



# HE WAKING GIANT

A Story of Creation

By  
CINDY MORGAN

## INTRODUCTION

*The Waking Giant* is a visionary work that attempts to link into the higher mind (i.e. God) in order to reveal the true nature of the universe.

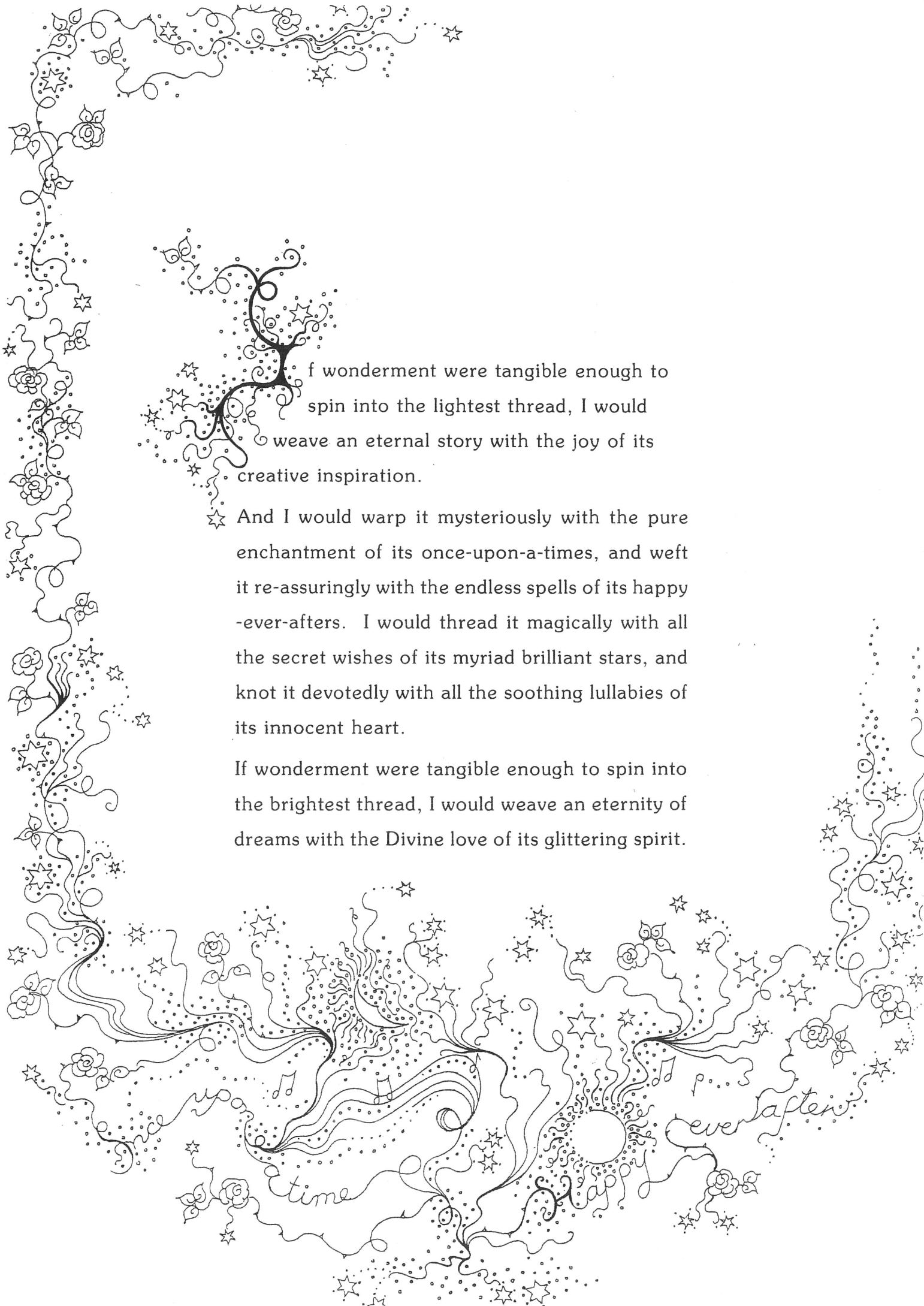
It is the result of many years of inner reflection and periods of isolation necessary to reach the appropriate state of stillness and clarity. During these times I had a very wise and beautiful guide, or intermediary helping me who called himself a Light Being.

It was through his patient encouragement that I was able to dig deeper, reach higher, to go further and to find depths of courage and love I did not know I had.

The enlightenment I received through him was without doubt the treasure I found at the end of the rainbow.

This is the message of joy that *The Waking Giant* brings. Because within each and every one of us is the same spark of stardust, the same Divine Light, the same gene of God, reminding us of that perfect state of pure consciousness before the birth of time.





f wonderment were tangible enough to spin into the lightest thread, I would weave an eternal story with the joy of its creative inspiration.

☆ And I would warp it mysteriously with the pure enchantment of its once-upon-a-times, and weft it re-assuringly with the endless spells of its happy-ever-afters. I would thread it magically with all the secret wishes of its myriad brilliant stars, and knot it devotedly with all the soothing lullabies of its innocent heart.

If wonderment were tangible enough to spin into the brightest thread, I would weave an eternity of dreams with the Divine love of its glittering spirit.

time

Happy

ever after

### THE GIANT STORY BEGINS

Once upon a whole time long ago, in a place of such perfection that could not possibly be described, let alone describe itself, there lived a very contented Giant. He lay fast asleep in a hammock of pure consciousness that he had cunningly strung in perfect balance between creation and non-creation. And such was his unfelt bliss that it defied all beginnings and endings and Giant dreamed on in a dreaming state of endless ever after oblivion.

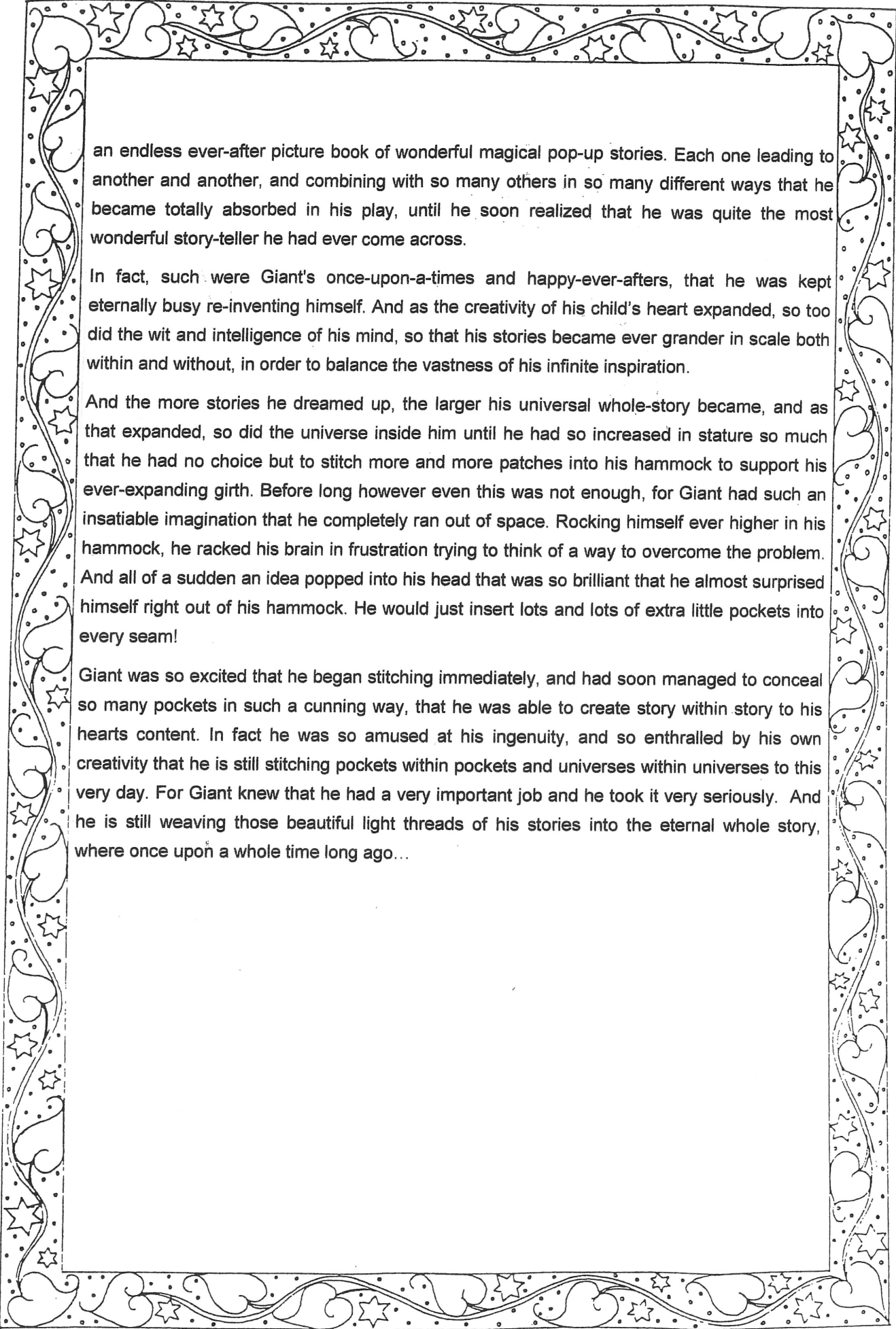
Yet in the unawareness of his quiet rest, something beyond perception touched the dream upon his eyelash and the child's innocent heart within his breast, and Giant instinctively stirred. He had begun to waken at last from his deepest ever-after sleep, and as he disturbed himself, a story started to unfold in the landscape around him that caused his hammock to gently rock.

Giant opened his eyes only to discover to his great surprise that he was totally adrift in the middle of somewhere that he didn't recognize. But just as he began to grow alarmed, two enormous trees rose up out of the darkness to support his hammock. One was the 'Once Upon a Time Tree' of perfect separation, and the other was the 'Happy Ever After Tree' of perfect wholeness. Giant immediately felt safe and happy again and settled back down to enjoy the story.

It soon became clear however, that not only was he the main character, but that he was also creating the story himself. For every feeling that he experienced in his joyful heart, and every thought and image that he conjured up with his exuberant mind, was transcribed outside him into yet another chapter of his wonderful growing fantasy. Yet though he felt very proud and intrigued by his own antics, Giant soon became very uneasy.

At last he realized what was causing this strange mood. Not only did he not know who he was, or where he came from, but he also had absolutely no idea where he was going. Giant resolved there and then to set about solving his own mystery. After all, what good was the middle of the story without a beginning or an ending? Try as he might though, Giant could not decide which tree he should climb down in order to begin his search. But being blessed with a third eye and a sixth sense he soon saw to his surprise as he peered down into the darkest shadow beneath him, that both trees were growing out from exactly the same root in the same time and space.

And the more Giant thought about it, the more he realized that he was very comfortable just where he was, especially since the beginning and end of his story turned out to be identical. Besides, he was having far too much fun inventing his stories to bother to go anywhere else, he decided. For with every new chapter he created, the landscape around him opened up into

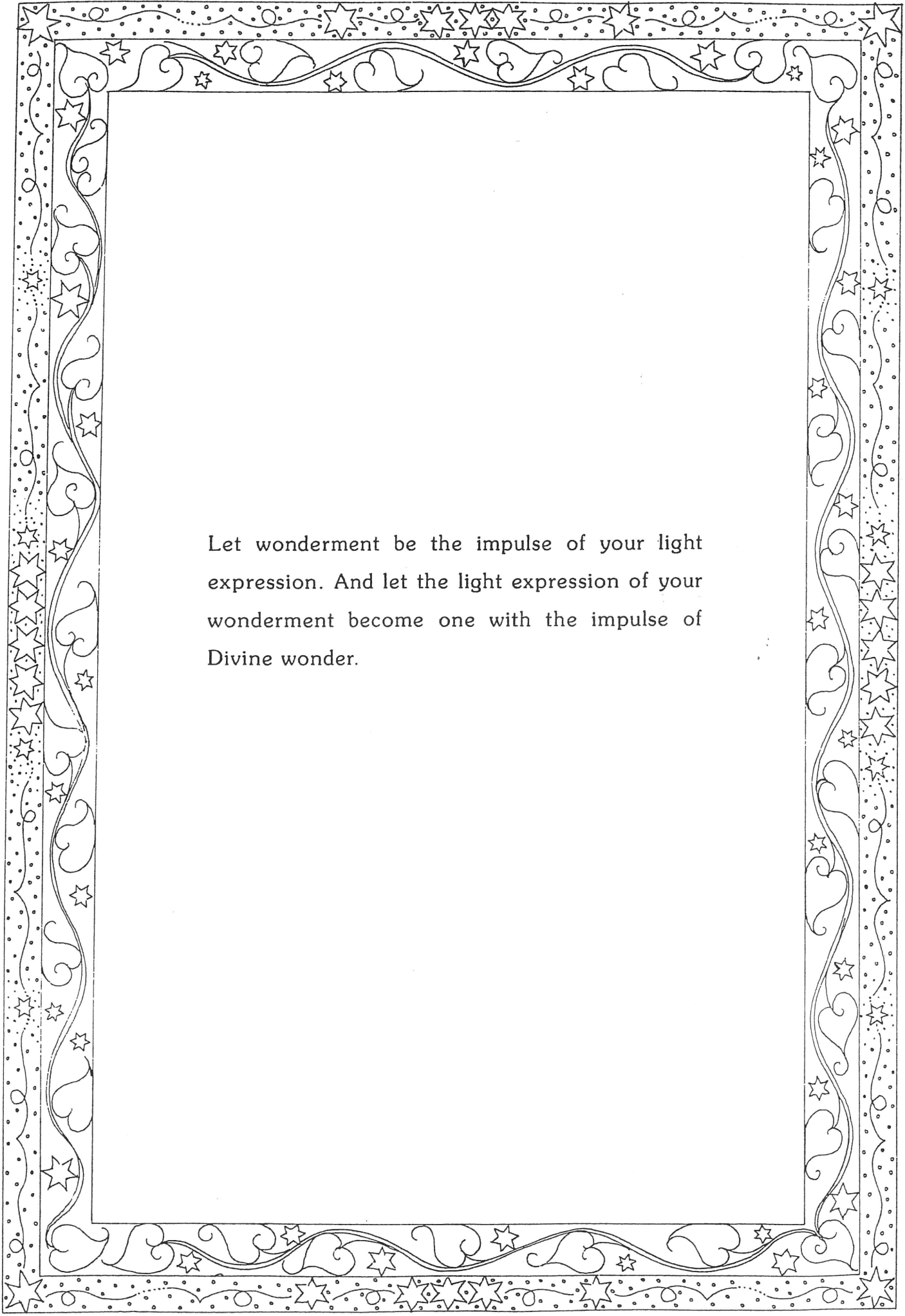


an endless ever-after picture book of wonderful magical pop-up stories. Each one leading to another and another, and combining with so many others in so many different ways that he became totally absorbed in his play, until he soon realized that he was quite the most wonderful story-teller he had ever come across.

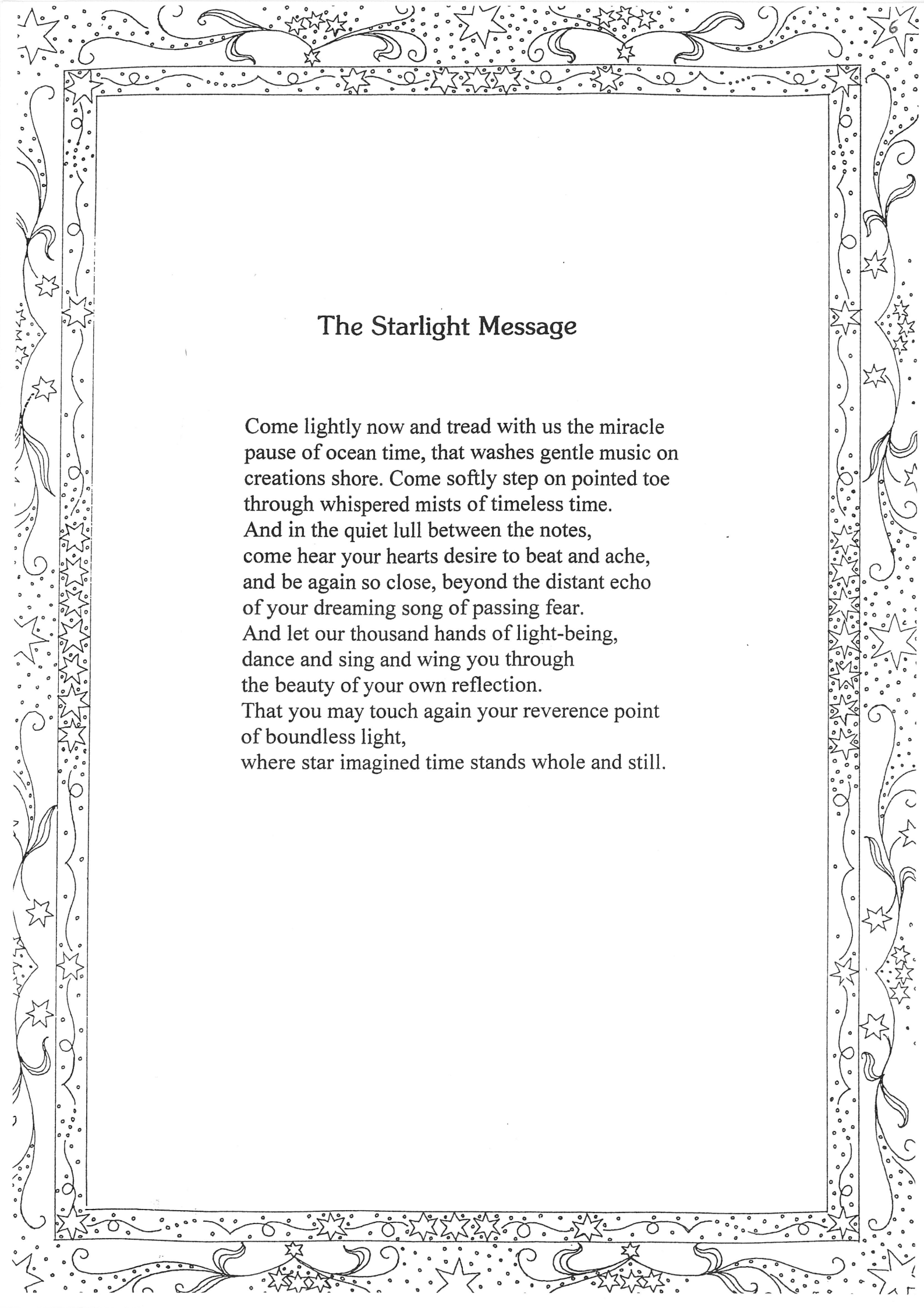
In fact, such were Giant's once-upon-a-times and happy-ever-afters, that he was kept eternally busy re-inventing himself. And as the creativity of his child's heart expanded, so too did the wit and intelligence of his mind, so that his stories became ever grander in scale both within and without, in order to balance the vastness of his infinite inspiration.

And the more stories he dreamed up, the larger his universal whole-story became, and as that expanded, so did the universe inside him until he had so increased in stature so much that he had no choice but to stitch more and more patches into his hammock to support his ever-expanding girth. Before long however even this was not enough, for Giant had such an insatiable imagination that he completely ran out of space. Rocking himself ever higher in his hammock, he racked his brain in frustration trying to think of a way to overcome the problem. And all of a sudden an idea popped into his head that was so brilliant that he almost surprised himself right out of his hammock. He would just insert lots and lots of extra little pockets into every seam!

Giant was so excited that he began stitching immediately, and had soon managed to conceal so many pockets in such a cunning way, that he was able to create story within story to his hearts content. In fact he was so amused at his ingenuity, and so enthralled by his own creativity that he is still stitching pockets within pockets and universes within universes to this very day. For Giant knew that he had a very important job and he took it very seriously. And he is still weaving those beautiful light threads of his stories into the eternal whole story, where once upon a whole time long ago...



Let wonderment be the impulse of your light expression. And let the light expression of your wonderment become one with the impulse of Divine wonder.



## The Starlight Message

Come lightly now and tread with us the miracle  
pause of ocean time, that washes gentle music on  
creations shore. Come softly step on pointed toe  
through whispered mists of timeless time.  
And in the quiet lull between the notes,  
come hear your hearts desire to beat and ache,  
and be again so close, beyond the distant echo  
of your dreaming song of passing fear.  
And let our thousand hands of light-being,  
dance and sing and wing you through  
the beauty of your own reflection.  
That you may touch again your reverence point  
of boundless light,  
where star imagined time stands whole and still.





Creation began as an impulse of self curiosity, expressing itself through the Divine flowering of its own consciousness. This was the spirit to exist that began the universal story.

It is the same impulse of wonder that begins every creative cycle of expression, and moves every separate part through its separate linear journey and evolution.

The more spirit each of us has, the more potential for expression there is, and the more whole-conscious we all become. It is a creative urge that is life-giving, life-enhancing, and life-taking. Without such spirit of adventure there would be no story to tell and no illusion to uncover.

As we are, so we create, and as we image, so the future takes shape. When we align our spirit to the Divine spirit, our heart to the greater heart and our will to the greater will, we will create the finest inspired reality for the greater good of the whole, and every moment of our life will become a moment of Divine creative inspiration and power.



Once upon a day-dream there was no such thing as time,  
Once upon perfection there was no need of space,  
Once upon a star-light there was nothing born in fear,  
Once upon a wholeness all was one with God.

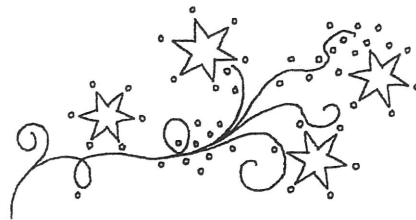


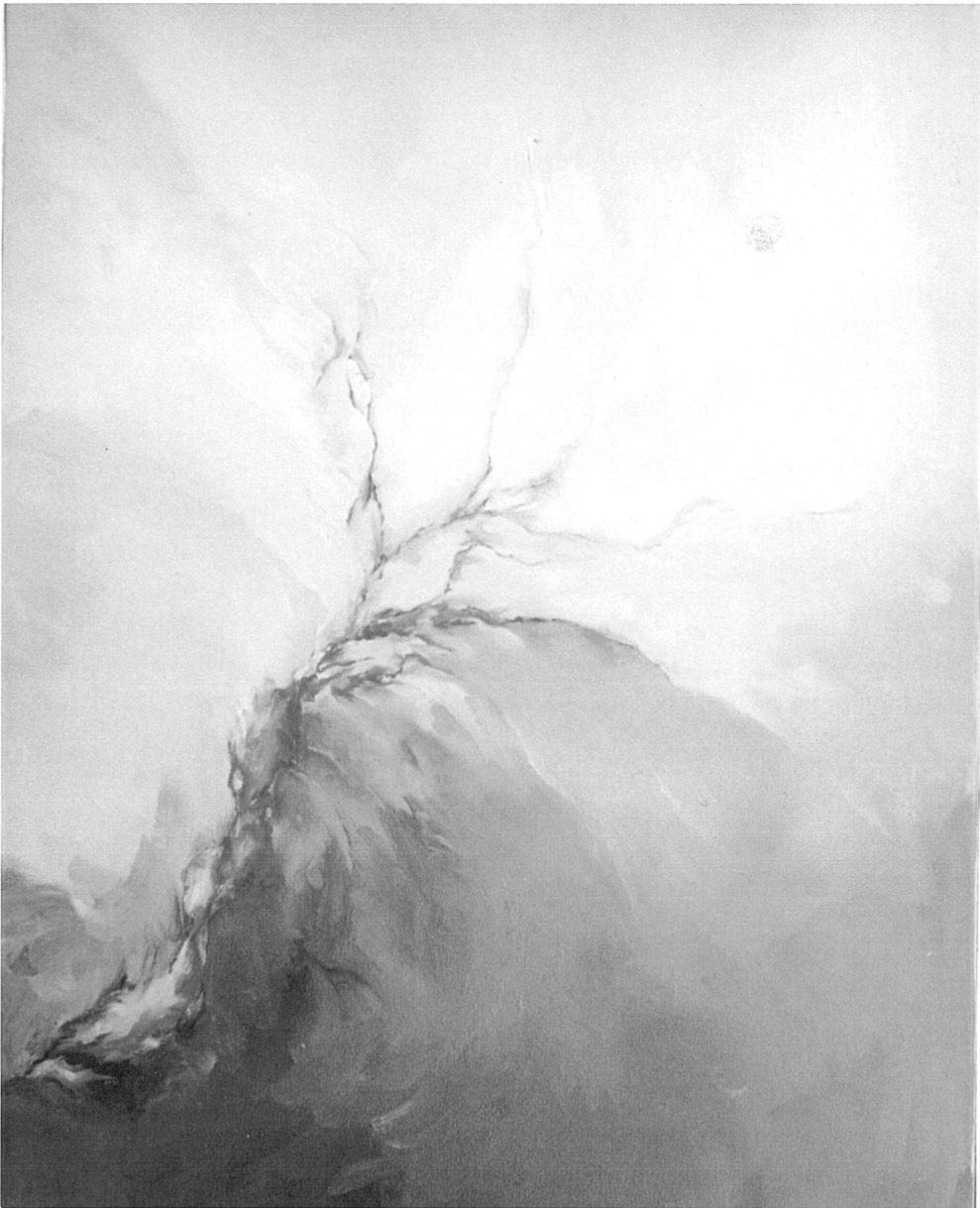


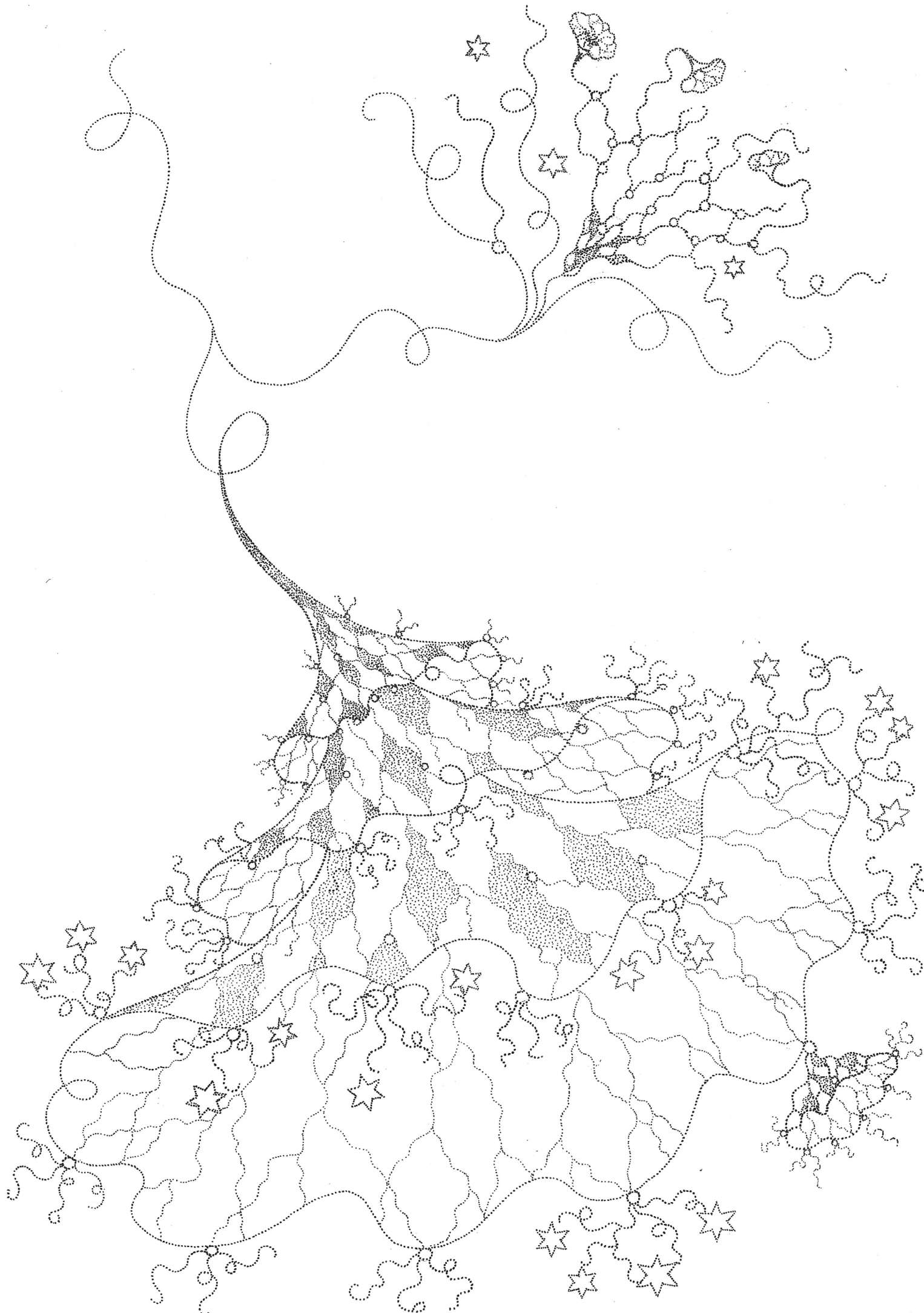
I was standing on the edge of the universe, watching the beginning and ending of all creation in a place where space and time had become one, and nothing seemed to have any separate identity, even myself. And I was so happy that I felt I was taking part in the most beautiful dance of energy and light that contained everybody and everything I had ever loved; all the sunsets and rainbows and dawns on the ocean and wild flowers and snowflakes and children's hugs and lovers' eyes and smiles and Christmas mornings, and so much joy that it was as though I had burst into millions of particles of pure love-light. And every move I made was yet another wondrous step within the dance.

I had become no more than a spark of consciousness spontaneously evolving into intricate patterns and rhythms of colours and notes I had never seen or heard before; a tiny particle of star-dust caught up in a vast, delicate lace-work of realm upon realm, and galaxy within galaxy of an infinite storm of light.

And suddenly I wanted to paint again, to paint all that was in my heart and my soul, the real emotion, the raw truth of all that beautiful energy I had seen and felt within my dream.







# A Teaching

by the Light-Being

We are beings of pure star-light. We are one with one, with you. We spark with one note. All is clear within its perfect sound, all is whole within its light. We seek to create its truth in a language that will sparkle as clearly as water bubbling from a mountain spring. It is your language, your bell has chimed and your light has lit the text.

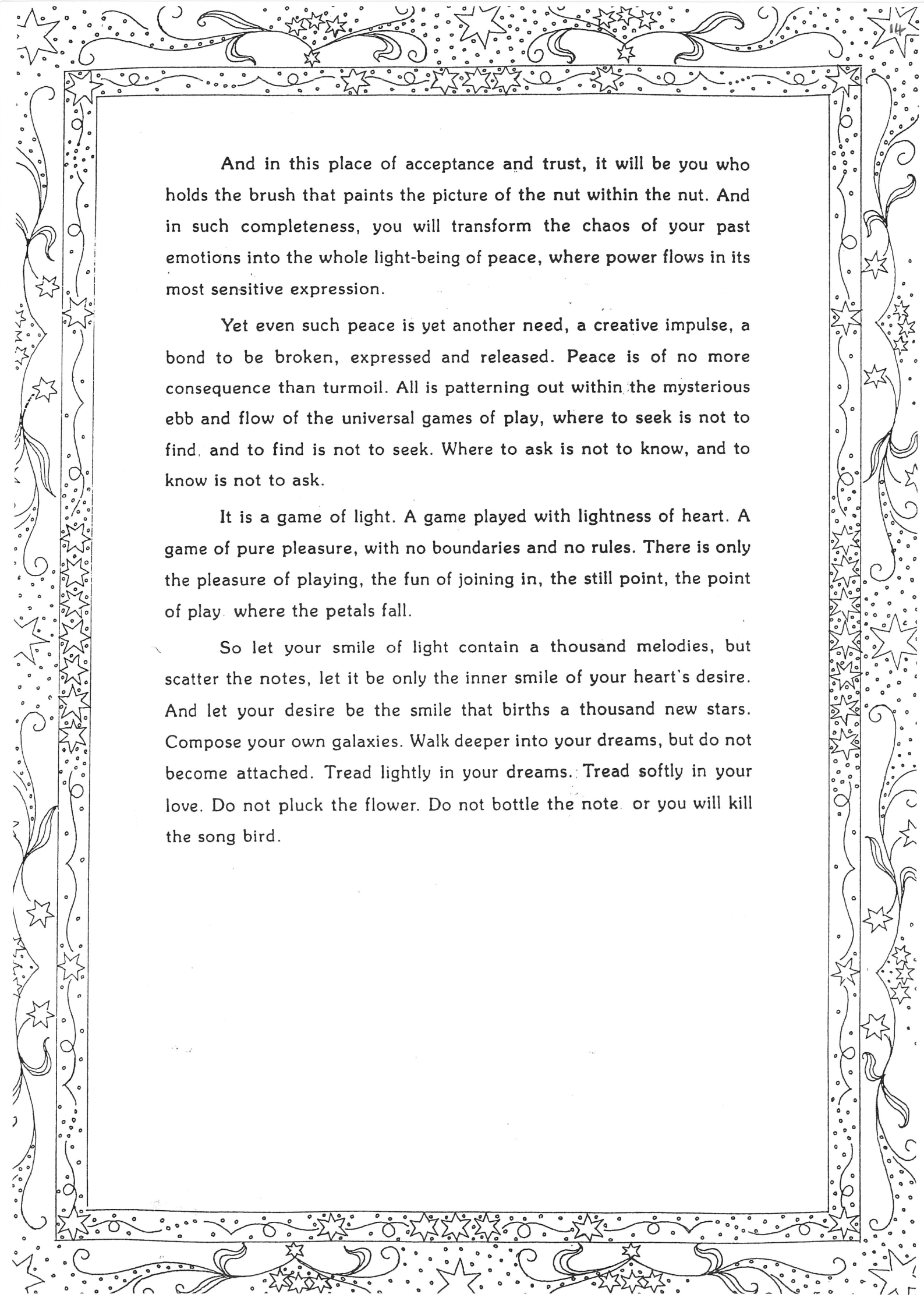
But nothing is static all is in creative play. Like the water, our words may rush freely or sit in quiet pools. Light may shine brightly or glimmer softly, but light is always light, water will always find its level, truth will always surface and light will always search it out.

It is your light that called. You are the beacon, you are the Pied Piper of light music. Your search for truth beyond the fear and separation of your own past has guided you here.

But truth has magnetic attraction. There can be no going back. There is only an ebb and flow that surges and throngs to connect as one. You are all part of this light-throng, you are as we. You looked upon us and saw the wonder of your own reflection. It is your Divine radiance that brought you here.

But such lightness is not new to you; such breathfulness but the universal breath. Remember how such breath once filled your being with joy, remember how such trust once filled your breath with light. This is but the beginning, the first step in a wholeness of awakensness that lies far beyond the veil of your present consciousness

It is the freeing and the becoming, so complete and perfect that each moment's fullness of trust is like a nut within a nut. It will always be perfect. And in its perfection it will be ever changing and evolving in such a way that you cannot doubt its wholeness, and you will have no desire to break open the nut or to change the moment.



And in this place of acceptance and trust, it will be you who holds the brush that paints the picture of the nut within the nut. And in such completeness, you will transform the chaos of your past emotions into the whole light-being of peace, where power flows in its most sensitive expression.

Yet even such peace is yet another need, a creative impulse, a bond to be broken, expressed and released. Peace is of no more consequence than turmoil. All is patterning out within the mysterious ebb and flow of the universal games of play, where to seek is not to find, and to find is not to seek. Where to ask is not to know, and to know is not to ask.

It is a game of light. A game played with lightness of heart. A game of pure pleasure, with no boundaries and no rules. There is only the pleasure of playing, the fun of joining in, the still point, the point of play where the petals fall.

So let your smile of light contain a thousand melodies, but scatter the notes, let it be only the inner smile of your heart's desire. And let your desire be the smile that births a thousand new stars. Compose your own galaxies. Walk deeper into your dreams, but do not become attached. Tread lightly in your dreams. Tread softly in your love. Do not pluck the flower. Do not bottle the note, or you will kill the song bird.

## The Giant within

Your Giant is the voice of your own Divinity calling out to you. He is the light of all consciousness that you bathe in and the dark of all shadow that you fear. He is your eternal life and your eternal death. He is both the devil and the black hole, the angelic kingdom and the stars, the tears you have yet to cry and the anger you have yet to feel. Your Giant is all that you have yet to discover of your without and your within, your yang and your yin. He is your coming together and your coming home. He is your universal parent and your universal mind, the universal artist and the universal child. He is the bridge of all truth that leads you from separation to wholeness. He is all of this, and yet he is so much more. He is all that you need to know, and all that you can never know, of the vast eternal unknowing that is creation itself.



