

She Dances with the Moon



a 500 year old ancestor Oak in Tennessee

She Dances with the Moon
a moment in time with my mother

written by Ann Richards Jacob
with ideas and photos of Marion Forbes Richards

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DEDICATION

to my mother, Marion Forbes Richards
and to all of our mother's, father's, and friend's
living their lives each in their own
unique ways.

“someone is always home . . .”

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A STORY

On a recent visit to mother I told her I was hoping to write a book about her life ~ this one being the first little etching ~ and I thought I might call it Mystical Mama ~ she smiled. Then I told her a story of a moment that she never knew I witnessed.

*One night ~ my parents visiting us in our wilderness home
on the Stikine River.*

*They, sleeping in our bed and the five of us (two big and three little)
on the floor wall to wall in our tiny cabin. Mother got up
in the night to go pee outside and on returning ~ the window
filled with the beam of the full moon
shining in on her ~ dancing off the river,
brightening the night.*



*Mother in her floor
length sleeping
gown began
dancing with the
moon ~
an intimate
flowing between them*

*~ Mother moving in moon motions
and the moon beaming brighter for having someone to dance with.*



After telling Mother this story ~ I added ~
'or maybe the book might be called ~ 'She Dances with the Moon'
and mother grinned an ecstatic grin of delight
shimmering and beaming like that night.

Ann Jacob

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A QUEST

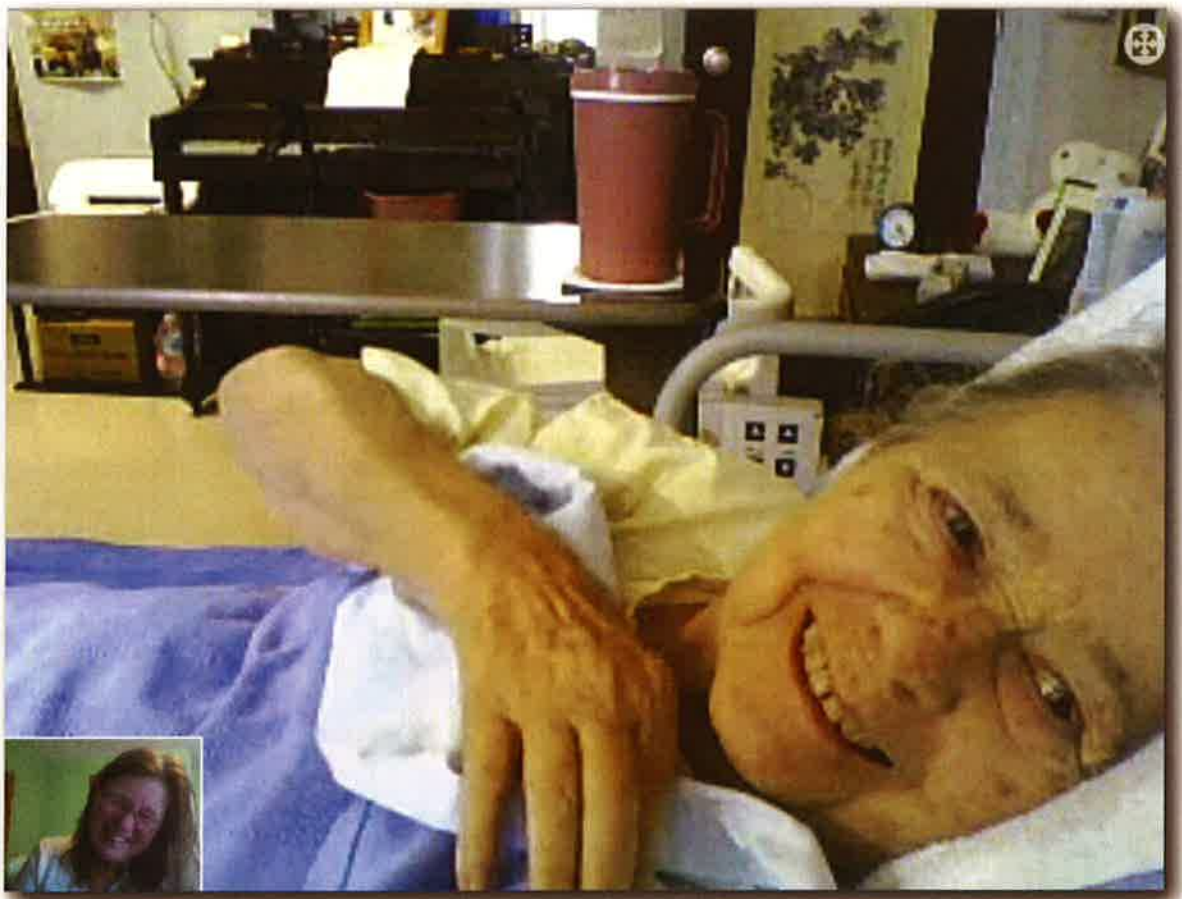
Mother spends her day waiting . . .
this day ~ looking towards the doorway.



Is she waiting for me? or you?
or gazing between the worlds?

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I call her using video skype ~
Sunshine descends into the crevasse of our hearts and
shines forth . . .
'I love you . . . I love you . . . You mean everything to me'
We say back and forth.



Everything is a lot.
What happens in there, in between the 'everythings' and
the moments in time when we are together?

