

A seagull is captured in flight, its wings spread wide, against a backdrop of a sunset sky. The sky transitions from a pale blue at the top to a warm orange and yellow near the horizon, with scattered white clouds. The ocean below is a deep blue with gentle ripples. The overall mood is serene and peaceful.

WORDS FOR SEA SOULS

LET ME
TAKE YOU
TO
THE SEA

Pippa Best

A Year of Sea and Kindness

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction	01
January: beginning	02
February: pausing	04
March: compassion	05
April: joy	07
May: allowing	08
June: courage	09
July: releasing	10
August: being enough	11
September: resilience	12
October: believing	13
November: shining	14
December: reflecting	16

ABOUT

LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE SEA

In January 2021, in the midst of the pandemic, I launched a new offering at Sea Soul Blessings: **A Year of Sea and Kindness**, a monthly subscription for sea souls.

The past year had been deeply challenging. So many had felt overwhelmed, alone, and in need of supportive guidance.

I knew that the constant beauty and wisdom of the sea had the power to soothe and inspire us forward.

And that the ocean could provide that deeper connection to nature we had



craved during lockdown. Along with space to pause, to belong, and to explore what we truly wanted and needed.

My vision for A Year of Sea and Kindness was to create a monthly ocean-inspired selection of practices and gifts that offered hope and encouragement.

To provide mindful moments of calm and clarity, tools to build resilience and courage, and some ocean escapism - a way to visit the sea, wherever we were in the world.

So each month, I created and shared new postcard prints, filmed ocean meditations, and designed sea soul journals, screen saver kits, and other gifts from the sea to share. Simple tools to support us through whatever challenges the next year might bring.

I also wrote bimonthly love letters inspired by our monthly theme, and my time in and around the sea.

These letters offered practical guidance and encouragement,

along with stories from my daily life. But the *"let me take you to the sea"* section of the love letters was my favourite.

For these, I would call on the ocean to guide my words. Writing each short piece always transported me to the water. Most often, to the experience of swimming, but also, walking - and watching.

I let each *"let me take you to the sea"* take its own form. Sometimes prose, sometimes a poem. Sometimes just a few words.

I've collected those 12 pieces together here. Words for when you need to bring the ocean to mind.

Words that shift with the seasons, even as the sea is constant. Words that I hope evoke whatever wisdom the sea may have for you today.

There are always new lessons to share from the sea. I would love you to join us for our next shared ocean adventure: **The Sea Circle**.

JANUARY:

MAY YOU BEGIN



The morning is unforgiving grey. The smooth new surface of the promenade damp without a shimmer.

The sea - grey too - is bristling. Not yet fuelled by the coming storm, but holding a minor grudge.

Rainclouds sulk, echoing my mood. The dark pebbles of high tide still smarting: turning, turning, turning, unable to escape the water's reach.

As other swimmers come to look and leave - heading for the walls of the harbour, I wait. Watching the rocking horizon, timing the waves. Cold, but not going home.

Somewhere, I have already begun.

Waiting for a fellow sea soul. Another - like me - in need of an open water skirmish today.

Even as she arrives, I doubt our chances. But here we are, getting changed. The wind whipping our words away before they're spoken.

Half-undressed on the slipway, a wave surprises us, white embers of froth firing up the ramp towards our jumping feet.

Squawking back at the gulls, we hustle bags, boots and towels to safety. Then, flesh to the air, no time to spare. Hats on, goggles strapped, standing at the edge.

An entry point. More waiting. Colder now, but anticipating relief.

