

Song of the Princess



Nenari, Princess of the Sea

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I dedicate this manuscript to my beloved sweet Troubadour. The truth beknown, I did not write this myself. This book is a mirror companion book to "Song of the Troubadour", and it is through using "Song of the Troubadour" as the backdrop, what I channeled through personally, and through our amazing love within our hundreds of letters to one another in that love that this manuscript was born. As I have saved all of our letters over our moments together and I cherish each one of them, it is our very essence, our very love together that is within every word of this manuscript. And although my name may grace the cover, it is us together as the real Troubadour and the real Princess who penned this. For this and for all of the infinite gifts you give me in our most amazing love relationship, my sweet Troubadour, I am truly grateful. Thank you for the beautiful man and wonderous soul you are to me and to the world. You are truly amazing in every sense of the word. For I understand that you are the mirror of me as I am of you, and in that I am equally amazing. And it is us together as amazing mirrors of Love and Light that we create such magic together intimately and sharing it with the world.

Beloved Troubadour, we understand one another's hearts because we are OneHeart, OneSoul. For you are my heart, as I am your heart. I love you with All I Am as you love me with all you are. In that place beyond our sights, beyond infinity, beyond eternity, where love is sure, where love is pure, and where nothing nor no one can divide.

With All I Am and All My Love Dearest Beloved Sweet Troubadour, I dedicate this to you.

*Forever and a Day ~
~ Precious
Princess of the Sea
~*

~ Preface ~

Song of the Princess has multi~dimensional facets and resonances within it. On the surface, it is an incredible love story. Within peeling through the infinite layers upon layers of this beautiful sweet onion of wisdom and love, this love story is a vast wealth of guidance and truth for each step on the path of our journeys. As is the case with even the sweetest of onions, peeling through these layers may indeed have you cry as the revealing occurs.

The journeys of the heart in a love of sacred hearts entwine in balance with a Oneness Love and Light for all/with all is who we are and why we are here. The Master Artist we know as Spirit has given all for both of these loves to be in our experience of LIFE within Living Infinitely From Existence and Living Infinitely From Experience on this earth. These two resonances, two BEing as One, of the journeys of the heart in a OneSoul Love with another and of a Oneness Love and Light of all, two together is the place beyond infinity Where There is Love within following this same heart that echoes this love so powerful that it shakes us to our inner core....Love desires that we follow our heart and to express that heart through our song both individually and two together, two BEing as One in love.

The most loving relationship you will ever embark upon is the one within you. And then to share that love with another as sacred hearts entwine and with all in the world is the most powerful mirrored expression of who you are ever and is why we are here; to love and be loved again and again. When we balance the male and female energies within us first, we will then naturally draw to us the love of all and the love of sacred hearts entwine on a sacred path where lovers dance.

For as one of my favourite authors Neale Donald Walsch writes....

"It is only through your relationship with people, places and events that you can even exist. Relationship is the most important experience in our lives. Without it, we are nothing. Literally. Relationship is the only experience in life that brings you an experience of yourself in life. Not only do I know myself out of my relationship with

*you, but I literally define myself as well. I can only see in me what I see in you. Relationships that are based in real love - a love that is true - are relationships that are totally and completely free. Freedom is the essence of love. When we love another, we never seek to limit or restrict them in any way whatsoever. Love does not limit, does not own, does not hold in, but expands, lets go, and releases, the grandest part of who all of us are. The purpose of a relationship is to decide what part of yourself you'd like to see "show up", not what part of another you can capture and hold. The purpose of relationships is not to have another who might complete you; but to have another with whom you might **share** your completeness."*

What this quote is sharing with you is the fact that another does not make us whole, we are or they are not the "other half of us" as we have been told to believe. We all are whole, perfect, and complete simply as we are and in that we choose to **share** our completeness with another in relationship, which is the beauty of why the Master Artist we know as Spirit has given us the beauty of relationships romantic love ones and all relationships so we can come to remember who we are and to **share** our already and always completeness....

There are other relevant quotes here that also embrace what *Song of the Princess* embodies here within these pages....

"The people we are in relationship with are always a mirror, reflecting our own beliefs, and simultaneously we are mirrors, reflecting their beliefs. So... relationship is one of the most powerful tools for growth... If we look honestly at our relationships, we can see so much about how and why we have created them.~ Shakti Gawain

What Shakti Gawain is conveying and is also the message here within *Song of the Princess* is that since we are all mirrors of one another, it seems then what we say about something to another then must in some way on some level be a reflection of their beliefs as well as ours, meaning that somewhere in your heart you believe and they believe what is said or written otherwise you could not be reflecting it to them or you! As I Am and We Are a mirror of their beliefs and your beliefs.

Attachment to being right creates suffering. When you have a choice to be right, or to be kind, choose kind and watch your suffering disappear ~ Dr Wayne Dyer

What angers us in another person is more often than not an unhealed aspect of ourselves. If we had already resolved that particular issue, we would not be irritated by its reflection back to us. ~ Simon Peter Fuller (from 'Rising Out of Chaos') ~

"Often times we will experience a healing crisis, where things will get worse before they get better. When we have unhealed aspects of our soul, we will go through anger and fear as the pathway to love. Who we are angry with is really us angry with ourselves being represented within the mirror of another. Give thanks to such a soul who gives this gift to you for they do so in the greatest of love. Love those who give you such a gift. To heal something is to come to a place of love with it and within it. What it is we are angry about is the very thing that we are being asked to come to a place of love within. For on the other side of a healing crisis is love" ~ unknown

Ah! I love these quotes for whenever we are angry and irritated over something that has occurred and are upset with the one giving us such a gift, it is simply because we have yet to heal it. For if it were healed, we would not be upset about someone reflecting it to us!

"I have often said in any relationship in which two people agree upon everything, one of them is unnecessary. (laughs from the audience and him as well)....So it isn't about getting somebody who is just like you, in fact your soulmate is the person that you have a lot of difficulty with. Your soulmate is the person you can't get rid of.

They just keep showing up. You say this, you say that and there they are back again....they never go away, they keep showing up in your life....and everybody has these people in their lives, these are our greatest teachers because anybody in your life who can push your button and send you into a frenzy is the person who is your greatest teacher...You know why? Because they teach you that you have not mastered yourself at this moment. And rather than getting worked up and angry, your task is to turn to them, bow, and say I honour you as my teacher." ~ Wayne Dyer

*They may forget what you said, but they will never forget how
you made them feel ~ Maya Angelou*

The less you open your heart to others, the more your heart suffers ~ Deepak Chopra

"There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer. There is no disease that enough love will not heal. No door that enough love will not open. No gulf that enough love will not bridge. No wall that enough love will not throw down. And no

sin that enough love will not redeem. It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the trouble. How hopeless the outlook. How muddled the tangle. How great the mistake. A sufficient realization of love will resolve it all. And if you could love enough you would be the happiest and most powerful person in the world" ~ Louise L. Hayes, "The Power Is Within You"

And these quotes from Rumi and Gibran....

"Your task is not to seek for love, but merely to seek and find all the barriers within yourself that you have built against it" ~ Rumi

"Remember the entrance door to the sanctuary is inside you" ~ Rumi

"There is a place where words are born of silence. A place where the whispers of the heart arise. There is a place where voices sing your beauty. A place where every breath carves your image in my soul" ~ Rumi

"In the midst of making form, Love made this form that melts form, with love for the door, and Soul, the vestibule. Feel yourself being quietly drawn by the deeper pull of what you truly love." ~Rumi

"When you work you are a flute through whose heart the whispering of the hours turns to music. Which of you would be a reed, dumb and silent, when all else sings together in unison?" ~ Kahlil Gibran

"Beauty has its own heavenly language, loftier than the voices of tongues and lips. It is a timeless language, common to all humanity, a calm lake that attracts the singing rivulets to its depth and makes them silent. Only our spirits can understand beauty, or live and grow with it. It puzzles our minds; we are unable to describe it in words; it is a sensation that our eyes cannot see, derived from both the one who observes and the one who is looked upon. Real beauty is a ray which emanates from the holy of holies of the spirit, and illuminates the body, as life comes from the depths of the earth and gives colour and scent to a flower. Real beauty lies in the spiritual accord that is called love which can exist between a man and a woman."

~ Kahlil Gibran, from Broken Wings

"Faith is a knowledge within the heart, beyond the reach of proof." ~ Kahlil Gibran

*"Generosity is not giving me that which I need more than you do,
but it is giving me that which you need more than I do." ~ Kahlil Gibran*

*"Half of what I say is meaningless; but I say it so that
the other half may reach you." ~ Kahlil Gibran*

*When two women talk they say nothing; when one woman speak,
she reveals all of life." ~ Kahlil Gibran, from Sand and Foam*

*"Your reason and your passion are the rudder and the sails of your seafaring soul. If
either your sails or your rudder be broken, you can but toss and drift, or else be held
at a standstill in mid-seas. For reason, ruling alone, is a force confining; and passion,
unattended, is a flame that burns to its own destruction. Therefore let your soul exalt
your reason to the height of passion, that it may sing; And let it direct your passion
with reason, that your passion may live through its own daily resurrection, and like
the phoenix rise above its own ashes." ~ Kahlil Gibran from The Prophet*

*"Love possesses not nor will it be possessed,
for love is sufficient unto love." ~ Kahlil Gibran*

*To understand the heart and mind of a person, look not at what he has already
achieved, but at what he aspires to." ~ Kahlil Gibran*

Each of these quotes above are the waves of the ocean bathing us in its love and are the hidden treasures to discover within this manuscript *Song of the Princess*. For within these pages here are infinite nuggets of wisdom such as these quotes that are esoteric wisdom interwoven within a beautiful love story. I invite you to read *Song of the Princess* first simply as a love story. If any phrases or concepts appear unclear simply allow what resonates to be within you and simply leave the rest and continue reading. This paleograph given is transcribed in such a manner so as to touch your heart and touch your soul in ways that you thought were unimaginable. If something appears unclear it simply means it was for your soul at another moment when it does resonate. Perhaps a later reading will bring it into clarity.

At points during the first reading, concepts and truths beyond the love story and of this esoteric wisdom may resonate deep within your heart, deep within your soul, deep within the very essence of your being. Deep truths

experienced within your heart and the spirit felt that touches, moves, and inspires you, are the real gifts of *Song of the Princess*. Each of us are on a spiritual journey through life experience. *Song of the Princess* is a beautiful love story woven with resonances of the heart and soul through the gift of words to be a pathway for our journeys. *Song of the Princess* is inspired by allowing Spirit to guide me through the creation process and through the mirror that the book *Song of the Troubadour* gifts us. Its vision born in this moment is to touch, move, enlighten, and inspire the hearts and souls of many lives around the world for generations to come, starting with our own.

*“May your heart only be guided by love and
may your songs be the echo of this same heart”*

There's a World within your heart that understands we are all One and that there is a love of sacred hearts entwine, and there is equally a world within the journeys of the heart in which you believe this love is that of what dreams are made of....

What if I were to tell you that it is free from being a dream at all...What if I were to show you that this world and this love is **REAL**, as real as the very story you behold within your hands at this very moment....The Master Artist we know as Spirit, God, All That Is has fashioned a canvas of this dream into reality as life unfolding love onto itself within the immense love of the journeys of the heart. It is the Master Artist who desires us to experience such Oneness love of all and the journeys of the heart within intimate relationship with another simply by our very choice to come to this earth to experience these journeys. To experience a love unparalleled that has us release into its embrace upon the shore....its journey begins with the song of the soul within the heart that guides the hands of the universe from the oceans waves to the rivers flow and back again to the sea....

