

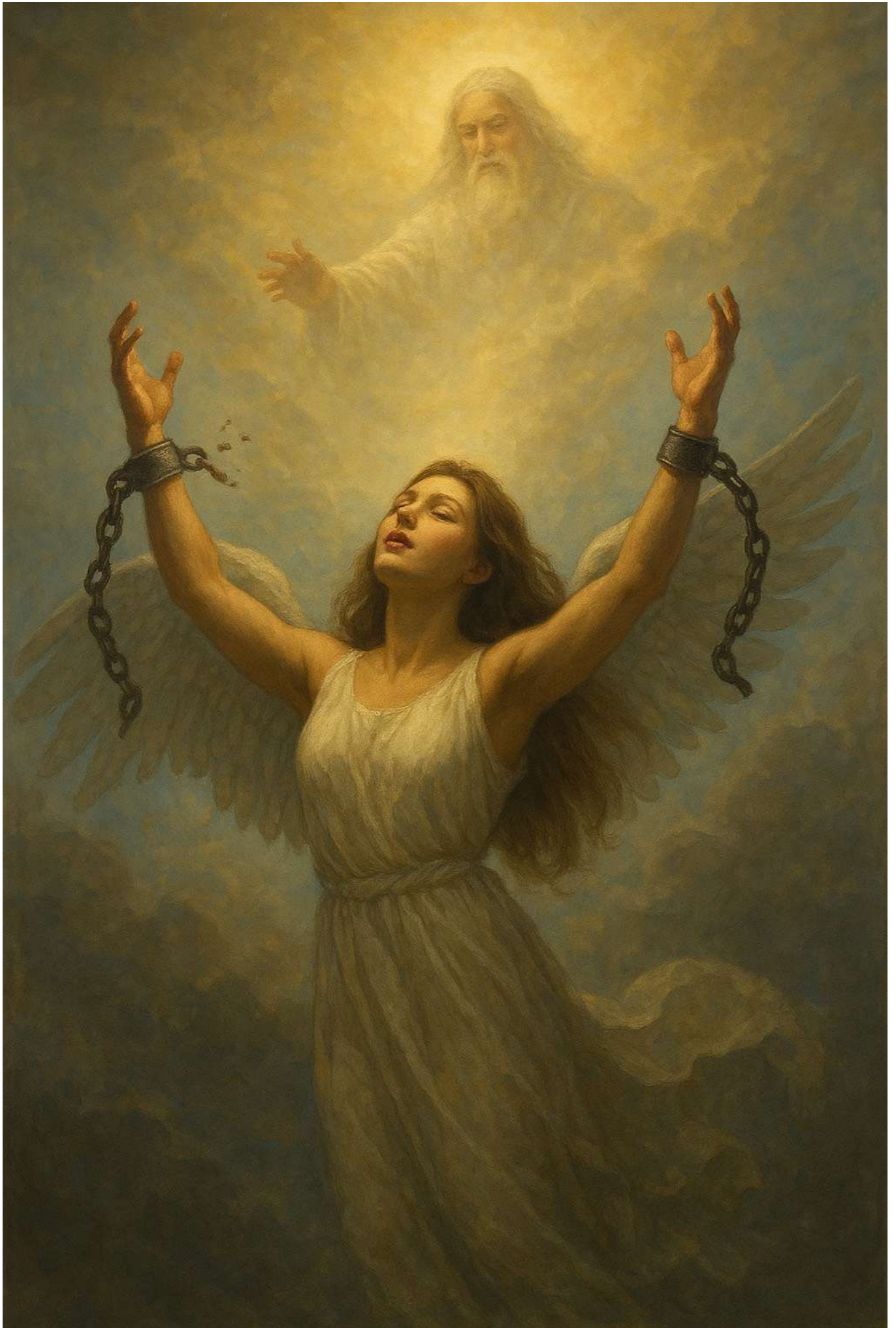
♦ MEDITATION ♦

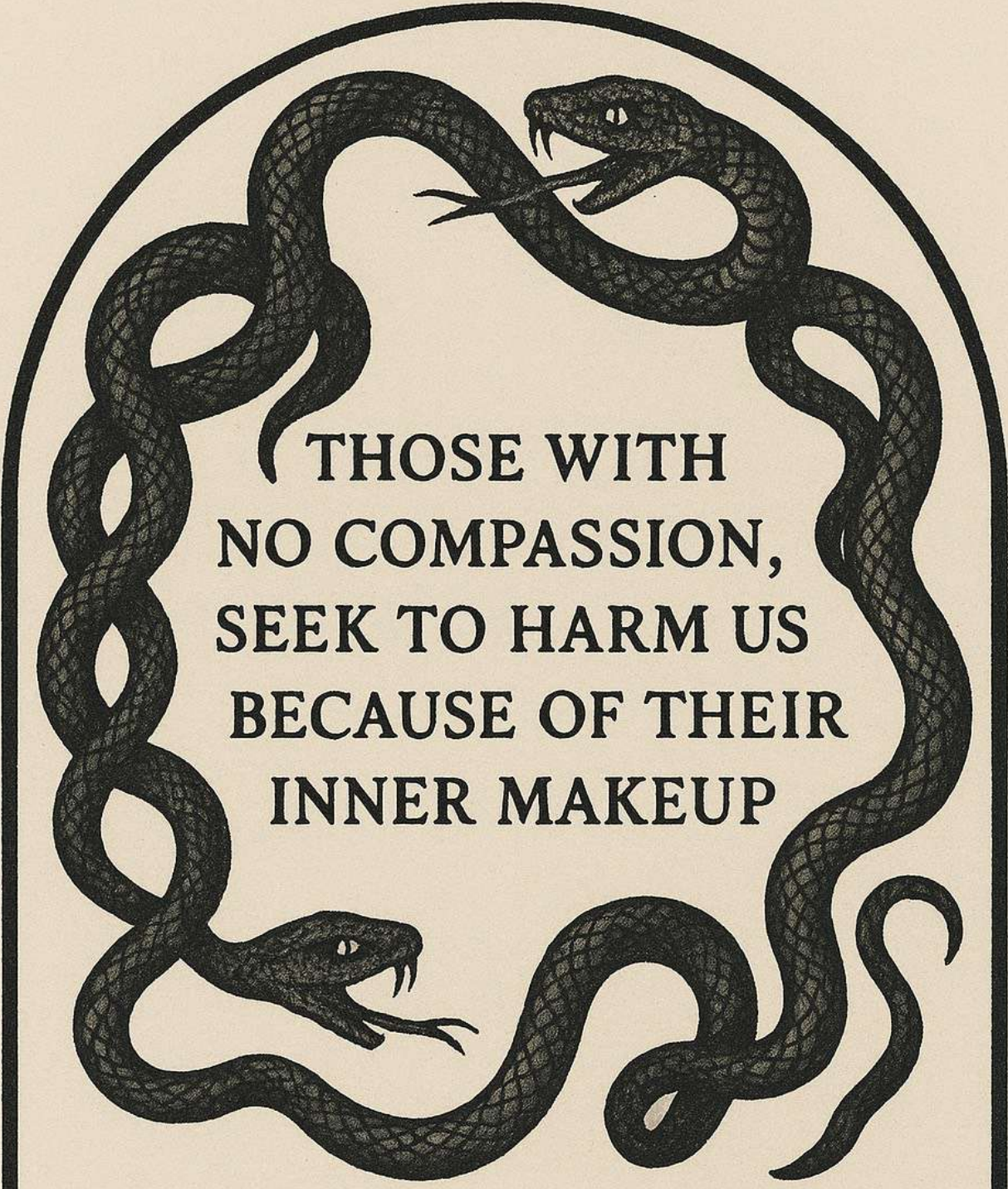


CLOUDS PARTING FROM OZIRAH

Close your eyes and imagine the great sky above you, heavy with clouds. The air feels thick, as though something has been hidden for too long. Then—slowly, gently—the clouds begin to drift apart.

