

Seven Steps To Soul

A Poetic Journey of Spiritual Awakening



By

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To the one who is dying, soon to be reborn.

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THE FIRST STEP

Childhood ~ A Life Begins and Soon Forgets

The seven sections of this book represent seven processes that align us with our Soul. When our Soul enters our body at birth we forget most of our greater Self, but our inner child holds that secret for us until we are ready to remember. But why do we forget? Most of us are taught to forget by the people in our world that no longer remember. And, often, we forget because of painful events that are too great for a child to bear. In the process of that forgetting we lose the happy memories as well. We also forget because our emotional reactions to the world around us blur our memory and interrupt our connection to the portion of ourselves that remembers. Therefore, we must learn to hear, express, and release our emotions without judgment or criticism. This process often takes years because most of us have learned in our childhood that it is not safe to be completely open and honest ~ with others or ourselves. We must learn to NOT judge our emotional reactions or we will not feel safe enough to bring them to the surface.

THE SECOND STEP

Emotions ~ Healing the Pain

Often the first emotions that we finally allow ourselves to realize and express are painful ones because they are the memories that we pushed away in our early life. It is not until we can balance these painful emotions with emotions of comfort and happiness that we can find peace. This peace, of course, is fleeting because there is always a new catalyst to react to. But, if we can clear our past, we can experience each moment in a clear and present way. Then, we will not be as buffeted about by the challenges of everyday life.

THE THIRD STEP

Thoughts ~ Learning to Think from Within

Once we have gained the ability to experience our emotions and not repress them, or become trapped in them, we find that our thoughts often push us back into negativity. Then we must allow ourselves to again listen, listen to our Self. When we were trapped in, or repressing, our emotions it was impossible to hear our thoughts. But, when our emotional body has calmed, our thoughts come to our attention. Can we choose our thoughts or are they our jailer who thrusts our daily portion before us without asking our opinion? Only when we can listen to the still small voice within can we discriminate between the thoughts that are ours and the thoughts that we have learned, or taken on, from others.

THE FOURTH STEP

Relationships ~ Learning to Love Ourselves, Others, and the Planet

Relationships are that which allows us to learn about love and the healing power that it holds. However, whatever conflict we hold inside ourselves will be mirrored out to the relationships around us. If we can learn to love ourselves, then we can forgive our past and create a new future. Only in loving ourselves can we allow ourselves to trust enough to freely love another. When we have truly permitted love into our hearts and lives we can realize that each of us is a portion of a greater whole. This whole is our planet. If we do not love our planet, we are not being loving to our people for we won't be creating a safe place for them to live. Once our hearts are filled with love, our sphere of concern widens and a responsibility to all life grows. This responsibility to all life is the dominion of the Goddess.

The Goddess is the beacon of power of love. This power of love is an energy field and it is not limited to women or even to humans. The power of the Goddess finds our mates, bears our children, and holds our families together. The Goddess nurtures, heals, and grows our seeds of our creativity into manifestation. Men may also live the power of the Goddess, and more of them are doing so every day. Balancing of the God and Goddess within us which allows us to create and maintain relationships that are co-operative and peaceful.

THE FIFTH STEP

Creativity ~ Becoming a Vessel of Light

When love has healed our past and calmed our thoughts and emotions, renewed hope often enters our awareness. Creativity can then enter our life and we can begin to free the shackles of limitation that were taken on during a life of separation ~ separation from the awareness of our true Self. If we can open up our hearts and minds, we can allow the light of a new beginning to take root in our consciousness and fill us with the light of our creative potential. However, first we must confront our fear of judgment, from others and from ourselves, so that we can be the vessel of light that was always our Destiny. But to do that we must change, and, in order to change, we must face the unknown.

THE SIXTH STEP

Imagination ~ The Joining of Worlds

Imagination is that portion of us that is childlike. It isn't real. Or is it? Could it be that our imagination is a powerful tool that we can use to mold our dreams into a future ~ into a NOW? If we can take the risk to enter the unknown, we may find that we are so important that our imagination is the thread that ties us to our Soul and hence to all of life. Through our imagination we can create a portal between our outer world and the rich inner worlds of Soul where everything is possible ~ if only we can imagine. And, we are our own gatekeepers.

THE SEVENTH STEP

Freedom ~ Living in Surrender

At first, Soul may seem far away and separate from our everyday life. But, once our imagination has paved a path and initiated a communication with our Self, we can begin to bring our Soul into our mundane world. This bringing in of the energy and guidance of our Soul is best accomplished if we can totally surrendering to it. Our Soul is the portion of us that our inner child never forgot. Can we believe as adults what we knew as children? Can we believe that we deserve our Soul's presence in our daily life and allow it to work within and through us? Can we accept the guidance that our Soul constantly and consistently offers?

There are many questions to be asked. To find our own answers we must go inside ~ inside ourselves. The answers may change with every quest. It is this search that makes up our life.

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CREATING YOUR SPECIAL PLACE

Before you begin reading this book, decide where your special place is and also find a time when you can be alone and undisturbed. Try to return to that place, as often as possible, at the same time. Your special place can also be used for other purposes and no one else need know that that is your “spot”. Create an environment in your place where you feel comfortable and surround yourself with some of your favorite objects that represent you.

As you return to your place in a rhythmic basis you will begin to feel a love vibration build in that area. Eventually, you or anyone who sits there, will feel instantly relaxed and comforted when you sit down. You may want to bring a warm drink, such as hot tea or coffee, to nurture yourself as you read, listen to music, and listen to your Self.

A WAY TO USE THIS BOOK

This book could be used as a series of guided meditations or for the pleasure of reading poetry. If you wish to use the book as a guided daily meditation, each passage is short so that it won't take too much time from your schedule. Upon reading the message for that day, close your eyes and allow your Self to speak to you. Then write a few words about that day's message and what you experienced when you went inside to listen to your Self.

Writing in third person, past tense, often fools your unconscious into releasing more information. For example, instead of writing, "I am feeling sad," write, "She was feeling sad." Your unconscious then believes that you are writing about someone else in a time that is now passed and is more likely to reveal information that you have not been aware of.

Some people may be more moved to draw a picture, play an instrument, or move their bodies. What is important is that you ground the communication from your Self with your creative force. Then you can begin to integrate your higher Self into your everyday personality.

At first, and periodically throughout your process, your Self may reveal uncomfortable thoughts and feelings that have become buried in your unconscious. When this occurs, express them through your creativity so that they can be felt and released. No matter how far one travels on their path of Self-discovery, there always appears to be more negativity to be released. As we gain more contact with our Soul, we also gain more strength and courage to uncover the pain that has lain hidden within for longer than we can imagine.

Each section begins with the expression of these uncomfortable thoughts and feelings. Allow yourself to coax your unconscious to release its pain so that you will be clear enough to receive communication from your Soul.

FINDING BALANCE

Although a woman writes this book, it is not just for women. However, it is a book for those in search of their inner life. This search calls upon the reader to connect with their feminine qualities, the qualities of the Goddess. In today's world, women have gone more and more into the world to find their masculine self and now men are going into themselves to find their feminine self. The result will be balanced humans who can live in the completeness of their own masculine and feminine expressions.

Our Soul resonates to the Spirit world, which is free of all polarities, including male and female. As we each seek to find, unite with, and surrender to our Souls, we too will become balanced and free of polarities and the judgments that they hold. Then, we will no longer be a person with a Soul, but a Soul with a person. And, as the Soul can fully step into the person, a new life will commence.

We live in a time of great change where the opportunity and necessity for personal transformation is paramount. As each of us goes inside and prepares a space for our Souls to enter, we become a beacon to shine on all that come into our sphere and a magnet which raises the consciousness of those around us.



WHERE IS HOME?

There are still many of us who cannot remember
who we are.
We have worn our earthen bodies for so many eons
that we believe we are only physical and that
we are limited to these clay forms until we “die”.

According to the law of free will,
as long as we choose to believe in the illusion of
limitation and separation of the third dimension,
that is our only “conscious” experience.

When the reality of our higher dimensional self
became “unconscious”,
we forgot that Earth was a schoolroom.
We forgot that we came here to learn how to be conscious creators
through the process of third dimensional experiences.

However, even though we lost the memory of
our true selves and our reason for coming to this planet,
we kept our higher dimensional powers of manifestation,
at least for a while.

All manifestations start a circular path
that eventually returns to the sender.
Therefore, it was dangerous to use our higher dimensional power
from only a third dimensional consciousness
because we did not retain the higher wisdom and love
to balance our power.

Fortunately, once we misused our power,
we began to lose it.
Then we really were “only physical”.

As the collective consciousness of Earth continued to drop,
we plummeted deeper and deeper into forgetfulness.
Before we knew it, we were enmeshed
in the illusions of planet Earth.

Until the collective consciousness of Earth had again risen
to a level where it would be possible to recognize

messages from the higher dimensions,
it would be difficult for us to return to the
awareness of our true multidimensional selves.

Earth had so fallen into fear and superstition
that most communications
between higher dimensional beings and those on Earth
were greatly misunderstood or distorted.

And so we waited!

Sometimes we hated the wait
and sometimes we loved it.

We learned that if we forgot about
our higher dimensional Home
and the part of us that resided there,
we weren't so lonely.

Therefore, most of us forgot.

Until...

When we would least expect it,
as if in a dream,
we would remember something~
a feeling,
a brief picture,
a certain color
or sound.

Then we would become very, very lonely.
We would want to go Home.
But we couldn't remember where Home was.

We only knew that is wasn't here.
We only knew that we didn't fit and

we didn't want to.

THE FIRST STEP



CHILDHOOD

Childhood

A Life Begins and Soon Forgets

She saw the first step before her. It seemed very familiar, like something from her childhood. Yes, that was it; this was the first step on the staircase that lead to her Grandmother's house. Something had happened by these stairs because for years and years she had a recurring dream. In this dream, she was lost. She had wandered around trying to find her way until, at last, she could go no further. Then, she would see the stairs leading to Grandma's front porch. But did she climb them? No! Instead, she lay down on the sloping lawn next to the stairway and went to sleep—went to sleep in her dream. Why she never climbed the stairs to receive from her Grandmother the comfort she needed, she did not know.

Perhaps, she wasn't ready yet.

Remembering Childhood

BEING DIFFERENT

A long time ago,
in a life that no longer exists,
there was a child.

The small child was different.
She was different from her parents,
different from her friends,
and different from her Self.
She spoke to others that no one else
could see or hear.

Her parents were very kind and
would not dream of reprimanding her.
But they worried,
perhaps she had an illness.

Yet, she was a great help.
Around her,
the cows gave more milk,
the chickens laid more eggs,
and the crops grew
faster and taller.

But still - she didn't "fit".

She was lonely,
so lonely that her parents
could feel it when they were near her.

Not that she complained.
No, in fact, she appeared quite happy.
But yet, always, somehow lonely.

Perhaps she wanted to go HOME

CHILDHOOD

The small child longed to go Home,
but she did not know the way.

She could remember the sights
and sounds of Home and
she could remember her wonderful friends.

She was lonely here,
in this strange and barren land.
She longed so to experience all that was Home ~
True Love,
Complete Acceptance,
Divine Beauty, and
Total Union with all life.

Here she felt separate.
There were great walls dividing
each portion of life.
And there was a smaller wall around her.

When she first came to this place
she was afraid.
She did not understand these
strange people or their strange ways.

Flowers, trees, and animals
did not speak to her.
And if she tried to speak to them,
others laughed.

Therefore, she began to build
a wall around herself.
With every laugh and
every condemning thought,
a new brick was laid.

She could no longer speak to her
plant and animal friends,
no matter how hard she tried.

The wall became so heavy and high that
she could barely see the sun
or feel the breeze
or view the world around her.

She was alone inside her wall,
alone and afraid.

One day, when the sun was invisible
and the breeze nonexistent,
she decided that it was time
for the wall to come down.

Even if they laughed,
she could feel the sun.
Even if they condemned her,
she could see the flowers.

So she began.
At first, it was very difficult.
The bricks were cemented fast,
and it took great effort to
remove even one.

However, the bricks were
somehow connected and
as one was released
the others were weakened.
With the release of each brick,
the process became easier and easier.

As the wall became smaller
the sun became brighter
and the breeze more refreshing.

She had forgotten that
the world was pretty after all.

She had not realized that
for every one who laughed at her ~
there was someone else who cared.

She had not realized that ~

if she ignored the ridicule of others,
she could then hear the plants and animals
hungrily returning her call.

As she gained the courage
to begin removing her wall,
she gained the courage to face
that which was behind it.

Eventually, the wall
seemed very small.
Or, perhaps she had grown.

It had seemed that,
as she removed each brick,
she had grown taller.

She wasn't sure of this, of course.
It had just seemed that way.

In fact, she wasn't sure of much.
She only knew that life was better.

She did not know what would happen
when all the bricks were gone.

But she did know
that fear had built the wall
and only LOVE
could totally remove it!

THE JOURNEY

Once upon a time
a monkey crawled up into his tree.

From the top of his tree
he could see very far
across the landscape.

Now, this monkey was not too bright
so he believed that the land below only existed
when he viewed it from the top of his tree.

For every time he went to the ground,
instead of seeing a vast vista
with many trees and wide open spaces,
all he saw was a small speck of land
that was surrounded
by many other trees like his own.

Day by day, his frustration grew.

He so wanted to experience
that vast space and freedom
in a personal way.

But again,
as soon as he climbed down,
it was gone.

Such a mystery.
How could something be one way
from the top of his tree
and another way from the bottom of it?

His obsession grew until one day
he knew he had to travel to
the wise monkey in the banyan tree
to learn the truth of his dilemma.

Many days and may nights,
he traveled from tree to tree

and across the wide plains,
in search of his advisor.

Finally, when he reached him he asked,
“Oh, Holy Monkey, why is it
that the world looks one way
from the top of my tree
and another way
from the bottom of it?”

The Holy Monkey scratched his chin
and appeared to ponder this question
for a long time.

Finally, he turned to the monkey and said,
“My dear young friend, how is it
that you came to this distant place?”

“Well, sir,” replied the monkey,
“I traveled along the top of the trees
and ran across the wide plains.”

“Tell me then,” asked the mentor.
“Did the world appear different
from the top to the bottom
when you traveled here?”

“Why, I’m not sure,” replied the monkey.
“I was so intent upon my journey
that I forgot to look.”

Taking Childhood's Gift

POWER

Once upon a time there was a mouse that was very frightened. He was so small that everything seemed bigger and stronger than he. Because he was so small, he felt that he had no wisdom. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth because wisdom has no size. But, the mouse was afraid and it was difficult to feel wise when afraid. And since he believed he had no wisdom, he thought he had no power. Worst of all, because he thought he had no power, he felt he had no love. As one could well imagine, life was very difficult for this mouse.

One day, as the mouse was going about his “miserable” life, he happened upon a young child who lived in the house with him. Now, this child was also little, but she seemed very big to the mouse. The child was eating a cookie and offered the mouse a piece. The child did not know what this creature was. She only thought it was a cute, furry friend.

Now, because of the mouse's other problems, he was also very hungry. At first, he was far too frightened to come close enough to even get a crumb. However, finally, his hunger won out. He ran to get the crumb, put it in his mouth and began to run away. But the crying of the child stopped him. Confused by this unusual sound, the mouse turned around and realized that someone so wanted him that they would cry if he left. For the first time in his life, the mouse felt what might have been love. He wasn't sure, however, as he had never experienced love before.

Well, the mouse and the child became very good friends and, more and more, the mouse felt loved. As he felt loved, he began to believe that perhaps he could be wise. After all, he had made a human friend who even fed him. He became less afraid and grew to trust that someone cared about him and thought of him as a friend.

Still, he realized that he couldn't be TOO powerful. After all, he was only a mouse.

Until one day...

On this day he was on his way to see his friend when who should he see instead but the child's parents. The parents had put the child in another room. The only way the mouse could get to her was to go past the parents. Much to the mouse's surprise he didn't even think about the food and he didn't even think about his fear of the parents. Instead, he thought about how sad the child

would be if she couldn't see him—her friend. In his concern for her, the mouse went right across the room. He didn't run in fear. He didn't hide in corners. He just calmly walked across the floor and into the next room.

Now, maybe it was because the room was dimly lit. And maybe it was because no one expected to see a mouse calmly walking across the floor. But no one saw the mouse except, of course, the child. When the mouse saw his friend, he realized how brave he had been. For a moment he was afraid.

“How could I, a small mouse, be so brave and powerful?”

But, because he was loved, the mouse was wise enough to know that power has nothing to do with size.

POWER is the ability to care about someone else more than you care about yourself.

THE PENNY

The small child was very excited that he had found a penny. The adults smiled because they knew that a penny was not worth much. But the child did not know that. He was as proud of his find as an adult may have been of a hundred-dollar bill. Every day he polished his penny and returned it dutifully to his pocket. Some days he had no pocket so he carried it in his shoe. But always he carried it.

It became a talisman ~ an omen. He knew that it meant that something special would come to him. It even made him believe that he was something special ~ special because HE had discovered the penny. The adults thought he was being "cute".

Until IT began...

No one could say when it began or even how, but slowly—very slowly, the penny began to glow. At first, everyone thought it was because the child polished it so much. But, gradually, it became evident that no ordinary penny could glow like that, no matter how carefully it was polished. And furthermore, the glow began to change. Some days it was gold, other days it was blue or orange and sometimes, the colors flickered in and out like rays of the rainbow.