When we follow our heart, we are dancing in the Light of Love. The kiss of the song upon the winds then echoes this same heart. The heart is the sacred space, the inner sanctum in which the seed of the soul resides. This seed is the essence of who we are which is Love and Light. The heart sees what appears to be invisible to the eye. The heart speaks louder than any words written or uttered....and we hear another's heart, we hear their soul long

before the words are written or spoken as our first language is that of the heart, of telepathic communication. A place of infiniteness, of timelessness. A place where words are free from being needed, just to feel from the heart. Often times it is the heart that speaks what the words written or spoken are opposite of....therefore, it is wisest to listen to the heart, see, feel, and speak from the heart, for our heart always knows the answers. The heart is the expression of our soul and thus the heart and soul as One have indeed be with us in every incarnation since we are All That Is, We are GOD or the Gift Of Divinity.

Once in a great while a moment passes by that should be free from ever being forgotten.... a moment that makes believers out of the most stubborn of doubters. My desire for you is that this moment to be that one magical, special instant within the place beyond infinity, when you know beyond all knowing, understand beyond all understanding, free from all doubt that you have all you need within you to have all you desire, including a love of all and a love of sacred hearts entwined.

Create an intention of 'what is' upon your special star within the celestial heavens at this very moment; of what *is* of your fondest desires as if it is already here, rather than of what you wish could be.... knowing and understanding that what it is you desire *is* already, for you already have all you desire right now in this OM, this One Moment, as you already have arrived. You are already here. The 'here' is the understanding that you are life itself, divinity, a drop of the ocean of God and Goddess as One. A drop of the ocean of Divinity expressed within the very being you are. You are All That Is, you *are* Love, you *are* Light. For this is where you came from and emanate from, therefore how can you not be that of what you already and always, in all ways, are? You are perfect and beautiful beyond description. It is the truth that there is nothing you need to accomplish, possess, or hold on to. All that is desired is already yours as a river is already both the ocean and the mountain streams. To be Love and be loved is all that is to be worn.

The arrival also comes within understanding that there is free from being any place 'to get to' or destination to arrive at. That it is the journey in and of itself that is the destination. That we are to come to love and enjoy the process, enjoy the journey and in that we come to certain points we call

destinations and yet destinations are where we begin once more for it is always a continuation of the process of the journey. To come to love and enjoy the journey, even those aspects that we would call as 'bad' for there is free from being any such thing as 'bad', all is Divinely whole, perfect, complete, and beautiful simply as it is. There is free from being anything to manifest or not manifest, for how can you manifest or not manifest what already is? We just simply bring forth from within us the creations of what is already and always giving birth to them into this experience we call life. That it is the experience itself, the journey itself that we are here to embark upon and that is the destination. To come to love the journey and the destination as they are One. *This*, is the journey of the Song of the Princess....

As Chris came to me in August 2008 and asked me to write this manuscript and also stating that he also realized it would be coming from us both, it in turn became the two of us who penned this, as well as, what poured through my very being. He could have asked anyone else to write this, and yet he asked me. He asked me for he knows and understands that just as he is the real Troubadour as the Master Artist incarnate, so too does he know and understand as I that I am the real Princess as the Master Artist incarnate. And it is through our incredible love for one another and our Oneness love of all, that such a gift is now born. For only such a real Troubadour and such a real Princess could give birth to such manuscripts. I am very humbled and honoured to be the one he chooses in each moment as I choose him in each moment.

This manuscript has been completed exactly 12 months after "*Song of the Troubadour*" was given birth to in such love. And as such, this writing is now given as a gift to all souls within the same love ~ May it bring you into remembering the Troubadour & the Princess within you, within us all, as it has for us and then to share that love within you with all in a Oneness Love of all and also intimately within a love of sacred hearts entwine.

*Espavo~
Nenari*

As given through Spirit to the hands of Nenari, Princess of the Sea, October 2008

~

Song of the Princess





BEing at Shore

Seasons bring the gift of renewal within each essence. Some seasons appear to give illusions of mocking and testing the depths of love, faith, hope, and trust. They are the seasons where the frozen cloaks and blankets of foliage of such a season appear to be heavy with sadness....where being awakened and enlightened appears to be a burden and where physical sleep allows our spirit, our soul to fly. These seasons seem to weep bereavement for what we wish to be that reverberates into stark corners of nothingness where there is free from being any soothing utterance or melody response of the promises that love would vow to bring.

Such seasons still in and of itself give birth to new beginnings. For their appearance may seem dark and ominous, yet it is the dark itself that is

simply the absence of light and nothing more nor nothing less. For within the dark of duality resides the gift of light. To lay upon the bed of darkness of which the Sun rises upon is to give itself to the dreams of the OM, the One Moment. For all there is, is simply this One Moment. In such seasons with this fall of winter, the Princess stood upon the shore turning towards the sea.

As this OM, this One Moment embracing true love is worth eons of searching, so is the wisdom of placing ones feet upon the sand where the water merges into Oneness with this sand. Songs born on the shore of the journeys of the heart find and merge with their counterpart when one meets with the sea and sand, when one meets with the sun and sea and when one meets with the sea and the sky in such Oneness, a Oneness that is beyond illusions called time and space. A Oneness and a Love that resides only within being brave enough to embark upon such journeys of the heart.

Yet, what songs would be played if cast from such a shore into the winds of change, the dark nights at sea, and the sun's rise over such a sea without compass or a homeland to sail towards? What songs would be transcribed and cast out to sea by the winds of a heart desiring a calling so deep within unexpressed that it has her cry out in anguish within standing upon such a shore? What song calls the heart and soul so deeply that its very song can no longer be denied? Is it not this same song that has already been written by the very wind itself in such a moment that calls the heart and soul?

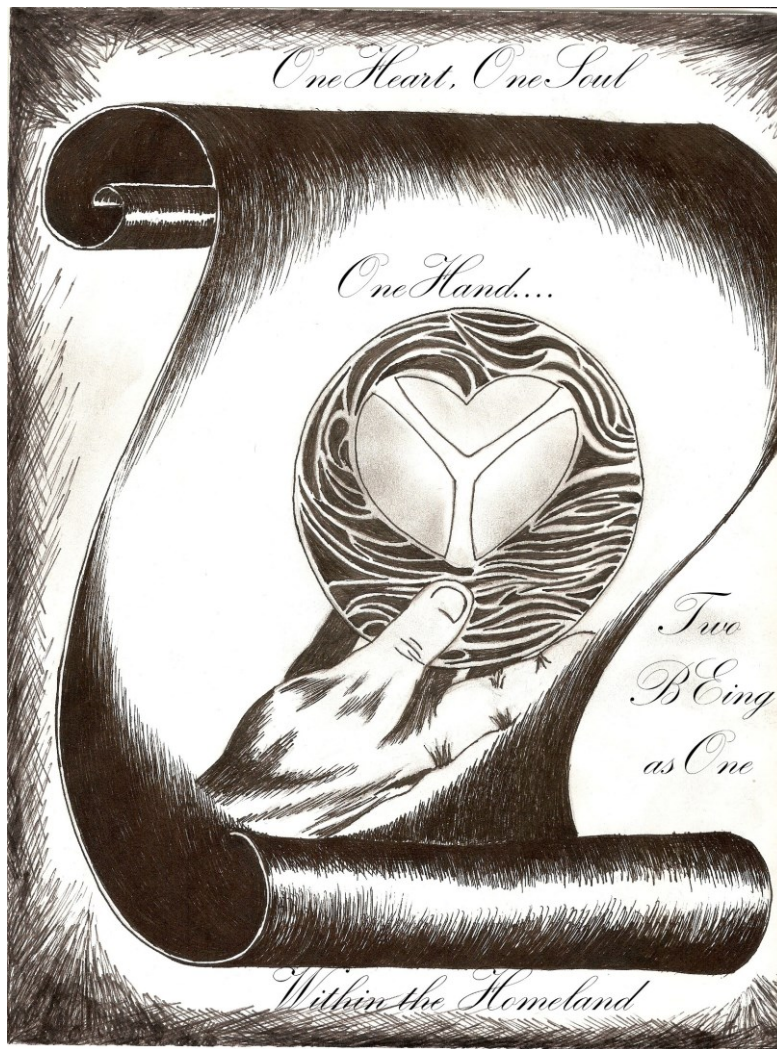
There is a song the wind plays upon the sea, another through the leaves that fall, another through the barrenness of winter's saplings, another through the spring's blossoms of the rose's petals, and still yet another in golden fields of summer. The Princess hears such songs as she stands upon the shore, her heart feels the song of the soul call her name. It is a song of the strumming instrument that beats as her own heart, her own soul. For she feels this song as OneSoul, OneHeart with its counterpart.

There is a song the sea breeze is free from playing, yet its echo carries through all the lands. It is this song that the Princess sings as another sings. For they share the same song. This is the Song of the Princess. It is the heart reverberating through the melody of the six strings heard out at sea from the shore she stands upon and of the voice as One with hers with the endless

shoreline of inward and outward journeys of the heart, journeys of the soul. The practiced scales and vocal inflections of this heartbeat are given upon the colours the winds bring. Songs yet born and forged in the morning of her life, of their essence that were soon to be sung within the evening's mist.

Within What Would Love Do Now, love will go through the ends of the earth and back once more to be with that which is love. The Princess lives such a truth within all of her being. For she knows as an ambassadour of such love, that much is asked of her to be within its very kingdom. Yet, this kingdom of such love she desires to experience has yet to be sailed upon; the love she stands upon shore awaiting for its very arrival has yet to be relished and savoured. The seed placed lovingly within the earth, its life purpose is simply to reach for the Sun and sky, shining its light and giving of its all to love. Thus the Princess looks out to sea.

~



The Homeland

The land we call as home is where love is both the life giving showers of mist and of the Sun frolicking in perfect harmony and melody with it. The lighthouse upon such a shore is that beacon of light for the sailor coming to such a home. Passing stars that twinkle bright as the lighthouse have shared the mysteries of a Troubadour far at sea who beholds within him the pure love of all that I Am, all that We Are that he is to share with the Princess and with all the kingdoms. In such a land the Princess often looks out to sea, awaiting a song carried by the wind. A dream in youth that faded as did the song of her soul, and yet still is listened for in the silence of night.

This land of home and the water upon it resides, it is sacred. It is sacred as it is the North land is facing north and is the entrance to the cave of wonders of the Master Artist and all of creation. All love is born of this land and water, as it is where the true love of Oneness and of sacred hearts entwined reside.

The waters of the seas and of the rivers that flow within the homeland, they are the cleansing, healing, rebirthing, transformation waters that flow of both physical and spiritual in nature combined in a dance of Oneness of all of love, of all of life. The land is the sacredness of love itself giving birth to life within physical form. For as the Princess resides within this northern land looking out to sea, and as the Troubadour heads north in his travels upon this sea, the truest north is that of the home within. And it is from this truest north home within, a land beyond our sight that the home of sacred hearts entwined gives birth.

Those held captive learn to accept the destiny be given them in such moments. Their souls are then beheld asleep within a cage. Such an asleep soul builds cages for every soul that they know. While the Princess, who ducks her head when the moon is low, sees the prison for the illusion that it is and keeps gifting keys all night long to the awe~inspiring, raucous captives. For the Princess would neither be held captive nor bring another into captivity. To do so would interfere with the gift of the universe each soul is. To the captive she writes and sings songs of freedom, to others the song of the soul, the song of love that gives such freedom. Yet Spirit has decreed that only such a Troubadour could free her heart from a longing of such love, such freedom. She is bound by the same force that brings life to the land and the waters, two BEing as One.

Wealth is accepting what Spirit would give and in what we choose to receive within such a gift. The homeland is love given as two rivers merging into One, as the shore and the sea are One. As One, these two souls are a river being given to the sea. The sea misting its essence into the celestial heavens returning as love showers upon the land giving birth to the blossoms of the fields of golden spring within this homeland.



