

Since 1994 I have been writing verse to make sense of this journey I began in 1990. Today, there are words and melodies that speak to the experiences, challenges and gifts I received along the way. I begin during the *catalyst* that opened the door for my exploration and discoveries.

Journal entry: April 1990...I heard the words that brought me to my knees...cancer, surgery scheduled at 7 a.m. tomorrow! Next was the determination that it was aggressive and had spread...treatments required and even then the prognosis was not all that good. What next? The days and weeks that followed brought me into the stillness of my own thoughts until one day, I knew I was not alone.

As I would sit outside in the softness of Nature, I found myself hearing thoughts and words about *remembering what I already knew*. The lyrics to *Remember* began to flow and would later become the flagship for the work that I would be about in the years to come. Music and Verse is a way to share a message of hope and provide a pathway for others. Many, like me, have walked this pathway and found ourselves moving into a place of peace...*calm within the chaos of evolutionary change...the eye of the storm*.

What is needed to bring this project to completion? And...is completion even a possibility? I continued to hear melodies to give life to the verse for many years. The melodies play in my head even today and I feel it is time to share what simply speaks to my experience and how I felt as I navigated the challenges, opportunities and magic of *EarthProject777...my story in verse*.

Remember ©1995 Brenda Williams

*Help my children to remember were the words I first heard
They walk in dark despair; forgetting who they are
Others walked the pathway to show you the way
Now you must trust what you know...For this is your day.*

*Will you hear the child within you crying?
Will you feel the longing deep within your soul?
Will you stand up and walk away...ignore your cry?
Or will you stop and listen with your heart?*

*Speak your words with love and understanding
Through the storm you're a beacon that shines
When two or more gather, there is so much to share
Take the hand of your neighbor, show that you care.*

*There are moments we feel Illusion fade away
Exposing...a reality we cannot ignore
The lines we drew between us divide and separate
Create confusion...what can we do?*

*We can come together in love and gratitude
Living a truth...so sweet and pure'*

*And one-by-one share kindness and love
In our own way...For this is our day*

*Speak your words with love and understanding
Through the storm you're a beacon that shines
When two or more gather, there is so much to share
Take the hand of your neighbor, show that you care*

**REMEMBER WHAT YOU ALREADY KNOW
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE**

As you might suspect, there were many questions rushing through my head for nothing like this had ever happened to me before. Was it because of the cancer...am I going crazy...hearing voices in my head? Am I to work with children? Who are the children? Am I one of them? Once again, more questions than answers.

During the next couple years, the pathway revealed itself and *Quiet Miracles, a non-profit organization* was created as a forum for exploration and self-discovery...both for me and for those who were drawn to the vibration of what was unfolding. We gathered, we explored and we shared our discoveries during this time of getting to know who we were and what we had come to share with the family of humanity.

Moving *Quiet Miracles* into public forums, I found myself ill prepared for I had no credentials nor a background to present the information that was flooding my awareness. Still, I was accepted into forums to share the information and was even given credentials...of a sort...NCN-OBG (no credentials necessary, ordained by God). I never used them for I found that credentials were not necessarily the answer to the questions I was being asked.

The common question to me was "Now, who are you and what do you do?" I woke with the beginnings of the verse and watched them evolve. In 2005, I met Vicki Pompea, a lyricist who gave me the push to move forward...telling my story in song. Chris Kennison had introduced me to Vicki to create the framework for the notes I heard in my head. Sometime after that, I found myself with Chris in the recording studio at *Seldom Fed Productions in Ft. Collins, Colorado* listening to the musicians gathered there to give life to my words. In retrospect, I was in awe of what was unfolding and since it was my first experience having my own words set to music, I was very timid. Much has changed since those early days. The words are the same and the music I heard is evolving.

THAT'S WHO I AM...©2005 Brenda Williams

**Won't walk on egg shells – don't wallow in the mud
Navigating chaos...floating thru the flood
Surrounded by the beauty that reflects my inner truth
Flirting with a vision...in my own Fountain of Youth.**

**That's who I am...That's what I do
That's how I dream when day is through
Living the joy of Now and then my passion...fills me up again**

I hold on tight – I'm strong and true
That's who I am ...That's what I do.