Everyone was surprised and shocked, except for the child. He had known all along that the penny was special and that he was special for finding it. Unfortunately, life being as it is, someone (and we won't say who) coveted this penny so much that they sought to steal it from the child.

One night, when the child was sleeping, the culprit crept into his room, took the glowing penny away, and put it in THEIR pocket. However, that night the child had a dream. In the dream a wise old man came to him and said,

"Someone seeks what you have and will steal it from you while you sleep."

"No, no!" cried the child. "That cannot be! I need that penny!"

"Oh, no, my child you are very wrong. You see, the penny is just an ordinary penny and you made it special because ~ YOU are special! The glow comes, not from the penny, but from you. The penny was just something that you could cherish outside of yourself because you did not yet know your own inner worth. The penny is gone now because you no longer need it."

"But I DO need that penny."

“Here,” replied the kindly man. “take this one. This is a penny that came from inside of you and is the symbol of your inner self-worth”

“But it is only a penny! It can't be worth much!” said the boy.

“Only a penny? Have you been listening to others instead of to yourself? Even the largest tree grows from a small seed. If the seed is loved and nurtured from the very start, the tree will grow healthy and tall. This penny is like your seed. It is a special penny because it is YOURS.”

The child awoke with only the memory of a tree. He grabbed the penny from its “sleeping place” and went about his day.

Now, the one who stole the penny was riddled with guilt and could not understand how it was that the child was not upset. Finally, the guilty party said,

“How is your penny today?”

The child smiled and reached into his pocket. He pulled out the glow that was stronger than ever. It was so strong that no one could see a penny through it. At once, the wily adult ran to the stolen penny to see what could have happened.

There the penny was, but alas, WITHOUT the glow!

The voice of Guilt whispered into the culprit's ear,

“You see? You can steal someone's penny,
but you can't steal someone's GLOW!”

THE PRESENT

The small child very much wanted the
brightly wrapped present.
But somehow she felt she didn't deserve it.

Each time it was given to her
she retreated in shyness and lowered her eyes.

How could that lovely prize be hers?
How could she accept it?

"Just take it," came a kindly voice.
"There are others who know more than you.
Even though you cannot see
all that has brought this to you,
know that it is yours."

The child did not understand.
But she trusted the kindly voice and
timidly reached for her prize.

But, as she touched it,
it disappeared.

"Where has it gone?"
cried the child.

"Why, it is yours now,"
said the voice.

"It is no longer something
that you must reach for.
It is something now,
which you must own."

Growing Up

LIMITATIONS

Once there was a small child
who played quietly
in her grandmother's backyard.

To others it looked
as though she were alone.

But, to the child,
LIFE was her companion.

Many friends gathered about her
and taught her.

They taught her how an ant
crawls in and out of its hole.

They taught her how a flower
finds the sun with its petals,

and how the bees
can find the flowers.

They were her friends.

These friends could
take her anywhere,
show her anything.

They had no limitations.

But then she found out that
THEY weren't real.

They were
“just her imagination”.

Then she was alone.
She had grown up.

THE QUESTION

“Now can you remember?
Now can you recall?

The times when you were lonely
and knew not whom to call.

You went INSIDE to find a friend,
one whom you knew could hear.

For deep inside was nice to run,
a place to hide your fear.

But no matter how you waited,
the time would someday come.

To go into the world and
face what you'd run from.

Can you use what you had gained inside
to help all those around you?

Can you hold within your heart so deep
the Life you've known as true?

Are you ready to grow up now
and leave the child inside
to face the world around you
with dignity and pride?

Are you an adult or a child?”

“Can't I be both?”

Yes,
but not at the same time!”

CHANGE

Once there was a baby bird.
He could not fly nor feed himself.
Helpless, he lay in the nest and
waited for his parents
to bring him nourishment.

Because the bird was so dependent
he grew to worship those who cared for him.
After all, without them, he would die.

However, over time,
the bird began to change.
The fluff on his body began to drop away
and something else took its place.

Of course, when the bird
began to lose his fluff
he became very worried.

“What is this ‘something else’?
What if this ‘something else’
is not as good as my fluff?” he cried

Also, to make matters worse,
the growing bird’s parents
did not come as often with food.

They left him alone in the nest,
which was becoming smaller every day,
for what seemed to be a very long time.

And now the “something else”
began to itch.
The bird wanted to shake himself
and spread his arms.

But, alas, the nest had become quite small
and, if the bird were to move at all,
he had to stand on the very edge of it.

One day, when the nest had seemed
very small and the bird felt very itchy,
he stood on the edge of his nest
and stretched out his arms.

Just as he did so, a gust of wind came up
and blew the terrified bird from his nest.

Oh no!
The parents were gone again
and the ground was very far away.
Surely, he would die.

Whatever could he do to save himself?
Clearly, he was all alone with no one to help.
And oh, he itched so terribly.

But, at least now, he could stretch himself,
if only for a few moments.
But something happened
when the bird stretched out his arms.

The very evil wind that had
blown him from his nest
seemed to catch him by the “something else”
that was hanging from his arms.

“My, this is wonderful,”
thought the bird.
“Even if my end is near, at least I can enjoy
what time I have left.”

Then, just before the bird
reached the ground
he thought to look up to where he had been
and to where he would never return.

Surprisingly, as he did so,
the wind carried him in that very direction.

The bird became so very excited
that he rapidly moved his arms
with the something else hanging from them.

For the first time, he really looked at himself
and found that he was just like his parents.

“Why, these are wings,” cried the bird.
“And I am flying.”

So the end was really the beginning.
And, what the young bird
had thought was his death,
was really a new life.

Keeping the Connection

THE GOLDEN CORD

"Where are we?" said the young child to the large golden light being who stood beside her.

"We are Home, my dear," was the simple reply.

"Is that why my heart tickles?" giggled the girl.

The golden being reached out a long arm and, with a pointed finger, touched the exact point of "tickle". The girl was then transformed into a young woman.

"Where is the child?" was her first question.

"The child is inside where she has always been," answered the golden being. "Can you feel her?"

"Yes, I think so. It feels like she is within me, but also somewhere else. I mean, she is here, but she is also playing in a beautiful field filled with flowers, butterflies, and fairies. How can that be? How can she be two places at once?"

"You are on the Soul Plane now. You can be as many places as your mind can remember. The trick is to feel the unity of each of these realities. Imagine this unity as a golden cord. Do you see where it is attached to the life spark in your heart?"

"Yes," replied the young woman. "It feels like a deep longing for someone. But who?"

The long arm of the golden being reached out and, again with pointed finger, touched the exact spot of "longing".

The young woman was no longer a woman, nor a man. She was both.

"Thank you so very much," replied the androgynous being who now stood as tall as the golden one. In fact, it was also golden.

"Your touch reminded me of who I am. I am Soul and I am welcoming a physical portion of myself who is beginning again."

"And who am I?" asked the golden one with the sacred touch. "Can you remember?"

The Soul looked inside itself, knowing that that was where all answers were found.

"You are a portion of my Self that resonates to a higher vibration. I remember you. You are Woolal."

Although the Woolal's face was barely perceptible through its beaming aura, the Soul "felt" the response of a warm smile.

Woolal spun itself into a whirling vortex and extended one arm.

"Touch your heart to my finger and we shall take a journey."

The Soul bent over its long, lean form to allow the tip of the Woolal's finger to touch its heart and was instantly pulled into the vortex.

In the vortex, there was no form. The Soul saw itself as a speck of light swirling with millions of other lights. Faster and faster the vortex swirled until the million lights became One.

“Let’s go down into that patch of darkness from which this light radiates,” spoke Woolal.

The Soul was not sure that it wished to leave the light to explore the darkness, but it was now in total unity with the Woolal. Like the finger follows the hand, the Soul followed Woolal into the darkness.

The spin of the vortex slowed as they descended deeper and deeper into the darkness. Then the Soul began to feel itself separate from Woolal.

Far below, at a vibration much lower than its own, the Soul could perceive the child and woman that it had just been. The Soul knew that this child and woman were other components of itself. The child appeared to be crying that it didn’t want to leave Home. The woman was clearly angry. She did not want to leave either.

Then the Soul felt a pull at its heart.

The long arm of Woolal again touched the Soul’s heart at the exact point of the “pull”. In that place was the golden cord.

“Connect this cord through your heart. I will hold it here as I can descend no further. Go down as far as you can and give the other end of the cord to the woman. Tell her to give it to the child.”

“I will obey,” replied the Soul. It knew the reason for the command.

The Soul traveled down, down, down into the darkness until the density pushed against it so that it could descend no further.

“This must be how Woolal felt when it came to touch me,” the Soul spoke to itself.

The golden cord vibrated in affirmation.

The Soul smiled. Now it must find the woman.

There she was, sitting upon a couch and writing in a small golden book. The woman could not see the Soul except in her imagination.

“Take this golden cord and connect it to your heart,” the woman wrote upon her page. “Now give the other end to your inner child.”

“Can I find my child?” the pen expressed.

The golden cord vibrated an affirmation. The woman smiled. I must descend down into the vortex as did the Soul and Woolal, wrote the woman.

The woman’s imagination displayed the vortex upon her inner vision, but the darkness was not inviting.

“I must be as courageous as the other portions of myself were. I cannot abandon my child. She needs me and I greatly need her.”

The woman descended into the vortex and felt an ever-growing density pushing upon her form. At last she saw a child growing smaller and smaller, younger and younger. If she did not reach the child soon she may never be born.

When at last the woman reached the child who was quickly moving backwards in time, she was an infant moving backwards into her mother's womb.

"Quick, grab this golden cord and attach it to your heart," spoke the woman to the newborn.

The infant was partially out of the birth canal extending a tiny bloody arm. The tip of her finger touched the tip of the golden cord.

Within that moment of contact, a blaze of light filled the delivery room.

Time stood still.

The infant's form was frozen in time with an outstretched arm touching the tip of a golden cord that only she could see.

Gradually, the light took on a vaguely human form. It was not a body though.

It was a Soul. The infant's Soul.

The Soul took the cord that the infant had chosen to touch and connected it to the small beating heart.

"Now," beamed the Soul,

"You shall never forget
who you really are!"

THE CHILDREN

These children come from Heaven.
Their wings are newly clipped.
Their memories are awake still.
Their halos have not slipped.

How long can they remember
the places they came from?
How long can Soul live in their hearts
and warm them like the sun?

Can others who come near them
know they will lead the way
then guide them to remain them Selves
so innocence can stay?

The glory of a newborn
matures into a child,
but as the child becomes adult,
that innocence turns wild.

If we help them to remember
the purpose of their birth,
they'll know the meaning of their life
and acknowledge their self-worth.

The leaders of our future
have bodies very small,
but if we listen with our hearts,
then they can guide us all.

Love them with a love that's true
and see their inner glory,
then they'll know that they are safe
to share their life-long story.

For fresh in their remembrance
is the truth we seek to find,
but pain has made us deaf
and fear has made us blind.

We'll protect them from the fate
that we ourselves have suffered,
then know that from the harm of life
our love has kept them buffered.

We welcome all our children
for they know much more of life
than those of us who have been lost
in illusions of our strife.

Lead us please, dear children.
We follow now your light.
We hear the vision of your words
and see with your clear sight.

For, as these children take the lead
their love will show the way
to open up our hearts and minds
to see a brand new day.

THE FIRST STEP TO SOUL

The small child had grown up. It had taken much longer than she had ever intended. And even though she felt like an adult, she knew that there was a center that was still soft and vulnerable.

If she were to give that center up, she knew she would become hard and inflexible. For in the center, she felt pain. In feeling pain she could remember to learn and grow and change.

Now, she had to learn how to guide herself, not just from her strong, adult exterior, but also from the soft vulnerable interior that was the center of her Self. She had to learn to shield that center from the outside pain while she still allowed love to enter from the ones whom she trusted.

This center was the threshold to her inner life. The inner worlds were now fully accessible to her. Upon that threshold she would place her deepest love and trust so that she would be protected and guided in every moment of her life.

Inside the doorway of that threshold was a pillar of light with a shining crystal atop it. This pillar guarded the first step to Soul. The light of this pillar would always shine to remind her of the spiritual life-force which flowed continuously from her Soul into her physical universe.

She entered the doorway and stepped upon the first step to Soul. Standing tall, she peered into the crystal and saw a bright red glow. As her vision focused, she realized that red glow was a flame ~ a flame of courage. She would need this courage to maintain the responsibilities of her everyday life while she continued her inner journey up the Seven Steps to Soul.

THE SECOND STEP



EMOTIONS

EMOTIONS

Healing the Pain

She saw the second stair before her. It was on the stairway to her first adult home. This home was filled with emotional memories of fun, fear, laughter, and sorrow. Could she use the wisdom she had learned from her child to heal the painful emotions and balance them with happiness and joy? “YES,” she affirmed bravely. But, as she moved towards the stairway, the emotions overwhelmed her.

She would have to go very slowly.

Awakening Feelings

PLAYFULNESS

She walked to the edge of the water.
It was clear green and
reflected the resplendent growth
around the pond.

She felt very much at peace
and calmly sat down on a rock
at the edge of the water.

She dangled her feet in the cool pond
and watched how her small motion
affected the entire pool.

The movement was
somewhat hypnotizing and
she found herself staring deeply down,
beyond her feet, beyond the water,
and to the very bottom of the pond.

Something appeared to be moving
as if in response to the turbulence
she had begun with her feet.

Was it a plant?
A fish?
Or something else?

Strangely enough
no fear arose in her,
only a deep curiosity.

She stilled her feet so that
she could better see.

Yes, there was definitely a movement.
In fact, it appeared to slowly
be making its way
to the surface.

Her playfulness has apparently awakened
something down deep below.

And, because she was calm,
she was able to stay and face it
as it made its way towards her.

What could it be?
Would she welcome it?
Or would she wish that she had run?

No, she would not run,
she decided firmly.

She was calm, peaceful, and playful
and anything that came from that
would have to be good.

Wouldn't it?

GUILT

She crept from the bed that
she had allowed to become a prison.
Not a prison of love or of duty,
but a prison of
GUILT.

Guilt of deeds from a time
that could
no longer be recalled.

But, the scars still remained
creating an itch that
could not be scratched,
a small, subtle pain that
could not be located or released.

How that pain had influenced her life.
How she had maligned herself,
and how she had denied herself
LOVE.

And why?
Because she remembered
the feeling of guilt.
What had she done to deserve such guilt?
She did not ~ could not ~ know.
For, if she knew,
surely she would be
LOST.

And so, the snake remained
beneath the rock
where it could not be seen;
where it would not be heard.

However, if she crept too close,
she might remember.
And in the remembering came
FEAR.

Fear of Love.
Fear of Hate.
Fear of Death.
Because, in death,
the memory would become
TRUTH.

But could she face it now?
Could she face the truth
of what she had done?

No ~ Never
she must NEVER
see this truth.

Surely, if she did,
she would become
insane,
or perhaps,
she may be

F R E E !

FEAR

Through the dawn light
I could see a figure.

It was difficult to determine
if it were male or female
or even human.

However, I felt an affinity
for that figure.
It seemed to draw me in
like a magnet.
I rose from my bed in the forest
to be closer to the vision.

Perhaps, if I could touch it
or somehow communicate with it,
I could understand my feelings about it
and the great familiarity I felt for it.

But wait!

How had I arrived in this forest?
Hadn't I gone to sleep in my bed?

Yes, I decided with a heavy heart,
it was only a dream again.
But why not follow the figure still?

Even though I had decided
I was in a dream,
I found I could still move
with a will of my own.

The figure did not seem to mind
that I was moving closer.
It neither faded, nor moved away.

Bit by bit,
it took on more clarity.
I could see that it was wearing a robe

and possessed deep, luminous eyes
of the purest blue I had ever experienced.

However, the other facial features
were masked by a bright radiance
which almost hurt my eyes ~
like looking into the sun!

The closer I came,
the more intently I stared.
It was almost as if I could not
pull my eyes away.

I was riveted in the deep pools of blue
that before had appeared to be eyes.

But the eyes had no significance.
Only the color and the radiance
retained any importance.

Now, not only the figure I had been gazing at,
but the figure I had determined as myself,
began to fade
further and further
from my consciousness.

I was free.

The form that I had observed
and the one that I had worn
were both gone.
Only the blue radiance remained.

I felt oddly comfortable.
But, at the same time, a fear
began to build somewhere inside me.

I struggled to push the fear away
and lose myself in the
deep blue radiance.

But, in the struggle,
the radiance began to dim.

"No, no!" I cried angrily.
"I will not be afraid!
I will not lose this again!"

But the anger only fed the fear.
And, as the fear grew, it began
to pull me back into my body.

I felt the heaviness
of my hands and feet,
the throbbing of my heart,
and the gasping of my breath.

Why did this continue to happen?
From where did this fear arise?
Where had I gotten it?

From the fading blue radiance
I telepathically heard the words,
"Turn, my dear, and face your fear.
You cannot master that which
you are afraid to face."

With these final words
I suddenly awoke in my bed.
The dream was over.
Or had it just begun?

What was the mastery
of which the vision spoke?
Could I make my life into my dream
and my dream into my life?

Perhaps,
but first
I would have to
face my fear.

Finding Courage

CONFRONTATION

"I am going to stay and face it.

Whatever happens,
it can't be worse
than running away.

I have run and run
and the shadow at my back
only gets bigger.

Whatever I have created,
it is time to look it in the face."

