

"In a flash, out of the corner of my eye, the brightness of the moon caught my attention. I gazed upward and pointed... The moon resonated in my belly, and I felt something tingle from my finger up my arm and into my heart. I reflected on the entire planet and all the beings and how I was halfway around the globe. It felt the same in some way. Then it made me think, as my finger pointed, to not mistake the finger pointing at the moon for the moon."

Constance Casey, *Time for Awakening: A Memoir*, page 222