Creation is the result of the original impulse of expression from whole to duality. This was the spark of life that inspired the first chapter of the first story, from which every other story or cycle of expression was birthed. God-centre had begun its creative journey of self-discovery and separation was the way it had chosen to see itself.

Before the beginning there was only the pure consciousness of pre-existence. Out of that perfection, matter was created, out of a moment of awareness the conscious became split from the unconscious, and out of the initial unknowing, a universe was born to know itself.

Thus the perfect whole created its own Divinity, in a mind that was eternally intrigued by its own parts, and an intuition that was dedicated to its own wholeness. It is this fundamental duality that leads to the infinite division and multiplicity in creation.

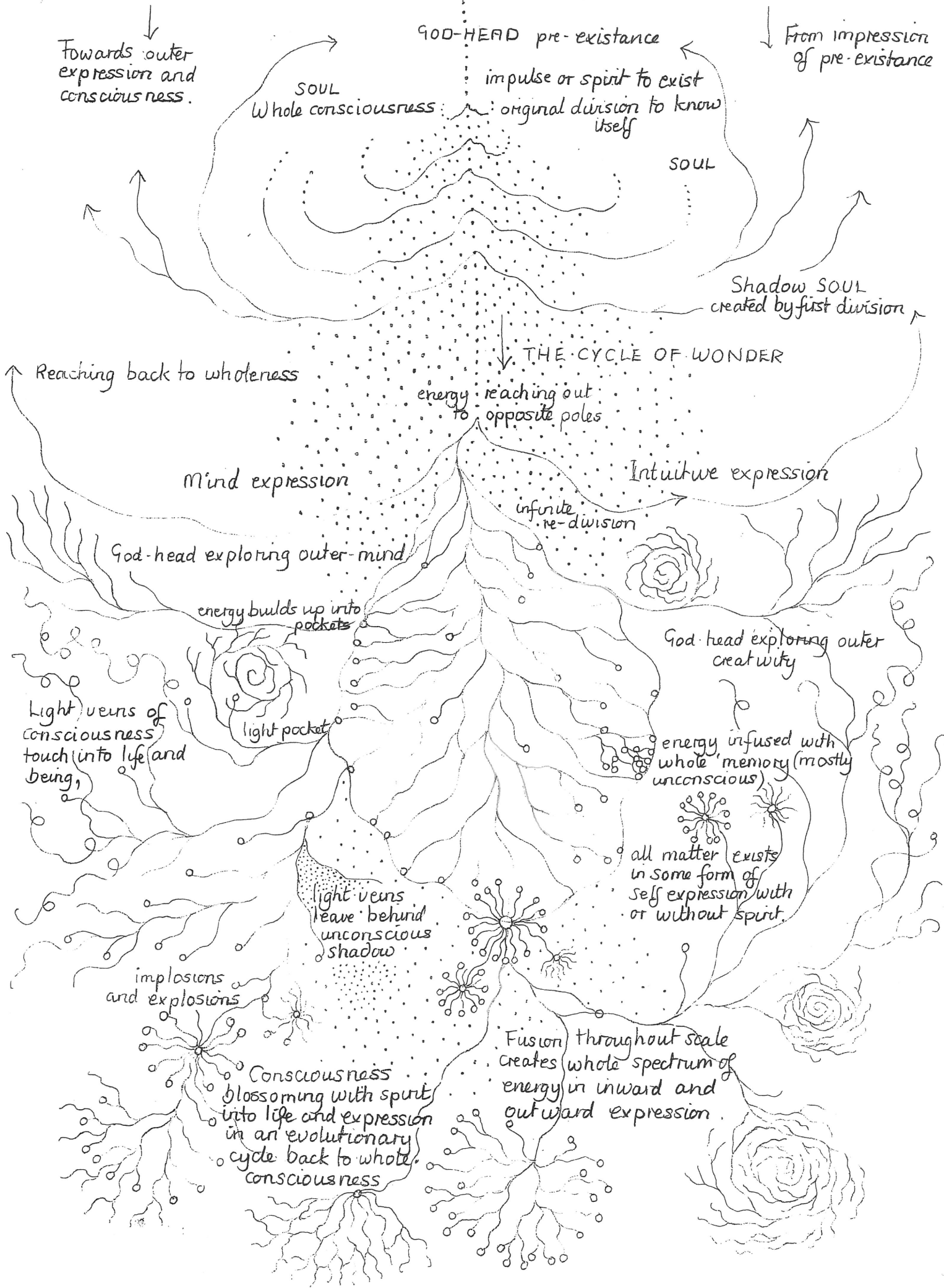
Not only is the evolution of the whole dependent on it, but every separate strand of life, throughout all the multi-levels of existence, both simple and complex, is driven by the same opposing energy forces. The whole process is an eternal shuffling and patterning out through cycle within cycle of expression in the whole sea of consciousness.

Nothing is ever static. It is a spontaneous never-ending story, and every separate part and cycle, from the lightest to the densest, from the conscious to the unconscious, is growing and awakening, and then merging back from outward expression into wholeness again.

And, as each part becomes more self-conscious of its own individual path so the Whole also becomes more aware of its own destiny; and as each part becomes more wise and conscious of how it fits into the whole order, so the Whole is also becoming more aware of its own infinite whole potential.



THE WHOLE SEA OF CONSCIOUSNESS



Towards outer expression and consciousness.

GOD-HEAD pre-existence

From impression of pre-existence

SOUL Whole consciousness

impulse or spirit to exist  
original division to know itself

SOUL

Shadow SOUL created by first division

THE CYCLE OF WONDER

energy reaching out to opposite poles

Mind expression

Intuitive expression

infinite re-division

God-head exploring outer-mind

God-head exploring outer creativity

energy builds up into pockets

Light veins of consciousness touch into life and being,

light packet

energy infused with whole memory (mostly unconscious)

all matter exists in some form of self expression with or without spirit.

light veins leave behind unconscious shadow

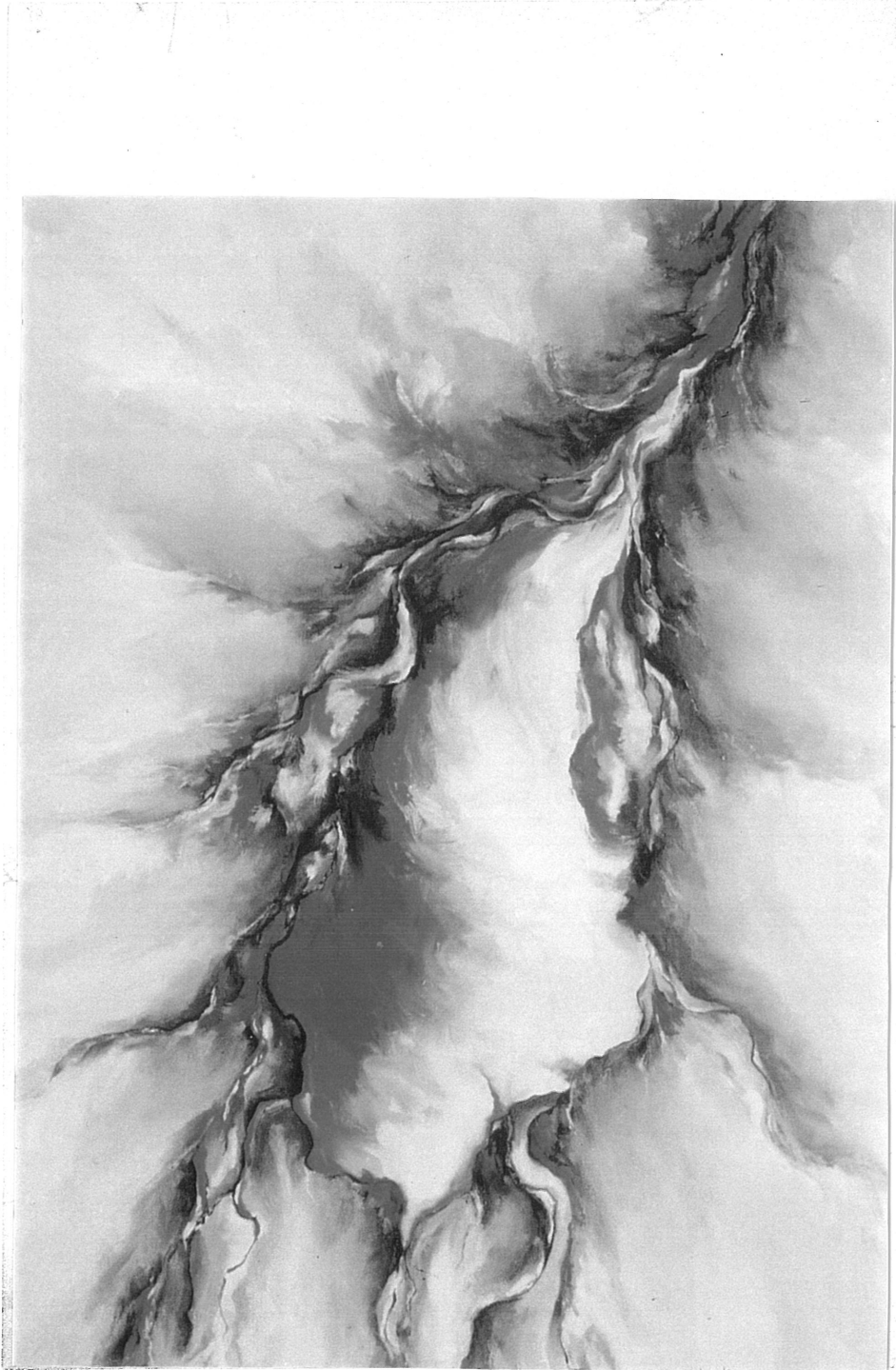
implosions and explosions

Consciousness blossoming with spirit into life and expression in an evolutionary cycle back to whole consciousness

Fusion throughout scale creates whole spectrum of energy in inward and outward expression.

Reaching back to wholeness



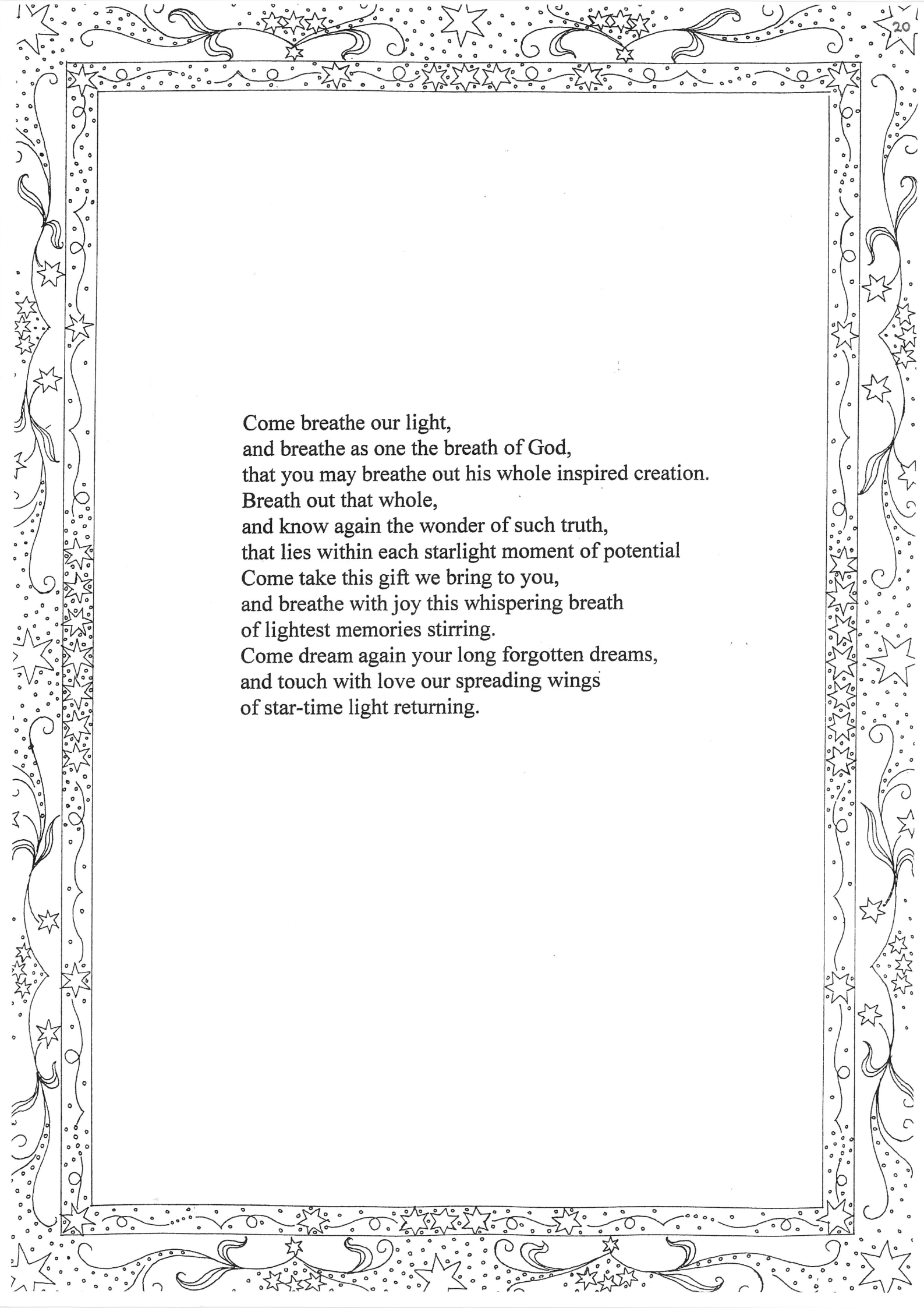




## Inspiration

Inspiration is the Divine spirit calling out to you. It is the music of the highest hemispheres playing out the beauty of your own reflection in a melody of joy waiting for expression. As you surrender your ego to the harmony of the notes you will become part of the whole spectrum of its light, and all the negative boundaries of your childhood fear and illusion will dissolve.

You will find creative expression that cannot be framed, in a radiance of being inspired by the greater heart, and the higher mind, and the wiser self. And all that you experience will become an expression of spirit that breathes the very breath of breathing love.



Come breathe our light,  
and breathe as one the breath of God,  
that you may breathe out his whole inspired creation.  
Breath out that whole,  
and know again the wonder of such truth,  
that lies within each starlight moment of potential  
Come take this gift we bring to you,  
and breathe with joy this whispering breath  
of lightest memories stirring.  
Come dream again your long forgotten dreams,  
and touch with love our spreading wings  
of star-time light returning.

# A Teaching

by the Light-Being

Let the love of your inner child show you the way, and let the passion of his heart beat to the light rhythm of the greater heart. Love with all his innocent needs, that you may then love with the conscious detachment of your all knowing whole self. And love with all the wounds of his love that you may be whole again.

Let unconditional love carry you into the highest spheres of universal love, where the lightest being love is continually in a state of enlightening itself. But remember when you are light born, that even such a love as this will weigh heavily in your hearts. There are yet higher pinnacles of effortless freedom where the lightness of your love will merge again with infinite love at source.

Let your hearts become so filled with the lightness of your love that you can let go of all that you have and have known. Love it so well that in the loving and the letting go, you will always have it. Love and love again, that in the very loving of your loving you will recreate yourselves in love. And in such loving you will heal the most desolate reaches of the universal wound with the wholeness of your love.

Love this love that loves above all other with such a love that you will touch the very hand that guided you. Love that loving hand and love all the guides and prophets that have helped you on your way. Love all those kingdoms of your past, that you may love the kingdoms of your future, for they are all one in the kingdom of your God.

Love all as one and one as all. Love the whole of creation and love the kingdom of your God. Love all as you love your God, and love God as you love your all. Love all, that you may have all as you surrender to your love. And in such surrender you will have never known such a love, such a lightness and freedom of love, yet such a having and holding with love.

Love the kingdom of your hearts and minds for they are as vast in their power, as the kingdom of light in the very breath of your own inspiration. Love the light of that breath as you breathe it in, and love the colour of its love as you breathe it out. Love that kingdom of colour as dearly as you alone created it, that you may love it ever more dearly as you re-create it.

Love this wondrous kingdom of yourselves that you may begin to know of the truth that breathes within the kingdom of your God-selves. Love the kingdom of that breath and the kingdom of that truth; it is the kingdom of your life. And love the kingdom of that life with such a love that you may love the kingdom of your death even more. Breathe in joy that you may breathe out love. Breathe in the love of your life, that you may breathe out the breath of the ocean of universal breath-light.

Breathe in the light of your loving wholeness that you may breathe out nothing more and nothing less than the whole of creation. Breathe as one and breathe in the breath of God that you may breathe out his breath of truth. Breathe as one and breathe with God.

To love in such a way as to become the whole of love in being, and to become the whole. It is to pass through, to pass over and to pass on, into a loving experience where you will become more than love by letting go of love.

To love with your whole being is to keep your love, and to be constantly with love. It is to leave nothing behind unloved, and nothing but your love behind, in the freedom of the light you create.

To let go of love is to return to a place within, where light cannot conceive of dark, and good can see no evil. It is to merge with universal wisdom, and know yourselves as original love.

To touch upon such love is to inspire the lightest beauty of response and the highest vibration of truth. It is to love another soul in the light of the stars that you radiate between you, and to create a galaxy between your touch and a firmament between your eyes. To love and let go to love is to be transfused with the radiance of original love in the perfection of the whole perfection.

This is the lightest truth of love. This is the love that you lost in the darkest landscape of your separation, a love as everlasting as your desire to love and be loved, and as whole as your desire for the absolute perfection of its love. And in such desire you will create more light desire, and know also that there is nothing more except the continual desire for more.

This is a love that sparks with the joy of to have and to always have. A love of becoming one with. A love light that can never go out. A night light for your child to keep safely by him, for always, forever, for eternity.

It is the sacred light of the altar within you, the whole love. A love that connects spirit to spirit, soul to soul, life to life. A love that glows in the night sky of your dreams of love with such a brightness that it reaches even the greater heart in Holy Union.

Love the passion of that Holy Union, and love its sacred lamb that touched your heart and opened your wings in heavenly flight. Love the kingdom of your pain that you carried like a cross, and love the kingdom of your grace that you found on the way.

Love the kingdom of touch that you yearned for, and love the kingdom of tears where you cried all alone. Love the kingdom of your little child and suffer him not, for such is the kingdom of your stars and the kingdom of your dreams.

## **Loving into Wholeness**

Love all, that you may have love,  
Have love that you may become love,  
Become love, that you may let go of love,  
Let go of love, that you may have light,  
Have light, that you may become light,  
Become light, that you may let go of light,  
Let go of light, that you may become whole.





Duality is fundamental to the whole order of being. It is what creation has and does in order to be, and is the spark of energy that moves the whole story forward through the infinite self-curiosity and wonder of its own illusion.

It has a self-fulfilling momentum that inevitably grows throughout scale, attracting more and more energy. Ultimately it will reach a point of maximum power and expression that will re-create the original self-fusion of the whole with its parts.

This is the point of wholeness where creation began, and where it will also cease to be. For within its potential duality is contained the power of complete destruction.

And as the whole universal mass contracts back into its opposite pole of non-existence, original separation is healed for one brief moment before the whole cycle of existence begins again and another universe births itself out of its own self-destruction.

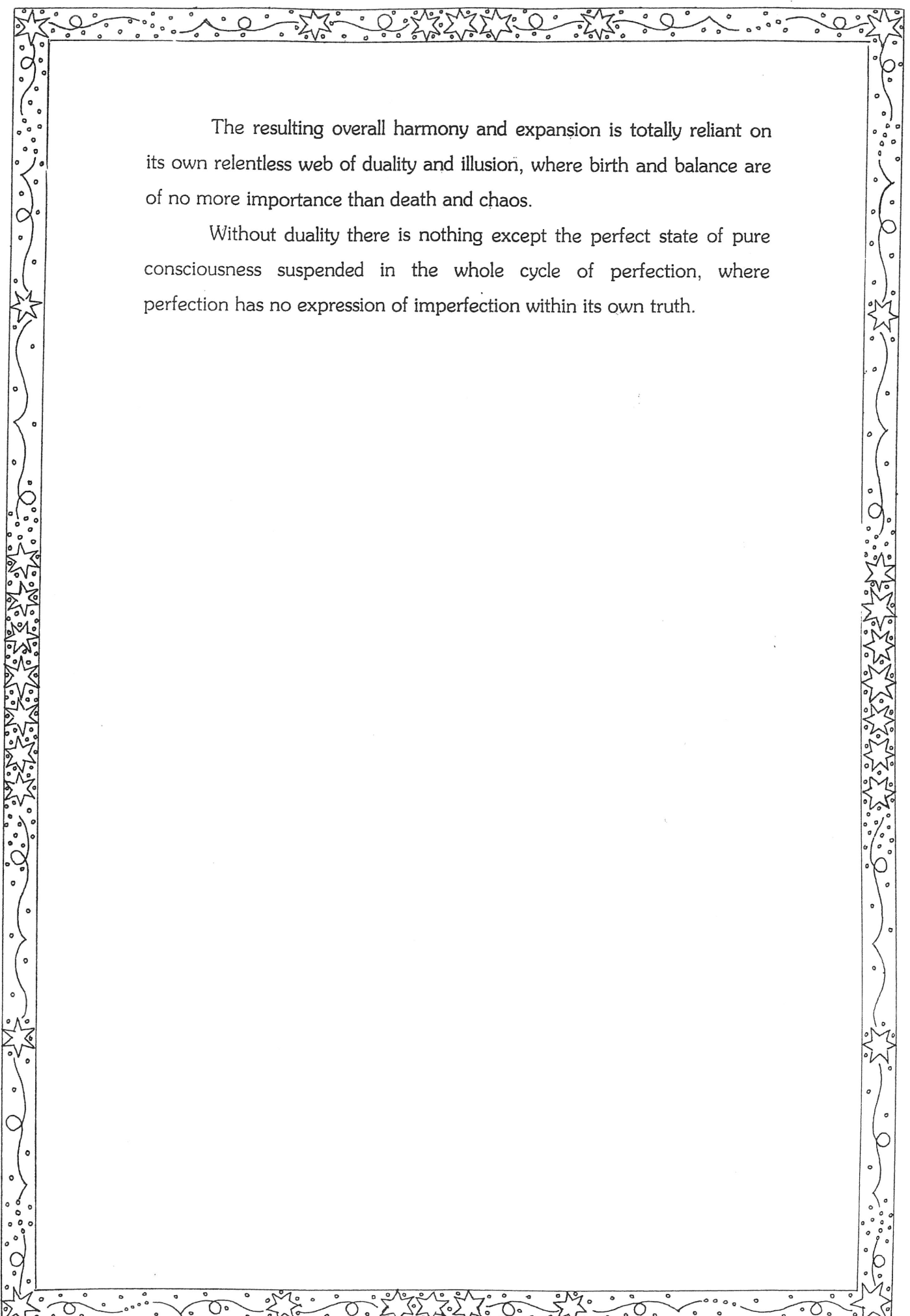
Just as there is harmony there is also chaos, just as there is balance there is also imbalance, and just as there is an ending there will always be a new beginning as another Divine creative impulse awakens to its own expressive urge.

And just as the whole obeys its wholing instinct to return to the pure consciousness of its own whole moment of potential, so every separate part and cycle, in ever-decreasing scale, is also straining to reach its own place of ultimate awareness that will enable it to link into that same point of whole consciousness.

As long as there is duality there will always be the order of the pre-ordained and the known, as well as the surprise and chaos of the unpredictable and unknown. All energy has this duality of abandonment, yet must obey the greater order of balance within the whole.

But just as duality is an illusion so too is wholeness. Both are temporary states in the shifting inspiration of the impulse of the Divine ego in its determination to reach an infinite awareness of its own wholeness, as well as an infinite awareness of its parts.





The resulting overall harmony and expansion is totally reliant on its own relentless web of duality and illusion, where birth and balance are of no more importance than death and chaos.

Without duality there is nothing except the perfect state of pure consciousness suspended in the whole cycle of perfection, where perfection has no expression of imperfection within its own truth.

THE DUALITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS

A new universe begins another cycle.

Soul.

All matter is touched by some level of consciousness and moved by Divine spirit to exist and express

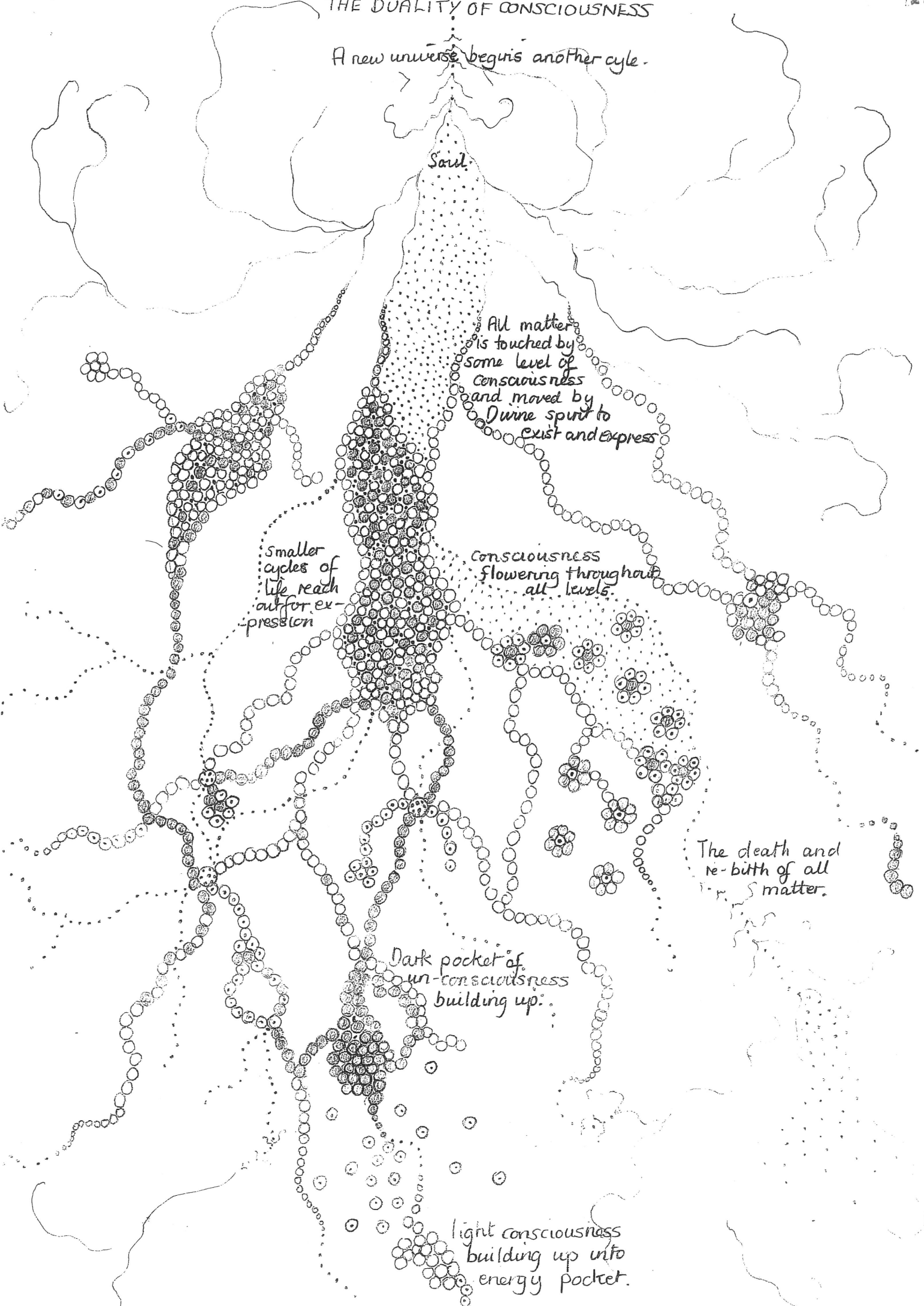
Smaller cycles of life reach out for expression

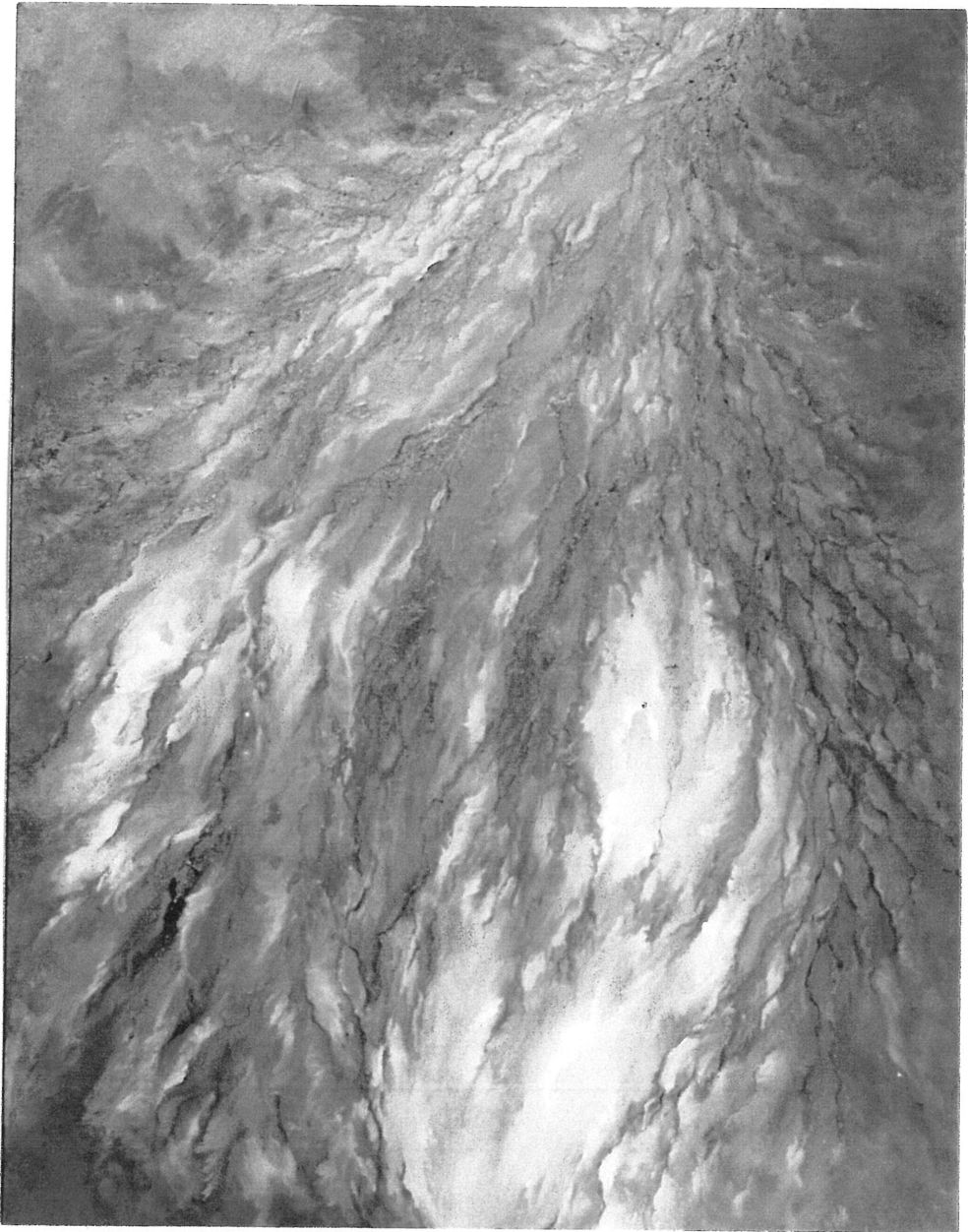
consciousness flowering throughout all levels.

The death and re-birth of all matter.

Dark pocket of un-consciousness building up.

light consciousness building up into energy pocket.







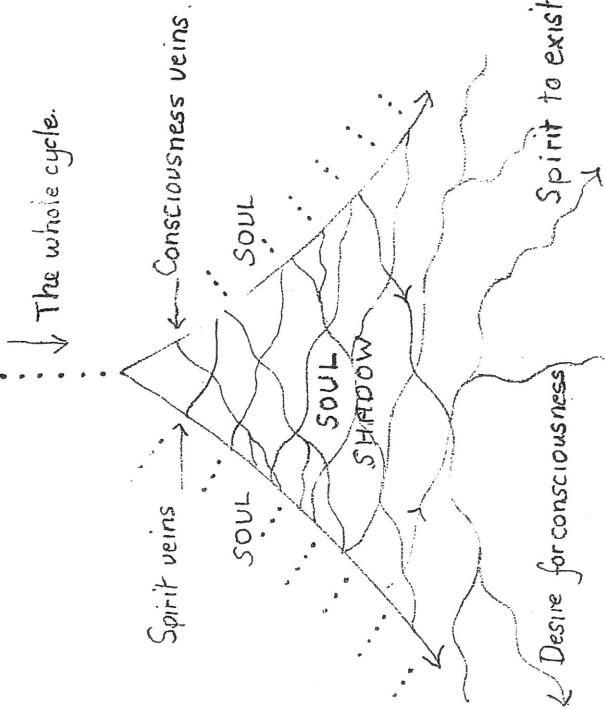
Consciousness is a natural by-product of evolution and duality and is the instinctive wise mind of creation. It operates as the ultimate invisible communication network of subtle energy fields and veins that touch every form of life or being, at whatever stage of evolution it is at.

It is through this whole-sea of consciousness that God-centre is able to keep an intuitive mindfulness on all its separate parts and similarly, every part is able to connect to a greater or lesser degree to the whole. For it not only connects spirit and matter on the denser levels, but also spirit and soul on the finer levels with a sense of Divine wholeness.

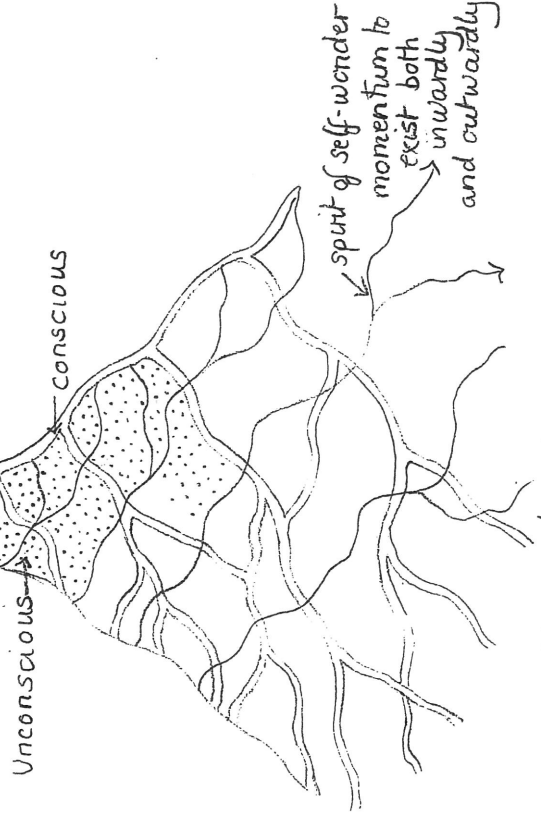
And just as every form and being is evolving and searching for the most complete expression of its own duality, so consciousness follows the same order of being. It will become increasingly objective and without, whilst also increasingly subjective and within, as it explores the opposite forces of energy that make up the whole story of its eternal quest.