She turned with the conviction
of her final words
and planted her feet
to wait for the confrontation.

It felt good.

At least now she felt in control.
At least now she was the warrior
rather than the victim.

It came to her slowly
and so subtly that she
didn't see it until it was upon her.

Would she have the strength to fight it
and the courage to
make it her friend?

She would find out now ~
once and for all.

THE CIRCLE OF FEAR

I had a dream, or was it a nightmare? I can't remember much, but I do remember the fear—fear of the unknown. I was somewhere, anywhere, it didn't matter. What mattered was the noise. It was a noise like a loud knock, a knock of something—or someone—who wanted in.

When I heard this knock, the area around the noise started to decompose. In a circular pattern, the wall, the floor, or the furniture began to morph into something different—something that looked like liquid light.

I was terrified and so was everyone around me. There were many children who needed my protection. Were these the children outside of me, or the children inside of my mind? I, too, needed comfort and I clung to my mate for love and safety.

What was this phenomena and what could I do to stop it? Those around me looked for my intervention, but I too, was afraid. How could I help anyone when I was so frightened?

Well, of course, I couldn't. First, before I could help anyone else, I would have to confront the fear that I harbored inside myself.

Then, it happened again, louder than ever before. The children ran to me for assurance. I had to do something. I had to confront my fear for them.

The circular pattern of morph opened on the floor just before me. I knew that only love could conquer fear. Could I find the conviction to put that knowledge into action? Could I take the risk to love that which I feared?

I leaned forward and sent all the Unconditional Love that I could find in my heart to the swirling circle before me. The Love that coursed through my body eased my fear and gave me the courage to bend over and lovingly stoke the circle of fear.

Slowly the circle ceased to swirl and the ground before me became normal. But what was normal? Was it normal for everything to be hard, dense and unchangeable? Or, was it normal for everything to be a swirling vortex of liquid light?

What was it that was trying to enter my reality and why did it frighten me so? I do know that it changed my world, just for a moment, and made that

which had been dense and hard into a swirl of liquid light. Was my dream
a warning of destruction or a promise of transformation?

Only time will answer my question,
but at least now,
I am not afraid.

A SOUL'S REMORSE

A life so small, so incomplete
A time so short and not so sweet

The harshness of an unfair land
To be alone with no one's hand

Why must it be that one should suffer?
Where is the help? What is the buffer?

Pull the spark back to the flame
Its no one's fault ~ no one's to blame

The cycle turns ~the dead awaken
The living feel they are forsaken.

Where is the balance? What is the rule?
Is it best to know or to act the fool?

Show me now the pathway Home
For a speck of truth, the world I comb

The morning rises ~ a new beginning
Am I losing now ~ or am I winning?

And does it matter how it all turns out?
If we end in a whisper or end in a shout

How was the journey? What did we learn?
What did we covet? What did we earn?

We touch the stars and feel the earth
We release our death and know our birth

The choices were all made before
When we finish them, we ask for more

The flower drops down to the ground
the fruit of life soon to be found

Remembering Happiness

THE DARKNESS

The room was very dark.
I had always been afraid of the dark.

It reminded me of something.
But I didn't know what.

If I couldn't see a small
speck of light,
maybe there wasn't one.

If I couldn't see my form,
maybe I didn't have one.

Maybe, just maybe,
I was all alone in the darkness
of primordial potential without
even a body to give me shelter.

Maybe I was a thought
in a great abyss trying to find
a feeling to give it life.
And maybe I was Dead.

Could I remember being dead?
Well, yes, I could remember dying
~over and over~
but dead? No.

I could remember the “in between”
where objects were subtle and temporary
and my body was like a see-through curtain.

But death?
What was “death”?

Was I dead when I left here?
Or, did I die when I came?

Was death a reality?
Or a fear?

Fear of the worst thing of all~
Change

Or was death an idea?
An idea of nothing?
Or something?

Or an idea of ~ the unknown

Yes, that darkness was the unknown
and I was standing at the eye of an abyss
that led ~ where?

No one knew.
There were no maps,
no compasses, and no street signs.

No one could tell me
where I was going
or even where I was.

All I had was the password.
All I knew, and all I could remember,
was the password.

All I could say and all I could hear
was one short sentence.

One short sentence, three small words,
were enough to blaze a trail
that only I could find
as this trail was deep within
myself.

The trail had only one entrance
which only I could enter,
alone with no assistance
except that one small sentence:

“I AM LOVE!”

THE ROAD

She didn't understand a lot,
but she knew that
something was different.

Not something obvious,
oh no, it was very subtle.

A small, still feeling deep within.

Perhaps, just perhaps, deep within
where there had always been
pain and hunger ~
something like satisfaction
was beginning to take root.

Something like satisfaction
only because she didn't really know
how satisfaction felt,
never having experienced it.

Always, she had needed more.

Nothing had ever been enough
because nothing had ever soothed
the constant pain and hunger
that clawed at her unconscious mind.

Now, she was beginning to realize
that she had been trying
to ease the pain from the outside
when it really existed on the inside ~
where nothing and no one external to her
could touch or heal the wound
that festered deep inside.

And so, she must heal herself.
Could she?

Could she actually find alone
what no one else could find for her?

No one, that is, on the outside.

Inside was another world,
another reality.

Inside is where she had always lived
and always longed to return.

Often she had hated the outside world
because it seemed to keep her from her Self.

And what was out there anyway?

Money?
which had only caused her pain

Success?
which seemed to mean only more money
to cause more pain

And Love?
Yes, the Love was why she stayed

Without the Love she would have
retreated deep inside long ago.

Without the Love she would have
left the outside world,
left it and never turned around.

But, although she didn't understand,
and although it often hurt,
she stayed for the Love.

Maybe now the Love without
and the Love within could unite.
Imagine the glory of that.

Imagine a road of Love
leading back and forth
from the heart of her inner world
to the heart of her outer world.

This road could connect the
two portions of her that had
always seemed to be at war.

If her inner and outer worlds
were truly united,

she would find Peace,
she would BE Peace.

And then,
yes then,
she could help.

REMEMBER MORE

Remember more.
Remember more.

The small voice inside my head
thunders the words
as I grope through the darkness.
I strain my mind
to the edge of breaking.

What is it that I have to remember?

Something about life.
Something about love.

Something about
the way to know
and the way to be.

Slowly, a distant twinkle
begins to glow in my brain.
A slow understanding
begins to form.

Something familiar is coming to life.
Like a seedling in Spring
it carries all the hope and purity
of a flower
and the strength and virility
of a untried concept.

But, it flickers
in and out of my consciousness
like a star on a foggy night.

I try to grab onto that star
so that, when the fog clears,
I can pick up where I left off.

But still, the memory eludes me.

Why? Am I afraid again?
No, now I will not allow fear
to cloud my mind
and restrain my heart.

I will not allow fear to be my master.
I will continue and continue,
come what may.

Remember more.
Remember more.

Oh yes, now I remember.
Now the fog has cleared
and, for a moment, I know.

I came here to Love.
I came here to Serve.

Happiness is not
something to seek.

Happiness is
something to remember.

Living in Peace

THE CLIFF

Why wasn't she afraid? Why wasn't she even worried?

She looked over the edge of the cliff. It was very steep and dropped into ocean. The surf rose up against the cliff, but made no impression upon the granite rocks. The rocks had been there a very long time. They were not going to allow the turbulent ocean to overtake them now. The ancient slopes had withstood many a storm. They would survive this one as well.

The memory of survival made her calm. She knew that there was a reason for everything. She had proven that to herself through searching for it. Reason that is! The "whys" of life were hidden deep inside the "whats" and "hows". And, of course, there was "when". When - one small word that could cause such worry and fear. It had taken a very long time for WHEN to be transformed into NOW.

And now, she was here at the edge of the cliff, looking down and feeling the urge to fly, to glide straight down to the edge of the surf and then to swoop back up into the air just as she felt the spray of water upon her. She had watched the gulls doing this and had joined them in her mind. Today she would do it alone.

As she leaned her essence over the edge of her body, she felt herself pull up and out of something old and restrictive. She dove towards the ocean and caressed the sea with her hands. And then, looking upwards, she floated up towards the sun. The warmth increased as she raised herself above the turbulent seas below.

She moved through cloud after cloud of memories on her journey Home. Some were sweet and beckoned her to remain. Others were painful and repelled her onwards. Then the glow of the sun engulfed her and pulled her onto its hearth. The earth was far beneath her now. She almost wished she could leave it there, but something was calling her back. Or rather someone. Oh yes, the "someone" was Love. Could she pluck a ray of the sun and give it to that Love?

The thought pulled her back suddenly. She spiraled out of control down, down, plummeting back to the density, limitation, form, fear, worry, and yes, back to Love! The Love softened the blow of her return. It comforted her as she felt Sadness. But the Sadness had a Joy to it. The tears were those of Happiness rather than tears of Sorrow.

She began her long walk back now. They would be waiting for her. As she bent to pick up her hat, she realized that her hand was tightly grasping something. She didn't know what it was, but she decided not to look now. She would hurry back and share her prize with Love.

She ran across the fields, over the creek, and up the hill to the edge of the forest where her home awaited her. She heard the birds and smelled the flowers. The comfort and familiarity welcomed her.

She opened the door and ran to Love to share her gift. When she opened her hand she felt the warmth, she saw the glow, and she recognized the Ray of Golden Hope. It formed a path before her.

Yes, if she stayed upon this path, she could continue –
without fear and even without worry.

MESSAGE FROM THE MASTER

Open your heart, my dear.
The anchor within it weighs heavy
with the barnacles of many
ages of submersion.

To sail into the heart of the One,
the anchor must be raised.

Know that as the anchor
rises to the surface,
all the secrets that have been
locked deep inside will be pulled
into the Light of Day.

Can you Love yourself?
Can you Accept yourself?

You have hidden from yourself
in order to maintain the
illusion of who you wanted to be.

To raise the anchor in your heart
means to know who you ARE.

You are prepared for misery.
Are you prepared for Joy?

You are prepared for heartache.
Are you prepared for Happiness?

You are prepared for darkness.
Are you prepared for the light?

What if you opened the rusty old chest
which you had kept secret from yourself
and found that it
was filled with Gold?

Can you face
not that which is wrong,

but instead
that which is already Perfect?

You have met your Demons.
It is time now to meet your Angels.

You are perfect.
In this moment,
you live in the lap of God.

You do not need "to do".
You only need "to accept".

Allow these words to float
deep into your heart.

You are loved unconditionally
and are destined to experience
Divine Unity.

Love yourself.
You are truly beautiful.

Darkness is the center
of the seed of beauty.
Within that darkness lies
the potential of your true Self.

Love the darkness
as a child loves his mother.

Love the darkness.
Love Heals.

THE SECOND STEP TO SOUL

Tentatively, she stepped onto the second step to Soul. Craning her neck, she peered into the crystal atop the second pillar. But, what she saw was NOTHING. For, within the crystal, was the void and, within the void, was nothing ~ nothing and everything. Within the void the seed of creativity lay nestled deep in the core of possibility. In fact, it was HER center of creativity and HER center of possibility, the possibility of everything, as well as, the possibility of nothing.

She stared deeply into the nothingness and felt a place inside herself resonate to its call. She pulled back in fear and astonishment. Could she be empty, yet full, of creative potential? Could she have a void inside of her? The idea frightened her but also enticed her. If she looked too deeply into the crystal, would she become lost ~ lost in the crystal and lost in herself? She leaned forward again to look into the crystal. Too late, she felt the connection. The void pulled her into it, or did she leap? Once in the void she could no longer decipher how she had entered.

In the void, all opposite polarities became one, and all that had once been the same, polarized into opposition. Concepts of her mind and experiences of her emotion blurred into a nothingness that was simultaneously peaceful and frightening. Her thoughts could not exist within the void. There was nothing for them to understand or to analyze. Her emotions became so confused that they canceled each other out.

What could she hold on to? What could she understand, feel, know, or question? All experience of familiarity disappeared in an onslaught of ultimate stimulation and complete negation of sensation. Light fell into darkness in the exact moment that it was created. Loneliness and unity danced in and out of reality. She lost all sense of her self ~ the self that once existed before she entered the void.

Life and death, birth and decay, whirled together in harmony to the sweet music of potential. Currents of light and sound flickered in and out of existence and encompassed her with such force that she felt engulfed, enlivened, suffocated and rejuvenated.

And then ~ it was over.

It was almost as if the void had spun her out, out into a world that was now foreign to her. Immediately upon leaving the void, all that she had

experienced was forgotten. However, the lack of self that existed within the void emerged from it with a virginal perception of reality. The clouds cleared and the sun was seen in its fullest glory. Blossoms bloomed upon the trees, small flowers began to open, and birds chirped a welcome to the morning as the dew released the scent of eternity.

To survive the void was to die ~ die in order to be reborn ~ then reborn in order to die again and again. Die to each day, to each moment, to each memory, and to each sorrow. Life and death were one. Nothing and everything was one. Forever and never were continuous. The clock ceased to tick. The space was not traveled, yesterday never happened and tomorrow will not come.

In every second, which did not exist as time, she was born again. As eternity collapsed into the NOW she was new. Separation became Unity. Aloneness became Reunion ~ reunion with all and reunion with Self. The flower ceased to exist, but its essence remained.

If only she could remember ~ that which had never happened.

THE THIRD STEP



THOUGHTS

Thoughts

Learning to Think from Inside

*She saw the third step before her and instantly recognized the long, steep stairway that ran from the parking lot up to her college campus. This is where she first began to learn some mastery over her mind. Her emotions were also strong here and her inner child could not believe that she was “smart enough”. However, the still voice inside told her that she **WOULD** be successful. She chose to listen to that inner voice. She listened through the disappointments and she listened through the challenges as, again and again, she returned to climb these stairs.*

For, at the top of this stairway, awaited confidence.

Listening to Thoughts

THE CIRCUS

As she listened inside her mind
she realized that
a crowd of ideas
was trying to confuse her.

Worries, calculations,
promises, and dreams
were constantly echoing about
in the inner recesses
of her brain.

How could she still
this crowd of ideas?

How could she center
herself in the midst
of a mental hurricane?

Where had this
storm come from?

Had she not listened
to her "self" before or
was all this "noise" new?

No, she suspected
it had always been there,
but she had been too busy
listening to the noise without
to hear the noise within.

Well, now, she could hear it.
Now, she knew it was there.

But how could she master it?

She knew she could not
control the outside voices,
but she must learn to calm
the buzz within.

Did she need to listen to
the many inner cries,
or should she ignore them as
a mother may ignore
a spoiled child's
repeated demands?

And where was “she”?

Somewhere within
that inner circus
must be her Self.

Somewhere amongst the
clowns and elephants
there must be a Ringmaster.

But where?

THE BIRD

A thought in movement
is like a bird in flight.

A bird that knows its destination
flies in a straight line
towards it.

However,
a bird that is looking
flies in a circle.

Thoughts can also
move in circles.

Some thoughts move
away from the center
and others
move towards it.

But, like a bird,
thoughts do not move
by effort alone.

Just as the wind and
currents of air
influence the bird,
something else
influences thought.

If we could be
the "something else"
and watch our thoughts,

we could be
like the sky
watching the bird.

THE SEA

She walked along the shore
seemingly alone.

However, she felt
a presence with her
that she wished
she could feel in the city.

The presence was the ocean,
or perhaps, it was
just the water.

There was something
alive there,
vibrating and moving
with a freedom
she wished was her own.

If only her thoughts could move
as melodiously as the sea.

If only they could
roll and pitch
calmly – beautifully.

One thought gracefully
moving away
so that the next one
could enter.

Each thought reaching its peak
and slowly, steadily
moving towards its close
on the sands of her mind.

Yes, often her thoughts
were stormy
and often they were gray.

And, yes, the storms did clear -
eventually.

Then the calm pitch and roll
would return -
for a while.

But now,
as she walked by the ocean,
she felt a presence,
an alive feeling,
an awake calmness.

Could she take this with her?

Hearing the Self

VOICES

Deep inside of me, I feel a portion of myself that feels guilty because I am allowing myself to feel calm and joyful.

“You should be working. You should be trying,” says the voice of guilt.

“Trying to do what?” I ask from my calm and peaceful self.

“I don’t know,” it replies. “But, just being calm and joyful—why, it’s a waste of time. What are you accomplishing?”

“I am accomplishing what I always thought I would achieve after a long hard struggle—JOY! It was fatigue and disillusionment that greeted me after ‘hard work’.”

“So I guess you think you can just sit around and be blissful,” retorts the voice. “Are you just giving up?”

“Giving up what?” my peaceful self replies. “All I am giving up is fatigue, hard work, struggle and disillusionment? Yes, I would very much love to give up all of those torments.”

“But what about your life, your service, your mission. Aren’t you going to give anything to humankind?”

“Humankind already has struggle and disillusionment. If I can find peace and joy, then maybe I can share that. Of course, I’m not sure if I can share peace and joy. It may be that everyone has to find that for themselves. However, if I can BE peaceful and BE joyful, then maybe I can be an inspiration to others.”

“Be an inspiration,” snorts the voice that is now obviously angry. “Who do you think you are? It sounds like you are pretty full of yourself.”

Almost instantly, fear surrounds my peace and joy like an impending storm. As my peace begins to fade, I feel myself struggling to retrieve it.

My mood becomes dark as clouds of doubt enter my mind. I can feel the joy slipping away like the last rays of light after the sun has set.