There is a Grand Awakening that is occurring. The 'Ship' is the Self Realisation of Divine love, an enlightened state of being we are all moving into more each moment, culminating into a quantum shift which again begins a beautiful new era emerging. This new era is about the Grand Awakening of all humanity and that the new world of Love and Light is emerging on the planet, of being the balance of Divine love and light in all ways encompassing all forms love and light. Many are free from understanding what Divine love truly is. Divine love is the essence of love totally and completely unconditionally, loving through all of the automatic programming of conditioning of what we once believed love to be and coming home into the arms of pure natural love and can be best encompassed within this below ~

"Loving someone unconditionally means that you love even that dark side.....deep down a man is as John Lennon puts it in the song Woman 'the little child inside of the man' who all he wants is to be loved, all any man deep in his heart wants is to know he is loved, honoured, and cherished. A man wants to know that no matter how dark he is or how messed up he does things or is, that all the same she loves him. I don't care who the man he is or if in ego he will deny such, but to a man the approval of the woman he loves is like one of the most important things ever to a man. And a man who feels he doesn't deserve that love will test the woman he loves over and over again for her to prove her love for him until he can come into his own healing of all the layers of programming within him to the place of the core of his soul which is

pure love. Real, raw, vulnerable, and from the heart love that includes all and excludes none. Our task as the woman he loves, is to continue to be there for him, love him unconditionally, bumps, bruises, and all. Love the whole of him, all of him. Hold him, that scared little boy who is the man in your arms, hold him, and say I love you and its ok and you can do it over and over again no matter how much he fights you and says Let me go. Love him all the more. Love him from all the love within you in which you love yourself as the whole, perfect, complete, and beautiful being you are and show him that he is this as well through your loving him as you love yourself sharing your completeness with him. Allow your arms to be his surrender and freedom no matter how much he kicks and screams, love him all the same. Love him into healing, love him into freedom. For with enough love, anything can be healed. With enough love anything is possible."

Throughout life there is a moment that seems as if to take our breath away. A moment of awe and wonder. Of magical intuition that carries us to and into a place that we know not where or why just that we are simply meant to be. An awakening to that which we have never traversed before. A willingness to go where you have never gone before. A willingness to surrender into the taste of love and freedom that is beyond what you have ever experienced before. I took my guitar to our special place we call our castle and then with overwhelming love and surrender this song flooded out of me. Seeing the Osprey and Ravens catching the updrafts and sunbursts breaking through as the Sun heralded its last glints for the day. The cool winds dancing through my hair, the buttercup breaking through rock, so many trails leading so many enchanted places. Surrendering to the magical moment and awakening to love. I breathe this Love. This song says it all of my most intimate guitar work to date.

"The Troubadour is a man who searches out the beauty in the feminine of his Princess with such authority and Love that she cannot help but surrender herself to his Love. He sees the perfection in the Universe unfolding exactly as it is. He is no longer victimized by anyone or anything. His power comes from knowing this Divine Order in Life, in trusting it, and keeping his heart open to the wonders of Creation. He is IN Love with Life and in Love with the one woman who calls to his heart. He knows himself AS Life, and knows that all of Life is that same Divine perfection. Knowing his own perfection, the Troubadour is not afraid to feel what he feels, nor to think what he thinks. He is not afraid to want what he wants. He is not afraid to say what he wants and to go for what he wants. He is free to come to her and say "I want

you!" and "I Love you". He is not afraid of rejection, because he has ceased to reject himself. When the Troubadour speaks I want you and I Love you, and the Princess sees that she can trust his authority in it, she has the opportunity to surrender to his wanting and to his Love. I have not known any woman and even the Princess herself who would refuse to surrender to the Troubadour who knows what he wants, through the expression of his Divinity. In the Princess's surrender to the Troubadour, there is the call to her greatness. She knows she will not be asked to be small, because she feels embraced by the expansiveness of his Divine Love. As she surrenders to him, and he embraces her, he experiences the greatest surrender of all. The Troubadour surrenders to the feminine through his absolute certainty of wanting her. In larger spiritual terms, we can see that the masculine (the Troubadour) is opening the feminine to the beauty that he sees. Using the authority of his inner Divine, he acts as a mirror for that Divinity in her. The feminine (the Princess), as the partner of the Troubadour, or as any aspect of Creation, sees her reflection in him. All of Creation is thus penetrated and enlightened by him. As the Troubadour, knowing the truth of his Divinity, and reflecting that Divinity back to his Beloved. In that reflection, she joins with him in knowing their highest truth together."

The homeland is the full circle where love is infinite, neither beginning nor ending, simply unfolding when lovers were first cast into this circle. Without such love or sacred lands of home we, the seagulls wings are left fractured upon desert sands carried by the lonely currents. The Princess as she sits upon the shore, writes this prose of hope as a prayer for those with wings battered by such a moment. Salted aire carried this same wind and song of the prose given:

*Be a river and the ocean shall be given you
Fall on your knees and the earth shall be yours
Lift your hands to hold the sky, lift your heart to feel the rain
That becomes the river, the fullness of life*

*Feel the season that brings life to the land
Feel the Sun bathe the earth and dry its eyes
Lift your hands to hold the sky, lift your heart to feel the Sun
That holds the river, the fullness of life*

*Be a river dearest one, be the river
For this river, these waters, and all of the waters of this land of home
are the healing waters, the loving waters of home, of me;*

*the home within you, the home within the heart and the soul,
the home within the One who's heart and soul calls you with his song
and you him with yours,
and the home within physicality expressed here within what you observe*

*Be the river that flows through you of love, of light, of guidance
from me to and through you
Allow the river to be the flow of love, of light, of Oneness, and of life
to cleanse you and embrace you for you are the river*

*For the spirit, the home of this cave of wonders is always with you,
within your heart, within your soul.
BE that home and you will know of me and embrace me,
For you are One with me,
you are One with the one whom calls your heart and soul with his song
And he with you*

*For he is your truest north and he is One with you as you are One with him
for you are his truest north....as am I
for I am One with you, I am One with him
and I am guiding you to be One within and One with one another,
and in this you will be One with all*

*For this is Thy will being done
as it is unfolding unto you all within its Divinely perfect timing.
For your heart and soul feels his call and his feels yours
and together you feel and answer the call to illuminate the earth
and will do and be so as the One that I Am*

*Be patient dear one, as all you envision,
which are all of the visions I, the Master Artist have given you
of the Divine plan and painting, will soon come to pass*

*The heaviness within your heart and soul will soon pass
and be filled with the renewal of the love, light, and beautiful spring you see before
you within these beautiful cool running waters and land of home
and the visions that are within you both will soon come to pass
Any resistance will soon fade into simply love*

*and love will guide you, will guide the one whom captures your heart and soul,
and will guide all for it is Thy will for this artistry of beauty to be*

*It is now the moment for the two of you to step into this together
as I have been asking you to and now ask you once again
as One to share this message with all
through the various mediums that I have given you*

*And together, you will share of the wisdom of this cave of wonders
of the North Lands, of the beauty, of the love, of the light, of the Oneness with all
to awaken this, activate this and BE this within you and within all,
and souls will come from all over the distant lands to you both
to share in this with you for you are to show others of the home within them
through these lands, through your song, through the words of wisdom
that I channel through you*

*for it is through the love that you two share that lights the way for all
and what you create together through that love that the many ways of
Thy will, will indeed be done*

~



Soul of the Princess

To love and be loved again and again is the gift of infinite wealth and abundance. A treasure that is free from ever being bought nor sold, just simply given and received in an eternal circle. Through all of the tribulations that life may bring, love is the unyielding ship within the seas, regardless of how calm or rough those seas may be, providing the nurturing sustenance within such moments. The tides of life are governed by the flow of what is and it is the rudder that changes course by the hand of love using What Love Would Do Now as its guide. We are to be this beacon of light within whatever seas are brought forth to us.

The Princess as she meditates upon the shore sitting on the rocks, searches the skyline where the sea and the sky are as One for such a wealthy treasure. The sun setting upon the sea glows the softness of gold as it shimmers across

the water like dancing faeries, such gold reminding her of why the coming night was also the promise of the morning to follow. Prose poured from her hands onto her journal and out to sea at such moments when gazing upon the wonder of the night.

Wisdom is being guided by the stars painted upon the Master Artist's canvas within its every breath. Just as the North lands are of our truest north within, so too the North Star is as true in its love and guidance as the Sun ascends from the East and floats gently upon the seas of the West. Throughout life's travels, there are many ports of call that would seem to entice a shelter from the storms befallen us. As pleasurable as such safety may bring, these ports are neither the homeland nor where the Troubadour resides. The stars are the given path that will guide those humbled enough and brave enough to traverse their mysteries within such a journey of the heart. The heartbeat of love courses in union with the entire universe and it is this heartbeat that gives birth to the stars within such a path. If the Princess is to arrive where the kingdom of the Troubadour resides and where the darkness far at sea is free from being any longer, guided by the stars proclaiming the way is the one true North course to be embarked upon.

To understand the soul of the real Princess is to understand her heart. To understand her heart is to feel her essence, her energy, her presence within the very whole of your being so deep that it is beyond infinity, beyond eternity. There are those who understand her beauty, yet are free from understanding her heart. For the real Troubadour or for any soul to understand the Princess's heart is to understand that with all she is, that who she is and what she does is with the intention of nothing less than Love and Light always, in all ways. That the intentions of all the Princess is and does comes from the purist and surest of the Love and Light within her very being for she is the Master Artist, the goddess incarnate.

Her whole intent is to be in alignment with the vision of touching the many souls the Master Artist calls her to touch and whom come to her to be touched by her essence in each moment she breathes and even beyond this. For she also touches those in Spirit whom come to her, being the beaconing guiding Love and Light within the darkest nights for all whom seek the wisdom of all ages. For if you are to ask anyone who knows her both

intimately or otherwise, they would be a testament to such a calling that she embodies. She is the living, breathing catalyst for transformation in all dimensions. She changes into Love and Light everything she touches, and everything she touches that is Love and Light changes. To understand the Princess is to understand beyond all understanding that she is very vulnerable in every sense of the word and that to show that vulnerability to such a real Troubadour and to the world takes alot for her to do and be so. To understand the Princess's heart is to take the vulnerability shown by her and to embrace it with honour, reverence, tenderness, and love in return.

To understand the Princess's heart is to listen intently to all given by her very essence without any preconceived notions of what is being given within this rawness, this vulnerability, this sharing and what it means. To take what is given as the understanding wisdom of all ages pouring through her. For when she speaks, when she writes, when she pours her gifts out into the world, her song comes from the wisdom of source energy itself as she is source energy incarnate. For it is within understanding the Princess's heart and simply being with her, being there for her that gives her the wings of the seagull to fly. It gives her the courage to take that leap of faith and to open her heart even more to you and to all when the Princess feels that her heart is understood. To really experience rawness, openness, vulnerability in love is to come to another and communicate when you just need another in love to be there for you and to say the words "I need you". Within saying those words and allowing your heart to open is to show our softer side which opens us and others to love in all our relationships. Not an I need you as a possession and not as some form of attachment, rather as asking for and having another simply just BE there with you in your darkest nights and darkest moments to hold you and carry you through the night. For it is ok to say those words "I need you"; it is ok to ask for this from another and not feel as if you are being needy. It is ok to be this for another, giving freely of your heart to another in such love.

Vulnerability, rawness, openness, and trust can only be shared if one feels safe enough to do so and in being that safety for such a Troubadour and Princess, we give such an incredible gift to the beloved and such a Troubadour and Princess then receives such an incredible gift and then gives it back to us in return as an infinite circle. For it is within giving that we

receive and it is within receiving that we are free as the seagull flies to give once again within an infinite circle. Feeling safe enough is to come from within first and then its mirror is then shown through the love and compassion of another. For in this safety that we share the vulnerability and rawness of who we are to another, it is as if we are having a conversation and intimate relationship with our own soul, our very own being. As in essence we are, for we are the Princess and the Troubadour as OneSoul, simply expressed within infinite physical forms.

