

## A Love Letter from the Future

**Skeena Finebaum-Rathor**

As I climbed the hill to the top escarpment of the woods, there were three partitioned fields ahead of me. To my left, a field of huge, auburn Jersey cows who began a low bellowing that almost sounded like a roar, as one came towards me and the rest followed; to my right, a herd of deer – some froze and stared intently, while others ran, and in front of me a protected wild meadow. The cows were ready to confront me with their fear, the deer were confused, paralysed and running away. I felt back into that place, of fear, ten years ago where we didn't know whether we were to be the deer or the cows or the place that was always safe – the meadow. As we were forced to look at ourselves to ask if we were worth saving; we were the deer, the cows and the serenity of the meadow, we became every extreme emotion, we matched the extreme weather and created our own internal climate breakthrough. The internal heat alchemised our whole existence.

**'It's high time to be only thinking of you heating your body with flame and glow, you are a gold mine hidden in the earth to purify, you we must set you on fire.'**

There is a pregnancy before something is born. As our ecosystems collapsed, as the children of other species and our own died, the magnificent grief and with the exquisitely felt loss of untamed beauty we became pregnant with a higher concentrated form of love. Pregnancy is

a feminine force and we were sourcing our new power from an ancient, more feminine energy. That was Extinction Rebellion (XR), one of the pregnant mothers of our transformation, with no idea whether her child would be born safely and only able to trust in the power of love, and at the other end of the scale – XR was the near-death experience, the passage from darkness towards the light, and a decision to turn back to life and live it with an uplifted mode of being, from a new presence born of reconciliation with death and from a confirmation of the existence of infinite love.

As human beings we were stretching between our search for intimacy and universality when we happened upon the epiphany that the natural world and its children needed us to be in universal intimacy – to establish a collective sense of affiliation with the entire biosphere. Intellectually, scientifically and with language there are so many ways in which we could describe our resurrection, but the ingredients of our new ecosystems, politics and biosphere economics, as entralling as they were, didn't usher in the new epoch.

**'In this earth, in this earth in this immaculate field we shall not plant any seeds except for compassion except for love.'**

What if Angels were the thoughts of a synthesis of our collective feelings of connection, repair and abundance? Well we gathered these angels, and they guided us into this consciousness – where we are no longer trying to make a place for ourselves in the world; we are trying to make a place for the world in ourselves. We are still here because we stopped striving to *do* something new, to replace old structures and systems that no longer worked: we started striving to *be* something new, we replaced internal energies that were no longer working with the energy of love in the most concentrated form ever known by humanity.

What was this great turning – was it a psychic upheaval, or a mystical renaissance? It was a transformation of the experience of being human. Anthropologists have found that people began creating religions at the same time as they began creating works of art. We have always had an innate desire for creative transcendence – to find most meaning; and we are born with an insatiable desire for worth. We thought that this was about accumulation – of the material and mental – that living well was a quantifiable experience. As we learnt the world, as we made marvellous machines, technologies and marvellous structures, as we accumulated wealth at all costs, we forgot what is marvellous about being human. As this learning deadened our soul, and as these systems we had built to describe our worth threatened our end, we were forced to remember what was most marvellous about being human – being in love.

Here is where language limits what I can share with you about our new story. The details of what happened are about the present confluence (because thanks to quantum physics we know time doesn't exist in its linear form) of the love in... – your dreams, your sound, your touch and your imagination.

Sit still now, for a moment, close your eyes, breath into your heart and remember what you love and how you love. Feel it as a falling in. Where does it reach you? What does it show you? Being in love feels like a bursting out of calcified and constricted modes into an expanded glittering mode of being. An eternal spring, the gaze of a full moon, the laughter of a child and a fire in our creative impulse. We found unconditional love for each other, the earth and all realms. We moved from a consciousness of slavery, scarcity and separation to

interconnection and freedom of spirit and soul. We became so religious we went beyond religion and into a state of divine practice. We realised that true self-actualisation is actually the peak flow of combined forms of loving attention that settle us in unity both with the present moment and with each other. We found our true worth and our ultimate meaning.

