

Skip It

by Jon Lockyer Jan 2019

I was on holiday not so long ago
and saw a sign which read:

"Lake Skip It, 2 kilometres this way"

so I went 2 kilometres this way...

The lake's surface was glass-like and my desire to skip a stone on this name-sake lake was irresistible.

Looking down at my feet and there was the most beautifully perfect skipping stone...

This gorgeous stone was thin, circular, smooth and dark.

Simply perfect for the task.

So I picked up this stone that my gaze had become fixed upon,
steadied my stance, drew back my throwing arm, and gave Stone an almighty heave.

Ah, to skip a stone and make that skip last, and last...

Oh, how satisfying. Oh, what a blast!

The stone itself thought that this was just fabulous -
that I had set it free from its motionless state,
where I had found it to be.

Skimming across this glassy lake that I had set it upon.

It kept on a-skimming and a-skipping.

Touching down ever so briefly, ever so lightly, slightly.

And then in flight again...

I think, though I'm not sure, that I heard Stone whisper
"This is the life for me - Freedom, Freedom. I want a bit more,
I want to reach that distant shore."

Then, just as it was skimming out of sight

I'm sure I saw Stone do a sharp turn to the right.

And I was thinking to myself "...to its very own delight..."

Then a few days later, I got a strange sensation, a feeling,
and I had the thought: this stone was skipping still...

Well, to my amazement, my surprise, my disbelief and shock – this was confirmed just a day or so later when I got an email from said stone!

My gosh, you could have knocked my socks off when I realised who it was from.

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The stone that I had set free
- for that's what it felt like, to me -
has embodied a life of its own.
Nothing to do with me.
It's now totally free.
It's claimed its own liberation, and how it wants to be.

So Stone informed me that it was on a skipping holiday of Europe and having the most marvellously stone-expanding time. Simply skipping one day, and skimming the next... Stone had already skipped an ocean or two (and a few small seas) and was now informing me that it wants to skip the Camino Trail, but only wants to do the last hundred kilometres or so, so Stone still has time to see a few galleries and shows.

In the last email to me, Skipping tells me it's heard of a Museum of Skipping and Skimming Stones not far out of Helsinki - just a stone's throw away really - and is looking forward to visiting with much anticipation.

What a wonderful feeling of freedom to feel - to kiss the water's surface, then, once again, to sail through the air.
No constraints, not bound to the ground by motionless weight.
This two-step freedom has nothing to compare.

So, I can never really tell what my thoughts and actions might bring about, I guess that's true for all of us
in this wondrous world of possibilities and lakes,
where I just might find the most perfect thing at my feet.

To skim and to skip, to skip and to skim,
what a beautiful lightness of being to be.

What's that I see?
Is that a stone in the distance skipping towards me?