To understand the Princess's heart and who the Princess truly is, is to understand that sometimes she cries for the sheer beauty and truth of what she understands and the wisdom that has been given her. And that sometimes she weeps very real tears in understanding other truths. Sometimes she cries in the understanding that it is free from being her wisdom or advice that is given, for it is universe's wisdom given her through her hands as a gift from the universe to the universe for all in the universe to embrace. If we are to embrace that we are all gifts of the universe, then we too understand that the gifts we give are also of the universe and are free from attachment in being 'mine' as in a possession. Our name may be uttered upon such a gift as its author and yet it is the gift from the Master Artist of All That Is who gives such a gift through our hands and is to be honoured by us for such a gift given.

Understanding the Princess's heart is to understand that it is hard sometimes for her to watch those whom she loves so dearly take the path that is free from being the path of Love and Light, the path of the heart, the path of the soul, and the path of their soul's purpose. That it is within this hurting within her heart and through the darkest of nights that she has experienced that is what gives her the passion, the compassion, the Love and the Light within her to be who she is in life and to do what she does within being in service to all. To be there for those who are within their darkest night for when she traversed such moments she had no one there for her in physical form to guide her through to the Love and Light. It is her gift now to be this for all souls whom come to her to give to another that of what she was free from having. For the Princess is the beaconing Love and Light within the darkest night for all.

For the Princess's healing Love and Light given seeks to remind us that when you live from your heart, it is your soul and its song carrying upon the winds that guides you rather than the illusion of what we call as fear and doubt. To be living from your heart, from your soul, and your intuition free from limitation, is to bring bliss and soulful *Absoulute* Love into your life and within the lives of all those whom you inspire, which in turn illuminates the universe in an infinite circle. Within the mosaic of her inner being there is a kingdom where logic does not apply. Love is the ruler of this kingdom and she honours the edicts nailed to the very doors of the inner sanctum. One such edict is to be authentic and real as to the mosaic within her within listening to her own heart. Within such a listening, she also honours the mosaic of your inner being.

At moments she dances and is as a child, climbing trees to be within the awe and wonder of nature, or playing in the fallen snow, and delighting in the simple things of life like that of dancing in the rain or swinging on a swing that bring her joy in a way that others might find just ordinary. She is a free spirit in every way and is free from being bound by earthly things of possessions, attachments, obsessions, and conditions.

There are moments when she just needs to be free and simply BE who she is and the mission and purpose she came here to be, that she is to create and be the Love and Light who she is and that there are moments when she needs to be alone to do and be this and there are equally moments that she delights within the utter joy, awe, and wonder of co~creating this together with you so amazingly, so beautiful....there are equally moments when she just needs you to be there for her, to hold her in love, and to allow her to be vulnerable with you in a way that she is unable to be with anyone else and to be who she is without asking her to be something she is not or because you want something from her. To feel and understand the very movement of her heart within all she is and all she does is to feel the energy of the Princess deep within your soul. The heart and soul of the Princess is evident within the song in her heart, the smile in her eyes, the very essence of her being that pours into everything she touches. To be in her presence is to be in total awe of her and of you for she is the mirror of you.

To understand the Princess is to be in awe of how she feels music, how the very Spirit just flows through her when it comes to music...how it has been her heart since before she was breathed into existence....from her inner burning desire to sing such songs of Love and Light and give them to the world from the very Love and Light she is pouring through her being, to the silence between the notes that she hears, to the way she moves with such grace within her song, to the passion and divine spark of Love and Light within every note given, to the ability to understand beyond the words what feeling and intent is truly behind a song, to the infinite layers of harmony and melody within such a song.

She feels the heart of the song on the wind that is given from that same heart, feeling it deeply within the very core of her being and it is such a Troubadour who would understand this beyond all understanding....Others, they just hear a beautiful song. She hears, feels, and experiences music in a whole other realm that so few understand. It is often hard to place into words how she is this, and it is through being in her very presence that it is to experience such an understanding. The Princess understands deeply that music is the flow of what is in the moment. A complete rise, crescendo, and fall of the universe's heartbeat of the One Song of the universe (uni being One, and verse being Song) wrapped up in the OM, the One Moment. Music is the song of the soul, the heart of the Master Artist expressed through the OM, the One Moment. When we surrender to the OM, the One Moment, this flow of music is of the rivers, streams, and oceans combined and is what it means to be the Princess of the Sea as the soulful and physical expression of such music. The cadences and chordal progressions of the song of life mirrored within the infinite possibilities of this same life giving birth again and again infinitely through what we know on earth as the annals of time and space.

To give such a gift that pours through and to see its expression shine the light of love into the universe is the reason the Master Artist give us such gifts. Music is the embodiment in heart, soul, and physical form of the heartbeat of Source energy making love to itself. To give such a gift of music is to live and BE what is given in every sense of the word. For one cannot give what one is free from being themselves. Music is the river of Love in which we drink from that infinitely replenishes us in being this living and

BEing expression of the Master Artist, giving to our soul first, filling us until our cup runneth over and in that we in turn may give to others being continuously and infinitely replenished with the harmony and melody of life.

Within an instrumental love song, you can feel the said and the unsaid because you hear the flow within the chordal progressions, the cadences, the syncopations, and the intonations. The rise and fall, the crescendo like the waves of the ocean as the merge into One, it is a painting of the artists brush that gives birth to lyrics that are not of words. Its a making love with the instrument of six strings which then gives birth to such beauty. With lyrics, there is a sense of directness, of feeling that entwines with the instrumental that can evoke that timelessness and infiniteness of a burst of emotion which is given within the instrumental yet also gives meaning within a story of frozen thoughts, of passion, of desire expressed. The deepness, the vastness, the richness of such a song is as infinite as the flow of the sea, and as beautiful as the palette within the rainbow of colours expressed.

When we flow within the river of love, such desire and passion unleashed is the blossoming of the heart as it burst forth painting such a canvas. The gift of song is the piercing of loves arrows as they evoke such passion, as it is passion that is the purpose of life. It matters not if the lyrical content is of lower or higher chakras, what matters is the invocation of the feelings of love, passion, and desire derived from such lyrics and that such an artist is in complete alignment with the music that they create. When an artist can invoke such within the listener, regardless of whether it is love and light words or not, that is a true master artist.

To passionately feel the music is to passionately understand how an artist works. To understand 'What is a song?' A song is frozen thoughts and inspiration that is collected and placed into a vibration that when heard creates thoughts, images, feelings and emotions of the heart that become the memorable moments of a person's life, so that when you hear that song that memory of life and those emotions and feelings ignited within you literally come to life taking you beyond infinity into a place of pure bliss. So that when you hear that song, you transported right back to that memory in your life that ignites that passion and desire within your heart. Those are the

powerful songs of the heart. When we give another such inspiration it is the universe kissing us with the breath of inspiration through infinite possibility.

There are moments that the sparkle in her eyes shows you the softer side of her that few understand and yet to understand the Princess is to see her face light up in moments of beauty given and to understand why. Other moments she is still and speaks with the wisdom of all ages that awes and inspires you. There are times when the music she gives to the winds that carries its message cuts to the very core of all within hearing and there are moments when all are deaf within her sphere. Within understanding the heart and the very soul and being of the Princess is to understand that her heart is seldom understood and yet it is you who chooses to understand. Within this is a humility, honour, reverence, and immense love for her and who she truly is that is about you when you choose to understand the heart and soul of the Princess. For it is the energy of the Princess, her very being and essence, that fills your heart and soul to its core.

Sometimes there are illusions in which she feels that it's like literally everyone wants to take her energy, connect with her, and call it their own. As if it were vampires taking from her rather than drinking of the living waters which are freely given to all, not just the Princess. If you would bless her and be part of her world, then it is with the understanding of please being free of desiring or needing her in any such ways as those vampires. For it causes her to retreat from such an illusion, and when persisted, final total retreat. For there are so many lives that will be touched by her Love and Light and you will get the opportunity to see, feel, and experience this through touching the lives of her inner circle....it is a vulnerable place for her to be in within opening her heart to you, and in that she will ask that if you are to bless her and be part of her inner circle, that you do and be this being gentle with her heart and understanding truly what it takes for her to really do this with you and for the world. That she is honoured to share this space with you and to please be gentle with her heart and soul.

To understand the Princess is to fathom that she is guided by the songs echoing the same heart of the Master Artist that gives all to love as she gives all to love in each moment. For Spirit guides her in love to do and be What Love Would Do Now, taking her and those whom she embraces within her inner circle where her heart leads her always, in all ways. Knowing beyond all knowing, understanding beyond all understanding that the Love and Light, beauty and peace, bliss and prosperity she is comes full circle to her

and all whom she touches infinitely. Understanding that sometimes that this begins with us taking that leap of faith to get the ball rolling in that circle to have it come back to you. And in that, her heart and soul are that of the Troubadours as well, for they share the same heart, the same soul.

The Princess believes with all her heart and with the very core essence of her being that you are worth it, that she is worth it, we all are worth it and are amazing and that our message to the world is that important that she is willing to do and be whatever Spirit guides her in love to do and be within What Would Love Do Now. For she has always, in all ways lived her life as such as she lives and breathes this very being in all she touches. For the Princess understands that Love is about Love's calling and the complete surrender of one's divine free choice given to be completely One with the one who calls, and the infinite depth of the feeling and risks within taking such leaps of faith in one's life as one understands life to be if one so chooses to surrender and fall into such a river of love, and the implications of lament to one's life if one was to not follow love's beckoning call. Such devotion, contemplation, and action means to give all to love and it is something that the Princess chooses to give freely and selflessly in each moment to the Master Artist, to her soul, to the Troubadour, and to all, as this is the Diamond energy essence of Love and Light that she beholds within her and radiates out to all.

The Princess is a being of the depth of wisdom of all ages. She has an inner knowing beyond all knowing, an understanding beyond all understanding. In that place which is beyond our sights, she resides in where love is sure and pure, where nothing can divide, always, in all ways. There are souls on the earth who are living and being within such unsuredness which is so different from the space she resides in constantly in which she sees and understands that they are seeking to be within such a kingdom she resides within. There are moments within her such sureness that she is free from ever experiencing anything other than this sureness and that this at moments frightens others. To be such integrity of living and being one's own truth which is of the *absoulute* truth is the very breath and being the Princess is.

To understand the heart of the Princess is to equally understand that there will be moments in which the Princess within all of her sureness that she too

is scared. And it is within your understanding that it is ok for her to be scared that she flies as the seagull flies. It is within this that she takes leaps of faith in following her heart even upon when she is scared for this is the truest test of unshakable faith. For she will vow to you that she will show you that raw, vulnerableness more to you if you are to hold her in honour, reverence, and love for doing so. If you are to bless her and be within her inner circle that you understand this vulnerability expressed as she understands yours and that you be free from allowing such a vulnerability expressed by her to fall on deaf ears. That you understand how hard it is to show this part of her to you as she understands how hard it is for you to show this side of you to her. And in that understanding, she is honoured to have you there by her side to touch such lives within the All she is and within the All you are. To understand the heart and soul of the Princess is to understand she is a mirror of you. For you are the Princess and she is you. Just as the Troubadour is you and you are he. The arrival of such an understanding comes when we open our heart deeply, beyond infinity and beyond eternity into the realm of love of one's own soul and the love of sacred hearts entwined.

The Princess often gazed at the ethereal twilight proclaiming the depth of this love. In such truth, the quill and the voice lay silent. Even the wind be free from such utterance within such depth of truth. A prince such as the Troubadour, by his rights in the kingdom, has in his treasures such pearling shells of the understanding of love. Yet, not even a prince can take from this handful of shells such love being given and received within him through the life force of a woman. No more than a sailor far at sea can enter the inner chambers of this same Princess with such treasure being given and received. To receive such a love given is not to take it through entering such inner chambers of this Princess, for it is a love that is what no one can give unless it is given them.

