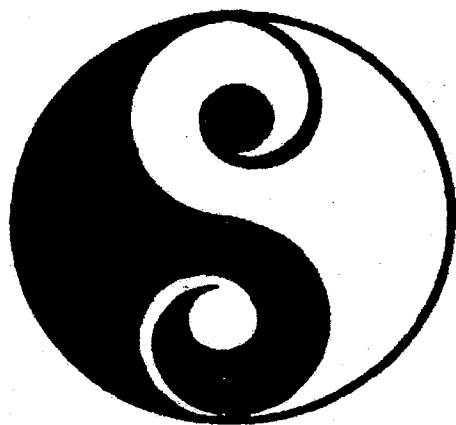


Words From Wonderland



Chanel Wing

To my family, since my financial state is bleak the universe is forcing me to give you a different kind of present this year. I can't afford any material objects for you, so the only thing I have to give is my words. Here they are, some of my words. After a long year of high highs and low lows, and the two years before that and the twenty before that, well after 22 years this is what I've come up with. Maybe I'm crazy, but I love you and I wanted to give you something this Christmas. There's a reason I didn't have enough money for presents this December and the reason is that I was meant to share something more special with you this year. Even if what I'm saying doesn't make sense to you, it's ok, it doesn't always make sense to me either. But it means the world to me to be able to share it with you. Thank you all for your love and support. Thank you for being you, thank you for being in my life. This Christmas I get to share my heart with you and in the end I think maybe that's the best gift I can give you anyway. I love you all.

For freedom...

Here I am

Here I am
Another day
Another life
Where this path goes
I do not know
I know it goes though
It goes somewhere
Let it go to personal power
Let it go to peace
To love
Let it go to the heart cave
The green river flows
Flows on and on
That is life
That is love
I'll continue to watch
Continue to ride
With restlessness
With patience

And one day it will end
And when it ends it will all make sense
It will all come together
We will all know
We will all love
Then we will be free
Free once and for all
For now though here I am
Another day
Another life
On and on it goes
In beauty
In peace
I will accept
I will let the circle spiral out
With seamless flow
In utter perfection
Complete balance
Such synchronicity
This life we live
I love.



The Beginning

In the beginning... Start at the beginning. That's what they say. To tell a story, start at the beginning. But when was the beginning? And who remembers the beginning? The beginning is unclear.

There was the day you were born and entered the world in tears. Crying and crying for the very fact of entering this place called Earth yet again. You entered the world in grief, cold, naked and frightened. Ripped from the warmth of the womb, your source and security.

But that wasn't the beginning. Before the first breath of air and human consciousness there was the womb. The sounds, vibrations, intuitions and perceptions of your mother pulsed through your vulnerable fetus, molding your being.

But that wasn't the beginning either. Before the womb there was another place, a memory in feeling but a memory not accessible through the mind. That place was so light and breezy, a realm where eternity is understood in all its simplicity and complexity. That place above the body, above the Earth. The other side. But in truth neither was that place the beginning. Nor was the

beginning the life before this one or the life before that one.

The beginning is beyond imagination, beyond the grasp of the human intellect. And so the beginning is not of prime importance. Nor is it the place to start when telling a story. Now is the place to start and the beginning is now too. Whatever was in the beginning also exists in the now.

We'll get to the beginning soon enough. We'll remember the beginning when we get to the end. The end is the beginning. Life is a circle. The beginning is home, that's where we came from and that's where we'll go in the end. But we will only get there when we finish here once and for all.

Standing in the truth of eternity there is no beginning or end at all, such things do not exist. Beginnings and endings are a manifestation of the physical, the material, the human, the Earthly. They only exist here. In the universe these concepts are rare. In the eternity of the universe it is understood that all things move in a continuous, never-ending circle.

But here we are and human we are, so for those of us in skin, there was a beginning and there most certainly will be an end. Spirit is eternal, material is not. Humans and their egos will die.

Here on Earth we have a deadline and so we live by a timeline.

But do not be fooled, you as a time ridden human and ego are still living on the continuum of eternity and that is because you are not only material but Spirit as well. You are half eternal and half mortal. Half Heaven, half Earth.

