

The self-thought cave and the depth of his imagining

I am White Eagle.

In the long course of history, there have always been men who thought that all they had to offer moved within certain spheres, limited in scope, completely naked of any outside influence.

There is a story that may be told of how one man thought he was in a cave, but in fact, he was in a world of his own making. For his thoughts created that which he imagined, and so he lived by that rule and did not know to seek more deeply within his own mind that which is genuinely real.

He could not have known the depth of his imagining without delving into the depths of his own being? He could not have risen to see the Light while he dreamed with blinders on. And so the man remained within his cave, within his self-thought cave, and moved no further in the imagination of life. So he walked through each day unaware of who he truly was and what his purpose might be.

He rambled through woods and fields and forests deep but never found his way. For rambling leads nowhere but stays within the mouse's cage. How could he have seen the glory that awaited him had he only plumbed the depths of his imagining? How could he have seen the truth?

Instead of rambling on he might have stilled himself and stopped to consider how deeply he is rooted in the Earth's majesty. He might consider the glory of the heavens above and have discovered that spangled universe within *himself*.

He might have opened to worlds unknown, to a vast universe of stars beyond his imagining, a profusion of light shining within his own being. How could he have missed the wonder of the stars, the beauty of the universe, the energy of the Earth that transpires beneath his feet? How could he not have aligned himself with the crystalline structure of his own being, matching that of the universe he beholds within himself?

How could he not participate in the star-spangled universe that rings its truth within him — that speaks of the Universal Light that glows within each and every human being? How could he not reach out and touch that Light that wells up from the Earth, that brings every creature aglow with light and love and rapture and joy?

How could he not be moved by all that is within him? For what touches others, touches himself; and what brings him joy, brings joy to others. What brings laughter to his lips, regales the hearts of all.

Speak of this rapture. Open the cave of all men and women and bring to light the joy that is within. Wear softly the mantle of love and light. And speak gently to the wind that blows within you.

Can you not see? *The JOY is within you.* It has never ceased to glow and will remain always in your heart of hearts. Though you may pass from this world, *yet shall you LIVE* in the heart of the glowing universe that saddles you with its triumphs and covers you with all its glory.

May peace and peace and peace be everywhere and always with you.
I am White Eagle. Speak. Now. Speak.
Bless you, my child. Bless you.