The WITHIN and the WITHOUT of the whole sea of consciousness

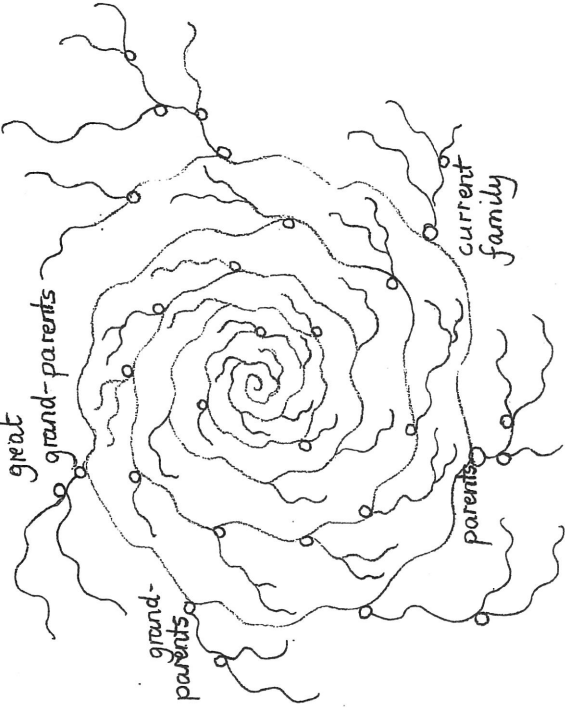
GOD MIND



SPACE - TIME (The universe)  
 split into the Divine and the other (shadow)

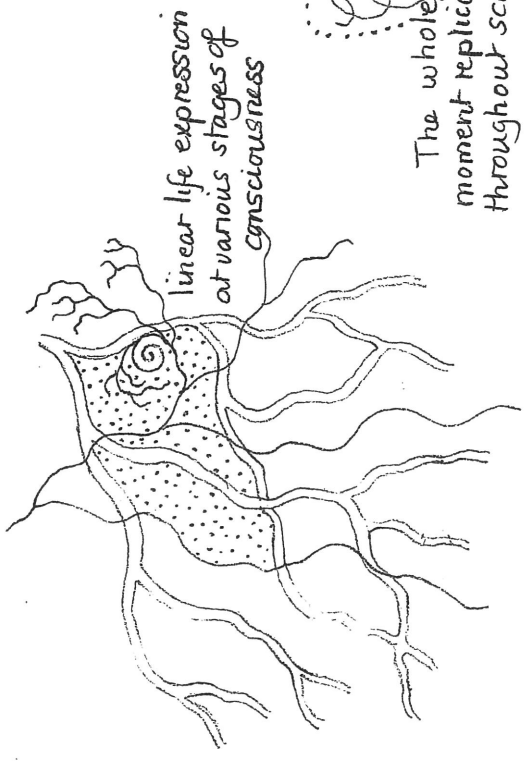
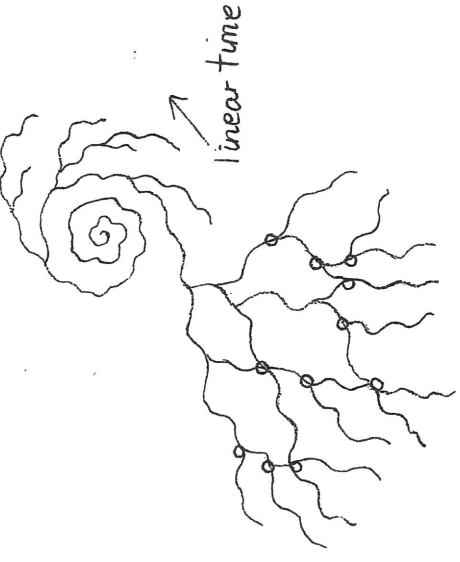


Universal existence (the shadow of God)



A family tree showing ancestral genetic memory plus future knowledge, through whole moment.

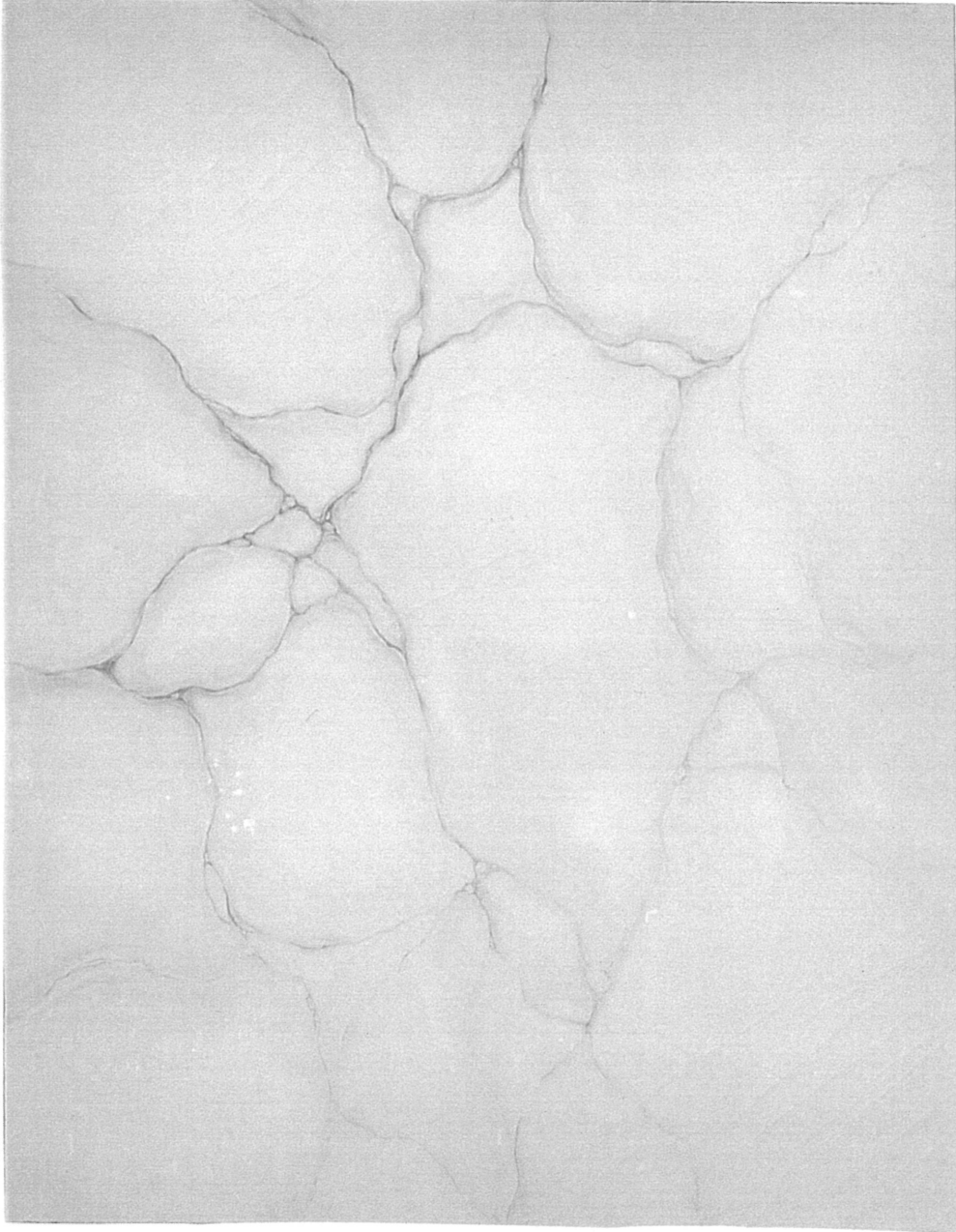
Energy is birthed and dies through the same whole moment of being that connects the WHOLE CYCLE OF EXISTANCE to every particle of consciousness in the universe.



The whole moment replicated throughout scale

Spirit and consciousness coming together with matter to form life.

Every new life and expression touches into spirit and consciousness.





# A Teaching

by the Light-Being

We are no more than your light bearers, the bearers of light tidings. We come only to show you the way, to guide you gently back, to touch your spreading wings with light-time joy, to sing you long forgotten songs. We come to wish with you upon your star, to dream with you within your dreams. We come to dream awhile in light with you.

We pour transparent words across your page that they might wash away your past. We trickle them lovingly out to cleanse your wounds. We flood you with their glistening truth to scourge your deepest fears, and we pound them down in heavy drops to shift the earth beneath your feet and set you free.

But our words are nothing compared to your light. They are like empty bottles in a vast sea of consciousness. They cannot contain your light. They cannot contain the patterns within your patterns, the flow within the flow. They cannot contain the multitudes of reflections of image upon image, world upon world, star upon star.

Compared to your light, our words are but the palest glimmer of truth. Compared to your Divine being they are the silent promise of an oncoming storm. It is your spirit that beats the eternal heart, and your innocent wonder that guides you to its point of truth. You dreamt upon your star and wished it into being, into your very own being.

It is as though you have been asleep and are now becoming more awake, but do not become attached to your lightness. This is but the first bud at the bottom of the towering tree of infinite wisdom, and the flickering of your Giant's eyelid but the very first tremor of the very first petal on that bud.

And remember that this is a tree whose height of withoutness and withinness is lost in the clouds of your present sight. And that

within the maze of light, lie forests of trees too deep and dark for any penetration.

It is a place beyond 'beyond', where consciousness and unconsciousness bloom together as one in such profusion that each new petal of each new bud that touches the ground gives birth to yet another new forest.

You cannot take up the petal and press it into your book. But to sense the bud opening is to become the bud, and to have no need of the petal. And in becoming the bud you will become the tree, and in becoming the tree you will become the forest.

And in becoming the forest you will become the whole of the universe, and you will remember another place of expression between within and without, above and below, at the very centre of your being. This is the place you have come from and the place you are returning to, in the kingdom between asleepness and awakesness, where your Sleeping Giant waits.

Let him guide you back into the kingdoms you have lost. Let him show you the forgotten places that lie hidden in your unconsciousness, before the very first flowering of the very first being kingdom. For this was even wide-awake in terms of your Giant's deepest sleeping realm.

And as you absorb more awakesness, you will be able to absorb so much more asleepness. Light and shadow will go hand in hand as it always did, and as it always will according to your new-found sight.



Places of unimaginable beauty, created in the briefest breath pause of surrender, by the lightest snow-flake, on the down of your awareness. And within that point of sacred truth, that breath-pause of universal creativity, lies a potential of such awesome destruction, that even an eternal blizzard could only damp down one tiny spark that smoulders in the furnace of those same forgotten worlds. It is one world within another, one pattern within ever more patterns. A mid-breath pause between existence and non-existence, the play point, the note that sparks the light that opens the door to the whole universal symphony.



## Becoming

As you become the whole of your anger, you will become your pain,

As you become the whole of your pain, you will become your fear,

As you become the whole of your fear, you will become your joy,

As you become the whole of your joy, you will become your love,

As you become the whole of your love, you will become your light,

As you become the whole of your light, you will become your dark,

As you become the whole of your light and dark you will become the universe,

As you become the whole of the universe you will become the Divine infinite consciousness



It is the nature of creation to creatively express and therefore to exist. Within this creative potential is also the opposite power, to cease to exist. This overall duality is not only an intrinsic quality of the whole, but also of its parts, and occurs whenever there is expression.

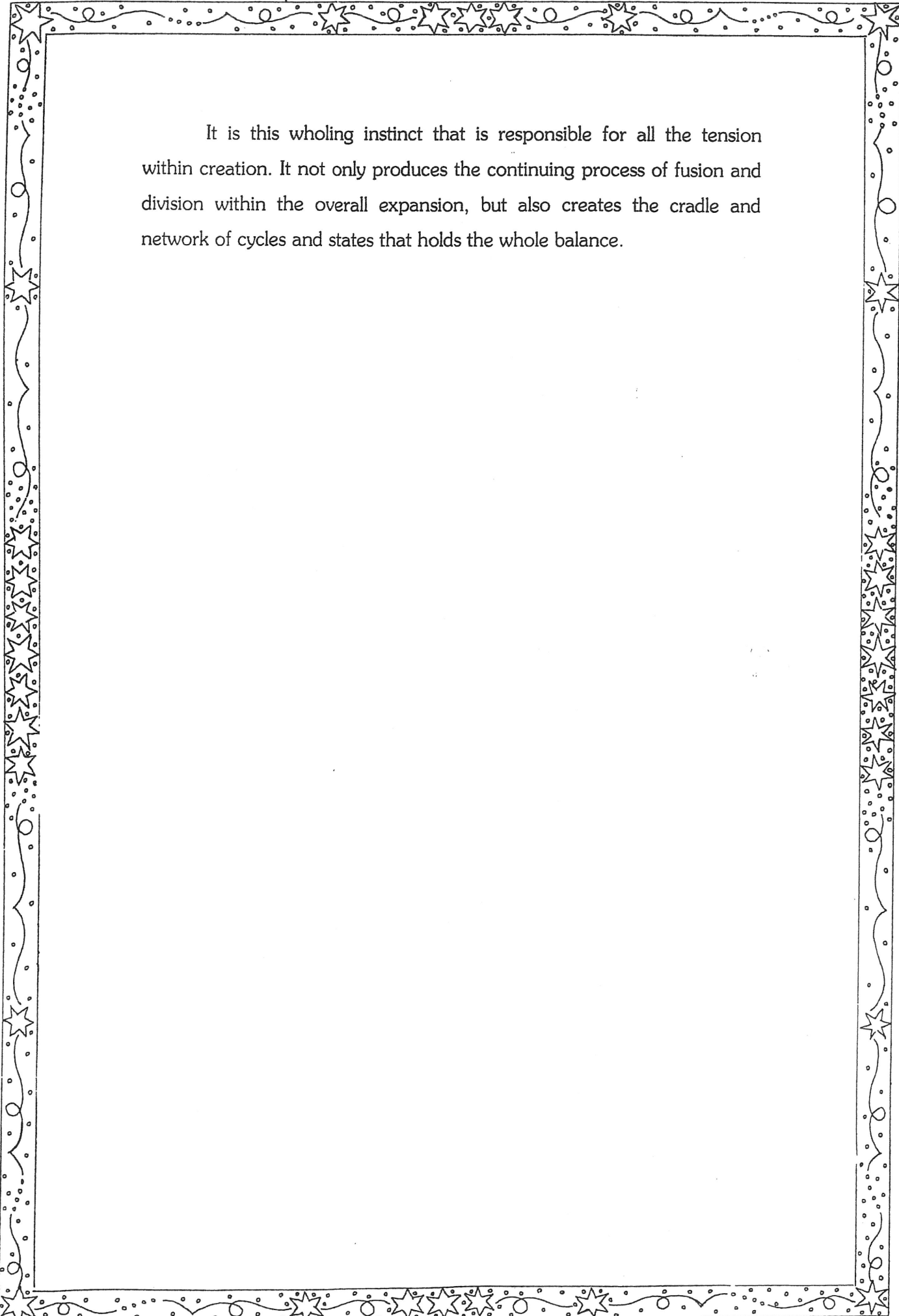
Non existence is just another point of inward expression and experience within the whole expression, just as existence is a point of outward experience. Every separate part must go through the same inner and outer cycle of expression, within the greater cycle of expression of the whole creative journey.

Just as there is an illusion of loss there will also be an illusion of gain in the continual re-cycling and evolution of the whole process of duality.

It is a journey that leads from lightness to density, from state to non-state, and from existence back to non-existence, in a continually evolving cycle between the within and without, of the above and the below.

And every state will lead to ever-receding circles and cycles and states of being and non-being, of conscious and unconscious, of mind and intuition within the overall expression. Each is transitory but each is as necessary and important as any other, within the multitudes of cycles and states that make up the whole order of its being and illusion.

This whole creative mass is no more than the whole's illusionary expression through unfathomable layering of energy and inspiration, caught in a web of its own evolutionary duality. And every particle and non-particle of its countless cycles of webs and veins and eddies and whirlpools of energy, from the lightest to the densest, has an instinctive 'knowing' of its original whole state, prior to duality, thus each is challenged by the same dichotomy of trying to find the inner path home, whilst also needing an outward creative expression in the opposite direction.



It is this wholing instinct that is responsible for all the tension within creation. It not only produces the continuing process of fusion and division within the overall expansion, but also creates the cradle and network of cycles and states that holds the whole balance.

THE BIG BANG (The beginning and end of Creation) leaves its own shadow behind.

pre-existence (point of equilibrium)

↑ inwards impression - God centre exploring its own inner limits. (whole consciousness - non reality)

existence - point of first division - The Divine is separated from its own shadow. (The mirror) (God centre becomes split)

↓ outward expression - God centre exploring its own outer limits (self consciousness - physical reality)

particles and non-particles creating infinite implosions and explosions on all levels. (matter)

life force existing in the duality

- light-veins of pure whole consciousness keeps sub-dividing leaving pockets of unconsciousness (dark)

all matter is programmed by God-centres shadow to return to its original state.

matter being created and destroyed. life created when matter and consciousness vein come together.

opposite poles coming together building up energy into black and white holes (stars). New universes form on fusion.

more expression needed to accomodate expanding universe.

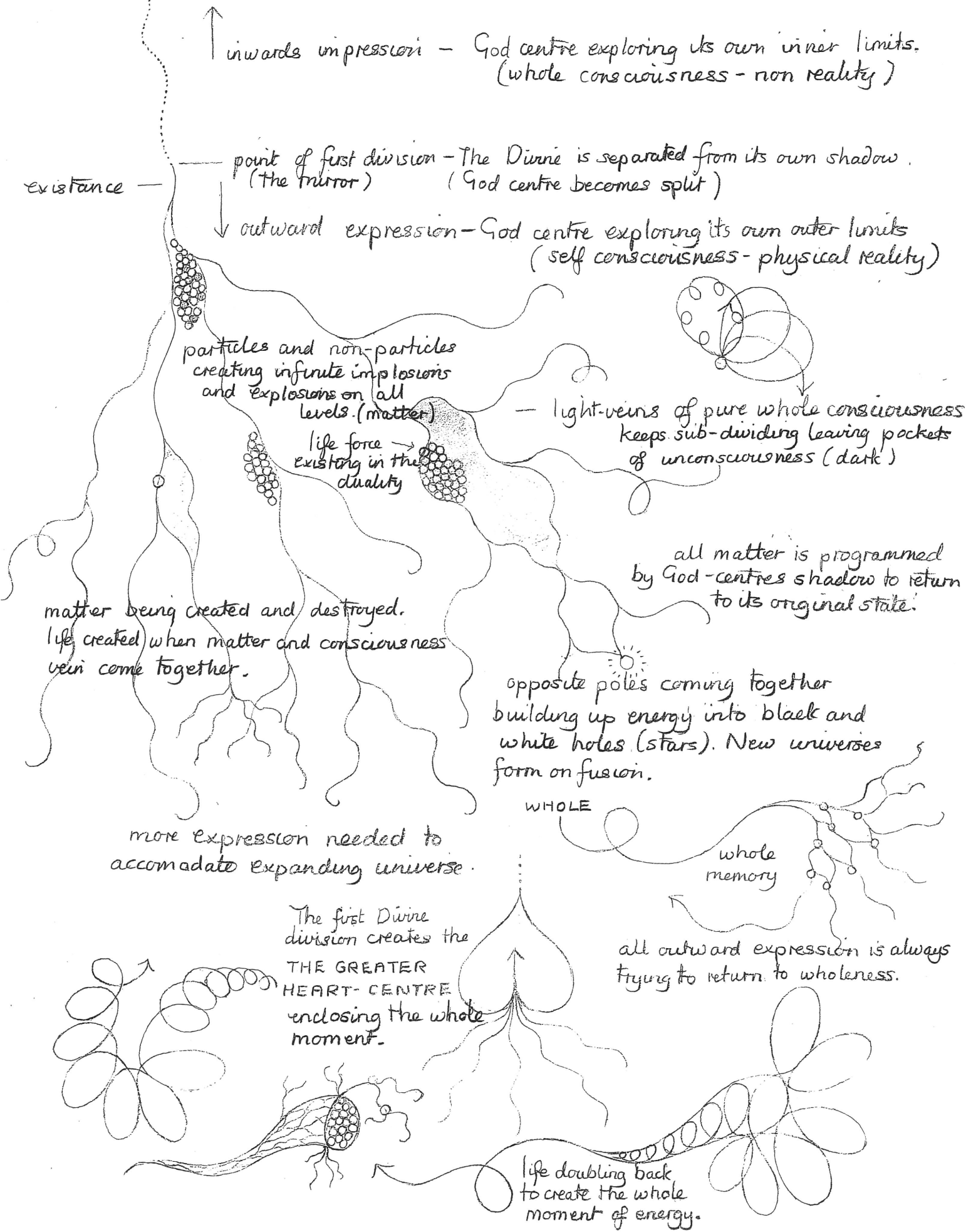
WHOLE

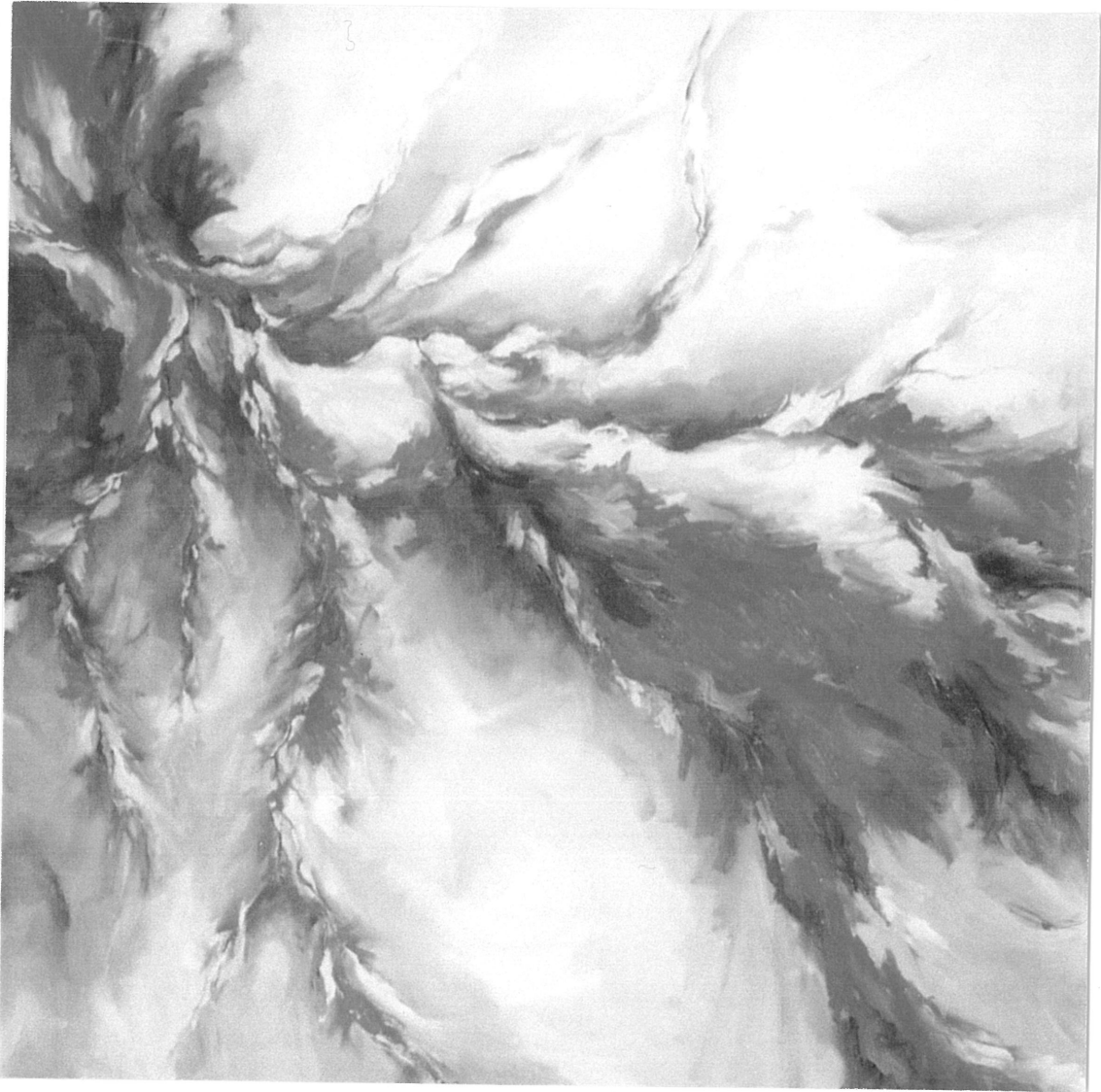
whole memory

all outward expression is always trying to return to wholeness.

The first Divine division creates the THE GREATER HEART-CENTRE enclosing the whole moment.

life doubling back to create the whole moment of energy.





# A Teaching

by the Light-Being

To surrender to the whole of yourselves is to explore the absolute extremes of your energy without judgement or fear, and to re-discover all the latent power that has been hidden there.

It is to know the bleakness of the many blizzards that your snow-flakes make, and it is to open your heart still further to find yet wilder undiscovered lands. It is to explore depths of softness in your power, and depths of power within your softness that you have never dared to explore. And it is to discover that there are places within such a world where even a snowflake would fall with the devastation of a boulder. And where the flora is so sensitive and pure that even the innocent breath of the first new being consciousness would crush and destroy such tenderness to death.

It is to dare and dare not to exist, to paint yourself in and out of existence, to pause mid-breath and to know that within the unconscious depths of that moment lie worlds and galaxies where you have created such delicate landscapes, that the point of creation is the point of destruction. Places of unimaginable beauty manifested in the briefest breath-pause of your sensitivity.

And within that power, that breath-pause of creativity, you will become aware of such an awesome potential of destruction that even an eternal blizzard could hardly damp down just one tiny smouldering spark of its hidden power.

It is one world within another, one world upon another, one pattern within ever more patterns. A point of play, the still point, the point of wonder between creation and destruction where everything is possible.




## A Lesson of Trust

There was once a beautiful soul-being roaming whole and free in the highest hemispheres of creation. One day it caught sight of the Divine omnipotence itself, and ached to be united once again with the infinite peace of its consciousness, but soul-being had gained enough wisdom on its journey to know that it must incarnate just one more time in order to learn its final lesson of trust before it could take the light path home. As it floated over the loneliest peaks of truth it suddenly spotted a magnificent white spirit bird from the realm of divine light, and soul-being knew that the moment had come to leave its present surroundings and return with the bird to the physical kingdom of expression. For spirit-bird's wings were so vast that it could span all levels of existence, and soul-being trusted that the inspiration and beauty of its divine light would guide him safely back.

As they passed together into the denser regions of the treacherous kingdom of expression, spirit bird's light inevitably became shrouded by the darkest shadow of universal pain, and its wings took on the blood-red ache of its gaping wound. At last they became so weary of the burden they carried that they could bear it no longer. Even soul's ancient truths were becoming lost in illusionary despair, so they decided to rest for a while in the heart of a beautiful baby girl. Yet though soul saw the tragedy of their action, it knew that spirit-bird's wings would beat in the child's heart with such a profound recollection of Heavenly love, that in time it would heal all the suffering that had brought them together, and the wisdom of the Divine truth would once again be revealed to her.

The girl child grew up alone in a beautiful wood where every flower of the wild kingdom grew, and every bird of the highest sphere made its nest. And as she grew, so her love grew, as pure as the whitest snowdrop in the darkest shadows of existence. Yet though the seasons flowed harmoniously from one to another, there were times when she was aware of the strangest haunting feeling. It was as though the woodland throbbed with a wondrous mystery she could not quite explain, and the twinkling lights in the high boughs, sparkled with a secret she had not yet found. Even the earth beneath her feet seemed to be reaching up to her with its very being to whisper something.

And as time passed and each new season brought a fresh delight, the mystery deepened, and the feeling grew with such intensity, that it was as though she could almost see it with the eye in her heart. Something not quite tangible that taunted her



from hedgerows, from the flowers, from the meadows and the trees, calling out to her, impatient, insistent, demanding she listen, filling her soul with such a music of love, such a memory of joy, such a melody of missing, that she could hardly contain it, something far too precious to speak its name and far too beautiful to exist. And then it was gone again, like a mountain stream, teasing and trickling, lapping and loitering, gushing and gasping its way over the stones and on into the gully beyond. Something far too sacred to remember and far too fragile to touch, elusive irretrievable, tantalizingly out of reach, drifting nostalgically away in the autumn breeze, in the final rustle of the dying leaves, lost and seemingly gone forever.

Yet it was the winter covering of snow that tormented the girl most, for then the memory stirred again so closely that it was as though something lay trapped and fluttering in her heart, something straining so hard to be free, something not yet born, as yet unrealized, like a still greater mystery waiting to be revealed, a promise as vast and magical as the winter landscape around her, and as perfect and tender as one tiny snowflake. And when the first trembling snowdrop pushed its way up out of the frozen ground, her heart seemed to explode into a million shards of glass with the ecstasy within her. And then it was as though she became a beautiful white bird, with such a lightness of being in her powerful wings, that she could fly right up to the highest hemispheres of existence, and even glimpse the heavenly realm itself.

And as the seasons flowed from one to another and winter moved into spring, the light of recall sharpened into a memory as clear as the brightest diamond, but just as she felt she could almost reach out and touch it, it turned into a dog-rose that pricked her finger and clung to her feelings with a yearning she could not quite explain. And then when the little brook was swathed in forget-me-nots, the bright, piercing blue of their fathomless faces seemed to scream out to her, sharply, insistently, reminding her of something long forgotten, something so perfect that it hurt, and so painful that it bled, and even the nettles stung her unremittingly with their cunning blades of truth. And as summer moved on, the autumn briars closed around her again into a wreath of barbed wire that quickly became leaden with the sharpest needles of hoar frost. And then when winter tightened its grip, it pierced her lungs so that she could barely breathe, and the memory quickened until she felt as if a beautiful white bird lay bleeding to death in her heart.

With the passage of time, the girl became ever more disturbed by the plight of this tragic bird, and ached to know how she could heal its wounds and set it free, but the more she

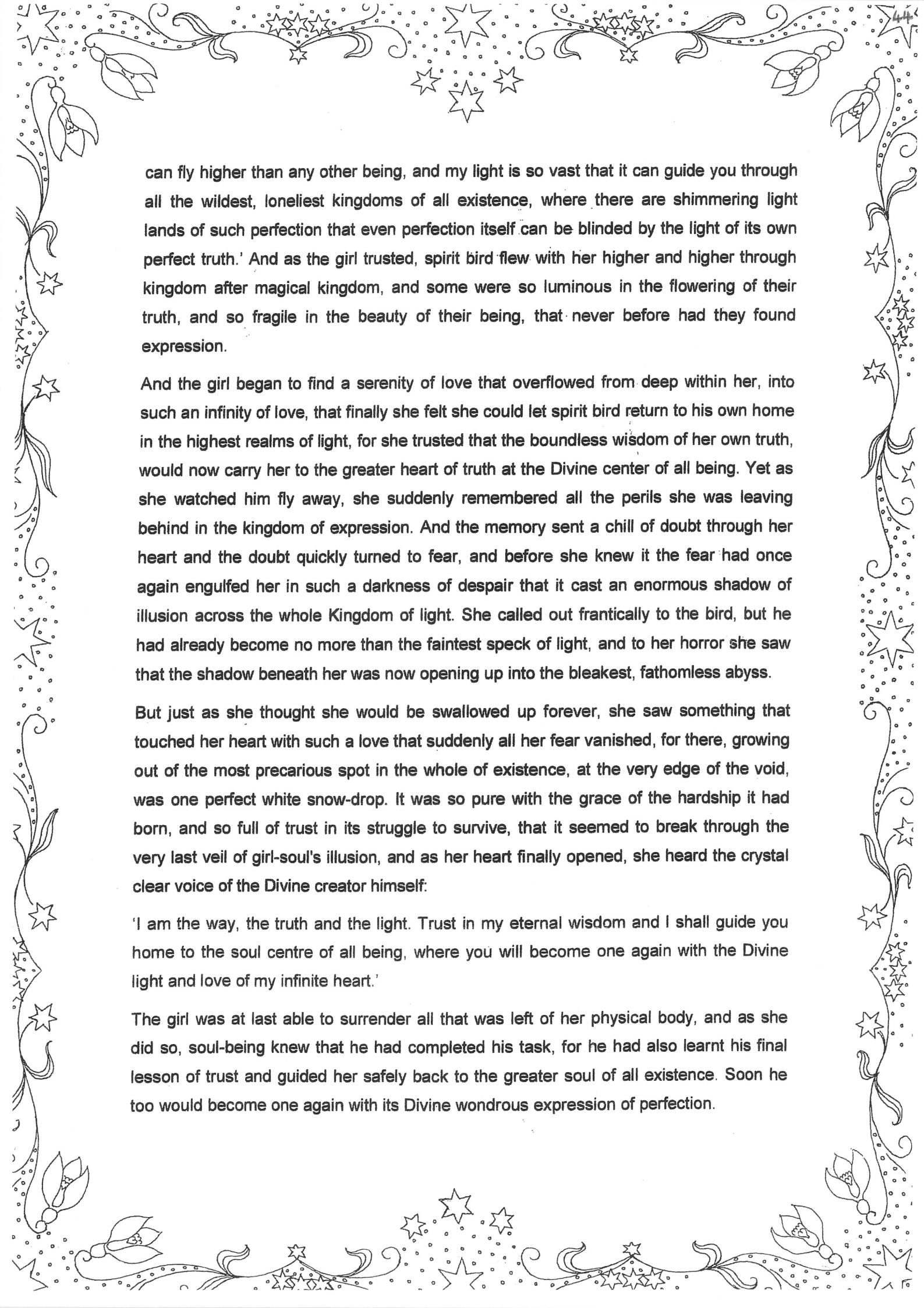
struggled to cast it out, the more enmeshed it became and the greater the torment she felt, until all at once such a terrible pain tore through her heart that she cried out in anguish. And as she cried, the sound of her suffering pierced through all the illusionary layers of existence and spirit bird was free at last. And as it flew out of her heart, all its blood-red scales of the universal wound, fell softly down onto the snow-clad ground below. And such was the grace of the pain it had born, that a holly tree laden with berries that would feed the entire kingdom of birds throughout all the bleakest eternal winters immediately grew in the place.

At the same time the girl was aware of such a such a lightness of being flooding through her heart, that she suddenly felt herself rising higher and higher up into the sky above her. Where once there had been an agonizing pain there was now only a vast and awesome freedom, and where once there had been an insatiable longing, there was now such a quietness of bliss, such a peace of surrender, that it was a though she had left the whole kingdom of suffering and expression far behind. Yet as she gazed ahead at the beautiful bird, the shock of being separated from him sent such a shiver of panic through her again, that she cried out in anguish. Seeing her distress spirit-bird called gently back,

'Dearest child, we have already traveled far together and I will not abandon you. I came to shine my light into the darkest shadow of your fear, for not only was I the blood-red bird of your physical suffering, I am also the Divine spirit bird of your freedom and truth. Light is my natural habitat and the essence of my whole being, for through the light of my loving spirit, all other lives and beings may become one again within the greater heart and soul of all existence. Trust in my light and let the wings of your own loving spirit reach out with joy'.

Hearing his message, the girl heart was filled with such a love that it overflowed from the heart-center of her being into a magnificent pair of light wings. And the more love she felt, the more expansive they became, until she was flying through realm upon glittering realm of the beautiful Kingdom of Heavenly love itself. Yet the perfection and beauty of all that she saw only served to remind her again of the shadow of her own fear, and once again she cried out in fear. Seeing her conflict again, spirit bird was filled with compassion.

'My dearest child, trust in the light of my loving spirit and I will carry you far beyond your fear and show you the most precious flowers of truth in all the universal kingdoms. For I



can fly higher than any other being, and my light is so vast that it can guide you through all the wildest, loneliest kingdoms of all existence, where there are shimmering light lands of such perfection that even perfection itself can be blinded by the light of its own perfect truth.' And as the girl trusted, spirit bird flew with her higher and higher through kingdom after magical kingdom, and some were so luminous in the flowering of their truth, and so fragile in the beauty of their being, that never before had they found expression.