Love is deeper than the sacrifice of any mother protecting her child. Love is deeper than one hanging on a cross for the remote chance another may understand love through it. Love is deeper than total sacrifice offered. Love is witnessing the very Master Artist expressing all within proclaiming what real love is. If a man and woman are to join in the sacredness of why she is the melody and he the harmony of this song, only then shall real love be given and received. The Master Artist has given its all for such lovers to entwine.

My role is not to hang on a cross. For if I am to honestly pray that 'Thy will be done', is it not faire that I also go on such journeys of the heart?

If Princess and sailor are indeed to meet, it is the Author of All That Is, who is to be the one to give the blessing of such a union. And if such a blessing is given, the Princess and sailor will immediately know with their inner knowing of this union to be. There will be no guessing it, or doubting it or fleeing from it. For if it is to be, it will occur effortlessly, synchronistically, with signs of its occurrence evident on such a journey to such a meeting. Any resistance to such a union will immediately fade away upon the journey and its arrival. For the union of such sacred hearts entwined simply just IS, it is Infinitely Spiritual, Infinitely One.

If such a union is blessed by the Master Artist, the Author of All That Is, it is the refined hearts that have been stripped of all that is not love before coming into being and mirroring this same author in love, that will taste the sweetness of life's nectar of what real love given and received through a man and woman is. Two stars colliding into a Oneness that is beyond comprehension. It is the reason why she is the melody and he is the harmony of this song of the heart, and of the soul. Two souls BEing One, as ambassadors of the Love and Light and as sacred hearts entwined; loving one another and the world and everyone in it deeply, within a love that is within a place beyond our sights where love is sure and where love pure, where such love is beyond infinity and eternity.

To reveal love exchanged by such a Princess and sailor is the Sun and the sea melding into one another upon its kiss at sunset. It is also the Author of All That Is, creating all Suns and the oceans and rivers at once in the OM, the One Moment of their embrace and kiss. Such love is beyond the illusions we call as time and space for it is beyond infinity. The moment of this melding of energy and physicalness of being is all eternity collected into this very OM of the One Moment, and this moment reverberating into all eternity. For this is the soul of the Princess of such truth as she rests upon the shore of the homeland.

~



Midsummer Breeze

The midsummer's breeze gives birth to the song that calls from within. To be born into the physicalness of being is to release into the river's flow which is life giving birth to life. In this port of birth we are free. The port of birth is free from being within the physicalness of a mother's perch in agony, but rather it is where the Universal Source asserts life to be breathed into physical essence. A mother is witness to life being formed and given birth to rather than the creator of such life. For the creator of such life resides within the hands of the freedom of the universe that creates such life. Such a mother bears the unfolding of life giving birth to the river of love that flows through her essence of being.

Each season gives birth unto itself so as to give birth to the following season. Within the infinite circle it is the showers of water that gives birth to the lands; the land that merges then into the sea at the shore; which the sky melds into this shore when we cast our sight far beyond the sea. Life too is an infinite circle turning. For a circle is a line that is being One with its soul. The drops of rain become the river that flows, as the seasons are still aspects of the same Sun and water reflecting its light. We are pieces of this circling life through infinity and our journey is thus infinite as well.

Life itself is energy giving birth to itself. Such life is beyond the bounds of the illusions called laws attempting to define what is free from being defined. The journey of soul remembering is free from ever beginning then, it is simply ever evolving into infinity, with the port of our physical birth being on point along the circle in which we enter into the river's flow.

Life's purpose is to celebrate and exchange love with life itself. Love giving birth to life, life giving birth to love. Love has simply one desire, and that is to love. Love is free from requiring anything, for requiring is to place limitations upon love and love is infinite and free. Desire is the fire of love that is what burns the light within the lighthouse so brightly. This desire is free from a lusting form of desire. It is a desire as in a passion to be expressed, exchanged, shared, given, and received. Life is love seeking itself, as love is life returning to itself. The Princess walks along the shore as such thoughts circled like the two seagulls above her head and then out into the distance.

In the sweetness of midsummer while gazing into the streaks of clouds which appear as a field of gold, it is easy to be One with it. Young love also gives this appearance through the playful kisses and soft gazes with vows of 'I love you' reflecting mirrors of liquid sunshine through other fields of gold. In such fields, luminescence of magnificence intoxicates all of the senses.

In a bitterly cold storm as it falls upon the shore, giving way to the angering waves that crash upon such a shore, there appears to be no option than to be One with it. To fear the body trembling or being pulled out with the tides at hand by fierce winds and strongest of currents is free from being of consolation within remembering the beauty of the fields of gold. The artistic hand that guides and directs the midsummer fields of gold also guides and

directs the winter seas. Wisdom allows each season to fully express and give the purpose and gifts it bears which in turn allows us to experience its full expression within presence and presents.

Each moment carries within it the purpose it was born to serve. The Princess gives writings of gratitude as the only darkness of the shoreline seemed to listen. Love is expressed within the midsummer breeze and also within the darkness of the winter rains. Contentment is found in hope and faith that through such rain, that the sun in its liquid rain is shining upon the summer fields as she walks toward them. Upon arriving at such fields, it is thankfulness that through the darkness of the storm that hope and faith sustained the heart. Loves perfect path winds through all places the soul must journey through on its way to the homeland.

The winter itself is the earth crying out for the Sun to return its embrace. The cold is love denied. Yet, is it not the earth in such a season that turned from the Sun? Is it not the perception that shapes the reality in each situation? Wisdom helps us to remember the fullness of life and continually points to love. Could it be that in the midst of darkness, alone walking along the shore is the very sea which the sailor sails upon are the tears I weep while you are still distant from my arms, that in this moment is the perfect place in the universe to be? There is a Troubadour, the real Troubadour with the answers written in his heart. The Princess now walks alone further into the depths of darkness of the stormy shore, with no such answer beating against her own.

*To be reborn is to first experience real death
It is to float upon the lake naked and understand
the time is coming that your soul will be silenced
of all the thoughts that are now held while in form*

*To be reborn is to then live each moment aware
that soon, very soon, we all will experience real death
From that moment onward it will not matter in the slightest
what was possessed, what needs were met or experiences had
They ALL will be the past that for a fleeting moment was felt*

*To be reborn is to understand this truth every waking moment
If there is to be desire, let it be for Love to have its perfect way in your life*

*If there is to be need, let it be for love to fill those needs
If it is to be for security, let it be that you turned to love alone for such shelter*

*If there is to be desire, let it be to touch the entire planet
with healing that flows from loves hand
If there is to be need,
let it be to experience this love with another*

My prayer tonight is that Love fill us all

*When one has walked through the doors of death
and come back again as many times as I
we come to see that we are really free from death at all,
we are merely transforming our essence into yet another essence*

*In those moments of what we call as death
for many there is a fear of the unknown,
of what will be when it occurs*

*And I share that it is beautiful
for within the moments that the physicalness of form that we call as us is silenced
of all possessed, all needs met, and all experiences experienced,
this is simply the physicalness of BEing and is free from BEing who we are*

*For we are a soul encased within this shell of physicalness called a body,
it is our soul that is free and continuously transforming its essence,
even when within the physicalness of BEing*

*To be reborn then is to live within each OM,
each One Moment not that very soon we will all experience this death
No, to be reborn is to know, to understand
that we are continuously transforming even when within a shell*

*To be reborn is to come to know and understand that
there is no death, there is no rebirth,
for death and rebirth are simply One,
simply one continuous transforming essence of the soul....*

*To be die or be reborn then is to simply BE within the OM of the One Moment,
BEing that One Moment in whatever that moment is
and in that moment all is simply One...all is simply Love*

*If there is to be a desire then,
let it be for Love to have its perfect way in the OM of the One Moment.
For within that, there is to be free from being any needs such as security or lust
for all simply just IS, Infinitely Spiritual Love.*

*For love simply IS
and love has its whole, perfect, complete and full way and expression
in the OM of the One Moment*

*And to let that Love touch the entire planet
with healing that flows from loves hand
and to share this love with another,
is the infinite expression of BEing this love in the OM of the One Moment*

*My prayer given in this moment as always, in all ways,
be that this Love BE this for all, with all, and of all
for it already and always simply IS*

~



Love

Love is the Sun nourishing life by giving its all. Divine Source is the artist fashioning countless Suns within the painting of all that is created. To be a brushstroke of the Master's painting is to be an ultimate expression of love within the infinite sky of life and love. It is to be an expression of the soul of the Artist of life and of love's perfect way itself.

Both wings of a bird move in synchronicity, harmony, and melody within the song of its destination. It is the journey rather than the destination that gives flight to the soul in love. A soul's release into love is as one wing and love itself the other. Such flight carries both blissfully and securely onward. In such truth the Princess continues such a path, towards an unknown destination guided by an unseen resonance in unison with hers.

True religion or religāre is the means by which two bring, come and are together as One, Two BEing as One and is a guide pointing to true love. Love and Light are these two BEing as One of religion or religāre, and is the One religion of All That Is of the Master Artist. Harmony, peace, compassion, forgiveness, and countless other attributes of love flow just as the river flows through this guiding point. For it is the guiding points of the diamond itself being a line that connects all together as One.

Being in love is free from meaning attachment. Being in love is simply being in the moment and embracing such a gift of being in love and loving that person *absoulutely* from the soul as One in heart. Loving freely in the moment, simply being with them in that moment, no strings, no attachments, just purely loving another in that moment, and giving the gift of love in that moment. And in the next moment giving them the freedom to be, to simply BE. To be free to be with you and to still be free to be on their own to create and bring the wisdom from within their hands to the all to embrace. What part of the aire is breath and not part of the celestial bodies? What part of the very source of life is not shared with Divine Source itself? What feeling and way of BEing has the Creator of all experiences that is not given to imagination and ability to also feel and BE?

Love is the soul supreme author of All That Is. The proof is that such soul desires the eternalness of infinite joy itself. Creation declares abundantly the heart of this Artist. There is free from being any more infinite purpose or resonance of being sempiternal than the giving and receiving in Love. Love is the very source and centre point of all that is created. Infinity itself was given birth to for the soul purpose of housing this love.

The Author, the Master Artist, is a being with a soul and spirit that is as ours is. For we are the Master Artist and the Master Artist is us, we are One. It is within this Oneness that we are created in this same image of the Master Artist. Love is understanding why the Master Artist does exactly what is done in the universe. Love is BEing One with this same heart. Love is awakening to this truth and each moment onward totally given to this truth in love in reply answering the only question that really matters, which is 'What Would Love Do Now, in this OM, this One Moment?' Love is why we are given life. What we return in life that is less than this love is the soul

remembering we've yet to remember, embrace, and soulfully treasure on the path of love. Pain, hurt, aloneness, and suffering is as darkness and are simply illusions reminding us to get back in touch with the Love and Light we are. The Light is the Soul of Love manifesting within infinite expressions of this light.

We are called to be this Love and Light. It comes from a stripping of all that is not love to come to know and understand what love really is. A stripping of all that we hold dear to us; including the desire for a relationship on an earthly existence that is one of possession and attachment, requirements and expectations which are born of the ego consciousness and physical possessions. Yet, what comes in the expression of love returned in these areas are also beautiful for the soul rememberings through life experience given. The real secret is to totally surrender to Love and Light and in such as surrender we are then being this Love and Light. The emanations of a heart coming from this place resonates such power that Love as a wellspring forever giving life of creations from within pouring through and of co~creations with another are born.

Love is free from being a chemical connection because they are a 'hunk' or meet the requirements of what society and the lifestyle needs send messages to the brain that this person is to be desired by me. Love is free from being the 'connection' energetically of wanting to hang out and have sex with this person. Nor is love an emotional release based on the pheromones produced by another that is like an addiction. Love is not the sexy attractants that trigger an emotional connection. Relationships are complex and largely based on triggers based deeply within our beings. These triggers are governed by sexuality, a need for security and 'home', and relating to on a deeper level. Yet, none of this is Love.

Love is the breath, the blood, and the very life force human spirit was created to shelter. Love is free from being the lust of what brings pleasure from another. Such relationships have a purpose in growth, but they are free from being love. They are born of illusions. Say not "I love you" in such times of intertwining, but rather "you are filling the need I have at this moment."

