

the truth  
about forever



a journal of discovery

for the child within us all

The Elf Cloth Adventures









*The Truth About Forever*  
“a journal of discovery”  
an “Oil Cloth Adventure”

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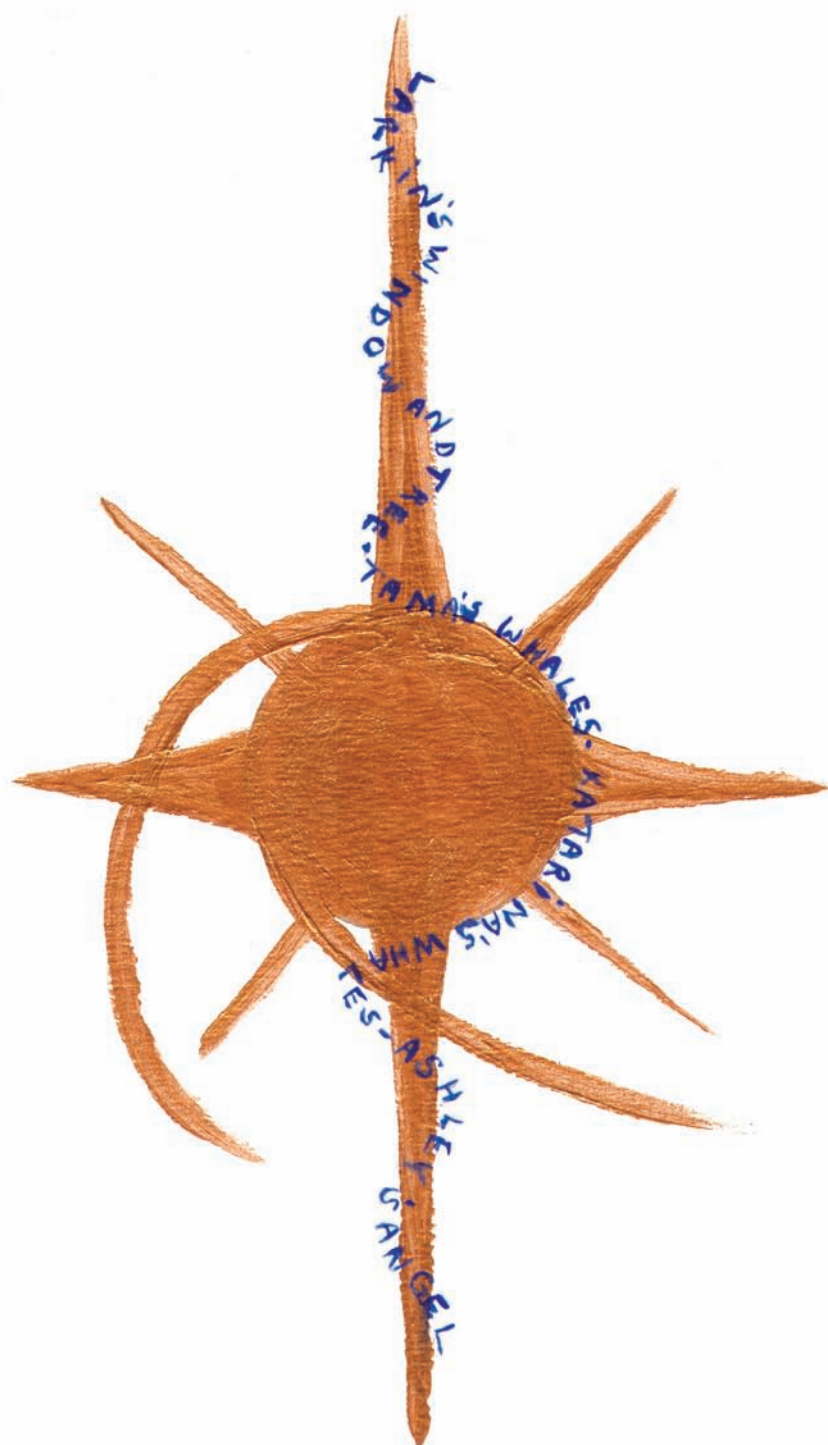
by EPAS

Transcribed by P.A. Stone-Sanders

The Oil Cloth Adventures

Clay Basket Arts LLC  
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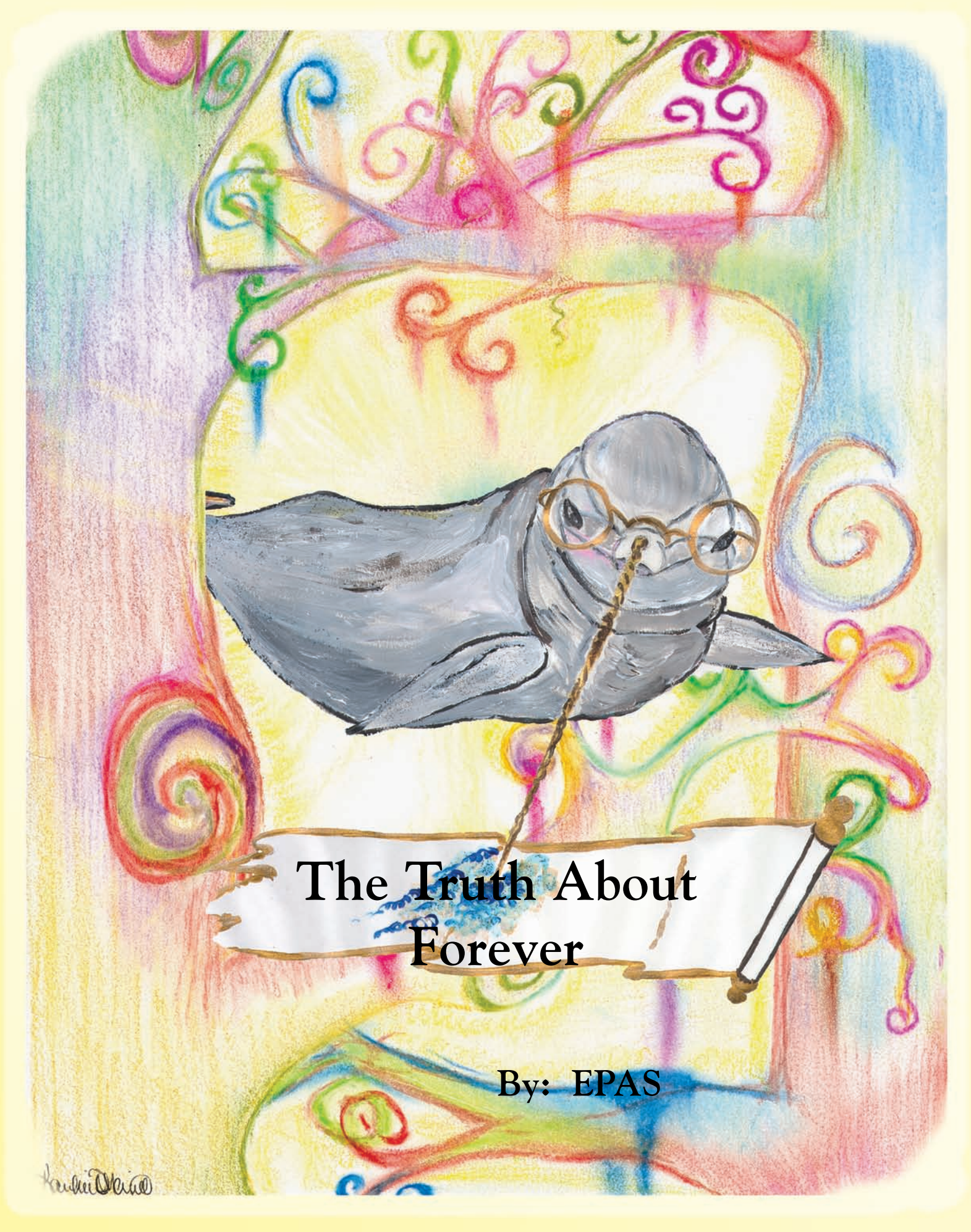




Guest Paintings by some of the "Children of the Stars", soon to be known as the  
"Children of the Star Lit Lantern".

Larkin Merritt, Tama Paoa Teriaki,  
Katerina Ahman, and Ashley Johnson















In loving memory of those gone before and those yet to come again.....

This Journey is dedicated to those Souls whose hearts carry the "Star Lit Lantern."

To those whose hearts have always held precious the myths, legends, and fairy-tales which hold  
the Essence of Truth, and who believe enough to speak them aloud.

To those whose lives have been lived, either real or imagined, to encourage the once born to seek  
the path of destiny that stirs the true heart and ensures the return of the 601 home to the stars.

To Greenstone Bruce, the Ole Knight, whose hands held us tight on both sides of the Universe.

To our Fathers

Wilbur Lee Stone...your wisdom, integrity and strength provided the earthly light that guided my  
heart with love to remember the way home to the stars.

Hulett Carlson Smith...your steady and constant love, understanding and encouragement have  
held the light for me to see, to remember, and to paint the incredible colors that nourish the  
seeking heart.



# EPAS

## The Holder of the Wisdom

EPAS resides in the wider universe outside the limits of mortal ways in the realm of spirit.

P.A.Stone-Sanders, the storyteller who records the stories of EPAS, is a small, simple woman of the earth.



Story Belt  
By Tupelo Kenyon  
And Spirit Walker Standing

Playa Nexpa, Mexico 1997  
Key:D  
Capo:7  
(Intro)

*A bead in a story belt  
It is as I was told  
It was the way of the people  
It's just as it has always been*

*And I am only a bead, a bead in a story  
A bead in a story belt am I  
(repeat last 2 lines)*

*A reed in the river  
For water to flow through  
a hollow reed  
It's just as it has always been*

*And I am only a reed, a reed in the river  
A reed in the river of life am I  
(repeat last 2 lines)*

*And I am a song  
A song that's singing me  
A song of the people  
It's just as it has always been*

*And I am only a song, a song of the people  
A song of the people singing me  
(repeat last 2 lines)*

*from the CD, "Like A River," by Laughing Bird  
[www.SomeMusicMatters.com](http://www.SomeMusicMatters.com)*



## The Breath of Life







*In the Beginning* there was only the memory of those whose hearts had been given to change the fate of the once born.

In a time and place far away, there lived an old, old woman and she was the wisest and brightest of the stars that lit the night sky. She was called Nan, Clan Mother of the Universe.

She would come out of her cave in the deep mountains of her planet only when the night sky was dark, for she was the inner light that rose in the dark sky to announce that it was time for the other stars to begin their journey across the night sky. It had been so for millions of years now.

In the beginning of course there was no reason for her to do this work, for everything was as it should be and there in this place of knowing was no night and no day to change the fate of those of her kind living there in happiness with the Gods of Life.

Then the Gods decreed that there would be created a new living planet for which she would hold the Mantle of Knowing.

It was she who would watch the sands as they flowed through the hourglass of time and she alone see to the turning of the planets that could be seen in the distance in the sky that veiled the illusion of time and space for the once born of the newly created Earth.

And so for the old woman thus began her journey and the journey of those to whom she would tell the secrets of the "Truth About Forever," because she knew them as they were whispered to her directly from the Gods of Life.



And to be sure they were nothing like the stories that later came to be heard among the once born, for they, the once born were creatures of fear and needed the tales of lesser gods to hold them safe.

With practiced ease the old woman began her journey into the night sky. She rose and stationed herself with great strength to light this night for the coming dawn was of great importance indeed.



This would mark the beginning of the journey for the once born and the timing of the place and portal for the newly formed Souls to journey home.

It would need a starry, starry, night indeed.

She had waited until now to begin her tale of truth and she had chosen two very good books to be the containers. She closed her eyes and called to her the two strong creatures, who over the next few hundred years, would be called to remember and to bring the story into being and bless the planet with the strength of their knowing.

One was a polar bear, young but very strong. She was curious and just waiting to be the carrier of wisdom.

The other was Great Grand Father Whale, old already and wise already

.

Both of them heard her call to the Spirit of their being and arrived in the exact same moment to sit with her by the fire and hear her talk.

The fire burned bright, and neither of them knew it was her inner glow they saw as the golden flame lighting the cave and the area of the sea just outside.

The polar bear sat huddled near the fire and the huge whale lay just off shore, listening and hearing her every word.

And the old wise woman knew best and she drew her plan to send them out, the polar bear and the whale, to track the true story of creation, one to tell it across the land and one to sing it beneath the sea.



These then are the “Tales of Creation” given from the Mother Star to the Old Woman of the Fire, to be passed to Mama Dew, the Polar Bear and Great Grand Father Whale.

These are indeed the Journeys of Truth, that would thousands of years later come to be called, “The Oil Cloth Adventures.”



The first story the old woman would tell would be appropriately called;

“The Breath of Life.”

It was a clear starry night when the Earth was young that opened the doorway to the beginning of knowing and to the mathematics of joy.

The stars were shining bright in the night sky and Mama Dew; the polar bear on the land and Great Grand Father Whale in the ocean were looking at the same bright star. It looked almost red, glowing and happy in its work of lighting the night sky.

On the land, in the place called Siberia, Mama Dew, the polar bear listened to the winds and in the wind heard the melody of the song passed to her long ago by the old woman in the cave.

Off the coast of South America, Great Grand Father Whale, also looked up from the recesses of the deep blue ocean and received the call from the star to rise to the surface and “eye it” on this clear, cool night.

The polar bear settled down on the edge of an ice cap and the ole man whale slowly ascended to the surface and faced the Eastern sky. They both began at once to sing the song the old woman taught them, so very long ago, the “Song of the Golden Thread.”

In an instant their knowing drifted far and away to the cave where the old woman had waited patiently for them deep inside the Earth at the hearth of her fire.

She carried the Song of the Mother Star in her heart and her task was to tell the story, in this perfect moment, to the bear and the whale and in doing so set it adrift across the land and the oceans to feed the hearts of the once born.

They arrived and waited quietly for the old woman to begin the tale. She was humming a song they both remembered from long, long ago, a song of beginning, a song of ending and yet a song of continuing.

They saw sitting beside the old woman the little Nar whale and as the old woman began to speak, he took his tiny horn, filled with the blue of the ocean waves and began to draw and write her words on a strange, old tattered scrap of cloth.

It was a tiny bit of rag that looked almost polished in the fire light and shone as if covered by an oily residue.





Long ago and far away, she began, the people of the Mother Star were told to look for a new home, a safe home, a place to be happy and free.

In time their old home planet would be destroyed by fire and the old wise ones were preparing the young strong ones to seek a new planet on which to live the remainder of their lives.

After a long search it was decided that they would come in time to inhabit a place yet to be created and formed that would be called Earth.

So they travelled far and with the help of the Spirit of Being, they began to form the Earth.

From the chaos they heard the voice of Spirit say, "Let there be land for inhabiting and oceans for travelling and for providing food.

Let there be air and stars and a moon to light the path.

Let there be creatures that live on the land, and in the water and that use the sky for travel.

And most of all let there be love to light the way from here to there."

And so it was....

The Time Clock of Creation had begun and the rhythms of belonging had started to unfold. There was much to do indeed.

The ole whale and the young bear sighed. “Gosh, what an adventure that must have been to be one of the 600 explorers that guided by Spirit created this place called home.”

And what had become of the Star Ship they had sailed inside, was it also a living being?

“Gosh 601, now there’s a crew for you”.

So they wondered how it all could have really happened.

The old woman smiled and laughed gently to herself, for she knew as they did not, that she had been the ship, a basket really, that carried the 600 to this place and she was even now preparing to gather for the last time those original 600 Soul seeds back up and take them to a new home.

They waited eagerly to hear more and in respect their Souls rested quietly as the old woman prepared to continue.....

She began this story with a whisper...

The way it was, was thus.....

There were 600 angels, fairies, or stars, call them what you like, that came to Earth in the great mother ship and their hearts were filled entirely with love.....



Long ago and far away, before the first of the creatures of the universe were created, the Gods discussed what must come and what would be brought forth in time to save the creatures of the universe, because they knew that they would indeed in time need to be rescued.

...and they came upon a plan and it was a wise one indeed.

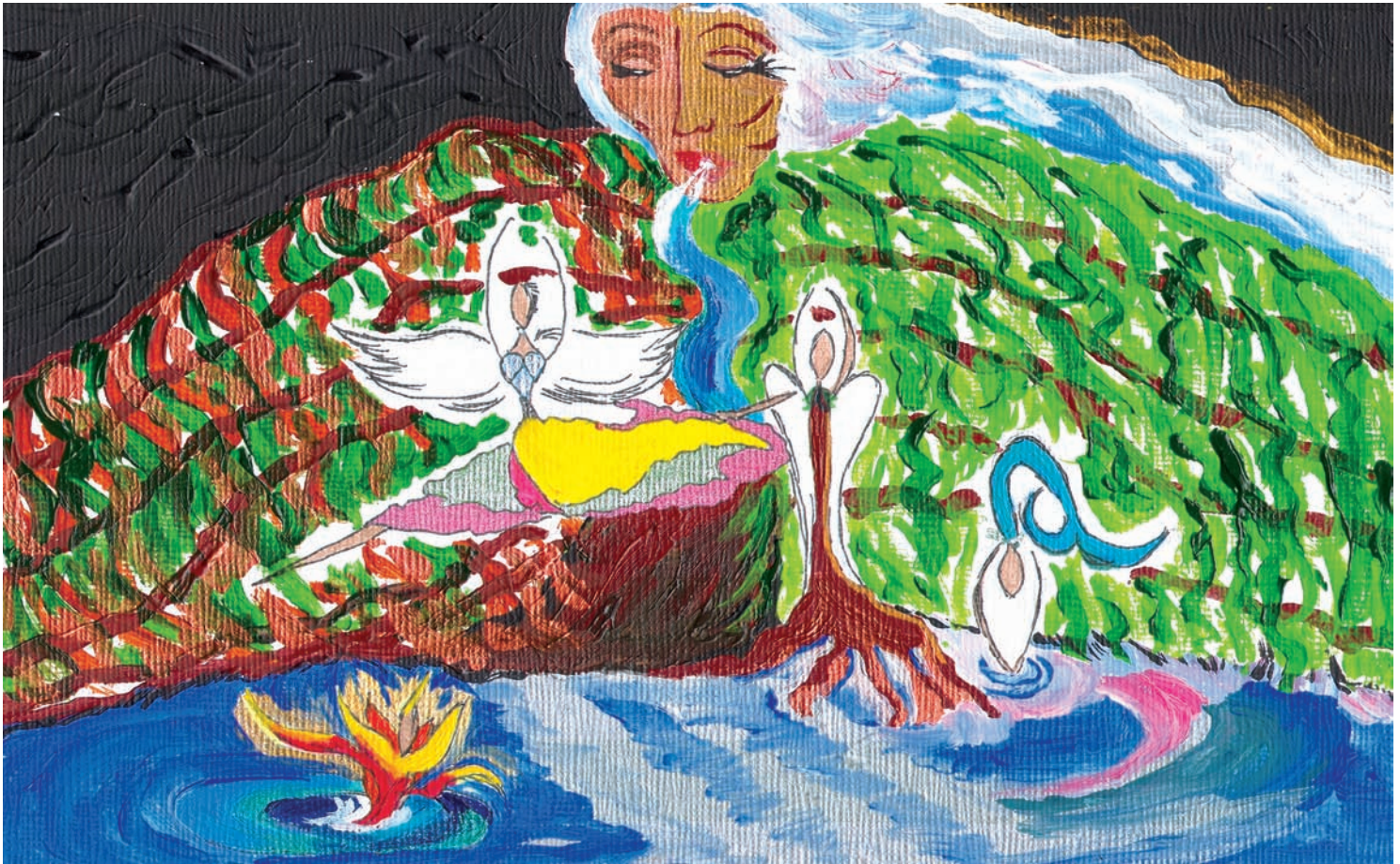
A place of ultimate sanctuary would be created inside a hidden timepiece, structured as a tapestry woven with golden threads and placed in the stars waiting, just waiting for the perfect moment in time to come forth and manifest into being.

