

# Tales From The Master

Carolyn Jackson



***Tales From The Master***

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*This book is dedicated to the  
Master Storyteller  
within us all*



## Preface

Ever since we have had the skills of language, storytelling has been an art used to entertain, to teach, and to inspire. With humor and compassion, Masters such as Buddha, Christ and countless others have utilized the art of storytelling to simplify and teach lessons of great spiritual importance.

In every human being the Master always lives, whether we acknowledge this or not, whether we listen to its still voice or not, and it remains nonjudgmental as to the name we choose to call it.

I have been extremely fortunate to have been taught many spiritual lessons through stories and to be taught in such a way is both joyful, and inspiring.

Every soul has a story, these stories are not about what was done that day, what job we have, what relationship we are in, or the things we did to pass the years. Rather they are about lessons that are to be learned, challenges we must meet and spiritual experiences we came to gather. As I did treatments with people over the years, I heard and felt their soul's "story". And many times hearing their soul's story enabled these people to heal. Always these stories were filled with love and wisdom and I found myself wanting to share the universality of the lessons contained in them with others.

I hope that you, the reader, will gain as much insight and as much understanding from the following tales, as I have. These tales were truly inspired by "The Master Storyteller Within" and I remain deeply grateful and honored to have heard them.



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*This story was actually written for myself. To poke fun at the wee tiny voice that loves to complain, is always restless, and usually just a little dissatisfied with most anything and everything. It reminds me of the old adage " The grass will always seem greener on the other side of the fence."*

*For anyone who has ever been caught by this voice. Rest assured. Everything really is as it should be. We are always well taken care of and life really is secure and abundant in every way.*



### The Elephant and the Flea

Once upon a time, there was a most magnificent elephant. This elephant was the strongest animal in the land. Its wisdom was beyond the wisdom of any of the other creatures that lived near it, although it did not condescend to any of those other creatures. It knew, of course, that somewhere in them also was the same wisdom, which the elephant itself relied on. Atop this elephant usually peacefully coexisting and usually loving this coexistence, there lived the tiniest of fleas. The elephant and the flea were the best of friends and the closest of companions. You see, life had given them the perfect situation. They lived so closely together and knew and loved each other so well, that if

either of them had need of anything, the other was automatically there.

Now, as the elephant moved powerfully and gracefully across the plain, a most peculiar thing started to happen to the tiny flea. He started to slide, but his descent was so slow that he did not even notice until he was tightly wedged in one of the deep creases of his friend's neck. The fold in which the flea became wedged was hot, sweaty, smelly, and dark. The flea became very dissatisfied and began to complain in a high, squeaky, really quite irritating little voice.

"Dear friend, we are not moving," he said. "Dear friend, we are not moving at all! And if we do not move, we will not be warm and safe by nightfall. Dear friend, are you listening? It is growing darker and damper by the second! Dear friend, I tell you that we are standing stuck fast in some terrible swampy place, and you must be growing stupid and deaf as surely as we are stuck!"

"Dear friend, indeed." the flea muttered to himself, "To leave me here like this, on a hot and damp night. I can see that this elephant has lost his intelligence, probably his eyesight, and surely his hearing, or he would be listening to me!"

For a long time, the patient elephant calmly ignored his tiny flea companion. This was not out of spite, but rather, because the elephant knew that the little flea tended toward confusion. Finally, the elephant calmly replied, "Flea, listen to me. If you will crawl up a bit higher and look around you will see that it is only midday. The sun is warming us gently. Our way is clear and we are moving strongly and surely toward our next destination. This land has an abundance of food and water and all of the things that

we have need of, and If only you will heed my suggestion. It really is only your position and insight, that needs to change.”



*This story is written for a woman who believed that her purpose in life was to be compassionate. She is a very generous and giving soul and I have often been touched by her kindness. But, in her effort to give, she neglects the journey of her own soul and sometimes leaves her own heart's garden of delight to bestow kindness on another.*



### Victoria and the River

Once upon a time, there was a little girl by the name of Victoria. She was small for her age, which was of nine years. She was very beautiful and possessed a tender heart. She was fond of the nature spirits, which shared the place in which she lived. It was almost as if she could communicate with them. She loved to walk the paths that led through the fields near her home and her particular favorite was a path that led beside a slow, deep, winding river. As she walked, she appreciated the sun shining through the leaves of the tall trees and the warmth of the breeze that tickled her face. The beauty of the little squirrels that scampered through the treetops overhead delighted her and the chattering of the tiny birds as they scolded all that passed their way gave her great joy. She appreciated the crunchy sounds of the leaves and grass, rustling as her shoes brushed against them

and she appreciated the slow deep movement of the water in the river.

What she was unaware of was, that there was someone else with her. The presence of the SOURCE of everything walked a short distance behind her. IT did not speak to her, or demand her attention, or require her to look in ITS direction. But, IT kept her safe as it always had and ITS secret was this. Everything she looked upon with such appreciation was alive and beautiful, because IT had made it so and every feeling of appreciation she felt, IT had secretly placed in her heart. And so, IT had loved her and protected her forever, unseen to her eyes and indeed to the eyes of most people. Another secret, among ITS endless number of secrets was that IT protected and loved every other person as well.

As Victoria continued to walk, she caught sight of another little girl running along the opposite bank of the river. This girl was stricken with panic and screaming as if in some terrible pain. As she ran, she became oblivious to the path and tumbled into the river. She began to float downstream with flailing arms and terrifying screams. Victoria, seeing this, became overcome with grief. Her grief was so great that it overcame her feelings of appreciation and her connection to the magical SOURCE was forgotten. All of the beauty that she had only a moment ago been silently appreciating remained exactly as it was. The only difference was, that Victoria could no longer see it. Her eyes and other senses became full of the sight of the other little girl. She became caught in the strong terrifying panic of her. Victoria lost the feelings of protection and love for all things and immediately plunged into the river to save the other little girl.

The water seemed cold and dark, and Victoria began to panic. Horribly gone were her feelings of comfort and joy. Terrifyingly gone was her connection to strength and power. She was truly and most piteously helpless. She began to scream with the same terrible pain, the other girl possessed. The two little girls believed themselves to be alone and did not have the presence of mind to call out to their protector. They each became so lost in panic and so numbed by the cold, that they could no longer try to help each other. Flailing helplessly against one another and against the natural slow moving current of the river they both began to drown. The magical source still looked on, wanting to hold them, waiting for them to call. But, they did not. Tree branches brushed softly against the two girls and the current of river pushed them slowly toward the bank. But both girls were so consumed with terror that they did not notice. Inevitably they were swept downstream. Finally for one brief moment as her head rose slightly above the water, Victoria caught a glimpse of a nearby tree branch. For one brief second she felt the presence of her protector and called out to it to save her. She was pulled to shore almost immediately and grasped the hand of her terrified companion. As they lay on the rocks at the river's edge, they were both profoundly grateful to be alive. Victoria looked with silent appreciate once more at the treetops which swayed above her and noticed once again the bright chattering of the birds. But, this time she was also aware of how protected and loved she really was. This time she knew the Source of all things was with her.



*The Swan was written about one of the most beautiful women I have ever met. She is talented, intelligent, articulate and undeniably gorgeous. Unfortunately, she has no idea. She has listened to a few too many jealous voices, and peered at herself through a few too many distorted mirrors.*



### The Swan

Once upon a time, there was a beautiful young swan. She traveled with many other swans and thoroughly enjoyed their company.

She loved the sound of their trumpeting and thought their voices sounded like a symphony of the best kind. She was thrilled to be able to soar in the high currents of air, her wings beating out a rhythm, which matched the power of the currents themselves. She loved to preen herself and delighted in feeling the softness of the down under her primary feathers. In all, she was at peace with herself and grateful for being beautiful, as the Creator had made her.

Until one day, she happened to catch sight of herself in the muddy reflection of the small lake the swans were swimming on. She was absolutely horrified. When she saw her reflection in the

murky waters of the lake, her head was twisted grotesquely across her shoulder and her bill was so deformed that she was surprised she could even move it at all. Her body was crooked and horribly swollen beneath her neck. She was overcome with shock and horror. What she was seeing was not the sight of the beautiful creature she felt herself to be.

She became too embarrassed to return to the flock of beautiful swans and she stole away in shame, to ponder and question this disturbing image by herself. She wondered if she had caused it. She had heard the whispers from the old ones of a curse warning that vanity was often a cause of deformity. Finally, she decided that the reflection she had seen in the muddy water must be the true sight of herself and being as ugly as she was, that she would stay to herself and accept these terrible deformities as best she could.

She began to eat differently. She was afraid to soar in the high winds and she methodically groomed herself taking no real pleasure in doing so. And she began to take the shape of the hideous creature she believed herself to be. But, if not happy, she was at least resigned to her lonely existence.

I suppose she could have lived the rest of her days in relative peace, alone, and resigned, but as she wandered she came to some of the highest parts of the mountains. It is in these places that the air is especially clean, the deep lakes are not muddy, and the streams are crystal clear. It is here that she came to heal. And one day, as she bent her neck to drink from one of these lakes, she once again saw her reflection. She saw a beautiful, pure, white swan. She saw a perfectly curved bill. She saw a graceful long neck and her own strong body.

At first, she wondered who this beautiful creature was. Then, she slowly began to remember. She recalled the way she had felt as a young swan. She touched herself and explored the softness of her feathers, the power of her muscles, and the clear light of her eyes. She was surprised and in awe of her own beauty. Once again, she began to take pleasure in the grace and strength that had been given to her.

She began to realize that only she would ever know the truth of how really beautiful she was. This truth had been distorted only because of the mud in the lake into which she had peered. She vowed never again to trust the image of herself as it appeared outside. But to trust only the truth of what she knew herself to be, on the inside.



*This is another story which was written for me. I am a rather reluctant teacher and find myself in the position of guide quite often. The Guide was given to me, to help me to understand this reluctance.*



### The Guide

Once there was a mountain. We'll start this story with the mountain because it is truly the center of our story. If there were no mountain, there would be no guide.

The mountain was cloaked in mystery. Its slopes were veiled in mist. Its uppermost peaks were hardly ever visible. The cloud cover was present almost always. It was not a foreboding mysteriousness, which surrounded it, but rather a feeling of intrigue. It hinted of being a place full of hidden passions and ultimate joys.

A guide lived at the foot of this mountain. He lived there because he had always been inexplicably attracted to this particular mountain. For, the guide had dreamed of this mountain ever since he was a child, not knowing if it truly existed. As he grew older he began to journey and it was on one of these journeys that he had caught a glimpse of its peak and so discovered that the mountain, which had haunted his dreams for

so long, was in fact real. So, he moved to its base and waited for the chance to explore it. Many days went by as he waited, but he knew that the time had to be right. The mountain, in its own time, would reveal its mysteries to him.