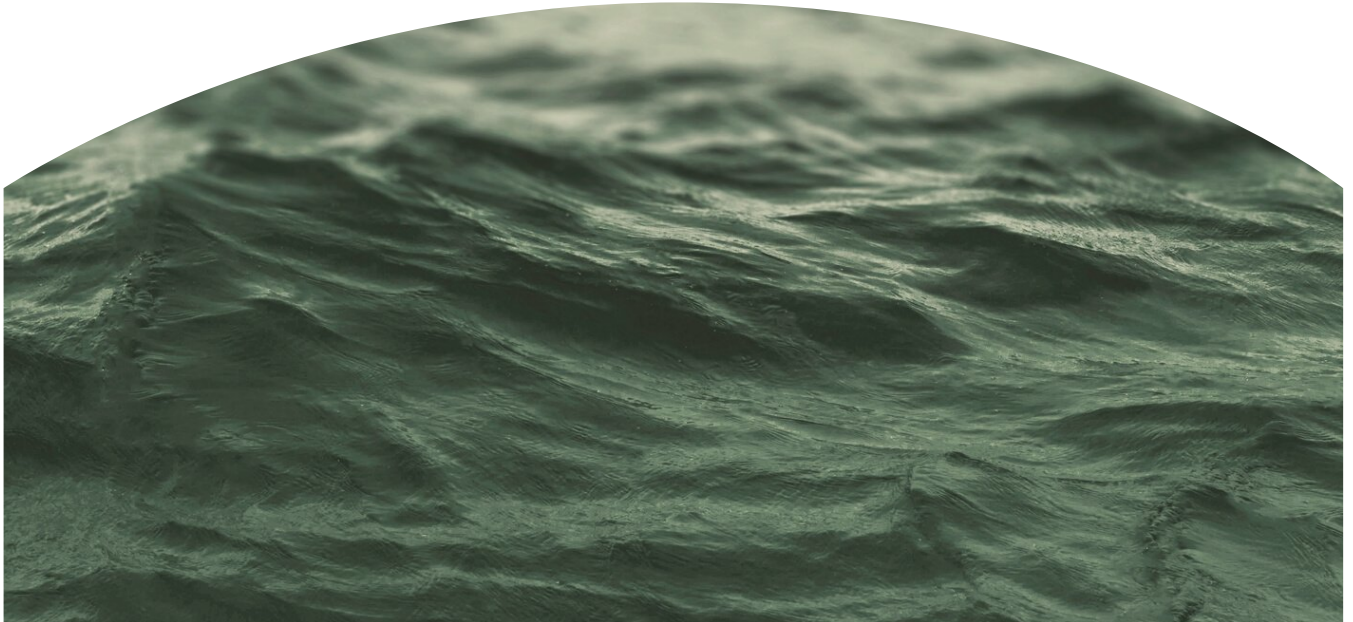
As a big wave passes through, we whisk ourselves in before the next.

Nothing to feel but the cold. Seaweed and murk.

Getting nowhere. Gulping salt on the turn. But pushing arms through water all the same.

And feeling strong. Brave. Free. A trail of tiny bubbles and thoughts no longer held so tightly popping behind us in the swell.

We are here now, in the movement and the life of it. Rolled by the sea into presence and acceptance. Alert to the sounds above the water, and the sounds below - a softer, deeper foreshadowing of the clatter of pebbles as another wave rolls in.



Grinning at each other now.

A hint of sun on the horizon,
its colour tinting the tips of
waves. Just a little wash of
gold. Enough hope.

It's a short swim.

Barely a swim.

But we made it in.

And we never regret it.

Getting out. More well-timed
whisking than a soft-poached
egg.

Duck-diving the big ones and
letting the suck of the sea hold
us in awe for a little longer.

Until the moment comes
when we can use the wave to
urge us towards shore.
Dancing an unsteady reel
between tide and keeling
pebbles.

And here we are on steady
ground. Elated.

Bending to pick up fishing line
and plastic. Red skin thrilling,
circulation singing. Numb feet
padding to the jostled bags
with the towels on top.

Still in my swim caps and
goggles, I pull on my bra, and
all the jumpers and the dress
at once. Coat scarf hat. The
bottom and the boots.

I drop the flask. Wiping the lid,
wiping my hands, trying again.
There it comes, there it
comes... the sweetest steam.

