

# Meditation On Yesterday

Speak honestly, what price do you put on yesterday?

Yesterday is like the writing in the dust traced by an idle finger which an industrious housewife can wipe away forever.

Yesterday is like the furrows on the sandy seashore fashioned by the toying waves, soon obliterated by the returning tide.

Yesterday is the pale blue smoke, rising from the country cottage, that is melted into limpid air before it topped the larch trees.

**Yesterday is a vision, unstable and unreal, which wise people soon forget.**

**It is a foolish heart whose thoughts are only on yesterday.**

Let nature instruct us as to how we view yesterday.

See the woodman who is measuring his axe to the mighty elm tree, his sturdy strokes ring out on the wintry air.

The trees sinews crack, deep groans declare the reeling anguish of the goliath. The wedge is driven home and the steady strokes of the saw reach deep into its heart.

With solemn slowness the shuddering monarch rises from his throne and is toppled with a mighty crash, and is fallen for ever.

Now the remaining stump can teach proud humans a lesson.

Now from the fallen elm tree's sap is distilled the wine of truth.

Heed those hundred rings, concentric from the core, eddying in various waves to the red-bark's shore-like rim.

**These are the gatherings of yesterday's present all today.**

**This is the tree's judgement, its self history that cannot now be hidden.** Seven years ago there was a drought, and the seventh ring is narrowed. Five years ago there was a wet summer, the fifth ring records that yesterday by being broad.

We are also the resulting growth of many yesterdays that stamp our secret soul with marks of joy or woe.

We are an almanac of self, the living record of our thoughts and deeds.

Our spirit has its scars as well as our body, sore and aching in their season.

Here is a knot, it was a crime, there is a canker, the result of selfishness. Here we see rotten heart-wood, yet there is sound sap-wood.

**Nature teaches us soundly, all our past thoughts and deeds are reflected in our present day.**

**Some present evil bent has grown out of old errors.**

Even if we walk upright now, do not think that a petty goodness of today has blotted out the sins of our yesterdays.

It is well that we have life and light today so that the Hower can show us mercy.

**The curse of many yesterdays are ours today, and if they go unheeded now, they will blast our future tomorrows.**

Behold then the better Tree of Life that can be ours for the asking.

Grafted on to the hollow root of self and budded onto a richer vine.

But first the old majestic self must be felled for the new to be our future Tree of Life.

Be desperate in our action today.

The past can never be retrieved, whatever the present may be.

Vain is the penance and the scourge, vain the fast and the vigil.

**Only God's Love can cover our yesterdays.**

The love that is freely given to the humble, then only asking thanks for His Mercy.

**The arms of God alone can rescue us from our yesterdays.**