So he continued to wait. One morning, as he began to awaken he felt the mountain beckon to him. He was at the same time thrilled and frightened not knowing what to expect from this journey, but knowing that he had lived his whole life for this moment. And with some trepidation, and much excitement he began his next journey.

As he stepped outside he saw a path, an invitation to begin the climb. He knew if he just stepped upon the path and did not let his attention waiver from the mountain's invitations as they presented themselves to him that he would be safe and the journey would be everything that his dreams had promised. For the most part, he succeeded in this. The views of the heights as they presented themselves to him took his breath away. He could never have imagined such beauty or that such perfection existed and at times he could only weep at the power and splendor of the things that he witnessed.

Sometimes, as he climbed the path different little objects would distract his attention and when they did he would miss steps on the path. Once, he even ended up terribly afraid at the edge of a great precipice, which he assumed would be the death of him, but with concentration and devotion he brought his attention back to the invitations of the mountain. He slowly and carefully retraced his steps until he was once again on the path that the mountain had prepared for him. As he neared the peak, he realized that every view and everything that he had experienced

thus far on each turn of the path had been carefully orchestrated to prepare him to ascend to the mountain's peak. He was never more afraid, but having built a relationship of trust with the mountain with each previous step he had taken, his resolve was just strong enough to quiet his fear.

At the top of the mountain he faced a deep chasm, which looked as if it had no bottom and here the path ended. Above the chasm slowly circling in the rising currents of air there was an eagle. This was an invitation from the elements of the mountain to ascend to its peak. It was an invitation to be free of all limitations and an invitation to risk everything in trust to the mountain, which had guided him thus far and so, he leapt. He soared and he explored an unlimited freedom, which was like no other experience imaginable. When he awoke, he had been returned to his bed in his little house at the foot of the mountain, but he was forever changed and he remembered it all.

Now, there were people in the nearby towns and villages who were also curious about the great mystical mountain. Knowing that the guide had explored it, they asked him to take them also. Sometimes they came ready to climb its summits dressed only in tennis shoes. Sometimes they came wearing nothing at all. They came armed with curiosity and competitiveness only wanting to be able to say that they had climbed an impossible climb. And most times, the guide refused them and they went away angry. They did not understand what the guide knew. And what he knew, he had learned from his own experience of the climb. It had been taught to him as he took each step of the journey.

This was, that the greatest protection on the climb and the

sole motivation which was strong enough to sustain him was love and trust for the mountain. There could be no substitute for this. He knew that this trade of love between himself and the mountain was the only thing that had kept him protected and safe and given him enough courage to follow the path that the mountain had laid out for him. This love was the only thing that had given him the wisdom and willingness to listen to the mountain's silent commands. When he recognized this devotion in another, he was willing to ascend the mountain with them. But, his willingness did not come from his love for his fellow men, as they might think, nor did it come from a desire for fame or profit. It came, as always from his love for the mountain. And in this deep journey of love between the guide and the mountain, the guide had become the mountain, and the guide knew it.



## How To Recognize A Wizard

Wizards have:

wise innards, which they conceal  
with small outers,  
that are designed to move with the speed of light

They have invisible motives behind  
convincible statements, which are  
designed to confuse, and confound,  
and generally disillusion

They make use of riddles  
and absurd stories,  
that make sense out of nothing

AND THEY ARE ALWAYS LAUGHING



*I have often wondered what it is to have the heart of a child, and why the Masters regard this as invaluable. I look at children and I see such simplicity, such trust, and such surrender. This story has taught me what magical beauty lies in their hearts.*



### The Child

Once upon a time, a very long time ago, there lived a little girl whom we shall call simply, the child. She had been lost to her parents for a very long time and knew nothing of the world outside of the forest in which she lived. A great bear had adopted her when she first was lost and she lived in the heart of a cave, which the bear called home. She snuggled up to this giant bear through the cold nights and played with its fur and poked into its eyes and ears in the daylight hours. In the spring and summer, the bear took the child out into the forest and the meadows and introduced her to the taste of delicious red berries and the crunchy goodness of beetles. It took her swimming in the cool mountain streams and it taught her how to scratch herself against the giant fir trees.

The child was wonderfully content and did not wish for

any other life.

One day, as she was sitting at the edge of the meadow having strayed a bit too far from the great bear, as children often do, she saw a little boy. She was terribly curious, but not the least bit afraid and she called out to him. As the little boy came near, he was surprised to see this child for she was like none of the other children he had ever played with before. He wore shoes. She wore none. He wore clothing to protect himself from thistles and thornbushes. She did not. His hair was trimmed neatly and hers cascaded almost to her feet. But, what surprised him the most was her total lack of caution as he approached her. You see the bear, which even now watched her closely from the nearby trees, had always protected her. She pointed to the boy's clothing and he tried to explain. She offered him beetles and he politely refused. She laughed at the clumsy things on his feet and could not imagine how he could feel the mud squishing between his toes. As they compared the differences in each other, they laughed hysterically. And they found that the sound of their laughter was very much the same. They laughed until tears ran down their faces and they found that their tears were very nearly the same. Having found some common similarity, they agreed with gestures and signs to meet again in the very same spot another day. The child returned to the comfort of the bear and was thrilled at the prospect of her next adventure.

Many times the boy and the child met in that spot with the great bear always carefully looking on. Eventually, they learned each other's language and could communicate much about each other's lives. They cherished the moments they spent together and each learned to appreciate the difference between them, at

least, for the most part. The boy grew into a young man and the child grew into a young woman and their separate futures beckoned to them. The boy went to his and the child remained with hers.

In the time that followed, the child sometimes missed the boy and to bring his memory somewhat closer she copied some of the customs he had taught her. She began to treat the great gentle bear as the boy had treated her. Sometimes, she even imagined that the bear was her memory of the boy. She became proudly independent. She brought the great bear gifts of the sweetest berries and the choicest morsels of foods. She gave everything of value that she had to it, almost as if the more she gave the more the bear would love her. The bear appreciated the gifts that the child brought, but the child soon began to notice that the light behind the great bear's eyes had begun to fade. It did not seem to be as strong or as vibrant as it had been when she was younger and she noticed that she too began to feel a little empty. Eventually, she noticed a longing and a heavy sadness in its tender manner. This she did not understand and finally she questioned the bear about these changes. The bear gently began to explain that when it first found the child it was as if she was a gift from heaven. It was the bear's nature to care for, provide, and protect and this child with her innocent acceptance and simple gratitude was indeed the greatest gift the bear could ever hope to receive. As the child became more and more independent and thought to return each gift to the bear, she had begun to rob both the bear and herself of the very pleasure, which had fulfilled their lives. For it was the bear's greatest joy to give and the child's

ultimate joy to receive. In this simple exchange lay their heart's greatest pleasure.



## GIFTS

What do you ask,

from a giver who can give anything

and whose greatest pleasure it is to give?

EVERYTHING



*The following story is written for a Chiropractor who taught me the fundamental principles of chiropractic. I found this man to be exceptionally spiritual and totally in love with what he termed "Innate." I have learned from him that even in our greatest efforts to serve, it is still ourselves who are constantly being served*



### The King and the Knight

Once long ago, before the stories of the great round table, there were kings. To wear the crown of king was a thing of consequence, and there were only a few true kings. A true king is a master, in touch with the mysteries of life and sworn to obey only the highest laws of light. This is what makes a man a king. A knight is a man whose sole desire is to serve such a king. The devotion and loyalty of a knight to his king is beyond question.

As each day passed the knight waited for the summons of his king. Some days he was left to his own contemplations and other days the king invited the knight to the inner chambers of the castle to celebrate the mysteries of life with the ruler himself. These days were the knight's favorite, for to be in the company of the king was his greatest joy.

On such a day as this, the knight mounted the castle steps

with anticipation; his willingness to serve the king only surmounted by his longing to be in his presence. A page ushered the knight into the inner chamber where the king awaited him. The king motioned him to come near and presented him with a map and specific instructions pertaining to the protection of an outlying village. The knight listened with all his attention to the details and specifications of the king's plan; he knew that the responsibility for his own safety and the safety of all the villagers was about to be placed in his hands. He was honored to be trusted to perform this act of protection for the king. As he knelt for the king's blessing he thought he heard this quiet whisper, "My grace and protection will be with you always. Go, and know that I am with you and that it is I who will do everything for you."

As he left the castle, throngs of people blessed him and wished him wellness and success on his journey, and many pressed sacred objects into his hands believing that these would keep him safe. The knight received these things but did not let his focus or thoughts wander from the king's words, which he silently repeated as a mantra to himself.

As he rode he kept his attention on the king and took courage and strength from the power and certainty that shone from the king's face as he had spoken with him. He reached his destination near nightfall and found everything as the king had described. There was a nearby stream and a hollow place in which to lay his bed. He rested and waited for morning.

As the darkness began to lift he felt a most thunderous shaking, as if the earth herself were being torn apart. He felt a searing white heat and smelled an acrid smell, which seemed to burn its way into his nose and into his lungs, making each breath

he took a torture. He wondered if he were about to enter the very pit of hell itself. He raised his eyes and met the hooded eyes of the most enormous dragon he could possibly have imagined. The roar and the smell of the fire, which was breathed from this beast's nostrils, threw him backward. Then, he remembered the king, and the trust that the king had placed like a mantle upon his shoulders. He gathered his courage and kept the king's face in his mind like a vision and he began to fight. It was a holy fight and he held back nothing, for he fought for the one thing that he held dear above all else, the defense of his king.

Despite every ounce of all his efforts, despite the bravery of his heart he began to fail, he simply did not have the power to destroy the immense beast, which he had been pitted against. As he was about to draw his last breath he saw again the king's face and heard his voice. The king spoke to him across the great distance and offered the knight his aid. The knight gratefully accepted. Immediately the dragon was gone, the only thing left of it was a thin spiral of mist. The knight's wounds disappeared and he was filled with the purest sense of peace and love.

He rode slowly back to the castle and in wonder rode through its great heavy doors. Throngs of people cheered him for he had destroyed their mortal enemy and there was great celebration in the streets. But, for the knight there was only the king and the incredible grace which had spared his life and filled his heart with love. He climbed the castle steps once more and was ushered into the inner chamber and knelt with deep humility before the king. The king spoke to him and said, "You did well, you forgot only one thing, and that is that I said I would be with you always and would do it all for you."