**Who knew that the sound of
the sea and hot tea poured
into a dented cup would
become one of life's greatest
pleasures?**

Looking back at the sea,
drinking our tea.

Reminding ourselves that we
were there.

And if we were there, we can
go anywhere.

We have already begun.

FEBRUARY:

MAY YOU PAUSE



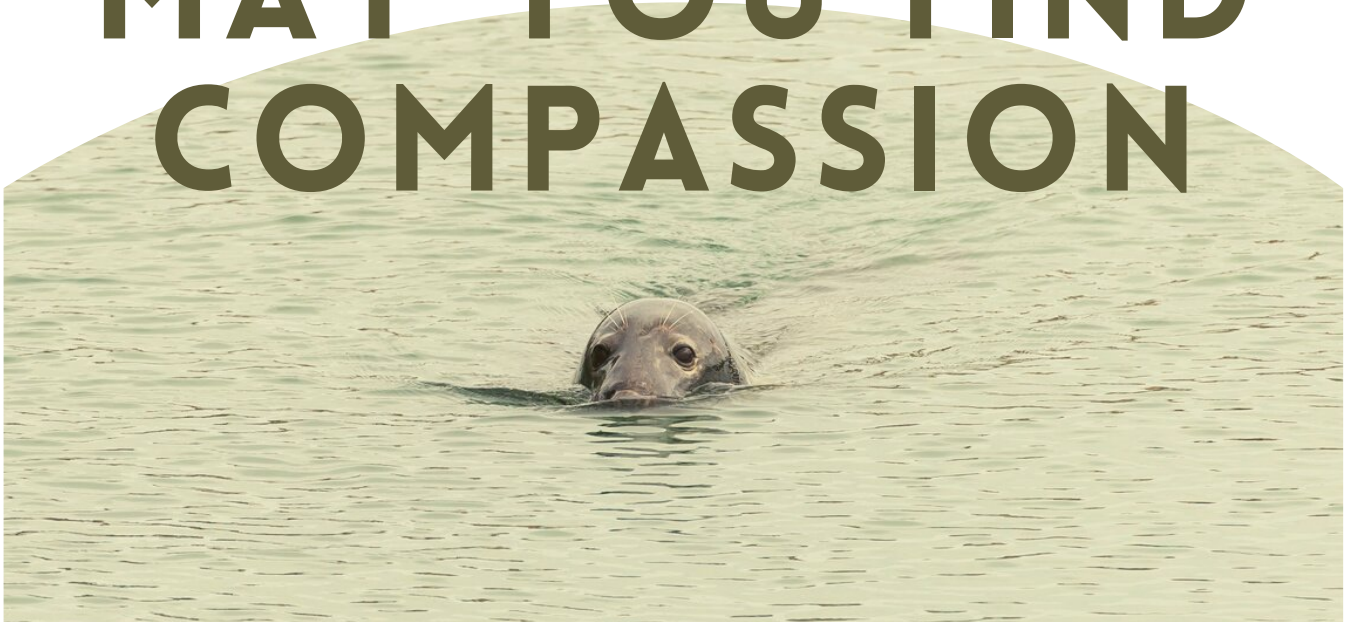
A breath between sets,
a duck dive below.
A lure to catch an instant
where everything slows.

Life beats counted
in waves and tides
As the sea holds me here
in fluid time.

Reeled into sky
and a blanket of foam
that wraps me in presence
and tumbles me home.

MARCH:

MAY YOU FIND COMPASSION



There is a cold wind. A seal.
Two seals. Three seals. Four.
Unusual to see so many in the
bay.

She and I are still on the shore,
words bobbing between us.
To go in, to go home. Go in, go
home

Wanting to please, wanting
her to be OK, wanting to know
the pulls of her tides today.

There is a wave, but it's small.
No reason not to get in.

*"I'm not bothered... but I'll go in
if you want to"* she says.

I watch the seagulls, black
checks marking answers
against the sky.

Do I want to? Do I need the
sea's release? Does she?

