

No Cause for Alarm

Gaia/Mother Earth through Pepper Lewis - February 2005

The world is at a very interesting juncture just now. Systems of thought and planes of reality are bisecting one another at very interesting angles. Some of them are even bumping into each other as such close proximity makes this possible. This makes for delightfully intriguing conversation, because multiple realities make for more possibilities than linear reality. Unfortunately, these possibilities can also confound, confuse and even disturb the delicate and already jittery nerves of humanity. With this in mind, take a few moments to inhale and exhale gently, breathing prana and peace into all of your beingness, relaxing the muscles that have tensed too soon as well as the thoughts that have wandered into unsupported territory. Return to the realm and comfort of the heart, an eternally warm and familiar place.

Your heart is your hearth, metaphorically speaking. It is the part of you that keeps the home fire burning, awaiting your return from wherever you have been, regardless of the length or purpose of your absence. A physical hearth is much more than a fireplace or cooking station, it serves as the central support for the entire structure just as your spinal column does for your physical structure. Any damage to this support is immediately reflected in any and all environments and if it becomes temporarily or permanently paralyzed life can come to a screeching halt. The importance of the hearth is further reflected in the mantle (or crown) that adorns it. It is no wonder that many of life's precious treasures find a place upon the mantle above the hearth. In the human body the spinal column supports the hearth (heart) and the crown chakra enriches the mind so that it will be in service to the heart.

Metaphysically speaking, humanity is having a very difficult time keeping the hearth, or home environment, clear of obstacles that threaten to extinguish it. Either the flame (life force) has become so low that it can barely maintain the warmth easily generated by a candlewick, or the fire has blazed such that it is out of control and still spreading. In some cases both of these scenarios are true, making the danger greater still. Humanity is an enduring, but delicate species. While the human spirit cannot be entirely extinguished, it is highly susceptible to environmental factors. For instance, humanity is more easily manipulated than other species. Humanity will work incessantly for peanuts, as they say, or for an idea or goal that may not be in its own best interest.

Do you remember the story of Pinocchio? He very much wanted to become a real boy instead of a wooden toy. Humanity very much wants to become an enlightened species and not an automated puppet race. Pinocchio tried very hard to remember all the wonderful rewards that would be his if he could just remember and keep the promises he had made to himself and to his father, Gepetto. Humanity, individually and collectively is also trying very hard to recall the commitments it has made to itself and to the Divine Purpose, or Father/All That Is that guides it.

Pinocchio had help from a fairy and from a cricket. Humanity also receives assistance from the seen and the unseen, as well as from heaven and earth. Pinocchio was easily deceived. He followed those who had little or no reputation of which to speak, because the promises they made sounded almost too good to be true . . . and they were. The characters in the story could no more keep the promises they made than those who make promises to humanity today can.

Fairy tales are stories about imaginary beings or events that convey or contain a message. They are improbable invented accounts that are told to children, but see how easily they become real life examples? Pinocchio traveled long and far. He experienced hunger, disappointment, deceit, imprisonment, lack, cold, and a variety of other physical and emotional tortures. All the while he was trying to get back home, back to his father, back to the place where it all began. Humanity wants the same. It wants to become real, or self-realized, do you see?

Fairy Tales are sometimes read to children so that they will go to sleep and dream. The intention of these words is to wake you from the long sleep and the dream that has already replayed itself one too many times. This story and the dreamtime that accompanies it has nothing else to teach you and nowhere else to take you. There are many roads and many realities that can take you home now, but you must endeavor to mark this distance by your own choice and by the decisions and steps you now take. Assistance is still yours for the asking. The roads are better lit now and the signposts well placed, but the distractions and detractors are still many. They too have grown in recent years, albeit in other directions. With that said,

here are a few of the most overlooked signposts, perhaps because they have been overly placed in plain sight.