“Who do I think I am?” the question echoes in my mind. I feel doubt block my thinking. My heart closes as my stomach clutches against an unknown fear.

The ultimate enemy has struck – the enemy within!

I take slow deep breaths and try to regain a state of calm, but the effort of breath becomes work and frustration builds as I sink into a dark hole.

“NO!” I cry out loud. “I won’t go back. I won’t return to doubt and fear.”

Determination builds within my core.
“Who do I think I am? Who do I think I am?” Why does that question cause me such disturbance?

“Because it is not your question,” answers another voice within. This sweet familiar voice is like the sun breaking through the dark forest. Its rays of light shaft through my doubt and fear to enter my mind and heart.

I breathe in the voice, grateful for its assistance. As my gratitude grows, I am able to accept the unconditional love that vibrates from the sweet and simple voice.

Yes, I realize now that—“Who do I think I am?” —is not my question. It is a question asked from outside me, a question asked by those who would judge, those who would criticize.

“My one,” soothes voice of Love “who DO you think you are?”
“I am you!” I respond in a calm and peaceful voice.
“I forgot. But now I remember.”

THE THRESHOLD

What is the reason for my life
and why have I come here
to a world so filled with sorrow,
with anger, and with fear?

Though my thoughts are all confused
I know the answer's there
for deep inside I hear a call,
but I'm not sure from where.

There is a tranquil message
pulling softly at my mind.
It feels so very loving
and sounds so sweet and kind.

This voice that hears my pain
lives somewhere deep inside.
It hides behind my ego
and is muted by my pride.

This presence is so quiet
whereas others yell and cry.
It wisely gives me reasons
and gently tells me why.

If my mind is calm and centered
it fills my heart with cheer,
but if there is a mental storm
it's impossible to hear.

"The answers are all known," it says.
"If you turn your mind around
to see what can't be seen
and hear what has no sound?"

If the portal to this inner world
lives deep inside my Soul,
then to step across that threshold
is my promise and my goal.

REMEMBER

To be alive inside yourself
is a test for those who
REMEMBER.

Remember how it was before~
before you were born.

Now keep that memory of
FREEDOM.

Freedom from form,
freedom from emotion,
and freedom from thought.

Wear that memory of freedom like a cloak.
Wrap your emotions in this cloak,
for comfort and protection.

Use it to shield yourself
from the words of others,
so that you can hear
the voice within.

So that finally,
you can remember
PEACE.

Peace of heart,
peace of mind,
peace in every action.

Then know, for now and ever more,
that the thoughts you hold inside yourself are a
CHOICE

A choice that you can make
deep inside your
MIND.

Clearing the Mind

YARD WORK

Long ago, the path
had seemed clear,
but now there appeared
to be debris upon it.

Had it always been there
and she had not seen it,
or had it gradually accumulated
over years of neglect?

Well, the reality was,
now the path had to be cleared
if she were to walk upon it.
At least now she realized
what she had to do.

Even though the work
would be hard,
she had a clear focus
as to how to proceed.

First, she would take
the big pieces,
pile them up, and
wrap them with a rope.

One bundle was
much easier to work with
than many loose pieces.

Then, she would need to
gather up the small pieces
and collect them in a bag.

Finally, she would sweep
the dust and small leaves
from the path.

She wasn't sure
how it would feel to have
completed such a task.

So far she had spent her energy
on thinking, planning, and avoiding.
Now, it was time
to do the work.

She wondered if,
after she had cleared the path,
she would have to face the next task
and actually walk upon it.

She was told that this was
not a ordinary path.
At first, it appeared to be,
but then, bit by bit,
it would subtly change.

In fact, unless she paid
very close attention,
she might not even realize
the path was different because
SHE would be different.

Maybe, that is why
she had avoided the path.
She was used to herself.

Maybe she didn't
like everything about her,
but at least it was
familiar and comfortable.

But to change,
maybe she would become worse.

Oh well,
once the path was cleared,
she could worry about that.

PROTECTION

Away from the burdens and
responsibilities of everyday life
you can find the time
to look deep into
the Eye of the Infinite.

Take a long time now to realize
that the promise
and serenity of all life
can be the foundation for
each and every thought.

Be still, first within yourself,
and then you will learn
to be still within the world.
If you are not still
you cannot listen.

And if you cannot listen
you will not hear.
So listen now.

Listen to the small voice
who encourages and
directs your every
thought, feeling, and movement.

Allow this inner voice
to protect you from within
so that your armor of
fear and distrust
can be released.

The shell falls from the nut
so that the sweet fruit
within can be revealed
and enjoyed.

The shell was needed
while the seed was ripening.

But, if the shell does not crack
at the appropriate time
its protection will hinder the
release of the seed.

The seed is indeed frightened
to face the world
without its protective
encasement.

However, if it can remember
that it is not just a seed,
but an infant tree,
its courage will be renewed.

And what kind of tree are you
and how many fruit
shall you bear?

Allow the shell to fall.

As it does,
know that even then,
you shall be but a hint
of your future Self.

Therefore, be not attached
to the shell, or the seed,
or even the tree
to which the seed shall grow.

The process of evolution
is infinite and each
stage of development is
a victory, a death and,
a new beginning.

CONTINUE

Fall into
the breast of the unknown.

Rest your head
on the shoulder of the mist.

Lend your ear
to the quiet of the glimmer.

Be aware
that now you are awake.

To be awake in the midst of life
is to know you can make a difference.

However, the physical world must be mastered
before full awareness can be achieved.

Mastery is not that your problems will be gone,
rather that they will no longer
“be a problem”.

You will instead see them as the
dreams and nightmares of your outside life.

Remember, both your inner
and your outer life
are within the Oneness.

As you fall asleep to one world
you awaken to another.

Now go to sleep and
awaken to your inner dreams.
Then, keep them alive
in your mind throughout the day.

With this challenge,
you must continue.

Being the Self

MY SELF

To really be my SELF

To invent and re-invent
The purest expression of my essence
Within every moment of the
Ever present NOW

That is what I strive for
That is what I work towards and surrender to
Desire and accept

To really by my SELF

That is what I
Have forgotten and must remember,
Lost and must find.

So that I can follow it
To the core
That leads to the core

Of the Wisdom
To know it all and not care

Of the Courage
To release all charge, attraction and desire

Of the Persistence
To find the path to my SELF

However, if I found that path
Would I follow it?

Would I have the
Wisdom, Courage and Persistence to follow it
Into the deepest portion my darkness and
The highest reflection of my Light?

Or would I stay?
Stay where it is familiar
Stay where it is "safe"

NO!
I would follow

I KNOW I would follow
I HOPE I would follow

Follow the path that
That leads to the CORE

The Core of my SELF

THE CORE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

I AM the core of your consciousness.
I live inside ~ of the inside of you.

Your eyes are my eyes and
your ears are my ears.

Through you, I can see and hear
your everyday reality that
you have created with your mind.

I can see what you see and
hear what you hear.

But, I have an advantage that,
too often, you do not.
I am ALWAYS aware of your SELF.

I cannot forget that I AM
looking through your eyes and
hearing through your ears.

I AM of you, but I AM more.
I AM the part of you
that looks through you.

I AM the part of you that
is ALWAYS self-aware,
ALWAYS awake.

While you are asleep to your physical world,
I AM awake.
While you are asleep to your dream world,
I AM awake.

I AM ALWAYS awake and
I ALWAYS remember.

Always I remember that
the world OUTSIDE of you
is a creation of your own illusions.

Always I remember that
the world INSIDE of you
is a creation of your own illusion.

So, if ALL,
inside and out,
is an illusion,

what is real?

I AM

COMPLETION

Behold my one,
the hour of completion is upon you.

Be cheerful
because I AM with you.

Be grateful
because I AM loving.

Be conscious
because I AM awake.

The fire in the small pit appears
to be extinguished.

However, beneath the rubble of the old,
Is hidden the fresh beginnings of the new.

Only a few pieces of fresh wood
and a small breeze
are needed to ignite it.

To mourn the death of the old
is to deny the birth of the new.

Rather than mourn ~ rejoice.

For the new is unknown,
and not yet manifest.

Therefore, it is free.

For only in that
which has not yet begun,

is the infinite freedom
of that which shall be.

THE THIRD STEP TO SOUL

She stepped onto the third step to Soul and looked into the crystal atop the pillar. Inside it she saw the face of a lotus flower shining upon her. She gazed into the flower so deeply that her consciousness fell into the crystal and she was pulled into the water beneath the lotus.

As she adjusted her vision, she saw that the lotus was far above her floating contentedly upon the surface of the water. She reached for the lotus, but it aloofly floated beyond her reach. She tried to swim to it, but her feet were stuck in the mud.

She must wait. It had to come to her. She tried to clear her mind so that no negative thinking would repel it, but thoughts of doom circled her mind like a shark in murky waters. Impatience and a growing fear weighed heavily upon her and forced her deeper and deeper into the mud.

She must learn to be patient. She must learn to calm her thoughts and wait in peace. "The road to illumination is paved with patience," spoke a voice from deep inside. But, time agitated her and space limited her.

Old thoughts trapped her mind and ancient emotions kept the water about her churned and muddy. If only she could find Peace ~ peace of mind and peace of heart. Then she could wait.

What was she waiting for? She did not know the answer, but the question brought her hope. Was she waiting for reunion? Yes, reunion with her Self.

She knew she must allow her feet to root themselves into the earth and wait. Wait for the stem of the lotus with an open heart and quiet mind.

As she held this new thought in her mind, something like peace began to settle in her heart. She looked up to the surface of the water and saw that the lotus that was once floating freely, was slowly beginning to lower its roots.

Her first instinct was to try to escape the mud beneath her and scramble to the surface to grab frantically at whatever she could reach. But something inside her whispered quietly to remain patient and hold the peace. To wait ~wait with a welcoming heart and calm mind.

She settled in. She allowed herself the patience to not know how long it would take. She noticed that the mud felt warm and comforting between her toes. She realized that the water that held her down also kept her light and buoyant. Slowly, she moved her arms in an undulating fashion and felt the sensate pleasure of the water moving across her skin.

Maybe it wasn't so bad after all. Maybe the wait could actually be pleasant if she were willing to accept "what is" instead of constantly searching for "what might be". If she could feel the NOW, than maybe she could hold the hope of tomorrow and free the pain of yesterday.

Yes, to experience the NOW to the fullest. If she could do that, there would be NO wait. There would be NO past memories or future worries. There would only be ~ the NOW.

THE FOURTH STEP



RELATIONSHIPS

RELATIONSHIPS

Loving Self, Others and the Earth

She saw the fourth step before her. It was on the stairway that curved up to the porch of the house she shared with her true love. Could she allow the joy of this love to take root in her heart and give birth to all that continues; or would the pain of the past hold her in fear? This stairway was short, but each step held a lesson. Could she heal the past and learn these lessons? Could she learn how to hold her love completely open—without giving her Self away.

To answer these questions, she must first learn to love herself.

Healing the Hurt

THE WARRIOR AND THE MAIDEN

He looked so dejected
as he stared at the ground.
The battle was won and
his treasures were found.

The dead lay about him.
The survivors were gone.
Had he been the general
or only the pawn?

His answers would come
when his own life was over.
His bones and his victories
then covered with clover.

But would death then end it?
If he's dead, can he fight?
Will they remember his courage
and honor his might?

"I'm home now," he'll tell them.
"I can't help you from here.
"You must fight your own battles
and face your own fear.

"Good bye now all warriors
the battle is ended.
We all had our glory
or at least we pretended."

The clover is tall now
it grows 'neath a tree
where the hills are the highest
and mankind's still free.

The maiden awaited
her warrior's return.
Of his final death
she never did learn.

Their love had continued
in a child of their heart,
but he was an orphan
from his very start.

Could the maiden remember
the love of her youth
and allow it to grow
into wisdom and truth?

Or would the lost love
diminish her spirit?
Could she feel all her pain
then release it and clear it?

The Goddess called to her,
“You now are a mother.
Come to me for healing
and you’ll love another.”

“I’ll come to you, Goddess,
for you’ll make me whole,
but when is love safe?
I ask from my Soul.”

“The safety of love
is not yet in your life,
but soon you will rise
above battle and strife.

“For in healing yourself
you help heal my earth.
It is for this reason
that your Soul did take birth.”

THE MAIDEN, THE MOTHER, AND THE PRIESTESS

“Who am I?
What shall I become?
How can I find that which I shall be?”
asked the maiden as she wandered
through the fields of sorrow.

The Maiden was alone.
Deep inside,
her potential - a ray of hope,
her pain - an ever present companion.

“Who am I?
What shall I become?
How can I find that which I shall be?”

Hello!
One morning there is love!
Oh, beautiful, faithful love.
I am a wife. I shall become a Mother.
Through the love of my husband and family
I shall be all that I can be.

The Mother wandered through
the stacks of laundry and clutter of toys.
But the children filled the hole in her heart
that had almost killed the Maiden.

The garden was tended,
the cookies were baked,
the parties were exciting.
The husband
was gone?

The children grew
and so did the hole.
The Mother knew that
what she had become
was not enough.

“Who am I?
What shall I become?”

How can I find that which I shall be?"

"Inside - remember inside?"
a small voice whispered
through the disarray of the external world.

Inside she went.
It was a long and arduous path.
A path of truth that forced the lies
to the surface to be painfully exposed.
Pain again ~ more pain.

"Who am I?
What shall I become?
How can I stop the pain?"

"Peace and lack of fear,"
whispered a small voice
among the shattered dreams
and disappointments.

"Be who you are now.
You can become that only
by knowing your Self.
Deep inside you shall find
that which you shall become?"

The children are growing
and so is the career.
The old life is over
and the new one becoming.

If one doesn't love as a
Wife or a Mother
than how do they love?

"As a Priestess?"
whispered a small voice amongst
rays of hopes and promises of peace.
"As a Priestess!"

AWAKEN

The early morning light
shines through the window
glistening and dancing
across the table.

Now is the time to remember,
remember my Self.

Now, when the light is near,
I must allow it to enter deep within
to reveal my Soul and

awaken ancient memories
that know all,
feel all,
think all,
love all.

For only in
knowing my Self
can I truly know another.

Only in
trusting my Self
can I truly trust another.

Only in
receiving comfort from my Self
can I truly comfort another.

Only in
loving my Self
can I truly love another.

Opening the Heart

MY HEART

I think that my heart is opening.

That which was empty
is now full.

That which was hot
is now warm.

The sorrow, the pain,
the fear and the anger ~

I think they can come out now.

They have been locked inside
my closed heart
for a very long time.

I was afraid that
if the pain came out
I would feel it again and
my heart would break in two.

But now,
I think my heart is opening
and the past can be released.

When the past is forgiven,
will there be a “now”?

When the pain is relinquished,
what will be left?

Could there be Love?

Could there be Joy?

Could there be Fulfillment?

When my heart has opened
and the past is cleared
what will remain?

Perhaps,
I soon will know.

THE LESSON OF LOVE

To love from the
Center of your Heart
can pull you from your Self.

To love from the
Center of your Heart
can make your life a dream.

A dream of question,
and a dream of fulfillment
beyond all conception.

To love from the
Center of your Heart
is to be naked in another,
to open from your Soul.

But how can you keep your Self
when you love from the
Center of your Heart?

You don't.
You share it.
Oh, but to share what you don't know
is impossible.

It is impossible to share a Self
you have not found.

To love from the
Center of your Heart
requires that you find that Self.

You must find the Self
that lives in the center of your Heart,
and Share!

Share what you didn't know you had until
you loved from the
Center of your Heart.

SHARING

I didn't
understand my feelings.
I wasn't sure
if they were right or wrong.

I only knew that
I loved you.

When we were alone,
or when I was in your arms,
I felt clear and loved.

I knew I fit.

I knew you could hold me
and keep me safe.
But did I want that?

No, I didn't want
to be protected – always.
I only wanted to know
that when I needed it
it would be there.

When the world was cold,
you could keep me warm.

When I felt alone,
you could be my friend.

And when I was afraid,
you could give me comfort.

And what did this cost?
Was the service free?

Did I not have to somehow pay
for all that I expected?

Well, I hoped not.

I hoped that
you gathered such joy
from sheltering and protecting
and befriending
that no more would be needed,
no more would be asked for.

How naive I was.

Didn't I know
that I would have to give
that which I expected to get?

Didn't I know
that I would also have to
protect and warm and befriend,

even if I was tired,
even if I was busy,
even if I didn't want to.

I didn't know then
that what I wanted from you
I would have to allow you
to want from me.

Living in Love

THE STORM

The bird hopped from limb to limb
looking for that perfect place
to build her nest.

She had never been
to this tree before.

The one that she had always used
had been blown down
in last winter's storm.

She tried to build a nest in it
just the same,
but found that it no longer
offered the protection
it had before
since now it lay
upon the forest floor.

So now she had to
find a new tree,
a new place to
build her nest,
to lay her eggs,
and rear her own.

At least,
she would have help.
At least,
she would not be alone.

Many things died in the storm,
but her mate
was with her still.

So nice for one to be two
and two to be one.

They worked together as a unit,
but each one flew alone.

Now,
a new season was beginning,
a new tree,
and a new brood.

How would it all turn out?

Luckily,
being a bird,
she never worried.

I MISS YOU

The candle burns
without your essence.
The mirror reflects
without your presence.

The sun still rises
and sets each day,
but something's missing
when you're away.

