

Weaving the World Together

By Richard Rudd

A dreamtime journey through the animal soul of Gaia

Welcome to Gaia. For the next hour or so, I will be your tour guide to the resplendent inner being that is your planet. Hark those words - this is your planet. You have the great privilege of being incarnate here. Gaia has lent you a beautiful body, a rainbow robe of glittering secrets and sparkling jewels. She has gifted you a finite number of days and nights here, to explore her many dimensions and realms. What you do with this precious time is all up to you. You have ultimate freedom to explore whichever realms you wish...

And you are hers. You also belong to her, as a baby belongs always to its mother. Even when the child is grown and gone out into the busy world, she remains always in her mother's thoughts and heart, and at all times is ready to receive you back into her warm, welcoming lap. Take comfort then, for a few moments, take comfort from Gaia, our mother. Our mother. For we are many, her children. She gives birth to us and then invites us into our freedom. Rest here in her arms. Feel the safety of her embrace. Place your head in her soft lap and feel her tender hands caressing your sweet head.

Of her many dimensions and folds of reality, today we are journeying through the animal kingdoms...for everywhere Gaia has littered her sacred truths - in every speck of dust even, a truth lies hidden...

Take a moment to imagine Gaia, our earth, from space. This blue green globe shimmering in the immensity of spacetime, like an undiscovered crystal deep in an unseen cavern...see the gentle turning, the soft sliding of day into night, and night into day...of winter giving birth to spring, to summer, to autumn and again to winter...see the greater cycles of time, set by the orbiting planets, stars and galaxies, all in its own beautiful orchestration....and then let us begin our journey....

We begin with the continent of South America...land of deserts, jungles, mountains...land of riches and secrets...feel yourself flying over the great Andes mountains, snowcapped peaks of immeasurable beauty...feel your outstretched wings, huge and black as you glide and ride the thermals, your eyes seeing everything in the landscape far below...

I am Condor. Legendary thunderbird of the south...what message do you hold for us as you soar the inner skies?

Hear my words silently in your heart - I am condor. Master of the winds. In this world of change, I am the awakening. All beings find me in time, beyond time. You must learn to pause. Pauses are the stepping stones of awakening. A pause can be a deep sigh. A pause can be a soft smile. A pause is time out of samsara. I am the thunderbird. Ride on my back and I will carry you to the stars of your greatest aspirations. Let your aspirations be the thermals that lift you higher and deeper into your own centre.

Feel the softness of my feathers. These feathers are the strings of your heart. The greater the challenges our mother sets you, the softer you must become. Understand that Grace is orchestrating every single aspect of your life. Wherever you turn, there is Grace. Grace must be listened to deeply. Where is there pain? Listen to that pain. Lean towards that pain. Let it fill you. Do not flinch, rather soften into it. Our mother only leads you towards herself. The

great mystery of awakening is so often misconceived in your human world. It is not some faraway event limited only to the extremes. It is as close as heartbeat, as simple as essence. This then is my lesson for you - Be gentle with yourself, until there is no push left inside you.

On we travel, flying north, into central america, land of jungles, pyramids and ancient civilisations...down we drop, falling down, into the jungle, deep now on the forest floor. Allow yourself to shape shift - now you have 4 great paws, all around you is filled with a kaleidoscope of scents, colours and perfumes layered in exquisite harmonies, echoed by the texture of shape and colour of leaf and tree and plant, and sound, a landscape of sounds, tiny feet, rustles, chirps and tweets and shouts - all layered and merged into colour, scent, shape and tone. And you alive in its midst, moving sleek, each sinew tuned in perfect symmetry with the whole - You are Jaguar - guide to generations of shamans, revered as a god for millennia, mystical, magical great jungle Lord...

Hear my words silently in your heart - I am Jaguar. Unstop the plug of your imagination. Our mother is a map of the entire cosmos...there is magic beyond your wildest dreams in the inner realms...if you can dream it, it already is. I am no fantasy. I am the fertile power of the High Imagination - to grasp the truth with your intuitive mind, to trust above all things in the wild intelligence of your heart. Bring your extra senses online. There is a world behind your world, a land of magic and symbol and pristine awareness. Let each footfall you place on the earth be sacred, let each movement be a prayer. Let diversity thrum and thrive within you. No path is to be replicated. No path can be wrong. All paths through the jungle appear as you walk...so trust in your innermost dreams, not as literal representations of your destiny, but as stepping stones towards unity. As you travel this life, so our mother in her great compassion, sends us many trials...move to merge with them...there is nothing outside us. All is within. All is Imagination. Only the Presence remains. Trust the intelligence of your body....