## FOG

Fog only lies close to the earth  
It creeps slowly  
into the lowest lying valleys

It steps so softly  
no one hears its coming  
surrounding us  
completely

But, may we remember....  
Fog only lies  
close to the earth

And to escape it  
We need only  
Climb higher

To the clear free  
limitless space  
which has always lived above fog



*This story was written for a woman who wondered about the difference between her personal power and the power of God. She is a goodhearted soul musing over the necessity of surrender. And she had a very valid question, "Where does the wind go, when we do not feel it blowing?"*



### Amanda and the Wind

Amanda was an ordinary little girl, who lived on the outskirts of a small town in Kansas. She lived in a modest house with her parents and two brothers. Although Amanda participated in school and the daily chores of family life, her favorite past time was flying kites in the wide-open field, which lay behind her house. She waited until everyone else in the neighborhood and in the family was otherwise distracted, and trudged up the steep hill to her field with her kite tucked firmly under her arm. This kite had seen many flights. Amanda loved to watch the kite soar with the wind, dipping and swaying in the currents that the wind created. Amanda's fascination was really with the wind itself, although the kite was the object that allowed her to see this force which would have been otherwise quite invisible.

What she found fascinating about the wind was that no matter how she willed it, she could not force the wind to blow in any one direction nor could she will it to blow at all. If it blew north to south, there was not enough room for her to fly her kite to its greatest height and if it wasn't blowing at all, she had no choice but to sit and wait patiently [or sometimes not so patiently] for it to come again. To her, the wind was a magical, mystical, and invisible presence. When it was present and coming from the right direction, it filled her whole being with joy and awe. When it was not, she tried to learn patience and acceptance. Being the child that she was, however, patience and acceptance did not come easily to her and many times she stomped down the hill in frustration and tears. Her parents tried to tell her that no one had ever controlled the wind and to simply accept this. Her brothers told her to join them in frog hunting and forget the magic of the wind. Amanda could not listen to them for very long, and because of her love for the soaring powerful force, it wasn't long before she was again trudging up the hill.

This interaction went on for some time, until Amanda demanded to have a conversation with the wind. Her question was simple, as the questions of children often are. Where did the wind go when it wasn't blowing across her field? She approached the wind with this question several times and had begun to think that it was incapable of a response. One day, though, as the wind was whispering through the grass she thought she heard the softest voice. It said, "You must become me to find out."

She ran down the hill and couldn't wait to tell her parents who, of course, thought she might need a hot bath and a good night's rest. Her brothers just thought it was another example of

their sister's overactive imagination. Amanda did not believe anything other than that she was about to journey with the wind. She packed a small suitcase and a little knapsack with food and water and waited patiently for the wind.

That night, she heard it begin to blow. She sneaked quietly out of the house and up to the top of the hill. When she arrived at the top, the wind began its conversation with her. It told her that in order to come with it, she must become it. She needed no suitcase, nor any food. She nodded her consent and felt herself become so light that her feet barely touched the ground. She started to feel like the kite that she flew. As she became lighter and lighter her feet gently lifted off the ground and she began to dance in the arms of the wind. She soared with it and was suspended by it at such a great height, that she was a little afraid to look down. She turned her eyes upward and looked instead to the stars. She saw the invisible face of the wind in the spaces between them and felt its hugeness, as it filled all of the sky including herself, and the moon, and the sun. She saw that it had no beginning and had no end and that the field where it had entertained her was just the tiniest of specks. She tried to see herself and her own body, but in being with the wind she realized she had lost it. Her sight now was through the eyes of the wind. Her hearing was with its ears. Its heartbeat was a huge slow rumbling and as it drew breath, Amanda felt the familiar presence of the wind. Amanda felt herself become as big as the sky and realized, that what she had asked (to go with the wind) was actually a very small request, from a very small little being. But, that very small being had a huge capacity, huge enough, that in her simple request she could become the greatness of the wind.

Later, as she returned to herself, she looked down at her little body and was astonished and quite pleased, that such a small thing could experience such a large and magnificent thing and she knew she would never forget. And she knew that the wind would be forever blowing, and that she would always know where she could find it.

*I once met a young man who had dreamed his whole life of doing great things. This story was written for him with the hope that he would know that dreams are very close to reality. And that the possibilities of his spirit are endless.*



### The Boy and the Wand

Once upon a time, there was a young boy. He wandered the hills and the caves of the land in which he lived. He was a shepherd, which meant that he was supposed to be watching the sheep and goats that belonged to the villagers. The villagers took this job very seriously, as they did every job that every villager did. Each job was designed to protect the village itself in some way. Life was hard here in the foothills of these mountains and the villagers felt they could make no mistakes in their many jobs in order to survive. The boy knew this, but in him there was not the same seriousness that the other villagers maintained. That is why they had sent him out into the hills to watch the sheep in the first place. They wished to get away from his easy laughter and lighthearted ways. The boy went willingly enough to get away from their seriousness and to be able to enjoy life in his own way. After all, how hard could watching the sheep and goats be,

anyway? They all grouped together and followed after one leader and as long as he kept his eyes on that leader, he knew there would be no problems.

This attitude gave the boy the freedom to wander into the hills and the caves that dotted the landscape above the valleys where the sheep grazed. This, he loved to do. In his imagination, as he wandered he became a fierce warrior, or sometimes an ancient wise seer, or a wealthy traveler. He picked up sticks and made them into swords and small pebbles became gold and precious stones. He defeated dragons as he watched the sheep, rescued beautiful women, traded fortunes and traveled distant lands. One day, to his surprise as he was defeating a tremendously wicked dragon, he tripped over an ordinary looking stick, which had been wedged into a pile of stone. The stones however, were not ordinary at all. They were marked with old carvings, which looked dangerous and forbidding. Of course, to these, the boy paid no attention, being the boy that he was.

The stick however interested him. It looked to be the perfect size of a great dagger. Now, that, he could use to defeat his dragon. He took a quick look at the grazing sheep and grabbed for the stick. His hands passed right through it. He could not believe his eyes. He put out one finger and poked at the stick, wondering if it only existed in his imagination. He touched it, and felt the smoothness of it, and he thought he heard a kind of sighing it, almost as if it welcomed his touch. So, he put his whole hand gently around it and he felt it change its shape to fit his hand. He leaned back very slowly and the stick smoothly came out of the pile of stone. Now, he had his sword and he began to dance around wildly and slay dragons. Immediately, he felt a

burning heat in his hands and the nearby boulders began to tumble down around him ricocheting off the hillside and knocking the boy to his knees. Dazed the boy could not imagine what had been the cause of that earthquake. Then he spotted the stick, which had been thrown a few feet away from him and he began to giggle. The giggle spread to a laugh, which spread to snorting guffaw. He could not perceive what the stick had done, but the possibilities absolutely delighted him. He watched the stick with fascination, but did not dare to quite touch it.

He must have crouched there watching it for hours and the sun began to set behind the nearby mountains. The sheep began to call for his attention. He slowly reached for the stick and again it curled willingly into his hand. He started down the mountain toward the sheep and before he could stop himself, he began to point the stick at them. The sheep obediently gathered themselves together and before his eyes they started to change. They began to get fatter and their coats began to get fluffier and finer. They all began to follow the lead sheep down from the hills toward the village. The boy had to run to catch up to them and he laughed to himself. Tending sheep had become the easiest job he had ever done.

As he approached the village, the villagers began to come out to see the fine sheep, and to hear news of the tremendous earthquake, that they had felt coming from the hills. The boy felt the smoothness and the glow of warmth from the stick in his hands. Among the crowd was an elder. This elder was the most serious of all the villagers and would not tolerate any levity in the work being done in the village. As he approached, his face was burning and anger began to glow in his eyes. He saw the joy in

the eyes of the boy and this served only to make his anger stronger. As he came near to the boy and began to berate him about the lateness of the hour, the boy fondled the stick and instinctively moved it closer to his chest as if to protect himself from the anger of the elder. The wand began to glow. The elder's face became purple with anger and froth foamed from his mouth. He started to choke on the rage, which was welling up from inside of him and his body began to swell with it. Vivid red welts began to erupt on his skin. The boy looked on with horror and fascination. The elder's body had begun to change into a putrid boiling mass, which slowly melted and slid to the boy's feet. This time the boy did not dare to laugh, but felt his mouth fall open in utter disbelief and wonder at the effects of the stick, which had protected him.

Next, the boy's gaze turned to his mother. She was bent and old with the cares and worries of survival, yet she was fondling the richness of the sheep's wool with wonder. As the boy looked upon her, he was overcome with a feeling of the deepest compassion. This time, he pointed the stick with confidence and assurance. His mother's face began to change. She became softer and her back began to straighten. A sound of pure joy began to come from her lips and a song began in her throat. She started to sing this wordless song of gratitude and sway to an incredibly sweet music, which came welling up from her heart. Her eyes were shining and she knew that she was truly blessed with the gift of this son and the magic stick, which he held tenderly in his hands.

The boy began to laugh again in pure delight and to dance with the stick outstretched in his hands. The wand, which the

stick indeed truly was, danced as well. It threw circles and spirals of light among the crowd of villagers. They began to transform, each to their own character until all that was left was the truth of joy and light.

So, the boy went on to become all the things of his dreams. He freed captive souls, destroyed monsters, and became the wise mage that not so long ago he had only dreamed of.

Interesting isn't it, that alone without the stick the boy could only dream of greatness and without the touch of the boy and the pureness of his heart, the stick could only lay dormant in the circle of stone.



*This story was written for a woman who laughed, but not with  
all of her joy, who cried, but with not all of her tears, and who danced,  
but with not all of her passion.*



### Emir and the lesson of a Sea Dragon

Emir was a tiny sea dragon, who lived on the very edge of the sea. The edges of the sea are particularly magical places. It is in places like these, that joy can be especially felt, as the great landmasses meet the nurturing arms of the sea. Emir was called a sea dragon because it is the nature of sea dragons in particular to ride the sea. The motion of the sea is truly felt by all creatures, but it was in Emir's inner nature to ride and to know every movement and every motion of it. There are huge sea dragons and there are tiny sea dragons. The size of these creatures reflects the dimensions of that part of the sea in which they are most comfortable. The huge sea dragons love to ride the massive storms of the sea and love to feel the passion that the sea reveals when the winds howl and the waves tower. But, the sea is both gentle and passionate and to know the nature of it and to know it well, each sea dragon must learn to trust. It is no less loving in the storm than it is in the stillness of the deepest pools. It holds the

same quality of love always. Emir did not yet know this. His experience as yet was quite limited.

Emir was a tiny little thing and his favorite place to play was at the very edge of the sea. Here, the waves had already broken and the water was a mixture of bubbling air and sea foam. As he rode these tiny waves of sea, his whole body was tickled and delighted by the sea and the foam. He was thrown into the sunlight and submerged under the water again and again and he delighted in all of this as the sea tossed and tickled him. When he grew tired, he had only to lie still and let the motion of the sea carry him into one of the calm tidal pools that line the seashore. It was here, that he felt the deep peace and stillness that was what he knew to be the nature of the sea.