Know Yourself. In order to get home you need to know who and what you are. The names that you have been called by are irrelevant now. They will be important again later on, but right now it is better to know who you are today than whom you were yesterday. For instance, if you were married once, twice or even thrice in this life you were called by a certain name or title. If that name or title no longer applies do not carry it as if it were part of your entourage. Redeem the simplest, most accurate expression of self that you can. This is how you began; it is how you entered this world. When you refer to yourself, do so as you would prefer others would. Do not undersell or oversell yourself, what you have, or what you do. Practice honesty in words and deeds -- not because dishonesty would otherwise prevail, but because honesty reflects the soul's purpose more clearly. Self-reflection leads to self-realization.

Be True To Your Companions. Share your adventure and your earthly concerns with others, be they of same mind or principle, but choose your companions well. Or many of you, this is the last leg of the journey. Do you wish to cross the finish line alone, in partnership, on the back of another, or with another strapped onto your own back? Can you still walk upright or are you bent over -- crooked, cracked and burdened by your own weight or the density of others? Do you find that you are still settling debts, be they of relationship or account, or is your word sufficient to strike the harmonic chord of at-one-ment?

Make Peace With What Seems To Oppose You. The world is not against you and you have no need to resist it. All that stands before you is a mirrored reflection. If left and right are inverted, or opposite one another, does it not stand to reason that good and bad are, too? Every step that you take offers different perspectives and proposes new realities. That which stands next to you, behind you or in front of you has its own unique experience, which may or may not be aligned with your own. Plan how to accommodate this into your daily experience rather than how you will react when presented with it. God does not make duplicates; you would not want Him to.

Don't Bother To Sweep Under The Rug. The cleanest room is still dusty and the moment after you have swept a spill may occur. This is natural. Nature never ceases to be what is and neither should you. There will always be more to be done than you are able to do in the moment and more to discover than you can realize the first time around. No matter how far you have traveled or how much you have accomplished there is always more. Spring leads to summer, and summer to fall. Each season or decade has a specific progression, with each subsequent season offering its own opportunity, challenge or secret. No two seasons or years are ever alike. Listen to others and heed them if you will, but don't take their word as your gospel. Don't miss an opportunity to crawl on your belly if it means discovering where the sweetest honey is hiding. Take the time to make yourself beautiful, but not if the cost is too high. Make certain it is your own reflection that you see in the looking glass and not the invention of another. In an immaculately clean and organized home you could probably eat off the floor, but would you want to?

Relate Justly to Your Environment. Do not ask more of your environment(s) than is practical. A work environment is just that, a home is a dwelling, a body is a vehicle for your soul, a forest is part of nature, and the ocean is too deep to fathom. Your body is not a dumping ground for unnatural substances any more than the ocean is. You cannot fathom its beauty or its depth if you pollute it beyond reason or repair. Do not discard what you value and do not hoard that which others lack. The natural environment and its resources do not belong to you and all loans are to be considered short term. In every environment that you dwell take care to give, receive and share. Tall fences make for good neighbors, but an extended hand makes neighbors friends.

Look To The Next Horizon. Today can only last as long as it does. You are experiencing today, because you have allowed yesterday to elapse and to pass into an alternate experience called, the past. Tomorrow will arrive when you have accorded today the same courtesy, but it is all too easy to forget to do this. Sometimes today seems so perfect that you cling to it, hesitant to see what tomorrow might bring. Sometimes today seems so much like yesterday that you hardly bother to notice that it is different, and sometimes today seems so awful that you begin to imagine that tomorrow will be worse, not realizing that you have just made it so! Every sunrise invites you to see something different, every sunset is worthy of its own painting, as if capturing it on canvas could preserve it for a bit longer. The stars are not fixed in their position; they only seem to be. If they were, they could not make the music that the planets dance to in their own progression. Likewise, your life is not fixed. It is as flexible and changeable as your mind, when

you allow it.