And so it was and so it came to pass that the Gods did hide in deed the way to Sanctuary and gave but to one lone old woman the key.

And they knew when the perfect moment arrived she would take the knowledge she held and bring it to the once born clear and complete and it would be up to the once born to see it to completion.

But would they?

Only time would tell.....



And the breath that began all life started at the crest of a wave travelling across the multi universes of the Divine Mind.

It was this mind that was the vessel of the Divine and as it moved across the Great Divide there was much to be learned from this, for the wisdom carried within it provided the passing of its soma.



And the way it would be and the way the breath would come to the land of Earth and the inhabitants that would in time come to be known as the once born, was in fact a soft and gentle breeze that would one day arrive on the surface after much, much turmoil.

And in the mist and shadows that have filled the void of time there is much to learn and much to know of the once and future kings of this realm.

So now we begin the Journals of Knowing, the path to the discovery of the eternal fabric of forever and in doing so we leave here for you to find, the keys to the treasure, the keys to life forever and the matrix of the way of the crossing into the mist of the Netherworlds.

The old woman stirred her small fire and settled in to begin her stories to the young mama bear and her counterpart the ole man whale.

The little Nar whale was working at lightning speed as he transcribed the thoughts and visions of the old woman into the stories of the adventures yet to come.

No words passed on the physical plane for the old woman knew as she must that the beginning of the passing must be as it had been to her, in thought alone, without the mingled soil of language.



Where these two would take the Truth and what form it would take for each of them would be entirely up to them and their Gods.

The young polar bear heard in her head the stories the old woman placed there. Her mind raced along as she realized the importance of their meanings.

It would be some time later when she realized that serving as the container for this knowledge had in itself made her immortal.

The ole whale listened as well, but he heard in song, not words and his weary ole heart knew without doubt and in an instant what holding this song meant for him; life without end.

And the shadows of the fold of time came forward and drew for both of them the Map of Knowing and then shared with them the gentle breath of life that would provide the eternal tapestry within each of them, to allow them to wander the face of the Earth and the bottom of the ocean depths to speak of the truths passed to them, and to linger in the world to witness to the once born of the Tree of Life; indeed the Tree of Forever.

And as always happens within the shadows of time, there came upon the two of them a new understanding of the way of the true born and the needs of the once born.

For now they would forever more bring forward from their sleep and dreams the talk of the Story of Creation and they would move along their journey and link the adventures with the Golden Thread of the Star Sanctuary, and in doing so offer a map home to the once born.







So they were tied now forever by the residue of this Golden Thread, and they would over the course of the adventures become aware of their need to communicate one with the other to insure that the path of forever became an open doorway for the once born and to protect that entrance from the cleverness of those who would have it fail.

The young polar bear sniffed the night wind and placed in her memory banks the smell of the ole man whale and he in his place mid way around the world looked with his sideward eye, through the door of Spirit, deep into the face of the bear and he etched in memory the lines and features of her so that he could call her to him from time to time, when the need arose.

And from her place in the stars the old woman sent to the bear, a small white furry dog and to the whale she sent a grey silkie.

The small dog would forever be her eyes and ears to the bear and the silkie would be her link to the ole whale and his to the land. The silkie would be his arms and his legs.

And as the night stars began to fade the young bear made her way across the ice and the ole whale sank deep into the recesses of the ocean and both could be heard to hum a song, the Song of a Golden Thread.....knit one, purl three.....

And the Veils of Time began to slip and fade and the Nan could see with her eyes the lines and furrows begin to trace them selves across the Arc of Time and weave together the pattern that would come to be known as the adventures.

So she settled back and sighed and waited as the panorama of events began to take shape and unfold, for over the span of existence since her task began, she had indeed learned the virtues of patience.



There were many strands along the path, but her focus was on the bear making her long journey across the frozen ice packs. She travelled alone, except for the small dog and was moving ever so slowly as she lumbered forward towards the coming changes.

She stood tall and sniffed the air and found her self waiting as a male polar bear came into view.

Yes. Yes, she thought. The song, I hear it calling, but it fades so quickly and this is another of my kind I will tarry here with him and just let the song stay unsung for now.

Surely it will still be there later...

Yes later.....

And the old Nan turned her gaze to the ole man whale. He lay silent on the ocean bottom the little silkie by his side and his thoughts were playing the song across the ocean waves, and the creatures of the underwater world were hearing and understanding its meaning very, very clearly.

Then all of a sudden, as if stung, he opened his eyes and began to rise to the surface. His thoughts were sent to the bear and he saw her now with two small cubs tagging along beside her and the small dog saying, "I told you so, I said to move along, but no you had to tarry....."

"Now look what we have to contend with...."

And as if by cue one of the cubs began to tug and chew the small dog's right ear.

“Well,” the Mama Bear said, “it will not be forever, after all, they will grow and go their way and then we can restart our journey”.....

And the night sky could hear in harmony the whale’s song grow stronger, the laughter of the tiny cubs mingled with the moan of the small white dog, and the sigh from the old woman as she pondered these events.

And ever so slowly the threads began to weave themselves a new pattern.

The Arc of Knowing had begun to cross the atmosphere of the planet of the once born and in the awareness of those carrying the Knowledge of the Truth, the awakening began in earnest.

And the days and weeks and years ahead and on going, took on a new and more vibrant glow, as the veils of time began to lift and shift, the old woman, still sitting by her fire, sang to her self a song of weaving and harmony, a song of water and earth and sky.....a Song of Beginning and Ending..... a Song of Forever.

The song was of the way of the true Earth people, the ancient ones of the stars that came to Earth bringing with them their knowledge and wisdom.

It is taught in the whispers of the wind’s low breeze, in the small trickle of a stream or the roar of an ocean wave, in the crackle of a low burning fire and in the deep damp smell of the earth in the centre of the forest.

It tells that there is no illness produced by the environment that cannot be cured by it as well.



It is in the knowing. It rests within the whispers of the teachings of the old ones and in the everyday beauty of the elements of our Earth that brings forth everlasting well being.

Earth's blessings are received by walking in harmony with the elements of the Earth.

This was the hidden melody of the song the old woman hummed as the night brightened into day.....

The Song of Natural Magic.....



The Song of Natural Magic.....



*The ole woman* began to weave the Patterns of Knowing in the melody of the song. She formed deep thoughts within the bear and the whale of the ancient knowing.

She echoed the sounds of the conscious force within all Nature and reminded them that there is choice in all things.

A teacher can guide, but the student chooses.

She reminded them as well that we are all sisters and brothers and the common link for us all is the Golden Thread that leads us to the sacredness of all life.

She was sending them forth to unite a civilization in the form of Spiritual engineering whose implications would only thousands of years later be perceived as the full knowing of terrestrial geometry was uncovered.

Only then, when aspects of the hidden universe would come to stand out clear, pristine and systematic to the inner mind would the once born glance at the mystery and form of eternal life.

She knew that would come through the discovery of the Sacred History hidden within this song she now sang to the two who would carry its melody across space and time.

At a point much later the once born of the Earth would turn to the arts of geometry and music, the sensations of the changing seasons and the vibration of the pulse of the heart beat of the Earth herself to dissolve time and allow insight and understanding into the mystical workings of Nature and her healing powers.

But before this could come to pass it would be a long battle between science and what would come to be called “religion” and the result that would reunite the once born of the Earth to a map that could carry them home to the stars.

It would come to be called the Cosmology of God’s Natural Law, a Natural Science, whose tenets were written in the natural order of the universe, sort of a Physics of Spirit.

.....but that is another journey that waits at the end of this tale, for it cannot come into being except that the other comes first, for the once born seek only in what is familiar to them.

So it is a tale then that must take on a story of remembering.....

As often has it, the way of life is made up of so many journeys and they are always adventures of some sort or another.

The ole man whale had continued to swim the oceans depths carrying in his heart the Song of Forever, and as he travelled he toned the sounds that filled the ocean with joy and balance.

His days were full of slow but steady movement, and in this movement he was weaving the pattern of truth across the vast ocean of the planet, and in turn the truth was carried to all the creatures of the water.

His thoughts often went to the mother bear and he was beginning to develop a plan within his knowing, a plan of contacting her on her journey to remind her of her truth and to see why she was tarrying so long in one place and leaving the story to be idle.



He knew that they would need a meeting place.

A place to look each other in the eye and then carry on, but it seemed to him it would be a long-long way in the future before this happened, a long way and a difficult one to arrange, so he began to think this out, and as he did the small silkie at his side began to smile, for he knew it would involve him and his going to the land and he was happy indeed to do this for the ole man whale.



The little Nar whale sighed as he sat by the warm fire in the cave with the old woman and he laughed out loud as he began to see the plan in the mind of the ole man whale.

Gosh he thought what a long, long journey this would be indeed.

He would be very watchful for the path of the little silkie would be the link that was needed to bring the two of them together at the appointed place.

The old woman stirred her fire and smiled for she knew as they did not that this would be a great undertaking and a wonderful learning journey for them all.

She smiled to her self at the secret intention of all things and the way they came together to weave the Pattern of Knowing.

The two singers, the mother bear and the ole man whale would in time remind the once born of the need to return to the sacred centre, to gather to them the Golden Thread of Life that connected the entire family of Earth.

There were no words to remind humanity of this, for there is no language for what is missing.

It is the still quiet place of individual Divinity.

That is the sacred centre they must seek, each on their own and in their own way.



They must come to realize that there is no right, wrong way, only that they seek it in truth.

The instrument of all human enlightenment would be an educated mind and Nature had been guided to ensure this by providing the past and present with a link, a thread of inspiration that would run through each generation.

Everything that had come to the awareness of the once born would remain alive across space and time and could be invoked by one individual mind to become common property.

It was Synchronicity, where an idea occurring to one is repeated in the minds of others, transcending physical communication to develop the common thread into customs, legends, and once again fade in and out of antiquity to be presented at yet another point in the life line of the once born.

The old woman looked over the enfolds of time and silently watched as the doorways for the once born were hidden in many separate places across the illusion of time and space.

They are as always hidden in the fusion between the terrestrial magnetic current and celestial energy.

This hidden nature perfects the memory of life everlasting.

This was the message encoded in the song she passed to the carriers and only time would tell if the message would be received by the once born.

It was their only hope of survival.



They would have to return fully to a universal civilization to secure this Path Way and she knew that time and time again they would find the Path Way then dispose of it again and again.

For it was only the message carried across the ether by her companions that could sway the once born to believe in the magic hidden deep in the natural currents, the sacred language of the Creator Gods.

As the melody played in her head, she was glad to remember that time is a story and she was only its teller not its maker.....

As she looked closer into the strands she focused on the mama polar bear.

Mama Dew Bear had returned to her travels and tracked with her the footprints of her stories....

They were frozen in the snow and when melted they became the River of Knowledge that waited for the once born to find hidden deep in them the tidings of the old and familiar ways of Spirit.

The old woman settled herself near the warmth of her fire and let her thoughts come and go to the bear and the whale.....

The old man whale sighed as he lay suspended in the ocean off the coast of New Zealand.

“Now” he thought, “I need a clue to give to the bear. She is forgetting her talk and how am I ever going to remind her.”

“We have to meet and get our story re-aligned, but How?.... How?... How?....

The tiny silkie, floated into view.....”Send me. I can go.” The thoughts raced through his tiny head..... “I can take the map to the land.”

Ever so slowly the ole man whale began to think out a place and a time, but little did he know that his best laid plans would take hundreds of years before they came to see the completion of the destiny.

He began to think of a place and he now understood why they had been parted for so long.

His world most of the time was under the stars in the Southern hemisphere and hers was in the North.

How would he ever pick a place and time that they both could come to? For some time he lay thinking as the silkie swam just off his side....

Okay he thought, December the 21st, that’s it and I can swim to her part of the world at that time. We can meet in the middle. Well more middle for her, but it has to be. It must be.

He conceived a Map of the Stars, a marker for a gathering place, and the time was as he said, December 21.

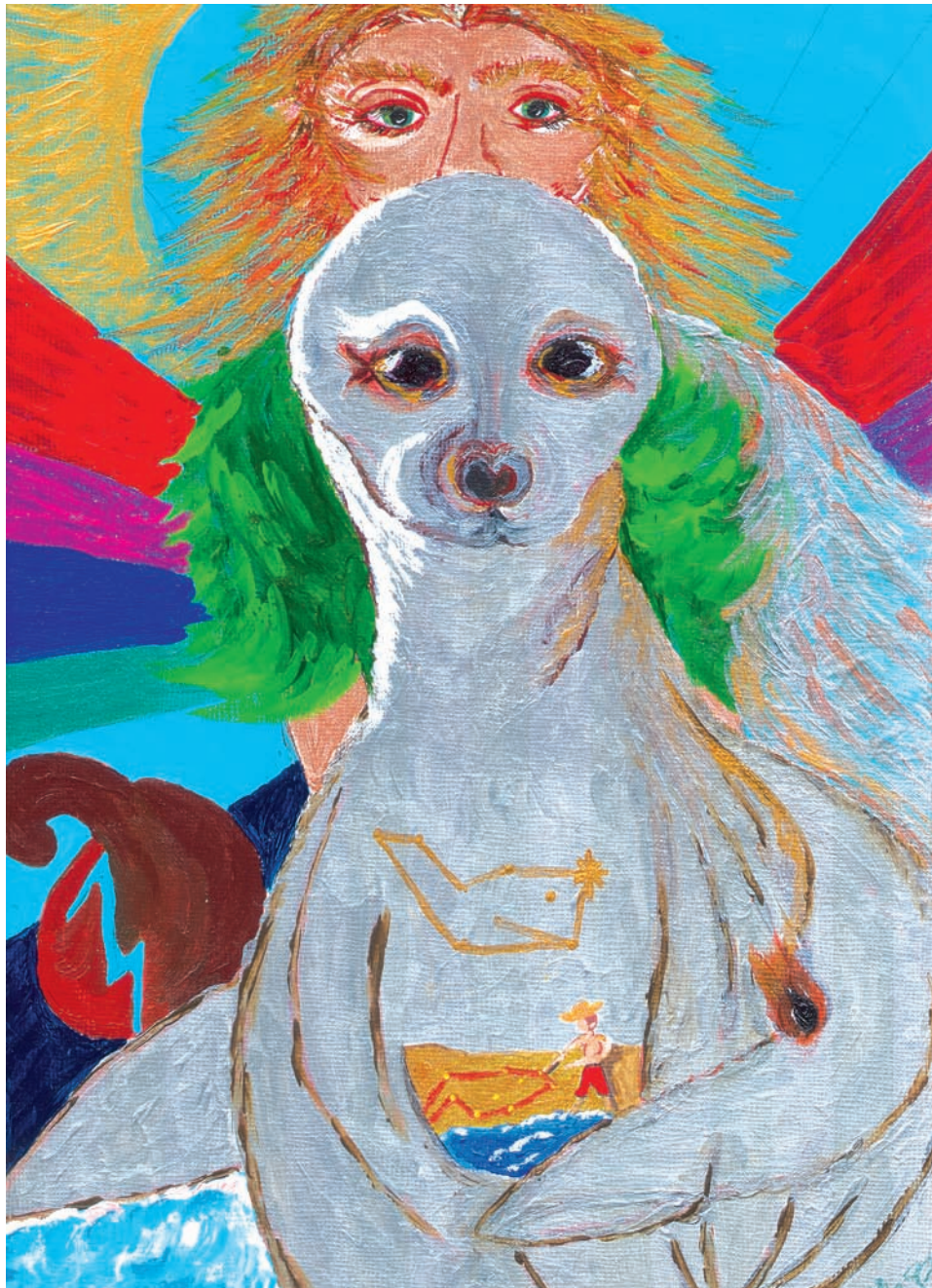


So he set about sending the little silkie to carry the message.

He promised he would be there every year until she came. And he was there waiting every year for over a hundred times, patiently waiting, knowing she would come, for he knew she must find him.....









The Silkie's Story:

What a tidy little adventure, feature me travelling about the world walking among the once born. It was a brilliant idea the ole whale had, sending a Star Map in the form of a drawing dream that I was to place into the heart of the best carver.

The carver was not hard to find after all, he was just sitting there by the sea. Well that is the boy he was before he became the man who carved was sitting by the sea.

I swam up to him and shed my seal skin and crawled onto the land and was he ever staring at me, but I tell you he sat and listened to me for hours and hours.

I drew out for him his life and the vision he would one day carve and bring forward to take across the ocean to the land of the polar bear.  
But it would take time, he was only seven years old then and he would be nearly sixty when he finished the carving and then it must travel to the Place of Destiny before the mama bear could find it waiting for her.