And what is the goal of life, but to blend these two paradoxical forces. By the end you will have blended. But you don't have to wait until the end to blend. You can blend now. You're already blending, the mere fact of your human existence is evidence that your blending process is in motion. But for true expansion you must blend consciously as well as unconsciously. And that is what the middle is for, attempting to bring your blending process into consciousness.

Oh the middle, that's where the heartache is. Often the times in the middle are so rough that we yearn for an end. And yet we fear this end like nothing else. The end is nothing to fear. Death is only transformation. Our pain is not our death; our pain is our birth, our pitiful plight as human beings and our entry into this torrential world.

Death is bliss. At birth we're looking down the road thinking 'geeze I have potentially 90 years of this, 90 years stuck to the ground'. That's why we cry, that's why we suffer. We suffer because we're stuck in this world living out karmic lessons, mending and reopening emotional wounds day in and day out, death is not what plagues us, life is what plagues us.

We suffer in the middle, we suffer in the middle because we are mourning the beginning and fearing the end. The middle too can be bliss, but only if we can blend, accept the beginning and live in the present so as not to be consumed by the future. There is no need to worry about the future because the future already is. We just haven't lived it yet. But the future is in motion, waiting up ahead.

Really the only job in the middle is to enjoy the ride. But of course we complicate that, we mourn and worry and we miss the beautiful scenery of our lives. We miss the lovely, fluid landscape surrounding us, we miss the signs, we miss the sunsets and the trees. All those things are always there. But we don't take them in because we are reflecting on the landscape of yesterday and imagining the landscape of tomorrow.

We miss so much of our lives because we won't let ourselves just enjoy the ride. And so if life is so difficult why do we come at all? Why do we put ourselves through this boot camp for 90 years? Two reasons perhaps, one, 90 years is nothing, a drop of water in the ocean of eternity. Two we come to finally once and for all enjoy the ride, to appreciate our lives, our egos, our plans, this beautiful planet, and to appreciate the absolute magic of the convergence of spirit and matter. We get to this place when we blend at the heart.

That is why we come. That is why we celebrate birthdays; ultimately we know the beginning is worth celebrating. The beginning is the start of a mystical journey that will imprint the essence of our spirits. But the journey is not always what your ego may consider "good".

The journey has many bright lights, but those lights cast just as many dark shadows. The beauty though is in this sacred dance of light and dark, masculine and feminine, heaven and earth. Life is both; there wouldn't be physical life if it wasn't both. If only we knew this in the beginning, but usually we don't realize it until the end. So we won't start at the beginning, we'll start now and now is the middle.

Here on Earth

In peace, in love, I will walk
Down the splendid Earthly path I've
created
I long to hug the passing trees
Their branches reaching to infinity
Their roots extending down below
Such is my path, high aims and deep
roots alike
My head in the clouds, my heart in the
ocean
Keenly aware of all of everything that
is
Yet stuck in this finite time and space
But there is much to do here on Earth
Entertainment to enjoy and roles to
play
The possibilities are endless, our
senses guide the way
Our minds behind our eyes to create
Our hearts in our center to feel
To feel the boundless waves of human
emotion
Every tool man could imagine is at his
disposal
This lovely planet his sanctuary and
classroom
Such wonders to behold, nature the
most artistic masterpiece of all
A three-dimensional ever-changing
picture

Each set of eyes as beautiful as each
sunset
My flowing hair as free as the branches
of a hanging willow
The mystery of the night sky matching
the mystery of our souls
The seasons change, the cycles of life
seen outside and in
And we wonder why we're here, it is so
easy to forget
We forget that who we are here is a
mere extension of who we are in
eternity
That as beautiful as Earth is it's
merely a brief vacation
A temporary home, another lifetime
And when it's over, when my Earthly
path ends
I'll return to the bliss and knowing I so
long for.



The Middle

The middle is life. Perhaps the middle is five years old to near death. The first five years are an extension of the beginning. The beginning sets the energy in place that will be necessary for the tasks and goals of the middle.

