. It is not something to achieve, but something to remember. Beneath every change, something steady and alive is holding it all.

This awareness is not distant or abstract. It is the presence reading these words. It is the same awareness that watched your first sunrise, the same that will witness your last. It was here before the stories began, and it will remain after they end. When we rest in that knowing, even briefly, we find a peace that is not dependent on anything outside ourselves.

The mystery of what remains is not a concept to solve but a truth to live. It invites us to walk through life with wonder, to bow to both the fleeting and the eternal, to let the sacred reveal itself in each breath. It reminds us that while everything changes, nothing essential is ever truly lost.

# Alternative View

For some, the idea of something eternal within can feel abstract or distant, especially in times of pain or doubt. It is enough simply to rest in the felt sense of being alive right now. The mystery does not demand belief. It reveals itself quietly in moments of honesty, stillness, and care.

# Activity

What in me feels unchanging even as everything around me shifts?

When have I felt a moment of deep stillness or presence that seemed to hold everything?

How does sensing something eternal within change the way I relate to loss or change?

What happens when I simply rest in awareness without trying to fix or improve anything?

How might I live differently if I trusted that what I truly am cannot be lost?

# Sources

Thich Nhat Hanh, *The Heart of Understanding.* Parallax Press, 1988.  
 Rumi, *The Essential Rumi.* Translated by Coleman Barks, HarperOne, 2004.  
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# Modality

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Tab 5

# Week

12

# Day

5

# Day Title

The Continuum of Life

# Lesson Name

Death and Rebirth

# Meme

(insert meme image)

# Summary

Life and death are not opposites but movements within one continuous flow. Every ending feeds a beginning, every loss gives rise to renewal. When we recognize that we are part of this ongoing rhythm, fear softens and belonging deepens. The continuum of life reminds us that we are never separate, never truly gone, and always part of the greater wholeness that holds everything.

# Daily Passage

Everything in existence moves in cycles. The breath expands and returns, tides rise and fall, stars are born and dissolve, hearts open and close, seasons come and go. We are not separate from this rhythm. We are expressions of it. Life is not a straight line from birth to death, but a vast circle, a continuum that holds every form within its endless motion.

When we look closely, we see that beginnings and endings are not opposites but partners in an infinite dance. What we call “death” is often only change in form, a return to source. What we call “birth” is that same source taking shape once more. In the continuum of life, everything belongs, everything transforms, and nothing is ever truly lost.

Our culture tends to divide life and death into opposing realms, but nature shows us another way. The forest lives because leaves fall. Rivers flow because rain returns to the sea. The soil becomes fertile through decay. The continuum of life does not resist change; it thrives on it. When we accept this rhythm, we begin to move with life instead of against it.

There are moments when this truth feels more than poetic. It feels cellular, real. Watching the ocean’s waves, holding a newborn, saying goodbye to someone we love — we sense that there is something moving through all of it, an intelligence larger than the story of one lifetime. It is as though life is breathing us, living itself through us, and inviting us to trust its continuity.

The continuum of life also lives within us. Every breath is a birth and a death. Every heartbeat is both an arrival and a release. Our bodies are constantly renewing, shedding, creating. Even as cells die, others are born. This quiet, ongoing regeneration is proof that renewal is woven into the fabric of being.

When we understand this, fear begins to soften. We realize that we are not traveling toward an ending but moving within a circle that never ceases. We do not truly disappear. We change form. The love we have given continues in the hearts it has touched. The care we have offered ripples outward in ways we cannot trace. The continuum carries everything forward.

Awareness of this continuity can shift the way we live. We start to hold life more gently. We recognize that every ending is also a beginning for something else. The death of a dream may feed a new vision. The loss of one chapter may nourish wisdom for the next. Even grief, when held with love, becomes part of the river that sustains us all.

The continuum of life teaches us belonging. We are not separate from nature, from others, or from what came before us. We are threads in the same endless weaving. The energy that animates the stars also animates this breath. The hands we hold, the earth beneath our feet, the silence between heartbeats — all are expressions of one life moving endlessly through countless forms.

To live with awareness of this continuum is to live with reverence. It softens the urgency to control, to prove, to accumulate. We no longer need to cling to permanence, because we sense the larger continuity that holds us. What we call endings become thresholds. What we call loss becomes transformation.

The continuum of life invites us into trust. We can rest in the knowing that we belong to something vast, ancient, and kind. Life does not stop at the edges of what we can see. It continues through memory, matter, energy, and love. When we align with this truth, our existence becomes an act of grace — not a race toward survival, but a participation in the ongoing rhythm of creation.