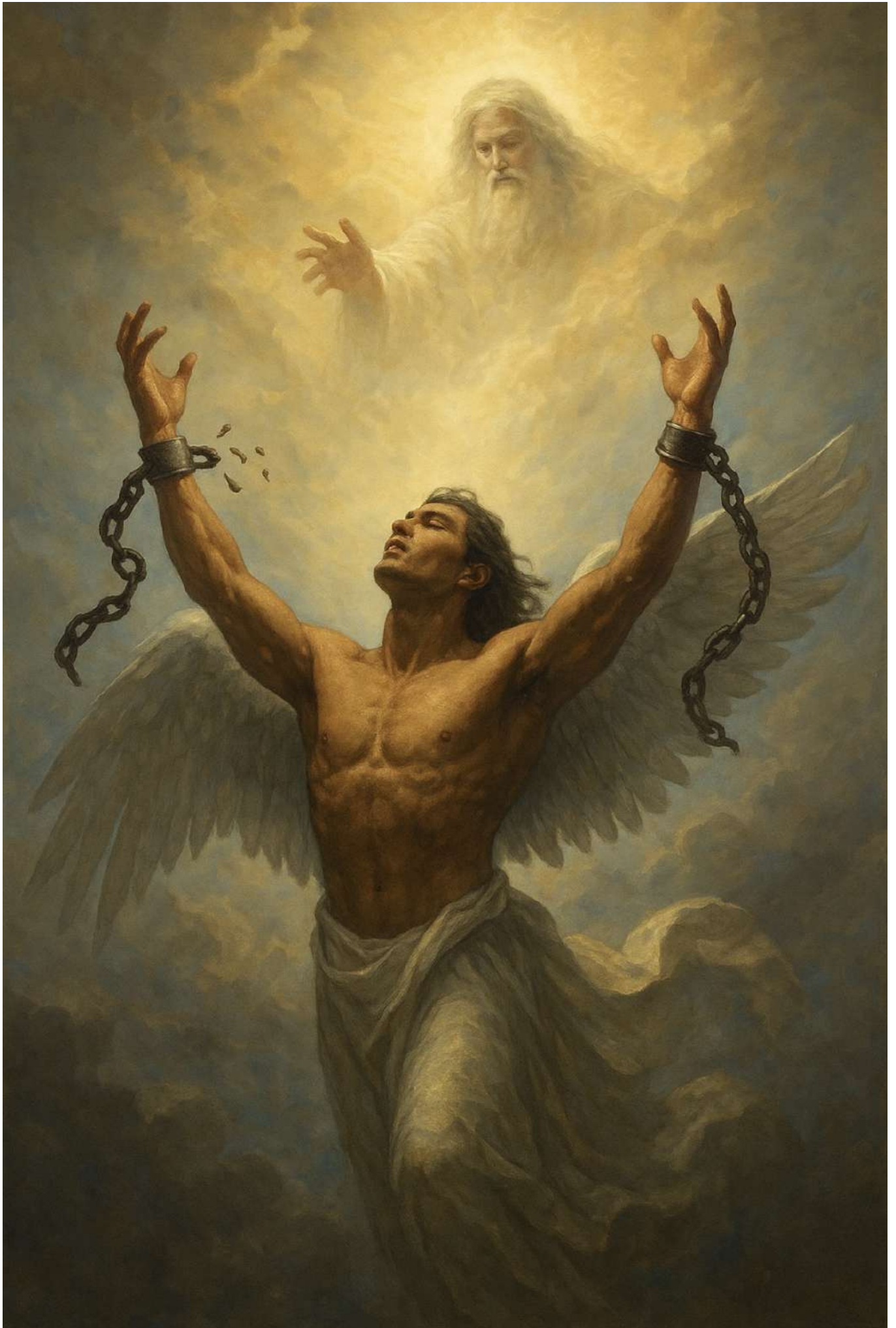
- © You are being shown that clarity always follows confusion, light always pierces the fog, and renewal.