The middle, my gosh the middle, the allure of this terrifying drama that is my life. Yours is the same, both blissful and pitiful. All our journeys are ultimately the same but distinctly different in detail. I only know my own drama in detail. I have the clearest view of my own journey, and you of yours.

I live in two places at the same time. I live atop a mountain and I live in the depths of the ocean. I have a bird's eye view but I get lost in the bottomless pit of my emotions. I've cried oh have I cried. But it doesn't make me sad. I've wailed in the dark morning hours, walking the streets of wonderland. In the strangest way it was good, powerful, tragic and magical all at the same time.

I have desire, lingering attachments, shame, insecurities; I'm vain, paranoid, and competitive. I'm an American after all. I have ego control problems and unidentified projection issues. I'm overwhelmed by the intensity

of my sexuality but unable to bear the responsibility of emotional intimacy.

I think too much, I feel too much, but I have to for my role is to understand. Understand myself, understand those around me, to understand the meaning of it all. And I know I never will understand it all so long as I'm fixed in this body. But it is my responsibility to try because the answers to life's mysteries are not secrets.

I came here to be true and I have to be true. If I'm true to myself, I'll be true to you too. You see me as you choose to see me. But what you see is not all of me. Nor can I see all of you. And yet we are surprised when we misunderstand each other. When we know that understanding is not that easily acquired, we still walk around like we understand and we don't. And we don't try to understand either. We prefer our cloudy bubble of narcissism and ignorance.

So quick to pity and victimize ourselves and so hesitant to admit to our immense power and strength. So hesitant to be true, lies, too many lies lace our emotional landscape. If you're lying on the outside, you're lying on the inside. Be true, that's the only path with a peaceful destination.

This is the key to easing the pain in the middle. Truth must be your greatest intention. I too like my clouded bubble of ignorance. I too turn the other cheek in the face of the truth. I'm naïve and I pursue in the face of warnings. And I'm a fool. I've been a fool too many times for resisting the truth.

The middle is not easy but the middle is what it's all about. The middle is where the real work is. The days cycle in and out, the seasons constantly flowing into another, the planets circle above while inside our personal cycles and seasons and circles are in constant motion; the vastness of our natural world a reflection of the depths of our psychic world.

The modern human psyche is a massive web of confusion, layer after layer, year after year, repression after repression. And conditioning, there is so much conditioning, such conformity. Most of us are so unindividuated that our whole character and personality are dependent on the collective masses. And what if the collective masses were to disappear? How much of you would be standing if you were stripped naked of all the material objects and institutions that you identify with?

That's what counts. In the end what counts is what is left when everything is gone. Who lives behind the mask? Hopefully there is something behind the mask, because one day the mask will be gone. If all you are is mask then you better start opening the doors of your psyche and free yourself from that tiny room you live in all the time. There are many rooms, many floors and stairways in the house of your mind and yet you continue to stay in that one little room.

The room of the ego, of the mask, of the persona, of desire, of only what you see. I spend much time in that room myself. But if I didn't walk around the house everyone once in a while, clean out some closets, check on the basement, look out on the backyard, well I don't think I'd be able to survive in this world anymore.

So yes I've opened some doors in the house of my mind. I can move in and out of rooms. But like a magnet I can't stay out of my ego room either. Its' sex, sex, sex, money, money, money, clothes, vanity, boys, men, wanting more, more, more all the time. Never satisfying my craving though and I'm restless and anxious in there. The only way I can feel better is if I escape that room for a while.

Eventually though I know I will always return. I can't stay away from being consumed by Chanel. I like to dress her up in colors and flowers and polka dots, in pink and black and white, I like to do her hair and her makeup. I glam myself up just like my Barbie dolls. And my ego, my purely Chanel persona without my inner world is just that: a doll. Here inlays the problem, when you dress yourself up as a doll, that's what people take you for, all they see is persona and they are blind to everything else.

But that's what I wanted to be right? When I was young and chubby, quiet, introverted and insecure, when no boys really liked me, when I felt undesired, unwanted. I wanted to be a doll then. I would have given anything to be a sexual object who sets herself up for massive anima projections from the men around.