Splashing in the fountain to my inner child's delight
Laughing, dancing – late into the night
Given up competing – won't live in the strife
Living every moment in the freedom I call life.

Flying cross the skyways – heading straight for the moon
Guided by a heart song playing my special tune
Gave myself permission to dance into the flow
A voice inside reveals to me everything I need to know.

That's who I am...That's what I do
That's how I dream when day is through
Living the joy of Now and then my passion...fills me up again
I hold on tight – I'm strong and true
That's who I am ...That's what I do.

Fire burns deep inside me and sets my passion free
Lighting up the pathway that lies ahead of me
This is the gift I've come to share...a mirror just for you
To see your own perfection in everything you do.

That's who I am...That's what I do
That's how I dream when day is through
Living the joy of Now and then my passion...fills me up again
I hold on tight – I'm strong and true
That's who I am ...That's what I do.
That's who I am and that's what I do.

It was soon apparent that my reality was somewhat different from most others I met along the way. I had already adopted the butterfly as the logo for my work with *Quiet Miracles* as it was most definitely about transformation...actually her name is "Millie." So, what was it like to dance in my world...for myself and for those who were engaging with me???? *Dancing with the Butterfly* was written to tell that story. The chords that gave Millie movement was created by Ed Clark. Much time has passed and it is time for Millie to dance to a new rhythm.

Dancing With The Butterfly ©2007 Brenda Williams

What do you imagine when you see her come and go?
Here awhile...then she's gone, dancing in the flow.
Exploring possibilities, appearing just in time,
Engaged in conversation of a very different kind.

Who is this enigma...so hard to define?
She's the little Butterfly, a gift from the Divine.

She shows up and reminds you things are changing, and you see
Like the little Butterfly, you long to fly free.

When you're Dancing With the Butterfly, when you're playing hide & seek,
You close your eyes, you count to 10 and then you take a peek.
What will you remember, imagine or create?
When you're Dancing With the Butterfly, nothing's left to fate!
There's no such thing as fate.

Observe the dancing Butterfly, her grace, her strength, her stride.
She floats along the path she knows, invites you for a ride
Living in the moment, present in the bliss, one thing is for certain,
There is nothing she will miss!

The moments you've been given can be used for many things;
So give yourself permission to spread your magic wings.
Explore the world around you, and all within your heart;
When you're present in the moment, it's the perfect place to start!

Now you know who it is that no one could define.
You know it's you, you know it's me, both gifts from the Divine.
You've chosen to remember, things changed, and now you see...
Just like the little Butterfly, you'll spread your wings and fly free.

When you're Dancing with the Butterfly, When you're playing hide & seek;
You close your eyes, you count to 10 and then you take a peek.
What will you remember, imagine or create?
When you're Dancing with the Butterfly, nothing's left to fate!
Come dance with me...come dance with me...
Dancing with the Butterfly...come dance with me...come dance with me.

Time passed and the journey was tedious at times. I felt that I had reached a time in my life when the responsibilities and obligations to others had come to a close. It was my time to live life on my own terms. For Christmas, I purchased a Nissan Z Touring Convertible, threw down the top, turned up the music and let the wind blow in my hair...even though the sun was shining, it was cold. That's what they have heaters for...right? Anyway, I wanted to put words to the freedom I was feeling and the joy of living life...or, as I came to call it *Riding the Ride*.

RIDING THE RIDE ©2008 Brenda Williams

One thing I know for certain,
Nothing's standing in my way
Made my choice and now I'm off to live another day.
Distractions all around me...
so I'm walking out the door
'Cause I've got new roads to travel down -
got a lot more to explore.

The engine roars, the top goes down, feel the wind on my face
Moving down the highway heading for another place
Don't need to ask directions or a map to show the way
Listening to the music...alive another day.