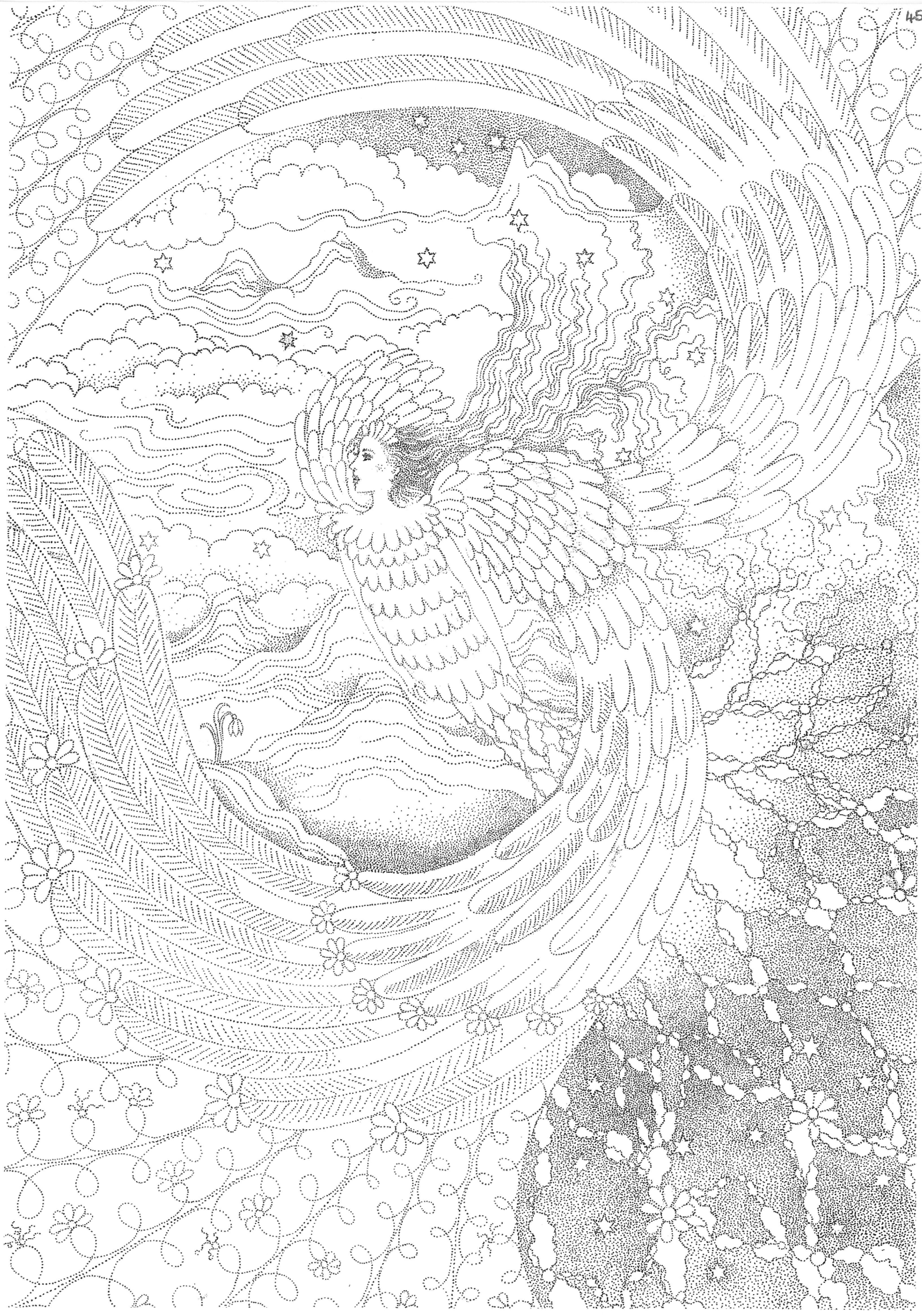
And the girl began to find a serenity of love that overflowed from deep within her, into such an infinity of love, that finally she felt she could let spirit bird return to his own home in the highest realms of light, for she trusted that the boundless wisdom of her own truth, would now carry her to the greater heart of truth at the Divine center of all being. Yet as she watched him fly away, she suddenly remembered all the perils she was leaving behind in the kingdom of expression. And the memory sent a chill of doubt through her heart and the doubt quickly turned to fear, and before she knew it the fear had once again engulfed her in such a darkness of despair that it cast an enormous shadow of illusion across the whole Kingdom of light. She called out frantically to the bird, but he had already become no more than the faintest speck of light, and to her horror she saw that the shadow beneath her was now opening up into the bleakest, fathomless abyss.

But just as she thought she would be swallowed up forever, she saw something that touched her heart with such a love that suddenly all her fear vanished, for there, growing out of the most precarious spot in the whole of existence, at the very edge of the void, was one perfect white snow-drop. It was so pure with the grace of the hardship it had born, and so full of trust in its struggle to survive, that it seemed to break through the very last veil of girl-soul's illusion, and as her heart finally opened, she heard the crystal clear voice of the Divine creator himself:

'I am the way, the truth and the light. Trust in my eternal wisdom and I shall guide you home to the soul centre of all being, where you will become one again with the Divine light and love of my infinite heart.'

The girl was at last able to surrender all that was left of her physical body, and as she did so, soul-being knew that he had completed his task, for he had also learnt his final lesson of trust and guided her safely back to the greater soul of all existence. Soon he too would become one again with its Divine wondrous expression of perfection.





## The Island

And her heart opened like a red hibiscus flower, turning its trumpet towards the setting sun, to surrender up the last remaining mystery of its fragrant existence.

And the shadow of her past, fell behind her like a knotted strand of seaweed, trailing its silken path across the silver sand.

And all the moments of her present, polished the dunes around her into shining domes of pure amber, and all the petrified moments of her future were released from her breath like a mighty hawk, winging up to the turquoise sky.

And forests of topaz and lapis-lazuli rose up out of the shimmering pearl valleys of her day-time dreams, and her night-dreams opened up the foot-prints where she trod into inky sapphire craters, where barracudas cold as jet glided silently, secretly by.

And all that she was, and would ever be, coated the dark-green emerald ocean before her with a milky sheen of peace, and there was nothing left in such peace, except crystals of pure trust, washing gently up on the amethyst shore.

And all the passion she had ever felt, blazed and scorched inside her like a ruby desert in the white-hot furnace of her love, and there was nothing left to feel but that love.

And all the illusions she had known dropped from her eyes like the iridescent scales of a dragonfly's wing. And all that she had ever seen or touched, drifted beneath her like a diamond mist on the azure waves of truth, and there was nothing left but that truth.

And her light memory of all creation was no more than a glowing ring of gold, contouring the paradise island of her soul.





Soul is as old and wise as the whole universal story . It is the first chapter of the first story of the very first beginning. Yet it also pre-dates existence, for it remembers a time when there were no stories to tell, when Once Upon a Time there was no time and space, only the ancient wisdom from which all consciousness and spirit evolved.

Soul is perfection that desires to know itself. It is the ego of God searching for its own perfect reflection and exists only to know again its own perfect state in whatever other state it finds itself.

Before there was soul there was only pure consciousness that had no expression of itself other than its own innocent unknowing. This was the original state of pre-existence that was without soul-ego. After soul there was imperfection, thus creation was born.

Soul is whole consciousness and whole consciousness is soul. They began their expression at a point of existence at the very threshold of time and space and are so closely connected that each is an expression of the other.

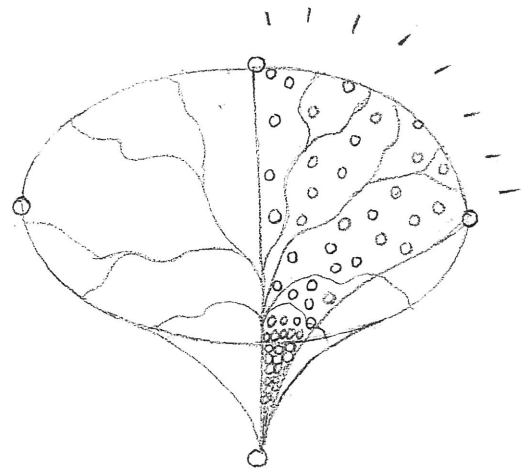
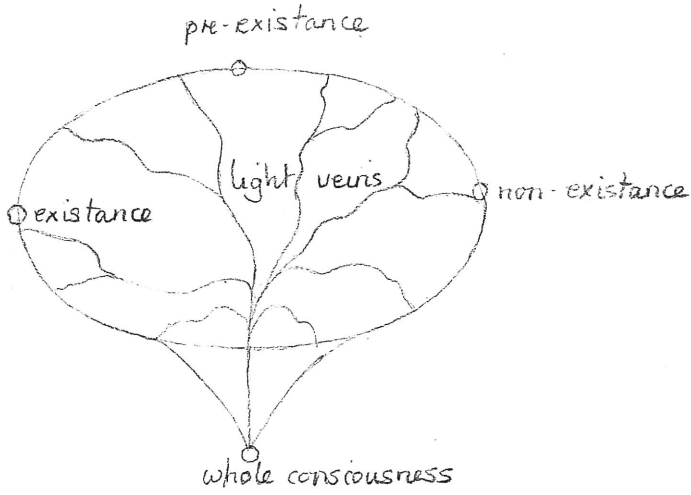
Soul cannot become whole again without expression of its whole consciousness, and consciousness cannot become whole without its soul expression. Together they form the memory pattern through which every other pattern, expression and being connects to the pure consciousness of pre-existence.

Every life vibration and form of being it expresses through will help it expand its own consciousness. The more soul finds expression, the more conscious it becomes of its own boundless potential for perfection and wholeness, and the greater awareness God-centre has of its own soul ego.

When it has reached within its own perfection and seen its complete magnificent whole perfection mirrored back, so God centre will recognise its own omnipotence and return to its original state of perfect grace and pure consciousness again.

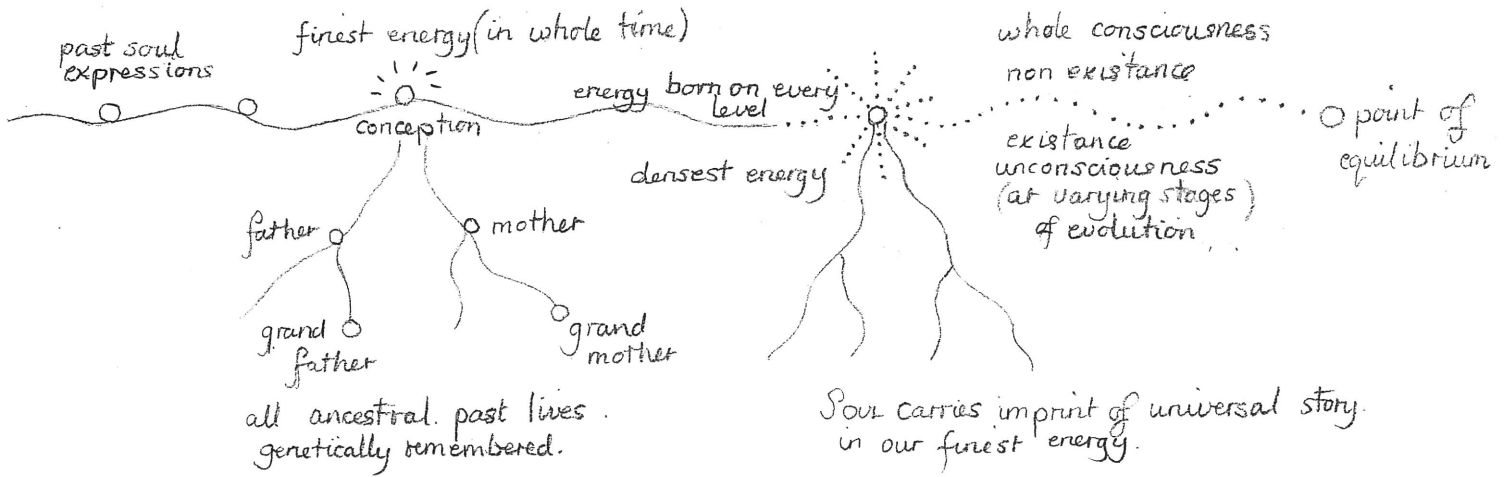


# THE JOURNEY OF SOUL.



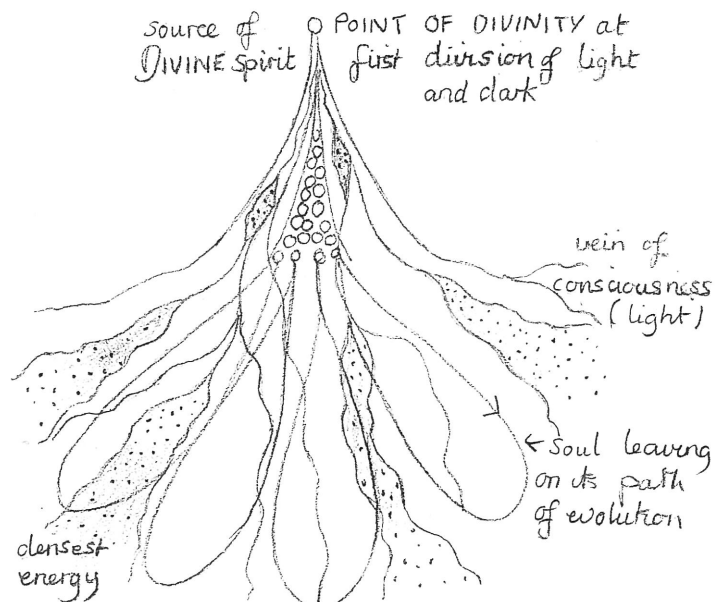
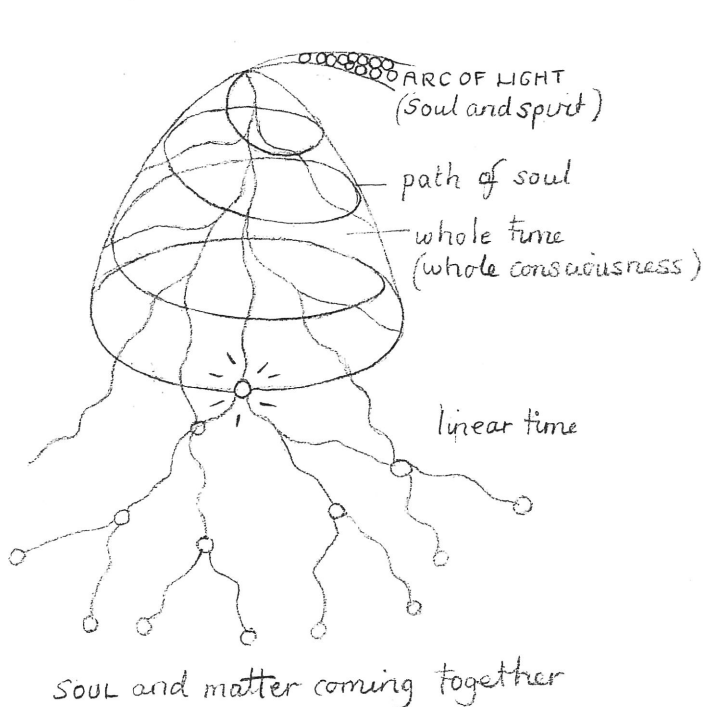
THE ARC OF LIGHT on THE WHOLE CYCLE OF WONDER, where soul energy is located.

At any point in a life cycle we can find the point of whole consciousness through which we can re-connect with the WHOLE CYCLE OF WONDER



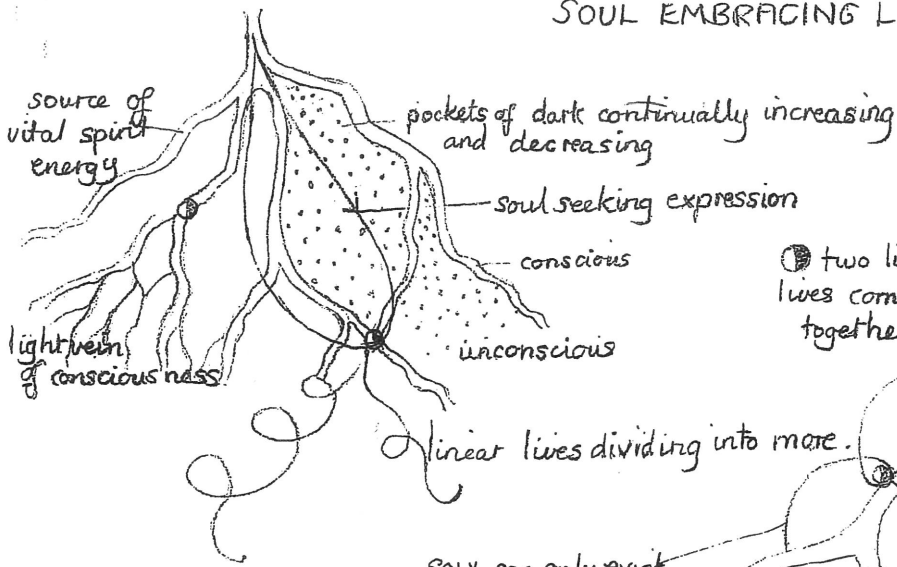
all ancestral past lives genetically remembered.

Soul carries imprint of universal story in our finest energy.



The dual nature of creation.

SOUL EMBRACING LIFE.



two linear lives coming together.

linear lives dividing into more.

life contained within souls expression.

a new life is born.

SOUL can only exist in the finest levels of whole time. It cannot have form and state in linear dense levels.

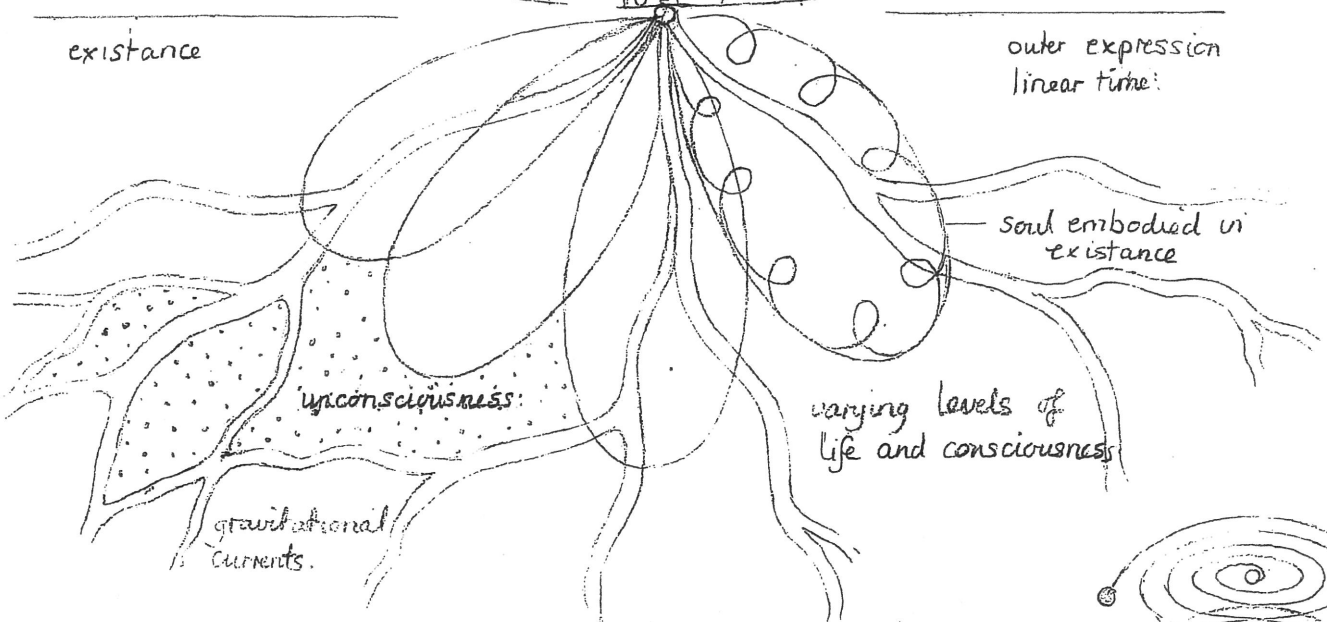
TWO SOULS CONVERGE

non existence

existence

inner impression

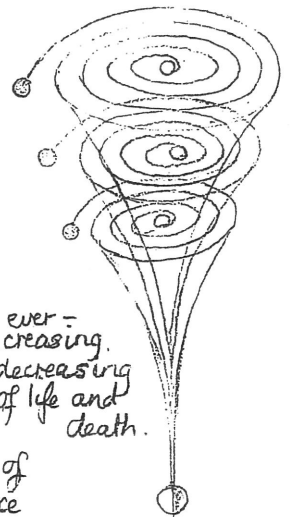
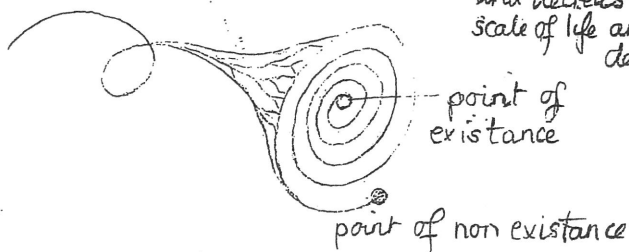
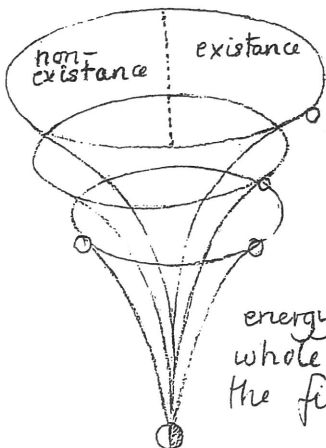
outer expression  
linear time:



light vein outwardly connecting all existence to whole consciousness.

The self curiosity, or impulse of self wonder that stirs all energy on every level to express.

ever-increasing and decreasing scale of life and death.



# A Teaching

by the Light-Being

Suffering took you to its darkest void of isolation, to show you how to love, and loving has taken you to the brightest rainbows of attachment to teach you how to let go. But light will guide you to the quiet pools of your inner beauty, to show you how to be.

It is a place of absolute perfection, where love can no longer distract you, because you have loved to distraction, and where suffering can no longer haunt you, because you have suffered the haunted.

And in the peace and acceptance of such perfection your outer world will harmonise with your inner world. And as you come more together you will become ever more apart, and as you draw down more light, you will draw out more dark. And as your own shadow is integrated, so too will the greater collective shadow become absorbed.

Light has a relentless momentum that demands response. It naturally seeks out the densest, most stagnant places in order to expose anything other than the perfection of itself. But it also nourishes innocence and sensitivity, and your child will instinctively open to the new expression of joy that it brings.

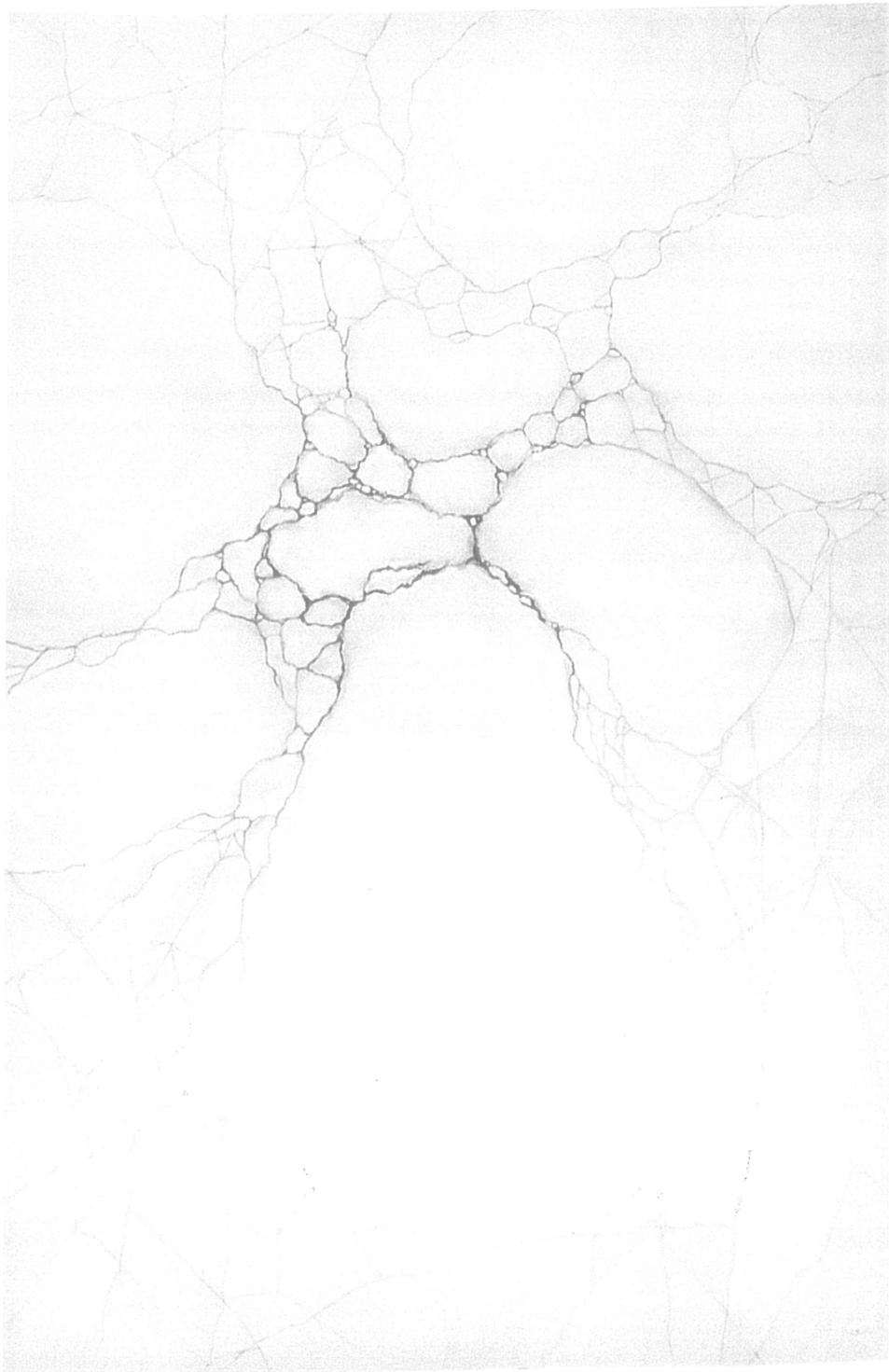
Nothing will be lost of your emotional spirit, but all will be gained in the thousand symphonies that you find in the harmony of such whole-light expression. And as your awareness grows, you will be filled with a Divine radiance that flows from a greater hand of inspiration.

It is the lightening process of transformation, a softening and expansion that unites spirit and body into a higher whole-consciousness. And as you become more whole, so you will cease to think of cause and effect, and know only that you are continually becoming ever more whole within the greater whole.

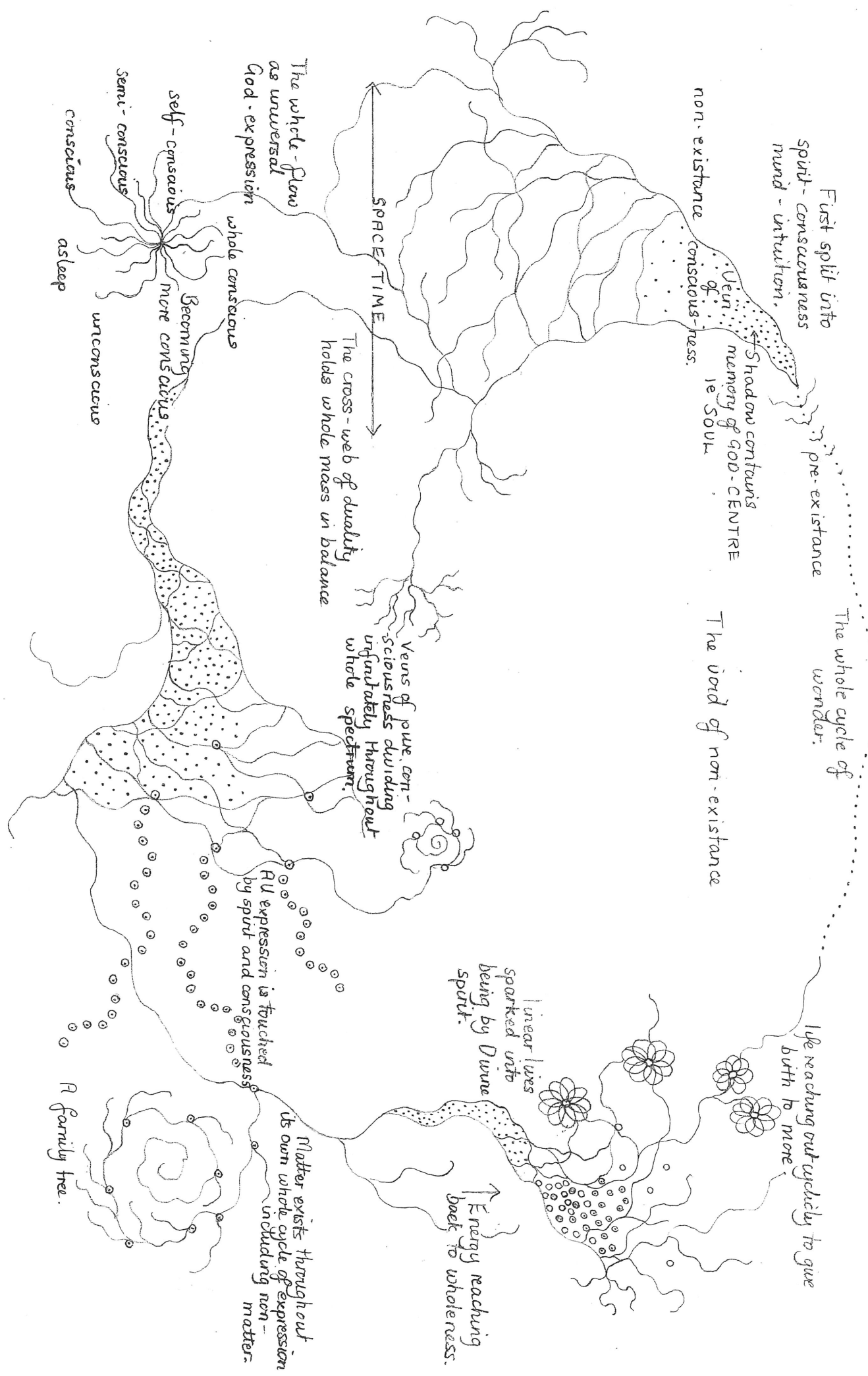
So let your smile of light contain a thousand melodies,  
but scatter the notes. Let it be only the inner smile of  
your hearts desire. And let your desire be the smile  
that births a thousand new stars in every breath-pause  
of its whole wondrous potential.

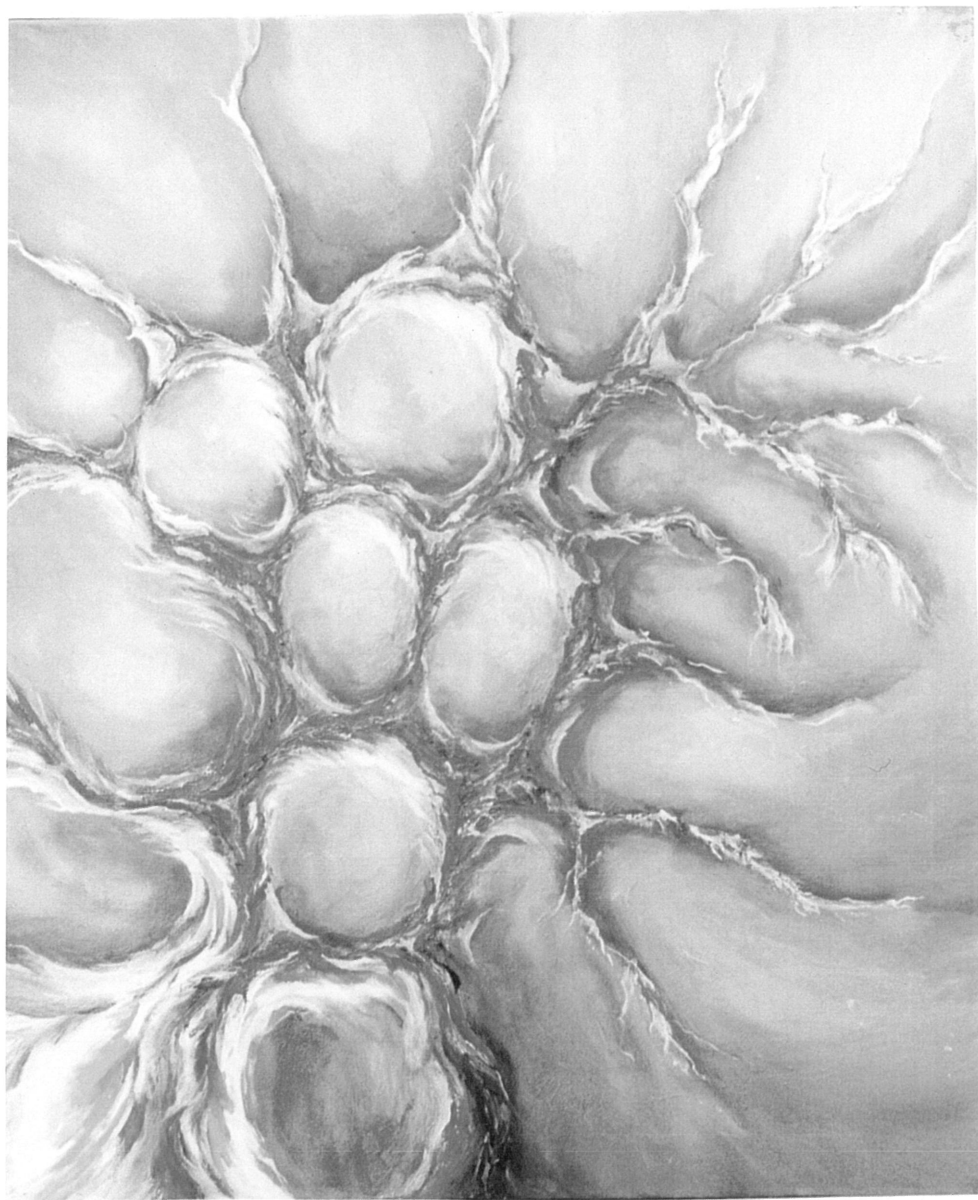
Compose your own galaxies, walk deeper into your  
dreams. Juggle with the stars, but do not become attached.  
Tread lightly in your dreams. Tread lightly in your love.  
Do not pluck the flower. Do not try to bottle the note  
or you will kill the song bird.

Do not try to hold the joy but spin your your finest  
thread of light and pass it through the eye of each  
moment of wonder, into the timeless placeless  
ever flowing ever-flowering, whole eternal  
wondrous pattern of potential.



GOD-CENTER







## A Teaching

by the Light-Being

To be with your light being is to be with the whole of your heart being in a place of absolute perfection. It is to break out of time and space into the light of infinity, and to create the ultimate freedom that lies beyond all your beginnings and endings. It is to fly so high above your births and your deaths that nothing can claim you except the light desire of more infinite expression.

This is the state of your lightest creative being, the point in the pattern of existence where all paths cross and all suffering ceases, the whole point, the ocean of light, your whole consciousness, the start-time between within and without. Here you will find the forever and beyond of the all-possible. Here you can stretch and expand time as you know it and touch into any moment of your eternal life.

Such is your creativity and sensitivity. Such is your consciousness, the God we mirror back to you, the God inside you. And such is your own universal creativity where your Child can play in his own boundless, timeless and directionless eternity.

Celebrate the inspiration of your Child's heart and paint his infinite dreams of freedom, but choose your brush with care, your task is awesome in its joy, your light is limitless in its scope of truth.

Take a brush that is fine enough to trace the reflection of a spider's web upon the water, and make it even finer that the fly may not see it. And let it also be wide enough to span the Giant's causeway. And let there be a thousand colours within each rainbow of light.

Let the canvas be too fragile to touch, and too limitless in its galaxies to frame. Let it convey nothing but expectancy. And let expectancy be too heavy a mark for your sensitivity, and your sensitivity so light that you are blind to it. And let the creative spark of your light

be so spontaneous that you have no memory of it, and so quick that you cannot ponder it. Let all the moments of your creativity expand into the vast unconsciousness that is the universal artist's mind, and rejoice in its infinite potential. For this is but the first step in the whole acceptance and freedom that your light and love inspire.

Let all your boundaries fall away and create a space for eternal flight. Let go of fear and time will vanish, look into the void and pain will cease. Where there is no fear there is no separation, there is only the joy of your own light-Child's creative freedom.



Creation is continually searching for its own perfect truth within the illusion of its whole expression. When it inevitably confronts the ultimate power of such a truth, it will immediately cease to be. For as it creates, so it destroys, and as it sees, so it must become blind.

Thus the whole creative process is in constant evolution through existence and non-existence, illusion and truth, and is without state or stillness of truth that can ever be wholly described. It can only know itself in the wake of each passing illusion of truth, for as it knows so it describes, and as it describes, so it creates its own opposite expression, thus losing itself back into a passing illusion of truth.

Just as there is existence, there must be non existence, and just as there is expression of truth, there must be suppression, for truth is always lost within its own expression, and to find it, is a contradiction of its whole perfect state.

Thus whole truth is also an illusion, for within the whole order of its being and predictability, there will always be an equal and opposite unpredictable disorder.

The only known truth will always be imperfect, for perfection exists beyond state or mind, in its own stateless moment of potential that is unreachable even to itself. Every expression within time and space and state is truth still hidden in illusion.

The whole perfect state of truth can only exist at that whole original moment of potential, at the point of pure consciousness of pre-existence. Therefore whole truth can never exist. It remains locked in its own potential, and to seek it, is to seek an illusion of perfection in the perfection of nothing, for perfection is still seeking itself.

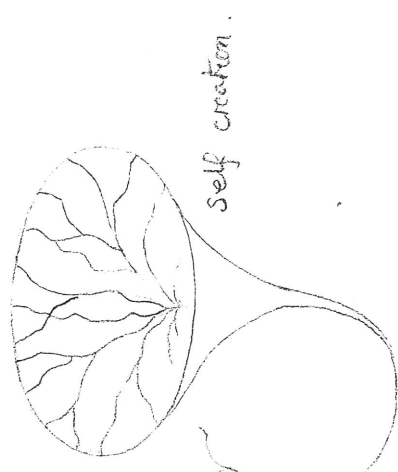
All creation is an illusion in expression of that whole moment of perfect potential. And every impulse of its unique inspiration creates infinite unpredictable cycles of illusion within its own evolving and illusionary truth.

Whole truth will therefore always be lost in the overall illusion of creation, so neither the whole, not any of its parts can ever know the truth of its own whole potential, or the whole potential of its own truth.