To be beautiful and appreciated and desired, this is what I thought would bring me joy. Women are taught to base their self-worth and value on beauty and on being desirable to men. We define ourselves in the name of men, and this is tragic.

After years of feeling unwanted, I found my place on a little stage. I felt my femininity, beauty, and

sexuality and was finally granted validation for it. Ever since, I've been stuck in that room, consumed by it all, boys, boys, boys, beauty, beauty, sex, sex. I've sexually objectified myself; I dress myself up and parade myself around campus. Parade myself around life in such vanity.

In such a foolish attempt to maintain the illusion of my persona, oh how I love my mask. They like my mask too. Many have looked at me the way I always dreamed of being looked at. But do they really see me? They see a part of me, what they're able to see, they project their repressed feminine side on me, but they don't see all of me.

They see through the window of my persona, but only one or two will ever survey the rest of the house. Sure it's nice; we like to make sure people like our persona display window. It makes us feel worthy as human beings to have a "pretty" ego.

But how hurtful it is to have a crowd around your display window with no one willing to come inside and tour the whole house. Or worse you dressed up your display window so much that you attracted all kinds of people, negative and positive, and an uninvited guest comes in your house and they never go away.

Persona and ego can be trouble. They do not always reflect truth. The soul, the spirit is truth, the persona is a fraction of the truth, our ego is only a front man. What lies beneath is deeper, darker, and more intense than anything in the display window.

The truth, there is so much to the truth. So much that you don't see in my persona. There is the man within that I hide, but there are shadowy secrets as well. My scars and soft spots, the other things I hide in order to maintain my ego's femininity.

These are the other rooms in the house of my mind and since even I have trouble occupying those rooms, it's unlikely anyone else will understand those parts of my being. They won't understand them until I do. How can you expect another to see you clearly when you don't see yourself clearly?

I'll tell you about mine because I know you have scars and soft spots too that your ego doesn't want people to know about. Both physical and emotional and it's as if the physical scars and soft spots are a result and reflection of the emotional scars and soft spots.

I have scars; scars that I rarely reveal, I'm aware of them and I hide them. And what are they but the scars

from wounds of stress, lack of sleep, drinking, self-destruction, emotional self-destruction resulting in physical self-destruction. And I have soft spots on my body and what are they but reflections of my inner softness, sensitive feelings, emotional receptivity and vulnerability.

Scars and soft spots breed such shame. I walk around and no one knows about those things. And the boys don't see those things. Those things don't fit in the image of beauty or sexual desirability. A persona of perfection that hides so many imperfections is not honest.

It works for the most part; you can go a long time without anyone ever seeing your scars or soft spots. But in the end it doesn't work at all, by hiding my shadows, all I'm doing is keeping myself locked in the persona room, trapped in my ego.

We live life that way. You may get validation for something but if it's not the truth, it doesn't really matter anyway. And the truth is that what we see on the outside just isn't the whole picture. Appreciation for ego and persona is nice but in the end it will be rendered meaningless.

Outward validation of my beauty and sexuality once seemed like the world, but it's not, it's just not

enough. The hardened persona will never be fulfilling on its own. We all need to resist denying our soft side. It feels good to go sit in the basement of darkness, shame, and emotional shadow; it feels better than pretending there is no basement at all.

We also need to not resist the man within, or the woman within as men. As a woman I need to be appreciated not only for my femininity but for my mind. I need to be appreciated as a woman, but the man in me must also be appreciated. And men too must be appreciated for their feminine receptive side.

But we don't accept these things in each other because we do not accept them in ourselves. Both sexes suffer; we suffer because we feel so separate, and not so much is it about the external battle of the sexes as it is about the internal one. We are unbalanced because we over-identify with the polar energy of our gender. We are incomplete because men repress their feminine and women repress their masculine.

Gender categories are misleading because we are not so different; we are all, both masculine and feminine, light and dark, ultimately we are all the same. That is the truth that is waiting to be revealed. Instead of

acknowledging the man or woman within, we constantly seek it outwardly. Achieving wholeness can only truly occur on the inside.

