

Where there is Love . . .

I am White Eagle.

Where there is Love, there is Hope. And the Hope of the Universe is grounded in Love – Universal Love.

Once upon a time when life was simpler, when the game was plentiful, and life was good, in the villages among the tepees, were people of great strength, and Wisdom was their daily food. They were guided by that strength and wisdom and clung deeply to the Earth, welcoming her bounty and harvesting her love. For once upon a time these people understood the message of Love that welled up through their feet.

They placed their hands upon the Earth in grateful recognition of its mothering care. They never failed to honor her – with the light of each day, in the coolness of the evening, and the dark of night. They honored her seasons. They acknowledged her power to sustain them in *all* weather. They understood her moods, her *moon* swings, her starry rhythms, her planetary presence in the midst of sun and moons and planets. She, the Earth, understood all of this, and so, too, did the people who gained wisdom at her feet.

How fully they were known, they understood – how completely and how lovingly cared for by this single planet in the vast universe among the starry heavens above. They gained strength from this. Wisdom was theirs. They understood who they were. Their immortality stood out like the stars above as long as they drew their power from the Earth, feet firmly attached to her golden crust.

But now the egg is broken. It is cracking open and that connection is now precarious, for the hearts of men have ignored their Mother, the planet Earth. The connection has failed. The Earth is fading without the reciprocal love that was so natural, so many years ago. Only Love can save the planet, the hearts and ears of humankind must turn once more and be attuned to the rhythms of their Mother, to the voice she speaks, to the heart that beats within her, to the crystal that beams its light through *all*.

The Earth must be free – free of all the clutter and debris that humankind has strewn upon her face – free of all the negative and cruel energies she has been made to endure. Only humankind can restore her. Only humankind can make her whole. Humankind must care, must yearn, must *will* to return to their Mother's fold to be embraced once more by her love and her wisdom and draw strength from that which she has always given – her heart of hearts, her song of songs, her rapture beyond words.

This is where she must be. This is where we must be. Embrace your Mother and be restored once again to Wisdom, Strength, Understanding and Universal Love. This is my message for all to hear. Be well. Be loved. Be clear. Be at peace. Bless you.