Onwards we travel, northwards, ever northwards, following the line of the pole star...

To the continent of North America and Canada...

And we feel ourselves shrinking, shrinking down into the ground, into a world of crevices, of leaf matter, of hiding and waiting, of scurrying, of sniffing, of waiting. Silently we move, secretly we listen, everywhere are we, in cities, in houses, in woods, gardens, fields and hills we hide...we are the listeners...

Great appear these cultures, modern and powerful and busy and important. Great creatures live here - the eagle, the bear, the mountain lion. But instead I come. I come because I am needed now, so listen carefully and hear my words within your heart:

I am mouse. All around the world you will find me - in every nation, home and place...I above all, know the secrets of all peoples. Beneath your floors, within your walls, my people listen. We know all your secrets, your arguments, your innermost fears and dreams. There is nothing to hide. We are empathy. We are the bridge between all cultures. All our suffering is the same. Whether rich or poor, dark skinned or white, we all suffer the same, and we all have the same love beneath the pain.

Our Mother says - Trust your suffering. Gently share it so it can be heard and felt and transformed, and then move to create a new path from it. It is not enough to complain. We must create, create, create! You may think you are just one voice - tiny and unheard. But you are many, many, and sometimes the quietest voice roars the loudest! Know that those you judge are also in deep trauma. Speak from that place of empathy, not from anger.

Speak with passion, act with vigour, but not with fingers of blame. Empathy opens all doors. Blame only tightens. Listen to your own pain. Let it come. It IS the transformation. And roar your love, as only a mouse can roar!

On we travel, heading West now, into the northern oceans, down into the icy waters of the Arctic...who will we find here down in these deep turquoise depths? Someone special, a keeper of world wisdom - owl of the deeps - a creature close to the Mother herself, ancient ancestor from another plane, planetary guardian, soul of the ocean, mother of the world...

I am Whale - hear my words silently in your heart.

A bell tolls in the silence of spacetime. I sound this bell. Our people surround your land from all sides, in all oceans. Although diverse, we are One. We weave a web of wisdom, holding the memory of the great epochs of past worlds, past universes even. We are the womb beings. We live within every human. We are the feminine within. How deeply will you listen to our bell? You are water, we are water, Gaia is water. Water holds geometry. Every thought and word you sound in space creates geometry. Come now and let us breathe together 7 breaths. And let each breath harmonise with our heart, and with the heart of the earth. Let all my people, all whales, come together in your heart. Slow way down. Wait. Seven breaths. Wait. Wait. Begin now....let each breath be a bell - a work of art - a beautiful geometry vibrating through the earth, surrounding Gaia, penetrating all peoples, all cultures, all beings. Let every cell of every human pulse with the perfection of this geometry. Feel humanity pulsing as one. Feel the whales surrounding you. Dream a moment, hang there feeling the peacefulness of the pod mind...the dream heart...this is who you are...this is what is coming for you...for all of us...

And on...

To the continent known as Europe...many cultures compressed together, ideas, beliefs, histories, a melting pot - alchemical cauldron...

We move among you. From the beginning we have been here for you. We even allowed you to tame our wildness, so we could come closer to you, to remind you of a single great, obvious truth - friendship.

I am dog - hear my words silently in your heart. We too are found in all cultures...we come to show you the power of unconditional love, and that when you love something or someone and treat them with respect, they will one day be transformed. Our mother wishes above all else for all her children to be friends. This takes great forgiveness, great devotion. This begins always in our families. If we cannot forgive those closest to us, what chance have we? Before you try and heal the outer world, therefore heal your families first. Forgive those who have wronged you. They too were wronged. Someone must break the chain of blame. Someone must be the pattern-breaker among you. Let it be you. Mother tells us that the greatest quality of humans is their friendliness. This alone she says, will heal all divisions, all past trauma - to take in a stranger and help them learn trust once again. In the times that are coming, you will each be asked to do this...as your dog greets you with wagging tail, you too may greet your fellow brothers and sisters in pain and loss, and each family will be healed until all are family...

And on we go...

To the great continent of Africa...so many awesome creatures and beings...land of the majestic lion, the patient elephant, the resilient rhino...

And out on the open savannah, one creature unique among us all...with a special gift, and inner gift that all humans also have...each of us contains a secret teaching, as you see...but I alone can see the future. I come to show you a glimpse of our common future...

Take a deep breath and hear my words spoken silently in your heart.

I am giraffe. Over the tops of trees I can see. Far, far ahead I see. Within you there is an undeveloped organ, an eye, a 3rd eye that sees and remembers both past and future. This is no conjuring trick, or fantastical dream. This is a great truth, known by many human ancestors and those who live close to the earth, to our mother. See for a moment through my eye...