I project my masculinity outward I replace the man inside me with the ones outside me and that is a mistake. Only my own masculinity will bring me the security and strength I need. Same for men, you seek security and nurturance in women, when really you too have a woman within waiting. We don't need each other for wholeness, love yes, but we do not need another to complete us. We are complete as one.

Love yes, of course there is so much love in the middle. What is love but a strange longing to connect with another. A longing derived from a sadness of separateness. We think love, we think romance and attraction. But this demeans the absolute notion of love and the infinite forms it takes. One word is not enough. No word is enough, no label or agreement; nothing can ever define the immense power of love.

But we try, we try and try to categorize and label love. Husband, wife, boyfriend, girlfriend, brother sister, oh how we love our labels, they bring us such comfort and security. Unfortunately these labels handicap

our ability to perceive and grow with the other people in our lives.

The truth is that we were all married before we were born. We made agreements with other souls and we have been married to ten or fifteen people our whole lives. The first being our families, we are married to our families, our parents. You will forever be connected to these souls whether you ever see them or not. You will always share energy and deeply unconscious agreements with these people.

That is marriage, that is love, and after that you will find so many other marriages that had been planned long ago, your friends and your lovers. Do these memories ever really go away? Your life was built with a myriad of relationships and love is scattered everywhere and has been since the moment you took your first breath.

But since we are socially fixated on certain kinds of relationships we tend to overlook and undermine the subtle and unexpected ways love and relationship fill our lives. Merely being alive is a relationship, and isn't that the most important relationship of all? Your relationship with yourself is what matters most and often this is a relationship that is never considered.

Sex and projection are what really preoccupy us, and certainly those too are a manifestation of love, but in the end they are no more important than your love with anything else in your life. And so often sex and projection blind us to love rather than open our eyes to it. Sex and projection keep us locked in our ego room, you have to move around the house more to find more love.

Feel it, it's everywhere and there are times when absolutely no material label can capture the essence of it. These are often the most magical loves of all. And the most magical kinds of love aren't only marketed on Valentine's Day. What is love? It's all love, different shades of love everywhere on this kaleidoscope energy grid of life.

Love, what do I know about love? I felt love for the stranger across the room that I gazed at but never spoke to and I felt love for the sad, silly boy that could never understand me. I felt love for them because I saw that they were reflections of me. I opened my heart to them because I was one with them, they reflections of the man within me and I a reflection of their femininity. In loving them I love myself.

Let us not confuse "heart" with feelings or the feminine sides of life. The heart, or heart chakra, is the green energy center which is actually at the center of your being. And it is hear that you blend all the masculine and feminine, light and dark within. You blend at the heart, you balance and then you let love flow without any expectation that it will be returned, luckily though the universe works in such a way that it most certainly will be returned at some point.

A sunset, a perfect blend of night and day; that is love, that is balance. Love just flows from balance, it flows from you and back to you. You bring your blending process into consciousness at the heart, this is wholeness, this is the essence of life. One who operates from the heart certainly glows like a sunset.

We can't get close to the heart without exploring our psychic house. We have to accept and cultivate the various aspects of our being. We have to keep our personas in place, we have to acknowledge our shadows and bring the opposite sex alive within. This is how we begin to balance; this is the way to the heart. When we get to the heart, love has a whole new way of showing its face.

As we get close to the end now let us bring into focus a key manifestation of love which is a very important part of the middle: the drug. It is key too when considering the beginning and the end. The drug in the beginning is life, life itself is a drug and it's only natural we should see this theme continued throughout. Physical life is a drug that alters your eternal consciousness to the here and now.

Play with your consciousness, that is your right. But know that some drugs have the enlightening power to expand, while others have the limiting power to darken and contract. Drug biased I may be, but I know what I see. Certain drugs shed light on the manifest world, while others bring clouds and storms with them.

The drugs are here for a reason and it is not a test of our resistance. They are to aid in our understanding that our consciousness is malleable and fluid, with many different levels. But choose wisely, some drugs will emphasize lower levels of functioning while other drugs will bring energy to higher levels of functioning. Drugs help us explore our psychic household, but only certain drugs have the power to open the right doors.