Even as we face change, grief, or death, we can whisper to ourselves: nothing is wasted, nothing is separate, and nothing is gone. We are part of the same current that carries oceans, galaxies, and dreams. To live in harmony with that current is to remember what we have always known deep down — that life is not something we have; it is something we are.

# Alternative View

Understanding life as a continuum does not erase the ache of loss. Grief is a natural part of loving in a changing world. The continuum is not an idea meant to bypass sorrow, but a truth that can hold it. We can honor the pain of endings while still trusting that nothing loved is ever truly lost.

# Activity

How do I experience the cycles of birth and death in my own life or relationships?

What helps me sense connection to something larger than my individual story?

Where can I notice continuity, even in times of change or loss?

How might trusting the continuum of life change the way I live today?

What does it mean to me that life is not something I have, but something I am?

# Sources

Thich Nhat Hanh, *No Death, No Fear.* Riverhead Books, 2003.  
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# Modality

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Tab 6

# Week

12

# Day

6

# Day Title

The Gift of Being Here

# Lesson Name

Death and Rebirth

# Meme

(insert meme image)

# Summary

The journey through death and rebirth leads us back to the simple miracle of presence. The gift of being here is the awareness that life itself is sacred, fleeting, and enough. When we live with gratitude and attention, even ordinary moments become holy. This is the heart of awakening — to meet existence with reverence, just as it is.

# Daily Passage

After walking through endings and beginnings, through letting go and rising again, we arrive here, in this simple moment. Nothing more to seek, nothing more to prove. Just this breath, this body, this heartbeat. The journey has brought us full circle, not to somewhere else, but to a deeper appreciation of where we have always been.

The greatest gift of awakening is not escaping the world, but fully inhabiting it. It is realizing that life, in all its ordinariness, is sacred. Every breath is unearned grace. Every face we meet, every sound we hear, every step we take on the earth is part of the same shimmering web of being. To receive this moment as it is, without trying to change it, is to say yes to life itself.

Being here means allowing the present moment to be enough. It means recognizing that this instant — not tomorrow, not yesterday — is the only place where love, peace, and aliveness exist. When we stop rushing toward the next thing, life begins to reveal its quiet miracles. The warmth of sunlight on the skin. The scent of rain. The sound of someone’s laughter. These simple experiences, too easily overlooked, are invitations to wonder.

Gratitude is the heart’s natural response when we see life clearly. Gratitude does not depend on perfection. It arises when we realize that even amidst uncertainty and impermanence, we have been given this precious chance to live, to feel, to love, to learn. Gratitude is the soul’s way of saying, “I see the beauty in what is.”

The gift of being here also includes the whole spectrum of human experience — joy and sorrow, clarity and confusion, gain and loss. Life asks us to receive it all, not because it is easy, but because it is real. When we stop dividing life into what we want and what we reject, we discover a deeper peace. We find that the gift is not in what happens, but in our willingness to be present with whatever comes.

To be here is to participate in the great unfolding. Each of us is a unique expression of the same living presence that breathes through stars, rivers, and trees. We belong to the same rhythm, the same mystery. Nothing we have learned or lost has separated us from this belonging. The sacred has been within and around us all along.

The mind may still search for meaning or ask what comes next, but the heart already knows. The heart knows that being alive is enough. That to love, to give, to forgive, to witness this fleeting world with open eyes — these are holy acts.

If death has taught us anything, it is that life cannot be postponed. It is happening now, in this breath, in this heartbeat, in this moment that will never come again. When we live with that awareness, even the smallest gesture becomes radiant with meaning. A shared glance, a kind word, a moment of silence — all become sacred offerings to existence.

The gift of being here is the gift of participation. We are not bystanders in life’s story; we are threads in its vast tapestry. What we do, how we love, and how we show up all ripple outward. To live with reverence is to recognize that our presence matters. Every act of awareness adds light to the whole.

So we end where we began — in the mystery, in the breath, in the quiet recognition that this, right here, is the miracle. The path has not led us away from life but deeper into it. To be here, fully and gratefully, is to have received the greatest teaching of all.

# Alternative View

Some days, the gift of being here may feel heavy rather than holy. There are times when simply staying present is the most courageous act. The gift does not disappear on difficult days; it waits quietly beneath them. Presence itself — even when tired, uncertain, or hurting — is still grace.

# Activity

What feels most alive in me when I slow down and simply notice this moment?

How does gratitude shift the way I experience ordinary life?

In what ways can I honor the sacredness of being alive today?

What helps me remember that I belong to the greater rhythm of existence?

How might I live differently if I truly believed that this moment — just as it is — is enough?

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Thich Nhat Hanh, *Peace Is Every Step.* Bantam Books, 1992.  
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