Apart we look
inside to see,
we can be in love
and still be free.

Then, when we're
together again,
something starts
and something ends.

We await our reunion
knowing we've grown.
For together we're more
than when we're alone.

I await your return.
My heart calls your name.
Our souls are quite separate,
yet somehow the same.

For I know, as the sun
sets in the night sea,
it will rise again each dawn
on you, my dear,
and me.

LOVE

For once,
the light shines brightly.

For once,
the clouds are gone.

And the clear, peaceful meadows
glisten in the sun.

The way is clear now,
the purpose intent.

Intent upon clarity,
intent upon persistence,
and most important-
intent upon love.

Love has cleared the skies
and love has made
the meadows green.

Love has created an endurance
and a sense of purpose
that was never before evident.

Now, with love as a companion,
the path is clear.

The message
is complete
and
the wisdom
is grounded in faith.

Loving the Planet

ARISE

Arise, awaken-
the Mother calls.
Alight your wings
your tails, your claws.

The Earth is ready
for a change
and many fear
disaster's range.

Fear not for Light
and Love and Purity,
but rather know them
as Security.

If you have learned
to Love each other,
you'll love the Earth
just like your mother.

But, if in your greed,
you have taken all
it is that choice
that is your fall.

Release them now
your many things.
They close the eyes
and clip the wings.

For that which is possessed
possesses.
And that which is released
releases.

The flight of the Phoenix
began with a fire
to cleanse and
purify the mire.

The streams of Life
will flow forever.
The breath of Spirit,
it ceases never.

Protect the Earth.
Embrace the Moon.
Accept the Sun.

The hour is SOON!

THE CALL

Arise my ones
do hear my call.
The time has come
for one and all

to hear my plea,
to know my name.
I am the Goddess
of this Earth plane.

From high above
our earth's vibrations
there is assistance
to save our nations.

Listen now
and do not fear.
The answers are
for those who hear.

And now, my ones,
the time is nigh.
The Goddess needs you,
hear my cry.

For those who don't
I cannot save.
One is the master
or the slave.

The time has come
to pick which side.
One can no longer
run nor hide.

The Truth is now.
The Power's here.
Do you follow Love
or follow Fear?

Against my form
no longer sin.
This is the chance
to begin again.

To wash my surface
clear of mire.
For of the greed
I now do tire.

Hear my call
and join my force.
Arise my One,

NOW
make this choice!

I, the Goddess,
am as indestructible as I am infinite.

I weary of this low vibration and
do not wish to be limited to it much longer.

For eons,
I have held this vibratory rate,
slowly growing denser and denser

as my inhabitants have fallen
deeper and deeper
into their forgetfulness.

Now, I will raise my Heart
to its highest form and
I wish my children to join me.

But I can't wait much longer.
The moment is coming!

I need all of you to focus
your attention in that direction.

It is time that you
remember who you are
and accept the full power
of that awareness.

Listen to me at regular intervals
and I shall give you direct messages.

THE GODDESS OF EARTH

THE FOURTH STEP TO SOUL

As she moved to the fourth pillar, she felt a warming in her heart. Where once there was dread and a chill was starting to bloom. Could it be that she could actually feel alive and happy, not once in awhile, or in between moments of desperation and pain, but happy and peaceful most of the time?

Happy and peaceful, not because she got something or did something or because someone special cared about her, but happy because she was alive. Could she dare to allow herself to feel good, simply because she was - herself? No matter what - no matter where - no matter why?

She carefully, yet with a growing excitement, approached the fourth pillar and tentatively looked into its crystal. She couldn't make it out at first. The images seemed to change and swirl around into different forms and pictures. But, slowly, very slowly, one image became clearer than the rest. What could it be?

At first it looked like a basket and then it seemed to be a funnel. Then she realized, with tears in her eyes, that it was a cornucopia. A horn of plenty in her heart! And flowing from that cornucopia was everything that she could ever need or desire. All-in-all flowing from the horn of plenty in her heart! How could she deserve this? What had she done?

"It is your birthright," she heard from deep within. "However, one needs to reach the fourth pillar of Soul before they can be pure enough to take this gift, and unselfish enough to use its harvest for the good of all."

Could she accept this gift? Could she bear the responsibility of all that freedom? Could she remember her treasure when she needed something, or would she slip back into old attitudes of need and impatience? Now that there were no limitations to hide behind, what could possibly be her excuse for failure?

But then, of course, there was no failure because there was no need. No need to get, or do, or be. No drive to fulfill, or goal to achieve. No struggle to overcome, or reason to force her on. She could stop now. She could stop needing, wanting, trying because it was received, finished, achieved.

Suddenly this gift seemed like a curse. How could she return to her mundane life with this knowledge of completeness? She would be completely

and utterly different from everyone. Or, at least, everyone that she knew. She could, of course, tell no one. They would think her arrogant or insane.

However, strangely enough, she didn't care what THEY thought. She didn't need THEIR approval. She didn't fear THEIR contempt. She was confused, yet she didn't care. She didn't need to understand and she didn't need to—need. She was free. She was free of desire. There was nothing to desire because she had it all!

How could she function on the physical plane without the element of desire? With that question, a deep peace overtook her. Yes, that was the answer. Without desire, she would have peace. Peace of mind, peace of emotions, and peace of body. Without desire, she could peacefully accept what her Soul had assigned her from moment to moment. There was no need to try or to struggle. All she had to do was remember that she was complete, she was Free!

If only she could love herself enough to release the habit of needing and know that she already had it all.

THE FIFTH STEP



CREATIVITY

Creativity

Becoming a Vessel of Light

She saw the fifth step before her, but she did not recognize the stairway for some time. It flickered in and out of her reality as like her creativity did. Her creative urge had tried to take hold when she was a child, but it was somehow lost when she “grew up”. Finally, the vision of the stairway became clear and constant. They were the stairs leading to the home of her first spiritual mentor.

Of course, spirituality and creativity are both expressions of her inner light.

Finding the Light

FAERIE NIGHT

In Faerie night
the land is far.
The home of all
is on a star.

The moon is bright,
but gives no light
because it hides
the Ones from sight.

To look upon
a fairy's play
will mean you see
not one more day.

Their secret is
now kept within
a veil of darkness
oh so thin.

And, if you wish
to pierce this veil,
on a moonbeam ever
shall you sail.

The fairies guard
this secret life
that can't withstand
a world of strife.

But, in that realm
my light does hide.
I keep it there
deep down inside.

Dare I risk
that others know
this light within,
and let it show?

Show the fairies,
show the play,
release my fear,
and pave the way.

The way to know
and see around
another world
that does abound.

From the corner of
a young child's eye,
its always there ~
its not a lie.

Could it be safe
to say its real
and, if I do,
will I break a seal?

A seal between
the life that hides
and the life outside
that rants and cries.

I can't hold back,
not one more day,
for of this place
I now must now say,

"I release all secrets
and hold them bright.
I show the world
my inner light."

FAR AWAY

Far away
she could see the light.

She wasn't sure of its source,
but she was sure that,
if she could make it to the light,
all would be fine.

She had always kept the light
in front of her like a beacon.

But, slowly it was coming
closer and closer.

At first she was afraid
because it was secure
having the light ahead of her.

She didn't know how it would feel
when it was closer.

The light had always been
something far off,
intangible,
in the distant future.

Now it was getting very close.
In fact, it was almost upon her.

How would it feel
to have arrived?

How would it feel to
become the light?

THE HIGHWAY

I'm sending out my longing
to be what I can be
and opening up my heart's light
to see what I can see.

I'm trying to become
that for which I long,
to purify my heart and mind
and fill them full with song.

My Soul feels far away,
but its Light lives in me still.
To lay its mark upon the earth
would give me such a thrill.

I know this light inside me
can extend up to my Soul
and communicate with Spirit
to help me with my goal.

But, I fear that in my trying
the "work" will stop the flow.
Instead, I wish to walk the path
I'm sure my Soul will show.

I've decided to release now
the effort and the strife
and believe the light of Spirit
will guide me through my life.

As I create a highway
to my Soul and back to me
my Light can then shine on the earth
to set my Spirit free.

.

Accepting the Light

A MESSAGE

Realize that
every blade of grass
is an act of God.

Remember that
each moment is the
beginning of a new chance.

Be aware that
every thought
is like a flower and
each emotion is its fragrance.

Never forget that
all is One.

Although we may all
have different reflections,
we are all droplets
from the same glass.

We are forever
and ever One.

Dance through the path of Life.
Every hour hear the inner choir
and ever know the inner voice.

The beginning of a great change
has commenced.
Release all that is old.

Empty the arms,
the heart,
and the mind.

A New is waiting
for those who are
empty enough to receive it.

THE TREASURE

Now the box was open.

She sat across the room at a safe distance observing the box that had somehow appeared on her dresser—with the lid off. She had kept the box hidden for a very long time because she did not feel that the world, or herself, was ready to view its possession.

How it had gotten there, she did not know. Perhaps someone else had put it on the dresser and stolen its contents. No, that was not possible. Why, only a few moments ago she had viewed her dresser carefully when she had gotten a brush from it. The windows were closed and she had only turned her back for a few moments. Then, she returned to the dresser to replace the brush, and there it was.

She was told that, when the time was right, the box would leave its hiding place and present itself—opened—whether or not she felt prepared. It would then be time to look inside and receive further instructions. Well, she certainly did NOT feel ready. Of course, she had never really felt ready. Therefore, she had no concept of how that might feel.

She had been feeling more peaceful and accepting—but ready? Oh, no! There was still too much to do. But, the open box lay patiently on the dresser. Upon further investigation, there appeared to be strange glow emanating from it.

Had it always been there and she had missed it? Or, had it just appeared? Finally, curiosity took over where her courage had left off. She moved towards the box. Whatever could be inside? Whatever could the “further instructions” be?

As she moved towards the box she felt a ripple of apprehension and excitement. And, as she approached it, the glow became brighter and brighter. It was almost as if the acceptance of her destiny was alighting a flame deep inside the box.

She could almost see inside now. Fear, apprehension, and expectancy whirled about her mind. Maybe this was all a hoax. Or, maybe, she was dreaming. Strangely enough, as she allowed this doubt to take hold within her mind, the light appeared to dim.

As much as the light had frightened her, she had become attached to it. It felt like a reassurance and comfort. Suddenly, the light brightened as if in response to her acceptance of it.

She could see over the rim now, but the light had grown so bright that it obscured what was inside. Therefore, she would have to reach inside and pull to the surface that which she sought and feared.

She closed her eyes so she could better concentrate and allowed her fingers to grab the source of light deep inside the box. Gradually, she pulled her prize up to her eyes. Slowly, she set her gaze upon that which she sought.

At first, she could see nothing. It was as though the light had grown so bright that she could only see a blaze of gold. But, as her eyes accustomed to the golden glare, she saw a miniature figure. Indeed, the figure was quite familiar.

If only her eyes could further accustom to the light she could better discern who this figure represented. Due to the glow, it must be a statue of some great master. But no, she realized as she became accustomed to the light, it was merely a figure of herself.

How could that be? This glow must have come from something else.

She set down the figure down next to the box and walked across the room, but the glow followed her. In fact, the light seemed to emanate from her now. Yes, the golden glow was now coming from her and seemed to radiate out from her, as if it was leading her.

But where?

Where could this light take her?

“Home,” came an answer from deep within.

THE CUP

The cup was only half full.

Someone else had been drinking from it. Had the cup been offered to them? Had they asked permission? Feelings of anger and possessiveness rose in me as I observed the half-empty cup. But as I felt these emotions, the cup began to drain further.

“No! No!,” I thought. “Why is my cup emptying. No one is drinking of it!” But, of course, that is the answer I heard from deep inside myself. The cup was emptying because I was hoarding it.

I remembered that when I first got the cup, I was very excited and offered it to everyone. It seemed to never drain. The more people drank of it, the more quickly it refilled. It was almost as if an invisible suction that pulled more into the cup the moment that someone partook of it.

But, then someone denied my offer and told me that my cup was no good. That person told me that their cup was better and that mine was inferior. These words hurt my feelings and made me feel insecure. If this person thought my cup was no good, then maybe someone else would also deny my offer and I would get hurt again.

I began to be careful whom I offered the cup to. I would pause first and think, “Will this person judge my cup and find it lacking? Will I get hurt again?”

As I presented my cup with this doubt, more people became suspicious of its contents and denied my offer. I became increasingly cautious and insecure until, finally, I offered the cup no more. Then I hid it away in a closet to keep it as my secret.

But, the cup was draining by itself now and the contents had become murky and sour. What was I to do? What once had been a source of joy had become something that I was ashamed of.

I went to the cup and picked it up. I looked into it, remembering how clear it had been. I smelled it, remembering its former sweetness. As I did so, the contents of the cup appeared to change and to improve in purity and essence. And, even more, it began to fill. I took a taste, remembering how delicious it had been and was pleased to find that it replenished me. I felt

better and decided to partake of even more. Again the cup filled and, as I peered into it, the contents were pure and sweetly aromatic.

“Hey,” I thought, “There is nothing wrong with this cup. It is as good as it has ever been, but I allowed the negative opinions and doubts of others to undermine my own confidence.”

I took the cup from its hiding place and displayed it proudly as I had done before. I decided not to offer the cup, but to wait and see if others were interested first. If they were not, then that was their business. “Maybe I had been too pushy before,” I thought to myself.

I decided to enjoy the cup myself. If others were curious, then I would share it with them. As I made this alteration in my behavior I became lighter and calmer. It no longer mattered to me how others felt about my treasure. I felt good about it and I felt good about myself.

More and more, I became the living representation of the cup and its contents. More and more, I became detached from others' reactions. I carried the cup proudly and many asked to drink of it. I shared it freely, but I neither needed nor acknowledged their approval.

I came to realize that the contents of the cup came, not FROM me, but THROUGH me. Therefore, it did not matter what others' opinions were because it had nothing to do with me.

As this realization grew, the cup began to be a part of me. What had been external began to internalize. What had been outside of me gradually became a part of me until *I* was the vessel. All that I had learned about the cup I had to apply to myself.

I was acting as an empty vessel through which purity and sweetness could flow. I shared myself freely, but only with those who desired it. I remained detached from others' reactions and independent in all my dealings. I was an island unto myself and the cause and core of my own reality.

The essence that flowed through me was replenished as I shared it and remained only as pure as my thoughts and feelings. The only obligation I had to others was to stay clear and detached so that all that flowed through me was the truth. TRUTH ~ pure and sweet ~ in the essence of LOVE!

Expressing Creativity

THE CALL OF SPRING

For many ages
the call of the Soul
has fallen upon deaf ears.

For many lives
the memories of “in between”
have been dulled by the thoughts of Earth.

For many reasons
there was not time ~
time to dream,
to reflect,
to recall,
to understand.

And now the time is here,
now in this moment,
in this hour,
in this life.

The time has come to return ~
return to that which
has been forgotten.

Return to that which
has never been left.

Only pushed away
in the struggles and exhilaration.

Pushed away
in the fears and expectation.

As the leaf falls from the tree,
it lands upon the ground.

Eventually, the fallen leaf
moves into the earth and into
the very roots of its benefactor.

Then the leaf which formerly
could only be a small,
wavering portion of the whole

can experience the union
of every leaf,
and every limb,
and every root.

But first the leaf must die,
fall onto the ground,

and deep into the earth
to await

the Call of Spring.

THE FLOWER

The flower has just begun to bloom.

It is impossible to see its color
and the fragrance is still a secret.

But, the promise is about to be kept,
the hope fulfilled
and, the reason revealed.

Now is the time
to carefully water and
tend the small bud,
to be watchful - yet patient.

For one cannot force
a flower to open
or an idea to germinate.

One cannot see into that
which has not yet been unveiled.

But, it is beginning.

Soon the colors of truth
shall share their glow.

The fragrance of love
shall waft in the breeze.

The power of a dream,
patiently and lovingly
allowed to bloom,
will bless those
who can remember.

Remember:
Who are they?
Why did they come here?
When will they return and
who shall they take with them?

Long ago a flower blossomed in the desert
and for two thousand years
we have awaited another.

Now it is spring.

The gardens everywhere
are beginning to bloom.

THE LILIES

The lilies were
growing in the field.

There appeared to be
an abundance of them this year.

Or, perhaps,
she just noticed them
more than she had in the past.

Gradually,
she was beginning to see beauty
where before she had only seen sorrow.

Slowly,
she was beginning to hear music
where before she had only heard cries.

But always, she knew.

She knew that what she saw
and what she heard was a message.

A message from her Self
to her self.

That message told her
how she really felt,
what she really thought,
who she really was.

She could pretend to be happy,
but her Self knew if she was crying.

She could pretend to understand,
but her Self knew if she was confused.

She could pretend to listen to others,
but she knew that if she couldn't hear her Self
there was no one else to listen to.

And so she waited.
Soon the lilies will be in bloom.

Then she will know
that at last she is Home.

Home ~ inside her Self!

Becoming a Vessel

A VESSEL OF LIGHT

A vessel of Light
adrift on the sea,
the truth in the moment,
a Soul is set free

For now and forever
awareness explores
the memory of visions
from the sands of both shores.

The shores of the darkness
and those of the light,
connected together,
their wings can take flight.

They soar above waters
and into the sky
to learn of the reason
and answer the why.

Then bring it back down
to be placed on the alter,
to feel the connection,
hold the truth, and not falter.

To know of the darkness
and surround it with light.
The love in the vessel
can heal all the fright.