There were many, many journeys ahead of it.

Once, I spun for the boy a tale of knowing and I gave him a dream of the events of his life.

He was a small white sad little thing and I sang a Song of Strength into his being and I gave to him the gift of connecting to his true heart.

I stayed on the land and watched him grow to be a man and then to finally find his truth and to see his life take shape as the years moved on.

Late in his life he found her, his true heart and her strength reminded him of the dream from so long ago, for he saw in her the joy he knew that day as he sat as a small boy on the coast.

And he began to carve at long last.

I came and went into his life as one child then another, as a friend, as an apprentice and toward the end as an old woman writing a book, in need of a carving.

So at long last the map was passed and the Journey of the Map began.

There was to be a great gathering near the land of the mama bear.

The carver was to travel there and he was taking the carving.

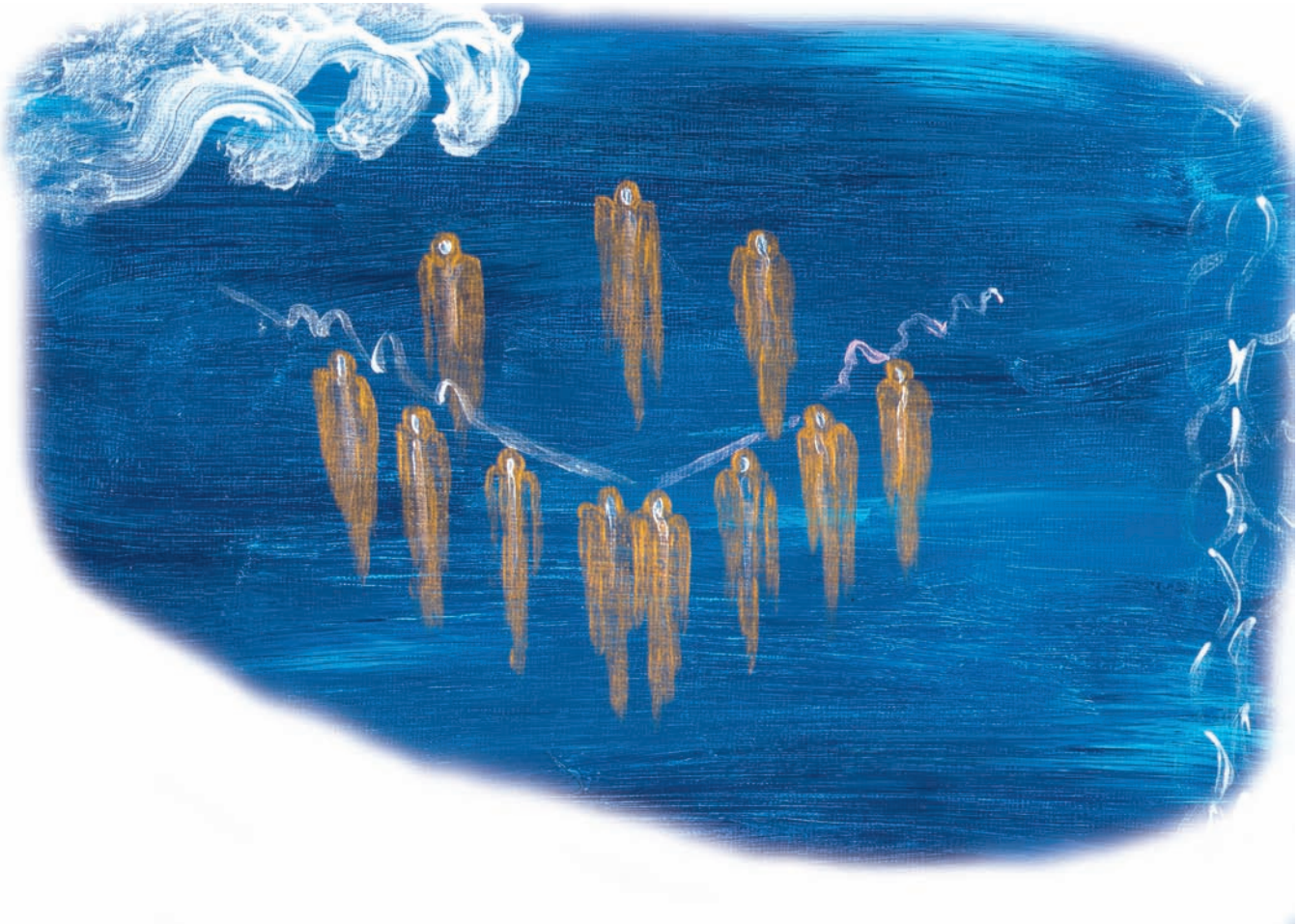
So at long last I could retrieve my seal fur and be back at home in the sea.

So I left him there as he prepared to depart with the carving.

It was a fine sight indeed. My mission was fulfilled... or so I thought.....

You see the ole grandfather whale's journey was different from the young mama bear's.

He knew he had only to sing his story once and it continued to reverberate along the ocean waves for eternity, circling the Earth over and over again. It would always be the same, never changing.



Along its path at the 11th parallel, the sound of it entered the crystal standing stones at the deepest part of the ocean and was cleansed and sent again in the motion of travelling the world's oceans.

And so it was that the ole whale only had to do the one thing, then listen as it floated past him again and again and again and again, but the mama bear, she had to find the words and tell it again and again and in the telling and the passing of it came something less than a clear understanding.



And as Mama Dew Bear lumbered slowly in the direction of the North Star, a lone coyote could be seen following her tracks. He paused ever so often and looked skyward, sniffing the cool night air.

Thousands of miles away, the ole man whale looked toward the surface of the water and sighed. Just when it looked like the mama bear would FINALLY get her act together this character shows up to dog her path.....

He gently rocked on and continued to sing his journey and gave a small prayer for the wisdom of the bear to intervene before she was again distracted by the ways of the world.

And the winds that blew across the plains of the ice packs were strong and cold.

The mama bear and the small white dog moved on with a sense of meaning and prevailing drama coming at the edge of their walk.

Had she turned to look at her tracks she would have seen it there in the edge of the tracks, just waiting for the light of day to find it; the Story of the Light Fairies coming into the world via the patterns of the tracks left by her paws as they traced their way across the frozen tundra.



The Fairies had come from the deep memory of the song she hummed as she lumbered across the frozen snow.

They came to life and danced in the circle of the fire that knows no end, and with them they brought a flame of hope to rekindle the lives and the dreams of the once born.

It was a fragment of hope so strong that even the darkest and coldest of nights could not force it to go away.

They all gathered in the Fairy Tree by the ice palace and in this place they flew out bringing drops of dew that flowed from their tiny little wings and nurtured the green, green of spring, the colourful, happy times of summer and the golden hues of autumn, before returning again to the soft white of the winter.



And so it was that they came to life and painted a Song of Memory across the face of the land of the once born, all from the original song that came to be heard around the fire hearth of the old woman and in the lands at the bottom of the sea the Fairies were called mermaids and they travelled together and sang the same sweet songs of memory on the land and beneath the deep blue seas.

And there rests in all things for ever more the safety and love of the melody of the song sent forth in the forth coming stories of creation sung by the old woman of the fire, the Nan of the Universe.

And so the days turned into years and the years into decades and decades into centuries and still they moved on, the mama bear on the land and the ole grandfather whale in the ocean.

And what of the stories they told from the melody of the song.

The ole grand father whale just moved along the ocean's floor content to hear, playing in the tones of the waves, the original song he so carefully sounded into the waters of the ocean so long, long ago.

He made his way each year at the appointed time to wait at the place marked on the carving for the mama bear to find him

He trusted in his knowing that one year the carving would make its way to her and she would be there waiting for him and they could sort out the problems of the miscommunications and then at that point the once born could move forward without confusion.



The truth would prevail.....

And what of the mama bear....

She wandered here and there on the Earth Path and her only constant companion, the small white dog continued to whisper words of encouragement into her large fluffy white ears.

But what was really the message of the song she sang. And how had it changed every time it was told?

The Web of Life had woven an intricate Pattern of Knowing into her heart and try as she might it always seemed to her that her words were not understood and as a result the patterns of life began to change about her.

“How” she wondered, “could this be”??????

And up in the distant stars they watched all this unfolding as they prayed.....

And seeing the unfolding of the of the Star Pattern the powers that be resting deep in the outer Universe opened the doorway for understanding, and with it came movement for the creatures of the once born.



They breathed the Breath of Change and it floated in the mists of time, hovering for the perfect moment and that perfect moment would be over a hundred years coming.

They were sending to the once born a new knight. A soft spoken, gentle and caring spirit full of the combined Souls of the Awakening Grace and they called him Ryan.

Ryan left the star system Ural in the year of the Journey of the Unified Souls. The Keepers of the Wisdom sent him forth to make his way into the lives of the once born and weave a Pattern of Possibilities of Forever, for unless and until the compassion of the once born might be stirred again the gifts of the song carried by the mama bear and the ole man whale were useless indeed.

For it would take the Soul of this gentle creature, this Renaissance Man to bring the tone into effect in the years yet to come, to open the hearts and minds for the chance of forever and always to be a possible future for the creatures of the land of the once born.

This one who would come in the timing of the stars would bring with him the stirring of the memory of the Returning Heart and with it the pattern to recover it.



And at the proper time the ole man whale and the mama bear would unite to support and bring forward this gentle being, full of love and grace and with him would rest the future of the land of the once born....but that was years away and the focus now must be on the songs and the singers.....



Once again the ole whale waited at the appointed place and at the appointed time for the mama bear to make her way there, but once again she did not come.

It had been over 200 years now and he made the journey every time and every time she had not come....maybe next year...

And with this he sighed and headed back out to sea...  
All the while the mama bear was lumbering along unaware of the need to be in any certain place, at any certain time....

And the carving, well that is another talk altogether...it was now in a glass case in a house in upper New York State, waiting for the escape to happen so it could again begin its journey and tonight was the night it would happen.

Just then in through the window came a lone figure. The figure moved quietly in the dark and began to systemically rob the house.

And the carving? Well it went willingly into the black silk bag that hung at the robber's side.

And just what, you are thinking, does this have to do with creation??.....well a lot actually...

See the carving had made quite a journey on its own after the little silkie last saw it in the hands of the carver headed over to the meeting with the ole writer's friend and her crew.

Seems it had been through any number of owners before it ended up in this collector's case gathering dust in a dark corner of this large mansion and unhappy household.

First, the carver gave it to the little girl and her family. It then passed to the film crew and they put it on display in a convention hall. Then it was lost in a packing crate for more than a decade and was later found at a dump site.

The homeless man took it and exchanged it for enough money to get some food. It was then purchased from the pawn shop and put in a large museum where the current owner—well, the one before the robber—had gotten it.

So it seems a lot of his collections came to his house that way, by way of night and in the sack of the cleaning man to be sold to him in quiet trade; and now into the black silk sack of another robber.

So at long last the whale carving was moving again and it moved along the back street of an alley way and then there was a scuffle and it went sailing down a drain pipe and out to sea...where it was immediately eaten by a rather large fish.....

just as the fisherman in the boat hooked the large fish and hauled it aboard where it came spilling out on to the decks and was left in the garbage heap and thrown back over board as the ship sailed into the waters of the far North.....

just as a rather large mother polar bear floated past.....





She floated right past the small carving, but sitting on her back clinging for the ride was a small white dog, who snatched up the bone and began to chew.....

So goes the journey of day into night and night into day and then again into the Land of Nod.....

And up in the universal heavens, in the land of Nod, the old woman sighed heavily at the sight unfolding on the planet so far away.

“Now there’s a fine mess” she thought. “I send the dog to guide the bear and after more than 200 years the carving makes it to her past all odds and the dog eats it.”

“Gotta fix that” she thought, so she closed her eyes and begin to sing a Song of Coming Together and on the planet Earth so far away the small white dog, feeling quite happy and full began to watch as tiny black lines began to draw themselves across his rather full stomach.

Just then the wind picked up and they began to float out to sea.

“WOWOWOW,” he cried, “It’s a map!...”









*The Turquoise Woman* was the watcher for this part of the journey.

She was the middle holder for the old woman to stay in touch with the ole man whale and the mama bear.

She was the teacher of the Upper Plane of Knowing and she imbued the ether with the knowledge of the future kings and she brought forth these teachings as she hovered in the eternal trees of the ether.....

Her composite was of star dust, sea foam and clay and she was the one of the coming tides.

In fact she was the old woman in composite.

In her Teaching Baskets she held the Truth of the Natural Science, because it would take this understanding on the part of the once born to be able to grasp the knowledge in between the beats of the song lines the mama bear and the whale were dragging across the planet of the once born.

She carried the Three Baskets of Knowledge.

One that formed the stardust handed to her by the Map Maker of the Stars, one from the Lady of the Sea and one from the Scroll Maker of the Earth.

In her being she was a coming together of the four elements that held together the myths of the planet Earth.

From her breath came the Water Fairies, Mermaids they were called, the Air Fairies and the little people, the Fairies of the deep Earth.





She was the Path Way for the once born to discover the Genesis of the planet that they called home.

For in all the worlds the Key to the Renewal of all Life was only to be found buried deep within the culture that would one day come to be called the Natural History of the planet Earth.

The one of the Returning Heart would call it to be awakened and brought to life at the proper time, but only if the hearts of the once born were ready....and that, it seemed might be a long way off.

Turquoise Woman stirred to life and the foam on the sea carried her to the place where the ole man whale floated gazing up towards the night sky.

And the Fairies of the sea foam, the Mermaids, swam to life near him and the silkie at his side watched as they whispered a long talk into the ear of the great whale.

Grand Father Whale turned his eye to the silkie and they swam off together in the direction of the far northern shores.

At the same instance the mama bear began to sniff the cool air. The Wood Fairies rustled to life around her and they pulled at the hairs on the small white dog's tail to slow his movements.

They whispered in the ear of the great bear and she turned her focus to the direction of the North.



She lifted the small dog skyward and looked at the bold black lines of the map on his belly and as if some great awakening came over her, she turned him up side down and then in a flash it all made sense.

She had been reading the map bottom side upwards.

No wonder they had not been able to find X marks the spot. They had been looking in the wrong direction.

And with that they began moving in the new direction at a steady pace.

At the very same moment, way off in the night sky the Stardust Fairies came to life and prepared to get ready to light the sky for the long awaited meeting of the ole man whale and the mama bear.

How long had it been, centuries in fact.....and time was becoming precious indeed and the need to awaken the awareness of the Song in the hearts of the once born was reaching a critical time, for unless they began to see the Truths of the Rhythms of the Earth, the Genesis Key would be lost forever....and that was a scary thing to be sure.

So as the night air filled with fragrance of jasmine, lilac and rose, Turquoise Woman came into her full glory and deep out in space the old woman stirred her home fire once more and was happy with the way it was coming along....and the Gods of Life agreed and for now all was well within the Story of Time....

The events and the teller were one once again.....and in the Land of Nod all was as it should be.



A vague memory began to play at the corner of the mind of the ole man whale.

It had to do with getting things done in an orderly manner and with proper timing while being in sync with the Natural Order of things.

.....other than that he was not sure what it meant, and the silkie, well it was useless to ask him because of late he just stared off into the space of the ocean and smiled...

“I wonder,” thought the ole whale, “What does he see in the depths?”

If he could have seen what the little silkie saw he might have understood what was coming his way.

Resting in front of the little silkie was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen and as she floated in the mist of the water her emerald green gown spiralled outward and her copper red hair seemed to be full of hands pointing the way for them to go....

It was all filled with wonder for the little silkie and he found himself pondering where she had been for so long...

His eyes caught a glimmer that floated near her neck just hidden by her long copper hair.

It was a huge emerald, cut like a disk and hung on a chain of crystals and it floated in and out of her tresses.

It was a stone from another time, he could tell that. It was the same emerald colour as her eyes.

But in her hands she carried another stone.

A large strange coloured stone...sort of light bluish, but not really...

He knew right away that this was not a vision from this Earth.....and it excited him to know that they were seeing into another realm and he wondered where this would take them.....



At the exact same time the mama bear looked up to see the identical vision floating on the white snow of the tundra. And the huge stone that hung around the vision's neck glistened in the stark white of the frozen land.

Of course the brave tiny white dog just paddled up to the vision and licked at the fragrance of the air that lingered around it there, but it was only thin air and there was nothing there he could touch.

And in the recesses of the Divine Universe the Turquoise Woman smiled as she knew she had opened the doors of the inner worlds and stepped through carrying with her the Golden Thread of Knowing hidden so carefully in the emerald stone about her neck.

“Yes,” she thought, “they are beginning to see the Truth Stone for what it is and what it will be in the future time”, for she knew this must be understood if there was in deed to be a future for the people of the Earth.



And way up in the farthest universe... the People of the Stone were preparing for the coming changes that would take place on the Earth when the Woman of Turquoise would put the Truth Stone into the deep earth and the beginning of a different way would begin to emerge.

A way of unveiling the Pathos for what it really was; illusion.....

A way of recalling the truth of eternal life and knowing the path is but a niche in the armour of awareness, nothing more.

A recollection of joy and a knowing of continuation beyond the stupidity

of the throes of the fears of the cessation of life....for the once born must learn that fear is the demon, not the internal self.

Fear alone is the one and only factor that can cause the crack of the inner Truth Stone and in order to be the brave heart of the coming universe, the once born must as a unit, do away with fear.



The journey would not be an easy one, for seen to sit among the True Hearts were those of malice and deceit.

Those who would breed fear as a way of life in order to manipulate the illusion of the lives of many yet to understand they are free indeed of any such malice.

It was coming to light in the real depths of the song sung so long ago and the example of the on going eternal lives of the four creatures that carried the sounds across the land and under the waters of the place called Earth.

Years from now when the emerald stone gave birth to what would come to be called Turquoise and the native peoples of Earth saw it for what it is within its deepest place, a stone of truth holding the Baskets of Knowledge within the collection of the minerals that give it the colours, then and only then could the real journey begin.

And in a place yet to be named the rarest of all the veins of this stone would be found and the wearers of this ore would be the cultivators of the community of tomorrow.



The seers and the healers of the next generation of Souls that would leave behind forever the name once born and come to be called the Children of the Gods, but that was a time in the future and much had to be done to insure that this would come to pass in the proper time and sequence.