Questions and the cold wind.
And the seals. She had a seal
nibble her toes once. She had
boots on. No harm done.

But the seals. All four, bobbing,
watching. I say no. Let her go.

Leaving to walk home, I find I
can't. My feet still as the hewn
granite stone beneath me.

**Caught in a current of my
own. Listening to the silence
of my needs. Feeling for the
questions. Allowing the space.**

The sea is liquid metal, all
burnished elemental
shifting from silver to
weathered grey with the sun.

I lean against the railing as the
wind thrums it into life,
humming discord against my
skin.

The shining black bodies of the
seals disappearing,
reappearing.

I walk myself from the granite
to the pebbles. To the
shoreline.

Still unsure what it is that I
want, but knowing to give
myself time.

I count the seals.

I listen to the breakers turning
stones.

I feel disordered, incomplete, a
scattered beach.

Longing.

Four seals.

A peaking wave.



The white foam dressing the
pebbles.

Seagull checks against the sky.

The shining of a small black
head in the white shallows.

A pup.

In need, or curious? I worry
and I am thrilled to see her.

Yet the pup now marks a
border where I know I will not
go today, despite my longing.

I am longing not just for the
sea, but for something more
intangible.

**Her presence, so close,
reminds me that our sea is
theirs.**

That the communion I crave is
absent in so many of the ways
we claim nature for ourselves.

In our lines of thrumming
metal.

In the speed at which we
shatter granite.

In the cans and the deadly
fishing line and the needless
waste that I bend to retrieve,
over and over, as I watch her,
shining.

I will stay on land today.

But I will clear a space for her,
within me and without.

APRIL:

MAY YOU FIND JOY



I stand at the top of the steps,
frost crunching in the air, the
cold in my nostrils like the
sharp tang of a sucked mint.

Yet the morning sun beams
low across the water, warming
me from the knees up.

Stroking my belly, my arms, my
lower back. Lightly pressing
the lines from my forehead.

Whispering against my neck
the joy of being here.

My shoulders soften at its
touch. My breathing slows,
and I can listen.

Below me, the water sings to
the granite steps, its sound a
gurgling child thrown gently
up, in faith-filled delight of
open arms always catching.

Again, again.

And in between, a moment
when the audience quiets,
sensing the orchestra.

From here to the horizon, a
chorus line of silent
firecrackers pop in jubilation
at my entrance.

A thousand bright-winged
butterflies scatter in ripples as I
unfurl within the ocean.

Into the beauty beneath me,
beyond me,
within me.

Rolling undulating waves of
light and salt and sky and sea.

Flickers of sand eels sparking
silver, golden stones and
twirling kelp.

The sun's rocket trails rising
through the blue, flaming
surely towards the chapel
ceiling and passing onwards.

Lifted, always lifted.

I am joy. In a sea of it.

MAY:

MAY YOU ALLOW



The wind is high, pushing me
back up the slipway, whipping
my clothes from my hands.

I totter like a washing line as a
plastic bag skitters past,
chased by arms half out of
sleeves, my flighty hair shoved
into a swim-cap.

It's a delinquent wind, one that
hooks a witching laugh from
deep within me.

I squash the cackle. And
stagger in gusts to the sea,
ducking to escape the gale's
assault.

Stepping into the water, the
blows recede. But now, there's
a push to my knees. And
stretching out to swim, I meet
the current, stoked by the
gales and the incoming tide.

An organised resistance,
invisible but steady,
unrelenting, shoving me back.

Jostled and sprayed, I force my
arms through the swell.

Stuck, I see the same white
pebble beneath me. The same
view of the beach beside me.
Over and over.
Only the clouds scud on.

Back taut,
shoulders straining,
Kicking, kicking, kicking.

Slowly inching forward.
Barely past the pebble,
even as I push myself harder.

Grabbing a breath, and a cloud
as anchor, I see myself beyond
the glass: a cat fixed on an
aquarium.