The light
can then enter
through the heart
of the sender ~

to create
a beginning
where LIFE
is still winning !

WITHIN THIS MOMENT

For all of my life
I have awaited this moment.

Within this moment
I AM creation.
Within this moment
I AM free.

Can I allow this moment
to nest in my heart
and guard it with my
unconditional love
and forgiveness?

Can I now be who
I have always been—but forgot?

Can I remember
the song of creation
and my own cry for life?

A life in which I can learn
to remember.
A life in which I can return
without leaving.

“Yes,”
I cry from the core of my being.
“I create all the knowing
and I live all the seeing.”

THE FIFTH STEP TO SOUL

She wanted to step onto the fifth step, but something stopped her. It seemed innocent enough. But somehow, she couldn't move towards it. There was always something else she had to do, or think. She couldn't forget the fifth pillar, but she also could not confront it. She felt deep within that there was something inside the crystal she wanted so deeply that she was afraid to admit that she might actually get it.

Well, she had run out of excuses and reasons. Now it was time to look inside. Slowly and tentatively she walked to the edge of the pillar. She noticed that the closer she got, the taller the pillar became. By the time she was close enough to look into the crystal atop it, she had to stand on her tiptoes in order to see.

As she peered into the crystal, she could see nothing. However, she began to hear a soft melody. The tone was as clear as a flute and as free as a bird. The melody struck a resonate cord deep within her of something long forgotten yet still familiar. Pictures and memories flashed across her mind as the melody floated in and out of her perception.

The tone altered her consciousness and the melody drew her in. At first she resisted, but gradually, she relaxed and allowed the melody to lift her up above her constraints and limitations and to carry her like a feather in the wind.

She discovered that if she surrendered to the melody, she could soar high like a bird. She even found her wings hidden deep within her heart. She spread them wide and flapped them freely as she floated on the current of sound.

She saw a ball of radiant light rising just above the horizon. The warmth of it enticed her. The power of it frightened her, but she was riding the current and could not deviate from her course. She was on a journey beyond her control that was directed from some unknown place deep within her Soul.

As the light came closer, the tone became louder. The very atmosphere pulsed with light and vibrated with sound. It was becoming increasingly difficult to fly through the turbulence, but she found it impossible to alter her route in any way. Furthermore, she was losing all sense of boundaries. Everything, including her, became a blur. However, the tone remained clear

and the source of light a strong magnet that pulled her deeper and deeper into its center.

There was something there that was hers, or WAS HER. She could feel it approaching. The tone grew almost unbearably loud until she could no longer hear it. Instead, she became it. She experienced herself without form. She was a flash of light and a burst of sound. She became the colors of the light as she moved within the melody of the tone.

Now, she knew the gift within the ball of light. It was potential. Pure and infinite potential. It was the potential to create and to be created, potential to BE the light and to BE the sound.

She stopped and all was still. She was in the eye of the hurricane. The light was there, but only as a potential. The sound was there, but only as a potential. The stillness was infinite. All about her was nothing, yet potentially everything. She was nothing and potentially everything. The calm was complete, the stillness absolute. Time and space ceased to exist. Memory and cognition were gone. Emotions were impossible. This was calmer than the void. Softer than the light. Quieter than the sound. She became the stillness and she became the potential.

Gradually, the stillness became a whisper and the light flickered. The awaking melody caught her wings and she began to fly again. She was returning now.

She did not know to where or to what, but the potentials were infinite!

THE SIXTH STEP



IMAGINATION

Imagination

The Joining of Worlds

She saw the sixth stair before her on a stairway that disappeared into the clouds. She knew this stairway well for it lived in her imagination and led to her inner universe on the “other side”. She had kept this passageway a secret so that the pain and fear of her outer life could not invade her inner sanctuary. Now, the clouds were thinning and a light shone down the stairway beckoning her to join these worlds. Could she allow her inner Self to shine in her mundane life like this light shone through the clouds?

She would have to climb the stairs to find her answer.

Imagining Inner Worlds

THE TUNNEL

Through the tunnel she could see the glow.

She did not understand its nature,
but she felt a longing
to become one with it.

Had she experienced this longing before?
Perhaps, but she could not
remember when,
or why.

There were many things that appeared to be
on the edge of her memory,
like a dream.

But she knew the tunnel
was not a dream.

She was not sure what it was,
but surely it was not
“just a dream”.

Maybe, it was
her imagination.

She had always had
a vivid imagination.
If only the world could
be like that.

If only the world had the Life,
Love, Serenity, and Peace,
of her imagination.

But that was impossible.
Wasn't it?

The world was ~
the world.

It could not be
changed or manipulated
like her imagination.
It would not obey her thoughts.

The world existed on its own,
in a way and for a purpose
which she was not sure of,
she could not understand,
and very often,
which she could not accept.

Sometimes her imagination
led her to a place,
or a feeling
that she did not like.

But she could easily leave it.
It was not so with the world.

If she were not careful,
the world could trap
and imprison her.

Then, it was very difficult to leave.

It seemed that
once something happened
in the world ~
it stayed.

And it took a long time
to change.

Much longer than
she could ever imagine.

THE POND

She walked to the edge of the still pond. When she saw her reflection, many memories filled her mind. Some of these memories were good and some of them made her feel uncomfortable. But all of them were hers, her universe which she carried inside her mind. She was the ruler of this inner universe as well as its most humble servant.

This inner reality affected her outer world in every way. It was a mirror, an echo, a cause, and a new beginning. If she could remain clear and calm inside, she may be able to hear her Soul calling from deep within this inner realm. But, too often, her perceptions of and reactions to her inner world became as confused and fearful as they were to the world outside of her.

How could she keep her viewpoint clear and unbiased so that her experiences and reactions to both worlds were based on her truth and not on her illusions, or the illusions of others? If she could observe herself as clearly as looking into a still pond, she could remain objective and not be buffeted about by the storms of her inner and outer life.

But, when the wind rose and made small ripples on the pond, the image of herself became distorted and her reactions were erratic and unreliable. It was obvious when the external winds were blowing, but often the internal winds were illusive. What appeared to be a true impression could actually be a distortion.

She had to have an inner reference point, an icon of purity which was above all danger of disruption. If she became distracted or confused, this reference could remind her of the truth, the truth of her Soul.

As she held this thought, the sun rose above the trees, shone directly onto the water and obscured her reflection on the surface of the pond. She turned to look into the rising sun and the world around her blurred as well.

She closed her eyes, but still the spectacle of light held in her mind. It remained constant and bright. Even as the afterimage faded, the memory of the golden ball of light was as clear as the direct sight of it. That which she knew was outside of her, was inside as well.

She was so sure that she could trust this golden light that she fell into it with her essence. It fell into her in response. The sun's golden glow was warm

upon her face and calm within her mind. The light encompassed her and made her feel love, Unconditional Love.

She allowed the light to absorb her and, gradually, a semblance of eyes appeared. She stared into them and they enveloped her. The eyes soothed her fears and eased her mind. They radiated pure love. And, they were familiar.

Nothing, inner or outer, could disturb the purity of this vision.

It was HER truth. It was ~ her SOUL.

THE OTHER SIDE

The other side of worldly woe
A very special space to go

To feel the heart, the mind, the wings
To see the wondrous truth of things

Wind and rain and snow and sleet
Neither touch the hands nor feet

Through the rainbow let it flow
The feel of love and life aglow

Neither within space or time
Comes this universe sublime

Not to earn, to own, to keep
But to BE that which you reap

Oh, to touch from inside out
To realize the truth about

How to be and where to go
To feel the inner winds a-blow

Guide me now I care not where
I drop the lies and enter there

Free of want, so free forever
Shall I forget, oh please, be never

Hold my mind within my heart
May the ending be the start

The cycle of the world begins
Where other cycles find their ends

Embrace me now, I do surrender
I do receive, I am the sender

Holy be the sound of life
Take me now beyond all strife

Visiting the Other Side

MOMENTS

Moments in the meadow,
moments by the pond.
Moments of a life gone by
to set the sun upon.

When were all these moments?
Wherever did they go?
For lives of stress and worry,
what is there now to show?

Maybe there's a moment,
one which has not passed.
A special time of laughter
that shall forever last.

That "now" is dawning in the east.
The rays show round the bend.
For all of life to feel the light
and blessings it may send.

For hidden in the moments
is the "now" that lasts forever.
A peace of mind and change of heart
no stress, nor fear, can sever.

To hold that light of hope
forever near the heart,
is to make a seal, a contract,
which no one else can part.

And now, just what will happen?
Now that it has started.
That which has been shut so tight,
with Truth, it can be parted.

The puzzle is together.
The secret, it is out.
The password has been spoken,
in a whisper, not a shout.

The joining of our worlds,
the ones inside and out,
bringing spirit into matter
is what life's all about.

With head high in the heavens
and feet deep in the earth,
we face a new beginning,
a cycle in rebirth.

Beyond all of the reasons,
the limits and the time,
with awareness of our battles,
our strife and our long climb.

The climb up to the top
of that which has been sought.
The making of our mountains
through feelings and through thought.

And where are these steep mountains,
we have worked so hard to make?
These symbols upon which
we have placed such high a stake.

These mountains they are made
from the inside to the out.
And, of this simple fact
we must not have a doubt.

For deep inside our Self
our Spirit shows the way
so all the moments can unite
to make a bright new day.

Memories now of moments.
A life gone by with JOY.
To know the truth and love of life
that nothing can destroy.

THE ROSE

The Rose is still a bud, but it is soon to open. The transition of our consciousness is much like the opening of a Rose. For many eons we, the members of Earth, have placed our consciousness on the outside of the Rose. The Core of the Rose was a mystery to us. Therefore, it was a god.

From the outside of the Rose, from the petals which were exposed to the environment, we prayed to the Sacred Center. Some of us even thought that this Sacred Center was deep inside the earth or far above us in the sky.

We had not yet remembered that
the Center was not above or below,
the Center was within.

God was distant and apart from us then and the world was cruel and distrustful. Therefore, we had to be sure that we protected ourselves from outside forces that we believed were “separate.” If God was separate, then so must be everything else be separate. We were lonely. We were isolated. Fortunately, when we felt safe enough on the “outside,” some of us decided to go “inside” to see what lay within the Center of the Rose.

And so we began the long journey to the center of the Rose, the center of ourselves. This journey was very frightening at first because we were used to holding our consciousness on the outside of the Rose, the outside of ourselves. The trek inside was long and lonely. If we were separate on the outside of the Rose, then how much more separate would we be on the inside?

But gradually, we discovered that we were not alone inside the Rose. We came to realize that there was an entire universe which existed there. It was our own special, independent universe. But was it really just ours? Was it really independent?

Eventually, we became aware that, from the Center of the Rose, from the center of this “new” universe, you could contact the essence of every other Rose that ever was or ever would be.

Because, in the Center of the Rose, there was no time.

In the center of the Rose, there was no space.

We were not alone!

We were not separate!

But where was our consciousness? Was it on the outside of the Rose, protecting us from “them”? Or was our consciousness in the Center of the Rose?

Where we were NOT alone.

Where we were NOT isolated.

Where we did NOT need protection
because there was NO harm.

And then it began to happen.

There was a great change on the outside of the Rose. It occurred slowly at first, and then the pace grew faster and faster. Everything that had been so hard, and firm, and stable was beginning to shift. Things were not so hard anymore, nor were they so stable. The outside petals of the Rose were moving away from the Core and pulling the other petals with them.

Now, we could not hide as easily within the Core of the Rose. However, if we placed our consciousness on the outside of the Rose, where we could “watch our backs”, we were affected by the great change. The outside petals were becoming very unsteady. They were threatening to fall from the Rose and land far away. Far away from the Core of the Rose, the Core of Ourselves.

We could no longer place our consciousness on the outside where it was separate,

separate from others,

separate from God,

separate from our own Core,

and separate from the place deep within
where there was no separation.

We could not stop the petals from falling. And, if we became attached to them, we too would fall away from our Core. Now we ALL had to journey to the Center of the Rose and place our consciousness inside because the changes outside were happening faster and faster.

But we were safe deep within ourselves. We were no longer alone there. We were with everyone else who had found their way to the Center of their Core, the Core of their Rose. But were we protected from the outside? Could we hide from what was happening outside of us?

All the petals were falling away now and we were no longer protected from the “outside” because there was no “outside”. As each petal fell from our essence, we were preparing ourselves for the “new world” that awaited us. A new world

where there were no petals,
where there was no outside,
where there was no separation.

And then, all the petals were gone. We were no longer IN the Center. We WERE the Center itself. There was no longer a place to hide, nor was there a reason because there was NO separation.

There was no God OUTSIDE or ABOVE or BELOW or WITHIN because there was NO measure of distance because there was NO space. There was no fearful future or sorrowful past because there was NO time. There was no core because there was NO exterior.

There was only NOW.
There was only HERE.

As we looked around us, we could see that there were still Roses that appeared to be independent from us. However, when we placed our attention upon them, they lovingly and willingly opened their heart to us, as we did to them.

There were no secrets,
there was no fear,
there was only Unity and Love.

WE WERE HOME.

TRANSFORMATION

Slowly the world around me was beginning to change. At first, I thought that my vision had become blurred. Things in the near distance seemed to have lost their edges and there seemed to be a wavering movement in the air when there was no breeze.

Conversely, certain things were becoming very dense and difficult to be around, or even look at. I began to avoid these things, or people, as they upset me in a strange way and because the calm peace of the rest of my environment was so much more comfortable.

Time also seemed to be changing. It didn't seem to fit what the clock said. Some hours seemed to last a very long time whereas other hours seemed to only last a few moments. These changes in time seemed to be related to what I was doing.

Any activity which engaged my creative force seemed to speed by while it also appeared to last forever. Mundane activities, however, crawled by like a snail across the damp sidewalk. I knew I still had to care for certain necessities of life, but they seemed to be less and less necessary.

There was a feeling arising from deep within my heart that was different from anything I had ever felt, but it reminded me of some distant memory which awakened a deep longing in every cell of my body.

This feeling brought about different desires than I had ever felt. Actually, they were latent desires which I had always had and had never allowed myself to indulge. Music, art, poetry, nature, intimacy and deep communication were becoming more important than "making money," "being right" or "getting ahead".

There was an inner compass that seemed to be leading me. I did not know to where and I didn't care. I was actually living in Trust. This compass took my mind into places that it had never before explored.

The fear and worry that had so plagued me before was being replaced with peace and a sense of active waiting. I didn't know exactly what I was waiting for, but I did know that I would recognize it when it appeared.

Meanwhile, the inner and outer worlds were blurring into one. The distinction between them had once been very clear, but now my imagination and activity were becoming one. I was living in a Globe of Light, but I also sensed a looming darkness.

Was this darkness growing or was it merely becoming denser and less diffuse so that it could separate from the light? But all light had darkness within it, did it not? This darkness was different though. This was a kind of darkness that was afraid of the light. In fact, maybe this darkness was just FEAR... fear of change.

There was definitely a change commencing. I felt it from deep, deep within. I didn't understand it, but I knew that this darkness did not want to change. It wanted things to stay the same. It wanted to refuse to realize that there was a parting of paths where each one would have to accept this new reality or gradually spiral downwards into that which was now completed.

A new vibration was coming to the planet. I could not alter that, nor could I avoid it. I could only accept it. And, in doing so, I must also accept myself. I must face that place of darkness within me that is afraid to change, afraid to trust.

I must bring that darkness to the surface where it can be exposed to the ever growing light and allow it to show itself to my consciousness. I must journey deep into the furthest recesses of my lost hopes and dreams, into those secret places in my unconscious where I hid the parts of myself that were afraid,
afraid to face the light,
afraid to face the truth,
afraid to change.

I must face the part of myself that is afraid to chose the new world that was softly glimmering just before me, afraid to grasp the invisible hand that was touching me deep inside my heart.

Could I give my fear to this Hand of Love?
Could I trust my dreams and imagination?
What was there to lose but fear and darkness?

I would journey, now, deep into the core of all hidden places
and release my fear to the Hand of Light!

I would allow my escalating vibration to penetrate all the dark hiding places of fear, anger and negativity,

so that it will uproot my resistance to change,
and plant the seeds of HOPE,
Hope and Light and Love!

The Phoenix bird was rising.
I would leave my darkness in its ashes and join it in flight!

Joining the Worlds

THE INNER GODDESS

The Inner Goddess
peers from behind
the Tree of Life
which floats above
the Waters of Emotion

She adorns Her hair with
leaves which are the
symbol of reincarnation.

Just as the tree survives
the long winter without its leaves
the Soul survives the transition
of Life – to Death – to Life.

Her eyes beckon you to
join her vibration.

Her heart opens to
receive and express
the Spiritual Essence which flows
through Her from the Source.

Her voice is sweet and clear
and resonates from deep
within your Soul.

“Join me,” she says,
“My vibration is yours.
My life is yours.

Together we are One.
Together we can express
the purity and peace
of Soul’s Purpose.”

I REMEMBER FAERIE

I remember Faerie.
I remember that
the green is greener and
sparkles in the ever present daylight.

Beyond the world of time,
the sun can stay for hours or years
because time is a product of our minds.

In Faerie,
Nature is our Mother.

We protect and care for Her like
humans care for their infants.

We are proud when She gives
birth to a flower and
we mourn the blooms
passage into seed.

Then, we alight our hearts to see
the seed take hold and again
become a flower.