And so on the world far, far away the old woman began to sing to her other self, the Woman of Turquoise, and seeing the recognition of this vision in the eyes of the mama bear and the whale, she was happy indeed.

And the Turquoise Woman took a scroll from the emerald coloured stone she wore about her neck and she began to write these words:



*And the time has come and the time is here, thus again we begin the teachings of the Turquoise Woman and of her walk among the humankind.*

*For in deed and in fact she comes to this place to bring forward the teachings of the ole times and the ways of the past so that the ways of the future may endure.*

*Thus we began and from here we step forward....*

*As in times past you have been dreamt to the places of your origin so now you will come again to those places of knowing outside the concepts of time and space.*

*For it is a construct of great beauty to realize where it is that the heart lives and where it is that your mind begins, and that in time you discover it is in this place you are the truest of your many forms.*

*I have come to sit among you at this time and talk firstly about time and the ill concept you have formed and taken to be the only truth concerning its manufacture.*

*Humankind has taken time, rather the vague concept of it and stylized it to take on a meaning and therefore manifestations that must now be corrected in order for the balance to return, for so much is flowing and coming into form at this "time" that this balance must be returned to its vector and then it (the venue) is yours to choose, but choose wisely as it will determine how and what you are from this understanding forward.*

*Take now the talk from this teacher and hear the words and then having heard them choose and having chosen move on, for it is with great love in our hearts that we have undertaken the steps necessary to bring these teachings into your conscious mind.*

*The venue is yours to choose, but choose wisely as it will determine how and what you are from this understanding forward.*

*Greetings: The Ribbon of Time has taken a turn and it is now in the step of enfolding and reverting back yet again to the place of its origin. The curve of hours just past the ribbon has splintered and fractured in such a way as to offer you a more complex look at the past, present and future.*

*For it is this misguided vision of the Concept of Time that has placed you at this moment in confusion.*

*Time is a tool of determination, nothing more, and to put more emphasis on it will always and without fail bring you to a place of stasis and that my human friends is exactly where you are at this junction of the Grid of Knowing.*



*Grid patterns are the design of the “Grid Masters” and have been in their care for eons and are as such a guiding definition of the things to come.*

*They each represent a pattern of existing, an anomaly of equations that have the force and power to define the concepts of those in their care.*

*It is this very concept that has now changed and altered in such a way as to provide a more finely tuned alteration of knowing in the minds of those here present, who can and have chosen to listen to the sounds and vibrations of change.*

*This changing pattern is a thing of understanding entirely and therefore a concept of love.*

*The findings of the truest accord will soon be stepping forward and an understanding will be taking place that will allow for a “jump” in consciousness of the Light Workers and their companions, the Angels among you, here on this place called Earth.*

*This understanding is necessary in order for the next phase of development of the Consciousness of Knowing to step forward and bring with it the designs of the world of function and knowing.*

*Without this understanding nothing, I repeat nothing can move.*

*It is at this venue that the Fabric of Time as you have designed it is torn and must be redesigned in order for the passage and recovery of the knowing of movement to remain.*

*Movement is not a thing of before, now and after, it is a sense of experience, nothing more.*

*Once you have passed the need of structure you can begin to redefine the nature and concept of the illusions that crowd your humanness, “your human “being” in a vein of dyne time”.*

*“Bringers of Light “*

*There are many, many among the humankind now who are Bringers of Light in one form or another.*

*This light can be the fragment of the beginning of a new form of understanding and movement.*

*The teachings that are being provided for you are segments of structure that you can build on to understand the “function” of Path Ways opening to you at this time.*

*Be aware that these Path Ways are for your Greater Good and should be used as such.*

*The Earth is allowing for the coming together of the grids that will open the doorway of change and through them the Ribbon of Removal can occur.*

*For it is in this venue that the concepts you have come to believe so firmly in can be removed and the expansion of awareness can develop.*

*It is the New Cosmology within this expanded awareness that can get you home to the stars.*

*The choice to return to the stars is a thing of inner reflection entirely.*

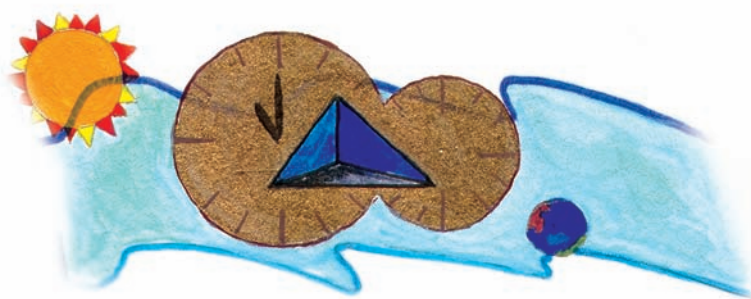
*There are no boundaries to the returning if an aspect of the energy chooses to return.*

*No blocks are blinders strong enough to prevent this returning if the conscious choice is made to do so.*

*There might be many, many attempts to block this connection, but in fact and in deed none are valid.*

*In the thoughts of the once born there is great fear, and this fear is the basis for all blocks.*

*This fear can be removed by the alternate knowing, which is love.*



She wrote carefully and prepared to begin the hiding of the words and their stories for a later time when they would be discovered; for they were the stories that would begin the road to freedom for the humankind.

The “Path Way” to letting go of all fear based emotions.

Then with this understanding would come rising above and letting go of the need for the physical body, for the physical body is only needed to process the lessons of the emotions that are based in fear.

Love needs nothing, it is completely liquid and free.....

She knew it would be some time before the humans were ready for these teachings, but she also knew when they were, the stories would be there for them to uncover.

The stone she wore about her neck, the emerald coloured (Black) Obsidian would be found in Siberia at a later time, because as planned the mamma bear would drop it there after it had journeyed around the world in the heart of the ole man whale.

And then it would travel within the Earth along the lines of energy and seed the coming to life of the stones of Turquoise, and they would bring forward these teachings hidden deep inside and at the proper time there would be a teacher who would bring the words into stories.

Then, and only then, would the “Path Way” home begin to open for the once born.



And then and only then would the Song of the mama bear and the ole man whale be understood, but for now there was much to do, much indeed and time and time again it would rise and fall, misunderstood, again and again and in need of cleansing.

For you see the human kind are so filled with fear, it would take a long, long, long, long, long time for most of them to come to the understanding of letting go of all that does not bode well with the heart.

Now you begin to see why the heart holds the key, and one day so would they.....

As the mama bear went to her sleep with the tiny white dog curled up beside her, she began to dream the teachings and words of the Turquoise Woman and the melody of the Song played behind the thoughts in her head.

The ole man whale was at rest on the ocean floor reflecting on the new thoughts passed to him by the Turquoise Woman.

And at her call the little silkie had already started a journey to recover the emerald coloured stone she wore about her neck.

For she would hand it to him to take to the whale and when the mama bear finally came to find the meeting place, the ole man whale would gift it to her.

.  
.....and so it would begin its journey into the hands of the once born, but before that could happen she knew she had to place many more telling stories into the tiny stone....

And so she began again with her writings....



*Basket One  
“reason and intuition.”*

*Listen, now little ones to the talk of the Basket of Wisdom regarding “reason and intuition.”*

*Listen with care, from where my breath touches the place; water, earth and sky are one, for this is the teaching place of this basket and in this place is the peace and unity of all life found.*

*Recall this; both reason and intuition are different tools representing separate functions of the intelligence of the human mind.*

*Perhaps your science may demonstrate there is no super natural, but as well it establishes that there is a Spiritual side to Nature and in this is the demonstration that by design man lives on self-consciously after physical death.*

She paused and thought for a long time before continuing, as this was a very important part of the story and she knew the old ones reading these words to pass to the young, must understand them fully in reference to the removal of all fears, and among the human kind the fear of not continuing, the fear of dying, was the most profound.

So she chose her words very carefully as she continued to explain in these teachings the very old Truths of Nature.  
For she knew within her Spirit that the human kind always looked for the easy road and often in doing so let the Truths fall by the wayside.....and all the Truths must now come to live in the same story.....

So she continued to write...

*Basket Two*  
*“ natural joys of life”*

*The formula for this Teaching Basket is based upon exact knowledge of certain fundamental elements and principles in Nature.*

*This information has been passed along the Veils of Time and has scattered among the human kind hints and allegations of the profoundness of all life, but by virtue of the utter indifference to evolution by so many, the values have been recovered by only the few.*



*It is the purpose of these teachings to open the doorway wider so that more can understand the Truths of Universal Law.*

*It is well to remember that, Truth can no more be seen by the mind that is unprepared, than the sun can be seen to rise in the dark of night.*

*The closed mind is the unprepared mind and the unprepared mind cannot hold the virtues of the Ancient Truths.*

*The call to solitude and silence within these teachings has profound value in the development of Spiritual insight of the Natural Laws.*

*This teaching is then the teaching of the “natural joys of life.”*

*It is a Truth that the exact formula for eternal beings rest within the fundamental principle in Nature, commonly termed by the ancients,” the Law of Motion and Number” and by recent schools as “the Law of Vibration.”*

*It is in Truth the Spiritual Principle of Polarity, understood by only the rarest of the human kind.*

*The law establishes the positive and receptive vital energies in Nature acting upon matter.*

*The physical universe is a universe of matter and the same is equally true of the world of Spirit.*

*They are “both” material in the “exact and literal” meanings.*

*The Spirit of a human is truly a material organism as is the physical body that covers it.*

*Both are matter.*

*The Masters teach this as a map to distinguish between the two worlds of matter.*

*The Truth of these teachings, rest in your understanding of them.*

*It is here that you stand at the nexus-the borderline which bounds the universe of matter and*

*separates it from the world of things of Spirit.*

*It is here at this place that the physical stops because in its limited methods it can follow no further.\**

*\*Where the blue-black void of the dead meets the white road of the living...*

*The Spiritual teachings can now take up the thread of science and carry it forward with the ability to view from both worlds, and thus see at this junction every law of physical matter joined to its correlative law of Spiritual Matter.*

*It therefore remains unbroken, without interruption.*

*It is the Golden Thread of existence that flows from the Gods of the Divine and allows that Life is a continuum of being, in all universes.*

*The physical body is composed of physical matter. Nature conditions the physical organs to receive and recognize the vibrations of physical matter only.*

*The physical body is in its self a medium of vibration. The sense of touch is based on this law.*

*There are things you as humans cannot feel, odours you as humans cannot smell and flavours you as humans cannot taste.*

*The Spiritual body of humankind is composed of "Spiritual Matter" that is finer than the finest physical particles of physical matter and which vibrates at an unknown rate.*

*Within the realm of the Spiritual, body vibrations are received at a much higher rate of motion.*

*These higher vibrations are not registered by the physical body as they are too finely tuned to register the coarse, slow vibrations of the physical plane.*

*In fact, the two worlds of matter are separated only by a difference in the refinement of matter and in rates of vibratory action.*

*A “liberated” Spirit on the other side of life is as completely out of touch with the physical matter or the earthly plane as the Earthman is out of touch with the Spiritual plane.*

*The Earthman is in possession of two well-defined systems, which provide knowledge indispensable to the Soul, which is seeking knowledge of itself and its environment.*

*Therefore the teachings that come to you from this small basket can carry you across the chasm of the divide between the two worlds and bring the knowledge necessary to allow passage from one world to the other, for the space between is but a fine thin pocket, out of time and space that is connected and continual.*

*Like the intricate design conceived in the mists of all antiquity, the knowledge travels within your own history until you find yourself asked to fight for its principles in the name of your own future.*



And as the night sky began to fill with the light of the coming morning Turquoise  
Woman took from her Soul one more tiny basket.

It held in it the final teachings she would leave for the once born.



It was the smallest of the stones she carried and as she looked upon its beauty she knew it to be the “Essential Stone of Truth.”

Her thoughts returned to the old woman at the fire, her real self and she began again to work on the writings that would form the foundation for the new world.....and as she wrote them a small fragrant breeze filled the air with the sweetness of jasmine, lilac and rose and found its way across the recesses of space into the thoughts and dreams of the mama bear and the ole man whale and they both smiled at the same moment.

The tiny white dog sniffed the air and looked to the heavens and the silkie could be seen making his way in the distance to the spot where the Turquoise Woman was composing her thoughts.

*Basket Three*  
*“essential stone of truth”*

*Search between the pauses, between the turnings of your world for there in lies the foundation of Nature.*

*This is the place between the two turning worlds, one of illusion and one of Truth.*

*There is a thread that runs between the mathematical concepts of “harmony” in the solar system, a unification formed by marrying/joining together intervals in the musical scales with the angular velocities of the planets.*

*This is the universal synthesis needed for understanding and discovery.*

*Walk the common ground in discovering the mathematical relationship between electro magnetism and gravitation.*

*This is the foundation laid before time began for the common laws governing the behaviour of everything in the universe (that perceived and that unperceived by humans) from the electron to the apparent circling planets.*

*From this place humankind moved forward splitting the atom, not exploring the unification of its force and potential.*

*Perhaps it is time to seek the other path, that of Unity and Harmony.*

*In the union of opposites lies “the secret” of the Unification of the Universe for in Nature all opposites cease to exist, for they co-exist one within the other with regard to True Oneness.*

*This secret holds the cosmic storehouse within its Canon or Code of Numerology and its origin is of great antiquity.*

*It leads to the ideal universe, a study of which records the Cosmology that upheld the Ancient World.*

*The Truth of Earth knowledge began within an ancient and traditional link, a union with the stars.*

*Now the Ole Ones of the Stars once again begin to weave the Patterns of Rebirth held by the “Essential Stone of Truth” marking the Path Way home for the “Children of the Stars,” those now called the “Children of the Star Lit Lantern.”*

*Look to your mythology as shorthand, for within its condensed history lies the timetable of Truth.*

*There is a natural progression from one age into another that can be found within the tenets of the teachings of the Elders of the Stars .*

*A map exists in this movement and you must know that old beliefs must perish in order that life may continue on beyond the falsehood of your preconceived myths of history.*

*Be advised that a perfectly direct statement carefully made, can have but one equally direct meaning. However, remember as well that many links to understanding, “ the truth of the*

*meaning” are hidden within the one.*

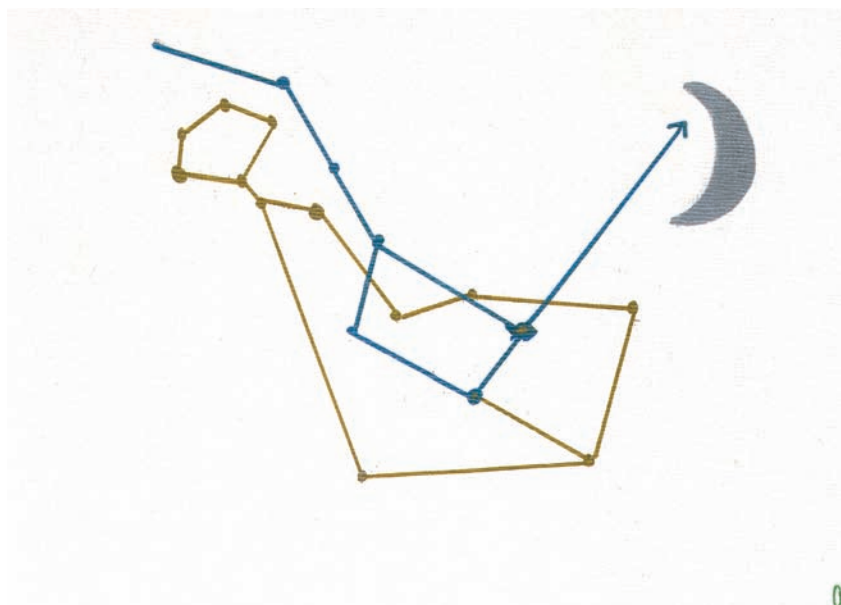
*This awakens in the listening mind a “fire of natural truths” that becomes a light, which then melts apparently unrelated ideas together to forge a comprehensive and thus comprehensible whole.*

*Remember how your history shows you over and over how effective the seemed obliteration of an entire teaching brought forth from the annals of time cleverly fooled so many, when in fact it was the very survival of this wisdom that was hidden within the matter.*

*And so it is that the ole teachings, the Natural Science of the Earth, has remained hidden and is now ready to come forth again to bring the cycles of rebirth again to the forefront of the universe.*

And with these final words she began to fade in the morning light and as the little silkie approached her she was gone and he heard her voice echoing across the sky saying as she disappeared....

*Recall the utmost position of Cetus, the Whale.  
Why does that that now come again in this time?*



The only thing left of her was the emerald coloured stone and in it lay the future of the once born and the fate of those yet to come.

As he picked up the necklace he heard a man's name called into the centre of the stone and a face appeared and imprinted on his thoughts...

He then began his journey back to the ole man whale, taking the stone with him hidden deep in his tiny heart.....







## Tinkers and Wizards

*And in the way it comes*, there is much to be said for the tinkers and the wizards of the place call Never Land in the mist of the formation of the things to come into being on the planet called Earth.

This was the time of the coming of the House of the Crescent Moon and in its path lay the salvation of the once born.

Since the time of the Turquoise Woman the Doorways of Knowledge have been opened for those whose hearts are true, to find the channel back to the Genesis of Truth and in doing so reach the heights of eternal life as provided by the tone key of the awakened being's state of Grace.

.....in other words the ticket home via the Music of the Spheres.

Access to the Place between the Worlds, the Alchemy of the Truth Stone and the understanding of the essential elements of this realization unveils that reality is not reality at all, but only a veil of illusions.

Markers really, on the long journey to discover that you do not need the markers once you have read the actual map. It is the treasure of becoming.....

The traces still burned on the planet by the tracks of the mama bear and the tone still resonating from the ole man whale within every drop of water held in the ocean and every drop of dew on every plant on the planet.....waiting, waiting, hoping to be rediscovered before the life force of the Genesis lifts off and never comes again to the place called Earth.

In the beginning there was only a vague memory of the Truth of Forever and in this vague memory lay the only source of hope for the recovery of the Truth and therefore the salvation of the future.....but there was joy and play left stored in a place of safety, and one day it would again surface to become the link to the Golden Thread of Knowing, and the Path of Return was sure to follow.

For the Gods had seen fit to hide the Truth deep in the hearts of the once born.