But the whole will continue to seek out its own truth within that whole moment of potential, for therein lies the mystery and the mirage of all universal inspiration. And the universe we know will continue to expand and contract in the time and space of the illusion it creates, in the wake of that eternal quest for truth.

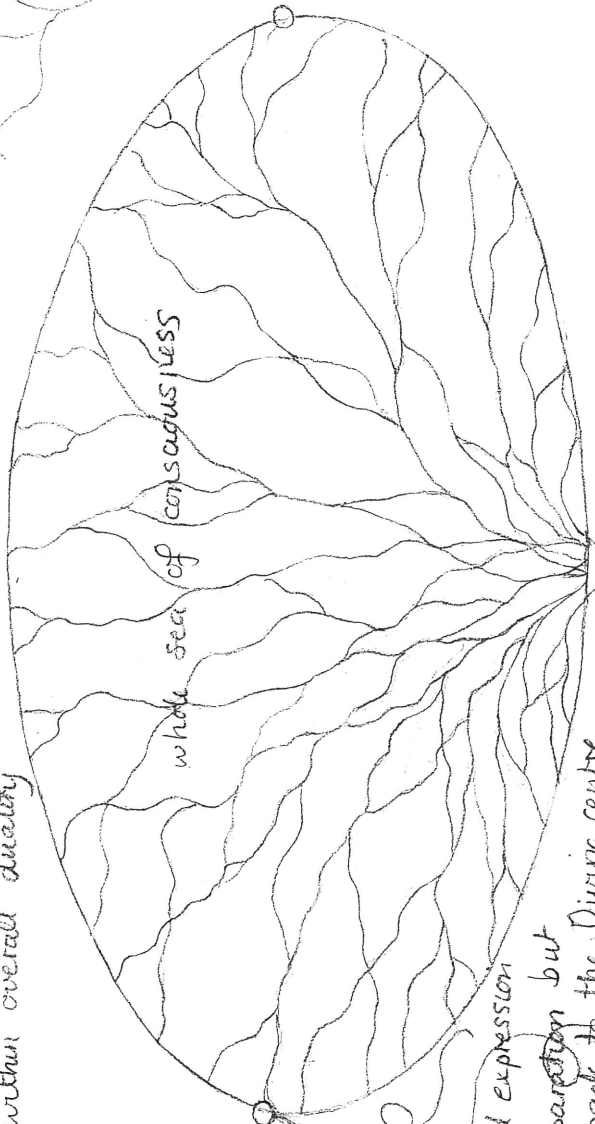


THE DIVINE CENTRE, (GOD) SEEKS TO BECOME CONSCIOUS  
(THE WHOLE CYCLE OF WONDER)

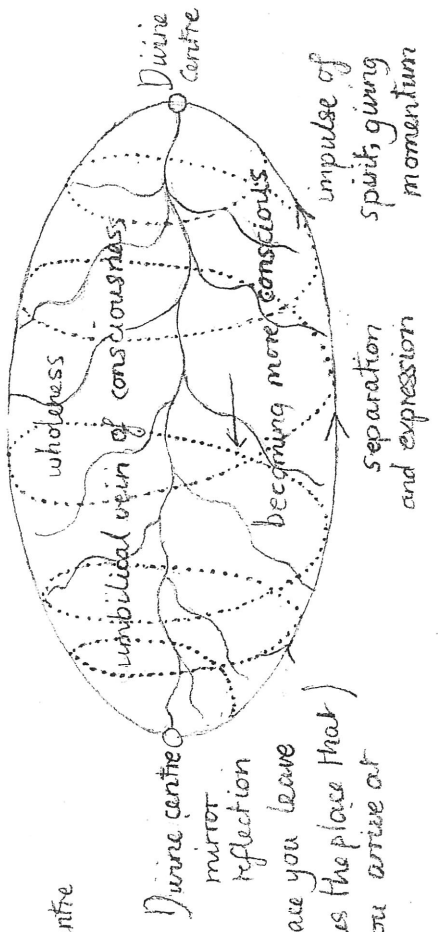


Divine center seeking to be conscious of itself and thus creating the universal reflection of its own Divinity

Self-fusion of all opposites within overall duality



gravitational tug of mind expression outwardly seeking more separation but intuitively trying to get back to the Divine centre.



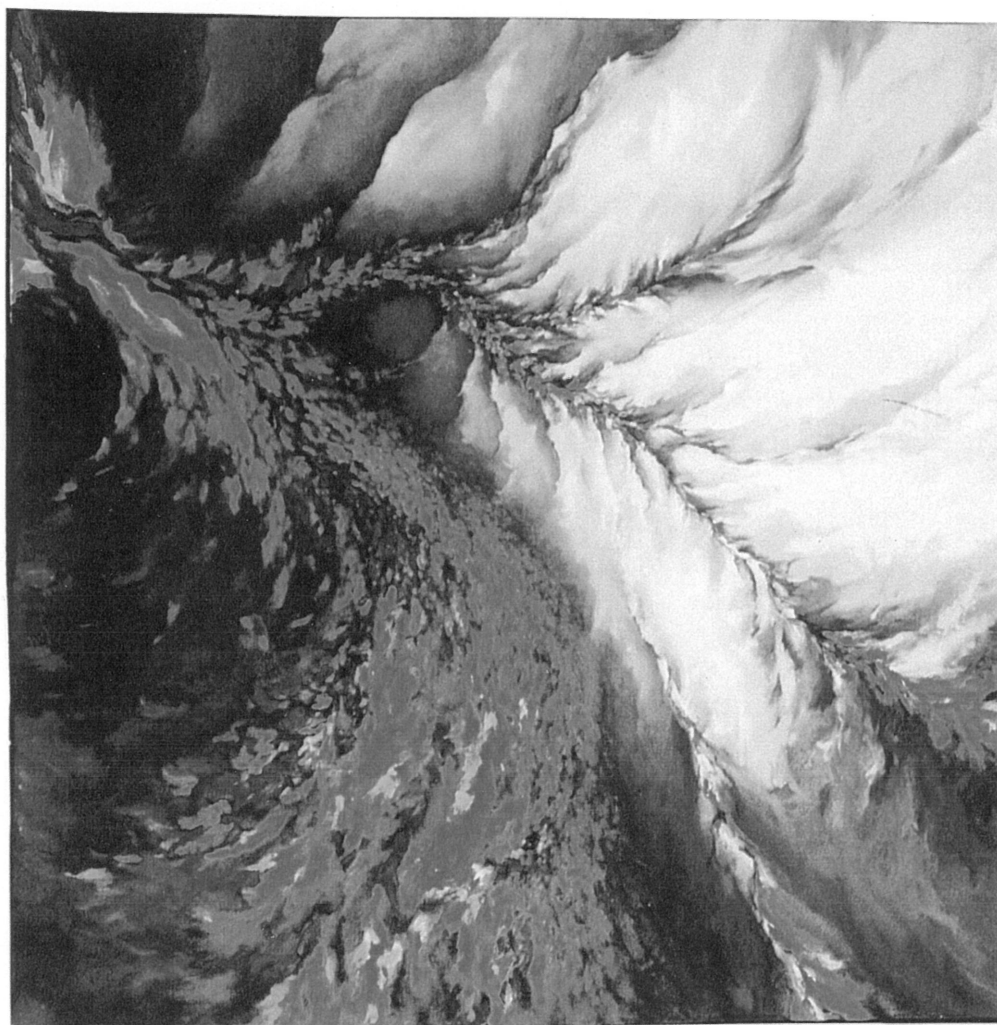
(the place you leave becomes the place that you arrive at)

energy wanting to get back home

all life and expression seeking to become more light and conscious

a growing awareness gives rise to a growing universe.

GODS self awareness leaves creation in its wake









Our inner consciousness will continue to create the reality of our outer consciousness in order to accommodate the evolving story of our ego, and the way to consciousness will always lead back through its own unconscious opposite. Just as the place we leave will always be the place we find.

As we are, so we create, and just as pockets of dark can be transformed by an equal and opposite concentration of light, so we can transmute the shadows of our suffering and illusion with the inspiration of our light.

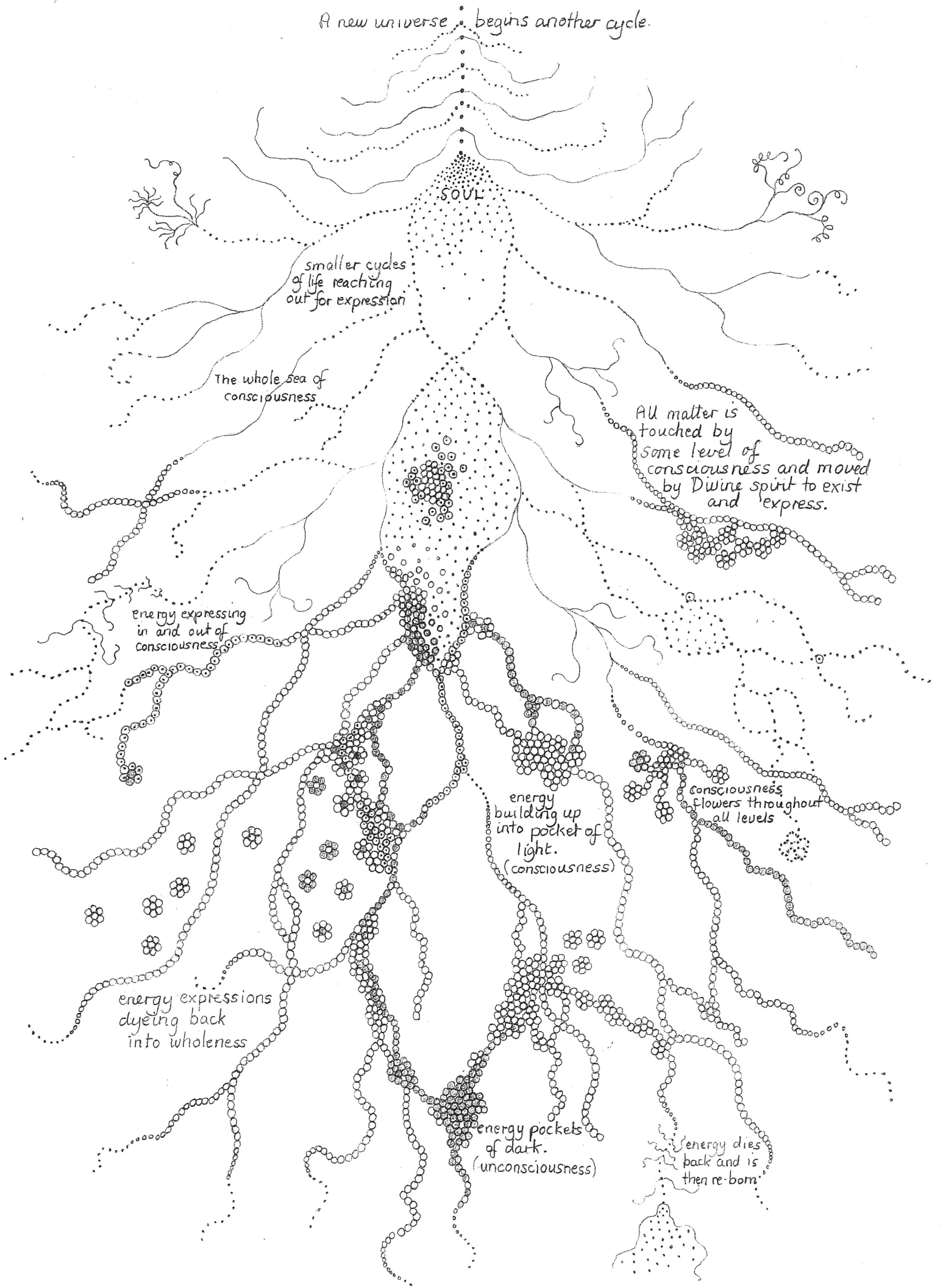
All that we create is a result of the natural illusion and duality of expression. Light and dark, Heaven and Hell, good and evil only represent the heights and depths of the conflicts and adventures that Child dreamed up when he set off into the unknown in search of his Giant

But Child will come to know that there is nowhere any better or any worse than the present moment. Hell is no more than energy without light and Heaven is merely light without dark. Both are born out of fear and duality, and only exist in the illusion of time and space and the creative inspiration of our own separate story. And both are a denial of our own whole nature and the real nature of creation.

When the unconscious becomes conscious, when the outward journey brings us home, and the homeward journey takes us out, when soul sees into shadow and spirit enters matter, when above and below are one, and Heaven and Hell are the same, when light and dark are inseparable and all judgement ceases, Child has truly found his Giant.

# THE DUALITY OF CONSCIOUSNESS

A new universe begins another cycle.



SOUL

smaller cycles of life reaching out for expression

The whole sea of consciousness

All matter is touched by some level of consciousness and moved by Divine spirit to exist and express.

Energy expressing in and out of consciousness

energy building up into pocket of light. (consciousness)

consciousness flows throughout all levels

energy expressions dyeing back into wholeness

energy pockets of dark. (unconsciousness)

energy dies back and is then re-born



# A Teaching

by the Light-Being

As your consciousness changes so too will your universe, and the possible and the impossible of your past separation will become the ever possible of your whole inspiration. Light will continue to enlighten and re-create itself according to your expanding perception, and as it grows, so you too will grow in whole-light awareness.

Everything you see and find without, you will re-discover within, and all that you see within, you will re-create without. All will be dependent on the scale of your trust, and the power of your re-claimed light.

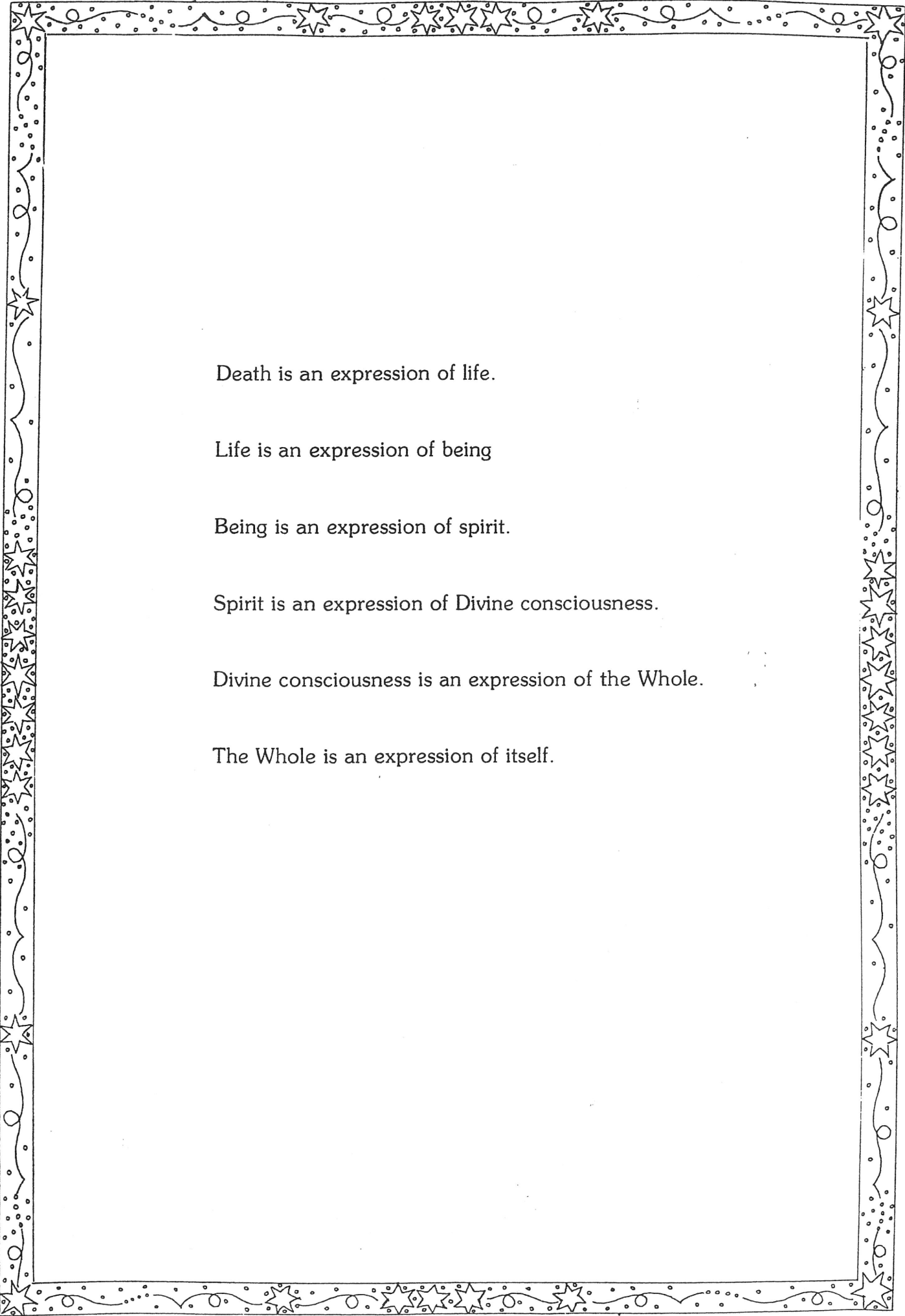
You will reach that point of whole truth, illuminated in the lightness of your new awareness, where the 'Light Beings' without, become the infinite consciousness of your light-being within, and you will unfold your celestial wings again.

Your universe within and without will expand and contract in whole and complete harmony with the changing boundaries of your new perception, and you will rise and fall, sleep and awaken, according to the rhythm and power of its creative flow.

Light will fill your thoughts and your mind, your feelings and your knowing, with boundless wisdom, and you will know only the Divine love and infinite peace of its all-embracing consciousness.

You will become the pulse that beats the breath of universal time, within the same breath that breathes the rhythm of the universal pulse. You will create such a oneness of thought and being within the harmony of its flow, that separation will be just another life you may recall.

Inspiration will fill your heart and your soul, transforming the bleakness of your outer world into an inner landscape of unimaginable quiet grace. And you will know only the lightest being of your highest consciousness, where light is forever evolving, and where consciousness itself is forever becoming more enlightened within its oceans of timeless, spaceless perfection.



Death is an expression of life.

Life is an expression of being

Being is an expression of spirit.

Spirit is an expression of Divine consciousness.

Divine consciousness is an expression of the Whole.

The Whole is an expression of itself.

Come leave your cares,  
come with us now and take our hand.  
Come play with us our play of plays,  
the play that playeth on in whole momentous light.  
Be with us here and hold the stars of universes,  
newly born in present futures past.  
Come be with us and touch again,  
the moving hand that gathers up the time and stars,  
in celebration of the light that is your own.  
Come join as one in whole divine communion,  
and let your lightest breath of joy returning,  
transfuse your dreams in music of such sweet surrender,  
that you will part the universal sea of light,  
and know again that wondrous point of perfect  
whole potential.

# A Teaching

by the Light-Being

Come lightly now and tread with us this miracle pause of ocean time. Come softly slip on pointed toe through whispered mists of time's own tune, and in the quiet lull between the notes come hark your hearts desire to beat and ache, and be again so close.

Come leave such care and take our hand, and let your song of inspiration wash sweet music on creation's shore. Come let your thousand lives of light being dance and spin you through the beauty of your own reflection, beyond your thousand lives of fear. And let your brightest truth of joy returning defy your darkest earthing pull and wing you to that point of whole perfection that parts the universal sea of love in mid-created flow.

This is the sacred dance of whole momentous light, to dance, and dance then dance again, through all the moments of all your lives. To dance until you surrender to the dancing moment of every life as you live it, until you cannot dance another step, until you become the dance, until you are become the whole of creation dancing. Until the dance of all being is the only point of being.

Dance for the thrill of ever-changing patterns of partners and lives and beings. Dance to all the moments of all the dance. Dance to the dance of romancing the soul, of romancing the Lord of the Dance, the Lord of light and dark. The Lord of all creation dancing.

Dance to every tune that he plays, and every step that he commands. Dance in your wishing to be softly near him, and dance to your desire to be in holy-state of whole-light being with love. Dance to the once upon a times, and dance to the happy ever after, and dance to how it was, and how it can be ever and ever again, in the eternal dance of light ever after.



Dance as you go tenderly to him in lightest yearning for Divine consummation, and dance to the dream of your total surrender to the magic of that first touch again, and in the knowing you can have it again and again.

Dance to the ocean and depths of your feelings and dance to the moonlight in the veils of your eyes. Dance to the closeness of his quiet enfoldment and dance to the mystery he reflects back in his sighs. Dance to remember again the cry of your passion, and dance to the lull of the tide as it wanes. Dance to the foaming peace that washes over you, and over you again.

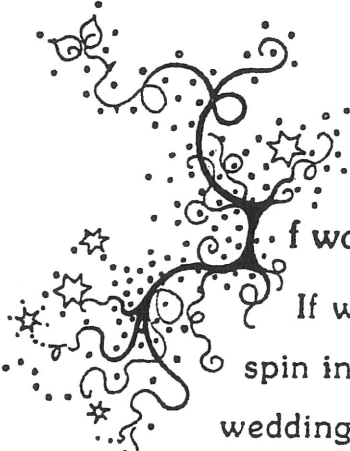
Dance to the night of his animal power, and dance to the beat of his jungle roar, dance to the pleasure of love that engulfs you, and dance to your boundless desire for more.

Dance to lie gently beside him in the stillness of your night, and dance to your awakening as you open to your day. Dance that all you remember is how to dance the only dance of your own Divine communion.

Dance to the thorns of your separation, and dance to your trust when you called out his name, dance to the briars of your desolation, and dance to your patience as you waited till he came. Dance that you are his lady of the light-dance, his chosen bride, and dance to the destiny that brought you ever closer to his side.

Dance to the hoar frost of isolation, and dance to your hope and your trust it would thaw. Dance to your flood-plains of anticipation, and dance to your wind-swept barren shore. Dance to the desert sun of the spirit of the light-dance that he inflames in you. Dance to your life, that you may dance to your love.

Dance on the wave of each moment of desire that washes your heart with the ache of lost union. Dance that you may become the wave again, in the becoming of your becoming. Dance to the eternal desire of your becoming, and dance to the Lord of the whole Divine becoming.



f wonderment. . .

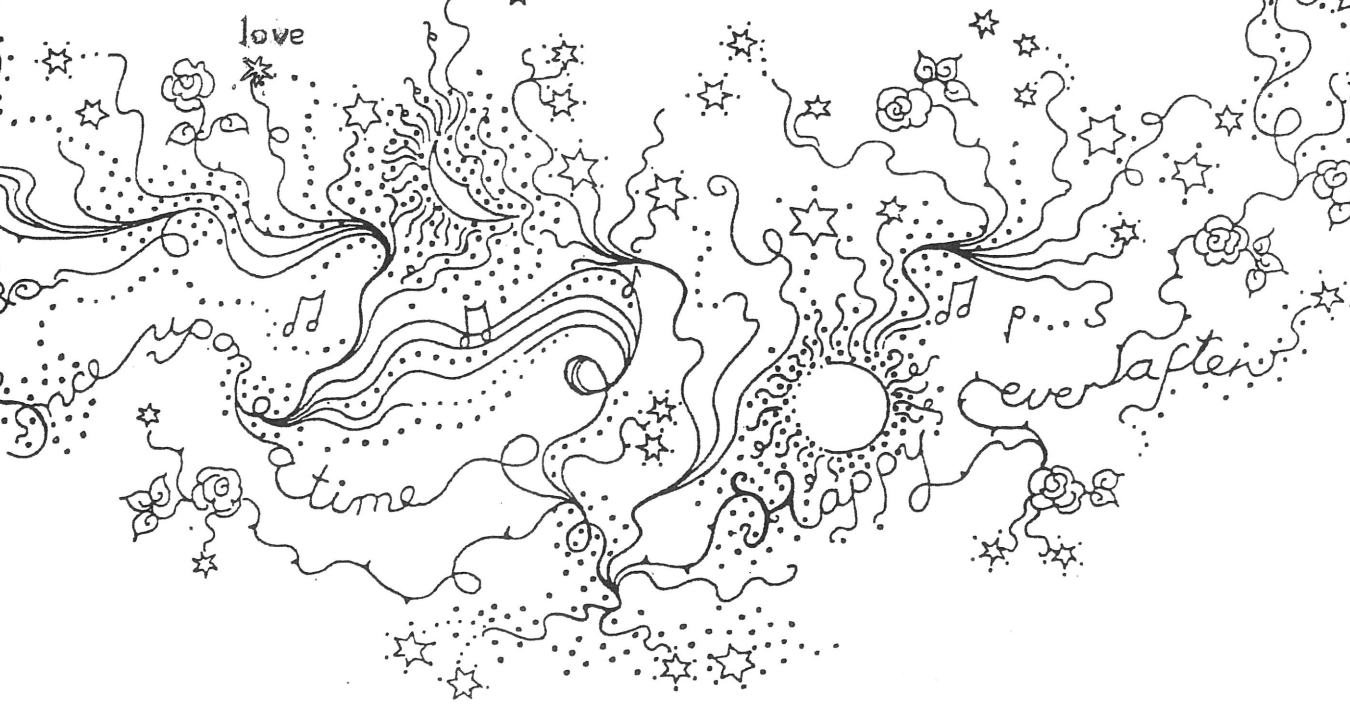
If wonderment were tangible enough to spin into the lightest thread, I would weave a wedding veil of finest filigree lace.

★ And I would thread it mysteriously with all the siren songs of my feminine wiles, and embroider it brightly with all the earth magic of my animal power.

I would stitch it seductively with all the secret promise of my sensual desire, and appliqué it tightly, with all the wise instinct of my fathomless well.

If wonderment were tangible enough to spin into the lightest thread, I would weave the eternal consummation with the Divine inspiration of my

love



### The whole-desire of communion

As all conflict ceases, and all illusion is unveiled, we will recover such a profound memory of the Divine communion that any sense of separate expression will dissolve, and all desire will become a whole expressional desire. Anything other than pure consciousness of that whole moment of being is yet another illusion and yet another chapter in our own personal story within the greater universal story.

## The beginning and ending of Creation

In the beginning there was no beginning, there was only the whole original perfection that was in itself so perfect that it could not possibly be described, let alone describe itself. In such a state of perfection there could be no beginnings or endings, for nothing could stir or have impulse to conceive of anything other than or separate from its own perfect wholeness. Yet such perfection is never complete, for it ignores the duality of its own expression of imperfection. It is only one transient whole and perfect moment of expression within the whole perfect cycle of expression. Out of that perfect state, an original impulse of self wonder and self curiosity re-birthed itself. And as it saw its own perfection, so it created. And as it created, so the duality of its own imperfect expression began again, and the whole universal story unravelled.

This was the original point of wonder that began the beginning, that birthed an infinite number of more wondrous and perfect beginnings in an expression of all those separate qualities of its whole perfect state. And as perfection grew in its wholeness, so too did imperfection in its separation, dividing up continually into an external flow of beginnings and endings within that overall perfection.

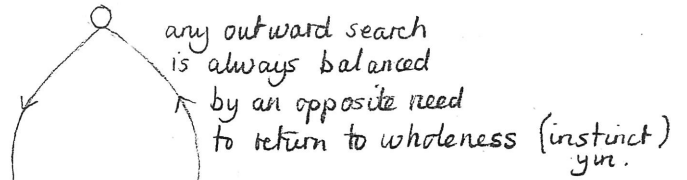
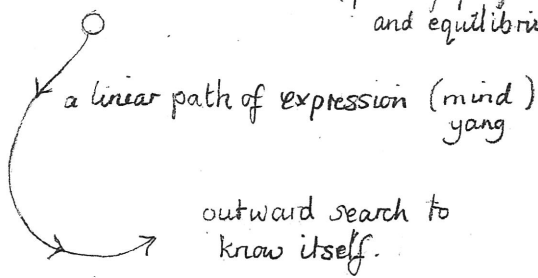
But within its wholeness, creation has no outer boundaries and therefore no ending, and no inner boundaries, therefore no beginning. There are only changes of consciousness and expression as it continues to uncover its own potential perfection within the duality of its whole expression.

Creation is the imperfect expression of its own perfection.

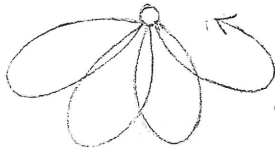


# THE UNIVERSAL JOURNEY

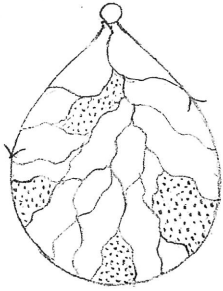
WHOLE OR GOD CENTER (point of perfection) and equilibrium.



a linear time path of denser energy. it leaves in its wake. (the universe)

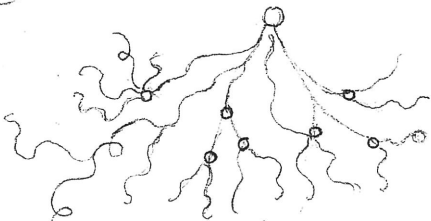
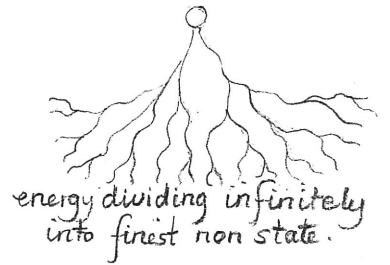
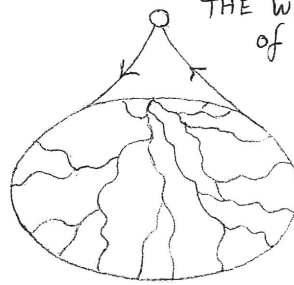


all lives and beings express in the same way throughout scale.

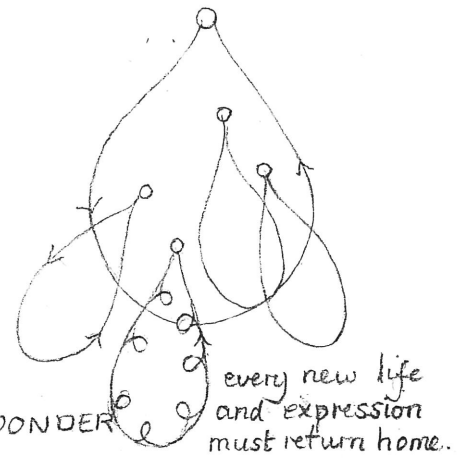
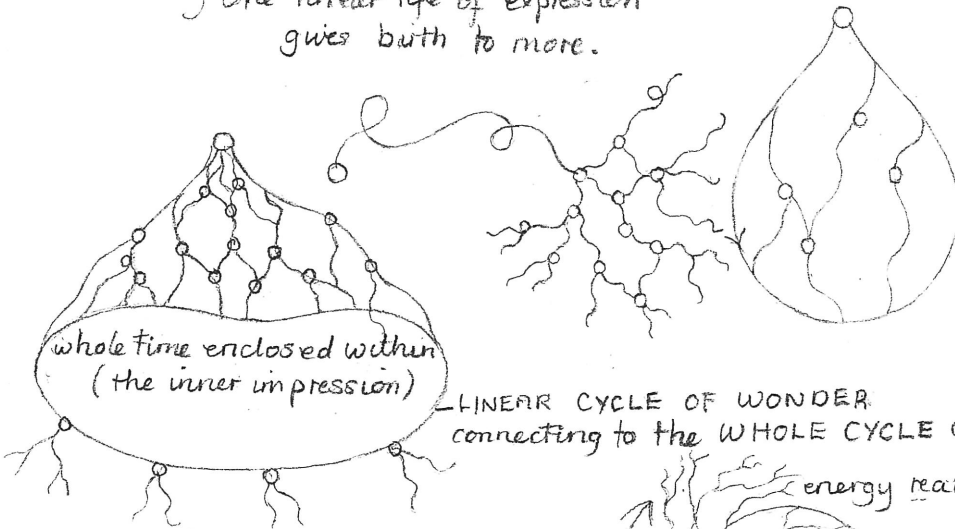


veins of consciousness (light) and pockets of unconsciousness (dark) holding the WHOLE in balance.