Beauty is our essence
and love is impersonal.
In Faerie, we do not love
as humans do.
Humans love in a holding way.

Many of us have chosen
to love humans because they can
return love with a dedication
which we can only feel for Nature.

However, our love is as constant
as the cycles of the Moon,
humans can love dearly for a while
and then ~
they don't.

In Faerie, we are one with each other
and with our Maker.

We realize that
although we may look different,
we are like the fingers of a Divine Hand
which directs our every movement.

We never question this hand
nor could we imagine moving without it.

Our thoughts are colors
and our emotions are melodies.
We dance through our life
and warmly anticipate our
next step up the ladder of evolution.

The further up we move,
the more consciously
we interact with mankind.
But, they seldom know us.

In olden days,
shortly after the fall of Atlantis,
we interacted and played with humankind.

But now the veil is heavy indeed
and our lives are not interwoven.

After Atlantis there was a Borderland
where we had a strange mixture of
Faerie and Earth.

Members of our evolution
and of the human evolution
intermingled and interbred.

However, as the human kingdom
fell deeper and deeper into the physical,
our two worlds separated and
Borderland became ~ no more.

Only in certain sacred areas



is there even a memory of Borderland.

In these special areas,
if one is attuned,
the ethereal memory of the Earth
can transport a willing, open mind
into an intense experience of Faerie.

Through reliving their past on Faerie,
humans can begin to release
their illusion of time.

We await you here in Faerie.

Remember us.
Remember yourselves.

You were with us when
you lived in Borderland
and experienced the
oneness of our Soul.

Your wings await you.

Come,
try them on!

THE COMFORT OF TREES

Surrounded by trees
my heart re-awakens.

Surrounded by trees
my mind becomes calm.

Surrounded by trees
my path becomes clear.

The meaning, the moment,
the purpose, the now

to keep my heart open
and be who I AM.

To enjoy the comfort,
to drink in the peace.

To keep myself always
surrounded by trees.

As she looked through the trees,
she saw a small trail.

It was not a large trail,
nor was it clearly marked.

In fact, it was almost as if
the trail was marked only for her.

She felt calmer the moment
that she stepped upon it.

As she walked the trail
it seemed to open for her.

She wondered if anyone else
had ever used this trail.

That thought made her lonely ~ again.

No, she wasn't going
to indulge in loneliness any longer.

Perhaps, she had been lonely because she had been
walking someone else's trail instead of her own.

In truth, she was only lonely
for her Self!

The trail appeared to be getting steeper and steeper,
but oddly enough, the going was actually easier.

It was almost as if walking the trail
gave her strength.

Even though the way was becoming more difficult,
she was more able to successfully confront the challenge.

She imagined that she felt better because
she knew deep in her Soul that this trail was hers.

This trail was an expression of her own personal creativity
and her own personal purpose.

The sun was shining on the trail now.
It brightly showed her the Way.

She became less intent upon the climb and
began to enjoy all that presented itself along her journey.

The world seemed much clearer now.
The air was fresher and the flowers more colorful.

Each creature of Nature was willing
and able to communicate with her.

Now that she could listen,
now that she could see,

now that she felt totally free to be herself,
she could experience others more completely.

She heard a creek in the distance.



She would rest there and
take a long moment to fully enjoy

being on HER trail!

Living in Both Worlds

HOME

I remember the waters
softly kissing the shores
that quickly rose to cliffs.

I remember the tree
under which I sat wondering
if I could cross those waters
to lay upon the sandy shores
and feel the cliff behind me
rising towards the yellow sky.

I remember the red mountain
beyond the hills which beckoned me
to find the mystery of its hue.

But then I awoke
and it was gone.
I had waited too long.

Again the waters had eluded me,
And I was denied
the distant shores of Home.

Next time,
I will not hesitate.

Next time,
I will not worry.
I will not wait.

I shall run into the waters,
bask upon the shores,
and climb the cliffs of Home ~

to find my Heart
at last!

THE DISTANT SHORE

Upon this distant shore
was all that she had longed for,
all that she could be.

She looked back one last time
before she touched the
earth of her newest creation.

All of her life she had kept it far away
like a dream or a lonely memory.

From her position at the helm of her ship
she could see gentle waves
caressing the once distant shore.

But now, the distance was no more.
She had arrived.

All she had to do was to plant her step
where she had always longed to be.

Could she release the vessel
that had taken her this far?

Could she allow it to return to its Source
and await her new vessel?

The sun was warm
when she decided to take the step.

The water was cool
as it tickled her ankles
and the wet sand squished
between her naked toes.

As she walked onto the dry sand
she shed all her clothing.

They no longer fit her

and she did not need
to hide inside of them.

She was totally vulnerable now.
Only the Truth could protect her.

Soon the sun would be setting
and she would face the darkness.

She had only the light
within her heart
to show the way.

But she felt good.
She felt safe.
She was ready.

Maybe not for everything,
but ready for what was next.

The wait was over !
Tomorrow was now !

THE SIXTH STEP TO SOUL

She waited a very long time before she even attempted to climb the stair to the sixth pillar. Something about it was foreboding. Probably, it was the Power. The Power of it was so intense that it frightened her. But she knew that she couldn't resist it any longer. It was time now to make that single step that she so deeply believed would change her life forever. She had felt the change coming for quite some time. Something inside was going away to be replaced by something else that had not yet been born. The something that was going away was FEAR.

As she prepared to take this simple step which would complicate every area of her life, she reflected upon all that had happened. Like the moment before death, her entire life flashed before her. There was, of course, too much to consciously register, but there was a general theme that seemed to be replaying in drama after drama.

The theme was personal inadequacy. With that thought, she stopped suddenly—foot raised in midair in preparation of the step. Was she inadequate? Had she had been avoiding this step knowing that, if she took it, she would realize that for her entire lifetime she had secretly felt inadequate?

If that was so, once the step was taken, she would have to drop that modes operandi forever. She would have to accept that she WAS adequate. She would have to accept and love herself exactly as she was in every moment, through every emotion and with every thought. No wonder she had avoided this pillar so long.

She wondered why she had clung so ardently to a negative self-image. What could be the possible profit? Of course, with the question came the answer. Fear of judgment! If she knew, first, that she was inadequate, then maybe it wouldn't hurt so much when THEY told her so! Of course, THEY were seldom rude enough to come right out with it. THEY were nicer than that. THEY told her with a look, with a pat, or with their eyes.

If only she hadn't been so sensitive. If only she had been able to believe their hollow words of praise. However, the praises were short and very far apart, whereas the criticisms were constant and covered every area of her life. Worst of all, the ones who criticized her most were the very ones who professed to love her. And now, unfortunately, much of the criticism came from her self.

Could she take this step? Was she “adequate” to the task? A battle began to wage deep within her. Who was right, the outsiders who now secretly lived in her head, or the small voice inside who whispered, “You can do it”?

She could do it, she would do ... she did it!

She did it quickly, like jumping into a cold pond. She chose to lower that raised foot, not on the step that she was on, but instead on the next step, the step just above her.

Quickly, she had to shift her weight to the foot on the higher step. She knew that if she hesitated she would stop her forward motion. With a leap of faith, she planted her other foot firmly on the sixth step, just feet away from the pillar.

Now she would have to look inside the pillar's crystal to see what was there. She inched forward. She had to stretch her body to its tallest self because this pillar was much taller than the others. Quickly, before she lost her nerve, she looked into the crystal. Initially, she could see only swirling Golden Light that was more beautiful than anything she could imagine. It moved in clockwise circles as if it followed a plan. Yes, something was taking shape. Something was being created within the Golden Light.

It was a face. No, wait, it was HER face. But the face was perfect. Not perfect in its shape, age, expression, or any other gauge of perfection that had been offered in the past. The face was perfect because it was the Face of Soul. It was perfect because it was the archetype of everyone and everything she had ever attempted to be in all of her lives. It was perfect because it was SOUL! And being Soul, it was above judgments or polarities. It wasn't good, bad, beautiful, or ugly. IT SIMPLY WAS, therefore, it was PERFECT!

The face didn't have to be changed, improved, or altered. It only had to be accepted and cherished. It was beyond time and space. Therefore, it had no age or definite form. It existed because it was Truth. And, she could see it because she had been brave enough to look. She had been brave enough to face her sense of personal inadequacy and to choose not to allow it to hold her back any longer. She had chosen to move on to the next step knowing that her life would be inalterably changed.

She didn't know how life would be now, although, she was certain that it would be different. She had looked into the face of Soul, and in doing so, she had changed her self image for all of eternity.

She no longer had to fear judgment. Therefore, she no longer had to judge. Of course, there was habit. Habit could make her forget who she was. Habit could duplicate old behaviors that were now dead.

Therefore, she would have to look into the Face of Soul every day and in every way. She would have to first find the Face of Soul in the crystal, in the mirror, and in faces of others. She would find the Face of Soul in trees, rocks, birds, insects, fish, and in all of the creatures of life. The Face of Soul was everywhere and in everything.

Could she remember to see it? Could she remember to be who she was and not who she used to be?

Yes! She would remember to remember. And when she forgot, she would look into the Face of Soul and forgive herself. She would not judge herself for forgetting, but rather move on and remember to NOT forget again.

All she had to do was to take that one step and look into her own Face of Soul. Then everywhere, in everyone and in everything, she could see their Face of Soul. In that face was complete acceptance and therefore, complete love.

For love without acceptance is like a face without a Soul.

And, that acceptance must begin with her self!

THE SEVENTH STEP



FREEDOM

Freedom

Living in Surrender

The seventh and final stairway was before her. Where would it take her and who would she become when she arrived? The stairway did not look at all familiar, yet it evoked a loneliness deep inside of her. She wanted to travel up these stairs, but at the same time, she feared them. She closed her eyes to calm herself and took a deep breath. The awareness came upon her slowly like a misty dawn and filled her with the joy of the first day of spring after a long winter. She knew the stairway now. Actually, she felt it. This was the stairway HOME. She listened carefully to a silent call that tugged at her Soul. No, it didn't tug at her Soul, it WAS her Soul.

Now that she heard her Soul's call, could she surrender to its Wisdom?

Traveling the Path

NOW AND FOREVER

Now that the sleep of many lives
has come into its morning light.

Now that the fear of many moments
has begun to lose its fearsome might.

Now that the flower of my own creation
has renewed itself in a new ideation.

Now and forever there can be freedom.
Now and forever there can be peace.

Peace to go inside and see
all I ever dreamed to be.

My dues are paid.
I'm not afraid.

For I have been shown
I'm not alone.

And, in the showing
there is a knowing

and the power that can only be
as I live my life by being me.

Because I understand this vision
I have the strength for this decision.

For as the hand fits in the glove
I surround myself with Peace and Love.

THE PATH OF SOUL

The path of Soul is long and pure.
The path of Soul is narrow and high.

On the left, there is a cliff that plunges
to the depths of darkness.
But, the treacherous side is to the right
because it is so deceptive.

Slowly, the right hand path
descends into the
Caves of Long Forgotten Fears.

Although the decline is
barely recognizable at first,
it increases steadily.

If we are not aware,
we can become trapped
within that forgotten fear
and lose our way.

Many a mighty warrior
has become lost because,
only by going through the Mouth of the Dragon,
can the treasure of illumination be gained.

The projection of our inner light,
and the call of our Soul,
is all that can lead us through the
labyrinth of our darkness.

It is only by facing the truth
of our own creations
that we can beckon this light
into the recesses of our unconscious.

Then we can realize that
all that we have known,
all that we have experienced,
is a reflection of our inner world.

Once we have gained that awareness
we become the cause and core,
the sole creator of our life.

However, it is best that we surrender
the responsibility of that creation to Soul.

Ego is not pure enough
to bear the weight of this burden,
nor wise enough to confront
the ramifications of such power.

Ego believes it can escape
into death with a mere,
“I’m sorry” or, “I didn’t know”.

But, Death is not the end.
It is a recess where we can rest
before we again enter
the Classroom of Life.

Who are the teachers in this classroom
and where do they reside?

How do we learn to have Soul
be the guide of all our creations?

Deep inside!

Behind the lies
awaits the Truth.

Deep inside!

Behind the ego,
behind the fear,
is the Unconditional Love
that illuminates

The Path of Soul.

THE RIVER

She stood at the edge of the river.
It was moving swiftly, yet it was full of life.

She knew that if she could find
the courage to enter it
she too would be full of life.

The river was flowing very fast
and she feared it would sweep her up
and carry her to some unknown destination.

This “unknown” frightened her,
strangely enough, though, she was not afraid
that the river would drown her.

Somehow, she knew she would stay afloat.
She had proven that to herself.

Perhaps she could enter the river
with her mind and
leave her body safely on shore.

But then she envisioned her mind
being swept away by the strong current
and her body being left on the shore.

That would never do, she thought.
Could she lean over the edge of the shore
and put her hand into the current?

Just to get used to it,
she assured herself.

There was a slight ledge,
but when she leaned down
far enough to reach the water,
she was in danger of falling in.

Therefore, she decided to
lay flat along the shore and

reach her hand down into the flow.

When her hand was in the water
it felt different.
It felt lighter.

She pulled her hand out and examined it.
She saw that now it looked different
from the rest of her body.

She decided to sit on the ledge
and dangle her feet in the current.

Once her feet were in the river
she noticed that,
even though the current was strong,
it didn't appear to be going anywhere.

In fact, on closer inspection,
the river appeared not to be of water,
but of light.


Therefore, the force of the flow
did not carry her away
but instead moved through her.
She gathered the courage
to actually stand in the river.

She found a large root that
acted as a handle, and
holding securely onto it,
she stepped into the river.

Indeed, there was no threat
of being carried away.
That was only her fear.

The flow of current,
which was definitely
more like light than water,
did indeed move through her.

But, it did take something away.



It took away her fear.

Just as a dry leaf cannot stand
the vibration of a fire,
her fear could not stand
the vibration of this current.

As she felt the fear
being cleared by the current,
she felt strangely naked.
She recognized how much
her fear had protected her.

No wonder she had
held on to it so tightly.

Then a new fear entered her mind.
If she went out into the world
without this protection,
how could she survive?

Even that fear could not
withstand the current and
it was swiftly washed from her mind
almost upon thinking it.

In fact, most of her thoughts
were pulled from her
as were most of her emotions.

What was left?
She was!

The pure essence of her Soul was left.
Soul without the generations
of thoughts and emotions.
Soul without lives
of memories and experiences.

The thoughts, feelings,
memories and experiences
that were being swept away by the current
had transformed her Soul

from the infant that it had appeared to be
to the adult that it had always been.

The Soul that had once been
a particle of this current
had now individuated.

It had gained self-awareness
and self-mastery.

Old concepts of insecurity
sprung into her mind,
but were quickly liberated
by the force of the current.

Again she was alone.
Alone, without the security
of her old self-concept.

Alone, with only the
awareness of her Self.
Alone, and yet united,
united with her Soul.

Slowly, she began to realize
that there were many other
individuated Souls about her.

Time and space were not apparent
within this flow and
each Soul mingled with each other
at the same time that they
kept their individuality.

This was a completely new way of being.
Would it be possible to retain
this way of being outside of the flow?

Could she take this flow with her
and internalize it as a
constant source of succor?

Would she remember this experience

when she returned to her mundane world?

These questions were
quickly pulled from her mind
by the very current that had created them.

And then there was peace!
There were no questions,
no thoughts,
no feelings,
no memories.

Yet, there was the result
of all that had left.
Like a meal digested,
the energy was there,
but the source had been
internalized and transformed.

She determined to lay down in the current.
And, when she did, she realized that
if she completely surrendered to it,
she did move ~ very slowly.

She was being taken somewhere.
She did not fear it,
anticipate it,
or even question it.

She simply
was following the course
of the current.

THE CURRENT

She came to the current
believing it would cleanse her.
The current looked like water,
but it was light, liquid light.

It had taken great courage
to take the first step into the current,
but now it would be simple.
Wouldn't it?

All she had to do was
relax into its flow and release.
Release what?
She wasn't sure.

She settled down into the current
expecting it all to be easy.

However, as the current pulled
old portions of herself to the surface
another force countered
by pushing the secrets back into hiding.

This force was resistance,
resistance to change,
resistance to the truth.

She could feel the flow
moving through her body
releasing the stress and strain
of many lives.

But, there were places that were
afraid of change, any change.

She felt nervous and uncomfortable.
The resistance told her that part of her
was trying to come to the surface
at the same time that it wanted
to stay hidden.

She knew now that she would have
to participate in her own healing
in order to allow the current into these
hiding places of her ancient secrets.

What could be the sense in hiding,
from herself,
from others,
from the truth?

She had always sought the truth.
Hadn't she?

But what if this search for truth
revealed something she didn't like,
some aspect of herself,
some emotion, or thought
that she wasn't ready to face?

She could feel the resistance.
Could she allow herself to feel,
that which lay hidden behind it?

Could she allow herself to
love these portions of herself?
Yes, only love would give her
the power to accept.

Accept the resistance
as a part of the change,
accept that which was resisted,
and then, surrender it all to the current.

What did she have to lose?

"You can lose sorrow,"
said her heart as she allowed
the current to pull her sorrow to the surface.

"Yes," she thought,
but first she would have
to accept and love it.

How could she accept sorrow?
How could she love it?

“It has taught you to seek comfort,”
murmured the current.
Yes, she knew that to be true.

Could she take the risk
to accept an old enemy?

Could she stop resisting her sorrow,
love it free, and release it
into the current?