So do you want to know the answers to the questions in your heart?
There'll never be a better place - you simply have to start.
Stop...and listen in the silence for awhile.
Remember, revisit the wisdom of the child.
For there within the innocence and simple wonderment
You will hear your answers for they're being clearly sent.
I'm riding the ride. Ridin' the ride...not holding on.

Flying free just like birds moving on the wind
High above the drama I used to live in.
Breathing in the beauty of everything I see
Painting my own picture of what my life will be.

I remember I'm the only one that gets to make the call
To live my dream in my own way, I get to have it all.
Living my own version of my reality
Assures me that I'm right on track - in line with destiny.
I'm just ridin' the ride.

How I loved the freedom that I was living. The work I was about had taken many detours and undergone changes that even I couldn't have predicted. I felt I was coming to the end of what I refer to as my assignment and was looking forward to just having time to explore, relax and let the work I had been about for almost twenty years pass on to others. I was finishing up my last workshop in Florida, heading back to North Carolina when I realized that something was physically wrong. I did make it back home and things went downhill quickly...something was very wrong. Friends and family came to see me for what might be the last time. Kris Ferris had come for one of those visits and asked if there was anything he could do for me. I said that it would be nice if he would come "sing me out of my body." We laughed and agreed that would make a great song title...he's a musician and writes much of his own music. He went home and came back a couple days later to sing for me. With his permission, I have included his lyrics.

*We will sing you out of your body
We will sing you up to the sky
We will sing you across the Universe
Our voices will harmonize
We will sing you into the aethers
Beyond the great unknown
We will sing you into our memories
Our voices will take you home
Our voices will take you home
(c)2008 Kris Ferris*

A few short days later, I went into hospice to die. That story will be for another time. Just when you think you know what's in store for you...surprise! I left the Hospice, took the next three years to fully recover and found myself telling the story about what that experience was like for me...*Living The In-Between*. Life is about extremes and the peace we all seek can be found *In-Between*.

Living the In-Between (c)2008 Brenda Williams

Asleep in the Illusion...at peace within the flow
Asking no questions...nowhere to go.
Then I hear a quiet voice from deep within my soul
You're awake from the dream, my child...It's time for you to know.
I look for the sign posts placed along my way
They're there to guide me though each day.

I know life is not leaving me...it's love pouring in
Lighting up my pathway...filling me from within.
Every moment is just right for me
When I'm living my own reality.

I've risen to the heights of bliss and dropped to the bottom floor
Made my transition...found there's lots more to explore.
Choices all around me playing out to their extremes
I reach to embrace them and live the In-Between.
It's not good or bad...it's not either/or
Nor is it anything that has ever been before.

It's not what you've been told you see...living the In-Between
What you see and feel is not like your other dreams.
When you live your moments with your heart open wide
You're living in truth...you have nothing to hide.
You know who you are and why you are here.
You'll never stand alone...you have nothing to fear.

You know life is not leaving you...it's love pouring in
Lighting up your pathway...filling you from within.
Every moment is just right for you
Living In-Between you know just what to do.

When you're living the In-Between
You're living the freedom...You're living YOUR dream

The next three years, once again presented me with challenges, changes and plenty of time to get to know myself at a deeper level. During that time, my questions changed to "Perhaps there was something unusual from my childhood that caused me to be the way I am." People who had watched my experiences over the years...and some who were just seeing the more recent events were beginning to wonder what was next. Waking in the wee hours of the morning, I heard this little Celtic melody with the words to *Rainbows All Around*. Thinking that a wee bit strange, I had to remember

that my lineage is a healthy mix of Iberian, Celtic and German with a sprinkling of others. My questions: What brings a song to my heart each day? What is required to sustain that song?

Rainbows All Around (c) 2009 Brenda Williams

Some ask me what my world was like
When I was very young
My days were filled with grown-ups
I was the only child at home.
And so it was that this wee lass
With hair of chestnut brown
Began to live in my own world.
Away from all their sounds.

They dressed me in white pinafores
And patent leather shoes
They taught me what to say and do
I rarely got to choose.
And then one day I noticed
The life I was living was theirs.
Now my life is different...Listen to my song.