We are stepping towards the edge of a great abyss. All know this. Many fear this and do not wish to look. With my eye, I see all the way out into the beyond, so I know what is coming. Mother is gathering you back to her breast. A great reckoning is coming. The civilisation you have built can no longer sustain itself. It will crack and fall apart. This will occur gradually, but also suddenly, just as the contractions of birth come, closer and closer together...

I see pain and trauma and death, but there is already pain and trauma and death. This will be different. This will be a purging and it will touch all humans. It will equalise humanity. I live in the land where the current human race began. Now a new land will emerge, and a new race to live in it. The intensity of the upheaval will bring about deep biological changes in the underlying architecture of all life. Undeveloped organs will reawaken within you. In time, you will realise your unity as an actual biological knowing, rather than a conceptual frame.

As I look ahead, I see things that are so far from our current world, many of you would not even believe such things are possible. What I will say is that a simpler life will emerge once again, a life lived once again closer to the earth, in harmony with my people. We are moving towards a time of Us, away from you and me, and us and them. The time of We. This is what I see.

I am the camel. I am one of the guardians of the deserts and beautiful lands of the Middle East...long have I been a symbol and a crutch for humanity...and yet how few of you understand my deepest gift I bring - It is a gift many do not wish to hear...

Regardless, listen to my words spoken silently in your heart.

I am camel. I carry a sacred word. A word you may not wish to hear. The word is sacrifice. Some of you flinch I know. Many try and squirm away believing this an old paradigm. It is not. Gaia is the planet of sacrifice. Holy sacrifice. In our beautiful cosmos, everything passes from the lesser to the greater through the portal of sacrifice. You must surrender your judgement, your self importance, your fear, your trauma even, before you make the great transition into the next world, giraffe has spoken of. How can you take your old ways with you into this next world? There are many secrets you have not yet remembered in your journey - primary among these is the illusion of your death and the truth of your constant rebirth.

Long have I traveled and carried you across the deserts of your many lives. Each life you learn and then again you sacrifice and then you return once again to learn. Gradually more and more of your memory and your love stays with you in each life. This is the meaning of my camel's hump - like your DNA, it stores the collected memory of all your lives. The more you remember the past, the more you remember the future, and thus your fear of death subsides. This is how it goes. I bring great news - the transformation of the trauma of your personal and collective past....

And so we journey onwards...now towards India, cradle of spirituality for so many aeons... for our mother's secrets have always slept within your bodies, down there curled and coiled at the base of your spine - the seed of our transcendence that you carry for us all - and so I come to remind you of your search, that in seeking you will bring this sacred seed to fruition...

I am snake. Feared or revered by all cultures for so long...and yet why? Why is my name alone associated with your fall? I too carry a message for all humanity - so listen to my words spoken silently in your heart.

I am snake. Universal kundalini, unstoppable evolutionary current wrapped around the tree of life. Hidden within all forms, shaping myself to all forms, the movement of galaxies, rather patterns, the helix of life itself - DNA...I am the program of the Divine. Rather than fear me, embrace me inside yourself. Your fear is nothing but a forgetting, slough it off as I shake off my old skin...you are eternal...the forms may change but the beating heart, the will of the whole, of our mother, our father, that alone lives forever. Follow your quest. Dare to go within. Dare to be Divine. Dare for all the creatures of the earth. You alone - humanity, are steward of Gaia...bring us together as One!

And on...to the Orient, to China, Asia and Japan...

And once again we find ourselves in flight...high, high above the clouds...among a flock of beautiful birds - Cranes, sacred birds of the East...

Why do we attribute certain traits to certain creatures? How is it that our intuition knows?

I am the Crane. Long and high do my people fly...we of all birds, touch the heavens...what will you learn from us? Listen to our words spoken silently in your heart.

We are Crane. Wonderful life we live. We scale the heights yet love the earth, the ground. We love to laugh and dance, and we mate for life. You too, you humans are here to see the best in each other, not to compromise your own heart, but to live an authentic life, loving your desires but not being trapped by them. We bring the touch of perfection to the world. Can you bring perfection to your inner being? Can you live a simpler life, without always longing for more and more and more...?

We cranes are known for our long lives. You will one day live vast, long lives. With such a view of time passing more slowly, you will need less from the world, less from others. Your needs will diminish. All that you need, you will find within. So begin now. Give yourself more time. Cease your addictive meddling and live more simply - live an aesthetic life, a respectful and reverent life. Live a beautiful and Long life...