Shifting attention from my
progress to my pleasure, I stop
pushing.

I let the laugh free.

**I allow the sea to test me, lead
me, take me to a dance.**

I find a soothing steadiness in
the thickness of the water.

In my allowing of its path,
diverging from mine.

And when I turn to swim back,
the current lifts me like that
scene in Dirty Dancing.

My stroke is the run, the jump,
the jubilant hold and glide.

Depositing me back onto the
beach. To be dried, cackling, by
the buffeting wind.

JUNE:

MAY YOU BE COURAGEOUS



I find an empty wool-darned nest beside the path as anxious skylarks call us away to the sculpted cairn.

Four rocks piled like unleavened bread, the peak scooped by a giant's spoon to make a seat.

Before I touch the brow of the hill, my son has climbed towards the bowl.

Salt stings my eyes as he flows over fear to reach the scoop, a tiny form silhouetted against the skylarks.

I make it half way before my own faith takes flight, convinced my body can't stretch to meet the child so far from his nest. I settle for a perch beside the impassable.

A gift. He comes to sit with me.

Shows me beauty you can see from here. Lets me rest in disappointment, even as my husband and my daughter sing of all the paths I could keep walking.

Two tunes to meet a sadness and name a love.

His soft awareness soothes me. To their bold call for persistence, he adds a faith in my parenting. And so I take a breath, stand, and let myself fall forward into the damp air between the stones. Trusting love to catch me.

For a fracture of a moment I lie straight across the void, my heart a blowfly bumping glass, stone cool against my slipping hands.

Smelling the water in the earth that shaped the rock. Tasting

the sea turning tides on my tongue. They are calling me on, yet all I hear is the rush of the ocean through my blood. As I push into the bones, the knees, the hips, hoping they will hold.

And then, I am up. Breathing through the nausea. Lowering myself into the top scoop with shaking legs. The children whoop. The larks ascend.

The stone holds me as my eyes clear and I realise I can see the sea.

A distant line of cloud and blue. Impossible to discern what is water and what is sky. Yet grounding me from afar, singing of distance and courage.

Calling the water from the earth through the rock to my bones, I sing back.

JULY:

MAY YOU RELEASE



I am lying on my back,
my knees tucked under my
chin:
a bobbing egg in the womb
of the ocean.

Speeding clouds dart beneath
a mackerel sky,
thin as smoke curls
against the vastness of the
blue.

Scooping racing thoughts
from my mind as they pass.
Wisps of white worries
chased by the gulls.

I feel the cold,
the depth of the ache
in my shoulders,
my grief, my joy.
The aliveness.

I let go of the need to hold on
and allow myself to be held.

**The more I soften into the sea,
the easier it is to float.**

A cormorant swoops overhead
and at last I release my knees,
stretch out my arms, unfurl
into a floating star.

I sense beyond my edges,
loosen all but
the essence.

My self expands.

This is my prayer of connection
of soul gratitude
to nature.

Becoming water
Becoming sea
Becoming love.

There is magic within us,
beyond the release.

AUGUST:

MAY YOU BE ENOUGH

Mizzle holds the sky like a waiting kiss.

Too tentative to call out even as water gives life to the air's salty lips.

Somewhere behind the brume, the sun is rising.

The faintest of tender tints edge the cloud and slip into the drizzle.

Fish lorries grumble, their rumble wrapped in a blanket of sleep.

Only gull calls slice the still morning. Beaks scraping silken sea for sprats.

The sea cannot call out but sits, weighted by the air. Barely moving, succumbing to the morning's lethargy.

Yet as my head dips below the water, the sea peels back its silkscreen print. To reveal a shade of emerald that stretches vast.

As if nature has leached its technicolor gloss into the ocean's paint-pot overnight.

Even when the sea lacks the energy to lift itself from the floor, there is colour to be found within.

Home is the place where the ocean sings, and the sea's embrace is cool but clear.