When I wake up each morning
And take a look around
My room is filled with rainbows
There is magic all around.
The sky is blue, the sun is bright
And there is this lovely sound
Of laughter and happy thoughts
And singing all around.

It starts with a little hum inside
That grows into a song
The words I hear can take me
To the place where I belong.
So I take a breath and close my eyes
And begin to twirl and dance
I've never known this joy before
Always afraid to take a chance.

I have to pause and wonder
If this is what it will be
To live in this new land of love
My new reality.
Where everything is possible
And nothing's left to fate.
There is no need to hurry
I'll never be too late.

**Come out, come out, where ever you are
Come out, come out, we're calling your name.
Join in celebration with those from near and far
We're singing in the new day it's our time to play.**

Time moves on and I continued to learn more about how I created the reality that had become my life experience as well as how I might share it more easily with others. I slowly moved back into life and began sharing the body of work I had created over the years. It had begun as an exploration and evolved into a project that far exceeded what I felt I was capable of understanding. Yet, those who were there to collaborate and engage in exploratory dialogue had given me the understanding of my purpose for coming back from death...there was more to experience...more to share.

It became more obvious that in order to move forward, it was necessary to bring the concept of whole brain discernment into the mix. What did that mean and what was required. To me, it meant that I could no longer deny the importance of using intellect in concert with the knowing of my Soul Purpose. Rather than "getting out of my head" as I was often told...it required that I "get into my head" to observe. To recognize whose reality I was living...mine or that of someone else...and how to know the difference? Again, the sound was in my head and ready for others to experience.

Get Into Your Head (c)2009 Brenda Williams

**Get into your head.
Shut down your monkey mind.
Let your *knowing* show you the way...
'Cause that's the ONLY way to get into YOUR way
on the moving sidewalk of life.**

**You're standing on the mountain getting ready to jump
You know that when you land there'll be a wee little bump.
One thing is for certain...you know it's Absolute.
Someone's waiting for you at the end of the chute.**

**Would you like to sing a song to get you through your day
And share a smile with everyone you meet along the way?
'Cause you were born to be the singer, born to dance the dance.
The only thing you have to do is trust and take a chance.**

**So, get into your head. Shut down your monkey mind
Let your knowing show you the way.
'Cause that's the ONLY way to get into YOUR way
On the moving sidewalk of life.**

**So step onto the sidewalk...it's not moving that fast
No need to use your seatbelt...you're free at last
Everyone is tumbling...tumbling into place
Dreaming their dream with a smile on their face.**

The Leap Guys ask the question and the answer's yours to know.
Will you "Take the Leap or Stay Asleep"...get ready to go.
Let's put our hearts together and find another way
To get things done and still have time to play.

So, get into your head. Shut down your monkey mind.
Let your knowing show you the way.
'Cause that's the ONLY way to get into YOUR way
on the moving sidewalk of life.

The music was a way to share a message of hope and provide a pathway for others. Many, like me, have walked this pathway and found ourselves moving into a place of peace...calm within the chaos of evolutionary change. What was needed to bring this project to completion? And...was completion even a possibility?

Sitting in the wee little tree house in Memphis, Tennessee one evening, I decided to look up an old friend. Sent out an e-mail and received a phone call the very next evening. The conversation led to our common bond...music...and we explored the possibility of getting the music moving again as he had access to a sound studio for recording. I felt I had enough to begin and was getting the nudge to move on it. So, I got in my car, drove to North Carolina thinking we would finally get these songs recorded. To my surprise...we spent the first forty minutes creating the new piece of music with the lyrics that had come from my visit to a very sacred place in Alabama, a stay in a cabin in the woods, my request to God for *A Quiet Place* to write my story. The moment I heard the chord he played, I felt the quiet place it created. While we didn't finish the piece while I was there, I can assure you that it would not have been created without the genius of my old friend and his guitar and the sound he shared with that beautiful chord.

A Quiet Place (c) 4/15/2010

Some days leave me feeling so weary and blue
Wondering why I'm here...is there anything left to do?
I long to find solitude away from the suffering and pain
Away from angry voices pointing fingers and calling names.

