

CARRYING THE FOREST THROUGH TIME

Sit comfortably and close your eyes. Using your imagination, see your inner flame burning brightly within you. The flame of life burns gently but brightly: stay with that image as you slowly deepen into silence and stillness. As you relax, you become aware that there are beings who are drawn by the brightness of your flame and they inch closer to investigate.

In your inner vision, stand up and look around you. Out of the corner of your eye, you see many beings hiding and trying to move closer to you. One of them steps before you, a being of the forest and asks you if you are prepared to be of service. When you reply yes, they put their hands over your eyes and tell you to look.

Looking through their hands your vision changes and you become aware of things you had not seen before. The building or landscape in which you are seated falls away and you find yourself sat out in nature, with the rocks, trees, plants, water, the stars above you and the earth below you.

The inner light of the plants and trees is very dull and they all seem to be covered in a dark heaviness. The animals are the same; their inner flames grow weak as they battle against the toxins in their bodies and environment.

The being, a faery, which is working with you, tells you that there is something you can do for the future. They ask you to walk through the meadow or forest and let a plant choose you.

You set off walking, feeling the rich earth beneath your feet as you walk. You pass through tall grasses, bushes, trees, plants and flowers. One plant in particular seems to stand out to you. As you get closer to them, you can see that the plant is struggling to breathe through the polluted air.

Gently and quietly, you scoop up the plant, being very careful not to damage the roots and hold it close to you. The inner power of the plant, its inner consciousness surprises you with its vast power and beauty. The faery being comes up behind you and urges you to place the plant within you, next to your heart.

As the plant passes into you, a heavy tiredness creeps over you and you lie down to sleep on the grass. The earth is warm and soft, moving gently as though you lay on the body of a sleeping mother. The sleep pulls you deeper and deeper until you feel yourself sink down into the earth and the rock.

Deeper and deeper you fall until you become still and silent as you sleep in the rock, deep below the surface of the planet. The seasons come and go, and you sleep. The years pass by and still you sleep. Time has no meaning as you slumber within stone. Your body is heavier and heavier, becoming part of the rock itself. The mother curls around you as you sleep, singing her lullabies of the wind to you as you sleep.

Somewhere is the distance, someone calls your name. The sound echoes through your mind and you struggle to regain your consciousness. The sound gets stronger and stronger until you are urged to move forward. Reaching up, you fight and climb to the surface world, leaving the stillness of the rock behind you.

After a struggle, you emerge out of the darkness and find yourself on the surface and yet it looks very strange. The world has moved on through time as you have slept and now is the time to re plant the children of the land – The Mother.

You look around for the best place to root the plant. Finding a good spot, you dig with your hands to create a space for the plant to root itself. Placing the plant carefully in the ground, you are overwhelmed with a strange sadness.

Tears begin to fall from your eyes and moisten the ground around the plant. The more you cry, the more the plant is watered. The plant begins to glow with a powerful inner flame, growing beyond its physical boundary until it stretches in all directions.

The inner expression of the plant is a beauty you have not seen before and you are overwhelmed as the inner consciousness of the plant reaches out to touch you. The earth around the plant changes as it begins to interact with the power of the plant and you watch in wonder as the land springs to life.

The touch of the plant knocks you off balance and you fall backwards. You fall as though falling off a large cliff, your body tumbling through time as it twists around the directions. You fall and fall, becoming disorientated as the falling becomes faster.

Suddenly you stop, finding yourself sitting back in the patch of land where you first started. You can see all of the beings within the plants and trees all around you as you slowly re orientate yourself.

You remember your inner flame, the flame of all being at the edge of the void and when you are ready, you open your eyes.

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