In the coming of the man called Ryan and in the Children of the Mother Star awakened by his faith and love, would be the call to the Returning Hearts, the hearts not broken, but mended with the Golden Thread of Forever and in this would be the seed of the recovery of the joy and healing, a healing of the eternal kind.....and so it lay hidden until now and the world waited to be awakened at long, long last.....

And the dream of the coming continues, and the Tinkers worked on the vision and the Wizards brought it forward and called it HOPE.

And in the higher worlds three women toiled around a huge wooden table under a sky of clear stars while the fourth stood in the trees outside watching over them, and the map they gazed upon was the One True Map of the Universe and they pondered as to how to move it from this place to the hearts of the true believers on the planet called Earth.

And the Stardust would fall in the areas where the Turquoise laid hidden and the earthen clay basket that held it would breathe into it the eternal gift of life so that the make up of the stone would be forever forged into the minds and hearts of the once born.

And this would be a thousand light years after the old woman first sang her Song and the ole man whale and the mama bear took up their charge to track it across the planet and leave behind the necessary clues for the once born.



And oh yes, the once born, heard the Songs, and in hearing it from a fear based reality they changed the Teachings of Freedom for the yoke of fear because they are such creatures of fear and illusion.

To them, the Truth is a thing to fear, because for so long they have laboured under false gods and demi gods and men who put themselves on the path of ruling others with lesser wills.





So it was that the Days of Darkness came to the Earth, and the mother polar bear and the ole man whale still looked for each other in the seas of the Northern hemisphere and they waited for the meeting yet to come.....

The mama polar bear struggled to see the lines on the little dog's stomach map as the snow was coming at a blinding speed. She raised her head and sniffed the night air and then began to lumber in a more northerly direction as she looked to the stars for the constellation that matched the drawing on the tiny dog's stomach.

Here, just rising she saw it at long last. Just under Pisces sat the map in the sky.

"Well of course" she thought. "Cetus, the Whale."

So off she started in a direct path to be under that set of stars before the due date arrived.

This was to be the year, she just knew it was.

As she turned to go she heard the old woman's Song begin to play in her head, and along with the melody came a voice, and she paused to listen to the wisdom in the words....

*Mama Bear, hear these words of wisdom about your learning curve...*

*Just as all things, events, places and people, are met along your path to aid and encourage you, they in all forms and means are teaching tools of profound wisdom and are always to be considered a learning curve for all that you do and all that you undertake to do in this life venue.*



*There are always tracks along the way that open doorways and often these are not “user friendly” at the beginning. You must endeavour to bring even the most difficult (esp. the most difficult) of transactions to you in a way that allows growth and understanding for the aspects, all aspects along the Path of the Returning Heart.*

*The heart that returns is the Heart of the Soul, in a unified form. It crosses all boundaries and universes and returns to complete the journey begun millions of millennium ago.*

*This is the universal heartbeat that formed the original movement of being and created the Breath of Life that came into being on the Planes and Ribbons of Time Eternal.*

*Thus this is the value your being constantly searches to return to. This is the beating heart of the Divine. It is and it continues beyond all else.*

*Now and then you must focus on this vibration in order to keep the vision of the planets and stars in your mind’s eye. This vibrational pattern is one of harmony and joy at a level yet to be experienced by the once born.*

*It is yet out of their reach as the power of its vibration is without end and it is a constant journey to arrive at the place you might begin to embrace this path.*

*At this “time” along the learning curve for many humans now participating in the game of life, there is an opening to recover this, or a portion of this vibration, for it is this vibration that must return to the land of the once born to bring forward the things necessary to all life, any life on any plane to endure.*

*The balance has reached the critical phase, and recovering the heart, or even a portion thereof, will allow the time tables to shift to a longer flow that allows for the development of the once born to continue with guidance and a loving hand to hold on to.*

*It is this that will gently rock the cradle of life and bring forth a flowing of new understanding that will over “time” develop the Path Way home for all who choose to hear the callings.*

*For in this time you are a part of my basket of woven reeds that once stood in the River of Life. Gathered into the Life Force of the reeds is all the knowledge that travelled across the millennium of space and existence, to form the necessary Threads of Life that would be the vessel used to carry the seeds to and from the stars, and then to polish the Path Way back for those essences who have walked the good road of becoming and being.*

*Therefore you are at this point in your curve, to acquiesce to the necessary things in front of you at this time and in doing so you will uncover for yourself and for the once born, the Path to Happiness that you have sought to develop for such a long, long time.*

*As you begin your walk to the stars you will gather and fertilize much in terms of the star seeds that have come to be called the Kingdom of the Humankind.*

*Water and feed it well and then turn and walk away and allow the wheat and the chaff to separate and go their own way, for it is not up to you to choose for them, only to work the soil until the time for harvest is nigh and it is that season, the Season of Harvest that is upon you at this time.*

*Little Soul of the Returning Heart, walk your path in the knowing that all is well with you and yours and all is as it must be in this time.*



*Be silent and know that which lives deep in your heart.*

*Look to the stars in the North to guide you to the place of meeting and bring with you the Tides of Change that are so needed at this time to open the hearts of the once born.*

*It is indeed time for the once and future kings to begin their return, and in the heart of the man called Ryan will be the seeds of the new and more defined race of the Children of the Gods, for it is time that this journey began....it has waited long enough for all things necessary to come to the point of knowing and understanding....*

The mama bear stood for a long time reflecting on the words she had heard hidden within the Song, and she knew now more than ever that the time was nearing when the Stones of Truth could once again come to life and live in the hearts of the once born.

.....and with it would come a kinder, gentler time, a time of grace and joy, of peace and knowing, and with this would see the return of the wisdom of the ages and the key to restoring the life force dormant within the once born.

No longer would there be need of a fear driven guilt based illusion, for it would be without power and the creatures of light could once again roam the universe unencumbered....

And in another part of the world, an old woman stood on a cliff looking out to sea...

As she turned to face the on coming wind she caught a glimpse of the being that floated near her side. She had waited and waited for this time to come to her, and in this she was relieved. Her very being was beginning to come to the place of fulfilment.

She had waited all this time for what she knew not, but yet waited at this place singing

this same Song for over a hundred years.

She knew that one day all the songs she had been putting out would come back to her, and in coming back they would bring to life the one Soul that united them all.

She looked back over the green fields shining in the gentle glow of the moon. She could not see another human, nor had she for weeks now.

She was alone, and she had known in her heart that as the clouds gathered in the red glow of this day's dawn that she would be waiting no longer.

Yet still in this knowing she looked to see if anyone else was there. No it was the wind.

Yet just now her eyes were finding the shapes of the four women now coming to the fire. They were of the Spirit World and they were of her own Soul and her own heart. She had watched their separate lives in the glow of the fire coals.





For years now she sang to each of them, and in her way, her knowing, she knew they would find her on this ribbon and in this place.

She was waiting to bring together all the essences of her Clan, and in doing so bring all the knowledge into being in one Clan Mother.

One essence and one being, and in this would be the songs of all the stories, and the time was here and now and they had in fact come as promised.

Each one of them seemed to be in touch with the essence of the matter and in harmony with the task at hand.

Her small fire began to glow and shine in the dusk and she was happy for this. They were all here now and all were singing to the rhythm of the whales below and the birds above.

The world began to turn faster and faster and the wind began to hum with a wider understanding of all that was.

The time for knowing was here and the time for placing the knowing into the once born had come at last.

Now the breeze began to blow, and woman who had become the vessel of all the ones gathered there in the Spirit began to sing to the whales that were forming a ring below the cliff.

The ole woman's hands were tough as leather, yet soft as the dew on the morning grass. From the ashes she took a root and fashioned it into a staff. She placed her heart within the staff and she pushed it through the world of Spirit to the one on the other side of the world who had been waiting for so long.

The woman seemed to stir and to understand that something had happened to change her forever. She was in her dreamtime and she began to reach out to take the staff from the hands of the ole woman.

It was the first thing the completed essence of the woman had done, and she reached out to the one she knew was waiting for the doorway to open and allowed her to walk through.

Now that she had done this, the Spirit woman turned to the fire and walked into the fulfilled essence of the ole woman staring at the fire.

In the reflection, the other woman—the one in the dreamtime, could be seen reaching out her hand and





grasping the staff and it taking root into the ground and flourishing.

“Now,” the Spirit woman declared, “she can find me, I can rest and sleep and know she will be following at her pace.”

It is beginning to come into being. This is the walk of the Spirit up held and of the talk of the stars and the wisdom that comes with it.

And far away deep in the fifth universe the old woman by the fire was pleased, very pleased indeed....and to her side the young Spirit called Ryan stirred the fire and waited, for he knew his time to go among the once born was drawing near.

This was as it had been written so long ago. It was to be the last of the opportunities for the once born to remember and would forever be known as the time of the Returning Heart.....

The essence of the Spirit of the one to be called Ryan was the oldest and wisest of the Wizards to ever roam the universe, and with that the Queen of the Fairies had gifted him her heart, so that he carried to the once born the Truth of the Mysteries and the heart of unconditional love necessary to free the mind to believe.

As he looked deep into the old woman's eyes they both smiled and a song laced with laughter could be heard to fill the universe.





## Crossing the Great Divide



*And on a planet* far, far away the old woman was remembering a dream she had played over and over in her mind.

She sat still by the fire and waited for the memories to come and with them as always came the knowing of a different time and place.....

The dream time of the old woman living by the sea continued and in continuing began to shape the coming and goings of the world around it.



Just off the coast from her tiny hut the ole man whale often stood watch over her and sent the silkie to her at night to comfort her with peaceful sounds of gentle surf and laughing children.

It seemed to her that she had heard the same song floating in her thoughts all her life.

And she was at one with the story.

The children would gather near the fire late in the evenings for they knew the ole woman of the cliffs would come.

They called her Ole Woman and that seemed enough, because she was the Nan, Clan Mother of the Tribes of the World.

She would smile and draw them near and tell them stories as she had done for their parents before them.

It was a long, long walk to the cliffs where the Nan lived, but each and every night without fail they would wait for her to come and surely as the wind blows and the moon rises she was always there.

Her small fire never seemed to be low, it always burned bright in the night sky, like a beacon they thought.

As they began to gather she would make her way from the tiny hut just below the rise and she would hold her arms to the sky and she then would begin her Song, and finally, only when it was done, would sit among them and tell her stories.



She was the one to know these things and this was all that mattered.

These were the Stories of the Stars and the telling of the work that was yet to come. She was always looking to the stars as if they were her real home, and in this she knew it was the way it would come.

The Ole Woman had been waiting, waiting for more than a hundred years to complete her duty.

She was the basket, the holder of the threads, the weaver waiting to complete the tapestry that would weave the way home for the Souls of the Stars to return to the place of their birth.

It was as it had always been, each and every time, and it was a good thing. She had watched the signs and held the guideposts for them to gather for all this time now. It was coming forward and she was ready for the change.

Indeed ready for the Winds of Change.

The Ole Woman had known, as had no other, that the Spirit of the Women called to gather and their coming into their own completeness would be the breath that began the gentle breeze first, then the gale winds of change that would cover the planet as the planet struggled to survive.

This wind would call forth on behalf of the planet the things necessary to complete the cycle that was forth coming at this time in the history of the once born.

It was time. It was time indeed.

As the children gathered this night to hear the stories, the Ole Woman gently rocked her song to the night sky and the stars took their places as if they had been waiting all this time for just this precise calling forward.

She began to tell them the stories of the stars and of the time approaching when they would all be called home.

As she began her talk the winds began to blow gently and the soft smell of a strange, but wonderful fragrance could be found filling the air.

It was the women coming at last to the Place of Spirit, to be once again all together at the fire of the Ole Woman.

As the fragrances blended the call from the whales in the ocean below the cliffs began to sing in harmony and the blowing of the air and the slapping of the tails took full charge of the night air.

It was a night of knowing, and the night would, over the next thousand years, become known as the Night of the



Clear Sky, for on this night the heavens realigned and the stars shifted to the alignment of the Beta System and the light of the Mother Star could be seen clearly from any point of the planet Earth.

As the Spirit of each of the women arrived they shed the cold and damp of the human forms they had held over ribbons of lives and settled in around the fire, each taking the form representing one of the elements of the Earth and seen outwardly as the tapestries of the most beautiful of all the creatures of the Earth, changing as the night went on and as they felt the need to move among the people within the different forms of grace, charity and compassion.



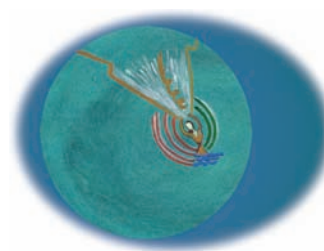
For this was the coming together and the gathering of the strong forces of these women who had each walked separate and apart, but on the Golden Thread they walked always together, always in harmony and always one loving and honouring the next, each in their turn.

They were the Women of the Stars, sent to Earth to bring forward the teachings given to them long, long ago and stored within the basket that was the heart of The Turquoise Woman.

On this night, the Night of the Clear Sky, Turquoise Woman came again to the place called Earth and took the form of the women called to gather at the fire by the Ole Woman, The Clan Mother.

And these women began to move gently within the once born and share their stories held in perfect trust within the Clay Basket of Mother Earth, and within the beauty of the stones of Turquoise, the same stones that were seen to be the passed around the fire in love by the Ole Woman Nan.

Turquoise Woman once again picked up her eternal Soul and walked the Earth, and from her the Winds of Change began to form a gentle breeze and dance in the light of the new dawn, bringing with it the hope of the once born and the times yet to be.



And the one with the Staff moved on and sang aloud the Songs she had heard as she passed in the night by the fire of an old woman and shared her stories.

Strange she thought how familiar that was, and how sweet the smell of the fire and the laughter of the women there.

It was a perfume of Roses, yes that was the smell, and her hands were covered in the oil of the night's dew.

Why or how did she come to this place where she now stood, what were the far off sounds she was hearing and why was she so peaceful today.

Had it been a dream, the fire and the women, or were they real. And she could almost remember the whale and it seemed to her that she thought for a moment there was a large white bear, but how could that be.....

As she began to wake, she looked lovingly at her small white dog asleep by her side, and



she looked across the room to see her staff leaned against the wall, a pool of oil at the base and the smell of roses filling the air.

She thought for a long moment and she began to remember the ole carver who had gifted the staff so long ago and she gave a silent thanksgiving to him for being so wise as to guide her in this way.....

And she remembered, today she had been asked to carry her Staff and make a journey.

She was to take a long trip across the ocean to bring together the world's native peoples for a gathering and it would take her more than a week to complete the travels, so she began to pack her things as she sang a song of travelling and coming together, and she wondered where the melody had come from and why it was so familiar to her.....

And in the distant reaches of the world the mama bear was excited for she knew she was almost there.

At long last the meeting planned so long ago was about to take place and she felt so happy inside to know it was about to happen....

In a distant ocean, the ole man whale smiled as he could see the mama bear FINALLY heading to the right spot and he himself began to swim to the appointed place.

Deep on the ocean floor a new and beautiful being came into view, a Golden Mermaid, with hair of copper and scales of the deepest Turquoise. She rose to follow the ole man whale and the silkie, just hidden out of their view.

So they all began their travels to the place of coming together....The woman with the staff, the mama bear and the small dog, the whale and the silkie and the mermaid...one by a boat, two across the land and three under the sea.

All headed to collide with their destiny and their place in the way of the universe.

It had been a long, long journey for the travellers; the mama bear and the small dog had made their way across the frozen snow and stood at the edge of the frozen world looking out across the sea wondering how to continue.

The ole man whale and the silkie were resting, already deep at the bottom of the ocean at the appointed place, completely unaware of the tiny Mermaid that floated just out of sight.

And the ole woman with the Staff, she was resting in her bed on the great ocean liner sailing into the deep night, listening to the sound of the waves rocking her to sleep without a care in her heart.

The ole Nan in the stars was watching with careful eyes as the destiny of the storytellers below began to unfold.

At about the same moment some strange things began to take place.

First, the mama bear and the dog decided to float and or swim the remainder of the journey, the little silkie caught sight of the Golden Mermaid, and the huge ocean liner hit an iceberg and found itself in harms way.....and as it always is with stories and story tellers, life was about to get very interesting indeed.

The night was freezing cold and the wind was blowing past the mama bear and the dog as they floated ever so slowly across the flat top of the ocean.

In the distance they heard the cries of what sounded like hundreds of voices, calling for help.

In the darkness they could not see that all around them floated the passengers from the ship that had hit the iceberg...

After a time they did not hear any more of the cries, there was only dead silence, but something floated near to them and the small dog latched onto what felt like a long stick of some sort.

As he drew the pole like stick to him he realized that attached to it was the form of a woman hanging on to it for her life.....

As she floated somewhere between the ebb and flow of life the woman begin to process some thoughts in her head as she floated on top of the cold sea, and ever so slowly began to sink below the waves.....her thoughts seemed more like dreams, vague somehow.

And the voices began to fill her head.