I asked God for a quiet place to sit in the silence and write
Found a cabin in the woods and decided to stay the night
In the early morning stillness, just as the sun awakes
I start to ask the questions and...then...I wait...Patiently.

Does it really matter what I think or what I say?
How I feel about my neighbor - How I treat myself today?
Will it feed the hungry children...stop hatred in its tracks?
Inquiring minds want to know..does anyone have the facts?

Listening to the voice that whispers softly to my heart
Answering all my questions - showing me where to start
The face of God before me - a smile upon my face
I know now what I can do - how I fit into this space.

Always making sure the thoughts I hear inside my head
Are lifting up - not tearing down - think kindness instead.
For that is the only way to stop hatred in its tracks
Love is the only answer - now I have all the facts.

In the silence of my solitude Ready to explore
Aligned with the rhythm of life I go
Where I have never gone before.

Was it really possible that there was more????? My time in the solitude of the cabin in the woods gave me the answer to that question rather quickly. Once again exploring the deepest recesses of myself and finding those patterns which were still standing in my way. I found myself at a standstill with regard to the music. It would seem that I would get excited, find someone who wanted to collaborate and then lose the thread required to move forward. What was I missing? What could finally produce the amazing sounds I heard in my head? Could a stringed instrument achieve the required overtones that would align the music to the recent vibrational shifts and those that were to come? I was being encouraged and sometimes pushed a little harder by some to get this work out into the world. Yet, there must have been something inside that told me it wasn't quite finished or perhaps the timing was not synced. Or, maybe I was still afraid to take responsibility to do what I had come to do...I wasn't sure which it was. I was about to find out. Arizona was to be the catalyst to propel me, yet again, into the deepest recesses of my awareness to find the clue.

Just when I thought I had come to the end of hearing "lyrics" in my head...boom, here they are again. Answers to the questions that were looming in my thoughts through the late afternoon and evening hours on March 17, 2011.

Wondering (c)2011 Brenda Williams

I vowed that I would not look back...never second guess
My choices were they right or wrong...did I always do my best?
And yet today I found myself questioning the past
Wondering why I didn't know...why I didn't ask.

Things looked very different all those years ago
The trust I felt was absolute even when I didn't know
So what has changed, I wonder, that opened the door for doubt?
Someone else knew even more...they knew what I was about.

The road I took was winding and often poorly lit
And yet someone was always there, reaching for my hand.
That must seem unreal to someone looking in
No one can know what it was like...'til they've been where I have been.

We each must make the journey, often traveling alone
Leaving the ones we love behind, wondering why we're gone.
You see the question in their eyes, the wondering each time you start.
And still you know that you must go, you know deep within your heart.

If I knew then what I know now would I have chosen to begin?
I have to tell you, yes I would, stepping in again.
Changing nothing along the way, even if I could
For I am today all that I am because of where I've stood.

Everyone is choosing the very best they can
And those of us who have gone before reach out to take their hand.
Shining light upon their path as others did for us.
We're all in this together - we simply need to trust.

Trust in what...you might ask
This answer's not just for me.
Trust in your own knowing
The who you've grown to be.
Listening to the voice inside
Speaking loud and clear.
We're not so different, don't you see...
The one that's you...the one that's me.
We begin and end the same.

Suddenly I find myself, once again, in the wee little cabin in the woods. This time it looks like I might be here for awhile. One evening, several of us went to see a neighbor perform at the local community college. Now just two fields from me...to the south...lives Wynn Varble. Wynn is a country music artist and song writer. You might remember a hit by Brad Paisley entitled "Waiting for a Woman"...well, that's written by Wynn. It was such a fun evening and by the time I returned to the cabin, my head was full of thoughts. Up and down all night long...writing down the words that were flooding in. No sleep for me that night. Anyway, while I never really made it into anything other than a lot of words...I have decided to post it here. Maybe someone would like to finish it or make something out of it...who knows?