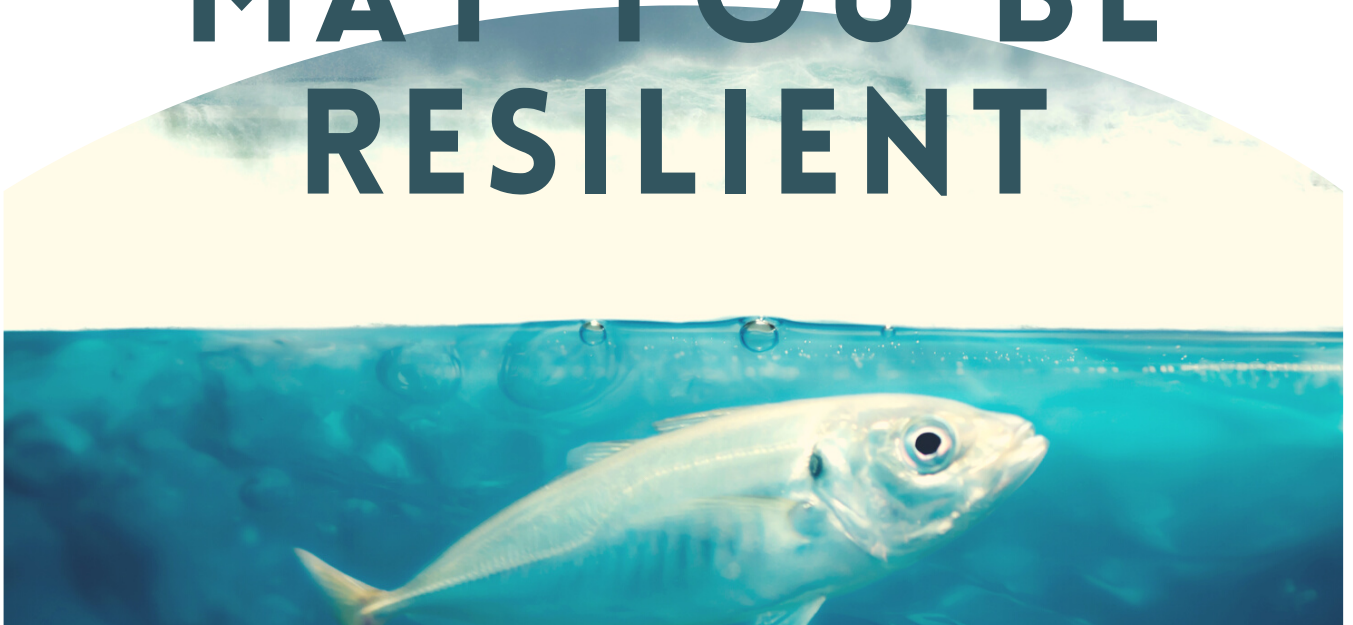
Here is the space where trust begins, with the truths of your soul held dear, my dear.

So dance with the sea, with the green and the grey. With the mist and the murk of the morning.

We'll strum the tune of the cloudier days, while the colour within is dawning.

SEPTEMBER:

MAY YOU BE RESILIENT



The sea hears the groans
of your bones,
and offers you a fish
that darts ahead
like smoothly palmed silver
to remind you,
you are mercury.

She tastes your
weakening will,
and stripes your skin
with tiger light.

She unrolls a mountain range
below you
to remind you,
you are wild.