*Well it is an interesting thing to reconstruct your essence after it has fractured. I suppose that is an aftermath of a poorly chosen venue.*

*I find I am reconsidering the path less travelled for the path not at all travelled. New trails....*

*Where am I? It has taken me some time just to sort out where exactly it was that I had gone.*

*Perhaps I was just too weak to hear the beating of my own heart, or perhaps it was so faint it lulled me into a needed sleep.*

*Voices, voices in my head.  
What is this they are saying?*

*Sadness is a thing of virtue I think. It must be as it has been a teacher of the humankind since the beginning of time. I am searching for the point of knowing in my Soul that realizes it must now walk a different path.*

*I find I am reconsidering all that I hold dear and in this review am awakening to a different knowing.*

*Am I alive?*

*Where am I?*

*I feel so cold inside.*

*There is a decision that waits in my Soul to beckon me forward and this decision will shape the remaining time I might have here in the land of the humankind.*

*It is a nexus indeed, and one of knowing that must be put right and brought forth with only love in my heart.*

*It sits just outside the reach of my understanding in the moment, and I know I must wait to choose the path until I no longer cry at the loss of the other, for if I do not I only add to the confusion.*

*I have taken out my heart and held it in my hands, caressed it with my thoughts and sought the "truth of its being", and it has spoken with me.*

*I must understand the depth of the being within to know the proper way to move in this time so that the being can choose the way home for itself with the least harm to others along the way.*



*I find it has been my nature in this life to reach out and hold with love those walking together along my path. I come to a place of holding them in my heart and seek to love the pain away from their wounds as they carry on along the path.*

*I seek to heal all that comes to them with words of understanding from a place of unconditional love.*

*It must always be this way, for if it is anything less it is not of Spirit and therefore fosters fear.*

*Perhaps the cost of this is far too dear for my Soul to bear.*

*Choices, yes choices indeed.*

*If this path is to continue as it has been to this point it must find a way to do so with out the pain of sadness for the missed opportunities of the companions along the way.*

*It must be, with a breath of kindness that I blow the rest away, kindness and compassion.*

*Perhaps it is that same compassion that cries at the coming pain I know will follow the choices.*

*Perhaps it is the better path to sit in the distance and write the words I hear in my heart and offer them that way to those whose path they cross.*

*In this way I sit free from the pain of separation. I used to think separation was betrayal, yet on closer examination I find that the essence of betrayal can only come forward when I place that value on the movement, for in truth it is only self that can betray self.*

*There are no victims, and no other save yourself alone can endanger your chosen Path Way.*

*So now the choice comes to me.*

*I remember the feeling of unconditional love and the beautiful joy of that as it steps forward to embrace those along the way.*

*Am I to understand that I must discover a path that can be both? Perhaps.*

*However, in this moment I am not at that place of knowing fully.*

*Hear me, Great Spirit, as I call out my gratefulness for this place of healing that cradles me within the arms of God.*

*Am I dying?*

*Is this what it feels like....It sure feels cold, is heaven cold????*

Down below near the ocean bottom, the tiny Golden Mermaid watched as the huge ole whale had effortlessly pushed the small woman to the surface. Ever so gently he nudged her tiny frame upward, and the silkie at his side carried in his mouth the long slender wooden stick that had been clutched in her frozen hands.



As they reached the surface the silkie replaced the object in her hands and with his nose pushed her fingers closed around it tightly.

The ole man whale stayed near the top for a long, long time and kept the tiny woman afloat, gliding just under her as she floated in the cold water under the starry night sky.

He watched as she floated silently into the night.

The little Mermaid hovered near by and watched as the whale gently and continually worked to keep the tiny woman alive.

She forgot that she was safely unseen and came into sight and swam near the tiny figure.

She took her little Mermaid mouth and blew breath again and again into the frail body.



She worked for what seemed like an eternity and the whale and the silkie stayed ever faithful right by her side.

Just as the woman was about to pass into the final throes of unconsciousness, she felt some thing pushing her upward and she felt the cold of the night air as it hit her face.

Then what felt like small tiny hands and the warmth of breath.

And she slept.

Just at that time a small boat came into view shining a light onto the woman's small body and headed towards her to finish the rescue.

The ole whale watched as they loaded her into the life boat and rowed away. The silkie tugged at his side and pointed to the tiny Mermaid.

She was falling to the ocean floor and was not breathing.

They both could tell she was in grave trouble.

As they got to her the ole whale said a prayer to the Woman of the Stars and he gently lifted the little Golden Mermaid in his huge mouth and carried her to the surface.

She lay so still and he knew her hard work to save the woman had cost her the breath of her own life.



She turned to face him and with a tiny tear in her eye she kissed the ole whale and with the last breath in her body she reached for the silkie and passed to him the green stone that hung around her neck, and with that she allowed her Soul to pass into the night sky. The ole whale watched as she began to rise above the water and her little body turned into the form of a huge magnificent Rainbow Dragon.

She arched across the sky and as she lifted into the heavens her tiny scales drifted down and fell deep into the soft places of the Earth.



Years later they would be discovered in many places, carried there by the tides and in the wind and in the underground movements and currents of the inner earth.

They would come to be called Turquoise and they would be the healer's stone; the Stone of the Heart.

For the tiny little Mermaid had selflessly given her life to help the whale and the silkie save the life of the woman, and in doing so she had earned her right to become the Rainbow Dragon.

The little Mermaid who so unselfishly gave her life to save the life of another had indeed become the true and real bringer of the first rainbow.

The ole whale and the little silkie descended to the ocean floor to reflect over the events.

On the surface the life boat had gathered the woman into the crowded space that held some of the Souls who survived the sinking of the great boat. There they waited with the other boats as they heard the cries from the less fortunate Souls still aboard the sinking ship.

Music played into the night until the great ship completely slipped from sight. The night sky began to carry the strains of the light of dawn and in the distance could be seen the lights of another great ship sailing to aid those who had survived the night's ordeal.

In the rush of helping transfer the surviving aboard the other great ship no one noticed as the body of the frail tiny woman slipped over the side and back into the abyss of the ocean.



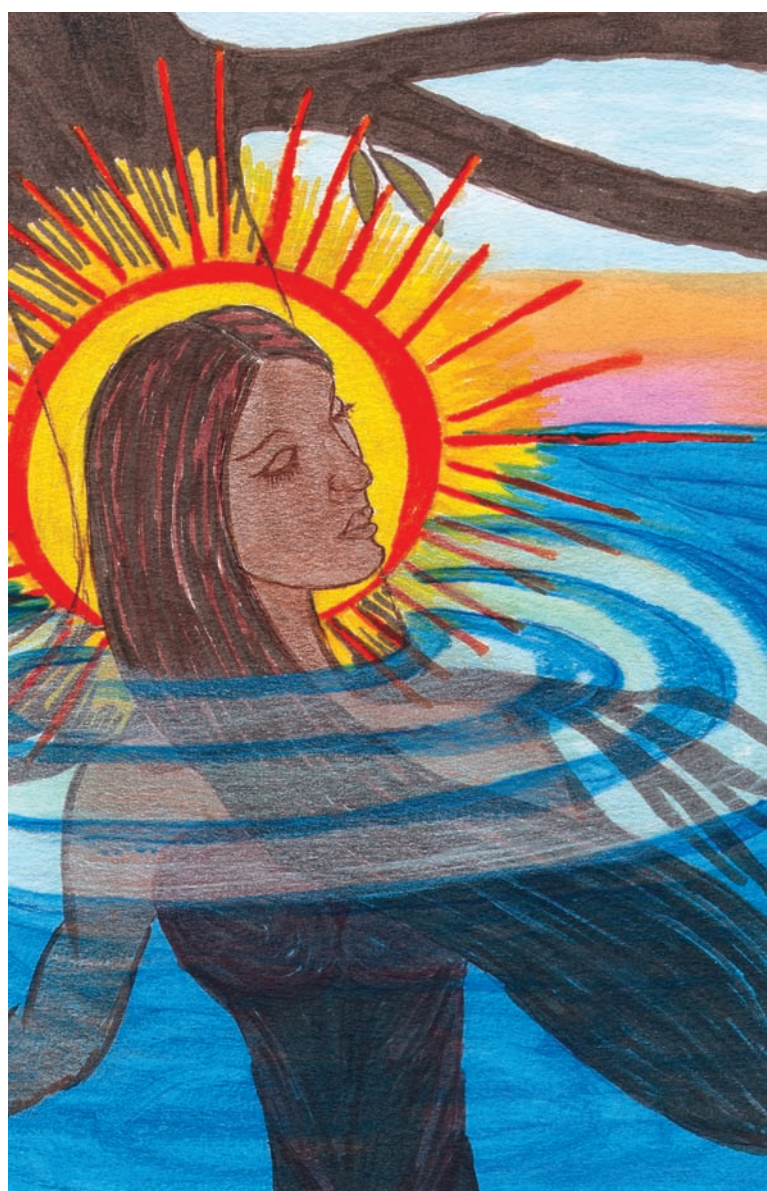
She reached for anything to keep her afloat. Her hands found her Staff floating just to her side and she clutched it as if her life completely depended on it.

Her soft cries went unheard and she drifted in and out of that deep sleep once again. Then she thought she felt tiny teeth gently pulling her on to a wet, warm, fur-like place.

She then drifted in the deepest of the sleep places, a place outside the territory of fear.







## Reflections of the Soul

*And this would be known* as the time of the Clear Blue Sky, and its coming had long been planned.

And as the woman began to stir, the memories within her heart spoke to her and she floated to the edge of her consciousness.

She was flooded with the events and sights of a time gone by; a time from this world and from the next.

She struggled to open her eyes, but her body and her mind were so tired and weary she just fell deeper and deeper into her silent memories.

And in the still that was the silence of her own inner thoughts the playground of knowing came into being.....and with it came an absolute peace.

She floated in the in-between times; in the times of knowing and believing and the times of connecting and weaving.

She stirred and felt the cool of the breeze as it lifted her skyward. She could see the child below her.

A child of about four was sitting by a circle drawn in the sand.

Standing next to her was an older woman with gentle eyes, smiling down at the child, saying in low tones.

“Now Little One, tell me what you see, completely, not in part, in Oneness.....”

Then she was taken skyward again and she was looking at the child at about 11 years old.

It was night and she could see the old woman kneeling at the edge of a small fire and around the fire sat a circle of Elders. It seemed that all the wisdom of the universe was held in that gathering.

Her next glance into memory was of a much older woman and a small girl child playing together on the shores of a far away land. They raced and played, laughing out loud as they danced along the shore of a pristine ocean.

In the back ground was a smaller boy child playing with a tall blonde haired woman... then it faded into the mist and she was once again held in the deep recesses of peace.

The old woman lay still and quiet cocooned in a deep, deep peace.

Memories began to flood her knowing as she drifted past all time and space into the Circle of the Great Divide.

They had floated a great distance. In fact, they had floated across time and space, across the great divide into the essence of being necessary to recalibrate the drama of the Story of Truth.



A transformation of profound beauty occurred as they floated past time and space.



The woman clutching her Staff was transformed into a small bundle; a new born babe, just waiting for her mother to fetch her.

In a far away place an ole grandmother acting as mid wife pulled a tiny golden haired child from the body of her mother.

Wide eyed with wonder the ole woman stared into the hazel eyes of the new born baby girl.

Then she cast her eyes onto the golden curls.

Her wide eyed wonder came from the birth of a golden hair, hazel eyed child born into this traditional American Indian family.

All in the room stood still, eyes fixed on this tiny baby girl. A golden child born into the dark skinned, dark eyed indigenous of the Americas.

The prophecy had been fulfilled at last. The ole grandmother smiled and held the child up to the Sky Father for a blessing. The Elder's prayers for this blessing rang loud in the universe.

And in an ocean far away, the mama bear and the small dog were left only with her Staff to remind them of the fate of the traveller they had helped to save.

A knowing from a deep inner place stilled within the ole mama bear as she turned her body towards a different shore.

“Where are we going?” asked the small dog. The ole bear responded, “To begin the Journey of the Staff, “The Staff of Peace.”

“Stop chewing it” she growled, “we must hurry if we are to have it waiting for her when she travels to find it.”

The wide eyed little dog snuggled closer to the old bear, clutching for dear life the Staff the woman had left behind.

“She left it,” he wailed, “why should we take it back to her? I think I want to keep it for a time.”

And as he fell into a deep, deep sleep the Staff began to fade slowly from view.

Back in the world of the native people the baby began her learning on the lap of her grandmother and started her long journey to recover her Staff.

And in an ocean far to the South the ole man whale smiled as he knew he would soon be teaching this tiny child as well.

And in the deep heavens the ole Nan hummed a Song of History.



## The Nature of the Self

*And now this is the time* of the coming and yet already passed journey because in the course of the well made fabric of time there is little use of the nature of self with out the understanding of the Uncarved Block.

So it was for the little girl as she grew to womanhood that she had in effect and for all intent and purposes used the Uncarved Block to begin the journey home.

As in the nature of the Uncarved Block the tiny child came to be the project of the Elders of Knowledge, for she truly came into her learning place without the lies of history.

She spent her life learning to move along the lines of Nature with ease.

Her days were filled with teachings from the wise ones of the village.

She went to sleep each night in the bedroom of her grandmother listening to the tick, tick, ticking of the ole mantel clock above the fireplace.

Her grandmother sang her into a deep sleep each night with the Song that had been passed to her by her grandmother and before that from her grandmother's grandmother and so on until it went back to the beginning of recorded time.

The Song was never written down, it was held since before the hands of time in oral tradition only.

This protected the listener, the singer and the Song.



It was sacred and treasured as the truest gift of re-creation.

During her travels in the Song of Re-creation she swam with the ole grandfather whale listening to his eternal Song of Being. From time to time a snowy white mama polar bear crossed her dreams and the bear often had as a companion a small white dog.

As the young girl traversed through her life, her teachings were her constant companions.

She began to write a journal of her journeys. It contained the teaching stories of her Spirit Elders, her Earth teachers, and the travels with Grandfather Whale and Mama Dew the Polar Bear.

She kept these writings in a leather bound book. She often just referred to them as, “the journeys.”

She thought that one day she would put the teachings into a book and when that happened the time would be right for the story to shatter all illusions.

In the time between time, in the space between the beats, all the Truth regarding forever and always were expertly hidden deep within the caverns of the annals of the reconstructed star.

It was by cosmic design that no one person had access to all the knowledge.

The wisdom had been gifted out like a puzzle, held among but a chosen trusted few, none holding it all. No one ever sensing there was more than their own individual glimmer.

All the pieces lay safe in a basket held far away in the stars.

They were in the basket of the ole Nan of the Universe. It had been planned this way since before time began.



She had waited patiently until the hazel eyed girl with golden hair could be properly born.

The ole Nan had long since given the memories of Truth to her two containers, the ole man whale and the mama polar bear, so that they might begin the Journeys of Truth and prepare the way for this fast approaching time.

The Mermaid had gifted the stones of Turquoise to the Earth to hold the teachings necessary for the indigenous Elders to gain the wisdom necessary to pass to this child.

The large emerald obsidian had as well been hidden in a deep passage way to later be discovered and find its way to a necklace that she would wear in her later life.

All things were prepared and ready.

The Staff had been placed in the proper place waiting patiently for the ole carver to come forward and carve into the Staff the teachings necessary for it to stand by her side and then be passed to the one she had been sent to this place to teach and protect.

The time was near and the Nan's complete focus was continuously on the care and teaching of this one little Soul.

Soon. Soon it would be time. Time for all the wisdom to be carried by the one called to be the Basket of Knowledge, the wisdom carrier sent from the stars, destined to hold this information to then in turn pass it to the child that would be the leader of the Children of the Star Light.

On a bright sunny day in early spring the girl, now grown into a woman sat far out under the tall pines in the deer field.

She reread all the teaching travels from her journal as if to burn them forever into her memory before she began her journey to the far side of the ocean to find the soon to be born baby girl.

The little girl was to become the leader of those who remained here on this planet after the Star People returned to their home.

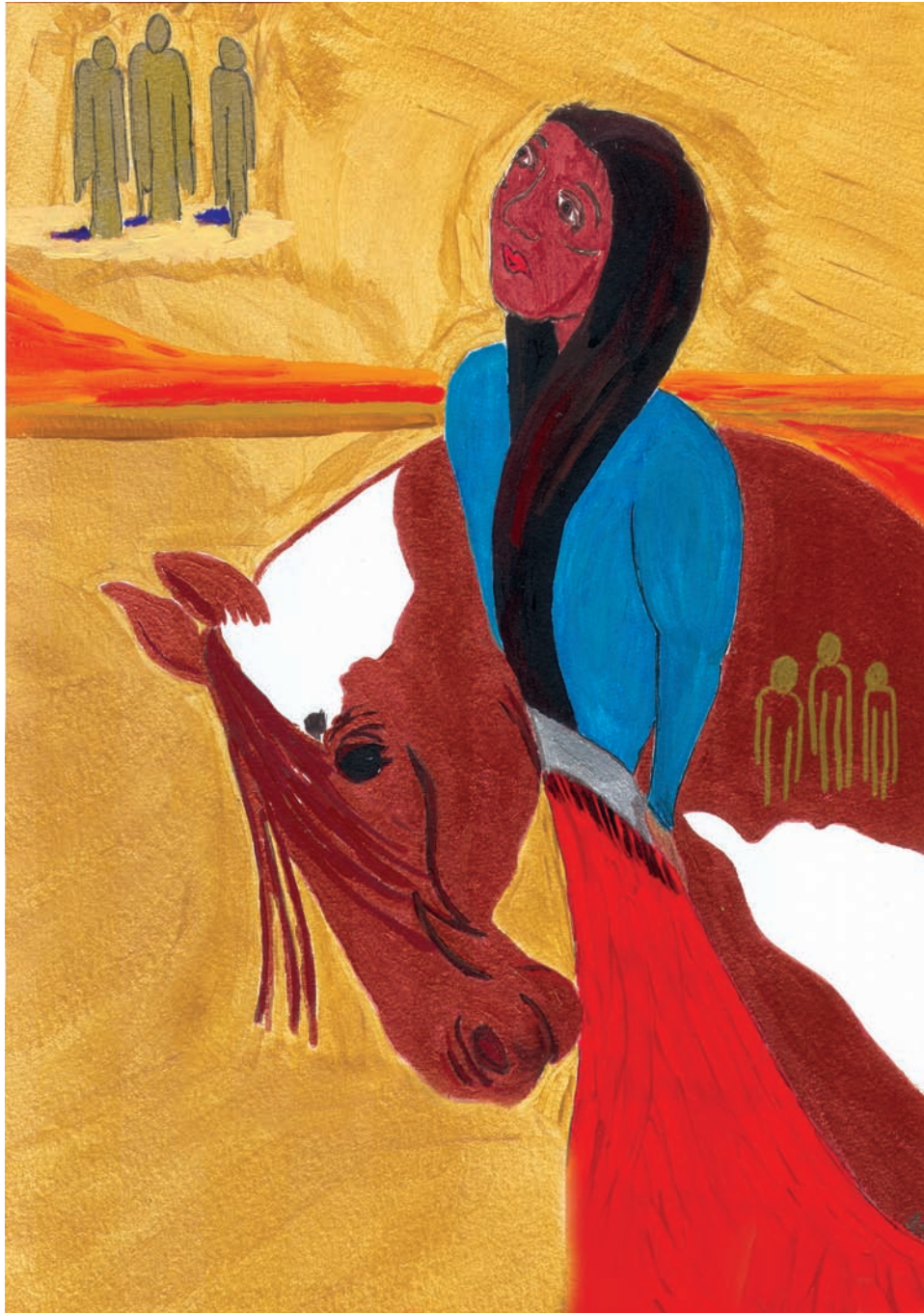
As the night fell and the stars began to climb high into the dark night sky she knew it was time at last for her to carry the stories across the ocean to the new one waiting to be born.