Years and lives of sorrow
filled her memory until she had no choice.

She could hold it no longer.
She had to release it,
forgive it,
and love it.
She had to love it free.

“I love you sorrow,”
she cried into her heart.
“You have taught me to seek comfort.”

With her words the sorrow left her.
Her tears joined the current
and floated away.
In the place where sorrow
had lived was comfort,
comfort from within.

It had worked.
She had loved her sorrow and
surrendered it to the current.

But, she knew there was more
she could surrender,
more that she could lose.
She listened for the next voice.

“You could lose confusion,”
said the current as it
traveled in circles about her.

Her mind swirled like a flooded river
and she almost lost her footing.
She would have to surrender it.
She could no longer live with it.

But, what had confusion taught her?
“It has taught you to seek clarity,”
spoke the voice that now seemed
to resonate from inside her.

Yes, without the pent up sorrow
she could listen,
listen to her Self.

“I love you confusion,”
she sang into her mind.
“You have taught me to seek clarity.”

Because of her love,
and her willingness to surrender,
the confusion was washed from her
and traveled with the current.

It seemed to have a direction now,
at last.

“You could lose pain,”
continued the current
as it pushed against her body.

Yes, pain.
The sum total of the inability
to find happiness.
She could lose that.
But what had it taught her?
Yes, she knew.

“I love you pain.

You have taught me to seek happiness,”
she said as her arms embraced her body,
protecting her wounded heart.

Her body relaxed as lives of pain
were pulled to the surface by the current.

Her arms opened
and floated upon the current
allowing her heart to release its pain.

“You could lose fear,”
came a cry from her entire being.

She knew the answer and responded.

“I love you fear.
You have taught me to love,”
she called to fear as it floated
down the river with the current.

Then, all that was left was LOVE
and the Power it gave her to
surrender to the current.

Finding the Soul

WHO AM I?

Who am I?
Where have I been?
When am I?
What have I seen?

Why am I?
The truth to be known,
for am I
all I've been shown?

From peering
into my Soul
the pieces all come
into a whole.

Now am I
ready to be
all that I've
been able to see?

Sometime now
the truth will reveal
all that I've
been able to feel.

I accept now
it's all an illusion.
The purpose being
to find the solution.

The Soul is
the point of perceptions.
The author of
all my conceptions.

I know now,
from where I am at,
the answers are
as simple as that.

MERGING WITH THE GODDESS

“Let us merge into one being,” spoke the Goddess.

It was my dream again, only this time it seemed so real. I saw the Goddess before me in her form as an elegant Priestess. She wore a flowing opalescent gown that wrapped loosely around her body and was clasped at her left shoulder with a silver Owl. Her delicate facial features were highlighted by her abundant dark hair which she wore swept up on top of her head. Small ringlets caressed her cheeks and the nape of her neck. An aura of feminine power surrounded her and seemed to radiate from her like a beacon.

Copper snakes coiled around each of her upper arms and around her neck she wore a magnificent amethyst necklace. A huge amethyst jewel hung from its center and rested between her breasts. The gem seemed to magnify the radiance flowing from her heart. But, what struck me the most were her eyes. They were as violet as the jewel against her heart and they penetrated my very Soul.

“Let us merge into one being,” she spoke again as she stood before me, face to face and heart to heart.

Even if the Goddess had come to me in my sleep, the honor was the same. How could I resist her request? She raised her hands to the level of her heart and I mirrored her motion. She stepped towards me and I stepped towards her. As our palms touched, so did our hearts.

Slowly, I could feel that we were merging. I felt the copper bracelets cool upon my upper arms and the weight of the amethyst necklace heavy upon my heart. I felt the gossamer gown soft against my skin and the weight of the silver owl which held it in place. My hair was also pulled high upon my head and I felt the breeze playing with the wisps of hair that tickled my face and neck. On our feet we wore simple sandals and we were standing upon the fertile soil of Earth.

The Goddess sent roots down from her feet deep into the body of the Mother and I felt their pull upon the soles of my feet as well. These roots, carrying our consciousness with them, traveled deeper and deeper, past the topsoil, into the sand, beyond the bedrock, and into the caves of enlightenment. Yes, the Goddess was alive there too, pregnant with all life.

Deeper still the roots traveled carrying our joint consciousness down, down into the molten core of the Earth. Once there, we surrendered our spirit flame into Mother Earth's. Now, our flames were all One. Light as a feather, we floated again to the surface where our combined essence re-entered our body. The Goddess and I had completely merged into one body now and, in doing so, I had merged with Mother Earth.

From deep inside my expanded being, I could feel my legs pull nourishment from the earth. I felt the sweet love of the Mother, Lady Gaia, travel up my body. I was the Mother—I was the Earth. From my solar plexus, I communed with the waters of the my great oceans and all the life that lived within them. I remembered how my creatures had first crawled from these waters to learn to live upon the land and in the air. I could hear the call of each life as it spoke to me of its needs, knew intimately the growing of each plant, and felt the burden of every mountain and hill.

Within my heart was Unconditional Love for all that lived upon me. I felt the birth of each babe and the opening of each flower. My emotions changed the weather and the sky echoed my thoughts. I witnessed the continuous rising and setting of the Sun and felt the pull of the Moon as it orbited around me.

Then my awareness expanded to encompass the entire solar system. I welcomed the energy field of love radiating from Father/Mother Sun which kept each Brother and Sister Planet in orbit. Venus sent a special ray of love to me, her dear sister Earth. This love further expanded my consciousness and I became a traveler in the Milky Way. The Great Central Sun beckoned me Home. Then I saw the Milky Way as it surrounded me. I was the central body of life within the vast expanse of space.

Off in the distance, at the very edge of my Universe, I saw a star. It was Father/Mother Sun and it was calling me. Calling me home to Earth. With a gentle tug, I traveled instantly back into the Milky Way, back to my Solar System, back to Earth and back into a small body that was preparing to awaken. The jolt was so intense that my eyes flew open. As I set up in my bed I saw the Goddess before me and, deep in her violet eyes, I saw my Soul.

AWARENESS

The flower opened slowly
because I thought it must.
The labor was so painful
because it seemed unjust.

The sky was dark and dreary,
for tears had blurred my sight.
But, love returned and called the Sun
to turn me towards the light.

My Spirit whispered to me
in answer to my call,
“Come here, my dear, and listen
and I will tell you all.

You are creator of your life
in each and every way
by the actors you perform with
and the dramas that you play.

What moment are you choosing?
What torment are you losing?

Open up your heart, my dear.
Fill it full of love, not fear.

The journey is beginning.
Your freedom, you are winning.

Live life in surrender.
Allow your Soul to choose
Walk upon the path of love.
There’s nothing you can lose.”

At last I know, I am aware.
I remember what I knew.
I welcome in a brand new life.
The old one now is through.

Merging with Soul

ALL THAT IS

As the Light comes towards me,
I feel a correlate part of myself
come forward to meet it,
to merge with it.

My body accepts the Light
in a way that it never could before.

The Light refuels and transforms me.
Each cell within me,
calls to the Light to enter it.

“I AM the Light,”
my body cries.
I feel my vibration quickening
as I grow increasingly tired.

Tired of work.
Tired of struggle.
Tired of resistance.

“I AM the Light,”
my emotions cry.
Feelings of fear and separation
diminish as I merge,
more and more, with the Light.

We are all One.
We are complete – finished.

Finished with pain.
Finished with sorrow.
Finished with anger and guilt.

“I AM the Light,”
my thoughts cry.
Thoughts of confusion and limitation
are recognized as illusions.

The Light purges these illusions

so that my mind remembers.

Remembers Light.
Remembers Love.
Remembers Spirit.

“I AM the Light,”
my spirit cries.

Illumination replaces illusion.
Unity replaces separation.
Expansion replaces limitation.
Joy replaces fear and confusion.

Yet, still, I feel tired.
Why, why can I not yet use
the light that I know I am accepting?

Silently, I ask the question.
Diligently, I seek the answer.

“Because, the process is preceding,”
a silent voice replies.
“Because you believe that
transformation takes time and patience.”

“Can I put time and
the patience that it requires
into the Light?”
I ask the silent voice.

“Only Love can remove time.
Only Love can calm the fear
that needs the time
to prepare itself for change.

Change into a reality without fear,
without time, without polarity.

Fear and love, good and bad,
ugly and beautiful
are all one
within the Oneness.

Within the Oneness
there is no separation,
no judgment,
no measurement.

All *IS* in the All that Is.”

Calmly, I accept
the Light into every cell
of every level of my consciousness.

Lovingly, I await
the end of waiting.

Patiently, I allow
life to proceed
as I surrender into the Unity.

Thankfully, I remember
all that I AM
within the Oneness of All That Is.

Surrender is Sweet and

Remembering is Divine!

THE STREAM OF LIGHT

The stream of light falls upon my head
illuminating my deepest secrets
and bringing them to the surface
of my consciousness.

I am not pleased to see some of them,
yet others fill me with the glory of Truth.

I have always known
that there was more.
There had to be.

Just this life,
just this reality,
just this consciousness,
would not be worth it,
would not be a possibility.

This knowledge set me apart.
I was different from the rest.
There was no reason for me
to believe as I did.

No one around me told me
about the things I knew.
But inside, yes, inside
there was always a presence.

When I was a child,
this presence was my friend.

When I was a teenager,
it was my secret love.

When I was pregnant,
it was my unborn child.

And when I needed it,
it was my Guardian Angel.

Always, always it was there.

When I was alone
it held my hand.

When I was afraid
it protected me.

And, when I was sad
it comforted me.

When no one smiled at my humor,
it laughed.

When no one answered my question,
it replied.

And, when no one understood,
it knew me.

What was this presence?
Only I could keep it away.

If I didn't believe, it was gone.
Or, if I fell into the depths of emotion,
I couldn't hear it.

But, just as soon as I recovered,
as soon as I believed again
~ in myself ~
it was back.

I could lean to the right,
rest my head upon an invisible shoulder,
and feel an arm about me.

Sometimes the presence would
brush my forehead,
as if to release the pen-up thoughts
that were forever in my brain.

So what was this presence?
Was it just a figment of my imagination?

Or was it the only reality
and everything else an illusion.

Was it in me,
next to me,
or beside me?

Would it ever leave me?
Would it ever reveal itself?

Oh please, please let it come forward.
Please let it enter into my heart
and merge with me.

If it isn't real,
then neither am I.

If it doesn't truly exist,
then there is no reason.
There is no love.

It must be real.
It is my life force.
It is my Self.

It is the part of me
that I have not yet become.
It is my completion,
my Divine Complement.

It is that which will mend the tear,
the salve that will heal the wound.

It is the other half that will
make me whole.

How can I learn to know this presence?
How can I ignore that which I hear outside and
listen instead to this quiet voice within?

Can I remember
that I am special?

Can I remember
that I do deserve,
I am complete,
I am whole.

I must.
I simply must.
Yes!

Yes, I feel it just before me.
It is entering my arms and
stepping into my feet.

I hear it as it beats within my heart
and feel its breath inside my mind.

I AM complete NOW ~
together as ONE
with SOUL.

I AM

I AM the mother of your Heart
and the father of your Mind.

I AM the presence of Light for which
you have hungered your entire incarnation.

I AM the Hope you seek
and the Promise you fear.

I AM the Perfection which is calling
and the Caution which holds you still.

I AM your fingers, your toes
your breath and your heart.

I AM all that you have ever been
and all they you shall ever be.

I AM that I AM and
I AM now entering your Body.

Welcome me as a mother
welcomes her first born.

Embrace me as a lover
who has been away and just returned.

Hold my thoughts ever in your Mind
and my emotions ever in your Heart.

Know me ~ as I AM you.
Love me ~ as I have always loved you.

Yes, I AM the One,
the One whom you have always sought.

I AM in you, over you
around you, and through you.

I AM that I AM and I AM
Your SOUL.

Surrendering to Soul

SURRENDER

To come alive to peace and calm
and open up my heart.
To look into another
and know them from the start.

For all of time within the Now,
the world a speck of light.
The journey is returning,
my wings have taken flight.

To know the door and have the key
to set my spirit free.
I lay my hand upon the Earth,
the Mother speaks to me,

“My lover now is coming.
We’re joining into One.
You shall become a planet.
I shall become a Sun.”

For as we all surrender
to something yet unknown,
the questions will be answered
the pathways will be shown.

I surrender to the moment.
I surrender to the day.
I surrender to the reason
and surrender to the way.

For living in surrender
I have no need to hide,
no ego to get wounded,
no damage to my pride.

Completion is a promise,
understanding builds a trust,
to live within my Soul’s desire
and see the world as just.

The dark, the light, the love, the hate
are joined into the One.
In love and sweet forgiveness,
the experiment is done.

BELOVED ONE

Beloved One,
we call you with our hearts.

Welcome Home,
we are preparing
a celebration in your honor.

Yes, you.
Do not look around
for the one to whom we speak.

We speak to you.
You, the one who will listen.

We have long awaited
the return of our kin
who have so bravely served
upon the Great Mother.

Your time of homecoming is nigh.
Do not doubt, nor fear
for we have taken you into our vibration.

There is no way in which
you can get lost now.

Just relax into our pull.
We are bringing you Home.

Remember, the violet trees
that sway in the either of the yellow sky.

See the colors that emanate from each leaf
and hear the melodies they create
as they mingle with the breeze.

Feel the warm glow of life
as it welcomes your arrival.
All that holds form here
is aware and communicates.

Even the Formless Ones embrace your Soul
and frees you of ALL limitations.

Feel how you are united with all life
and how all of life is united with you.

Remember now as an adult,
what you knew as a child.

Home is not a place,
it is a state of consciousness.

Relax now, my one, enjoy the journey.

You are going HOME and

HOME is where
you've always been.

THE SEVENTH STEP TO SOUL

She was very near the top now. The seventh pillar stood just beyond her reach. It had taken her a long time to resume her journey because the sixth pillar had demanded changes in her physical life before she could continue. Now she believed, or at least hoped, that she was ready to approach the seventh and final pillar.

As she stepped onto that last step, and walked towards the pillar, an overwhelming doubt engulfed her. All the old feelings of inadequacy threatened to overwhelm her again. With tremendous will power, she pushed them aside and promised herself that she was ready for this last initiation. A battle raged inside her as confidence and inadequacy were at war. Finally, the confidence won and she moved to look into the seventh crystal.

It was difficult to see anything in the crystal because her attention drifted off whenever she looked into it. When she returned, she could not remember where she had been. This happened time after time until she became exhausted from the effort of trying to stay focused. Strangely enough, when she finally gave up trying, she succeeded. She looked into the crystal on the pillar and, as usual, drifted off. But, as she did so, she managed to stay aware of her experience.

She felt herself lifted up, higher and higher, until the step, the pillar, and all that she had formerly identified as herself ~ were far below. And then, they were all gone. She floated for what seemed a very long time, but it may have been only a moment. It was difficult to determine because time was not as she had always measured it.

She was not alone, however. Many lights that had the “feel” of living beings lovingly surrounded her. These lights flickered in and out of many different forms. When she looked, she found that she too was a light being whose form changed with each thought and emotion. She embraced the companionship of these obviously caring Beings. They surrounded her as if she had returned from a long journey and her family was welcoming her. Within the same moment, many familiar messages entered her consciousness. However, she was able to differentiate each message from the others.

Then she knew. She was HOME at last. She was in the realm of Soul.

The rules of this realm were totally different from those of the physical world. There was no movement , no going from place to place. She was at one place then, as she wished it, she was at another. There also was no cause and effect, no chain of reactions. What was ~ WAS. Its existence sprang instantly from her call for it. But her call was not a need. There were no needs because nothing was lacking. If she thought of something, or someplace, or someone, it was. When she ceased to think of it ~ it was not. She was the core of her reality, an island unto herself. On this island there was only the ISNESS, the NOWNESS, and the HERENESS.

She was beyond surviving, fighting, experiencing, and even beyond creating. She was living in complete surrender. Divine Life was the expression of her every breath. She knew that if she allowed her consciousness to fall, she could not remain in this reality. Still, old habitual negative thoughts and feelings called her from the depths of her memory.

“NO!” she cried. “Just as I have denied myself this reality all of my life, I will now deny myself the indulgence of doubts and fears.”

She knew, though, that she could not remain in this realm yet. Her life mission was not complete. This plane was to be her place of learning and regeneration. Here, she could remember who she truly was and why she had come to Earth. She also knew that, eventually, she would learn to keep a portion of herself awake within this realm. But it would take earth-time before she could keep the thread of consciousness continuous from here all the way down the vibrational path to her physical self.

She determined to accomplish that goal and, with that determination, she felt a pull from her physical world. Fortunately, she knew she could return for she had found the way, and now she carried an inner compass.

This compass was a memory, the memory of an essence ~

THE ESSENCE OF SOUL.

PATTERNS

Patterns of a puzzle
cast upon a page.
Patterns of a life gone by
the remnants of an age.

How many will remember?
How many even care
all the times that were important
through the stormy and the fair?

Memories of an echo,
a dream which must now end.
What is the moral of this round?
What message did it send?

Will the world know that it's over?
Was a difference made this time?
Was the purpose met for coming?
Was there a reason or a rhyme?

Forever is as never.
Always is a lark.
Completion is a comma,
a quick stroll through the park.

What's next will surely matter.
A beginning to an end.
The pieces fall in place now
as the path winds round the bend.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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