

IN LOVE IN LONDON

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I found my people. For two whole days this weekend, I floated among a land of fairies, free hugs, and free chocolate. People wore sparkles in their hair, turned an apology into a song if they bumped into you, and danced and skipped around the room, just for the sheer joy and pleasure of movement. It wasn't a dream, it was the [Mind Body Spirit Festival](#) in London. A gathering of hundreds of spiritual seekers, writers, musicians, dancers, natural healers, and lovers of human connection.

Sure, it sounds a little woo-woo. But is that so bad? How would our world transform if we allowed ourselves to believe in magic? If we ourselves sprinkled a little stardust as we move along in our lives? A perfect example of how simple that is to do was offered by the group [Global Love Letters](#). A little table with art supplies and stationery was set aside at the festival to write anonymous love letters. Sealed in an envelope and addressed, "Just for you," these letters were then dispersed throughout the venue to brighten a stranger's day.

I took mine with me—I figured people who were not at the festival needed its message more. I left it on the tube later that day, as I exited at one of the busiest stops. Glancing behind me as the train took off, I watched a curious man lunge for the letter; I smiled and hoped it would

bring him as much joy as it brought me to write it.

The festival also offered workshops and presentations covering a wide spectrum of topics. My favorite presentations took place inside the Love Dome. I listened to a talk by [Vena Ramphal](#) on the Kama Sutra (ladies only!) in which the British surprised me with their willingness to share, a talk on finding your soul mates (yes— we can have many, and some are only meant to last a moment in time) with [Elena Angel](#), and felt bathed in the electric motivational bath that was poet [Chris Paradox's](#) talk, “The Power of (Soul) Love.” Chris demonstrated with great enthusiasm how he likes to stop on the tube and declare, “Hellooooo Everyone! I am not a bum and I’m not here to sell anything but love. I’m just doing my part to break the social norm of being joyless on the tube!”

Love this guy, love this message— why *is* it that everyone has such an expressionless face upon stepping onto the train? Is it because we’re underground, that we all take on this dark and seedy new persona? What if we smiled and left behind love letters instead?

My experience at the festival would not be complete if I didn’t talk about two children that charmed their ways into my heart. One boy of thirteen held me captive with his warm and playful spirit. He eagerly shared that he wants to be a chocolatier, a pianist, and a magician when he grows up. He knows more about American shows and entertainers that I do, has graham crackers special-ordered from the US so he can make S’mores, and asked me rapid fire intelligent questions about my country— where he dreams of living someday— in between showing me magic tricks and inviting me to get (yet another) free chocolate sample with him.

The other child was a girl of about eight who was at the soul mate talk in the Love Dome. Courageously raising her hand she asked, “Can you be soul mates with yourself?” The speaker answered, “Absolutely! That’s the most important relationship we can have. Tell me, is there something you’d like to say to your soul mate?” The girl replied, “Yes, I’d like to

say never give up on yourself.” From the mouths of babes.

Another great quote from the weekend came up in a workshop for writers I attended with [Menna Van Praag](#): “Be yourself. Once you do, you’ll recognize the prison you’d kept yourself in before.”

Examples of people being themselves were witnessed all weekend long at the Mind Body Spirit festival, and the joy in the room could not be denied. So go ahead—dress like a fairy if that’s what you feel called to do. Be a chocolatier, a dancer, a dreamer.

Believe in magic.