**‘...your soul and mine were one at the roots, our in and out were one at the heart I am naive calling that yours and mine since me and you vanished from you and I.’**

In those darkest of hours we were scared of our smallness and our individuation, and we felt the intense pain of our brokenness. We were even more afraid to be; vulnerable, our full resplendent selves and open to our great capacity for love. There were many fears that we relinquished. In rebellion, we stepped to the edge of our courage, and the next step took us to uncharted territory – we were voyagers into the outer space of human potential. We found out that the human heart can discuss and apply the unmitigated truth in a way that the mind is unable to do. In discovering our multiple truths and acting as if these truths were real, we found our energy to act – a revolutionary love.

Rebellion felt like owning the unadulterated truth. We were able to bring ourselves down from the pedestal of mental resistance, inertia and suggestion into a total occupation of active truth. It felt exhilarating to relegate our ‘pen swords’ and embody our truth – we celebrated and communed in the physicality of truth. In doing this, we became activators rather than activists, and we activated each other towards ever-increasing possibilities.

How does it feel in your body to fearlessly trust in you? That's what we re-learned together. How to listen *in* and trust our heart intelligence. We committed ourselves to deep inner listening, a wordless affair, so that we were able to listen for what love was asking to do – this is how we became activators rather than activists. Then, we listened to each other with deep attention, and together, we have been able to activate resonance;

to activate alignment, to activate our deepest self, to activate the essence of each other.

When we saw what our old paradigm described as the ‘enemy’ we loved with self-love first as we saw ourselves in them, we understood Terrence – ‘Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto’, or ‘I am **human**, and I think nothing **human** is alien to me’, and then we layered all brutality with the power of attended love. The walls and limits fell away, and the darkness, destruction and violence couldn’t continue. Our willingness to serve the light of the heart offered us ‘the solution’, and we entered a state of deep collaboration.

There was no one saviour, no one leader, no one technology, no global policy. There was nothing but love saving what was meant to be saved, and we were heroic in our collective efforts.

**‘Love is best when many sufferings arise from it, the one who avoids pain can’t know love, a hero is one who in the journey of love surrenders his life with no qualms.’**

Love is radical and ecstatic, and this was the love that was present to Extinction Rebellion. We embraced a critical mass of yearning for love so that we were able to explore the subterranean caverns of divine action or of truth and love in action. This gave rise to a re-wilding of our imagination. Love brought together what needed to be brought together, the angels as synthesisers guiding our steps, the universe answering our prayers, we knelt at the feet of mother earth day after day.

We nurtured a politics of belonging and interdependence. We admitted we were depending on each other like a child depends on its mother, and we acted from that mothering instinct to protect and love, as we bore witness to the boundaries of the great matriarch – mother earth. As the collective psyche opened to this milieu of love, a beautiful new marriage occurred between mind and heart. This gave birth to a child of ‘conscious action’ which had magnetic and miraculous qualities. The miracle we intended for became our reality.

What is beautiful now is indescribable – again, you need only close your eyes to see it. Mass unconditional love has created a subtle state of coexistence so that our awareness is so expansive that we can see ourselves in everything and everyone. As we embody this expanded state of empathy we have become upstanders unwilling to deny love its first place.

Now we understand the nobility of our souls and how they grow and compost through the earth, and we realise that the ultimate power of falling in love is liberation. Through surrendering in love we found the freedom of mind and heart to do all that was required. We became free and unbounded in our brilliance. We see and feel safe how amazing and insignificant we are, both feelings grounding our reality. In our emancipation was the emancipation of earth’s grand matrix of organs and systems. We survived through love, because of love and by being in love.

Close your eyes, sit with me inside this story of ours. What does it look like and feel like to know we can have faith in love no matter what occurs? We are living testaments to the miracle of life. Imagine and dream the impossible, and share these dreams – they are prayers and prophecies in the making. Dream big and wild, dream passionately and gracefully, dream with gratitude and dream relentlessly. Dreams born of love yield to fact every day, do they not?

**‘All the precious words you and I have exchanged have found their way into the heart of the universe, one day they’ll pour on us like whispering rain helping us arise from our roots again.’**

With love from Extinction Rebellion,

Cllr Skeena Finebaum-Rathor (interspersed with words from Rumi)

### **About the contributor**

**Skeena Finebaum-Rathor** is Vision Coordinator for Extinction Rebellion. Mother of three girls, Labour Party District Councillor, Co-Founder of Compassionate Stroud, Founder of The Politics Kitchen (Stroud, Glos, UK), coach, therapist and teacher.