

Waves of understanding

A thought on truly listening to something important being said, to leave a space, not to fill it, to allow for understanding to evolve.

The essence of allowing for time between one another. Not as a void to be filled, but as the sea allows for the shore - within the necessary space where the water draws back to gather itself.

Let the story evolve. Stories are not meant to be told in a single, urgent breath. They need the rhythm of the tide. A story told, then the quiet ebb. A memory offered, then a patient flow, washing over the listener, not to drown, but to cleanse.

After the words, before the response, let the meaning soak in. Let it find the hidden cracks and nourish the life that grows within.

The challenge is to learn to sit in the retreating silence. To allow the wave of another's reminiscing to wash over you, and then to dwell in the glistening quiet it leaves behind. That is where the listening truly happens. Not in the rush to relate or reassure, but in the allowing.

The tide goes out, and you see the gleaming stones it has turned over. The tide comes in, and you feel the cool water rise over your toes and around your ankles, then the slightly unerring shifting movement of the sand beneath your feet.

Give it time. Allow it time. To absorb. To feel the weight. To measure what has been shared. Think not about what you will say next, but about what you have just heard. Listen for the echo after the sound. Feel for the imprint after the touch.

As the tide flows out, so it always returns. The gift lies in the space between, the quiet misty space where stories settle, forming their part of the ever-evolving landscape.

We are not two speakers, but two shores, shaped by one patient, mighty sea.