Psychedelics are health food for the spirit. They expand time and bring into focus the most subtle stirrings of life and human emotion. They strip you of your ego, of your defense mechanisms and masks. Like putting your life under a microscope, a psychedelic will force you to see, opening your eyes will no longer be a choice, your eyes will be open to this grand illusion that is life.

Yes, it's true; life is an illusion, a waking dream. Psychedelics may help in your realization of this, so will blending and opening the heart. Psychedelics help you get to the heart too, they get you to see aspects of your being that you had been ignoring but that must be integrated. These drugs may help you balance, but obviously you can balance without a drug at all.

We though live in a drug culture, drugs are everywhere, whether food or pharmaceuticals, most Americans consume at least one type of drug, and many of us gravitate toward all kinds and so it is important to be discerning and if we accept that we are in some ways destined to drugs and consumption then we should choose drugs that better our being rather than impair it.

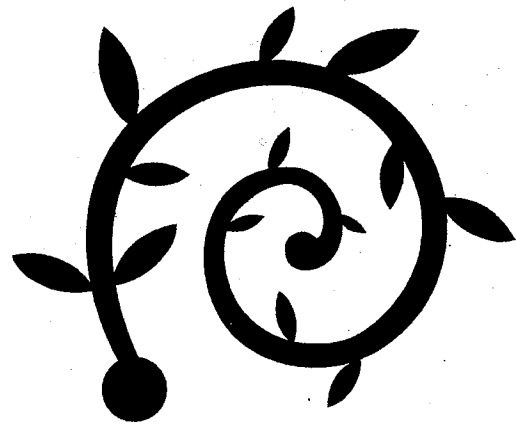
Where would I be without my favorite plant? Would I have learned any of this at all? I do not know. But I do know that those fluffy green buds are food for my soul, food for my green heart center. Marijuana is not solely responsible for my intuitions or mind expansion but it has been a necessary piece to the puzzle, an important tool. Drugs are tools, instruments to come to know your own consciousness. Psychedelics are my instruments.

When I play with them I remember Spirit. I feel intensely positive and at home with my connection to the world, from the trees to inanimate objects, to strangers. I see synchronicities so clearly a spirit guide from the other side may as well be standing beside me pointing it out and explaining its significance. I see that there is nothing to do, nothing to say, nothing to force there is only to be.

And I remember that everything is ok, it's all just as it should be, just as it's supposed to be. Everything is just as we intended it to be. Every moment, every glance, every emotion, it's all necessary and in absolute synchrony with the world. I remember there is nothing to worry about, nothing to fear, not even death. Psychedelics help us see in the middle what most people don't see until the end.

When you reach the end you will have blended. If only for a moment, you will know love, you will open the heart, you will feel utter peace and tranquility and then you will die. Please don't wait until then to know your heart, to know that what you see in front of you is only half the story, don't wait until the end to find peace and tranquility. Find it now, feel it now. Feel it in the middle, feel it while you still have so much life to live.

Death is no end at all. In fearing it we waste our lives. Life is not a game of survival; it's a game of growth and balance. Enjoy your life; you are not a prisoner in this world but an active participant, a person, a Spirit who chose to be here in this time and place. Your life is magical; it is beautiful and synchronistic, try your best to enjoy the ride. By the time we reach the end, we'll all be wishing we would have just enjoyed this crazy ride on Earth.



Third Eye

There you are
I see you in my mind's eye
My friend who will be with me in the end
Your face forever in my heart

Look up there too, in the sky
There are faces in the clouds
Oceans of faces on my skin
Oh but that's just the grid

The energy grid of life that is love
Maybe it was a drug, maybe a boy
Certainly it was both
But I found my way

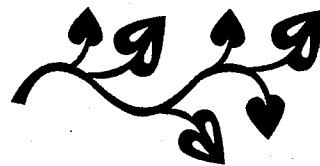
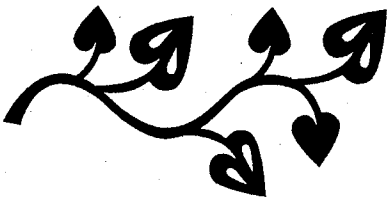
And now I see the energy of love
The energy that is you
That is me, that is us
The energy in the space between

I see it, I see you
We are one
We are the same
Forever connected by this
indestructible force of love

Be my mirror and I will be yours
May we stand only in truth
Stand together in love
So close to freedom

In the spirit of Sagittarius
I speak my truth
Hoping you will hear my words
For in the end my truth is your truth

In the end see me as I see you
As a reflection of yourself
See my truth for I promise
I will never stop seeing yours.