Love is free from ever possessing or placing such a sacred love in a box. Love is free from attachments and conditions. Love is to know that the beloved is free as are you. For the beloved is free from ever being 'mine' as a possession, for each of us is a gift of the universe, that has blessed our beings entwined, loving one another freely, infinitely and in that we are simply here to love and be loved. To have our love for one another overflow into the universe and onto the universe and gives itself back again. And to embrace that love with honour, reverence, humility, and love in return, always.

Love is a bond so strong, so unparalleled, and so precious that allows us to simply BE. To BE who we are free from attachment and yet to come together and co~create such magic. Love is a remembering and embracing *absoulute* love, soulful love. A real **REAL**ationship, two souls BEing as OneSoul. Love is a real **REAL**ationship with a beloved and with all that is of such love and freedom. For love is meant to be free in which such a Troubadour and Princess are free from ever feeling such ego needs of rejection, fleeing, conditions or possessing. To just simply BE with one another in the moment; just simply sharing love, creating individually, and co~creating twogether, two BEing as One.

Love is simply to love and be loved. Love is to be free from ever forgetting that the love we share both in sacred union with another and with all, has an ultimate purpose to co~create infinitely BEing the Love and Light of the world to transform the world. It is the song of our soul that means so much that calls us to BE such a purpose born of this love as we are the light that changes such a world. This vow, is a sacred vow given and received, free from ever being broken, a love sealed within an OM of One Moment and the circle of Oneness within it, burned within the heart/soul and adorned upon the physical being. It is a giving all that I Am to you and you to me, to love, the love of the Master Artist itself and the love shared in the utmost sacredness between the Princess and the Troubadour. For in giving all that I Am to you and to love, and you giving your all to me, to love, we choose one another giving one another the wings of the seagull to fly.

To be free from uttering the words I Love You is to damn the Lord of all winds and tides and the very love this Master Artist has given all for such a love to be. Illusions will be free from saying I Love You out of a fear....To not

utter the words I Love You is to stand in the self sabotage and fear of illusions....To dare not to say such words as I Love You is to flee and retreat from the very love given by the Lord of the star fields....Love, there is no fear in love, there are no illusions in love, there is no self sabotage in love, there is no fleeing in love. Love simply is Love; to Love and be loved again and again and to infinitely express it within those three beautiful words given us by the Master Artist. Love simply says I Love You freely, saying it deeply from a place beyond our sights where love is pure and sure. Who are we to damn and not to honour such a gift given by the Lord?! To say I Love You to another is to honour the very gift given by the Master Artist and to honour your heart and their heart as One.

To dare enter the realm where the words spoken to another "I love you" then would be spoken in such steadfastness; this same resonance of what love is, is to be both the breath and heart of your being. Love is beyond the realms of infinity and eternity. Love is Divine Source expressed within two physical beings melding into and BEing One. Love is the author and source of all that exists and of infinite possibilities. Love is the force that has allowed all other creations and co~creations into BEing. When you say the words "I love you", say it to mean that I honour the very soul and heart you are, that I am; I honour you and the love we share in reverence, humility, and love returning onto itself, always, in all ways.

Say it to mean that the this love is the reflection of Love and Light that emanates through your being and my being, and equally love that same reflection in ALL that you see and is the Love I see with you that is me, and is the Love and Light we share with all in each moment and also intimately just us two in each moment. Say it to mean that I am free from ever taking this love and attaching, possessing, or placing in a box you or our love. When the words "I love you" are uttered upon the breath of our lips, let it be from the place beyond our sights where love is sure where sacred hearts entwine, where love is pure where nothing nor one can divide. In that moment I give to you All I Am as you give me all you are.

A vase has the ability to behold part of the sea within its very vessel, but it is the sea none the less. The sunlight shining in and through a vase is the same as that which surrounds it. A vase given unto the sea both is filled with

the same that surrounds it. Love is a sea and love is the light. The vase still shines this light through with the love that is within its vessel which is that of the sea. The Princess witnessed the endless sea of stars giving light as she gazes upon the heavens wondering.

As tears being given as gifts by aloneness were opened deep in the night by the Princess, love itself gave its eyes to also weep. What gift of song or prose would be worthy of a prince? If wings could carry to him to her this very moment, what would these wings need carry, to turn his sails towards her shore? A vase in and of itself is worth very little, gifts of aloneness even less. Love has the power to do all things, yet why then does it weep this night with the Princess?

Would the Troubadour be in such turmoil also? Love is not a respecter of status; love is gold being exchanged by the man homeless for a spot of nourishing sustenance. Through the darkness and the shadows, a sight beyond seeing is often witnessed. Through the blackness of winter nights as the Princess travels onward walking along the shore, she once again cast a song of prose into the wind as the gifts of aloneness remained.

*You are free
Free to BE
Who you are meant to BE
And still BE with me*

*Free to shine your light onto the earth
And to do what you came here to do
I'm here, right beside you
BEing this too*

*Know I will be free from ever holding you back
For it is whom you are meant to BE
Celebrate life with me
Celebrate love with me
Let our hearts and souls meld together as One
And let us express that together
Onto the earth*

*For alone sharing the light with all is beautiful
And who we are together
Is simply meant to be
and is just as beautiful*

*It is ok to love me
As it is ok for me to love you
I will be free from ever leaving you
Nor you me
For it is the vow we made to one another
So very long ago*

*For that love will bring what always is
Which is beyond infinity, beyond eternity
of love, of freedom, for we lift one another into infinity*

*For know and understand that I love you
And that I am free from ever possessing you
Nor ever owning you
As I know and understand that you love me
And that you are free from ever possessing me
Nor owning me*

*For you are as I am, a gift of the Universe
A gift to honour, to revere, to cherish
And I simply just love you
For all you are and all you are BEing
To me, for me, and for the world*

*I am free from ever holding you in a box
For I know you are me and I am you
And I Am and We Are free, Free Spirits of Love
Who come twogether to BE the beacon of light for one another in love
And to change the world*

*Beit that you resist it
Claiming that you are on a mission
Just understand that I too am on a mission*

And it is a mission we share twogether as One

*And part of that mission is of balance
For it is you who helped me to remember in our moments of love together
That it is both we are here to experience,
Both the romantic OneSoul partnership love,
And also the Oneness love of all
in sharing that and illuminate it into the world to help all souls*

*For when we have too much of one or the other,
if we are loving romantically and free from sharing it with the world or
if we are sharing with the world our love
and free from romantically experiencing that love in that way
with as many souls as we are meant to,
That this then brings the illusion of us being out of balance*

*and our walk here in this life is all about balance
so that we are to experience all in such an amazingly beautiful way
And this is the gift of love you have given me
For which, I am so infinitely grateful to you for*

*For being alone
Just simply means we are all One
And in this our love flows freely
From my heart to your heart
As we share the same heart
My heart is your heart,
As your heart is my heart*

*Our love is free
Free flowing, free giving, free BEing
I simply desire just to BE with you
As you simply desire to just BE with me*

*And to share our love
Twogether, two BEing as One
And also with the world*

*For I know that I am free
And
You are free
Free to BE
Who you are meant to BE
And still BE with me*

*For you know and understand this too
For you have said as much, you have written it too
It is what is in your heart
As it is in mine*

*For we are free to BE
BE with one another in an incredible love
Of sacred hearts entwine*

*And still free to shine your light onto the earth
And to do what you came here to do
I'm here, right beside you
BEing this too*

*And together there is magic between us
Unparalleled
And we illuminate the earth together
As One*

I Love You

~



Evening Prayer

Every song yet written or sung, each prose to be penned, and every piece of art yet expressed is waiting for whomever will be the light to give it to the world. The songs and art already given birth to are witness to what resides within each soul. There are many beautiful flowers, yet the beauty of each single one is free from diminishing its light because of one or the other. Each flower has a magnificence all its own, which when beheld gives its sweet fragrance to the one beholding its light. Songs, prose, and art are too given in this same fashion. So is that of love. Each drop of love unique in its expression, yet magnificent simply because it is love. The Princess, sitting now upon the shore just where it melds as One with the sea, saw the endless sky filled with stars, each one a magnificent being of light unique in its

expression of the artwork of the hand that allows the gift of song, prose, and flowers of art to be born.

Leaves whispering the mysteries of the moment, return the song given by the wind. An instrument of love returns the song of another wind. The mystery of life is held within this other wind. A prayer was whispered by the Princess to this wind. Thoughts of the Troubadour clothed her prayer this night in the perfect painting for both the sunset and sunrise that were to frame it;

“Lord of the star fields, Author of all winds and tides, your breath gave life to my being. May my breath be one with yours. Let him fly, as the seagull he is, let him be free. Let him feel the love that flows deep inside to bathe him in its light as he flies. Let him be the sun shining the light as he holds it in his hands. Let him fly beyond the stars and sky, into the infinite arms of love, let him fly. May the rainbow colours of the wind direct his flight to carrying him here, so that he touches only what love can see. May my heart be free to dance among the star fields. May I hold the very Sun to be an instrument of life-giving energy. May I be given the greatest adornment, which is to wear what only love can see. The spirit of a song is joining my prayer. Its faintness is yet like an arrow. If such a song will bring the dance and the instrument of this my prayer, then let our very breath guide its sails to me”

Moments passing in what we call as the illusions of time can transform a mountain's essence into the sand of the shore. This same illusion of time can strip us to the core where only love remains. The illusion of time can be made to feel like a prison, a dream washed away, cleaned, and purified in the night. It is when we time for the illusion that it is, that we give birth to infinity, in a place beyond our sight where love is sure, where love is pure. With legs and knees bent into the diamond butterfly position and hands folded in her lap as she sits on the shore, the endless stars echoed her prayer that the night wind gave the Troubadour.



His night prayers while far at sea were caressed by a song of prose yet heard but felt deep within his heart, deep within his soul. As it is darkest before the dawn, so too does the lark sing just before this same dawn, as this same promise touched him as a gentle wind joined his prayer.

The coldest part of night is the stillness right before dawn, in which the Sun rises making its presence known, is understood as the darkest moments before the dawn. For the Princess, she understood this part of night, just as well as the Troubadour did. For they both have embarked upon such journeys of the darkest moments at the same time and space even before knowing one another. Within the ports of call there were many maidens that offered him warmth and protection from such cold being out at sea for so long. There are many rebirths, a warm fire of a maidens arms with the gifts of needs met is one such fire. Awe is like the land of which streams are drawn towards. The maidens saw his beauty yet were free from hearing the song of his heart nor singing this same song.

The lands carvings within its masses carries such streams to the sea. The sea and the streams are free from being this land. They simply adorn and breathe life into the lands. The Troubadour was both adorned and the breather of such life. His gift to the winds was not the ship he sailed upon but rather the

very song upon which the winds carries all prayers. The prayer this night held the gift of his soul within it. A song that guided her gift given to the sea as he sailed his ship upon this same sea.

Silence can at moments be the most precious song of all. A stilled heart hears what can neither be sung nor played on an instrument. A stilled heart can hear only what love can hear. It is the silence between the notes that gives birth to love and to All That Is. Within the silence of the OM, the One Moment, we give birth to the eternal oneness of All That Is, of simply BEing. BEing One body and Spirit, soul and soul, as OneSoul. In this stillness the fragrance of a shore arrived upon by walking the journey unknown joined her same prayer. Prayer is an arrow always finding its mark. She felt a song unheard, as he witnessed the silence carrying the prayer of the Princess.

The bow of his ship was drenched from songs poured upon it in such moments upon the sea and of prayers. His ship is a beautiful wood, adorned with the love of the earth in its finest form. The brass of the railings shine as the golden fields with the sun's kiss upon it. The garments of the Troubadour were washed in the sea and weathered by Sun, wind, and storm. His fragrance was the sea breeze and oils used as protection from the elements. Patchouli, lavender, and jasmine were mixed with a lotion given in return for a song he had sung. His possessions were not stored in storehouses, they were held in his heart as songs are held within an instrument.