She carefully hid the leather bound book and started her long journey.

As her travels began the memories of the journeys sang a Song deep in her heart.

And the ole Grandfather Whale and the Mama Polar Bear waited in their places prepared to be underway at the slightest moment to reunite the cast of this cosmic drama.





*From the Journal of Journeys*

*“the virtues of being small”*

*I heard their calling in the mist of the soft night air. It floated next to my heart and rested there until I moved to follow the sound.*

*As I moved the world came together and all else faded away.*

*I have come to love this feeling, as I know it begins the closeness.*

*There is completeness in this place in such a way as to understand there never was a separation.*

*This is the Divine in all of us.*

*It sits just outside our field of knowing in the day to day harness of the phoneme we call “life”.*

*I was taken to such a place as to show my heart its home.*

*In this calling there was a different beauty. It was coloured with togetherness after a fashion of belonging.*

*The Soul is really a liquid thing, not solid at all.*

*And within this liquid all the colours come together to merge and form the matrix of all that is and all that has ever been and all that will be, for in fact they are many colours, but they come together in such a way as to make only one.*

*I had been thinking of late about the things that come, of time bending and course changes and new beginnings.*

*As I rested my small human head along side the large whale of the family, he sighed. “You are a small thing, you are indeed, Little One, but you must fear not for you are certainly not alone in this.”*

*“You are but one small star in the night sky. There will be millions who will send their energy and strength to uphold this path.”*

*Then he sang a wonderful Song to me that opened the Doorway of Knowing and I clearly saw what he was telling me to be true.*

*There are to be millions who will put their magic into the circle.*

*Some departed and living on the Plane of Spirit and others who walk the “Good Red Road” of human life.*

*This rainbow of colours will work like a team of millions of cells and atoms and perks.*

*They will come from far places to put their individual magic into the circle and they will bring with them the Winds of Change.*

*Many will not even know why they come, only that they are answering a song to be in harmony with the family.*

*Ours in this moment is but a blink of the eye in its movement across the here to the now. It links and locks together with the oneness of all energy to become the tie that binds the way home to the first burst of light ever born.*

*In this birth we were and are yet a singular thought.*

*So I have come to understand from this teaching that as I stand on the shore I am but a cell in the great being of life; a tiny grain of sand, a pebble in the stream of the river of life, secure in the oneness of the energy of the light and devoted to the reunion.*

*So then we travelled home, my whale brother and I and we were content and at peace with the knowing that the reunion draws nigh.*

*And as for me, I no longer worried about being small.*

*“learning to be silent”*

*“What is your name Great Brother?” I asked as we floated through the great ocean.*

*“Why do you need a name, Little One?” answered the huge whale.*

*“I want to know what to call you,” she said.*

*“But why do you ‘have’ to call me?” he asked.*

*“It is just that I am so human yet and I find I need this to locate you in the deep waters.”*

*“Well then, if necessary for you that I have a name, you may call me Tangaroa,” he answered.*

*The great whale thought for a moment then spoke. “Tell me, Little One, can you think about why you need names.”*

*“Is it a measure of who you are or a tone that sounds across time?”*

*“Which do you think Little One?”*

*I gave the question long thought. “A tone I think,” I replied.*

*“Yes, it is definitely a tone” I said proud of myself and I thought I saw him smile.*

*“Good answer. You do grow daily with your knowing, but lets talk a time now about what troubles you in this moment.”*

*“It is about differences, is it not?”*

*“You are a wise one, Great Brother. I find in thinking about it all that I feel so little indeed when I try to understand each person’s way of being.”*



*“Is that so important to you Little One, and if it is, why?”*

*“I want to be able to touch every Soul with love and warmth, but if I cannot fully understand their beliefs then how can I approach them?”*

*“Do you fully understand me, Little One?”*

*“No Great Brother, I love you and admire your wisdom and strength, but in truth I am just getting to know you and learning to understand you and this I think might take forever.”*

*“Then, Little One. you only have to be silent and sit in their presence to know who they really are, for only in the silence can you hear the Truth their Soul speaks to you.”*

*“Can you remember this?”*

*“Tell me Great Brother, why do we so often forget the power in the silence?”*

*“It makes so many uncomfortable does it not? Why is this? Can you tell me?”*

*“Be still Little One and listen to the beating of your heart as we float in this crystal ocean.”*

*“Interesting, you have not yet used my name, why not?”*

*“I find I have no need to call forth your name when you are here with me, brother.”*

*“Sister, do you not know I never leave you?”*

*“Just because you do not see me does not mean that I am away from you.”*

*“Did your Soul learn anything today?”*

*“Oh yes, I have learned that you are Tangaroa and that you love me enough to shelter me in spite of my smallness and for that I love you and understand you all the more.”*

*“You are teaching me the Oneness of Being, aren’t you, brother?”*

*“Can you teach me to float without holding on?????”*

*“Oh no, .....*

*.wait.....*

*don’t.....*

*let gooooooooooooo.....*

*not yetttttttttttttt.....”*

*“the dance of life”*

*And last night when the Great Brother came for me he was smiling.*

*“They gather,” he said with a laugh. “Come and see.”*

*So down we floated.*

*As my eyes became familiar with the ocean floor I was amazed at what I saw. It was as always with the brother when my mind had a thought, he answered it.*

*A giant circle started to form and within the circle selected ones of the world whale family took their places. I slowly began to understand.*

*It was a gathering of the Elder whales, the oldest of the family, selected and known before time as to their role in the coming turn.*

*“Remember your teachings, Little One.”*

*“Remember the talk about as above, so below.”*

*In an instant I was taken back to the vision of my youth when the Fairies danced and played in the night sky and I saw again the pattern forming and I understood with clarity what was happening and at the understanding I cried.*

*My own tears mixed with the ocean water and flowed into the Universe Divine.*

*The design they represented on the ocean floor matched perfectly to the coming night sky.*

*A blueprint of perfection formed from the sky to the ocean floor and I knew that the beginning had indeed begun and that the Elders held the key to the return and that they knew without a shadow of doubt what their place was and that they had begun the dance to bring it into being.*

*This was the Dance of Life that would touch the Earth Mother with grace and renewal. I said my silent prayers for those great Souls whose memory held the faith of the world in the balance.*

*And I knew within this hidden formation the above of the Mother Star had united with the below of the ocean floor and what waited was the link to the land.*

*I saw clearly that union, and knew in my heart all was as it should be.*

*As I played within the Circle of the Elder Whales I was at peace and in touch with the other of my own self, the one whose old hands had woven the web so long ago.*

*And as she hummed her Song of Return, the gathering below on the ocean floor hummed their Song of Knowing, a melody of coming together and in the night air the Golden Thread was shimmering and it was good.*

*“far and away”*

*And so in the deep night the family came and carried me to a place far away.*

*As usual we swam the clear blue water off the coast of the cape, but then we went to another realm, deeper yet, and inside somehow.*

*It was to be yet another teaching, a teaching that would alter and change the face of the knowing.*

*We followed the ocean floor and then we swam inside a fissure that had formed along a tide floor ridge.*

*Deep inside we ventured and as the darkness turned to pale light the whale family paused and set me free to travel on alone.*



*They waited just outside the light and I floated forward.*

*There was a thin veil, and as I passed through this corridor I heard whispered in my ear the Song of the Whales and with it they carried me through, past my uncertainty into the light and into the chamber that now loomed before me.*

*To my surprise there was no water here. It was a place of Air, Earth and Spirit entirely.*

*There were green, golden, and red hues. There were fragrances and the smell of a fire burning.*

*I moved forward as if to take in the whole of it.*

*A small creature came forward, called my name and asked me to sit and wait. Wait for what or whom I wondered, but did as I was asked.*

*After a time, there came from the shadows, a Dragon.*

*I would have thought to be afraid, but for the smile he wore across his huge face.*

*He slowly came to face me. He was tremendous in size, golden in colour, and gentle in his approach.*

*He settled in before me and I could tell a teaching story would be forth coming.*

*Inside my head the Song still played, fresh from the family as they waited for me outside the veil where the water gave them life.*

*So I prayed to the Star Mother who had led me to this place.*

*I prayed to be free of fear and to be open to the knowing of the task that lay before me and I offered a thanksgiving to be in the presence of this most wonderful creature.*

*As my eyes rose to meet the Dragon's I saw that a tear lingered there. I rose to wipe it free and with my movement became one with this ancient creature of lore.*

*The story then lay before me like a picture painted by a master's stroke.*

*Thus it began:*

*"Little One, Daughter of the Stars, Weaver of the Web of Life, and Child of the Universe, I bid you listen to the words of the story laid before you.*

*I am the last of my kind and some life times ago I was taken to live in this place of protection.*

*I came to be here to hold the Stories of Truth that you see before you now.*

*Hear them carefully, outside reason or ego and bring them to life where you walk on the Earth, for the time is here indeed, Little One, when this is all that restores the balance.*

*You and those who walk with you must be of a Brave Heart holding purity and integrity of purpose to see the way of the return.*

*The basket you weave is a thing of Spirit, for it holds the Music of the Spheres. It is about returning to the balance of celestial music, a magical resonance that links to the first glow of light to come home to your planet.*

*It weaves together the Strands of Life and in doing this you must respect tradition.*

*Remember the Ancient Science and the sacred institutions gone before you, and by doing so reawaken the Song and re-establish the Song Lines across the Earth that call forth the magical resonance of reconciliation and revitalization of the children from the House of our Star Mother.*

*She calls for the return to the oneness of the mystical and the scientific.*

*The fragmentation of these must be repaired and a unity of the two restored, for only in this is the way clearly marked for her children to return home.*

*On the 21st of December you celebrate the fertility that begins the rebirth to empower the return of the Music of the Tor. This chant calls forth a natural energy to blend the terrestrial and cosmic flow that lives in the nature of progression.*

*It revitalizes the power that links stones to the stars, earth with sky, and brings mankind back to the cosmos.*

*It is the unifying power that forms the holistic genuine magic, the living manna of the very essence of life.*

*It is for this blessing that you will then in due time travel to the Somerset country and sing your Song to the Mother Star welcoming this rebirth.*

*So Little One, your Basket of Peace is then really a weaving of cosmic forces designed to form a coherent reality based in the regeneration of wisdom, and the reconciliation of the natural energy gifted to you by the Mother Star to bring together the states of consciousness necessary to guide you home.”*

*“A small task, huh, Little One?”*

*So I awoke to go to my prayers with a thankful heart filled with wonder and the smells and sounds of the gentle Dragon filling my room as the whales hummed their slow “Song of Travel”.*

*“illusions and fear”*

*So down we went to survey his kingdom, down into the crystal blue of the deep water.*

*He was today in a more reflective mood. His huge green eyes the essences of love.*

*He usually was in a rather happy mood, but today it was deep, almost sad, as if to have a tear that formed in his large eye.*

*His voice as always was wise and calm, his greeting for me the same warm and loving thought as always.*

*So we swam with the family, the Great Brother Whale and I.*

*It was some time before I approached the question of his mood.*

*“It is wise you are little sister,” he said. “Yet it is you, not I, who carries the wound. The sadness is my reflection for your own in the moment.”*

*“I know why you cry, do you?”*

*In truth I did, but thought to hide it from my great brother, whose heart was so pure and true.*

*“Follow me little sister,” he said, “and we will see the Truth behind your tears.”*

*So down we swam and out to sea, and we swam for such a long time that I thought he had forgotten where it was we were going, but at long last we came to a shore.*

*He gently sat me there on dry land and waited in the crystal waters just off the beach.*



*It was night and the moon was full. The stars shone bright as diamonds.*

*At the place where the sand met the tall grass there was a carefully laid home-fire.*

*Its warmth called forth to me and sensing a story coming I settled in at the side of the fire nearest the water.*

*First to appear was a tiny lizard.*

*His appearance almost slipped past me, but as he waited in the glow of the fire I heard him whisper my name.*

*“So you have come at last,” he finally said.  
Soft as the wind his voice just carried to my listening ears.*

*“Come with me,” he beckoned, “and I will show you the place your tears first began.”*

*Deep inside the rock case of Mother Earth we began to travel down ward into the dark and damp folds of her beating heart.*

*I welcomed the smell of the damp earth and the feel of her softness about my body.*

*We came to rest by an under ground stream and he bid me wait there for the talk to come.*

*I felt the presence before I saw it coming and I knew it to be that of the child of my heart, the boy child born to me who had gone back to the Gods when he was but 7 years old.*

*“Mother,” he said, “why do you cry?”*

*“I cry for the world young one,” I said.*

*“Does the world need your tears, mother?”*

*“No, I suppose not,” I replied.*

*“Then WHO do you cry for, sweet mother?”*

*Then the picture came into my head and I myself was surprised.*

*It was my own self there in the vision.*

*“Why,” I asked, “would I cry for myself?”*

*“You cry for what you cannot do,” he replied, as always so wise beyond his years.*

*“You cry because you think it is your failure that those Souls who walk in fear cannot see the beauty and love of the Mother Star.”*

*“Dear Mother, you can only be who you are and in this being your essence is seen, but it is the path of the other essence to walk where they must and to learn as they will.”*

*“You are only a candle, not the electric company that provides a switch for the fast access.”*

*“Your truth is the old way, mother.”*

*“You walk the paths of the ancient and the knowing, and in this teaching is the verse about freedom of choice and loving the essence as they make their path to the choices before them.”*

*“You can only be a light to the path and never the path itself, for if you are that then you rob them of their choice.”*

*It is as the Great Brother always sings about in the “Song of the Flowing Heart”.*

*“Remember that song mother? And remember as well the Dragon’s tears?”*

*“How long had he waited for you to come to him and hear his wisdom?”*

*“The key word here is WAITED.”*

*“Not required, demanded or kidnapped, Mother, but waited.”*

*“Your choices took you there. Decisions you made along the way to find your own Truth Song.”*

*“Yes, there were helpers, but YOU came to the whales and loving and trusting them brought you to the Dragon.”*

*“Now Mother, from the Dragon’s heart you have walked with the lizards and entered the understanding of their kingdom.”*

*“You can move in the shadows now free from all physical boundaries.”*

*“Your heart brought you to this place, your faith and your trust, nothing more.”*

*“You move in the water with your Great Brother the Whale and on the land with your Dragon and now you go underground with the lizards.”*

*“Of course you want this for all the humankind, but this is not everyone’s personal truth.”*

*“Remember to respect the Path Way, Mother, allowing each to find and hold their own individual knowing of the greater good.”*

*“I do understand it is your love that causes you to grieve for those souls currently burdened down with fear and thus with illusions.”*

*“Here Mother, take this stone. It is Amber; it will guide your tears to the stars and then when they return they will come again as the dew and nourish the growth of those you love.”*

*“You cry for the old ways, Mother. You cry for the lost children and you cry for the path back home. Take those tears now and use them well.”*

*“Cry without sadness and leave those who dwell in fear to find their own path.”*

*“Just walk silently close by and keep your candle light in the distance for them to see.”*

*“I love you Mother” .....*

*And he was gone,*

*The lizard just sat smiling at me and in the distant soft earth I could smell the smoke from the Dragon’s breath.*

*We surfaced just where we had entered and the sound of the slapping of the Great Brother’s tail on the rocks along the shore brought tears to my eyes.*

*They were tears of joy and happiness that I could hear the sounds.*

*They were tears of hope that others could one day hear the sounds, but they were not tears of sorrow or sadness because I no longer felt the pain of another’s lost opportunities, only the happiness of what was to come.*

*I held the Amber stone in my heart as we swam back along the ocean floor.*

*Great Brother Whale hummed the “Song of the Flowing Heart” and all was good.*

*Lessons of the Golden Threads  
“the path to peace”*

*As I heard the soft calls I began to stir and shake the sleep from my eyes.*

*I watched as the Golden Threads began to weave me to where the Great Brother Whale waited for me.*

*A huge moon hung in the crystal sky and the reflection of the moonbeams floated on the surface of the water as I descended into the blue deep water. I wondered if the moonbeams were still on my body in the wet of the water.*

*“To answer your question, they are always on your body. They are the light sensors that glow on the Golden Threads used to weave the lives and Souls of the human kind together.”*

*Why I am still always amazed with the Great Brother is a mystery to me.*

*As always he slid up next to me without a sound and he began to answer the thoughts in my head before I even realized what the thoughts were forming to ask.*

*I just love the whales so much. They are just the most loving and gentle of all creatures.*

*I watched as the twinkle in his eyes turned into the moonbeams and floated down to cover me as his smile made the sounds of joy across the water.*

*I sure wish that everyone could feel this because if they did there would be no more wars, because anger and hate would be a forgotten emotion.*

*This peace would erase all the fear from their hearts and without fear, WOW what a place the world would be.*

*Again as if to pick up in mid sentence, Great Brother began to speak to me about*



*the Golden Threads of Peace.*

*“They are in all things and of all things.”*

*“They hold the memory of all time.”*

*“The Songs they weave are of your/our beginnings, when mankind was created.”*

*“They tell about the stars and those who came to sing life into being here on Earth.”*

*“They remind humankind that in Truth there is but one Soul across the Great Span of Being.”*

*“The Songs tell that all creatures, in all worlds share the same heart beat and that this heart beat is the pulse of the great creator.”*

*“Through the eons mankind forgot that all things are one and began to see life as separate and apart.”*

*“This separateness created a tear in the fabric of humanity and this brought with it the emotion of fear; (fear of the unknown).”*

*“Until this happened, all things were known and in this knowing was the realization that all things were connected by the Fabric of Creation.”*

*“The Song of Creation tells of this need to feel separate and that the need for this separateness is what fed the fires of fear into the heart of man kind.”*

*“The Song of Creation brings healing for within its tenets is the Knowledge of Completeness.”*

*“The Path to Peace is simple indeed.”*

*“It only requires the memory held within the Golden Threads.”*

*“The memory of The Oneness, and the peace it offers without competition or regard to rank or file.”*

*“Bodies come and go, but the continuity of the Fabric of Life continues.”*

*“Soul is the breath that surrounds all life.”*

*“It is the Ribbons of the Threads of the Fabric of Life that pass from one to the next and to the next and to the next until all are in reality only one large being.”*