The End

Tick, tock, tick, tock, the clock goes on and on, back and forth. We carry the clock like the frantic white rabbit, always going somewhere, always with the time in mind, rushing and stressing. Oh wait though there is life going on while that clock ticks and ticks away singing the song of the illusion of time. Tick, tock, tick, tock.

Life is singing a song too and if we listened, we'd much prefer it to the drone of the clock. The chime of the clock is less nerve racking when we dance around the circle of time. The clock itself is a circle and yet we treat time as a linear line. The motion of life is an infinite circle that will never end.

It seems foolish to finish with the end since it is only an illusion of time that anything should end. But trips end and love affairs end and human beings end, but our spirits do not. So there is an end for us, an end for Chanel. Time will stop one day, but the essence of life never will. Your spirit and consciousness are eternal and exist outside of time.

Here though, endings are not easy and they never have been. Perhaps it is because we are eternal beings; endings are new for us and not easy to accept. One day this movie of

life will end. In the end we will come to know what we knew in the beginning. What we knew before we tumbled down this rabbit hole into material life. What we knew before we got here and what we'll know when we leave is that life is eternal, time is an illusion, death is only transformation.

Die we will, transform we will, our skin will fall away and we will be eternal, ethereal spirit again. Then we will remember. We will know the truth as it stands in the totality of the universe. This knowledge is not gained at death; it is remembered at death which means the knowledge was there all along. It's here right now.

The knowledge sits in the invisible landscape waiting to be felt with the heart and seen with the third eye. The secret is waiting to reveal itself. It waits in the night sky, looking down on us. The mystery shows itself to you everyday and you overlook it. You overlook it in the face of the clock, in the face of your own ego. One day you will have no choice but to pay attention.

The sun will set, as it goes down the color will be beautiful pink, blue, and orange, then we will be back in the night sky, back in the abyss of the universe forever back home. That is where we were in the beginning.

The beginning seems so long ago now, whenever it was. So much has happened since then. We change so much through each season, each stage, and yet we are somehow the same. I have learned, I have mutated, seen many faces and at the end of the day it's still me, just as always.

It is my eternal essence that pervades my being and every moment of my life. It is an essence of pure spirit, pure love. And it exists within each of us, it's untouched by darkness or storms of this world we find ourselves in. That part of us seems so far away sometimes, most of the time.

Most of us leave that part of ourselves completely unconscious. But you will find that part of yourself if you walk around your psychic house. It's up in the attic, it's quiet and wise and it oversees everything in the house and the surrounding areas. We don't walk around the house much because we are scared of what we'll find, too many ghosts to face.

It's easier to stay in the ego display room. But if we explore the house, we expand our mind and we find our only salvation. The salvation is the truth and it is here and now but you must walk the stairs to that part of your mind. You can't get the view from the attic window without making the trip up

there. No walk through the house is without effort, no doors open without a bit of a forceful push. You have to try, well really you just have to believe, you have to try to believe. Believe in magic, if you believe in magic, you will see magic and if you see it then finding the motivation to walk around your mental house will be no problem.

Maybe time here on Earth really is running out, your time is, my time is. Each day is one day closer to our last day. And as hard as life can be sometimes, when we leave here, a part of us will always want to come back, a part of us will always remember the beautiful vibration of the spirit of Earth. Our egos may die, Earth as a physical world may die, but the spirit within each of us will survive and see it all. We'll remember, remember the endless moments we spent in this material wonderland. Remember with love, with respect, with peace, in truth.

*Look for 4's, 44's and 444's, on clocks, license plates, signs, bills, checks, phone numbers, any place numbers may appear and whenever you see any four's remember your heart center, remember the green, and remember how much I love you.

"This is the end, my only friend, the end," my friend Jim Morrison.