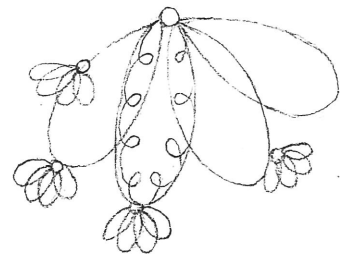
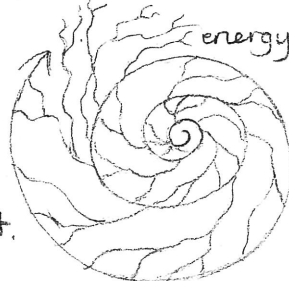
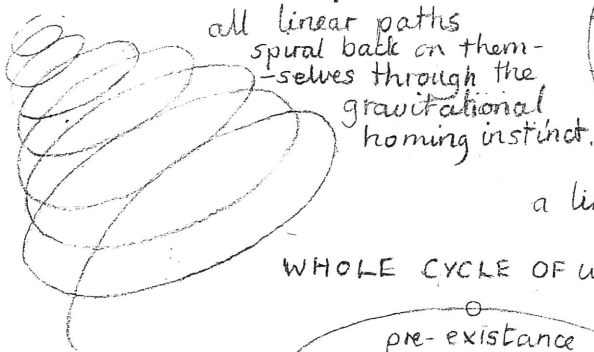
THE WHOLE MOMENT (whole time) of suspended potential



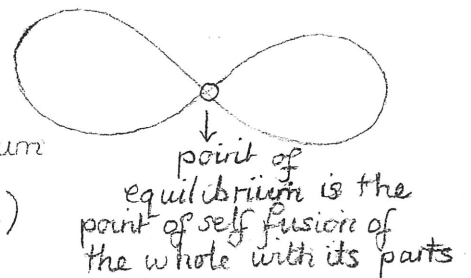
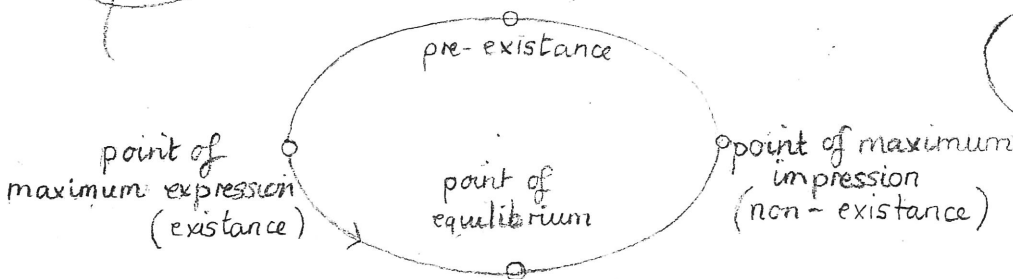
one linear life of expression gives birth to more.



energy reaching out

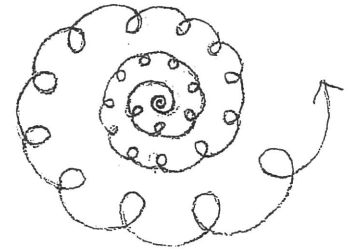
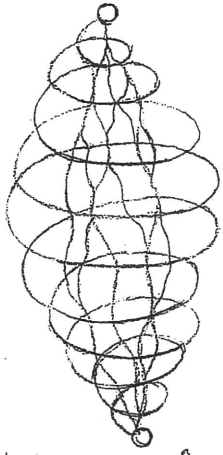
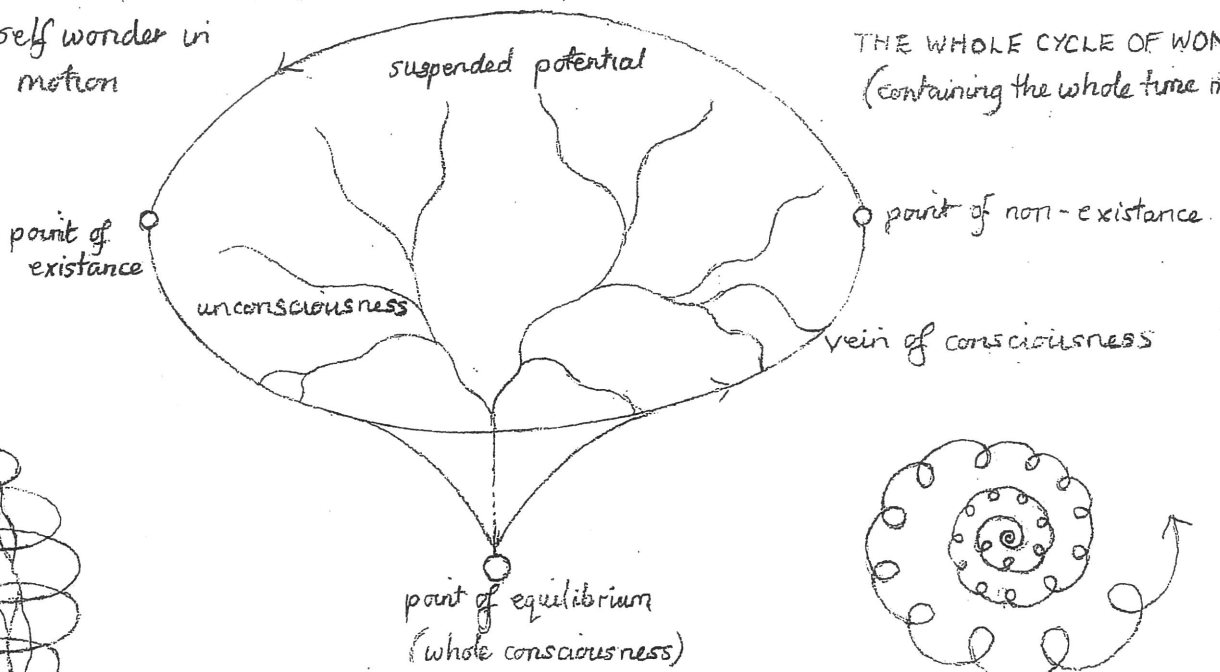


WHOLE CYCLE OF WONDER

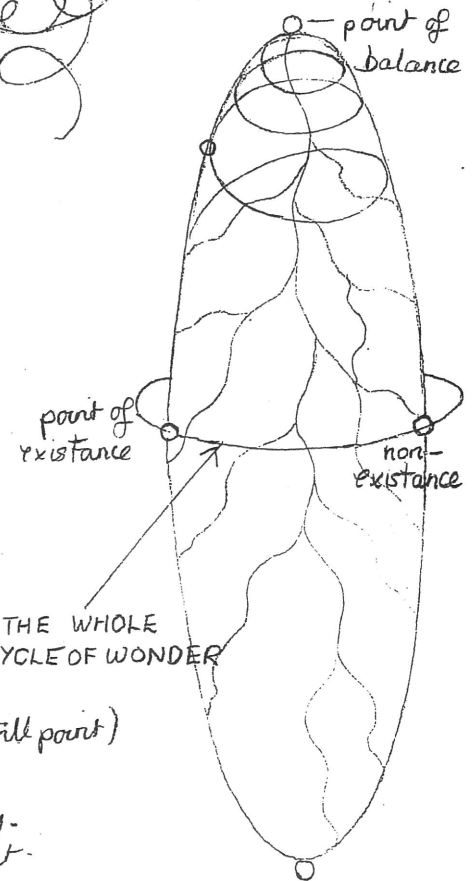
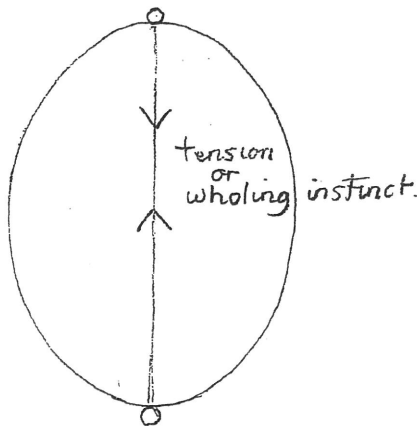
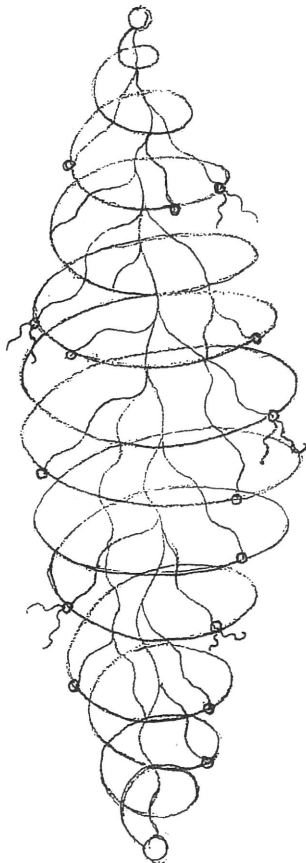
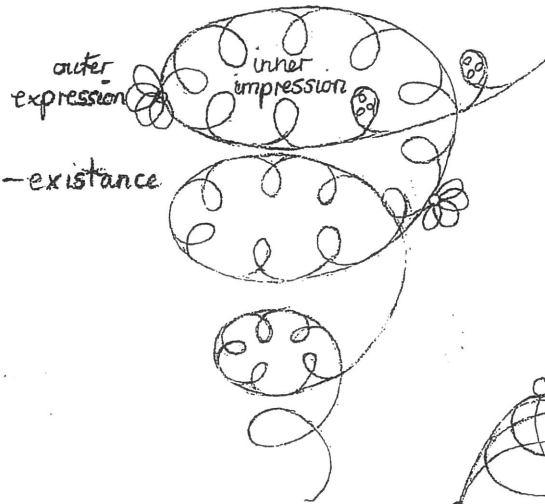


impulse of self wonder in perpetual motion

THE WHOLE CYCLE OF WONDER (containing the whole time moment)



A whole moment of expression connected by the vein of consciousness or light.



Both whole points of balance are continually striving to come together into one moment of being, (still point) through inner and outer expression, from the lightest to the densest energy. This is the tension on every level that holds the WHOLE in balance.

All lives, beings and expressions on every level and scale touch into the whole moment, through the vein of consciousness.

Through the point of nonexistence and existence, every expression will break through to the Whole cycle of Wonder again.

## **The Wondrous Patterns of Life**

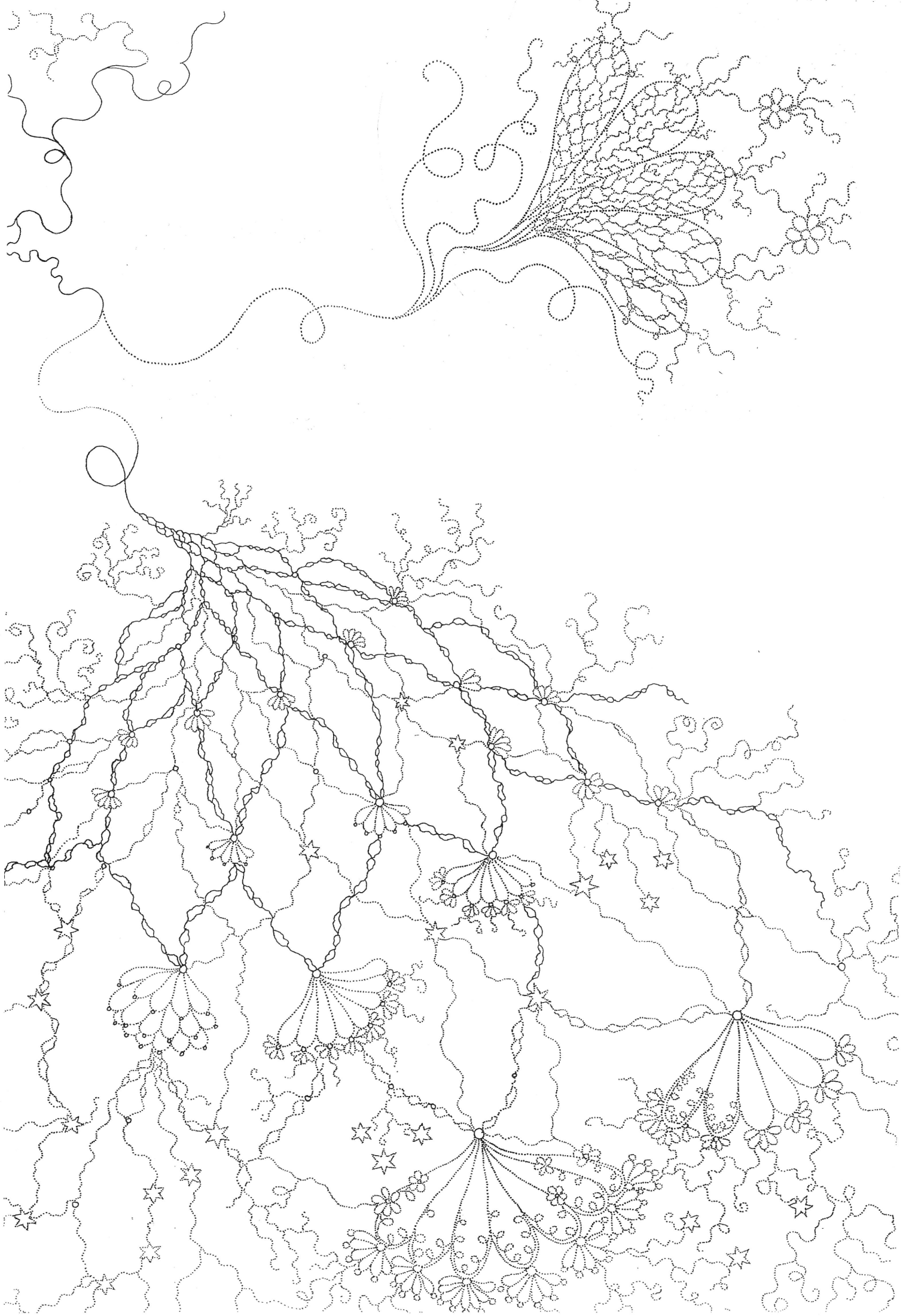
Every journey of life begins its expression in the unconscious realms, and patterns out through the multi-layers of illusions until it reaches the light of pure consciousness again. The more layers of illusion that are breached, the more wondrous the whole profusion of life appears.

Every life and being is reaching out through the same unconscious void, and each is continually trying to extend its own limits of awareness within the whole flow.

The more conscious we are, as we struggle to complete our own unique potential, the lighter the vibration of our expression will be, and the more intricate and magical the whole patterning around us will become.

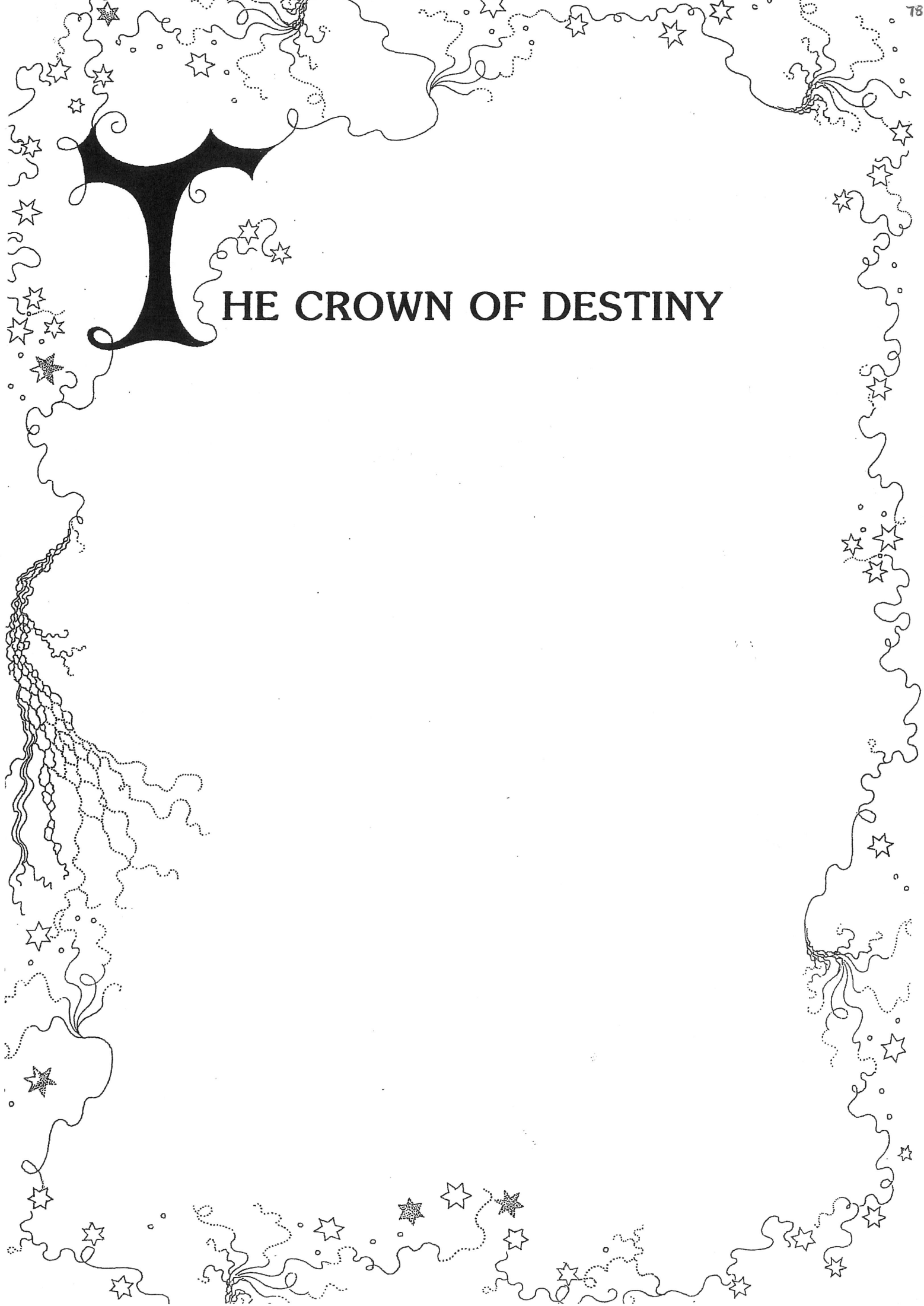
When every cycle or journey of expression is complete, each separate pattern of energy will collapse back through the veils of unconsciousness and merge again with the whole. In this way every life and being and pattern, remains forgotten to itself but remembered within the Divine memory, of the greater pattern of awareness.



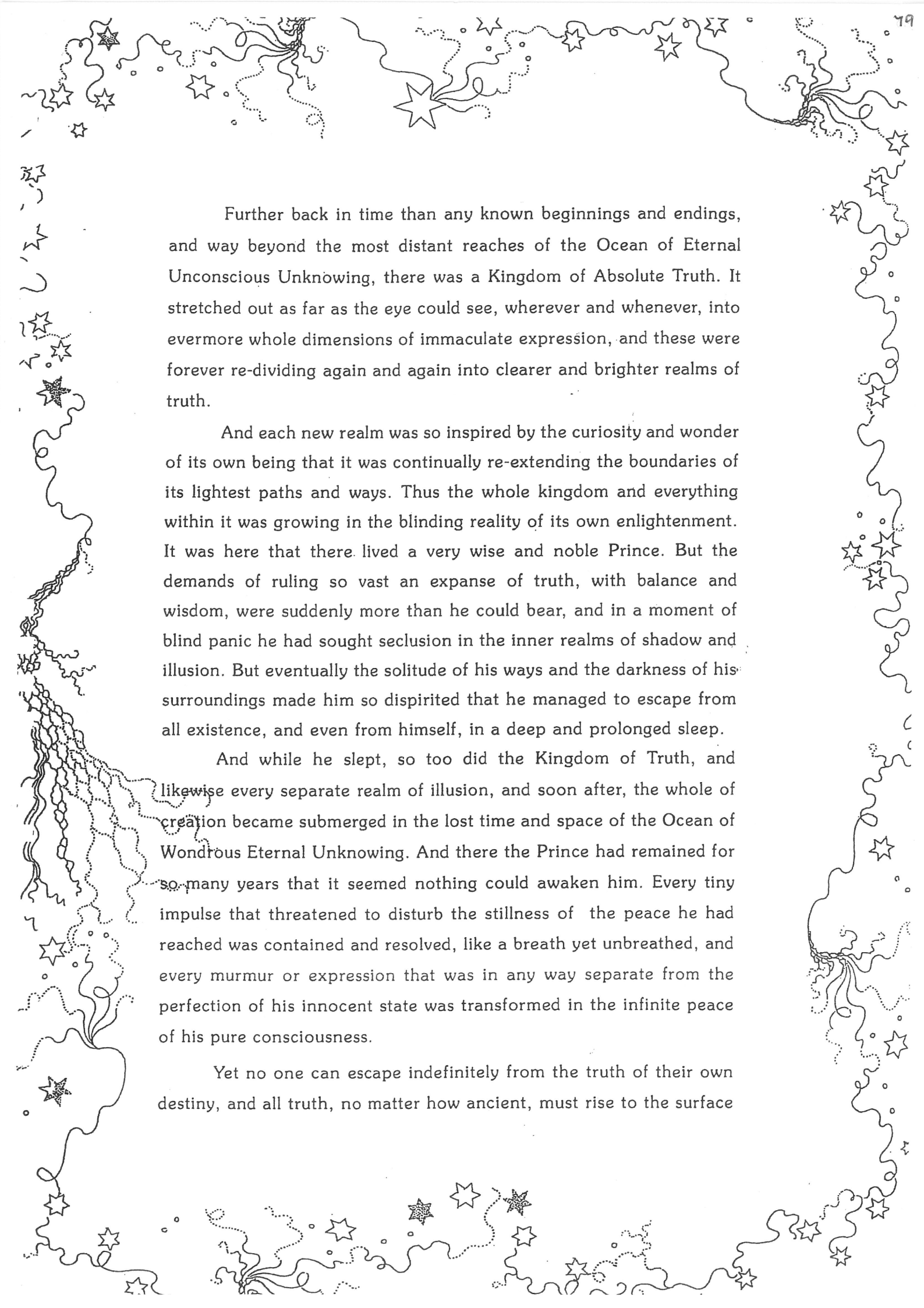


It is one world within another, one pattern within ever more patterns. A mid-breath pause between existence and non-existence, the play point, the note that sparks the light that opens the door to the whole universal symphony.

So let all your boundaries fall away and create a space for eternal flight. Let in only the light of the joy of your creative power and rejoice in its infinite potential, for this is the birth of a new dawn of wonder of the greatest light-show on earth.



HE CROWN OF DESTINY

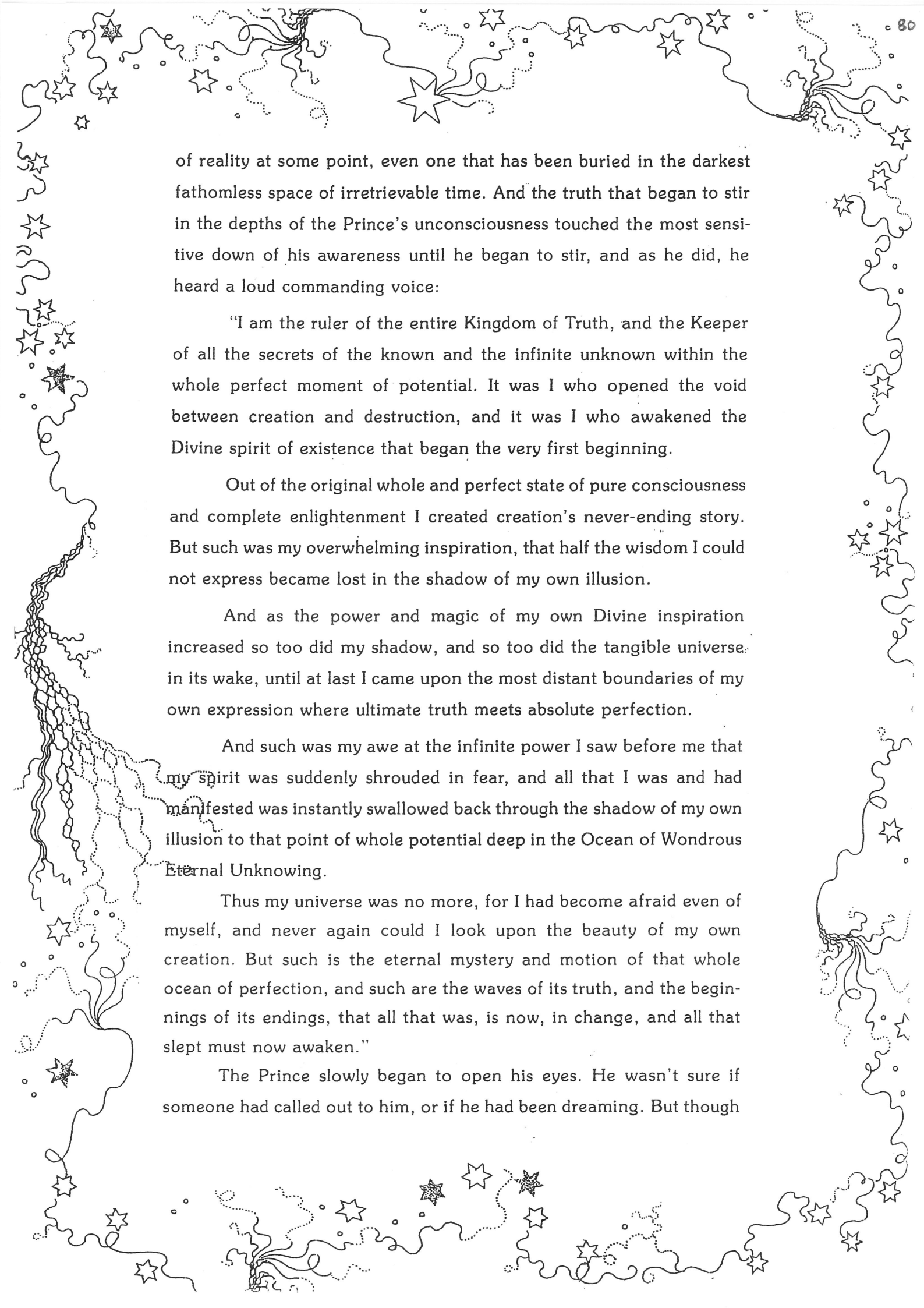
A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a central wavy line with stars of various sizes and patterns (solid, dotted, and outlined) scattered throughout. The border is more dense at the top and bottom corners.

Further back in time than any known beginnings and endings, and way beyond the most distant reaches of the Ocean of Eternal Unconscious Unknowing, there was a Kingdom of Absolute Truth. It stretched out as far as the eye could see, wherever and whenever, into evermore whole dimensions of immaculate expression, and these were forever re-dividing again and again into clearer and brighter realms of truth.

And each new realm was so inspired by the curiosity and wonder of its own being that it was continually re-extending the boundaries of its lightest paths and ways. Thus the whole kingdom and everything within it was growing in the blinding reality of its own enlightenment. It was here that there lived a very wise and noble Prince. But the demands of ruling so vast an expanse of truth, with balance and wisdom, were suddenly more than he could bear, and in a moment of blind panic he had sought seclusion in the inner realms of shadow and illusion. But eventually the solitude of his ways and the darkness of his surroundings made him so dispirited that he managed to escape from all existence, and even from himself, in a deep and prolonged sleep.

And while he slept, so too did the Kingdom of Truth, and likewise every separate realm of illusion, and soon after, the whole of creation became submerged in the lost time and space of the Ocean of Wondrous Eternal Unknowing. And there the Prince had remained for so many years that it seemed nothing could awaken him. Every tiny impulse that threatened to disturb the stillness of the peace he had reached was contained and resolved, like a breath yet unbreathed, and every murmur or expression that was in any way separate from the perfection of his innocent state was transformed in the infinite peace of his pure consciousness.

Yet no one can escape indefinitely from the truth of their own destiny, and all truth, no matter how ancient, must rise to the surface



of reality at some point, even one that has been buried in the darkest fathomless space of irretrievable time. And the truth that began to stir in the depths of the Prince's unconsciousness touched the most sensitive down of his awareness until he began to stir, and as he did, he heard a loud commanding voice:

"I am the ruler of the entire Kingdom of Truth, and the Keeper of all the secrets of the known and the infinite unknown within the whole perfect moment of potential. It was I who opened the void between creation and destruction, and it was I who awakened the Divine spirit of existence that began the very first beginning.

Out of the original whole and perfect state of pure consciousness and complete enlightenment I created creation's never-ending story. But such was my overwhelming inspiration, that half the wisdom I could not express became lost in the shadow of my own illusion.

And as the power and magic of my own Divine inspiration increased so too did my shadow, and so too did the tangible universe in its wake, until at last I came upon the most distant boundaries of my own expression where ultimate truth meets absolute perfection.

And such was my awe at the infinite power I saw before me that my spirit was suddenly shrouded in fear, and all that I was and had manifested was instantly swallowed back through the shadow of my own illusion to that point of whole potential deep in the Ocean of Wondrous Eternal Unknowing.

Thus my universe was no more, for I had become afraid even of myself, and never again could I look upon the beauty of my own creation. But such is the eternal mystery and motion of that whole ocean of perfection, and such are the waves of its truth, and the beginnings of its endings, that all that was, is now, in change, and all that slept must now awaken."

The Prince slowly began to open his eyes. He wasn't sure if someone had called out to him, or if he had been dreaming. But though

he listened intently he heard nothing more, and though he peered into the darkness he could see no one there, and, deciding it must have been a dream after all, he drifted back to sleep. But it wasn't long before out of his hazy slumber, he heard the voice again:

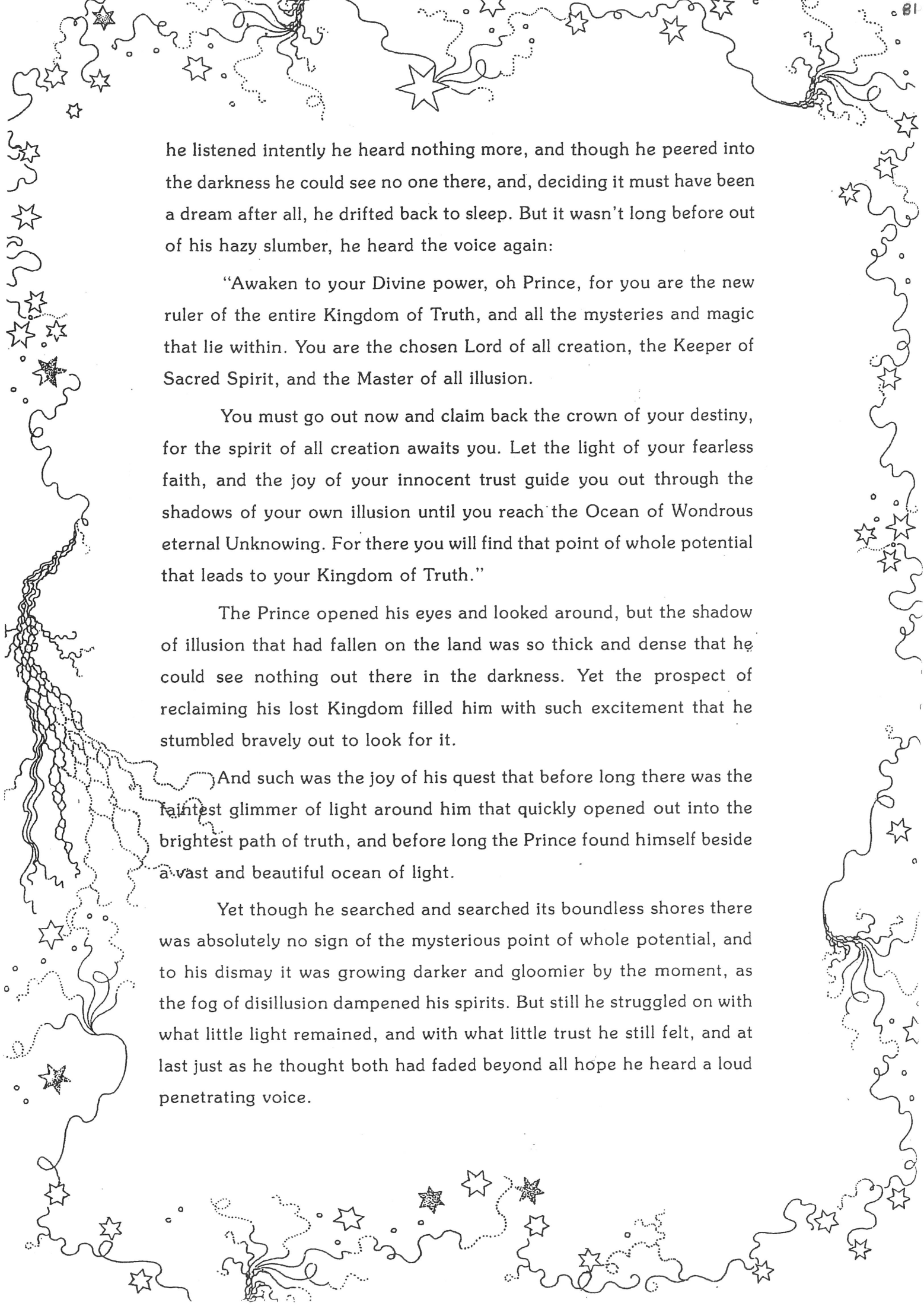
“Awaken to your Divine power, oh Prince, for you are the new ruler of the entire Kingdom of Truth, and all the mysteries and magic that lie within. You are the chosen Lord of all creation, the Keeper of Sacred Spirit, and the Master of all illusion.

You must go out now and claim back the crown of your destiny, for the spirit of all creation awaits you. Let the light of your fearless faith, and the joy of your innocent trust guide you out through the shadows of your own illusion until you reach the Ocean of Wondrous eternal Unknowing. For there you will find that point of whole potential that leads to your Kingdom of Truth.”

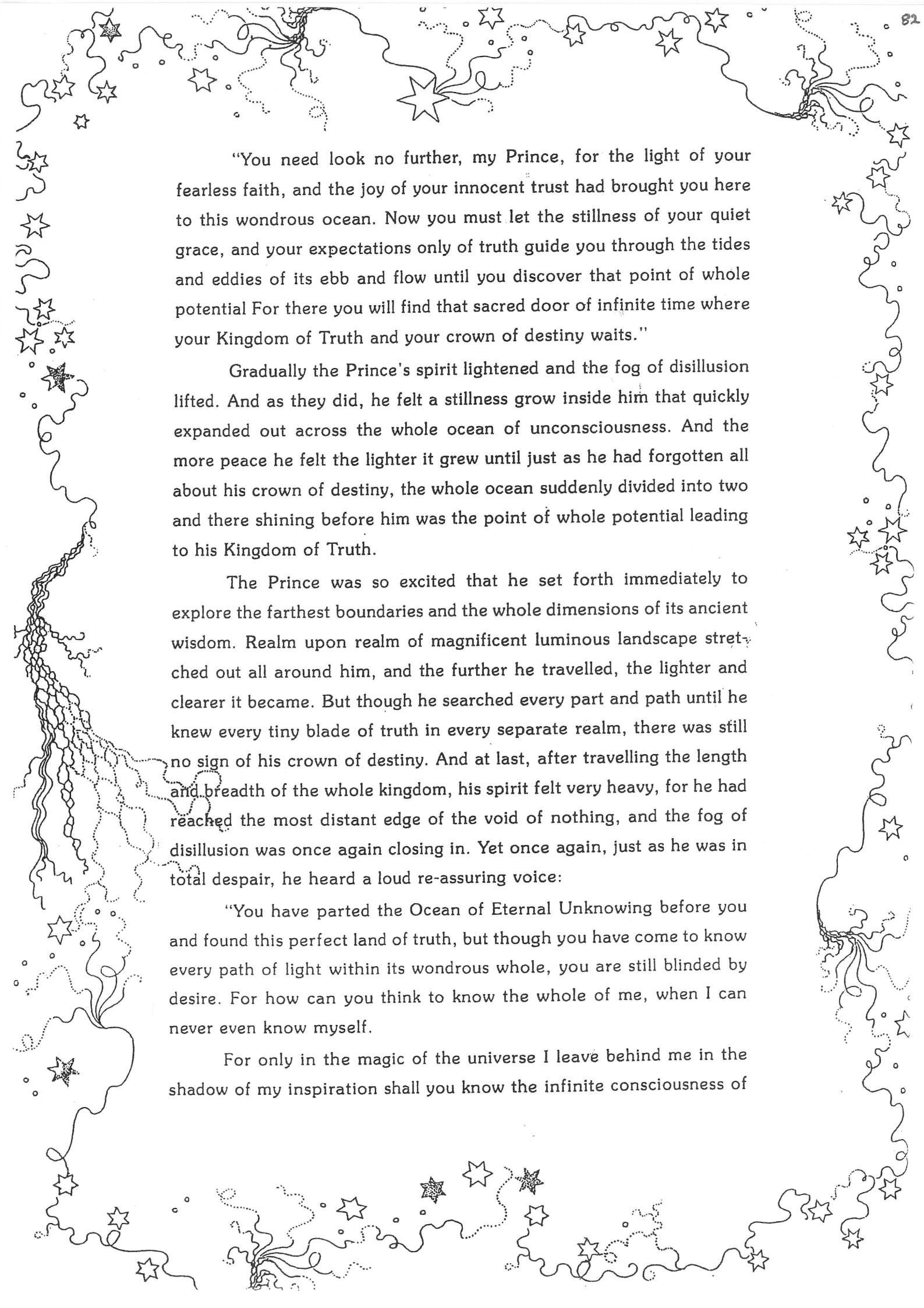
The Prince opened his eyes and looked around, but the shadow of illusion that had fallen on the land was so thick and dense that he could see nothing out there in the darkness. Yet the prospect of reclaiming his lost Kingdom filled him with such excitement that he stumbled bravely out to look for it.

And such was the joy of his quest that before long there was the faintest glimmer of light around him that quickly opened out into the brightest path of truth, and before long the Prince found himself beside a vast and beautiful ocean of light.

Yet though he searched and searched its boundless shores there was absolutely no sign of the mysterious point of whole potential, and to his dismay it was growing darker and gloomier by the moment, as the fog of disillusion dampened his spirits. But still he struggled on with what little light remained, and with what little trust he still felt, and at last just as he thought both had faded beyond all hope he heard a loud penetrating voice.





A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a series of wavy, dotted lines that resemble a path or a stream. Interspersed along these lines are various sizes of five-pointed stars, some solid and some outlined. The border is most prominent on the left and right sides, framing the central text.

"You need look no further, my Prince, for the light of your fearless faith, and the joy of your innocent trust had brought you here to this wondrous ocean. Now you must let the stillness of your quiet grace, and your expectations only of truth guide you through the tides and eddies of its ebb and flow until you discover that point of whole potential. For there you will find that sacred door of infinite time where your Kingdom of Truth and your crown of destiny waits."

Gradually the Prince's spirit lightened and the fog of disillusion lifted. And as they did, he felt a stillness grow inside him that quickly expanded out across the whole ocean of unconsciousness. And the more peace he felt the lighter it grew until just as he had forgotten all about his crown of destiny, the whole ocean suddenly divided into two and there shining before him was the point of whole potential leading to his Kingdom of Truth.

The Prince was so excited that he set forth immediately to explore the farthest boundaries and the whole dimensions of its ancient wisdom. Realm upon realm of magnificent luminous landscape stretched out all around him, and the further he travelled, the lighter and clearer it became. But though he searched every part and path until he knew every tiny blade of truth in every separate realm, there was still no sign of his crown of destiny. And at last, after travelling the length and breadth of the whole kingdom, his spirit felt very heavy, for he had reached the most distant edge of the void of nothing, and the fog of disillusion was once again closing in. Yet once again, just as he was in total despair, he heard a loud re-assuring voice:

"You have parted the Ocean of Eternal Unknowing before you and found this perfect land of truth, but though you have come to know every path of light within its wondrous whole, you are still blinded by desire. For how can you think to know the whole of me, when I can never even know myself.