Seek Tranquility And Happiness Will Find You. Happiness is as elusive as a butterfly. It is meant to be. It beckons you here and then there. Happiness is characterized by a feeling or showing of pleasure, contentment and satisfaction. Although happiness is always a welcome guest, it is usually a temporary one. It is special in that it belongs only to the moment; it is the complement to an experience rather than its end result. A captured butterfly is much less attractive in a net. Its life is short enough at its outset, before the stress of entrapment curtails its flight. Is it not better to admire it without possessing it? Is its beauty not more worthwhile in life? Those whose enthusiasm for a particular thing has inclined them to cling to it will see that it is more short-lived than they would prefer. Tranquility, on the other hand, is the butterfly's most precious gift and the one that is most frequently overlooked rather than prized. Tranquility is freedom from disturbance and commotion. A butterfly in free flight displays no signs of anxiety or agitation. Its vibrant colors are the result of a full and varied experience as well as a short, but well-deserved life. Humans are more like butterflies than they imagine, but they pretend to be moths trapped by a house light while the sun lies in wait.

The House Is Not On Fire And There Are Smoke Detectors In Every Room. The evening news is like a bird's nest – bits of discarded debris collected from hither and yon attempting to be useful. But news is not new, and like that which has already been discarded, it is often putrid and useless to all but those who scavenge rather than create experience. The news would have you believe the worst instead of the best, be it about yourself or your neighbor. You are admonished to live in fear and insecurity, to loathe that which is different or unique, and to hand over your riches for inconsequential items at every possible interval. The monies that you have earned from your employers flow quickly back into the same accounts from which they have just emerged, as if they were homing pigeons magnetically returning to their place of origin. You are lured, cajoled, influenced, controlled and finally ensnared to act and react as others pull your puppet strings this way and that. The world is at a very interesting juncture just now. Systems of thought and planes of reality are bisecting one another at very interesting angles. Some of them are even bumping into each other as such close proximity makes this possible. This makes for delightfully intriguing conversation, because multiple realities make for more possibilities than linear reality. Unfortunately, these possibilities can also confound, confuse and even disturb the delicate and already jittery nerves of humanity. With this in mind, take a few moments to inhale and exhale gently, breathing prana and peace into all of your beingness, relaxing the muscles that have tensed too soon as well as the thoughts that have wandered into unsupported territory. Return to the realm and comfort of the heart, an eternally warm and familiar place.

The trap has been well laid and the honey spread thick onto the flypaper. Try as you might, escape is futile and surrender worse. To the victor go the spoils, but think now, is it truly the spoils you want? Has your journey really been about baubles and trinkets, even if they seem precious and necessary? If you live longer, but by default, will your spirit be rich and your soul deep? Stop and think and breathe. Who am I and why am I here? Oh yes, I remember now, so that I could **know myself**. Who is on this adventure with me and how can I serve them, because **I am true to my companions**. How can I gently dislodge the obstacles that have found their way onto my path so that **I am at peace with what seems to oppose me**. What has nature reflected to me today? Where have I been preoccupied with cleaning a slate that was made of chalk dust to begin with? Perhaps the next time **I will not bother to sweep under the rug**, because the rewards for doing so are few. Instead, **I will be just in all of my environments** as they continue to support me inclusively of all that I am and all that I do. As I prepare to sleep tonight I will number the wonders of heaven rather than judge the errors I have stumbled upon. This way I can look to the next horizon with an open heart that guides me as faithfully as a compass. Such moments as befit a divine being are mine as I receive tranquility and welcome happiness. The trap has been well laid and the honey spread thick onto the flypaper. Try as you might, escape is futile and surrender worse. To the victor go the spoils, but think now, is it truly the spoils you want? Has your journey really been about baubles and trinkets, even if they seem precious and necessary? If you live longer, but by default, will your spirit be rich and your soul deep? Stop and think and breathe. Who am I and why am I here? Oh yes, I remember now, so that I could know myself. Who is on this adventure with me and how can I serve them, because I am true to my companions. How can I gently dislodge the obstacles that have found their way onto my path so that I am at peace with what seems to oppose me. What has nature reflected to me today? Where have I been preoccupied with cleaning a slate that was made of chalk dust to begin with? Perhaps the next time I will not bother to sweep under the rug, because the rewards for doing so are few. Instead, I will be just in all of my environments as they continue to support me inclusively of all that I am and all that I do. As I prepare to sleep tonight I will number the wonders of heaven rather than judge the errors I have stumbled

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