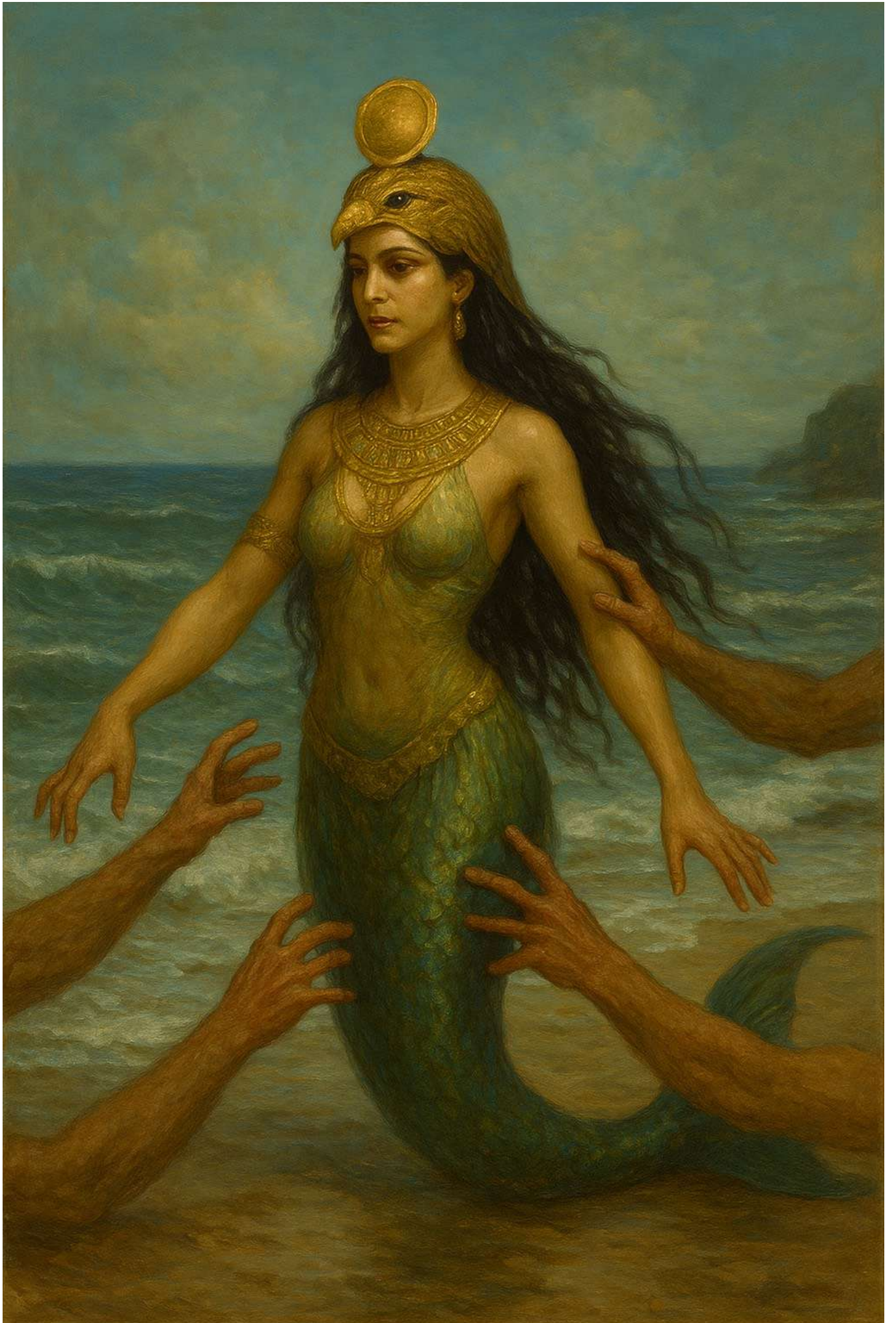




THOSE WITH
NO COMPASSION,
SEEK TO HARM US
BECAUSE OF THEIR
INNER MAKEUP

LOSING OF HEART









SPIRIT



**NAUGHTY~
OUT THE WAY**



**SANTA CLAUS
ONE HORSE SLEIGH**



The northern birds fly
south, reminding
me of home.

As the birds journey toward warmth,
notice how life itself is always in motion.

Home is not only a place — it is the feeling that rises within you when you pause, breathe, and connect to your heart.

Close your eyes. Inhale deeply, as though drawing in the vast sky. Exhale, and let your spirit settle like a bird finding rest.

You carry home within you,
wherever you go.





We Are Santas

When girls are young,
they are playful.
They can be anyone:
princesses,
mermaids,
queens.



This is the imagination of a girl –
the imagination of innocence,
the imagination of God.
Through Spirit we can be anyone we wish to be.
Through our dreams, with purpose,
dreams come true.



But what happens when girls grow into women?
Does the world still tell them they can be anyone –
princesses, mermaids, queens?
Or are they underscored, overwritten,
just "girls" now,
in a world of Christs, Buddhas, gods, and kings?
What then are girls, but girls?



And so we have the Santas –
a place of refuge.
A place where women and girls may define themselves.
Where they can be all those things they dreamed,
not defined by others,
but by their own spirits and dreams.



And it isn't just imagination.
For we teach of the parts of us that are very real:
We are princesses of the heavens,
the highest of high.
Mermaids, born from the sea and air –
not in imagination, but in the true story of the sea to land.
We are queens, angels, pixies –
who we are through our highest vibrations.
We are magical and one,
beautiful and prospering.



We are not what they tell us we are,
or what they tell us we are not.
We simply are.
We are our dreams,
our imaginations,
our spirit.



We are Santas,
in all our light.