Tumbling Down the Rabbit Hole (c)2011 Brenda Williams

I've been tumbling down the rabbit hole for nigh on twenty years
Finally learned the easy way...tuck and roll...no fear
But every now and then when the going gets real tough
I stomp my feet and yell real loud...by God, I've had enough!

Just throw me down a life line and pull me to the top
Don't wanna to ride this ride no more...I'm coming to a stop
No more hanging on...afraid to take a chance
Looking for a place where I can dance another dance.

I'm heading for the country away from city lights
To let my busy life slow down...enjoy more starry nights
Been listening to the music played on country radio
Meeting my new neighbors...taking life real slow.

Don't know much about this life 'cause I'm city born and bred
But I like the way it feels right now sleeping in my bed
I might learn to two-step...or maybe join the line
I'll need someone to lead the way...someone who's real fine.

Feeling right and ready to join with all these folks
To live the simple life...rock on the porch telling jokes
Taking it slow and easy 'cause I'm changing my whole dream
Hell, I've already given up the big ole plasma screen!

I'm living down a dirt road in a cabin in the woods
Doing all kinds of things I never thought I would
Just five gallons of water in my hot water tank
Makes taking care of girlie things much harder than you'd think.

They tell me they might figure out how to run the line
So I can have a telephone and even get on-line
Right now I'm sitting at the top of the road talking on my phone
Wondering how much longer before I can go home.

It must look pretty strange to all those passing by
Some have even stopped to see if I was still alive
I just smile and tell them...while those on the call just wait
I shouldn't be much longer 'cause it's getting kinda late.

What's it like...this country life...you really want to know?
I'm sipping tea on my front porch watching flowers grow
Talking to the faces I see living in the trees
Gathering words of wisdom...even from the bees.

I know that I have more to learn but I won't get in a hurry
There's time to rock 'til supper time
Have another glass of wine
Then wait until the stars come out
By God, my life is fine!

I find I am, again this morning, questioning everything. Maybe the big difference between my questioning yesterday and today is looking at the changes that were revealed from a greater perspective.

I have learned that there were those, almost from the beginning, who were aware of, curious about, and using what I was given to develop. As I continue to read what they were seeing and using, I wonder who and what used me as a vehicle for this information and technology platform called The Triad Wave©. I believed, at the start, and continue to believe that a loving and benevolent Source gently – or as gently as I would allow – guided, encouraged and supported my process. That has given me an opportunity to grow Spiritually, take responsibility for my choices and actions, allow others the freedom to do the same. That means allowing another's choice to be about them rather than me. While there are times I don't understand those choices made by others, I have to remember the many

times others were confused by the choices I made – even felt hurt and betrayed or abandoned by my choices.

Were there times when I could have done things differently? Of course – only if I knew then what I know now. That didn't exist at the time of choice though. None of us have the luxury of seeing all that our choices impact. What we can do is make those choices from a loving, knowing place rather than one of judgment, competition or anger. I have not always chosen from the place of knowing, especially in the early days of my development.

Regrets – not really for I feel we all learn from adversity, sometimes even more than from the pathway of ease. There are moments when my heart is saddened when I realize others cannot know what is in my heart that moves me to the choices and actions I take. I remember then that I don't know the heart of another so we all must stay in our knowing and perhaps one day truly see what unfolds and why. Until then, ride the ride, play the game well and enjoy the time we are given.

Perhaps this recent piece of the puzzle has been revealed so I might understand and tell the story differently. If we truly never know another's deepest thoughts, does it really matter? Are we ever to be privileged to that? Can we ever hope to understand the choices of another? Is that even what it is about? Are we continuing to focus too much attention away from our own growth? Can collective growth occur before individual growth? What does growth really mean? Words...words...words...how do they relate to action?

So, today I am ready to tell the story...how it came to be, how it can be used for the benefit of humankind and how the journey taught me to *ride the ride* of change with grace and ease...most of the time. The story is simply to be used as a pathway for your own exploration and self-discovery...what you do from there is uniquely yours. All that is required is that you *Remember what you already know...and trust as you allow the unfolding.*

My story continues... *EarthProject777...Through the Looking Glass, A Moment Out of Time*