

Lucia's Light



Photo: Mark Stüttler

Rainbows for our Heads

Curious and a little excited, I sat there with closed eyes, both arms resting on the plush, soft recliner. My head nestled into its wide backrest as if it were bedded on a small pillow.

The first seconds under the Lucia lamp were like entering a dark theater: silence, expectation, closed eyes. Then the light began to flicker white and golden before my mind's eye, and the next moment, a universe exploded behind my eyelids.

At first, it was just gentle waves of sun colors in the white light: yellow, orange, and red, like rainbows after a summer shower. But then, as if someone had turned a cosmic dial, the rainbows began to dance. Violet spirals whirled through golden threads, and emerald green lightning bolts flashed through ruby-red mists.

Rainbows are dancing in my head, I thought, and that was precisely it. Not ordinary arches that stand still in the sky after a summer rain, but wild, living storms of color, dancing in fractal patterns and turning my mind into a kaleidoscope. For a moment, it took my breath away, and I thought about pulling the eye mask over my head that I had been given as a precaution.

Would the rapid change of forms and colors overwhelm me?

A few moments later, I had forgotten this thought and all the other worries of everyday life.

Without me noticing, my arms had stretched wide open into the air, to let the colorful storms of my head come to rest deep in my heart. My fingers pulsed almost weightlessly in the space, as if carried by an invisible hand, and every slightest movement, every breath, was a colorful delight expanding into infinity.

Time lost its meaning. Was it minutes or seconds?

The light pulsed to the rhythm of my heartbeat, and with every beat, new patterns emerged: mandalas of pure light, blue-shimmering cathedrals of crystalline colors. Gardens of light full of phosphorescent blossoms appeared and disappeared in the color storms of the dancing rainbows, which flooded my entire body down to my fingertips.

Finally, I forgot even this spectacle, as unnoticed and suddenly this silence was there, in which all rainbows merged into a single, radiant white. Calm, clarity, and peace filled me, and I could have continued sitting in this state for eternities, when I noticed that the light of the lamp had already disappeared, and my rainbow journey in the light of the Lucia lamp had come to an end.

I opened my eyes. The room around me was the same, but I was different: calmer and clearer. My body felt as if I had just returned from a week-long meditation retreat. With every step, I felt grounded and floating. Each of my movements was gliding and flowing, and so I stepped joyfully through the room. The world around me was the same and yet completely different.

The colors around me have become more alive, or perhaps I have just learned that there are dimensions of color that exist within us and only wait to be brought to life.

I take a sip of water, and the thought comes to me: Lucia's light lets rainbows dance the head empty, until the path to the heart is clear. Even if the glow of the lamp, like the sand mandalas of the monks, has disappeared, you can still feel how the colors of life shine within you.

Lucia shines, that is reality and metaphor, and a reminder of what becomes possible when rainbows paint in our hearts and light and consciousness meet.

Mag. Dr. Lucas Pawlik

Aug 26th 2025