He soaked himself with the sea's stillness until his little body was ready once again to be delighted and teased by the sea foam. He knew, of course, of the great huge sea dragons, that rode the mighty waves and currents in the center of the sea, but he also knew, that his time would come. He awaited that time with patience and delighted in the experiences of today.

So, one day, as he lay napping in one of the still shallow pools that was his bed, the tide began to come in. The fingers of the sea began to reach for him, gently pulling him. It pulled him so gently, that he never awoke. It pulled him without waking him because Emir had become so accustomed to the teasing of the sea foam and the little tidal pools, that he would have been too afraid to leave them if he had been awake. This was not because he would have been unwilling, only that he knew no differently. So, he slept and when he finally awoke, the sea had taken him so far into itself that the landmasses were no longer visible. There was

nothing to which he could orientate himself. He was shocked to see that there was sea, everywhere!

The waters that he found himself in were deep. The waves were not teasing, but huge rolling masses. When he submerged himself under them he could find no comforting bottomland anywhere. Above him, below him, surrounding him, everywhere he turned, there was nothing but sea! As if that were not enough to frighten the tiny sea dragon witless, a storm began to build. Huge black clouds began to gather and the wind began to howl. All of this served only to push the waters of the sea higher. The waves grew even bigger and Emir slid like a seal down their backs barely managing to keep himself afloat. The more he tried to keep himself above the waves, the more their force pulled him under. He flailed his tiny tail and sucked air desperately through his little snout and tried and tried to stay afloat until he exhausted himself.

Then the sea took him. It slid him down tremendous troughs of water and lifted him to the tops of immense towering waves. It took the sea dragon quite awhile to begin enjoying the sensations of all of this. At first, his little jaw was clenched so tight he couldn't even scream. He squealed numerous high-pitched desperate pleas for the sea not to destroy him. His tail was tucked so far between his legs, that he could have used it as a rudder to steer his way through the high waves.

The sea paid no attention. The waves grew higher and the wind blew louder and louder until everything became a massive wall of water and howling winds. There was no choice for the sea dragon, but to let go and surrender to the motion of the sea. This was the first time that Emir knew without a shadow of a doubt, that he had no control over the water or the wind. But, he did

love the sea and he loved it still. He began to wait for the storm to subside. Emir had to admit a little grudgingly to himself, that in fact, he had never had a better time. He had begun to anticipate the rolls of the water and to be able to relax and slide down their backs. He learned to pull enough air into his tiny body to shoot again to their tops and he had begun to enjoy this wild ride.

The sea knew that he would. Almost as if by magic the storm ceased. The sea grew calm. The water and the sea dragon rested in the deepest of peace. In the hearts of both there was a tremendous gratitude. The sea had waited for so long to reveal the passion and magnitude of itself to the tiny sea dragon, knowing as it knows for all creatures, when the perfect time would be. This was when the tiny sea horse had just enough love and just enough trust for the sea to reveal itself to him.

The tiny sea dragon had not known how it had longed to know the power and the majesty of the sea in its totality. They were both at total peace and rested together in each other's embrace, at last mutually fulfilled.

*This story was written for a man who lost his faith. His life was impoverished, and he did not realize that no matter how little money he had, he possessed the greatest treasure that ever could be imagined.*



### Ranouk and the Chest of Treasure

Ranouk was an old man who lived in the caves. He was not the only one who lived in these caves. Most of his neighbors were cave dwellers as well. Their existence was meager at best. They gathered small amounts of green plants for food, carried water from the nearly frozen streams, and hunted what animals they could for meat. They wore the skins of these animals to protect themselves from the cold and sat near to their fires for warmth. Most of their time was spent in surviving, and to rest and to be warm for even a short period of time was a luxury. The caves were barren and the only light was that from the fire, which threw strange shadows against the cave walls. The cave dwellers were content and it did not occur to them to question the quality of the life they lived.

It was in this environment that Ranouk had grown up and he knew no other life. He was the only one left of his family line and the fact that he had survived them was a testament to his

courage and cunning. Many of the other cave dwellers respected his wisdom and sought him out for counsel and advice.

One day, a young boy ventured into Ranouk's cave. Ranouk was tending his fire and cooking a stew of plants and meat. He offered the boy some. Usually, each family stayed to themselves and to have company was a special occasion. The boy was quiet and respectful but watched Ranouk very carefully. He knew of the wisdom that Ranouk reportedly had and his purpose in being there was not accidental. So, he waited and politely ate his dinner. When Ranouk and the boy had finished, they leaned back against the cave wall to rest and the boy took his chance. He politely pointed to a large gray object that lay just beyond the light of the fire.

"What is that?" He asked

Ranouk didn't even bother to turn,

"It is a rock," he replied simply.

Now, the boy knew it wasn't a rock because it didn't look like a rock at all. It was square and had even corners. That much he could see. He also knew that every household in the cave dwelling community had one but no one would talk about it. This irked the boy to no end but out of respect for the wisdom of Ranouk, he did not mention it again.

What the boy didn't know was, that he had brought the strange object to Ranouk's attention. It was in Ranouk's nature to slowly ponder things and not to rashly investigate anything or draw any immediate conclusions. That night, as he lay under the skins on his bed he thought of what he knew of the mysterious object. Every cave had one. Stories had been told about them for as far back as he could remember, but no one had any idea what

the truth was. It seemed that eons ago there had been much excitement about the objects and that they had been considered sacred. In the old days, his people had worshiped and prayed to them. Ranouk could never remember anything coming of these prayers and eventually the initial excitement had faded. The people had begun to return to the simplicity and demands of their everyday lives.

Thoughts of the gray object would not leave Ranouk's head and so, he built up his fire and knelt beside it. It did not smell any different than any other object in the cave. It was covered in so many layers of dust that it did indeed resemble one of the many boulders that lay strewn about the cave floor. But, it was too uniform in size. It was indeed rectangular and upon closer inspection it looked to have seams. Now Ranouk was cautious and he carefully carried a lit torch from the fire closer to the object and sat down to ponder once more. He raised his hand to wipe away the layers of dust. Nothing out of the ordinary happened except that under his hand the material of the object was noticeably not made of stone. He found one main seam and carefully began to clean the edges of it, until he could see that it was the seam of the lid of some sort of box. He cleaned it for the rest of the night.

At dawn, the next day, after having spent most of the night cleaning and examining the box, Ranouk had another look at it. He could see that it was indeed quite large and that it could be opened, but other than that it was still quite ordinary looking. He could not imagine what his ancestors were thinking when they held it to be sacred. He left it for the day and went about gathering wood and water as usual. He met the boy on the path,

but did not speak to him. The boy looked at him quizzically. Ranouk tried to keep the box out of his mind.

Once again, after the daylight had faded and his chores were finished, Ranouk explored the box. This time, he slowly began to raise the lid. He could not see what was inside. He slipped his hand into it, but encountered only empty space. Curious, he raised the lid to its fullest height and looked inside. All he could see was empty space. Now, he was perplexed. Here was an object, which his ancestors had revered, as sacred and all he could find was empty space. Ranouk was a simple man who had neither the time nor the inclination to philosophize. Either a thing was of some kind of practical value or it wasn't. If this object had no use then he intended to make use of it to feed the fire. He began to drag the box toward the fire. It was quite a task. The box was much larger than Ranouk, heavy and unyielding. The lid was still propped open and as Ranouk leaned with all his strength to push against it, he fell into it.

His fall seemed endless as if he was slowly moving down a long passage. A strange white glow lit his way. Along each side of the passage were golden doors, which seemed as if they were made of mist. Ranouk braced himself with his feet along the sides of the passage. This slowed his descent enough for him to reach for the handle of the nearest golden door. As his fingers touched it, the door slowly swung open and Ranouk found himself inside. Within the chamber was a soft blue light and as Ranouk looked around, he saw the faces of all of his ancestors. His mother, father, sister and brothers, and all of the members of the tribe of cave dwellers, that had passed before him were standing in this chamber. They were bathed in the softness of the blue light and

welcomed him. At first, he thought he had died, but they comforted him and assured him, that this was not the case. Instead, they began to tell him the secrets and history of the tribe of cave dwellers. They spoke of the land and water and which animals were intended to be hunted and those which were needed to keep the balance of the land. They spoke of their line of people and where they had originally come from. They spoke much of balance and respect for each other and for the land in which they lived. They taught Ranouk everything they had learned over lifetimes of living and bid him to remember the balance of all living things and then they told him goodbye.

Once again, Ranouk found himself gently pushed into the passage and began once again to fall. He reached out with his hand and again felt the handle of a golden door. Like the one before, it swung open as he touched it. This chamber was filled with the softest shades of pink light and in the center of the room stood a young woman, surrounded by a serene white light. As first, Ranouk thought he had never seen such beauty and from her eyes there shone a kindness, that was beyond compare. He knelt. He would not have approached her had she not held out her hand and beckoned to him to rise. His head bowed, he slowly approached and she held out her arms to him. Ranouk found himself embraced by such unconditional and profound love, that tears began to stream from his eyes. The woman gently wiped his tears with the softness of the edge of her gown and as she did so, Ranouk felt all the pain and the weight of his lifetime being lifted away and dissolved in the love that shone from this strange woman's eyes. He felt as young as a child, full of innocence and acceptance. When she had finished, the woman motioned Ranouk

toward the door. This time, he bowed with the deepest respect and moved slowly toward the passage. His cares and caution had been wiped away and now as he made his descent into the passage, he let himself drift gently and turn with the almost invisible currents made of light.

Eventually, he came to a stop before the last golden door. He touched the handle of the door. This chamber was full of a burning, great, white light. Ranouk held his hands over his eyes thinking that this light would surely blind him. It was a million times brighter than the sun. He thought he heard a voice, but realized that more than a voice, it was a thought that he was hearing. What he heard spoken to him was this. He was given permission to enter the passage at will and freely explore any of the chambers, which lay beyond the golden doors. He was told, that it was his destiny to explore and remind the others in his tribe of the gifts of love and clarity, which were hidden inside the chest. He was told that this was true wisdom and he was to use these treasures to keep his people safe and to lead them to fulfillment.

He left the chamber and found himself wedged in the trunk. His fire had died during the night and the early morning sun was beginning to shine through the fog. Ranouk was calm, but stunned by his discovery of the trunk.

He sat for a while to get his bearings and then he began to think of the boy. He became determined to find him and to thank him for bringing his attention to the trunk.

He was also determined that the boy would be the first to know of the treasure that lay inside it. He started out and began to go from cave to cave until he was exhausted. No one had ever

heard of such a child and certainly no one would have allowed children out into the night.

That evening, as he returned to his own cave and once again began to cook his evening meal, he glanced at the chest. It was bathed in firelight and now was cleaned, polished, and made ready for the next journey. In the soft glow of the fire, just for an instant, Ranouk thought he could see the boy's face and it appeared that he was laughing.



