

Living in Abundance Consciousness

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When I am in harmony with the spirit of abundance, there are marvelous happenings. I have never set out on a conscious level to make something in particular occur. I simply wake up to and stay in this space. I glide through a day in a state of wonder and child like attention. Each day seems like a magical year. The more fully that I stay in the present the longer life becomes.



I cannot tell you how much easier my life has been since I stopped over-identifying with the past and projecting the future. I don't deny the past, nor do I stop hoping. I just get more joy and less pain when I stay present with each moment.

I was attending an autumn renaissance fair in Maryland. I was in an internally playful place. The weather was superb for outdoor festivity. My spirits were high. Cider and barbecued dragon wings had passed over my palate. I was festooned in medieval garb.

As I walked among the traders of wares, I noticed a uniquely designed, tanned-skin and fur bag. Hmmm! That would make a nice medicine pouch for my sacred pipe and other objects from my Native American journeys. I made a beeline like a child to candy. Wow! What a nice bag. I checked the price. Oh! Oh! It was priced at \$350. Time to move, I thought.

After wandering and participating in each experience that showed up, another object caught my eye. It was a naturally occurring pitchfork. It was really special. It had not been contorted for use as a pitching fork. It had grown to that precise shape. I inquired if it was for sale. "I don't think so," she said.

I looked at her quizzically and asked, "You don't think so?" "Well, a man asked to buy it last year. I agreed to sell it to him. But when I told him my price he was almost indignant. He harangued me for quite some time to lower my price. Then he left in a huff. I promised myself that I wouldn't go through that again. I've kept it for my own pleasure and shop decoration."

"I would really like to offer the pitchfork a new home," I said. "It would have lots of friends at my house. I'd give it a place of honor. If you make me a price, I'll buy it without hassle."

“I’m not sure that I want to sell it. I really like it myself.”

“I’ll be here all afternoon so please consider my offer. I’ll be back later. If you decide to send me home with the pitchfork, I’ll write you a check. Let me know how you feel about it later.”

I went off to play. Each time I saw the large fur bag, I sighed. My companions were playful people and the day was a delight. We did about all that one could do at a fall renaissance festival.

The sun was dropping and the cool of night was seeking our attention. I remembered the pitchfork and returned to the shop before it closed. The merchant and I greeted each other warmly having waved at each other when our paths crossed over the course of the day.



“Have you decided on my home or yours?” I asked. “You may take it home,” she answered. “Great!” I exclaimed. “What is the price” “Eighty-five dollars?” she said with questioning eyes. I think she expected me to flinch. I just smiled quietly.

I wrote her a check. She presented me with the pitchfork. We said a few more things to each other and then bid each other farewell. I had only gone a few steps and she called out to me, “You paid me too much!”

I shouted back, “No, I paid you exactly what I intended to pay you. Have a nice day.” She stood there looking at me and tears formed in her eyes. Most people asked her to cut her prices. I wrote the check for \$100. As our eye contact broke, we knew we had made friends at a precious level.

As we began to hurry out of the festival I said I wanted to take one more look at the fur bag. The merchant was busy so I began to handle other less expensive items. Soon he came over to help me. I told him that I really wanted the large bag on display, but its price was more than I was willing to pay.

“You really like that bag?” he asked. “Did you notice that it is sun faded in places and has water marks on it? It has been here a long time and the weather has taken its toll.” “I know. I like that. It adds to its character. It is exactly what I want.”

He startled me when he said, “How about \$50 for it?” “Really? You know it’s priced at \$350?” “I know. That was the original price and I’m ready to let it go.” I was overwhelmed, but not so much that I didn’t quickly write a check before he changed his mind.

A companion who had watched both transactions, with shaking head, commented, “You amaze me. Things like this are always happening to you. You pay one person more than she asked and another charges you less than he asked. And, everyone is happy about it. How do you do it?”

I feel that it happens not because of anything I do, but because of my state of being. People respond when I am into these genuine spaces of being into love and respect. It’s like we communicate on a higher plane. I don’t always know how to get there, but it sure is fun when I arrive.

I have my medicine bag filled with treasured symbols. My living room is home to the pitchfork. Most of all I have the memory of these magical moments. I recall the eyes and smiles as clearly as the objects through which we met.