

# IN THE HEART OF THE EAGLE

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**I**hear a distant drum, beating in tune with the Earth Mother, from times long past, when Goddesses walked, tall and graceful, across the Lemurian plain. Purple and aqua; rose and green; violet and onyx; blue in truth. In sacred ceremony, they carried the precious heart of the Creator's



Love. It would be tucked inside the Earth Mother for eons to come. Its truth would be veiled while the hue-man dreamed of duality. Its beat quieted to a whisper, heard only by the shamans of the red hue-man tribes, who accepted its guardianship. They who made the drums and gathered the feathers of the Eagle they held sacred. The drums remembered.

Over time, the Earth Mother shed her skin. The rains and the wind caressed its surface, sculpting a magnificent and grand canyon. Inch by inch, it revealed the rainbow strata in temples of stone. Inch by inch the great eagle rock took form. Someday a dream of freedom would be dreamed on this land by a people oppressed in other lands. In the heart of the Eagle the truth lay hidden. The drums remembered, but the new hue-man of the white tribes forgot. They created a new dream of equality for all, but they forgot that the tribes of black, red, white and yellow hue were all the same body in the Creator's Love. The light of truth dimmed. Wars were waged with drums not in tune with the Earth Mother. The tribes were separated and dark secrets were kept. Tears fell on the land. Where is the truth?

When the Earth Mother thought her children were lost forever and her head bowed in shame, at last the Creator called the Goddesses back. It was time. They, too, asked, "Where is the truth?" And the animals stepped forward. Each took the hand of a Goddess and offered its vision and special talent. They gathered together and asked once more for the animals to speak. First came from the East the black snake. "Let me help you shed your skins and transmute the darkness to light," it said. Next came from the South the majestic eagle with a message from the Great Spirit. "I have powerful medicine," it said, and its feathers shone golden in the sun. Next came from the West a white horse. "I am strong," it said, "and I can carry

you into the light." Last came from the North a lynx with a beautiful, red butterfly on its back. "I'll share the secrets with you," it promised.

The Goddesses retired to sleep, and in their dreams they heard the beating heart of the Eagle. As daylight came, they followed the sound of distant drums. Ap-

proaching the rim of the grand canyon, they saw the Eagle. Its wings spread in a vain attempt to fly. Its talons gripped tightly the flesh of the Earth Mother as it struggled to rise. Its heart cried out, "Set me free!" Its golden wings touched the hearts of the Silver Wings of Light Goddesses. They stepped out onto the silver and glass platform that had been specially placed for them by the shamans of the red tribes. High above the floor of the canyon, they walked in humble awe of the Creator's magnificent sculptures. All of a sudden, a ring of light encircled the sun as it looked down in love on the Goddesses. The great Master Kirael took his place in the center of the weave. Three hundred Seraphim Angels ringed the canyon, and 110 Elven Goddess Queens spanned its breadth. It was a glorious gathering. The heartbeat of the golden eagle grew louder as the drums of the shaman began beating and their colorful, feathered garments danced in the sun. Faster and faster they spun. "We see the truth in your heart," they said. "Let us help you fly." The drums beat in rhythm now in tune with the Earth Mother. The black raven watched as countless galactic ships approached. The aqua Goddess stood ready to receive the heart of truth and carry it around the Earth. The green Goddess stood ready to transport the silver hook to the darkest place. But first the vibration of love had to grow strong enough to light its core. The Goddesses prayed and the Creator answered. The Christ Light appeared, the Eagle's talons were loosened, its heartbeat balanced, and the truth was set free. A violet flame encircled the Lemurian treasure, hidden for so long, and with the assistance of the Seven Sisters, it flew to the darkest corner of the land. There it was anchored by the seven colors of the Silver Wings of Light.

In the heart of the eagle, a new day begins, and the tribes of the hue-man will feel the Creator's love once again.

*And so it is.*