

Winter Solstice

The Longest Night, The Turning Light

Old boots crunching on packed snow.

That sound.

It holds the whole season, doesn't it?
The cold finding your cheeks.
The warmth rising from within.
Breath visible in the still air—
proof that you are here,
alive,
present
on the longest night of the year.

This is the Winter Solstice.

The darkness has reached its peak.
And something in you knows—
has always known—
that this is not an ending.

This is a turning.

There's a warmth inside the cold.

You've felt it, haven't you?

The way snow softens everything.
The hush that falls over the world.
The invitation to slow down,
to stop striving,
to simply be
with the dark.

We spend so much of our lives
running toward the light,
chasing it,
demanding it.

But tonight,
the longest night,
asks something different of us.

It asks us to rest.
To trust.
To wait.

Darkness and light
are not opposites.

They are dance partners.

One bows,
the other rises.
One leads,
the other follows.
And then—
they switch.

Always switching.
Always turning.
Always in motion
even when everything seems still.

You don't have to do anything
to make the light return.

It's already happening.

Right now,
in this very moment,
the earth is tilting—
imperceptibly,
faithfully—
back toward the sun.

You don't make it happen.
You simply notice.

This is the Pathless Path.

Not forcing.
Not fixing.
Not figuring it out.

Just trusting
that the light knows its way back.

Just waiting
in the stillness of snow.

Just noticing
the warmth that rises from within
even when the world outside
is cold and dark.

Tonight,
stand at the window
or step outside
into the longest night.

Feel the cold on your face.
Hear the silence.
Watch your breath rise
like a small prayer
disappearing into the dark.

And know this:

You are not waiting FOR the light.

You are the light—
resting,
gathering,
preparing to shine again.

The darkness is not your enemy.
It's your cocoon.
Your pause.
Your sacred invitation
to simply be

before the becoming begins again.

Old boots crunching on packed snow.

The longest night.

And somewhere deep within you,
a knowing:

The light is already returning.

It always does.

Winter Solstice, December 21
The turning of the light