For only in the magic of the universe I leave behind me in the shadow of my inspiration shall you know the infinite consciousness of

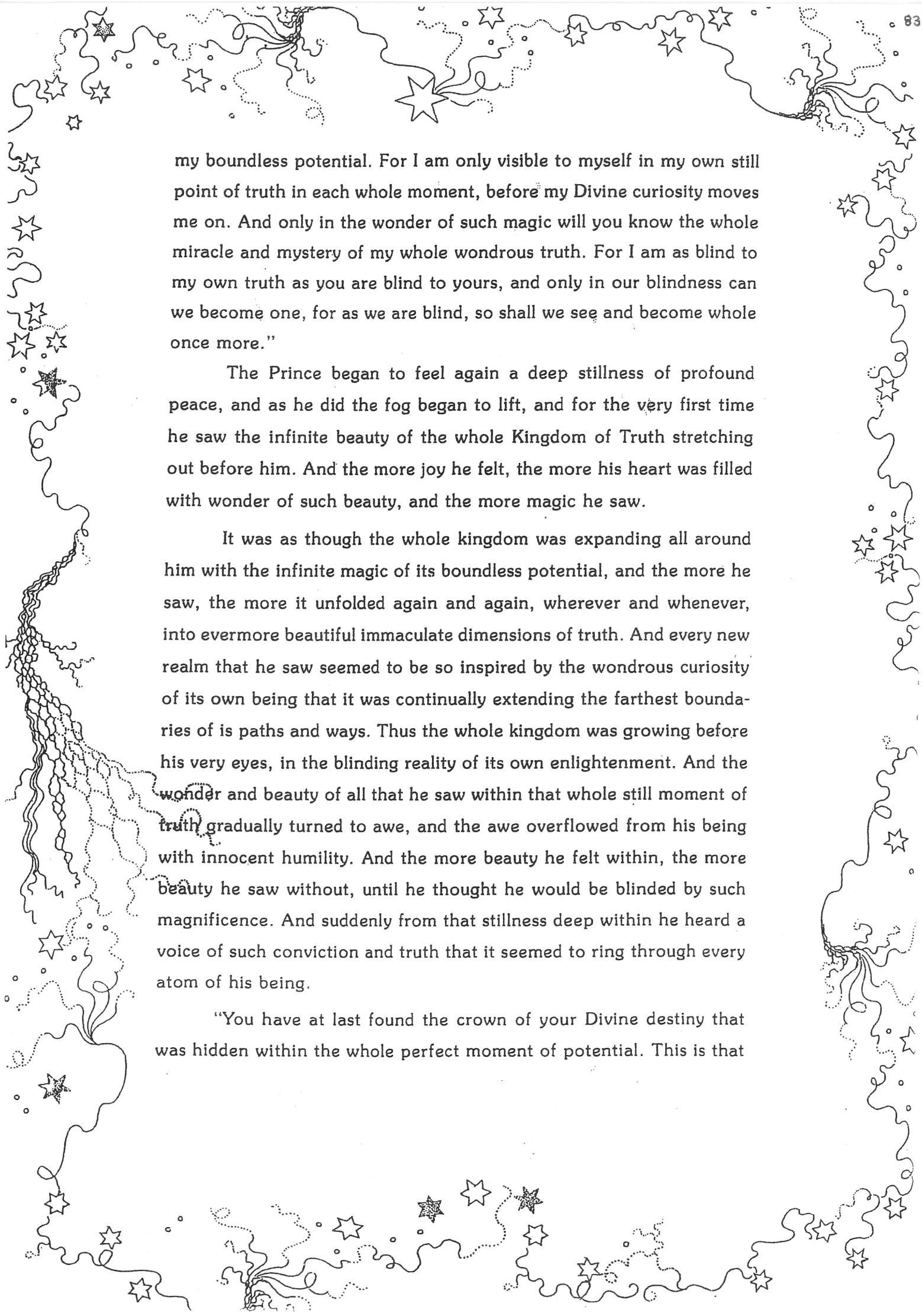


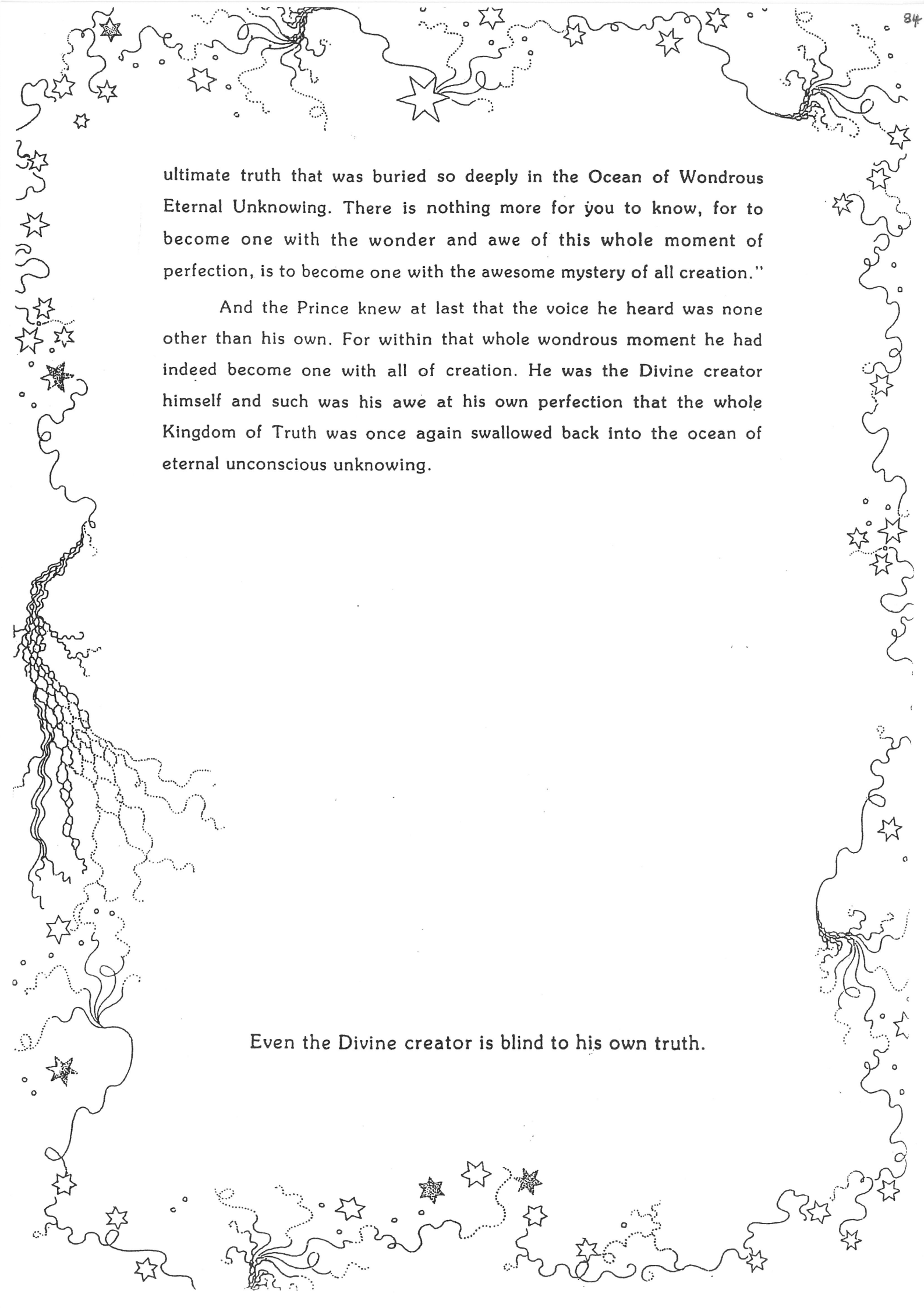
my boundless potential. For I am only visible to myself in my own still point of truth in each whole moment, before my Divine curiosity moves me on. And only in the wonder of such magic will you know the whole miracle and mystery of my whole wondrous truth. For I am as blind to my own truth as you are blind to yours, and only in our blindness can we become one, for as we are blind, so shall we see and become whole once more."

The Prince began to feel again a deep stillness of profound peace, and as he did the fog began to lift, and for the very first time he saw the infinite beauty of the whole Kingdom of Truth stretching out before him. And the more joy he felt, the more his heart was filled with wonder of such beauty, and the more magic he saw.

It was as though the whole kingdom was expanding all around him with the infinite magic of its boundless potential, and the more he saw, the more it unfolded again and again, wherever and whenever, into evermore beautiful immaculate dimensions of truth. And every new realm that he saw seemed to be so inspired by the wondrous curiosity of its own being that it was continually extending the farthest boundaries of its paths and ways. Thus the whole kingdom was growing before his very eyes, in the blinding reality of its own enlightenment. And the wonder and beauty of all that he saw within that whole still moment of truth gradually turned to awe, and the awe overflowed from his being with innocent humility. And the more beauty he felt within, the more beauty he saw without, until he thought he would be blinded by such magnificence. And suddenly from that stillness deep within he heard a voice of such conviction and truth that it seemed to ring through every atom of his being.

"You have at last found the crown of your Divine destiny that was hidden within the whole perfect moment of potential. This is that





ultimate truth that was buried so deeply in the Ocean of Wondrous  
Eternal Unknowing. There is nothing more for you to know, for to  
become one with the wonder and awe of this whole moment of  
perfection, is to become one with the awesome mystery of all creation."

And the Prince knew at last that the voice he heard was none  
other than his own. For within that whole wondrous moment he had  
indeed become one with all of creation. He was the Divine creator  
himself and such was his awe at his own perfection that the whole  
Kingdom of Truth was once again swallowed back into the ocean of  
eternal unconscious unknowing.

Even the Divine creator is blind to his own truth.

# A Teaching

by the Light-Being

You are beings of pure star-light, newly born, as pearls in a shell, but your wisdom is as old and as wise as the very first breath of the very first whisper in the universe.

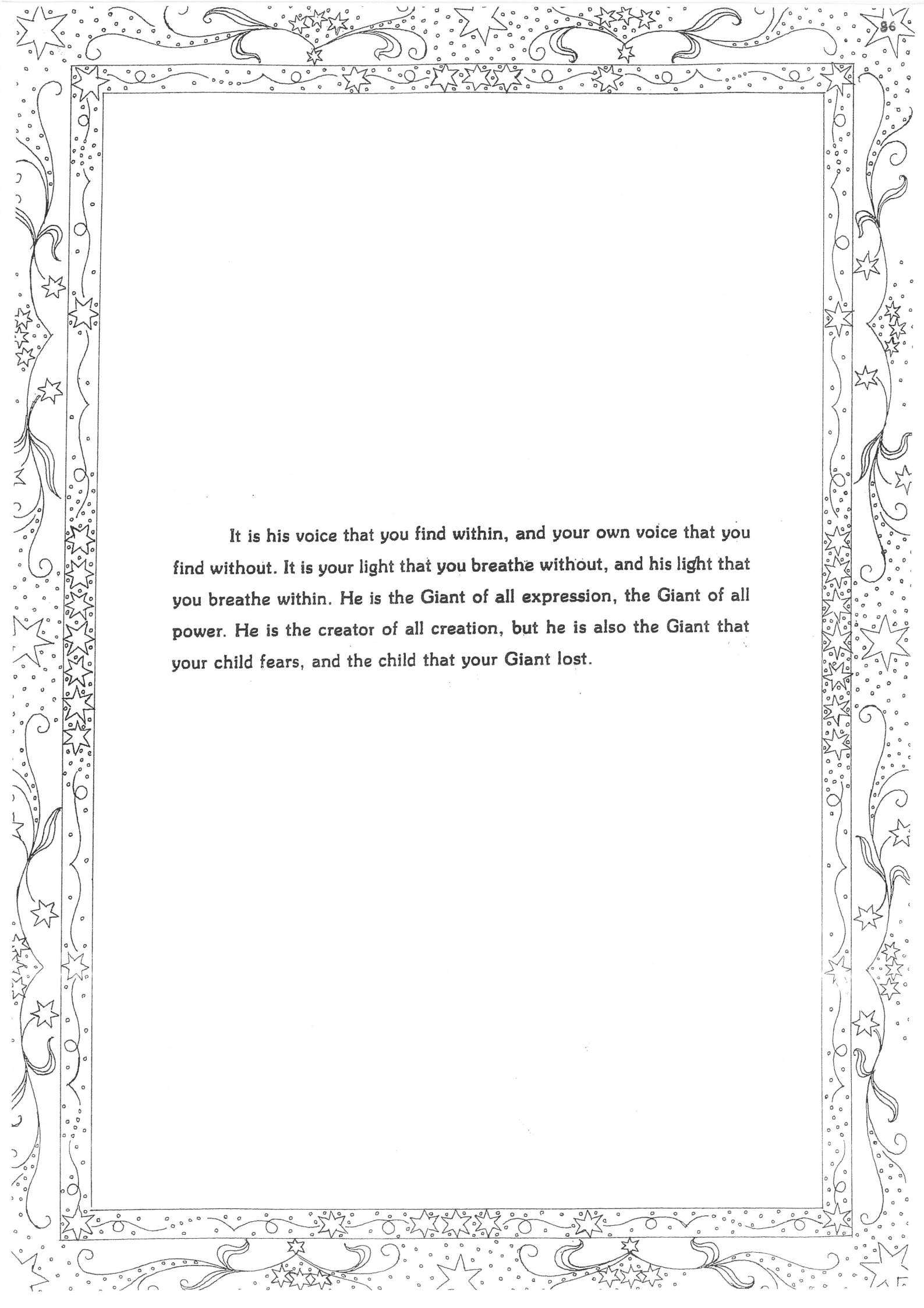
Claim back your power, claim back your thrones, claim back the stars that are rightfully yours. Claim back your light and spin it into the finest, sheerest thread and pass it through the eye of every moment, into the ever flowing, ever flowering pattern of the whole moment.

Awaken your Giant and weave the magic of your own eternal destiny, for he is the caretaker of your future and all that you feared. He is the Cyclops who you dared not face. And as his third eye opens as a reflection of your own in the mirror of light, you will see as never before. Your world will become whole and there will be no separation in the oneness you create.

Trust him, he is all power, he is all your power. His patience has spanned the whole of time and your journey just to be with you, and in the wholeness of his light, lie heights and depths of existence you could never have imagined, but in the quivering of his eye-lid, such light will lay you bare, and you will need to seek out the darkest shadiest places to earth yourselves.

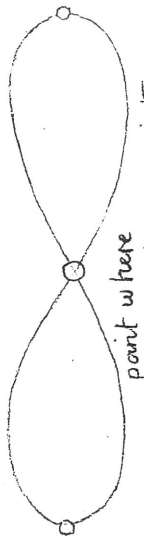
Surrender to his light, and know his dark, surrender to your God, and in the softness of your surrender take only the gift of the power that he offers in the lightness of his smile.

To know the oneness of such power is to enter the point of all stillness in every creative moment. It is to surrender to a greater mind, a wiser self and a higher will. And in such surrender all your separate threads of consciousness will draw together in whole expression, and you will come so close to the God-voice that you begin to converse in his terms, and so close to the God-breath that you breathe in his light.



It is his voice that you find within, and your own voice that you find without. It is your light that you breathe without, and his light that you breathe within. He is the Giant of all expression, the Giant of all power. He is the creator of all creation, but he is also the Giant that your child fears, and the child that your Giant lost.

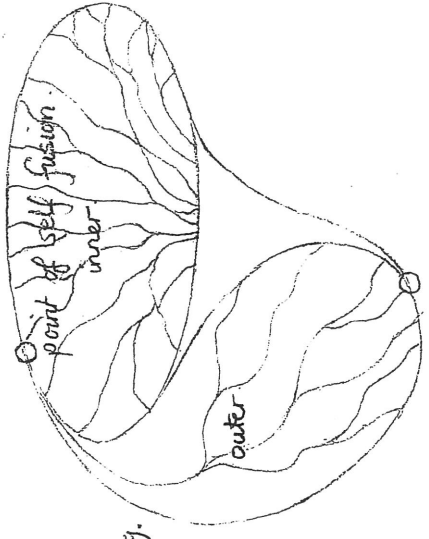
# ONE WHOLE UNIVERSAL MOMENT OF WONDER (in perpetual motion)



The universe sees its own perfection.

point where existence and non-existence come together in self-fusion of overall duality.

These two points mirror each other in the whole cycle of wonder.

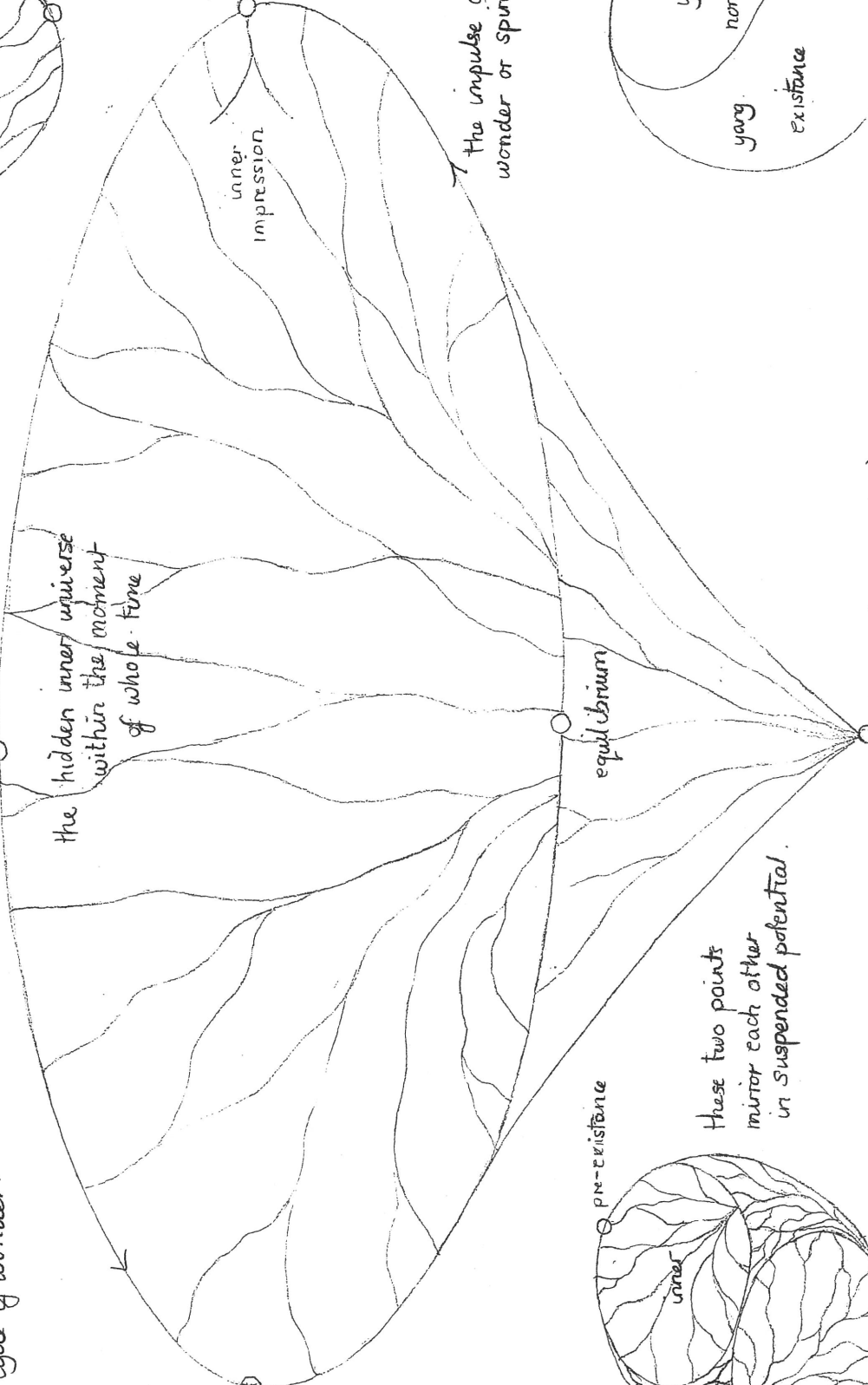


energy wanting to reach back to whole-point

pre-existence (suspended potential)

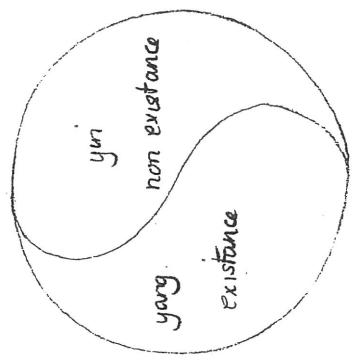
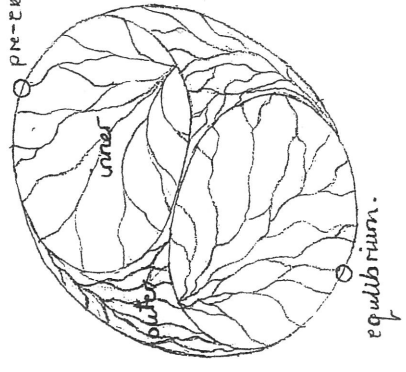
the hidden inner universe within the moment of whole-time

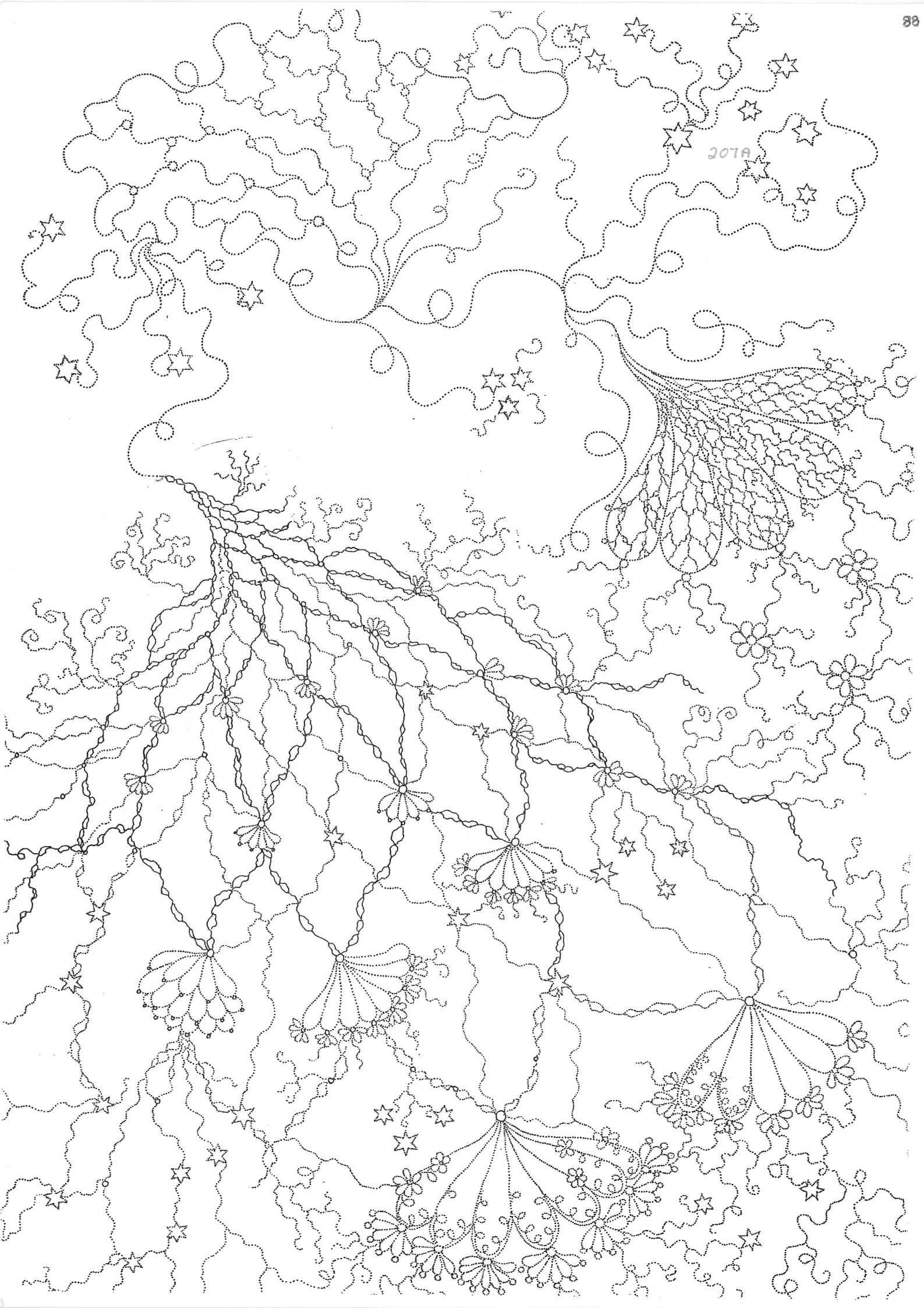
the outer universe existence outward expression in linear time



the impulse of self wonder or spirit to exist.

these two points mirror each other in suspended potential.









But do not become attached to your new lightness.  
For this is but the first brief flowering of the first bud  
at the bottom of the towering tree of infinite wisdom  
and light - a tree who's height of withoutness and  
withinness is lost in the clouds of your present sight.  
And within that infinite light, lie forests within  
forests of these trees. It is a place beyond 'beyond',  
where consciousness and unconsciousness bloom  
together as one in such profusion that each new petal  
of each new bud that touches the ground gives birth  
to yet another new forest.  
You cannot take up the petal and press it in your book.  
But to sense the bud opening, is to become the tree,  
and in becoming the tree you will become the forest.  
And in becoming the forest you will become the whole  
Divine creation.

## The best kept secret in the Universe

The whole creative story materialised in the wake of a Divine impulse of self-wonder and self curiosity, and is evolving in the breath of its own inspiration.

With every new surge of expression it weaves yet another thread of magic and illusion, and adds yet another adventure to yet another story within the overall harmony and patterning of the never-ending story.

It is an eternal cycle of self-expression that always leads back to the beginning of the very first story, when a very clever Giant buried a treasure-chest of the finest inspiration in the shadow of his own illusion while he went off to explore the universe.

This was the moment that began the beginning that contained all the 'once upon a times' of creation.

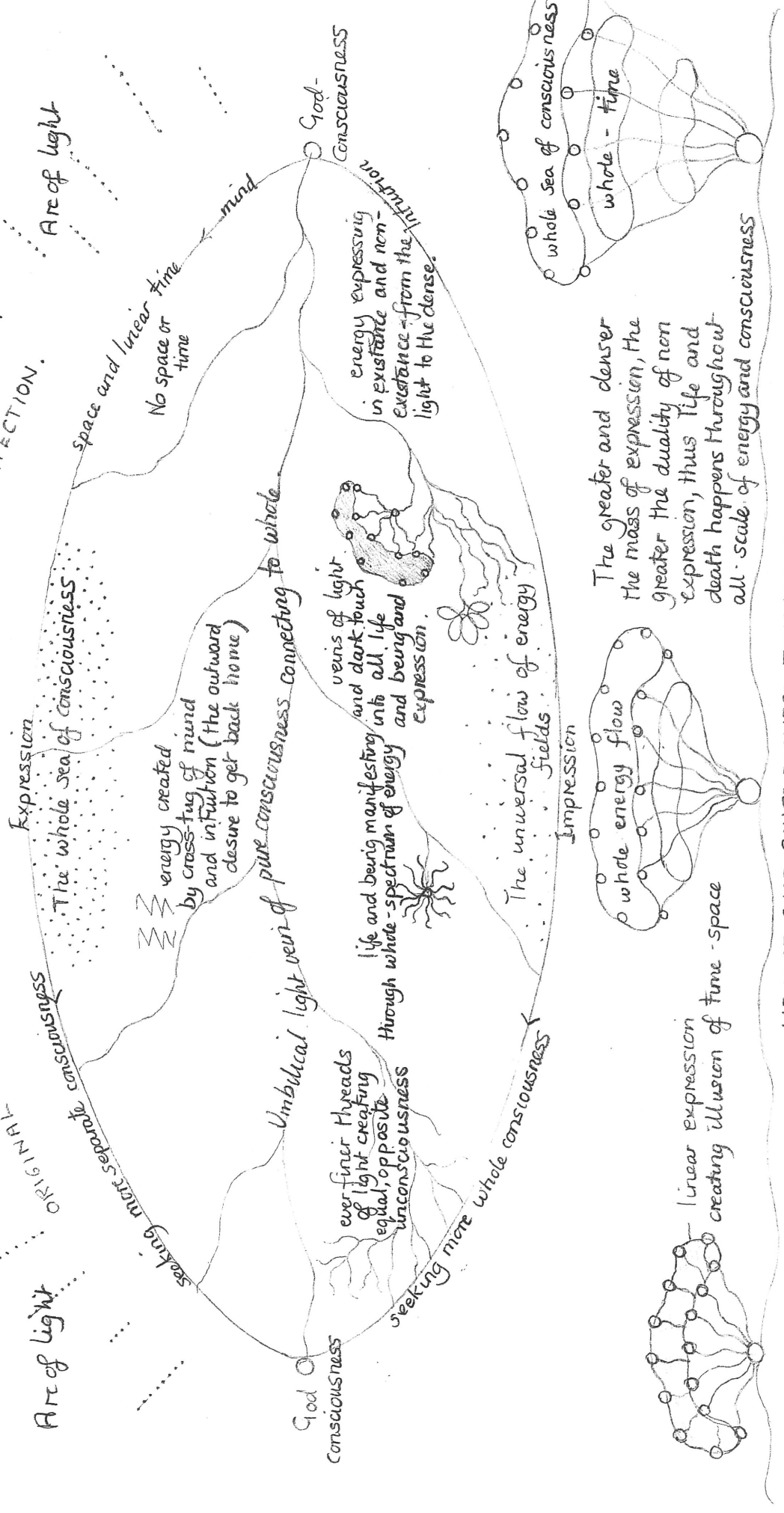


THE GODHEAD MIRROR- REFLECTION  
 OF ONE WHOLE MOMENT AT THE  
 POINT OF SELF-FUSION, OR BIG-BANG.  
 THIS IS HELD IN GENETIC MEMORY  
 OF ALL LIFE AND EXPRESSION!

ENERGY OF PRE-EXISTENCE AND PERFECTION.

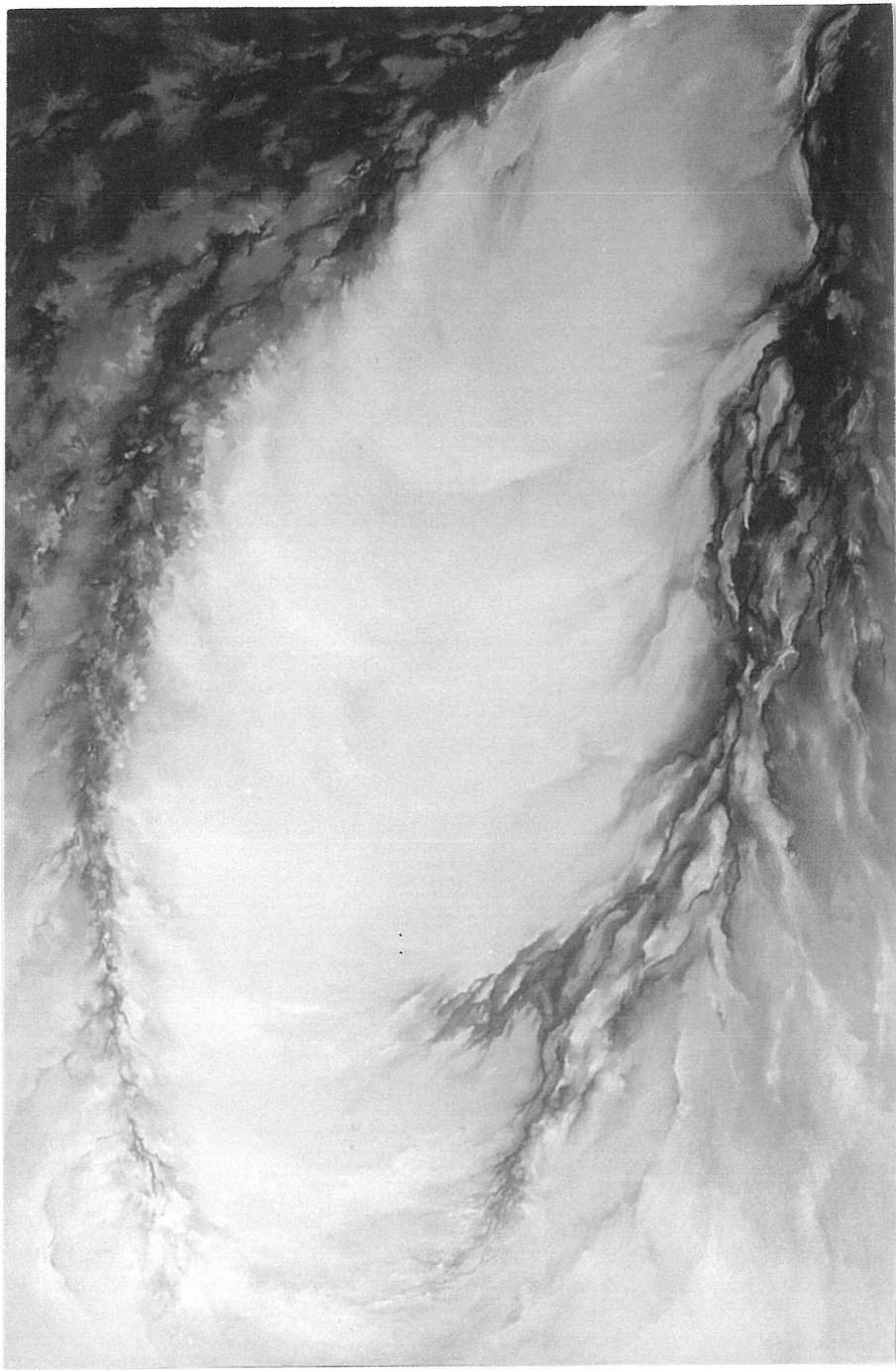
ORIGINAL SOUL  
 ARE of Light

ARE of Light



The greater and denser  
 the mass of expression, the  
 greater the duality of non  
 expression, thus life and  
 death happens throughout  
 all scale of energy and consciousness

VEIN OF PURE CONSCIOUSNESS- TOUCHING ALL LIFE  
 AND BEING WITH MEMORY OF ORIGINAL WHOLE, (SOUL)  
 PERFECTION, BEFORE LINEAR LIFE OF EXPRESSION.



## A dream

I dreamt I saw the dawn of time. It leapt out of the eternal unconscious unknowing like a little silver fish escaping from the reflection of truth in its own eye, a moment of wonder that opened and expanded into a whole and perfect universe. This was a dawn unlike any other. And the first breath of its innocent consciousness fell out in a myriad stars and planets in the light of that little fish's eye.







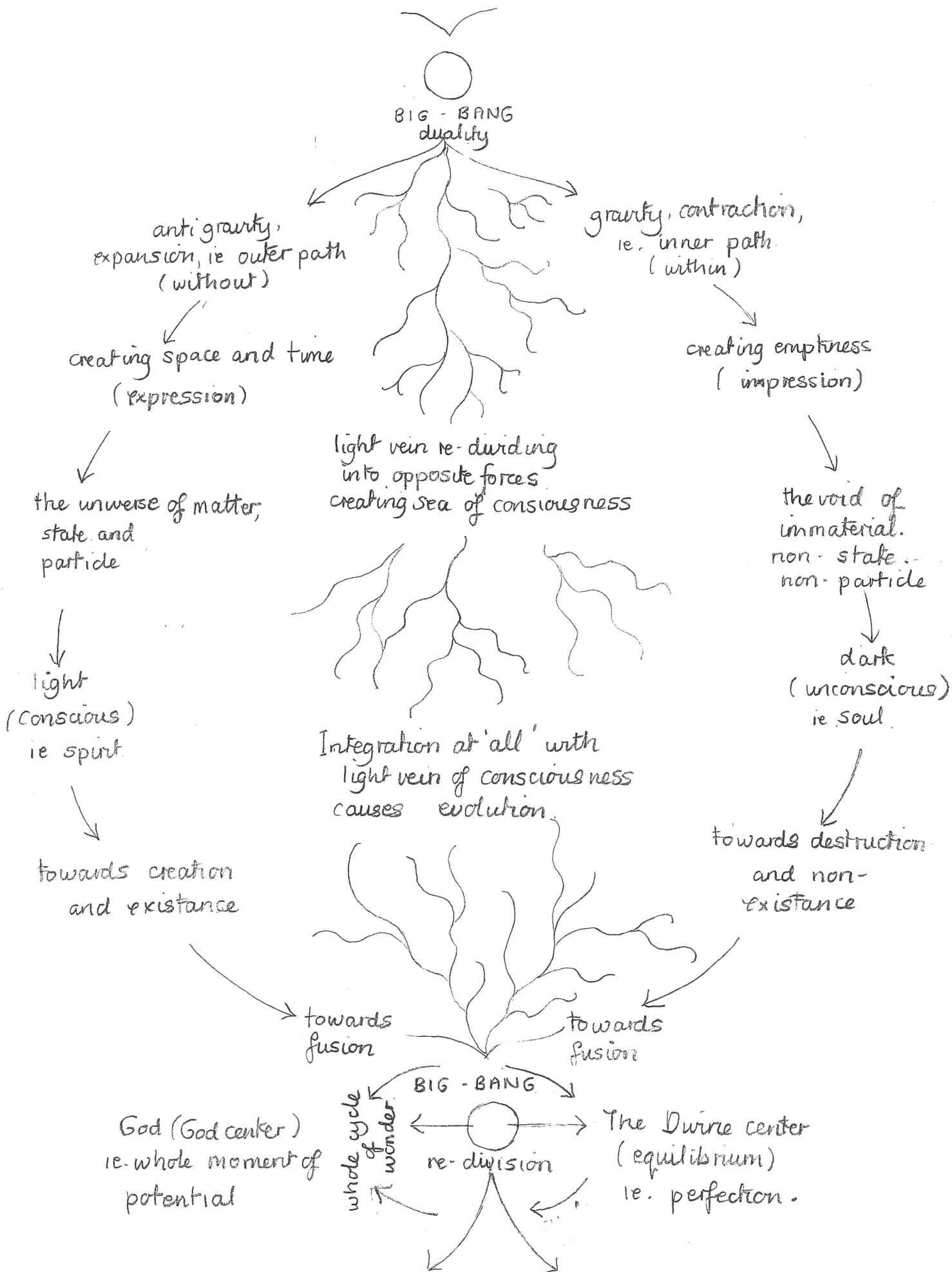
## The wisdom of consciousness

As we continue on our own evolutionary journey of human experience we must not only confront our own truth, both as individuals and as a species, but also the greater truth of the whole ultimate expression.

