

## Holy Bed

By: K. M. McCauley Anast

*In dedication to my coach Kathy Bero who set me right and asked me to face the Storm and enter in, to find the gifts and jewels and not depart myself or my full experience that came to my Holy Bed. At that time, the storm happened to be chemotherapy.*

I am in a moment of catching myself,  
finally realizing wrapping the corner sheet  
around the mattress is not a chore  
but a delight, a privilege, a master of arting.

For my hands are well enough to tuck the  
edges and curves underneath the firm pad  
to secure them there until the top sheet billows  
down along with the comforter to set the bed ready.  
And there is no rush, why rush, why has my  
mind made this task 'other' and not a 'quality' or  
of an affluent and abundant life?

How blessed am I to receive such treasures,  
a bed who I've held my child in, embraced lovers,  
read words of poetry and stories, worked on projects  
on laptops, found curled up pups and kitties making it  
there bed abode as well....  
how many teas, coffees, occasional breakfasts and large  
filled popcorn bowls have I devoured while watching a  
good movie on top of it?  
Or talked on the phone 'til the wee hours of the evenings....

A bed to sleep in with covers to comfort and keep me warm,  
and this one even has a roof with four corners to keep me safe.  
So many don't have this, this comfort, this rejuvenating place,  
this shelter and safety.

How many times has this Holy Bed comforted me from a good day  
or a rough day.....how many dreams have I discovered  
in my sleep and upon waking?

Who am I to make the making of a bed such a task and chore?  
Where have I been to not see it bejeweled in its fabrics and  
energies where night sleep is our most tender, vulnerable  
and majestic dreaming potential into the world awake?

May I not forget in the next washing of bedding and hanging  
woolen paddings to refresh in sunlight over our bridge railings  
that God is in every action, Spirit is in the very Air, She is present



with Grace in every movement.

Who am I to miss the glory in the seemingly ordinary?  
Like how we hear in stories of the Greek Mythical Gods being  
envious of any earthly bodies and tasks, the same applies to me.

So much pleasures from the making of the bed with this hazy  
bright light I am moving in while being enchanted with the mindful-  
ness of slowly maneuvering the tasks with resonance of the sacred.  
The shift is remarkable, I am fine where I am at and appreciating  
the act it's ordinary beauty. How have I missed this all along?  
What a shame and silliness to not awake to our daily tasks and their  
treasures, their glittery shimmers and senses!

How dare I asked for a mortal life and then reject pieces and parts of it!

Just like Manna from Heaven was already here!

Those damn fairy tales only talked of princes/princesses and kings/queens.....  
what about the cherished moments of All the other Lives!  
Happily ever after it ends, but how long did it last? Most were beheaded or  
betrayed, taken over and replaced, but the fairy tales cut it off before real life happens.  
And real life is in the everyday wonders.

Back to the Holy Bed where there have been nights and days when this platform  
and its cloths have cloaked me when sick with fever or chills, from my hearts despair  
and longings, or added extra comfort to pleasures like the cool breeze cascading upon  
your body after a summer heatwave late into the evening or your cat snuggled up  
in the crest of your arm, awakening to the morning paper to bring it back into that  
place you are not quite ready to depart and enter into the day of movement!

And remembering your hands, your gorgeous capable hands that can make this Holy Bed  
and tend to it and a body that can lay down upon it and receive rest and restoration.

#everydayshaman #graceintheordinary

K. M. McCauley Anast, Age 53, diagnosed with stage 3c inflammatory breast cancer, widower of five years  
and mother to a beautiful 14-year-old son she is raising on her own.  
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