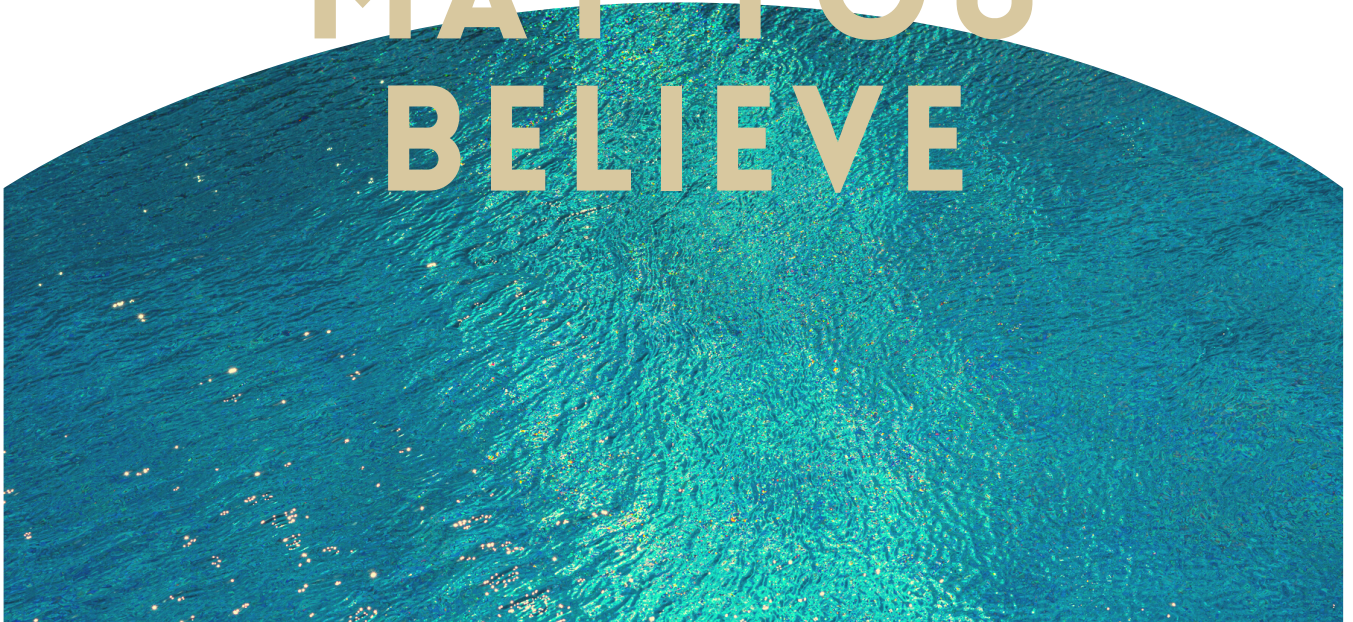
She holds the truths
of your doubts,
and throws you the sun
on a gleaming tray.
Catching a sky
that shudders colour,
she reminds you,
you are new.

She lifts you
in a cool caress
that pulls you onwards,
ever-blue.

Her resilient pulse
counts time with the moon,
'til the thud of
your anxious heart
attunes.
You are mercury
You are wild
You are new.

OCTOBER:

MAY YOU BELIEVE



Believe
in the distant gleam,
the felt sense,
the almost seen.

Not the headline
or the strip light
or the concrete
or the should.

But the yearning
and the hoping,
the hankering
and the pull.

The catchers' call,
a heart's response
to the tugging of
the sea.

Not the hating
or the faking
or the blaming
or the shame.

But the glimpse of blue
beyond the known,
the shaky-lined horizon.
The softening
and the brightening
of a sea mist clearing on.

Not the absence
but the tides' return.

Not the surface
but the swell.

The curlew that keeps calling
for the day that breaks
behind the cloud.

In the distant gleam,
the felt sense,
the almost seen.
Believe.

NOVEMBER:

MAY YOU SHINE



The headland sags under the weight of November cloud.

Distant smoke hangs, thickening, in the air. A damp autumn fire in a steep garden.

The tide is low, banked with mulching clumps of seaweed, its sticky colours picked through by turnstones seeking a salty breakfast.

Rocks crusted with red-brown kelp cling to life. As the jutting neck of a grey heron silently announces his stillness.

A few elegant steps, and he dips to pick a passing fish, before being sketched back into the rockweed.

Nothing but a gasp of white, and a memory of movement.

Above the tideline, a faceless flat exhibit of rounded pebbles and grubby sand. Each pebble smoothed and darkened several shades by the sea.