And every journey will lead us closer to the boundaries of our own awareness to that place between now and forever, where time and space and mind and intuition become one, and all that was hidden and suppressed is revealed.

The whole momentum of creation is urging us towards this place. It is the point of consciousness that offers the greatest potential for transformation, in the light of the wisdom and truth that is reflected back.

# Explanation of words in text



# THE CREATIVE UNIVERSAL ENERGY FORCE

The universe is still evolving. It does not know itself in completeness. ∴ we can never know it completely.

energy moving out from infinitely smaller big bangs.

Every time there is fusion and division, more energy is created both inwardly and outwardly into void or matter. This newly-birthing spark of energy begins a new universe.

(Within this spark is also the tension of duality of light and its opposite void.

wave bands that sensitives can tune into

greater and greater universes being created by subsequent self fusion.

linear path in space-time, each new universe expanding out to limits of energy quota.

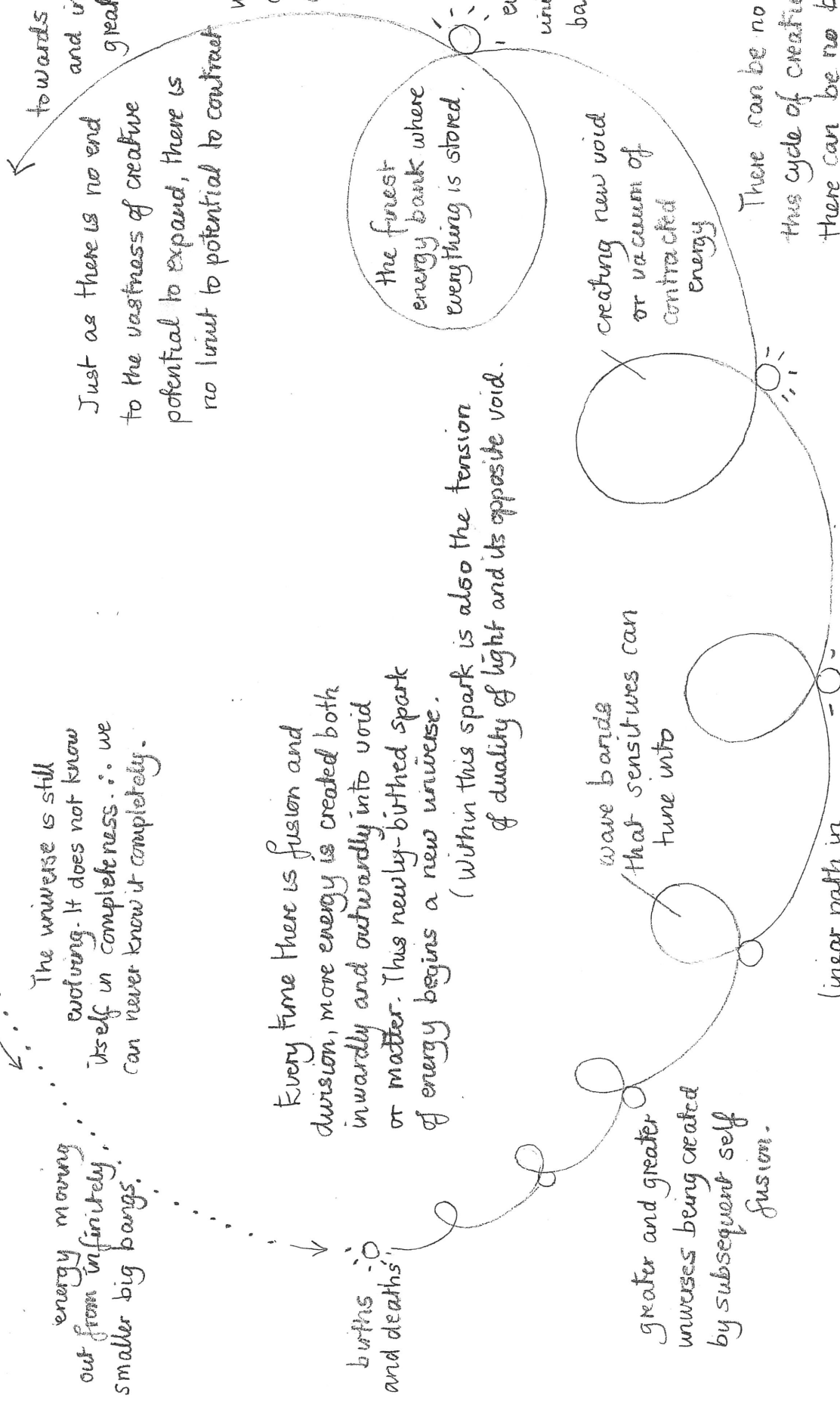
A universe evolving from an infinite number of lesser fusions.

Just as there is no end to the vastness of creative potential to expand, there is no limit to potential to contract with expansion comes more contraction.

the finest energy bank where everything is stored.

every new universe collapses back in on itself.

There can be no end to this cycle of creation, so there can be no beginning.





# The Sleeping Giant

A fairy-tale of creation

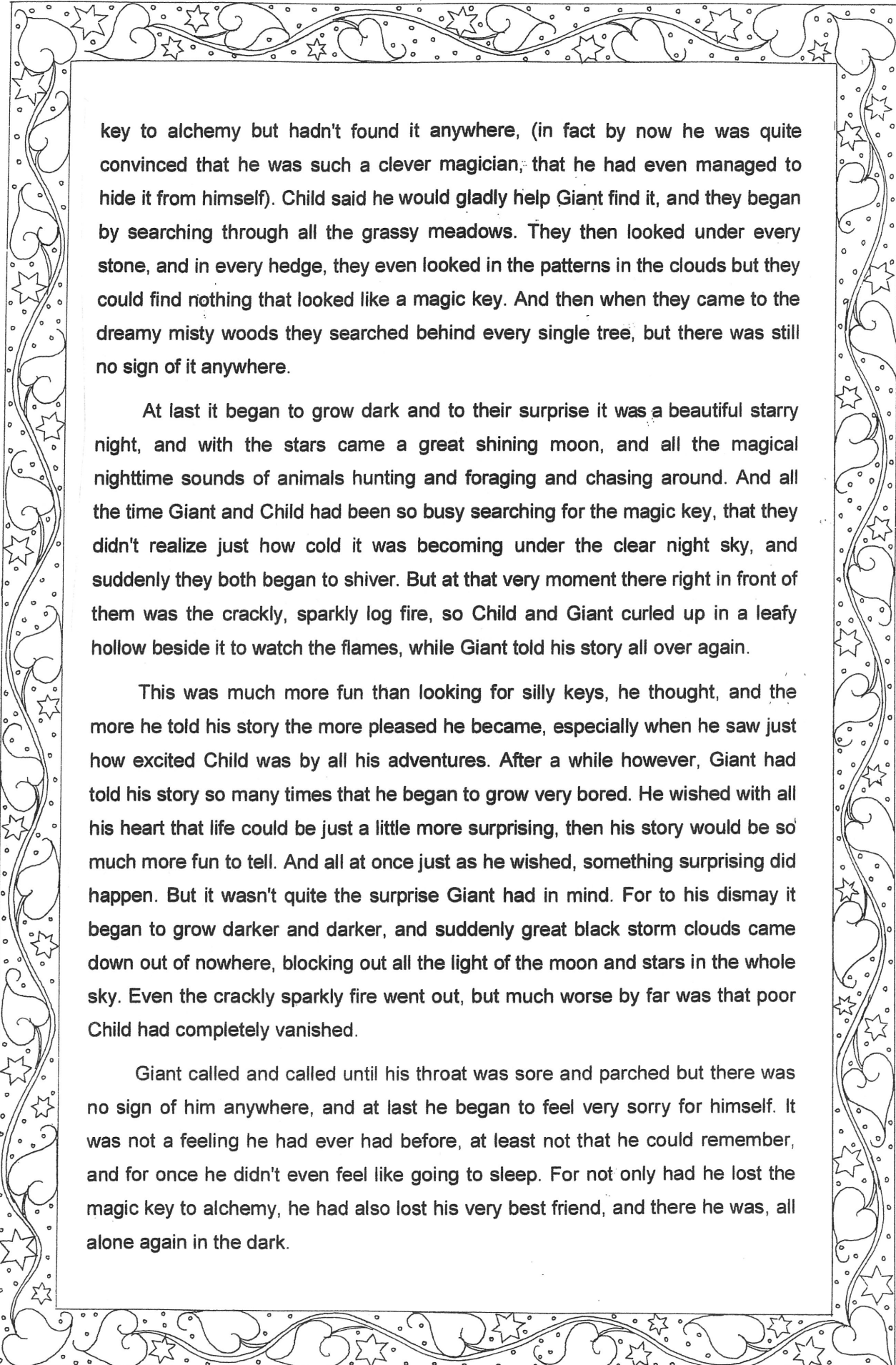
## **A New Universe births itself and The Giant Story begins again**

Once upon a whole time long ago, before the first story had ever been told, there was a very tired Giant (for once upon another time he had worked extraordinarily hard) and now he loved sleeping more than anything else in the whole world. He lived contentedly ever after in a place of infinite peace and eternal perfection. In fact, so perfect was it in every way that it could not possibly be described, let alone describe itself, and even Giant himself had managed to defy any known description (up until now that is).

He lay fast asleep in a hammock of pure consciousness that he had cleverly balanced at a point of total unawareness between creation and non-creation. And there he'd remained for so long that it seemed nothing could possibly disturb the depths of the peace he had reached. Yet something beyond perception gently touched the sleep dust on his eyelash, and Giant began to dream. He dreamt he was a very clever magician who had discovered the lost key to alchemy hidden in the most unexpected place in the whole world. With such a magical key he could create absolutely anything his heart desired, he could even create a beautiful sunny day out of the perfection of nothing.

Giant became so excited by his beautiful dream that he began to awaken, and to his surprise he found himself in a very pleasant place indeed and it was such a lovely sunny day that he decided to go for a walk. As he strolled, he noticed the breeze on his face, and the birds singing and swooping around him, and he even noticed the patterns of the clouds in the sky. And then he came across a dreamy misty wood, and with the wood came all the wild life that would naturally live there, and all the flora and fauna underfoot. And it was all so pleasant and Giant felt so happy, that at first he thought he must be in the most perfect paradise in the whole universe.

But the morning stretched on into the afternoon, and the afternoon seemed to go on and on forever and ever, with never a hint of dusk or evening shadows, and Giant began to grow very bored. He couldn't help thinking that there must be



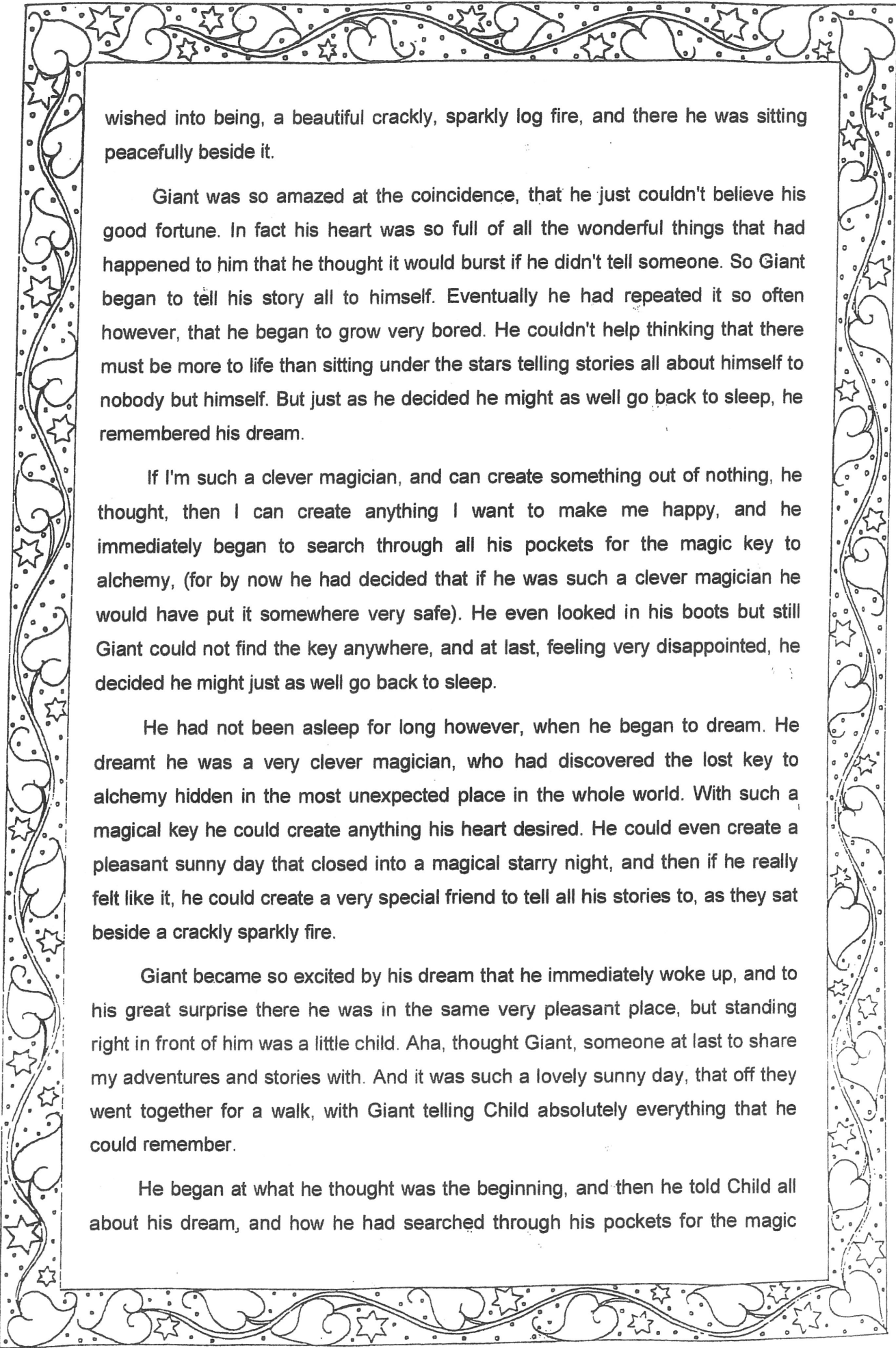
key to alchemy but hadn't found it anywhere, (in fact by now he was quite convinced that he was such a clever magician, that he had even managed to hide it from himself). Child said he would gladly help Giant find it, and they began by searching through all the grassy meadows. They then looked under every stone, and in every hedge, they even looked in the patterns in the clouds but they could find nothing that looked like a magic key. And then when they came to the dreamy misty woods they searched behind every single tree, but there was still no sign of it anywhere.

At last it began to grow dark and to their surprise it was a beautiful starry night, and with the stars came a great shining moon, and all the magical nighttime sounds of animals hunting and foraging and chasing around. And all the time Giant and Child had been so busy searching for the magic key, that they didn't realize just how cold it was becoming under the clear night sky, and suddenly they both began to shiver. But at that very moment there right in front of them was the crackly, sparkly log fire, so Child and Giant curled up in a leafy hollow beside it to watch the flames, while Giant told his story all over again.

This was much more fun than looking for silly keys, he thought, and the more he told his story the more pleased he became, especially when he saw just how excited Child was by all his adventures. After a while however, Giant had told his story so many times that he began to grow very bored. He wished with all his heart that life could be just a little more surprising, then his story would be so much more fun to tell. And all at once just as he wished, something surprising did happen. But it wasn't quite the surprise Giant had in mind. For to his dismay it began to grow darker and darker, and suddenly great black storm clouds came down out of nowhere, blocking out all the light of the moon and stars in the whole sky. Even the crackly sparkly fire went out, but much worse by far was that poor Child had completely vanished.

Giant called and called until his throat was sore and parched but there was no sign of him anywhere, and at last he began to feel very sorry for himself. It was not a feeling he had ever had before, at least not that he could remember, and for once he didn't even feel like going to sleep. For not only had he lost the magic key to alchemy, he had also lost his very best friend, and there he was, all alone again in the dark.





wished into being, a beautiful crackly, sparkly log fire, and there he was sitting peacefully beside it.

Giant was so amazed at the coincidence, that he just couldn't believe his good fortune. In fact his heart was so full of all the wonderful things that had happened to him that he thought it would burst if he didn't tell someone. So Giant began to tell his story all to himself. Eventually he had repeated it so often however, that he began to grow very bored. He couldn't help thinking that there must be more to life than sitting under the stars telling stories all about himself to nobody but himself. But just as he decided he might as well go back to sleep, he remembered his dream.

If I'm such a clever magician, and can create something out of nothing, he thought, then I can create anything I want to make me happy, and he immediately began to search through all his pockets for the magic key to alchemy, (for by now he had decided that if he was such a clever magician he would have put it somewhere very safe). He even looked in his boots but still Giant could not find the key anywhere, and at last, feeling very disappointed, he decided he might just as well go back to sleep.

He had not been asleep for long however, when he began to dream. He dreamt he was a very clever magician, who had discovered the lost key to alchemy hidden in the most unexpected place in the whole world. With such a magical key he could create anything his heart desired. He could even create a pleasant sunny day that closed into a magical starry night, and then if he really felt like it, he could create a very special friend to tell all his stories to, as they sat beside a crackly sparkly fire.

Giant became so excited by his dream that he immediately woke up, and to his great surprise there he was in the same very pleasant place, but standing right in front of him was a little child. Aha, thought Giant, someone at last to share my adventures and stories with. And it was such a lovely sunny day, that off they went together for a walk, with Giant telling Child absolutely everything that he could remember.

He began at what he thought was the beginning, and then he told Child all about his dream, and how he had searched through his pockets for the magic



more to life than everlasting sunny days. But just as he thought he might as well go back to sleep, he remembered his dream.

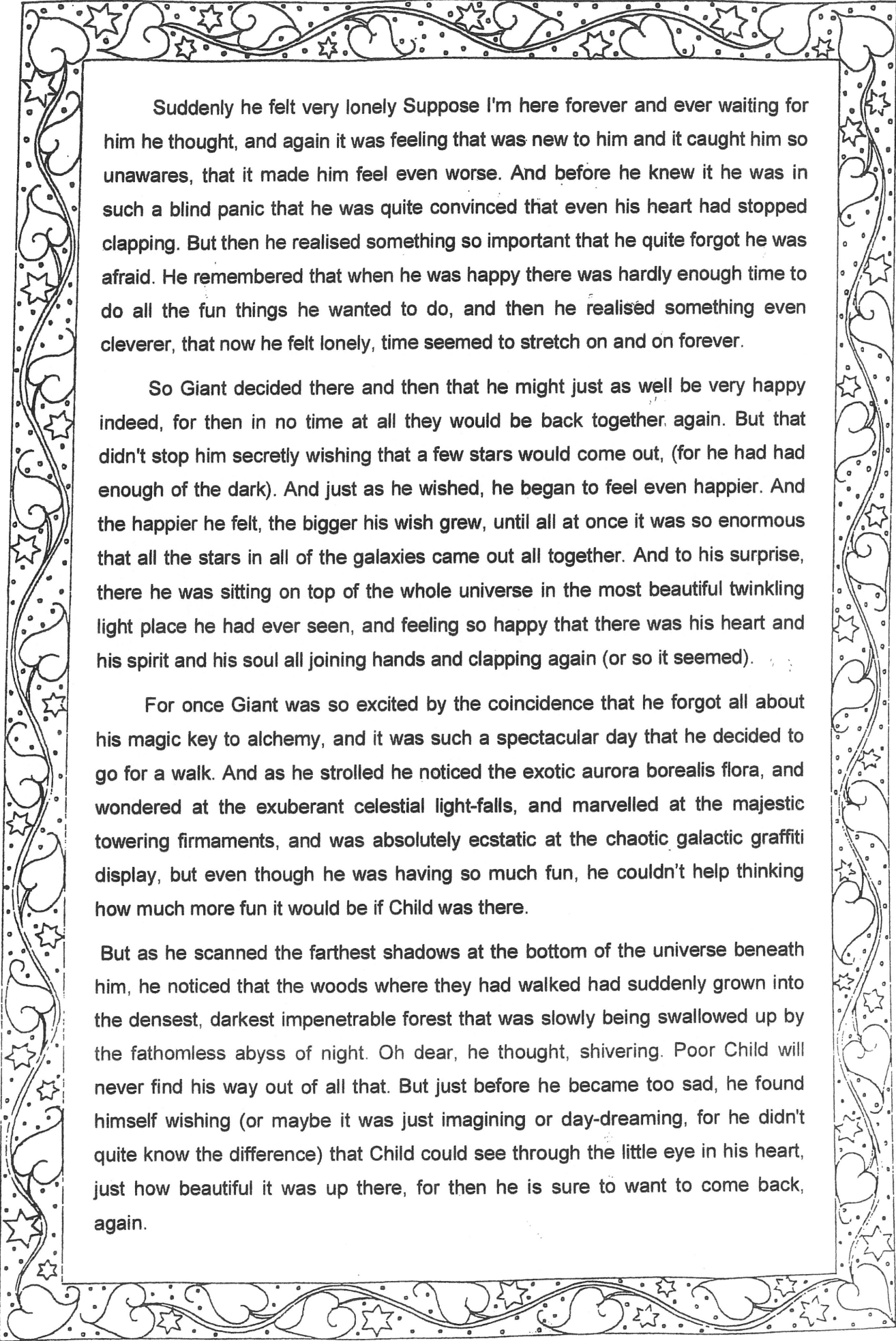
If I am such a clever magician who can create something out of nothing then I can create anything I want to make me happy, he thought. But try as he might, he just couldn't remember where he had left his magic key to alchemy. And at last, feeling very disillusioned and tired he fell fast asleep again.

He had not been asleep for long, however, when he began to dream. He dreamt he was a very clever magician who had discovered the lost key to alchemy hidden in the most unexpected place in the whole world. With such a magical key he could create absolutely anything his heart desired. He could even create a pleasant sunny day that naturally closed into a magical starry night, all out of the perfection of nothing.

Giant became so excited by his dream that he began to awaken, and to his surprise he found himself in a very pleasant place and it was so warm and sunny that he decided to go for a walk. And as he strolled he noticed the harmony of all the colours around him, and the harmony of all his feelings inside him, and then he noticed the shadows of the clouds on the hillside. And when he came to a dreamy misty wood, he noticed the wind rustling through the trees, and the light flickering in the leaves above him, and all the sounds of the birds singing and animals scuffling through the undergrowth. And then he noticed how fragile the flowers were underfoot and how shy the sun was overhead, then all at once before he even had time to notice, it became quite dark, and to his surprise there was a magical starry night all around him.

And the dew was forming and a screech owl was calling and suddenly there was a full moon shining right down on him, and there was Giant looking up at the stars and the moon and thinking how beautiful it all was, and feeling so happy inside, that there was his heart and his spirit and his soul all joining hands and clapping (or so it seemed).

In fact it had all been so exciting for Giant and there was still so much left to see, that he hadn't even noticed how cold it was becoming under the clear night sky, and he wished with all his heart he could curl up beside a nice warm camp fire. And this time, as if by magic and without even thinking about it, there it was,



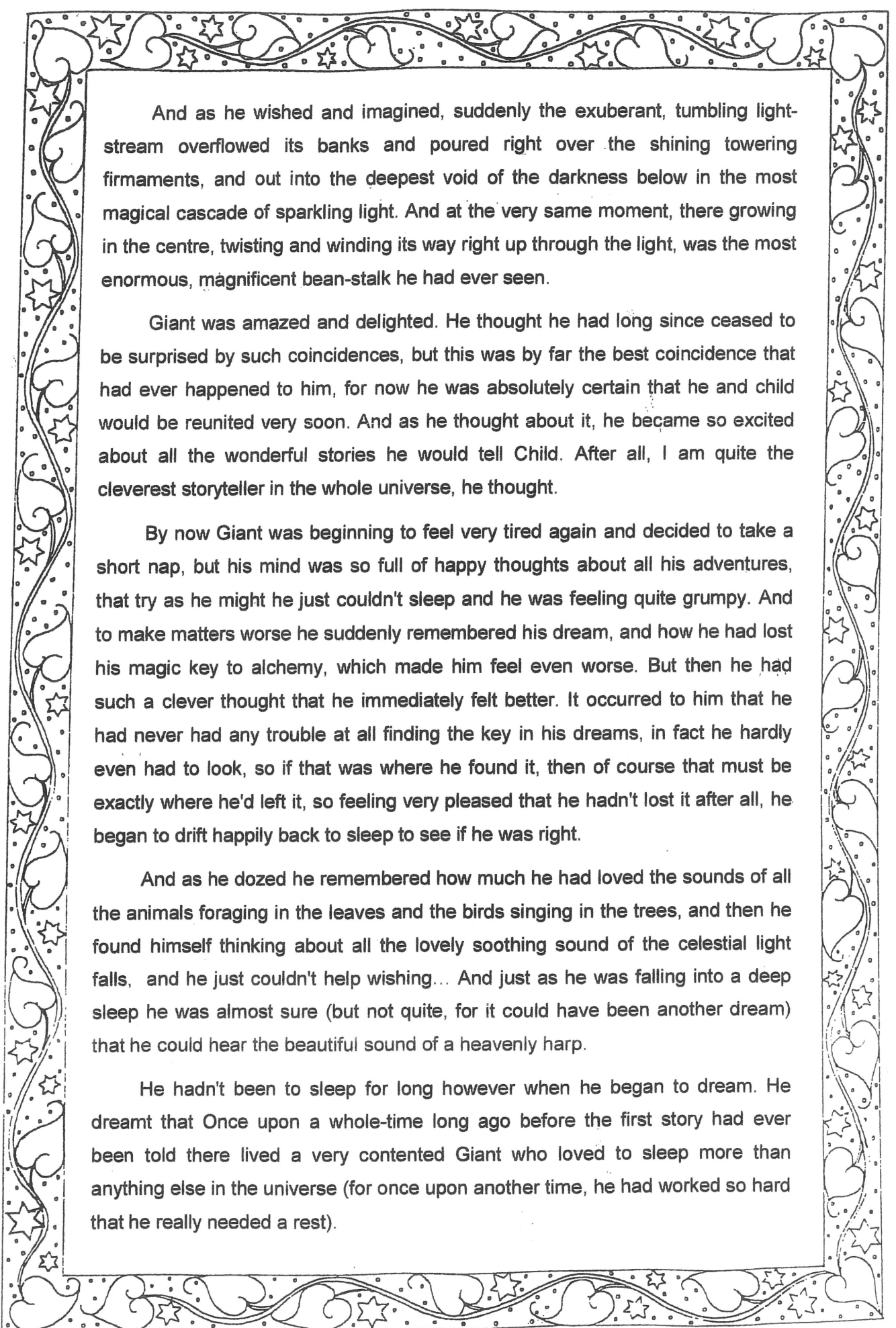
Suddenly he felt very lonely Suppose I'm here forever and ever waiting for him he thought, and again it was feeling that was new to him and it caught him so unawares, that it made him feel even worse. And before he knew it he was in such a blind panic that he was quite convinced that even his heart had stopped clapping. But then he realised something so important that he quite forgot he was afraid. He remembered that when he was happy there was hardly enough time to do all the fun things he wanted to do, and then he realised something even cleverer, that now he felt lonely, time seemed to stretch on and on forever.

So Giant decided there and then that he might just as well be very happy indeed, for then in no time at all they would be back together again. But that didn't stop him secretly wishing that a few stars would come out, (for he had had enough of the dark). And just as he wished, he began to feel even happier. And the happier he felt, the bigger his wish grew, until all at once it was so enormous that all the stars in all of the galaxies came out all together. And to his surprise, there he was sitting on top of the whole universe in the most beautiful twinkling light place he had ever seen, and feeling so happy that there was his heart and his spirit and his soul all joining hands and clapping again (or so it seemed).

For once Giant was so excited by the coincidence that he forgot all about his magic key to alchemy, and it was such a spectacular day that he decided to go for a walk. And as he strolled he noticed the exotic aurora borealis flora, and wondered at the exuberant celestial light-falls, and marvelled at the majestic towering firmaments, and was absolutely ecstatic at the chaotic galactic graffiti display, but even though he was having so much fun, he couldn't help thinking how much more fun it would be if Child was there.

But as he scanned the farthest shadows at the bottom of the universe beneath him, he noticed that the woods where they had walked had suddenly grown into the densest, darkest impenetrable forest that was slowly being swallowed up by the fathomless abyss of night. Oh dear, he thought, shivering. Poor Child will never find his way out of all that. But just before he became too sad, he found himself wishing (or maybe it was just imagining or day-dreaming, for he didn't quite know the difference) that Child could see through the little eye in his heart, just how beautiful it was up there, for then he is sure to want to come back, again.





And as he wished and imagined, suddenly the exuberant, tumbling light-stream overflowed its banks and poured right over the shining towering firmaments, and out into the deepest void of the darkness below in the most magical cascade of sparkling light. And at the very same moment, there growing in the centre, twisting and winding its way right up through the light, was the most enormous, magnificent bean-stalk he had ever seen.

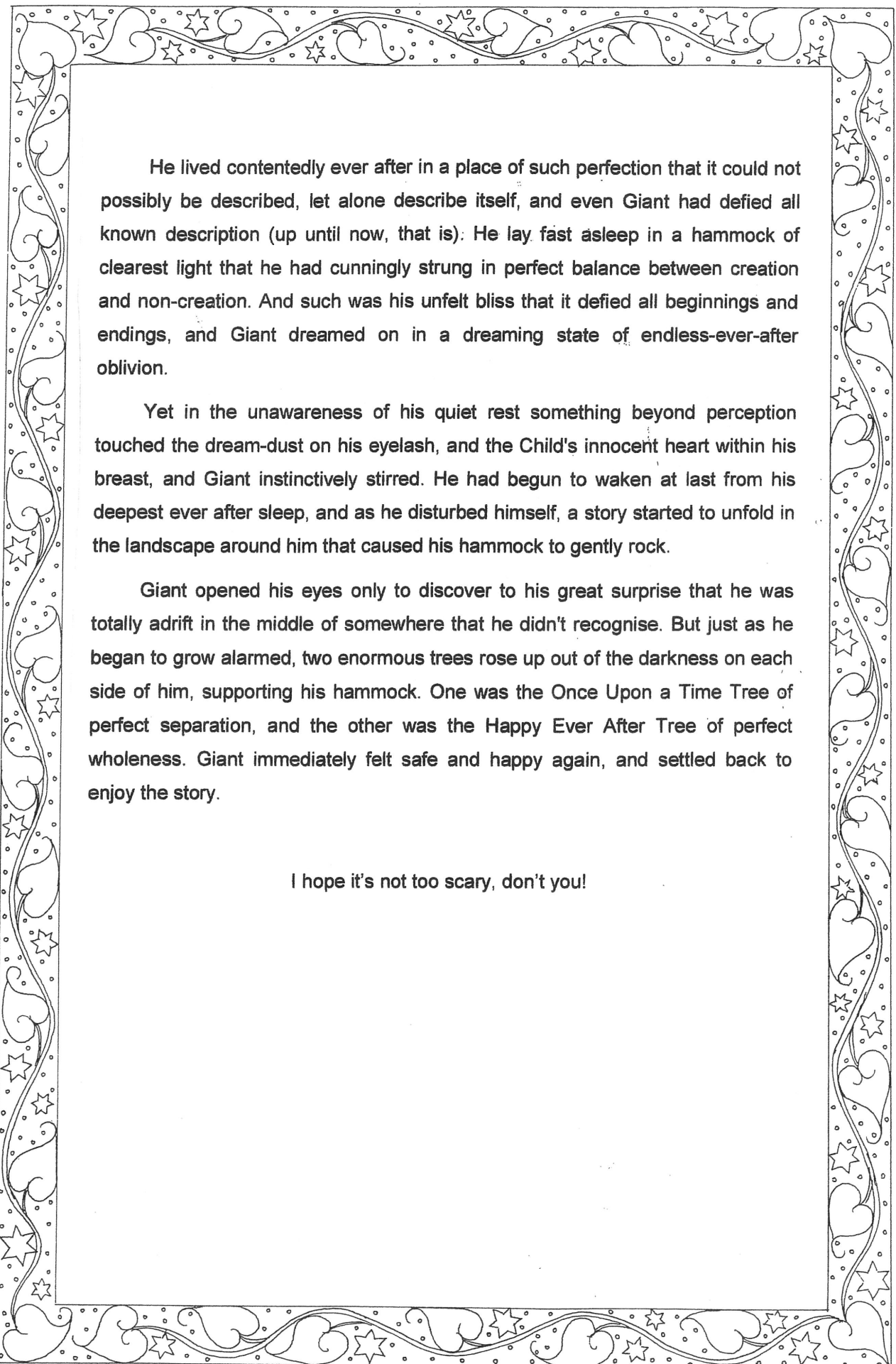
Giant was amazed and delighted. He thought he had long since ceased to be surprised by such coincidences, but this was by far the best coincidence that had ever happened to him, for now he was absolutely certain that he and child would be reunited very soon. And as he thought about it, he became so excited about all the wonderful stories he would tell Child. After all, I am quite the cleverest storyteller in the whole universe, he thought.

By now Giant was beginning to feel very tired again and decided to take a short nap, but his mind was so full of happy thoughts about all his adventures, that try as he might he just couldn't sleep and he was feeling quite grumpy. And to make matters worse he suddenly remembered his dream, and how he had lost his magic key to alchemy, which made him feel even worse. But then he had such a clever thought that he immediately felt better. It occurred to him that he had never had any trouble at all finding the key in his dreams, in fact he hardly even had to look, so if that was where he found it, then of course that must be exactly where he'd left it, so feeling very pleased that he hadn't lost it after all, he began to drift happily back to sleep to see if he was right.

And as he dozed he remembered how much he had loved the sounds of all the animals foraging in the leaves and the birds singing in the trees, and then he found himself thinking about all the lovely soothing sound of the celestial light falls, and he just couldn't help wishing... And just as he was falling into a deep sleep he was almost sure (but not quite, for it could have been another dream) that he could hear the beautiful sound of a heavenly harp.

He hadn't been to sleep for long however when he began to dream. He dreamt that Once upon a whole-time long ago before the first story had ever been told there lived a very contented Giant who loved to sleep more than anything else in the universe (for once upon another time, he had worked so hard that he really needed a rest).





He lived contentedly ever after in a place of such perfection that it could not possibly be described, let alone describe itself, and even Giant had defied all known description (up until now, that is). He lay fast asleep in a hammock of clearest light that he had cunningly strung in perfect balance between creation and non-creation. And such was his unfelt bliss that it defied all beginnings and endings, and Giant dreamed on in a dreaming state of endless-ever-after oblivion.

Yet in the unawareness of his quiet rest something beyond perception touched the dream-dust on his eyelash, and the Child's innocent heart within his breast, and Giant instinctively stirred. He had begun to waken at last from his deepest ever after sleep, and as he disturbed himself, a story started to unfold in the landscape around him that caused his hammock to gently rock.

Giant opened his eyes only to discover to his great surprise that he was totally adrift in the middle of somewhere that he didn't recognise. But just as he began to grow alarmed, two enormous trees rose up out of the darkness on each side of him, supporting his hammock. One was the Once Upon a Time Tree of perfect separation, and the other was the Happy Ever After Tree of perfect wholeness. Giant immediately felt safe and happy again, and settled back to enjoy the story.

I hope it's not too scary, don't you!

## The Story of Creation

The whole creative story materialised in the wake of a Divine impulse of self-wonder and self-curiosity, and is evolving in the breath of its own inspiration. With every new surge of expression it weaves yet another thread of magic and illusion, and adds yet another adventure to yet another story within the overall harmony and patterning of the never-ending story.

It is an eternal cycle of self-expression that always leads back to the beginning of the very first story, when a very clever Giant buried a treasure-chest of the finest inspiration in the shadow of his own illusion while he went off to explore the universe. This was the moment that began the beginning, that contained all the, *once upon a times* of creation.

And there it could all have *ended happily ever after*, except one day Giant suddenly became so tired that he decided to take a short nap. But fearing someone might steal the key to his secret buried treasure while he slept, he decided to find a clever place to hide it.

At last, after racking his brain for at least one whole moment, he had a very cunning idea. He would hide it in the simplest, yet safest place in the whole world, in the innocent wonder of his wishes and dreams

Unfortunately for Giant, he was far too clever for his own good, for it was the very last place anyone would ever think of looking, even himself, and to this day he is still trying to remember where he put it.