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WONDERINGS

Is there a sense of time? curiosity?
Is there the unending hope that one day she will live with us
and us with her as she has said to me for a million years?

Is she using that yearning of her heart as her mast ~
strong and steady throughout the winds of life?

Is there a desire to be truly with the All
that she loves and is loved by?

Is she already bathed in the light of love and our presence
together ignites its expression?

The ancestors are with her
~ she speaks of them or thinks I am one of them.
She seems to 'know' in the deepness of her being
they are there to walk with her
between the worlds.

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Questions from a daughter's heart wondering ~ What is this experience for in our living? this time that lasts years for many ~ when we are here and not here, there and not there? when words become so few and a little movement, or sound or vision becomes the story?

and How is this time serving her? or me?
and How is this time serving us? and the world?

I yearn to be near her and with her through every moment of time but when I am, physically, my presence is not enough. Her universe so vast there is no way one person can fill the expanse. But I can enter into the sea of mysterious life with her ~ traveling for a while on her boat, bouncing the waves together, in the warmth of the sun or rocking through a storm.

I can enter for a few moments into her world long enough for us to feel joined ~ connecting with the immensity of life's journey.

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Then a strange thought floats in . . .
'Only with death will we get what we are yearning for.'

Somehow ~ life itself holds us in,
our connections to home and family and friends and our
activities ~ we are connected and attached to them ~ they
lived our life with us and it is hard to say goodbye.

At death we go ~ our freedom is given or taken ~
and we fly on the winds into a new day ~ along with all
those who have loved us and died already and with all
those who love us and stay.

Are we ready? are we able to wait with the patience of an
elder? gazing off into space ~ dreaming ~ waiting
~ for the fullness of death to be born?

~~~~~



## She Dances with the Moon

Mother brings the other worlds close in for me  
to experience and touch and taste and gaze into  
~ through her eyes.

Worlds she shares without even knowing the  
gifts she brings. Thank You, Mother.

... and then she returns



Mother spends her day waiting . . . in anticipation of?  
in patience for? in knowing? Ready or readying ~ for the  
next moment of encounter.

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From what mountain top springs does this riverbook flow?

### HONORINGS

MOTHER. A woman with an open hearted curiosity for the diversity of life, welcoming people of differing orientations, cultures, and faiths, into her life with a love that transforms. Working for world peace, environmental safety, practicing yoga, mindfulness meditation, natural childbirth, and eating organic food when these were only faint and almost wordless whispers in the breeze of her time ~ living life with a great sense of adventure, a Quaker, wife, mother, friend.

And a brilliant pianist and creative artist with anything she touches.

Mother is now 93, living in a nursing home and needing to be cared for as she cared for me when I was beginning ~ someone always home ~ preparing meals, washing and dressing me, waking me in the morning and kissing me goodnight in the evening, living her life so I could have life.

It is a great honor to give back to her even a bit of what she has given to me. To find my way into her world as she did for me over 6 decades ago. To believe in her spirit even when her sentences no longer express her thoughts. To love her and let her guide me into worlds I've yet to explore.

PARENTS. Both spiritual and scientific in nature ~ and the amazing power of these seeming opposites ~ formed me.

TEACHERS. The work and world of Amy and Arny Mindell

... and so ...

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LIFE. 'as long as there is breath there is consciousness' ~ may all receive attention to their always present essential nature.

VISION. That all beings learn the language for communication and connection with people in altered states of consciousness at any age ~ from illness, accident, and end of life

VIEWPOINT. Our elders are entering new vistas unknown to us, their wisdom and beauty often left abandoned and unexplored.

They are our past, present, and future.  
It is for us to learn the language of signals and cues as communication entry portals arising from the deepest part of their being.

THOUGHT. Being human provides a vast and unpredictable inner landscape with limitless possibilities for exploration.

WORK. Teaching communication skills for people in altered consciousness and their carers.

'Someone is always home' is a platform for hope, connecting to the mysteries of life, alleviating grief, and providing respect.

Communication goes a very long way towards making our aging time of life an amazing and unforgettable journey.

respectfully, Ann Jacob  
mother ~ daughter ~ anamcara ~ author ~ educator ~ facilitator  
researching the everyday and extraordinary  
altered states of consciousness that come along and enter  
our lives in often surprising ways and times.

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"The purpose of life is to know the divine, to be with it  
and connect it somehow with other humans,  
so love is something that organizes everything we do.  
Love means openness to all states of consciousness.  
Love means openness to a person in the midst of dreaming and coma."  
Arnold Mindell Coma: the Dreambody Near Death



## APPRECIATIONS

Thank You Amy & Arny Mindell  
mentors ~ teachers ~ elders  
founders of process mind. process work. coma work  
[www.aamindell.net](http://www.aamindell.net)

Thank You Stan Tomandl  
for our deep river current  
co author of An Alzheimer's Surprise Party  
[www.comacommunication.com](http://www.comacommunication.com)

Thank You Mary & Richard Groves  
anamcara. soul friends of the dying  
[www.sacredartofliving.org](http://www.sacredartofliving.org)

Thank You CanAssist Crew  
University of Victoria. Canada  
for co creating one of my dreams. CanConnect.  
A simplified touch screen version of visual Skype  
enhancing long distance communication with elders and  
others in special situations.

Thank You for reading!

May you enjoy and persevere on the journey with your loved ones.

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