

Popping Into Oneness

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Here I was, driving along the freeway, listening to uplifting music, and minding my own business, when all of a sudden I looked outside at the rolling hillsides and the entire scene just POPPED. Or rather, I popped into the scene. It was like the chalk-drawing segment in the movie, *Mary Poppins*. I was totally immersed within the hillside. I could smell the dried grass; I could feel my feet on the Earth; I could hear the birds singing in the trees.

But it was more than a feeling of being right there. I could actually feel myself BEING the dried grass, swaying in the wind. At the same time, I was the wind itself. I was the Earth, vibrant and alive. I was the trees, breathing in and out. From this vantage point, the colors, textures, and sounds were much more intense. It wasn't three-dimensional, but more like six!

In the next moment, I was back in my car, driving along the freeway again. Everything looked flat and dull. It was as if I was now a character in a book...two-dimensional. As I pondered what had taken place, I came to the conclusion that I had popped into the space of Oneness. My "I" had totally disappeared; there was no separate "them." Everything was completely connected and in communion, and I was a part of that oneness.

It has been a few weeks since that extraordinary event, and I can still feel that unity...that oneness...in the core of my being. I've driven past that spot a few times since, chuckling to myself as I tried to re-create that moment. No, this was a unique gift, perhaps a foreteller...just a little peak into what is possible. All I can do is continue to be diligent with my spiritual practice, uncover barriers, heal my self...drink water, and keep going.