*I once met a man who told me that it was impossible to find spirituality without first having material wealth. This story is written for him.*



### The Beggar and the Rich Man

Once upon a time, in the ancient city of Calcutta there lived two men. These men had never formally met, but saw each other on the street almost everyday. One was a very rich man named Ababa. The other was a beggar named Saoel. The rich man was dressed in the finest silk and his cloak was embroidered with the finest gold thread. The beggar wore only rags and his feet were calloused and tough from having walked many miles with no shoes. On the face of Ababa were lines of worry and stress mixed with the look of importance and prominence. On the face of Saoel there was a look of innocence and joy.

One day, as Ababa passed by the street where Saoel sat begging, he noticed the strange look of joy on the beggar's face. Saoel sat with a beautifully carved bowl beside him and was surrounded by children and dozens of pigeons, that pecked at the scraps he always seemed to have near him to feed them. His face was not lined and his eyes held the wonder of a child. Ababa was

mystified. How could a beggar look so content? Saoel noticed the gaze of the rich man also and wondered at the same time at the lines surrounding his eyes and mouth. How could someone who had so much, be so worried? In India, in those days the rich and poor did not speak to each other and took great care usually not to notice each other. The people of those days believed that God gave each man his destiny and to interfere in that destiny would be an affront to God's design. Ababa knew this, but the joy in Saoel's face could not be ignored and he felt drawn to approach him. He reached into his purse and self-consciously dropped a few rupees in the beggar's bowl. Saoel looked up at Ababa with such a look of deep gratitude that Ababa became terribly confused, dropped a few more rupees and quickly scurried away.

Now Ababa considered himself a self made man. He believed that what was his, he had created. He took care to provide for himself and his family and he took pride in these responsibilities. He liked the challenge of provision. His wife and children loved him for it and were never in lack or in need, but to maintain this world for his family sometimes caused Ababa some concern. It wasn't always easy to make the money, that they had become accustomed to, but Ababa always found a way. In truth, he would have had it no other way. The challenge of this, is what made him feel important and that caused the lines that were on his face. Although Ababa led a respectable life by any man's standards, he could not quite say that he was entirely happy. This is what intrigued him about the beggar. Good men would say that the beggar's life was no life. Ababa felt pity for the beggars in the streets of Calcutta and always took care to set aside a few rupees for them. It made him feel even wealthier and even more

important. Saoel was the very first one in whose eyes he had seen such joy.

Now Saoel would have been surprised to know that Ababa had given his life a second thought. He was beyond happy and didn't question his existence. It was a simple and profound joy to be alive. His eyes were lit with an appreciation for all of life. Although God had given him no family of his own, he loved each of the children that gathered near him. He loved their chattering and games. He loved the pigeons that flocked to him, not knowing that they were drawn to his joy and gentleness. He saw the hand of God in everything. He felt loved by the feeling of the air being drawn into his lungs. He delighted in the strength of his feet and legs, which carried him through the streets of Calcutta. He saw the face of love and generosity in the faces of all of the people who dropped money in his beautifully carved bowl. He had the most beautiful carved bowl because he considered it a privilege to receive any and everything and that was the secret of his joy. He was profoundly grateful to be alive and profoundly grateful to receive so freely everything that was given to him. He never considered that he was not the wealthiest of men and in truth he was. He noticed the lines and the discontent on the faces of the men who dropped rupees into his bowl and he knew that they did not know the secret of life. So, he continued to consider himself the richest of all men.

Months and years passed. Ababa and Saoel continued to notice each other and each saw the changes in the face of the other that the years brought. Ababa became a slightly stooped and the lines of discontent turned to lines of anger and disappointment. The joy and innocence on the face of Saoel continued to grow also.

More and more people flocked to him to hear his secret. Little by little, Saoel became wealthier and wealthier. He was given a beautiful woman to marry and was blessed with children of his own. Never did he forget the secret. He continued to give thanks for everything that was given to him and to see the face and hand of God in everyone he met. He kept the beautifully carved bowl beside him always to remind himself that being a beggar was his highest aspiration.

Eventually Ababa began to sicken and die. His wife and his children came to visit his bed everyday. They desperately asked him what they could do. As Ababa lay back with his eyes closed and reviewed his life, he replied, "I need to see the beggar."

His children searched the city for Saoel, but could not find him on the streets. He had moved to a beautiful house on the outskirts of Calcutta and continued to teach the secret of life.

Saoel heard about the rich man seeking to find him and from the compassion in his heart he traveled to Ababa's home. When he saw the tired old face of the man he had been curious about for years, he had only one thing to offer him. He laid his beautifully carved bowl beside the dying man and said, "Remember your life with gratitude, for it is life's greatest gift to be a beggar."

*I have met many young people who are attracted to the idea of magic. This story is written for one of the most inspiring young men I have ever met.*



### The Frustrated Wizard

Jasant was the most incredibly talented young wizard in the mystery school on the planet of Mer that the masters had ever seen. He held the hope of the whole of earth. His mother had recognized his talents when he was still a babe and brought him before the high council, which ruled earth at that time. The council recognized his incredible potential and after much deliberation chose him to travel to Mer to attend the most prestigious mystery school in the Universe. Their hope was that he would realize his potential and return home to bring peace to the constant conflict, that the people of earth were experiencing.

Mezant was the mystery school, which lay hidden many light years from earth in the center of a galaxy, which most other worlds knew nothing about. The masters who taught there had lived thousands of lives on many planets and had assembled there to teach from the experiences and wisdom that they had gained. There were masters of weaving, who could combine the energies

of many different things to create something, which had not existed before. Their teachings were in great demand on the planets, which had become depleted of their mineral stores or whose fertile valleys had degenerated to deserts. There were masters, who could by the sheer force of the power of rubbing their hands together produce the heat of the sun. These masters were called to dying planets to restore the vitality of the sun and warm the animals and plants back to life. There were masters, who could breathe the breath of life and these were called to create new worlds where none had existed before. There were peacemakers, who could still the violence in an entire race of people with a single glance. And there were masters who were judges and these were the most revered. Their talent was to know the balance of the Universe and to maintain that balance in the face of all change. Every single decision made through the school lay in their hands. They were the only ones who had the ability to see the Universe in its entirety and to know what changes could be made in any quadrant of it without destroying the balance of the whole. It was the masters of this group, which was called Jamal, who watched Jasant.

Jasant remained with his mother until he was seven and was then transported to the school. For the next seven years he studied with various masters and learned the theories and practicalities of magic. He was now fourteen. It was at this age, that his apprenticeship would begin. Now was the time for him to put into practice all that the masters had taught him. Jasant was full of confidence and that is what worried the Jamal. In their experience, a little humility went a long way. They knew that Jasant had a good heart and pure intention, but they also knew

that he was capable of destroying the balance of the entire Universe with a touch of his hand and a little too much enthusiasm. So, they decided to put him to a test.

On the day of his initiation Jasant awoke to a beautiful meteoric shower and the gorgeous birth of a million stars. He was full of his usual confidence and eager to show the masters what he had learned. He ate a good breakfast and ran with excitement to the amphitheater where the demonstrations of mastery were to be held. He watched as many other students from many other planets demonstrated to the Jamal what they had learned. Jasant watched carefully, always alert to catch any possible mistake that he could avoid. Soon, it was his turn. The masters of the Jamal warmly welcomed him and invited him to demonstrate what he had learned. Jasant leapt to the stage. The other students were quiet as they watched a master roll a large stone in place in front of Jasant. The master explained to him that this test was one of transformation. Jasant was to bring forth water from the stone. Using his own intuition and the knowledge gained in his studies Jasant would perform this miracle. Jasant smiled to himself, this was an easy test. To bring water from stone, he knew he must use his right hand to melt the stone to liquid and his left to cool the steam of the boiling liquid to just the right temperature to extract the water. He reached out his right hand and concentrated on the heat from his belly, allowing it to flow to his hand. Nothing happened. He closed his eyes in an effort to improve his concentration. Again, he willed the pool of heat in his belly to move into his right hand and again nothing happened. The other students began to squirm in their seats and whisper to each other. What was taking Jasant so long, this was a simple test. Jasant

couldn't imagine what was wrong. He rubbed his belly, but could feel no heat there. In fact, he began to feel cold all over and a little faint. He willed himself to stay present and upright. It took all of his strength and will to accomplish even that. He felt confused and dazed. It was as if he held no power at all, no will at all. His arms refused to respond to his thoughts. His hands remained at his sides and he could do nothing but stand absolutely still with a most shocked look on his face. His shock grew to horror. The members of the Jamal motioned the other students to be quiet and the room was locked in silence. Still, Jasant could do nothing but stand. The more he willed himself to move in any way the weaker and dizzier he became. He began to panic. He knew the power of the Jamal and knew that it was not beyond them to allow a death to prove a point. He started to pray. He prayed to the spirit of his mother. He prayed silently to his teachers, but could feel no response and still no strength. Then, to his horror he began to feel the vital chi or Life Force in his body begin to leave through his feet and his lower legs began to buckle. He fell to his knees. His life was slipping away and he knew it. He began to pray to it. He prayed with all his might, begged, and wept. He was face to face with the power that controlled his life and he begged it to support him. Slowly the strength began to return to his knees and feet. He could feel a warmth and light begin to move through his body and heat begin to gather in his belly. This heat gathered there and burned its way to his hands and the stone indeed began to melt. His left hand rose in the air with a power of its own, the steam of the stone began to condense and a pool of water formed at his feet. The students and the masters rose to their feet and began to applaud the miracle of Jasant.

The masters of the Jamal nodded to each other. Jasant had performed his miracle and had understood the first and most powerful law of magic. Absolutely nothing is ever done without the permission of the source of all things. No change is ever manifested.

Jasant stumbled from the stage, and ran dazed to his room. He could still feel the vital chi effecting powerful changes within him. He lay down on his bed and tried to relax, all the while begging for mercy. He was being consumed by the power, which ran the Universe and while he recognized the wisdom of it, the changes it was effecting in his body were intense. It took Jasant three days to assimilate the transformation. When it was complete he was no longer the same person. His arrogance was replaced with humility. His eagerness was replaced with wisdom. His vanity was replaced with respect. Outwardly, his eyes had changed to deep pools, which reflected the Universe in its entirety and his demeanor became calm and still with an unspeakable power radiating from it. Jasant had completed the test of transformation. He had surrendered to the chi within himself and so had become it, with all of its wisdom and compassion.

In the council chambers of the Jamal, the masters there smiled secretly to themselves. Another soul had been born, another powerful wizard successfully made.



