

Now I Dream Different Dreams

Denise Rushing

Denise Rushing is an organic farmer in Lake County California. She is an environmental engineering graduate of Stanford University, holds a Master's Degree in Culture and Spirituality from Holy Names University and has led a variety of energy efficiency technology businesses. Recently, she was elected to public office on a platform of stewardship of the land, water and resources inspired by Thomas Berry's writings and the Earth Charter. She is serving her first term as a county supervisor for California's rural Lake County.

Dear Thomas,
I do not know you personally, and I wish I did. Your work has dramatically and profoundly changed my life and those around me. I was once a corporate technology executive, and am now an organic farmer, earth activist, writer, and most recently, a local elected official working with an entire community to transform our community and preserve our lands. Thomas, you helped awaken clarity and purpose in my life. I feel so called by Earth, called to reconnect, to transform and change, and utterly amazed and grateful. Here is a poem with my story of transformation that I offer in tribute to you.

How sacred is your twilight. How grateful all beings encountering your Great Love, a reflection of all Love.

In deepest wonder, love and gratitude.



Earth building at the orchard



Denise Rushing's organic farm in Lake County, California

Different Dreams

Google me and you might find
that I once sat behind a mahogany desk
In a corner office
with a view of the Bay
I decided things of importance, and thought myself so
awake.

Ah, but wisdom found my hiding places
haunting me with dreams of twisting buildings and tidal waves
and earth shifting, opening wide the ground
beneath my feet.

Now, I spread straw in the orchard.

I harvest snow peas and snap beans and sage,
and create fragrant, savory soup from fresh kale.
Squash and tomatoes fill my baskets in summer
I am as morning mist descends from our mountain
and white pelicans ride gossamer threads
above our waters
I make clay pots,
and pray amidst dancing trees, listening
deeply called
to heal the land
from a wildness within me that doesn't decide
anything,
yet knows what it means to be in this place,
enchanted and magical, loving.

At night, I dream
different dreams.