

WindSong

Twenty-one Thousand
Shaumbra Nights

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For Carrie



WindSong at Isthmus Cove, Santa Catalina Island, California

Prologue

Preflight – Coming in to Los Angeles

Out went the call. To me, it looked like junk mail. Inside the envelope was a flier, bearing the oft-used “Blue Marble” picture of Old Earth. No matter how many times I had seen it, I always stopped and marveled at the blue oceans, white swirling clouds and the greenery of North America, clearly discernable on the face of Gaia. “Those marketing types really know how to hook us in,” I said aloud.



Planet Earth (Gaia)

Also inside the envelope was a pair of cardboard-framed glasses. The lenses were of plastic, one red, and the other blue. "Preview the New Earth in Three Dimensional Reality," the flier read, causing me to utter an involuntary, "Humph." How could they stoop so low? Had we not all traveled, oh so many times to the near-Earth realms, observing how consciousness was evolving there? What on Earth could possibly be happening now that would be of interest to me?

Still, being a sucker for almost any advertising gimmick, I donned the glasses and attempted to focus on the image of dear Old Earth. To my surprise, her image appeared to spin slowly on her axis. Clouds moved slowly across the land and sea. The edge of darkness progressed from east to west, followed soon enough by an edge of light. In full glory, her days appeared to be playing out before me.

"What will they think of next?" I grumbled, even more skeptical now of the emotional triggers embedded in the image. Still transfixed, I watched as my perspective drew back, to show the Sun, surrounded by the planets, asteroids and planetoids. The Sun had always been my favorite Shining Star.

As my viewpoint retreated further, the Solar System became a single point of light in the vastness of the Milky Way. Just before I felt myself slip backwards through the universal portal near Sirius, I could see that Old Earth was changing, now morphing into a New Earth. Only now, that New Earth perceptibly began to shift towards the center of the universe that I Now appeared to be leaving.

Not wishing to know the story's end, I pulled off the glasses and returned Home, quickly traversing back across the Veil.

On the back of the flier, it indicated that something unique was happening on Earth. During the next sixty years (whatever that meant), Old Earth would become center stage in its own universal play. The flier touted huge crowds for the main event, so many in fact that it would be "standing room only" for those who held off making their decision to attend. Indecision might relegate one to a completely disconnected view of the proceedings, as others would have filled all of the physical and non-physical seats available in the Solar System itself.

In the interim period, attendance on Earth itself would be so limited that many might experience only a few minutes of life after birth, perhaps in poverty-stricken or war-torn lands that ultimately could not sustain them. Still, the flier indicated, being there, if only for a brief moment in time, would be more than worth the effort and personal sacrifice. Not only would there be crowds of observers. There would also be "free will" and "divine will" roles of one's choosing to play out, but only for those who signed up early and committed to taking the plunge.

There was a catch, later known as "Catch 22." In order to participate fully, one would have to leave Home, travel through the Wall of Fire and completely forget one's divine nature. For those who answered the call, this was going to be a real-time, stream of consciousness experience. Full participants would embody their "parts in the play" as flesh and blood human beings, living in duality, gravity and in separation from Spirit, or Source. Self-knowledge, once lost, might not come again, leaving the participant to wander in a karmic wasteland of his or her own making. The flier guaranteed one's arrival on Earth. There was no guarantee of a return trip Home.

We who chose to go would make our way on Old Earth, through what looked like some good times, but possibly some tough times as well. The only clue we would have to our own true nature, and a small one at that, would be our remembrance of the Fruit of The Rose. That image, we would paint somewhere deep in our consciousness. Without the guarantee of remembrance, there was only the possibility of doing so to keep hope alive during the dark days we might face ahead.

On one hand, it did not seem like much of a bargain, but on the other, I found it intriguing. If we now answered the call, taking the plunge through the Wall of Fire, we could select our own parents and the basic setup of a ready-made existence, all in a location of our choosing.

Sure, there would be challenges along the way, but for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, we would have an opportunity to affect the outcome of both Old Earth and, through the creation of New Energy, the New Earth, Herself.

At the bottom, the flier closed with what I have come to call “the clincher.” If, while the flier was still in the reader’s hands, he or she were to make their final and irrevocable decision to go, there would be a “golden opportunity.” The final words on the flier stated, “If you say ‘Yes’ Now, during your stay on Earth, there is a one in a million chance of finding your own true love, everlasting”.

While reading that statement, I felt the flier slip from my hands, only to catch it in mid air, just before it touched what we call “the ground” at Home. As I reread “the clincher,” I knew I had to go. As many times as I had visited the Old Earth, I never returned Home with a complete sense of satisfaction. Each time I returned, I had returned alone.

I had learned the lessons well. We each are self-contained consciousness, individual, yet part of a greater whole. We need no one else and nothing else to sustain our consciousness, yet we know ourselves to be part of that greater whole, attracted to it, desiring to serve it, and hoping for an opportunity to become a Full Creator, in our own right.

I knew about Unity and Duality. I had transitioned between the two, back and forth many times. What was missing? Why was I attracted to a phrase like “true love everlasting”? As the flier grew hot in my grasp, I remembered.

Each time I had left Unity for the Duality of Old Earth, as a natural consequence of my individuation, I had experienced “separation.” Here and now, for the first time, was a lottery-like offer to find a special “One” and blend our energies; right there as Old Earth gave way to New Earth.

“One in a million” was good enough odds for me. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and said, “Yes, I will go.”

Jim McVittie

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