*I have noticed in many adventurers the desire to conquer. This story was written for a man who did not understand that there are powers here, which we would do better to surrender to. And that we must find our place in this world and live in synchronicity.*



### The Island

In the middle of the southern Pacific Ocean, there lies a perfect jewel of an island. It is actually the very tip of a huge volcanic mountain, which grew out of the ocean floor many millions of years ago. On the island there are brightly colored birds of all sorts and lazy fat lizards basking in the sun. There are huge ferns, banana and mango trees, and abundant plant life. Pristine waterfalls cascade down the faces of towering rock cliffs. Brightly colored fish dart through salt-water lagoons surrounded by hot, white, sandy beaches. There is a peace and a perfect tranquility on this island that exist nowhere else in the entire world. No men have ever lived here. The island is protected by heavy mists, which surround it when the men, who seek to find it sailing in their ships, grow near. It lives at rest bathed by sunlight and nurtured by storms without the touch of human hands and minds. It does not miss them.

At times, it was a little curious about this strange species that was not at all like the animals, plants, or fish that lived joyfully and peacefully on its slopes and in its waters. It sensed a discontent in the hearts of the men that came sailing near it. It sensed that they were searching, wanting to conquer and possess and so the island hid itself when they passed nearby.

It could see the other lands that men had claimed to conquer. The island knew better. It knew that men could never conquer any mass of land. It knew that every part of earth was connected to every other part and nurtured by the laws of the Universe. Men in their arrogance did not know this and so laid claim to huge masses of it for their various countries and their kings. Land only let them believe in the possession and conquest of it, knowing of the laws that ultimately protected it. If men went too far, the sun simply would not shine and storms would ravage their fields and crops. Rivers would flood and easily wash away whatever cities and towns they built. The wind was certainly capable of causing huge tornadoes, which could pick up men and their inventions and toss them into the air like miniature toys. But, for the most part, the land was quiet, tolerating mankind. It was patient and waiting to see if they could learn.

On another island far away, it sensed the brilliance of one particular man. This man was an adventurer. He loved to pit his strength and wit against the land and the sea in an effort to see which would win. Sometimes, the elements led him to believe he won. At other times, it unabashedly crushed his ships and nearly killed him, but the man loved the game and the interaction with the land and the sea and took both his seeming victories and his defeats with humor and grace. It was communicated to the island

that this particular man was in search of it. The man had no idea that the landmasses and the seas could communicate with each other. Indeed they could. The island knew the adventurer was coming many months before he actually did and it knew him intimately, as well. It could read his thoughts and his memories and it knew every action he had ever taken. It patiently awaited him. This was the first human that intrigued it, as this was the first human who sensed the living presence of it. The island wondered what it would be like to play with him. He seemed to have such joy and humor. He was not unlike the other creatures that roamed its beaches and mountains.

Soon, his ship approached. The island decided to allow him access to it. As his ship grew near, the wind threw up a huge storm and the waves grew tall. The tallest wave swept aboard the ship and toppled the adventurer into the sea. The sea quickly swept the man to the beach of the island. The other sailors never knew exactly when he went missing and sailed past the island never knowing of its existence, relieved that the storm had passed and left them alive. The adventurer lay on the beach exhausted. Tiny creatures scurried to him in curiosity and little fish nibbled at his boots as if to taste this strange new thing. The island bid them not to harm him. Slowly, as the sun dried him he began to regain his strength and composure and rose to his feet.

The sun greeted him warmly. The creatures hid themselves cautiously. By way of welcome, the island allowed the gentleness of the sea to caress his feet. The man was aware of all of this. He was struck by the beauty of what he could see and lightly touched the small waves to let them know of his appreciation of their welcome. Then he stood and began to look

around. He noticed the high cliffs and the edges of the jungle and he noticed the beginnings of a path as the vines of jungle parted and made a way for him. Far down the path as he listened he could hear the sound of rushing water. As he approached the sound he saw a small cave. The cave had been lined with leaves and other vegetation, as if the small creatures had prepared it for him. Nearby, were bananas and mangos and the sound he had heard was water falling into one of the island's many lagoons. He knew that the island had given this place to him and he lay down to rest.

Later, that afternoon he fished and ate the fruit from the trees and swam naked in the warm lagoon. He bathed in the waterfall and explored many of the small caves that lined the base of the cliffs. In the evening, the birds and crickets lulled him to sleep and the island stood guard over him and protected him throughout the night

He made friends with all the creatures and they came up to him with eagerness for little tidbits of food or a scratch behind the ears. Brightly colored parrots landed on his shoulders and amused him with their antics. The waters blessed him with fish, the sun warmed his body, and the island provided him with everything that he could possibly have wanted. He was in paradise and he knew it.

The days lengthened to weeks, the weeks to months, but much as he appreciated the island he could not stop a strange discontent growing in himself. Much as he tried to appreciate only their beauty, when he gazed at the cliffs he wondered what it would be like to conquer them. He began to long for the excitement of the challenge and began to forget the protection and

kindness of the island. He tried to squelch these thoughts as soon as they arose, but they wiggled and squirmed their way into his consciousness. The island was aware of them and patiently waited to see what the adventurer would do. Would he listen to the simplicity that lay within his heart or to the hunger for conquest, which dominated his mind?

It was as if the adventurer had no control over this madness in himself and so he began to prepare to ascend the cliffs. He strode into the jungle and began to tear down the vines, which had grown there for ages. The parrots screamed at him and the other creatures chattered loudly in an effort to make him stop. One brave monkey clung to the vines, but to all the creatures' horror the adventurer only swatted him away. The little creatures ran away in terror. The island began to grow angry.

The adventurer paid no attention. He had become obsessed and with stubborn effort dragged the vines to his camp and began to fashion his ropes for climbing. His plan was to throw the ropes up to the highest outcropping of rock on the cliffs and pull his way to the top. Now, the island would have allowed him to explore the cliffs at his leisure in any other season, but it was spring on the island and the sea birds were using the outcroppings of rock to build their nests and protect their young. As he threw the ropes and climbed, he tumbled nest after nest into the air and many of the young birds and eggs that were not yet hatched were lost. The sea birds beat at him with their wings and screamed for him to stop, but to no avail. He ignored them and climbed higher.

The island began to seethe with anger. Heat from deep

beneath the ocean floor began to rise, awakening the dormant volcano that the island was. Acrid steam began to fill the air and small bits of ash began to float down onto the adventurer. Small sparks began to land on his beard and face. To the island, this was a warning to the man to pursue his conquest no longer. Once again, the adventurer in his obsession and ignorance chose to ignore the warning. He climbed higher. He was nearing the top of the waterfall when he finally began to feel the pain and burning of his body. He looked at his hands and to his surprise they were covered with ash and blisters. He smelled the awful scent of his own flesh burning. For the first time he began to be afraid. The rocks to which he had been clinging were hot and steam was filling the air. He had nowhere to go. He looked up and saw a trickle of red-hot lava making its way slowly, but surely down the cliff face toward him. The pain and shock of his injuries brought his awareness back to the reality of his situation. The island had his attention and he knew he was beaten. He began to laugh and his laughter was mixed with a few tears as he realized his idiocy. He laughed and he let go. As he fell, he felt like he was flying and he could feel the cold mist of the waterfall on his burned hands and face. He plunged deeply into the lagoon and it pushed him with great force toward the surface. The island could have killed him and he knew that, too. He had broken its laws and as with any other creature, in so doing, had relinquished his right to be there.

The currents of the ocean began to suck him out to sea. The island felled a huge banyon tree near him and to this he clung with gratitude. As the undercurrents of the ocean relentlessly pulled him away from the island, he gazed on it with a mixture of

awe, longing, and gratitude. Days later, a passing ship picked him up. He was close to starvation and dehydrated, but alive. For the rest of his life, he remembered the island with a combination of joy and sorrow. His joy was for the magnificent adventure he had been given. His tears were for the knowledge of everything he had lost.

To this day, many adventurers have sought the island. Many have passed close by it only to have it hidden by violent storms and dense mists. Some adventures have been swept from their ships and have disappeared, leaving their comrades to wonder if they have died, or perhaps have found and remained on the mysterious island, and to this day, the land and the seas are still waiting to see if men will learn.



*This story was written for a girl with a lively curiosity and a great love for humanity and life. She spends her life extending a hand to others and in love with all that life holds for her. She has been a tremendous inspiration to me, and has attracted a companion who protects, supports, and encourages her desire to know.*



### One Tiny Angel

Once upon a time, there was a tiny angel named Ankara. She wandered the galaxies and solar systems admiring the handiwork of the Creator with awe. Angels are free to wander all of the heavens and as they do so, they learn many lessons from various worlds and gain an appreciation for the beauty and magnitude of creation. Ankara was a particularly curious little angel and the only time she was ever still was when she was so overcome with beauty that she could hardly move. She was always wondering about things, how this or that worked and her favorite question was why? There were so many incredible sights and revelations to be had that sometimes she felt as if she was seated at a most abundant banquet table laden with an almost infinite variety of delectable foods. She wanted to taste them all and this was life to her.

Now, tiny angels are not allowed to wander the heavens by themselves and are protected by larger angels called overseers. The size of an overseer is directly proportionate to the amount of trouble a tiny angel is suspected of being capable of getting into. In Ankara's case, Creator suspected this was probably quite a bit. So, a tremendously large overseer named Omik had been assigned to protect her. Omik was known throughout the Universe for his kindness and his wisdom, but most particularly for his patience. With Ankara as his charge, everyone thought he would certainly need that.

To human beings, angels appear as spirals of light. Tiny angels like Ankara can be seen dancing lightly on the water in the sunlight or their tiny faces can be seen smiling on the surface of glistening drops of dew. Larger angels are often seen as great beams of sunlight, breaking through thick covers of cloud or vast patches of moonlight spreading across mountains and plains. In any case, I am sure that all people have seen angels without perhaps knowing what they were.

Now, as Ankara floated about the Universe with Omik at her side she noticed a particularly intense sun. This was our sun and it attracted her attention by its astounding brilliance and powerful beauty. Ankara asked Omik what it was and he replied that it was the fire that gave the solar system its life. Ankara thought that was fascinating and wandered closer to the brilliant burning sun. Far off in the distance she noticed the rings of the planet Saturn, the heat of Mercury, and the red glow of Mars. She saw the moon perfectly lit by the sun and she saw Earth. As she saw Earth she gasped in delight. Here were colors she had never seen. The deep blues and greens of a living planet were a

fascinating discovery to her. Ankara of course wanted a closer look. Omik prepared for a descent to Earth. He had been here many times and knew that Ankara in her enthusiasm would find endless things to ponder, and he knew he would be asked endless questions as they continued their journey. So, he prepared himself and began to float with his arms protectively about Ankara slowly through space. Floating through space completely surrounded by Omik was Ankara's favorite thing to do. In fact, if the truth were told, sometimes she journeyed into impossible places just to feel the safety and warmth of his embrace. She found an unbelievable comfort and peace here and the smell of gardenias hung in the air when she was close to him. She smiled a secret smile of contentment and let him lead her through space.