I stop to examine one, black with damp.

In the centre of the stone, there is a pale circle. As if an invisible warmth were drying the stone from within.

The light is coming, somewhere beyond.

A small section of the headland is touched by a sun I cannot see - a thin gold band on a dark finger of peninsula.

Here, the green of the field tints orange, reflecting faint amber on the rocks that touch the sea below.

A rich seam of gold scopes slowly along the coast: a silent spotlight guiding morning light to flame from windows. It makes tiny beacons of the houses stacked up like so many painted bricks upon bricks.

I walk into the water, steady despite the cold, slipping soundlessly into the shallow grey.

Maybe I am channelling the heron's shadowless presence under a husky sky.

Or maybe I am a wisp of myself today.

And I am calling the sea to give me shape.



There is a dispersing lightness
that feels true in the water.

Both a sinking and a lifting.

**As my self softens into liquid,
the water gives my body
solidity, and reminds me I am
here.**

A physical presence in the silt.

I am here in the beauty of the
silver grey.

In the ripples that embrace my
wholeness and travel far
beyond.

In the heron's angled beak,
and the turnstone's white
underbelly.

In the mulching of the
seaweed and the pebble's
changing shades.

I am here in the golden light
that sweeps the coastline
seeking beauty.

In the glass windows made
from sand that catch the light
and shine it on.

I am here.

In the sea, I claim my part in a
bigger truth.

And the sun breaks, bright and
open, reaching in from the
horizon.

I watch air laced into water
and released from foaming
tips of waves.

As my hands touch sand
beneath me in the shallows.

Guided back to shore by the
sea, I stand, lit from behind.

A light so bright that at first it
eclipses me from view.

And then, with squinting eyes,
shapes me into being.

Black and solid as rock against
the sea, my edges ablaze,
warmed from within.

DECEMBER:

MAY YOU REFLECT



When I'm quiet
by the sea,
she whispers
salty truths to me.



Pippa Best

LET ME TAKE YOU TO MEET PIPPA...

Hi, I'm Pippa. When I started sea swimming all year round near my home in Cornwall, it changed my life in every way - mentally, physically, and spiritually. It even altered the course of my career, inspiring me to set up Sea Soul Blessings.

In addition to being a passionate sea lover and ocean advocate, I've supported writers and directors in my work as a film and TV script consultant for over 20 years. For the last 10, I've also run a creative retreat and coaching business supporting women to bring more rest, joy and fulfilment into their lives, even when that feels impossible.

At Sea Soul Blessings, I explore the power of nature connection and "blue mind" through mindful ocean products and experiences.



Sea Soul Blessings

LET ME TAKE YOU TO SEA SOUL BLESSINGS...

Each month's ocean theme in "Let Me Take You To The Sea" - was inspired by the original Sea Soul Blessings' cards and book.

Each of the 51 Sea Soul Blessing cards carries an encouraging ocean blessing such as "may you begin", with a guidebook to explore its meaning further.

Use their inspiring affirmations and mindful prompts to deepen life's celebrations and rituals, as tools to support your meditation and yoga practice, as prompts for discussions and therapeutic work, or simply to practice being kind to yourself.

Sea Soul Blessings awaken your blue mind and empower you to make gentle positive changes. Used regularly, they transform not just your mood, but your entire life's journey.



The Sea Circle

LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE SEA CIRCLE...

The Sea Circle is our next shared adventure: a new monthly subscription for sea souls and ocean hearts.

A soothing space in which to deepen your relationship with the sea through meditation, self compassion, nature connection, journaling and other mindful practices.

There will be ocean inspiration and gifts by mail. Along with encouraging sea treats and evocative words by email.

We'll also share regular online 'ocean retreats' that bring us together to connect to the sea within.

Circling the sea, we'll tend to our deepest needs, connect to our inner knowing, and expand our capacity to live the life we most want to lead. As close to the sea as possible...

FIND OUT MORE

at seasoulblessings.com