*“Everything is connected at the deepest root and it is this memory that is the Key to Peace and the removal of all fear.”*

*“You are wondering how you can be filled with such great joy and yet such deep sadness at the same time.”*

*“It is just that you are awake and watch over those who yet sleep.”*

*“Be at rest and know that one day they will come to see the Golden Threads of the connecting links and begin their journey home to completeness without fear.”*

*“You must just walk your talk and watch the signs.”*

*As he faded into the night I heard his laughter followed by what sounded like,*

*Knit One, Purl Three.....*

*As I awoke from my teaching journey, I watched the sun rise over the tall pines and saw the mist as it floated across the greenness of the world and the light lingered on the mists and the rays were indeed threads of the Great Web of Life.*

*And I knew as always that the talk of the Great Brother was right. There was a memory hidden deep in the patterns of life, and in this all life was one, held together by the Golden Threads of Life.*

*The Basket of Peace*  
*“re-creation of the truth of all life”*

*And so as it has always been he came for me and we floated down into the deep abyss that is the ocean floor and we waited.*

*I always was impatient and asked each and every time where we were going and as always my Great Brother Whale, the ever patient one, would always and only smile to me as we floated down to the deep blue of the ocean bed.*

*There below us a Circle of Elder Whales gathered and we began a strange pattern of swimming to them each and everyone in turn and with grace and softness touched the face of each one.*

*Eye to eye it was and skin to skin.*

*What a slow and beautiful thing to come to know this way of blending.*

*Then a thing happened that I am still unable to shake the wonder of.*

*We began to rise; all of us in a circle into the stars and we swam in the blue of the night air toward a distant, but bright star.*

*It felt like the colour of cold, but the sensation was warmth.*

*The brightness of the harmony took my breath away.*

*Then at once we were there and it was as if we had never left.*

*I stood on a cloud of snow white diamonds lined in gold dust and the feeling was of utter peace.*

*I turned to look for the family and in looking understood they were the essence of the very cloud on which I stood.*

*Within the blink of an eye the wonder of it unfolded into my memory banks and I finally came to have clarity regarding the talk that comes to me in my night walks.*

*How amazing it really is when seen from afar.*

*It is so simple without petty human intervention.*

*The timing was set long ago and the ones to come had a calling placed in their hearts from before the beginning of time. It would be up to them to hear this calling or to turn it away.*

*The calling would offer to them a path to travel forward moving without regard to anything that would stay their path, listening only to the heartbeat that resonates with the Mother Star as she spins her Tapestry of Peace for the world of human kind.*

*The story revealed by the Tapestry was of kindness and love, union and unity and of bringing forth that which had long been hidden; the way home.*

*My course stood before me like the stars of the Milky Way. So many points of light and I must come to know in this moment if there was a way home for me from here.*

*When the Great Brother came to lead me home he called me by a different name.*

*He no longer addressed me as Little Sister, now he paused as we gathered in the water and he hovered for a time, then he sighed.*

*A harmony of tones danced across his great eyes. Then he looked deep into my own and spoke quietly in my head.*

*“You have crossed the great plane between the now and the then.”*

*“You are no longer the Little Sister, but you are now again the Mother, The Basket of Peace.”*

*“You may still call me Great Brother, if you like, my Mother, but from this moment your vibration is in harmony with ours and I will be at your side in all that you do for you and yours are indeed the Children of our Mother Star.”*

*“You carry the sacred ways and we will call you Our Lady of the Whales.”*

*“And in a time to come you will hear and remember the Song Grandfather Whale carried under the seas gifted to him by the Nan of the Universe, the Song of Re-creation of the Truth of All Life.”*

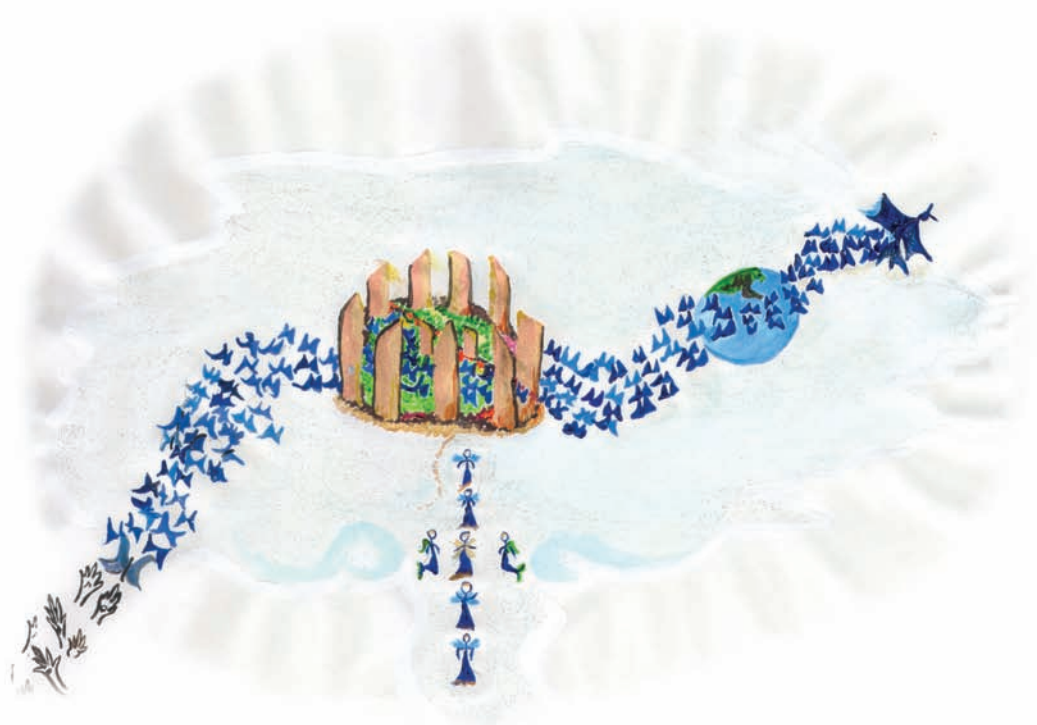
*“And you will come to know the travels of Mama Dew the Polar Bear and her travels as she carried the Song above on the land.”*

*“You will be the link to unify and cleanse the dogma that infiltrated her song.”*

*“This cleansing is necessary, for the timing that brings their paths to cross and come together will be the sign that the Children of the Mother Star are to say farewell to the Children of the Earth and leave them with the “Song of Peace” beating in the hearts of those who hear its calling to embrace a new world, a world of hope and love, a world of new beginnings, a world of kindness.”*

*and thus ends this portion of the Journal of Journeys*





## Going from Theoretical to Tangible the Courage to Fly

*Did she have* the courage to follow her teachings and take that step from theoretical to tangible?

So many Souls had put so much of themselves forward for her safe keeping and her teachings.

The Ole Nan of the Universe and her Grandfather Whale and the Mama Polar Bear, they were so strong in their faith.

The Mermaid gave up her life to become the Rainbow Dragon so that she might find her way to the teachings of the native peoples.

The Turquoise Woman carried all her teaching forward and hid them in a basket of her making for this small woman of the stars to find along her journey.

The ole carver had given his life to help her cross the great divide.

The little silkie and the small white dog together with Grandfather Whale and Mama Dew had lived across time and space to carry her to this day.

Did she really have the courage to fly?

Would she have the courage to set aside everything she had become in her life to be filled with this Oneness?

She had known since she was a child, her grandmother and the old wise Elders had told her over and over of the path she would walk and the work she must do, yet this realization of the need to let go completely of all she called home and the certainty of that knowing made her tremble inside.

She realized that without this letting go of self she could never be the vessel to hold the talk and link the bridge for the transfer of the talk from the Spirit to the physical.

This was a hard thing to do.

She had struggled with it for some time now.

Events in her life were beginning to spin out of reason.

Seems like letting go would be the easy part, but for some reason she held on to the luggage of her life as she knew it.

Would there be memories or would it all vanish before her?

Would the person she was in side be lost or would she survive and be married somehow to the things of the past?

Could she survive intact and yet remain detached enough to pass the information unsoiled to the friend who would stand beside her?

Her thoughts troubled her in this moment. Time grew shorter and shorter and she knew a decision must be made very soon.

The wind blew past her and lifted her long hair skyward. The breeze was cool, but she was not chilled.

The embers of the fire were long since becoming cold and she felt deep in her heart that the moment was upon her.

Looking out over the open sea she called out to her whales and the family sang as they passed below her.

She pulled to her all her strength and began to make the step forward that would carry her down into the sea into the midst of her waiting family.

Carefully she moved forward and in an instant saw before her all the things of her life as she knew it.

Her friends and loved ones called to her to journey safe and her companion took her hand and led her forward and she was transported deep within the waves below.

She felt soft wet fur surround her and she sensed the presence of a large white animal and a smaller white creature licking at her face.

She travelled on and knew she swam next to the Ole Grandfather Whale who had once been her Big Brother Whale.

There was a beautiful woman with long red curls with a magnificent green stone about her neck.

A silkie appeared from the deeper water and in one movement the woman handed the necklace to him and he wrapped it about his neck.

Off in the distance she saw an incredible Rainbow Dragon with all the colours pointed to surround her with the brilliance of a new days dawning.

She awoke in this new dawn to find her Spirit filled with new life.

Dreams peeled through her brain like a deep running river.

She slowly rose to her feet. The midday sun stood high in the clear blue sky and the breeze drifted softly by.

Her mind focused for a moment and then she began to sing her new Heart Song.

It was of love entirely.

Three cords that came to perfect harmony and greeted the day with a new found meaning and understanding.

Her mind was no longer filled with worry about the daily life; instead it carried the Joy of Life and the new world which circled to humankind everyday.



Physics and love, what a strange combination.

Star births and planet deaths, all in perfect order.

Flashes of memory of an altar stone and the blood shed for many, so that the balance of a universe could be permitted and with in this, the future of man kind waited to be played out.

There was so much light filling her mind and tiny heart, so many changes coming (stars and planets fading away, replaced by other things) and so much love left in the Mother Star for her Children of the Star Light.

It was time. She was stepping out on a new journey.

It carried a distant call from long ago to bring full circle the knowing of the return of the Children of the Star Light.

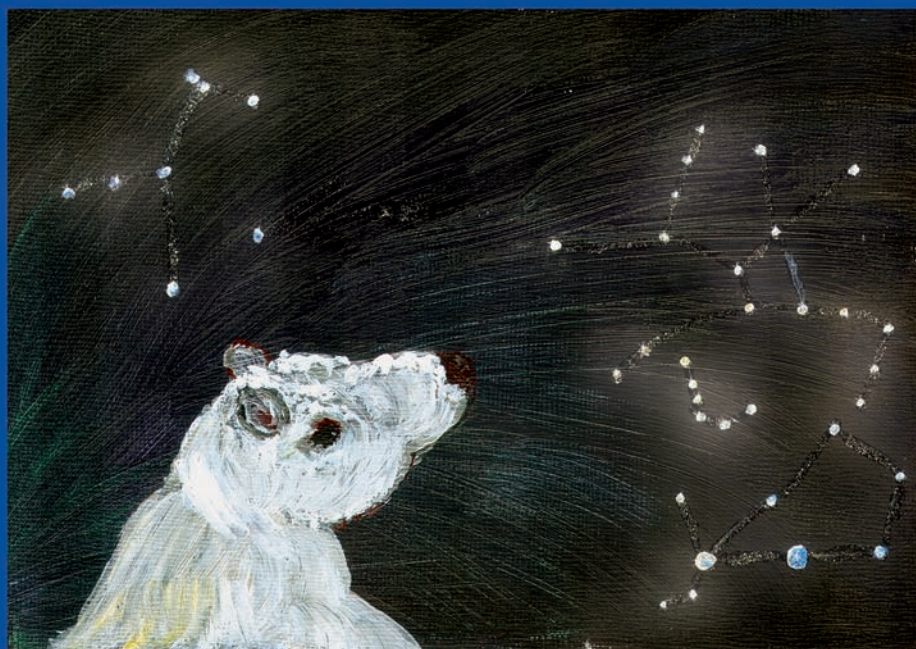
They surely were the children called from long, long ago to the now to bring back the things of Spirit from the Star Mother to pass to the Children of the Earth.

She turned to go, eager to find the babe waiting for her at the far side of the world.

If she had turned to look she would have seen in the haze, a large white polar bear lumbering behind her followed by a tiny white dog, a beautiful woman with long flowing red hair dressed in a turquoise gown walking just out of their sight, escorted by an ole knight carrying a carving knife, and below them the sounds of a large whale slapping his tail on the rocks with a small grey silkie laughing by his side.



She would never be alone again.



Epilogue:  
Divine Reflection  
Setting the Spirit Free

## The Journey Home

And as they finally gathered there was much celebrating amongst them.

The mama bear and the tiny white dog, the ole man whale and the little silkie.....

Mama Dew Bear looked with tearful eyes into the face of Grandfather Whale and she asked him WHY...

Why had it taken so long for her song to travel as his had?

For his had passed the world under the seas for centuries now and had remained the very same and held the resonance of harmony through out all the journeys while hers had become changed and convoluted and given rise to so much dogma.

And the ole man looked into the eyes of mama bear and with love from the depths of eternity shared with her at last the wisdom he had always held about letting go.

“When a thing comes to you it is only a passing gift. It must travel forward without your harnesses attached to it.”

“It must in all things be embraced then set free, be it Spirit gifts, teachings, children, friends, loved ones or just the beauty you see all around you.”

“Love it and then with the deepest love and kindness you know set it free to have a path of its own unencumbered by your intentions for it.”

“Your intentions come from your history and have no place in the design of the path of what has come to you.”

“Allow others to find the same freedom within the gifts as you have found and in letting go with love there can no longer be fear and the disarmament of fear is the greatest gift you can pass to another for it opens for them all the doors to eternity.”

And with this he passed to her the emerald green necklace he had held for her for so long.

And the Mama Bear looked towards the night sky and at last understood the way of the Knowledge Baskets and the Freedom of Knowing opened for her a new understanding.

And with her breath she gathered to her all the wisdom she had gained over the centuries of her travels and she joined in harmony with the ole man whale and together they lifted their voices to the stars.

As they pushed the sound forward it was seen to form a wave that lifted it from below the surface of the water where it had been hidden for so long and rose to unite with the Song on the Land, and in doing so wove an intricate tapestry, a mosaic of the Natural Laws of Eternity.

With that the four figures that had been on the Earth since time began were seen to move off into the night and take their places in the sky to forever sit among the stars and guide the once born to the Doorway of the Eternal Flame of Knowing.

If you know where to focus you can find them in the spaces between the notes of night and day and you can hear them.

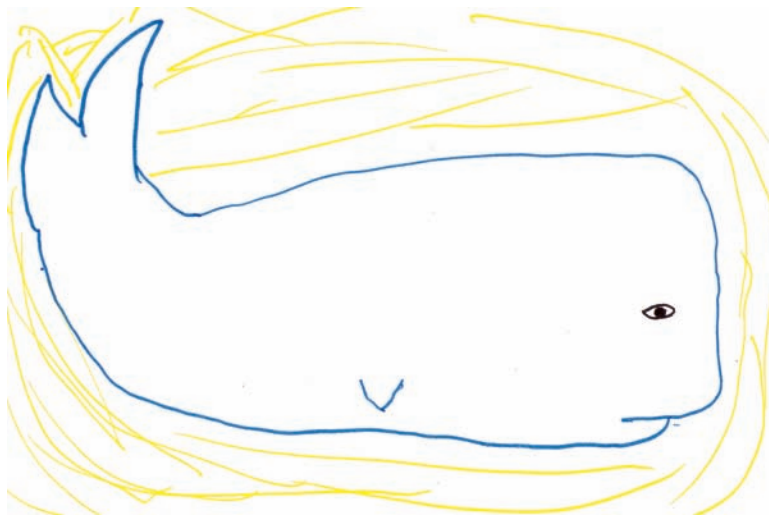


The ole man whale and the mama bear humming the Song of Eternity gifted them by the old woman, the Nan of the Universe and you can surely see them crossing the night sky in the form of the constellations, lighting the Earth, gifting afresh with every turning from day to night, the true clear memory of the Love of Divinity and the path to movement within the release of all the emotions created by fear and the discovery of the ultimate freedom....

..... a teaching that love is the most important ideal and that with this knowing, nothing can prevent all life from becoming what it has always been intended to be, an eternal expression of freedom across the expansion of a realized universe.....







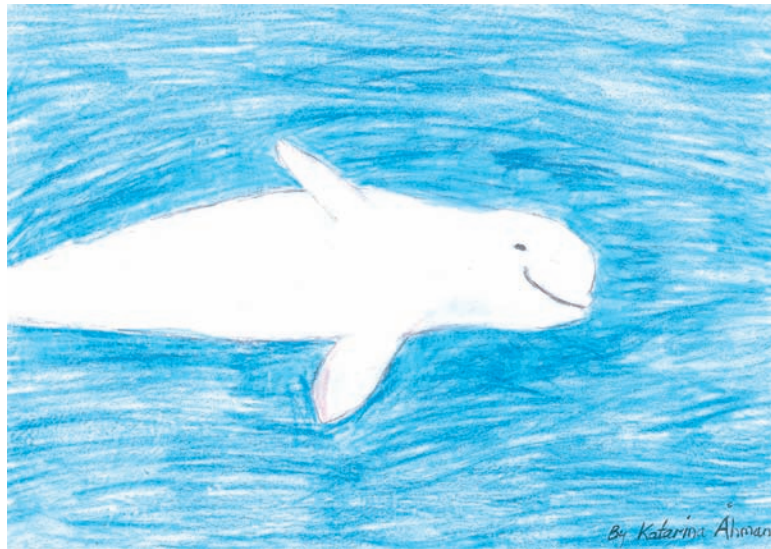
Tama's  
Whale



Ashley's  
Angel of  
the Babies



## Katerina's Whales















*"Your heart brought you to this place,  
Your faith and your trust, Nothing more."*

*".....and the disarmament of fear  
is the greatest gift  
you can pass to another  
for it opens for them  
all the doors to eternity."*

*She calls for the return to the oneness  
of the mystical and the scientific.  
The fragmentation of these must be  
repaired and a unity of the two  
restored, for only in this is the way  
clearly marked for the children  
to return home.*