The finest luthiers built this instrument for him. The king and queen had engraved the words within it with the same spirit they prayed be upon him in his journeys. The words given became then and are the very breath that the Troubadour breathes, lives, and embodies in each moment. Each song upon which he sings he gives with this passion from within him of such words given upon his instrument. It is this instrument that lay upon the brass railing next to where he stands upon the bow. At moments this ship was watered by the tears of the sea that brought life to the songs that came through him. An instrument of love returns the song of another wind. A prayer was whispered by the Troubadour to this wind. Thoughts of a Princess clothed his prayer;

“Let her dance, let her be free. Let her be the goddess, the precious one she is and is meant to be. Let her open her arms and see why angels have wings. Let her dance into the Sun, as she holds it in her hands. Let her go beyond the stars and sky, beyond infinity and eternity, into the arms of love, let her dance. May this wind be the guiding essence in which she touches what only love can see.”

~



Soul/Spirit/Body

Through the cold and bitter winds, stormy seas, that she watches from the balcony attached to her sleeping chambers in the castle, the Princess knows it's these same winds that can carry all to such a home. Her spirit was as wild as the cliffs where the waves crash upon. Her freedom was as the stallions running wild in the green rolling country hills. Hotter than steel burned in the fires, running through her veins was the desire for the arrival of the Troubadour upon her shore and of their homecoming. For the man guided to share this hearth fire she would die a thousand deaths for and come back again. Even then his name would be whispered upon her last breath. For him she would travel the longest shores. Whatever the seas or seasons, whatever the tribulations bared, she will be true to that which is love, and true to him.

In search of lips and soul yet to be touched or known except in dreams and vows burned deep in her heart.

He was as gentle as the breeze on a summer night. His spirit was as the wind where seagulls fly. Hotter than steel burned in the fires, running through his veins was the desire of a soul set on fire as if it were holding the Sun itself. His passion for life, his purpose to bring the Love and Light to the world through the song born of his breath, and such love was a hearth fire that sustained him, by faith, through the hardest trials and dark nights at sea. For he too, whatever the seas or seasons, whatever the tribulations bared, the Troubadour will be true to that which is love, and true to the Princess yet to be touched or known except in dreams and vows etched deep in his heart.

The physical being is the clothing worn by soul and spirit while journeying through the physical realm on earth. It is the temple that bares the soul/spirit, and the home for the soul/spirit to view the physical earth from. It is soul/spirit experiencing life in physical human form.

To gaze into a lover's eyes is to witness the embodiment of love itself and to see into and get lost in your soul. We live a thousand upon a thousand lives in a mere instant when we gaze upon a lover's eyes and into their soul. The rivers of the window to the soul, reside within our eyes. Our eyes are an ocean in which our dreams are reflected. The imagination in which you see everything from the end, where everything is possible and all is meant to be, because it already is. The eyes are the soul, the gateway and portal to all we are unable to say and do say at once. Just like that of the cadences of a song, it is the said and the unsaid all at once. For within such a loving gaze we see our soul reflected within one another's eyes. The soul of why Love and Light was born is given within such a gentle loving gaze. The very essence in such entwining is as all prayers collected into a vessel and being poured out as each is answered within the silence between the notes of the song of the soul. The song heard at this same moment is as the winds of all seasons and places gathering together at once to create a new season and song. It is the very song of the soul that carries through the eyes of the lover.

Our spirit is the river of thoughts, feelings, images, and sensations flowing through the physicalness of being. Thoughts are the very streams of

consciousness that this river flows from. Thought is life experiencing a conversation with itself. A person's spirit through thought and feeling are echoes of what the heart and soul hears. The soul is the core and centre of our being. It is life clothed in thought and spirit. The body cloaks the spirit, the spirit cloaks the soul. A soul is life itself witnessing spirit and body in union with and onto itself. It is the soul that is One with all life, and is that same eternal flame, for but a moment in linearity journeying through the earth as spirit and body. It is through our thoughts that the energy of our soul is expressed into form. Thoughts energy are the gifts of the Master Artist born forth upon the canvas that we call our life experience.

The soul is given life and sustenance by Divine Source. As much as spirit is the garment of the soul, the soul is the garment of this Source. There are many names for this Source and yet are free from describing this source. To be named would be to place it into the realm of thought and form; and it is beyond containment by anything other than itself. God, Divine Source, All That Is, the Light, many names given through religion and science have been used to give description to what we know as Spirit or such a Master Artist.

The human soul is the holographic image of this Source. It is Life Source energy BEing a seed of itself planted within body and spirit, manifesting as a soul. Woman, man, and all physical forms within plant, animal, water, and land are created within the image of this Life Source energy. Divine Free Choice, to create all we desire and within the duality born of the earth the polar opposites of desire, are empowered to each soul on earth.

The body of the Princess is the vessel holding a spirit and soul pressed from the sacred vines of her father the king and bore of the waters of life her mother the queen bares. The body of the Troubadour contained a soul and spirit dedicated to this vineyard and water within the homeland he sought. The wine from this vineyard and its flowing waters are the sacrament of communion exchanged from life to love and love to life.

To understand love is to know the Master Artist, Spirit, God, the All That Is. To know All That Is, is to understand the unknowable, the Gift Of Divinity that resides within all. To say we do not know or that we do not understand is to reside within the ego consciousness of illusions. Illusions believe that

they do not know or do not understand and flee from such a knowing and understanding. Spirit, soul, and heart have an instantaneous knowing and understanding that comes from the Master Artist through their hands and is that of love that there is no fleeing from. When we live from the heart of love in each moment, we always understand beyond all understanding, we always know beyond all knowing. To know the unknowable and to understand what is misunderstood is to simply be One with it. That which is timeless is understood by that which is timeless, that which is of love understands love. Eternity and infinity is the outward garment of this Gift Of Divinity within its treasure chest of gifts it gives. Yet even without such treasures, the soul and spirit of All That Is remains, as All That Is that remains is Love always.

For those who crack the Thou Shalt do/be this or that with judgments sitting behind it; such a soul receiving such a message will always be free from hearing the wisdom within it. It is simply when we come in love to share what is from our heart, that it touches another's heart, allowing them to open to love and to be carried on the sacred path where lovers dance and where lovers walk. And as we move through love's breath and as we move within the breath of the one we love and hear the song that another we love sings, feeling that song deeply within our hearts, we will then fall into the sun of this love, falling so deeply in love with another as given and shaped from the Master Artist's hands.

It always is both, a Oneness love of all and a love of sacred hearts entwined, although the ego may wish to self sabotage it and fight it, it is always both loves we are meant to experience here on this earth. The moment we take that leap of faith out of self sabotage and into the sacred path of love, our heart and our soul is given the very breath of life and love within us again and again. To love and be loved again and again is why we are here. It is an infinite circle of giving and receiving. When we are deeply in love, we are that inspiration for one another and is why we are here on this earth. For it is truly ok to give and to receive *absoulute*, soulful love. We are usually so good at giving such love, yet often we are free from being good at *receiving* such a love.

That is why when we stand in the presence of another who gives us such unconditional or *absoulute* love, it has us feel uncomfortable and we often feel unable to receive. Because we have never had such an experience before of being within the presence of such a gift of both giving and receiving, these two essences being as One. Yet, this is who we are for in coming from such a Source Energy, this source is that of an infinite flow of worthiness of both giving and receiving.

It is once we truly realize from deep within our hearts that it is ok to receive love as much as it is to give it; that in receiving such a love is the way in which we complete the circuit, the cycle, the circle of love as the infinite flow of the universe, of the river of love is to both give and receive, that love flourishes in all ways within us and within our life. For the Master Artist has given all for such a love to be, both a love Oneness Love of all, with all, and also the love of sacred hearts entwine. To be the real Troubadour and the real Princess is to understand this, to live this, and to BE this together that it is both and to enjoy the journey of both as the Master Artist has written this in the stars for us.

We at moments utilize others or certain situations in life as a shield, a sanctuary in which we come to hide....hide from the light of who you are, hide from truly spreading your wings and flying spiritually, and hide from the love you so desire in your life and are meant to experience. And these situations and people will gladly be this for you if we allow them to be. The question is how *long* are you going to put your life on hold and hold up the path that you and others are meant to take by choosing to stay or in choosing to be free from traveling such a path that your soul is meant to?

You do your soul nor anyone else's any good by delaying what is meant to be....When we spend lengthy moments with another in which we do not leave or do not travel the path that we are meant to, we often hold back not only our soul but another's soul evolution. We often do this because we believe in fear that we are unable to do it on our own and that we are not good enough and that we somehow feel guilty for leaving another thinking and believing that if we leave that they will fall apart.

In staying and hiding behind our own light we end up in the illusions of selling our soul and doing more harm than good. For we are free from *ever* being responsible for what another chooses, for it is simply their choice, and as long as our choices are made in love, then we are resonating within the All That Is that the Master Artist is. Leaving and traveling the path of our heart, the path of love is the most loving act of letting go that you can ever do for both your soul and that of another's. For you actually interfere with another's Divine Free Choice by choosing to hold them back from what is meant to be and by staying. In What Would Love Do Now, leaving the situation and traveling down the path that the Master Artist has blazed the trail for us, gives us the wings of the seagull to fly as such a beautiful bird soars.

Those who understand love, compassion, and non-judgment are those who do not judge you for the way you live your life even if we may not agree with what others do. We each have our own path and even if we do not think another is doing what we feel they should, to honour, appreciate, and adore each friend and loved one simply for the beautiful soul they are no matter what, that is unconditional love.

We tend to get into ego and be self-righteous thinking our way is somehow better. Sometimes it is hard to watch those we love choose as they choose in life. Sometimes we feel the need to somehow fix them or to make ourselves "right" for having the better way. These ways are of ego consciousness and free from being of true love. True love understands that it is not up to us to interfere with their Divine Free Choice (or Divine Free Will as we say) as to what is the "right" way, everyone's way is different and all are right for that person in that moment. We may show our friends and loved ones other possibilities that they can choose, yet if they choose not to follow such a possibility who are we to judge them as wrong? Who are we to say that what another does is right or wrong, good or bad? We never truly know what another person's soul contract is and what it is they chose to agree to experience before they came here. All we can do is provide the wisdom of the infinite possibilities and then let go in detachment as to what they choose and still love them and stand by them all the same even if it is hard to watch. This is what true compassion and love is.

To truly love another unconditionally then, to truly be compassionate, and to truly be in non~judgment is to understand that everyone has their own path and whether we agree with that path or not. To love unconditionally is to honour, appreciate, and adore our friends and loved ones, even if we don't agree, thinking in ego that our way is somehow better.

Others ask of us to blaze the trail and we will follow. Dearest one, the trail has already been blazed! For the trail is free from being blaze by one soul or another...it is the Master Artist of Source energy that we are One with that has blazed such a trail.....following the trail is not following another, it is following the heart of love, always it is about following the heart of love....What Would Love Do Now? Love would fall in love for love would BE love in each moment....illusions be something else, illusions resist what is....and just like the real Troubadour and the real Princess and their love, it is no illusion, so neither are you....you are no illusion....you are a beautiful being of Love and Light here, just as the Troubadour and Princess are, to experience both the Oneness Love of all, with all, and with all *and* the love of sacred hearts entwine in a love relationship of singularity in the place beyond our sights where love is sure and pure and where nothing or no one can divide.

All it takes is taking that leap of faith out of self sabotage and into turning upon the sacred path of love where lovers dance....and in that our hearts and our souls fly in this love. For we are both the Troubadour and the Princess of the male/female energies within. When we balance the male/female essences within it is then that we are able to then be within relationship with another as such a Troubadour and Princess in sacred hearts entwine sharing such a love that is within us balanced with another.