When she opened her eyes Ankara found herself hovering over the vastness of the Pacific Ocean. At first sight, the ocean looked still to Ankara. She begged Omik to move closer. As she came closer and touched the surface of the water she saw whales and dolphins darting and diving beneath its surface. She was enthralled by their playfulness and the haunting sounds that echoed through the water as they called and guided each other. As she played with them she mimicked their language and began to understand what they spoke to each other. The wisdom, the protection and love that they offered to their young and to each other touched her heart. As they became accustomed to her swimming with them, they offered to accept her into their world as if she were one of their own.

Ankara was tempted to remain with these gentle giants, but was still curious about what other sights the earth might have to offer. She asked Omik if these great creatures were the kings of

earth. Omik replied a little sadly, that they were not and that there were creatures even greater and more beautiful than these on this planet. Ankara asked the whales if they knew of any other place she might enjoy. They suggested the continent of Africa. Their watery world was fluid and full of a subtle yet powerful beauty. They knew that Ankara with her endless curiosity would find Africa to be entirely different. So, Ankara and Omik traveled to Africa. Here, on the plains of this great continent, Ankara met all kinds of strange animal life. She saw the graceful beauty of giraffes and antelope. She laughed with delight at the antics of hippos and rhinoceroses. She imitated the insane laughter of the hyenas. She tried to slither along vines and tree limbs, like the mighty pythons and boas. All of the creatures she met fascinated her, but her favorites were the many cheetahs and lionesses, which hunted on the plains. These animals were full of courage and cunning. Their lives were dependent on their intelligence, stealth, and speed.

As she watched Africa and the creatures, which lived there she felt the tremendous power of the life force beating everywhere. She was reminded of the power in the burning hot sun. Once again, she asked Omik if these creatures were the kings of earth. He replied again, that there was another species living on this planet that was still more beautiful than these. Ankara sat and paused to wonder. She was in awe of all the creatures she had seen so far and could not begin to imagine that there could be anything wiser or more beautiful than these. Omik assured her, that indeed there was.

She sat for a little while longer absorbing the greatness of everything she had witnessed so far. Finally, she stood and asked

Omik to introduce her to the kings of this world. Omik guided her to a nearby village. There, she was met with an incredibly disturbing sight. She saw starving children leaning against nearby trees with dull faraway looks in their eyes. She saw their mothers weeping with no tears. She saw men hunting and running from other men. She appealed to Omik with one stunned look. How could these be the kings of earth? Omik shrugged, for he himself did not know. Ankara moved closer to a dying child and held out her hand. A sliver of light leapt from her hand and was mirrored in the child's heart. She felt the same curiosity and the same innocent wonder that her own heart held. She moved toward the nearest woman and cautiously stretched out her hand. Again, a sliver of light from the woman's heart met a small sliver of light from her hand. Ankara felt the same gentleness, wisdom, and protection, which she had found in the heart of the whales contained there. It was almost as if she could hear the hollowed echoes of their voices in the woman's labored breathing. She hid herself and peered into the eyes of a crouching man. She held out her hand and met the power and intelligence of a hunting lion. She nearly exploded in shock. Omik came quickly to her side and enfolded her in his great comforting presence. As she bathed in the peace and exquisite familiar scent of him she pondered and asked why? Why were the kings of earth suffering and behaving in this way?

Omik let her ponder for awhile and then began to answer. A very long time ago, these kings had truly known that they were kings. They knew of their magnificence, power, and beauty. He assured her that there were still a few that did remember. The rest had forgotten. It was as if they had drunk of some horridly

polluted stream and their minds had become dull and stupid. He assured her that the light of the sun and the beauty of the moon and the many great qualities, which she had found in the other creatures inhabiting earth did indeed still live in their hearts and minds. It did not take Ankara long to recover her wits. In the midst of her astonishment, she still managed to question.

Without waiting for his next reply, she knelt next to the nearest child and held her hand to his heart. As the light of her heart filled his, he began to remember. His eyes began to brighten and his spirits began to soar. He, in turn, held his hand to the heart of his mother and she began to remember her own wisdom and strength. She rose and began to gather the rest of the children to her. She held her hand to each of their hearts in turn. Finally, they rose and called to the men. The men crept slowly and suspiciously into the clearing, drawn by the light, which shone in the children's eyes. The children touched the hearts of the men and they remembered and began to hunt for food instead of hunting each other and to build shelters for their families. Ankara watched all of this with gratitude. Omik began to laugh. He knew that for all his wisdom and all of his many visits to this strange planet that he had totally missed the opportunity, which Ankara in her innocence had seized. She had simply stretched out her hand. Of course, now Ankara refused to leave. She had found a beauty on this planet that she had found nowhere else in all the galaxies. She wished to savor and extend again the miracle of her outstretched hand.

Omik felt a little chagrin. He knew he would be on this planet for the next one thousand years or so learning from, protecting, and cherishing this one tiny angel.

*I once knew a woman who delighted in healing. She used herbs and was in touch with the cycles of the moon and the earth. She had magic in her hands, but little emotion, and her soul was hardly ever really touched. She did not know of one most incredible journeys, the passionate sweetness of the journey to the light.*



### The Light

Selenka was an old woman, who lived on the outskirts of a small village. She lived in a tiny hut, grew a small garden, and had a lively little goat for company. Now and again, she would wander down to the village. This was a bit of a feat at her age and she didn't wander there as much as she used to. Selenka was a wise woman better known to the villagers as a witch. People are sometimes suspicious of those they do not understand and Selenka was aware of this. She went out of her way to be friendly to the villagers and they had reached an uneasy agreement with her. They would leave her in peace and she, in turn, would help them with the birthing of their children, their sick, and any other problems they might have. Many times a lonely man or woman would creep quietly to her door requesting a potion to bring them love or luck. Selenka did not mind. She knew a great deal about

the plants that grew in the nearby forest and the meadows, which surrounded her home and she generously shared this wisdom with the other villagers. Mixing potions gave her the coins to buy the things she could not grow. So, life for her was good and she loved the solace of her own company.

Many times, she sought the simple magic, which lay in the herbs and many times they had given up their gifts to her. Always, she was grateful and filled with respect for them. She gathered these herbs only in the correct season and never disturbed their flowers or seeds. She wandered the forests and meadows in peace and serenity and was careful never to take more than she needed.

But, the herbs and the magic of them did not thrill her. She found the villagers amusing and helping them gave her a sense of compassion, but this too did not bring her true joy. She was not unhappy, just not filled with passion or love. This emotion, that she sought, she had found in a few healings, at the presence of births, and definitely at the moment of the deaths that she had witnessed. There was a drama being played out in these circumstances, that she could find nowhere else. Always there was a light that shone at these events and it filled Selenka's heart with a wild and completely unrestrained love. At these moments, in the presence of this light, she wept uncontrollably with a mixture of insane joy and desperate longing. For what, she did not know.

Now that she was nearing the end of her life, she had neither very few questions left, nor very many desires. She only wished to understand this phenomenon. She wished to know this light and understand the reckless reactions of her heart to it. So,

as she went about her chores she wondered. Many times, she thought she saw glimmers of the light on the herbs that she was gathering or even in the mischievous eyes of her little goat. But, when she focused her old eyes, it seemed to fade away. She searched everywhere she could think of to find it.

She accepted every invitation of the villagers to participate in all magical ceremonies. On one such occasion, she went to the ceremony of the celebration of the full moon. This was a feasting night in the village and celebrated with passion and abundance. As the moon rose, the villagers began to beat the drums of their people. Perhaps, they did not understand completely the power of the ritual that they were about to perform, but the sound of the ancient drums began to stir something in Selenka's soul. She watched as the young men and maidens of the village began a slow dance toward each other. Their bodies were slowly swaying with the sound of some intoxicating music. As Selenka looked on, she saw one young woman whose eyes were not fixed on any particular partner. They were full of the light that Selenka so craved. She watched the other woman shyly. The woman turned from her partner and faced the rising moon. With her arms outstretched toward the night sky, she began to moan. Her moan was a lament to the moon. Selenka recognized this as the keening of her own heart and waited to see what would happen. The woman's wrenching song went unheard to the other dancers, who were caught in their own dances of ecstasy with each other, but not to Selenka and not to the light. As the woman sang, tears began to run down her face and her arms reached even higher. It was as if she wished to stretch herself to the sky and her cry was one of a thousand years of separation from a most cherished lover.

At that instant, the moon broke through the clouds and a great shaft of moonlight touched the woman's face and lit up her tears. She began to smile. As Selenka watched, her smile became wider and her dance became wilder. Her feet moved with the ancient rhythms of the earth and the drums became louder. She became trance like and so magnificently beautiful, that the other dancers parted and made way for her. Selenka watched in wonder. It was as if the woman was dancing with some invisible partner, that only she could see. This partner cherished and swayed with her and swung with her in widening spirals until it gently laid her to rest on the edge of the meadow. The dance was over and a perfect look of peace crept over the young woman's face. The other dancers went on, but Selenka had seen enough and crept in silence back to her tiny hut.

Her little goat bleated a greeting to her, but Selenka did not respond. Her thoughts were full of the young dancer and she wondered what she could have been feeling to dance so ecstatically. She lay down in her tiny bed and watched the dying embers of the fire. She fell into a deep sleep. As she slept, she began to dream of the magnificent dance she had witnessed. She became the young woman beseeching the moon. She felt her body begin to undulate in a primordial rhythm. It began in her feet and moved through her whole body. It moved her steps and swayed her gently at first. Her arms became weightless and her head fell back on her neck. Her whole body began to weave to and fro in an ancient beat. She could hear the drums of her people and the sound was like that of an immense pounding heart. It became her heart and as she faced the moon she felt all of the passion and longing of the young girl. Her heart wept, at the

prospect of a moment's separation and her voice began a deep, sorrowful, begging song. This song was a plea, to be reunited with the light. She felt as if the loneliness of that lament would choke her and take the very breath from her body. Yet, it was mixed with sweetness and passionate seductiveness. The sound of it was so clear and so poignant that the light itself became helpless and was forced to respond to it. It fell on her face in the same way it had fallen on the face of the other dancer. It caressed her eyes and her cheeks with an unimaginable gentleness. Its kindness tore at her soul and broke open her heart. It moved her almost to the brink of madness. As they joined together and began to dance, Selenka thought she had never felt such passion and joy. It lifted her higher and she surrendered to it. She danced this incredible dance until she felt faint with exhaustion and in the end it laid her gently on her bed. This time, it was her eyes that were closed and her mouth, which lay slightly open. The only sound from her lips was a sighing of profound peace.

