

The Dive

by Lisa Hering

Music used in recording

by Relaxing White Noise

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LTmXmskEMas>

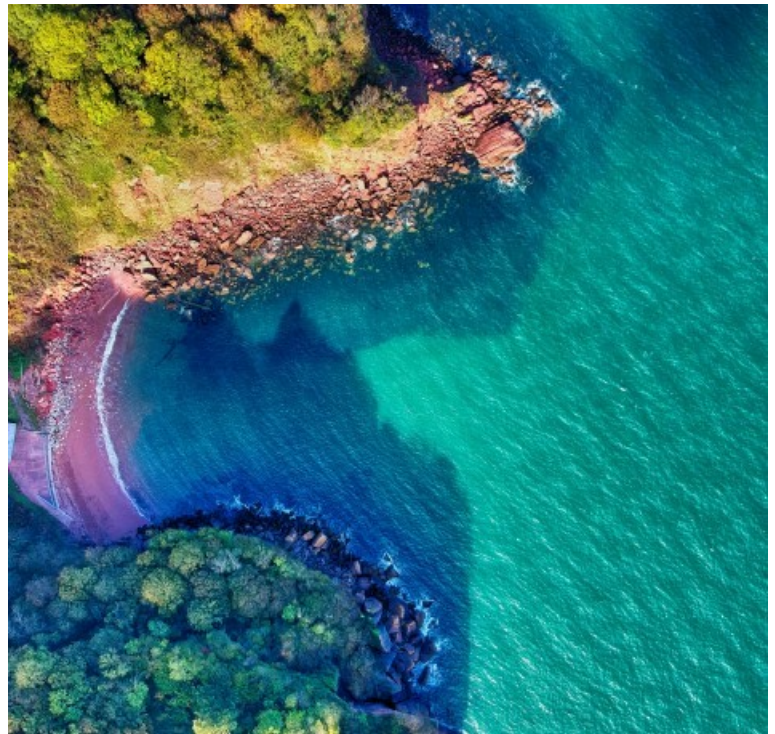
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Falling, falling. From a high cliff. Push away. Towards the sea. The gulls watch and soar. I tumble. Slow motion. It takes so long. I am heading for the sea I fear so much. Water, deep water. I'm so small for all the sea. I will get lost. It will swallow me. Face it, meet it, greet it. I'm ready. I'm doing it. Over and over I turn. I go through the air like a fluid. Running on little sleep, I close my eyes. It will take me where ever it will. I don't need to guide. I don't need to be in control. He will help me. No, He will take care of me. He won't help, he will carry. He will care. The rest doesn't matter.

I see the water approaching, blue-green, transparent, white sand on the bottom. Fish, yellow, orange, black, blue, moving synchronous, jerking left, jerking right. I stretch out for the transition from one element to another, air to water. My arms are outstretched waiting to enter the sea. The tips of my fingers expectant and prepared in a diving position. I can smell the salt. I can hear the waves. It no longer frightens me. My body is relaxed. I slip into the underworld quietly. A few clear air bubbles escape, each containing my mirrored image.

The water immediately slows my speed. The bottom is near me, an underwater beach. My hair circles around me. I hold my breath. I'm immersed. I'm slowing. The sharks turn and go away, uninterested.

“She isn't dinner. Find dinner,” says the shark. A fine vocabulary.



Rays of sunlight stretch from the surface into the deep. I turn and head for the light, but not frightened. I only want air. A true leap of faith brought me here. And it did not hurt as I thought it would. Afraid so many years. And I'm OK. My head slices through the water and is back in air and sunshine. I breath deeply, almost gasping.

How shall I reach the shore? I applied the answer I remembered from an old coast deodorant soap commercial where the wife asked the husband how he was going to get to work in the heavy rain, and he replied energetically, as though overcoming a major hurdle, "Backstroke." I faced my fears. It was a new experience. It was all faith. The pendulum of my emotions reached its maximum swing, and now it can swing back. I'm a lady in waiting, waiting as curious as the most of curious, to see what is waiting for me now at the other end of the pendulum swing. She made it, and in true form and grace. Dive in. The water is warm.

And that day, I had been a cliff diver. I had fallen through the air a long, long way. I splashed into the sea, I came near the bottom. I saw life around me. I resurfaced back into my world of air and went home. Reality is virtual. What you think is real, may not be. And what isn't real, may become real. Everything is real in one way or another. Only some things are more real than others. The secret of flying is you have to fall first. When you fall, you are flying. It's one and the same. In air, in water, in space, in time. All the same. If you don't take that first leap, you'll never truly learn to fly.