We fly northwards now, up over the great Himalya, to the vastness of Russia and Siberia... and here we find another great bird - perhaps the king of all birds - the eagle...living out wild

along the lonely steppes, coveted and admired among all creatures, I am eagle. Listen to my words spoken silently in your heart.

I am the Eagle. Listen to my words spoken silently in your heart. I bring closure to humanity. Just as the Condor began our journey, so I shall bring it almost to an end. As Condor awakens you, so I shall place the crown upon your head. For your destiny is great. The greatest of all. You hold our future in your palms. You are greater even than I. I bow to you, humanity. I am here with all creatures to serve you. I serve you with this Truth. Can an eagle be humble? Only once - only before you. Therefore I invite you, on behalf of all creatures, Join with us, join with us all - the fliers, creepers, wanderers, dancers, singers, hunters, swimmers, hummers - all mother's children, and you are our big brothers and sisters, join with us to create a harmony of Truth. Stand firm in your Truth. Like the eagle, do not be deterred or distracted but claim Truth for us all. Do whatever you must in the world, but join together for the sake of us all.

And so we almost have come to the end of our journey...just two more messages remain from our mother -

The penultimate...last but one...always at the end there is a joke. There must be humour. There must be humanity. SO we dive down into the jungles and forests of Indonesia, land of glittering islands and gems...and can you hear the laughter? It echoes round the jungles and forests of the world. It echoes and peals within all humans, within all creatures...even amidst the sadness, the suffering the ache, the laughter of the aeons...

I am monkey. Listen to my words spoken silently in your heart.

There is nothing to add to your life. There is no need to do anything. All is done but the whole. Don't you see the joke? Even your doing and your passion to save the world is not done by you. It is all done by Her. She is behind all. She is between your thoughts, in your hearts. She is there when you weep, when you fear, when you suffer in anguish. She is there when you dance and sing and hope and dream. All is done by her. So even though you think it is you doing all this. It is Her. This is my joke. This is the punchline. This is what I stand for. You may consider you are more evolved than us, than any of us. But we are all within each other. Every lesson is within you. Do you get the joke? There is nothing you cannot do. And there is nothing you can do!!! Oh your mind will have fun with this one! So laugh. Laugh with me. Laugh with us all. Let our belly laugh together shake the world awake...

One last flight, one last swim, one last journey - and down we must fly, eastwards to the pacific, to the antipodes, to the vast and blue - Australasia....

I am the last, so listen carefully to my words spoken silently in your heart.

I am Turtle. I am the world Turtle. I carry the world upon my back. My shell is made up of 13 intersecting plates. These are the 13 messages you have heard today. All creatures and beings on our mother's back are interconnected. This is the final and most important message of us all...when you are young, you like to listen to stories about animals, but when you become older, you tend to put away such things. For thousands of generations, your ancestors have sat around the fires on mother's back, telling the children the stories of the earth and her creatures. Listen to our stories again. Listen to your ancestors, and to those who live closer to the earth. Unless you live connected to nature, how will you find peace in your hearts and societies?

You are the children. Mother's blessed children. Sit quietly then in her lap and listen to her beautiful stories, held by her creatures, her plants and stones, her rivers and oceans and mountains and plains...

And when change comes, which it is coming now to your world. Be at peace within yourself. Come into nature and listen to her messages. She alone will keep you safe. For when the plates on my back begin to shift and quake, great fear will arise in your people. But you need not be afraid, for Mother knows all. She moves through us, beneath us and within us, always bringing balance and compassion, even when she brings us trials...rest on my back. Rest on Gaia's back. Trust in the cells of your body. Trust in the cells of the earth. All will be well, and all is well. This is our final message to you all...

And so we bring our story here to an end...though stories never really end, but lead only to newer stories...let us end where we began - gazing at Gaia from deep space. This beautiful blue green globe hanging in the immensity of spacetime. And then pan out further, and further, and she gets smaller and smaller, just a speck, a mote of dust among the stars and galaxies..and go so far out that you even encompass the entire universe...a woven web of space and time...

And Listen one more time to my words spoken silently in your heart.

I am the spider. I weave all worlds into one. Vast and beyond your understanding am I. Every strand in your universe is connected through time and space. Nothing is separate. Every galaxy is cell in my web, every black hole a centre that leads to another universe. This world is infinite. I am the weaver of worlds. I now give this role to you, humanity. Go out now and be weavers yourselves. Go my children and play in the fields of the Lord. To you I give this gift, and I know you will find your way with it and take your place as the universal human - the sacred human - Homo Sanctus. Such a time you live in...be at peace and know that love is at the heart of every stitch in the fabric of my web. Love is all. Love is all...