She wanted to stay in this place forever, but awoke to the fire and the morning light beginning to shine through her window. For many hours, she was too stunned to move. So, this was the light. This was what she had caught a glimpse of in the births and deaths of the village people. It truly was a drama beyond her dreams.

She began to go about her day. She fixed the fire. She made herself a small meal. She contentedly visited with her silly little goat. She gathered rosehips and mugwort in the forest and the meadows. But, there was a change, this time as she went about her day she knew that light watched her and that its love surrounded her. She felt a secret thrill of excitement and joy. She

knew, she would now, spend the rest of her days eagerly anticipating the coming of the next dance.

*This story is written for a man I met who believed only in the power of his own goodness. He judged his darker side to be unworthy. This lesson is for him.*



### The Sorcerer's Gift

Harrah and Rork were wanderers. By that, I mean, that they called no particular place home. They enjoyed the freedom of days spent walking or resting and exploring all the wonders of places unknown. They enjoyed their discoveries and to them life was an open book and as they wandered the pages turned. Harrah left her original home at the young age of twelve, being discontent to stay in one place. She met many other travelers and visited many lands. In each of them, she gathered as much information as she could. She learned the spells of great sages and magicians. She gathered knowledge of herbs and folk medicine. She knew the ways of power and protection. For the most part she traveled alone, but now and then a fellow wanderer joined her for a time. Rork was one of these. He had been born in a bustling seaside town, the son of a wealthy merchant. He had been expected to learn and work in the trade of his father. Rork hated this, for the soul of a wanderer is meant to be free. Any

bounds, which are placed on such a spirit, are likely to kill it. Mothers who bear children such as these weep, knowing that no matter how they love them, these inquisitive beings will inevitably leave. This is what Rork had done. Even he knew better than to believe that the time he spent with Harrah might be anything but temporary.

They had traveled together for about eight months and everyday Rork watched carefully everything that Harrah did. He watched her gather food for their meals. He watched as she spoke to and calmed the strange wild beasts that crossed their path. She had a gift for languages and he carefully repeated to himself the words that she knew, until he had learned them for himself. He watched as she greeted strangers and treated them with respect and honor. In return, they honored her as well. It was in this way, that she protected her freedom. She had no wish to harm and so no one harmed her. He watched as her eyes lit up at every new and unusual sight. Every waterway captured her attention and every path was worthy of inspection. Rork never knew where they were going and he never truly knew where they were.

Everyday, at least once a day, Harrah would wander away from Rork to some secluded spot. Rork watched as she closed her eyes and sat very still for a long time. He also went away in silence and eventually he learned, that what she did at those times was commune with her own spirit. He grew to love these times of silence and aloneness as much as she did. To Harrah, when she was quiet and went inside of herself, she was at home. Finding this home meant that she could wander and never feel lonely.

One evening, as they lay resting, Harrah sat up and it looked as if she smelled the damp air. She went to the entrance of

the cave in which they had found shelter and peered out into the dense mist.

She spoke softly to Rork, "This coming day will bring a great adventure."

Rork knew better than to press her any further and tried to find peace in that quiet place inside himself, but he remained uneasy. He envied Harrah her ability to find peace and tranquility in any situation. He could hear the sound of her easy breathing, as she fell back into a deep sleep.

In the early light of dawn, Rork awoke to a bizarre sight. A strange figure was bent over the fire, looking through the packs that he and Harrah carried. As Rork quietly turned, he could see that Harrah was nowhere to be seen. He lay still and studied the figure. It was wrapped in black and seemed to fade in and out of the firelight. Rork could not absolutely swear that he saw it. He moved slightly and slowly rose to his knees. As he did so, the figure turned and looked directly at him. Rork saw a horridly decayed face and a deep sadness in the eyes of this "thing." He was hoping that he could hide in the darker corners of the cave forever, but to his dismay the figure began to approach him. He shrank with fear against the rock walls, willing himself to disappear entirely. He knew that Harrah could manage this and he cursed himself for not having practiced enough to master it. As the figure came closer, he could smell its rotten breath. It peered intently into his eyes.

It began to speak to him in a hoarse whisper; "You have done this to me."

Rork could not believe his ears. To his knowledge he had never harmed a living thing.

The figure repeated its message emphatically. "You have done this to me, in your ignorance and idealism; you have wounded me unbearably. And, so shall I do the same to you. It is only justice that you should suffer the same as I." All the time it spoke, the beast's voice was choked with sobbing.

Rork regained a shred of dignity and demanded, "Who are you? Name yourself! I have never hurt anyone and I surely have done nothing to you."

As he did this, the beast slammed him against the cave wall with incredible force.

"Look closely," it demanded hoarsely and thrust its grotesque face close to his, "Are these not your eyes? Are these not your tears? Is this not your pain?"

Rork was horrified to see the truth of this and began to recognize himself in this tragic figure. He saw that the eyes were vaguely familiar, although stripped of all joy and beauty. The features of the "thing" although distorted with pain and anger, strangely resembled his own.

"How under all the powers of heaven and earth have I done this to you?" Rork cried.

"You have denied me!" it shrieked, "Thus I am dying, but I will not die without you! We are one being and if I must suffer all of this, so must you!"

"I have denied nothing, and I have treated all creatures with love and compassion," Rork muttered timidly.

"Not true," shouted the being, "You have not shown compassion to me! You have judged me to be evil and black. You have called me your dark side and banished me into the absence of light. But, you will not live without me and you can never be

separated from me.”

Rork paused to consider. He realized to his horror that what the creature spoke was true. He had tried to follow, what he thought was Harrah’s example. In so doing, he had honored only the good in himself. He treated everything and everyone he met with honor and respect. Except himself. He had honored the thief and the murderer he met on the road more than he had honored the dark side of himself. This part of himself, he had attempted to destroy. The creature looked on in silence, a question in its eyes.

Rork knew what he had to do. He looked into the decaying face and smelled the awful breath and he embraced the horrid creature. It slowly began to soften and the edges of its body began to change. It melted and softened and melded with his own. Immediately, Rork began to feel differently.

The being still had its own voice and it began to speak to him once again. This time its voice came from within Rork and it was quieter and more at peace.

“I am your passion and your rage at injustice. I am your power and your ability to transform. I am the keeper of the sorcerer’s secrets and without me, you are only half a man.”

Rork felt powerful and sure of himself. Harrah came through the cave opening just then and smiled at him. Rork had only to look at her, to know that she knew perfectly well, all that had transpired. He also knew that his time with her was at an end. He felt transformed, independent and complete. He was ready to wander the earth alone as the powerful gift of the sorcerer began to take hold. The dynamism of himself had merged with the love within himself. He had become complete and all was well.



*This story was written for a woman who did not know how loved she was. How special she is , is a miracle in itself. As it is for all of us.*



### Eyes Full Of Wonder

Once upon a time in a small village on the coast of Chile, there lived a little girl with eyes full of wonder. Her mother often remarked to her neighbors that Rosa was such a curious child. If we could look into those wondering eyes, a sparkle of joy, and a hint of shyness would be seen.

Now, Rosa's mother wove beautiful baskets and colorful reed dolls, which she sent with Rosa to the marketplace to sell. Every Saturday Rosa would put on her most beautiful dress, brush her long dark hair till it shone, and set out to see the sights of the market. It was her favorite place. She dutifully sold her mother's baskets and dolls for a good price, and carefully hid the money in her shoe. Then she was free to explore the marketplace. As she passed the many vendors' stalls, they nodded and smiled at her. Everyone loved Rosa for her spontaneous and bright spirit. As she wandered she smelled the wonderful smells of spicy foods and perfumed oils. She watched with shyness as the travelers who came from different parts of the world, disembarked from

the many ships docked in the harbor. She marveled at the different colors of their skin and the brightness of their clothing. She admired the bearded and turbaned men and envied the richly dressed women. She tried to copy the sounds of the different languages that they spoke and nodded and bowed importantly to herself as she pretended to be this one or that one. She entered a different world when she went to the marketplace and she was enthralled by it.

As dusk came and the travelers slowly made their way back to their ships, Rosa would sigh and pack up her few things. She trudged through the narrow streets and rough paths, which led home. In the evening after her mother tucked her into bed and covered her face with kisses, she would remember all of the sights and sounds that she had heard and seen throughout the day and fall fast asleep with a satisfied sweet smile on her face.

Many weeks and months passed in this way, until one day as Rosa eagerly approached the marketplace, she noticed a brilliant, white, shining ship in the harbor. It was so bright and shining that it seemed to cast a pool of light into the murky waters of the harbor and this light spilled over onto the dock where a crowd of people had begun to gather. Rosa could see the travelers walking the polished deck of their ship and there was a peacefulness and a warm sort of glow emanating from them. They were dressed in light colors, and wore flowing gowns and loose tunics. The sounds of their words were rich and deep and punctuated now and then by joyful laughter. Rosa crept shyly closer until she came to the very edge of the crowd. She peered through it at the ship. The gangplank began to lower and a great tall man began to walk through the crowd. As he walked, he

touched this one or that one gently on the arm and inquired something of them. Rosa could not quite make it out, but the vendors of the marketplace began to nod with excitement and point in her direction. To Rosa's surprise the man began to approach her! One of the vendors near her whispered with excitement, "Rosa he is looking for you. He has come for you."

Rosa could not believe her eyes and ears and stood very still as the crowd of people parted until there was no one between the magnificent man and herself. The man's eyes began to twinkle and he held out one hand to her.

"I have been searching for you. Would you like to come with me?" he asked.

This was a moment of decision that Rosa had not prepared for. She had not considered that in one instance all of her dreams might come true.

As I told the real Rosa her story, she assured me that without a moment's hesitation and with no thought of what she might be leaving behind, Rosa instantly lost all of her shyness and leapt into the stranger's arms. Laughing deeply, he carried her aboard the ship, to be with him and the others like her, who all held the wonder of the world in their eyes.



## **About The Author**

Carolyn E. Jackson is an author, artist, publisher and teacher. She has been studying consciousness and healing for over thirty years. For the last twenty years, she has been a Reiki Master/Teacher and has taught hundreds of students throughout the United States, Canada, and New Zealand.

She is also the author of *The Spirit of Reiki* a complete self teaching guide to the ancient and powerful art of Reiki.

She is the cofounder of Earthsend, a community of Reiki masters and practitioners of all levels and modalities who gather from around the world to influence world situations and conditions with the energy of Reiki.

As the cofounder of Innate Foundation, she maintains a private healing practice and teaches classes in Reiki, Native Medicine, Lucid Dreaming, and Life Review. Innate Foundation Publishing publishes books on a variety of topics, which are designed to encourage, inspire, and empower.

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