



# Soul Cycles

Personal & Collective Evolvement  
Alternative Healing  
Social Artistry

## The little Tumbler

There once was a monastery that was famous throughout the land for its beautiful tapestries, its fine illuminated manuscripts, its paintings, its weavings, its choir, its philosophical writings. Everyone living in that monastery was expert in some high art, except for one little fellow. This monk felt terrible inadequate because he couldn't do anything with such high art. This feeling went so deep in him that finally one day he said to himself, "I'll give to M'Lady, the holy Virgin Mary, what I can, for that is all I have." He had been a circus performer before coming to the monastery, and he was a tumbler.

Several days later, when all the other monks were up in the chapel participating in the high mass, the little monk went down into the crypt. He was such a nobody in the monastery that no one ever missed him or knew where he was. He found himself entirely alone in the crypt and began to perform his circus tumbling act before the statue of the Virgin.

This went on for some time, until one day another monk came down to the crypt to fetch candles and witnessed the strange scene. He was scandalized and immediately ran to the abbot. "Your Holiness, do you know what is going on in the crypt during high mass?" The abbot had some perception, and he told the monk that they would meet the following day and go down to the crypt to witness the scene.

The next day during the high mass the abbot and the informer left the sanctuary and went down to the crypt to see what was going on. Sure enough, there was the little monk doing his tumbling act before the statue of the virgin. The informer was by this time shaking with outrage, but the abbot hold him back and continued to watch. When the tumbling was over, M'Lady the Holy Virgin came down off the pedestal, held out her hand, and blessed the small monk for what he had done. The abbot turned to the informer and said, "More real worship goes on here than takes place upstairs."

It's told that the tumbler later became the next abbot of the monastery, ushering in a golden age.

*(from a medieval story)*