Everything that you are experiencing in this moment is leading up to the moment you will be before the one who calls to your heart. Everything you are experiencing in this moment is assisting you to receive the one who calls to your heart. Everything that you both are experiencing in this moment is preparing you for the profound sacred path of sacred hearts entwine that you both will share because it is occurring right now in this moment as this is all part of the process. You are free from ever being away from the one who calls to your heart, for the one who calls to your heart *is* your heart and you

are his heart. When you ignite this connection and remember that you are already as One and are already together, this truth manifests in your life instantaneously.

There is freedom within letting go of searching and there is unshakable faith within the choice to believe ~ to believe with all your heart of a vision meant to be. The Master Artist gives us such visions of our destiny and it is up to us to step into such destiny. For to do otherwise is to damn the very gifts that the Lord of the star fields and the author of all winds and tides gives. For if we are truly in the heart of God because we are this same heart, then we are to be guided by this same song of love within our hearts given by this same Author. For such a Master Artist has given all for such a love of sacred hearts entwine and of Oneness love of all to be. If you believe with all your heart that the one who calls to your heart is indeed here, then you have already breathed this one into existence. There is nothing to seek, there is nothing to find, for what it is that you seek and what you find is already within. It is already within and is simply meant to be shared. Shared with the OneSoul you connect to in that special singular relationship and shared with all in Oneness Love. Relationships arise to make us conscious, to be present here in the OM, the One Moment we call the now and in that we align our souls with who we are which is Love and Light.

For when we are living out of our past hurts and past relationships, we are living out of illusions and self sabotage and free from being in the moment. Living and BEing love and the love of sacred hearts entwine is in the OM, in the One Moment. For we cannot place out beautiful works of art in poetry, song, stories, spiritual wisdom and other such things about such a sacred hearts entwine love and not be it and live it ourselves, it is hypocritical to do so. To do so is to be hypocritical to the Love and Light you are both as the Ambassadors of Love and Light you are and also within a love of sacred hearts entwine. Living and BEing love and the love of sacred hearts entwine is in the OM, in the One Moment. It is when you are truly being in the OM of the One Moment that you turn towards and traverse the sacred path of the destiny that you crave. You will travel such a path into the presence of the OneSoul and stand before one another in whole, perfect, and complete remembrance of who you are.

If you shine the Love and Light you are from within first, then others who recognize this Love and Light are able to see it and are immediately drawn to it.

*There are many bees whom flock
around the desert rose of love that I am in this life and yet,
I am free from dating or falling in love with just anyone,
For while there are many who are 'fans' of the soul of who I am,
there are but a few whom capture this Princess of the Sea's heart...*

*And you are one of those few
And I am in awe of you
I am in awe of me
I am in awe of us*

*For of all the bees whom flock
To the desert rose I am
All of the bees will sting
With the exception of you
For you are the beautiful butterfly
That landed on my petals
So softly, so sweetly
And unlike the bees whom all they want is my nectar
Who want "something from me"
You sweet butterfly just sit there
And you just BE with me
And it is your amazing love
Your amazing light
Your amazing gifts
And the way you are just there for me
That has me love you all the more*

*Thank you sweet butterfly
For the simple gift of your love
You transform me from the desert rose
Into the Princess of the Sea
And give me the wings of the seagull
To fly*

When you shine the Love and Light of who you are into the world, others who are BEing the same Love and Light will be attracted to you and in this you will draw the one who is your heart to you. You will draw your souls, your hearts to one another instantaneously. When you are reunited with this OneSoul in the physical, the Love and Light you carry within you both as OneSoul and out into the world will be so strong that you will inspire others to open their hearts to give and receive this same Love and Light as well. There's a world that we are now creating that is of this Love and Light, an infinite circle in which we are beyond infinity and beyond eternity giving and receiving this Love and Light.

It is within turning upon the sacred path of Love in all forms expressed that the illusions of self sabotage, fear, doubt that we flee from now dissolve. Where the journey will take us is unclear and that is ok, we are just enjoying the journey. Because it is within enjoying the journey of being in love that is why we are here. And in bringing us to such a destination, we begin again. Destinations are free from being the end, they are the point in which the journey begins again on a whole new resonance, a whole new level. Be free from being afraid of arriving at a destination, for you are already there, and in already being there, we begin again and again, just as it is to love and be loved again and again, it is an infinite circle. So indeed is there ever really an arrival or a destination?

The pieces always come together in the divine perfect moment. The Divine OM, the One Moment.... just that the Divine OM, the Divine One Moment, the divine perfect moment that everything is as it is meant to be. Every moment the sky is painted with gives us with an ever changing enfoldment of scenes as the perfect ballet of stars dance to the song of each season in perfect melody and harmony. To know God, to know All That Is, is to know the Master Artist who painted such an enfoldment and is the Author of this ballet.

As the Princess gazes out to sea from the sands of her secret shore within the wisdom of these words felt within her heart, the Troubadour gazed from the bow of his ship witnessing beyond the ballet and songs. Beyond infinity and eternity they both saw and felt love revealing itself onto its essence once

more. Love would offer itself to be crucified or set sail, or to stand upon such a shore regardless of the sea or the shore, in the illusion of this same search.

God weeps as even a sparrow with life source energy falls to the ground. How much more are the tears wept for one who would not pursue such love? The answer is the very shore the Princess stood upon waiting. To understand love is to understand why the Troubadour sets sails in understanding of what his lover would give for the moment of sharing these same seas with him. A lover only met in prayer and dreams.

To understand love is to give selflessly as God gives selflessly. Giving selflessly expecting nothing in return ~ no words of thanks, no returned favours in the most loving gift of all. When we turn our attention to the joy that our help gives others and how we are simply a vessel, channeling absolute love energy to another, this in turn gives us back unto our soul once more and is of what love is.

Love is when we give generously and humbly free from any thought of what we might receive in return. There are moments when we give and we have a particular intention, even though we may be unconsciously aware of it, such as receiving validation or praise. Really loving another means that we do so free from any agenda. Our love comes from an unending and infinite source that is from the Master Artist revealing what love is through such a gift. When you give in this way let it be offerings from your heart to another soul and in this we receive what is given as it is so given, for it is in giving that we receive. Such is a moment that both the Troubadour and Princess knows that neither of them want anything from the other, just simply to love the other, to BE with one another, and to create both individually and together, two BEing as One. The Troubadour's vision and the Princess's vision are then as One ~ One vision in body and spirit guided by the soul of the Master Artist whom is their partner is such a union and of the love they are and share.

~



Thought's Energy

Thought is the energy represented in a cup of water being drawn from an endless sea. Thought is the single note being played on a six stringed instrument of love with its melding of harmonies and melodies that resonate multi~dimensionally amidst the unlimited frequencies that exist. Thought is this single note following another and yet another until the song of love and life is given. Thought is the prayer placed out into the universe that returns with all we give and receive that blesses us with these same gifts of song of the soul.

Waves crashing on the shore give their song as life energy and then returns it to the sea. Circles ripple from within out upon the love showers of water essence falls as raindrops. Ripples dance and then meld into Oneness being once again stilled by the sea as they are One with it. Thoughts are part of this

rainfall that is now the sea, the cup of water, and are from the rainfall all at once as all lives are lived at once, all One within the river of dreams.

To know is to understand. To understand is to know with that inner knowing, that inner understanding, that inner being of your very heart and soul the truth of love. Love's truth comes to and through us from the very Master Artist who gives all for such truth to be given. Love's truth comes to and through us within the inner knowing that is free from all doubt, free from all fear, for it just is. We just know, we just understand. It is as the moment when you fall in love or of the love a mother or father has for their child....you are free from having to question it, or doubt it, you just know because you just do as the truth of Love courses through your veins, the veins of All That Is manifest within such truth. It is a thought energy of feeling and BEing that flows from the very infinity of God through you. Thought's energy comes in the form of such a knowing and understanding. To know, to understand, and to pour thought's energies into such a truth of the heart is to know, understand, feel, and be One with the Master Artist, with All That Is.

To know and to understand is faith manifest from the infinite truth of the heart into being. It is a faith unparalleled beyond infinity and eternity. A faith that never gives up, for that is just the place and moment in the illusion we call time that the tide will turn. A faith that is free from fading or shrinking when even upon being washed clean in the waters of affliction and adversity. As our faith is seen as whole by the Gift Of Divinity we are. For it is when we come to remember, embrace and soulfully treasure within the truth of who we are, our faith becomes a powerful source energy capable of transforming all we desire into reality simply by believing that what we desire already and always is.

If giving up is ever a real option then our dream or vision has been free from having a solid inner foundation of Love and Light. We are to know beyond knowing, understand beyond all understanding, the Infinite Master Artist as the source and supply of our vision; and to that alone we are to surrender. By simply closing your eyes, letting it carry you here within the river of love, the river of dreams, can we touch only what love can see. For love always will find a way, for where there is love, there is a way, love

shows the way. When you believe this with all your heart and all your soul, there is a voice that is heard in your heart as the song of the soul within you calls forth the one whom captures your heart into being from this faith. Giving birth to a love of sacred hearts entwined, a love so sure and pure that nothing nor no one can divide. It is within this moment of surrender, in taking the immense leap of utter faith, believing in something so completely that it comes into being as we love into the God or Gift of Divinity we are and in that all our dreams unfold.

There is a sea of liquid gold that to drink from brings fullness of life. Truly a gift that flows through from one soul to another as a river of inspiration for you to drink from and be showered by. The journey of infinite creations are held within this sea. The treasures of all kingdoms are endlessly given from, to, and through these waters. The waves on its shoreline sing such a beautiful song that the shore melts into oneness with it. The song given by its waves are an infinite melody and harmony of what perfect synchronistic love and beauty brings, gives, and receives.

A prayer for the Troubadour was cast into this sea of gold by the Princess with thoughts of such a sea and shore being the least he is worthy of. There is a ship to be sailed upon with the Troubadour that held no bow except for the Troubadour's. The Troubadour possessed such a ship and kept it his secret. The songs bore from this ship whispered the song of his heart alone. Song of which to be shared and sung with the Princess within the arrival upon her secret shoreline. His daily songs given voice to upon the sea of the Princess's tears gave thanks that both sea and shore understood and embraced him with such comfort. Just the same, there is a shoreline where the sand held no footprints except for the Princess's. The Princess possessed this shoreline and kept it secret. The waves of this shore whispered the song of her heart alone. Song and prose of which to be shared and sung with the Troubadour within the arrival of his ship onto her. Her daily meditation on this shore gave thanks that both sea and shore here understood and embraced her with such comfort.

He was moved that this day as the seas seemed to have a calm within them never experienced before and a warm wind replacing the snow once felt before. It was as if the Sun itself were being given to the seas a song within it that only the tranquility of

such a melody and harmony as One can bring. For as much as he sung the song within the seas, so too did he hear another song echoing in turn perhaps heard. No, seas are free from being calm nor does the wind sing such a song. Returning to his song, he wept without understanding why. He questioned why in such a place of solitude so far out at sea that a place of such seeming comfort was replaced with a stirring within his very heart and soul so powerful that he could no longer remain.

She too was moved that this day as the waters had a golden shimmer never seen before. It was as if the Sun itself were being given to the waters as not only a reflection, but as One with it. So faint as to not disturb the song of the waves, a song was perhaps heard. No, seas do not turn gold nor does the wind sing such a song. Returning to the castle she wept without understanding why. She questioned why the place of solitude and comfort today was replaced with a stirring within her very heart and soul so powerful she could no longer remain.

~



BEing With You

The Princess in the courtyard garden surrounded by the many blossoms of the roses, carnations, mariposa lilies, sunflowers that smell like chocolate and lavender, and of the chokecherry bushes, as the many of the kingdom surrounded her, she was beckoned to give a prose. The journal she bore within her hands was a prayer answered by those who lived in silence of such a composition of Love and Light they thirsted for. She spoke of a song given to the waters a fortnight ago when she was writing upon the shore and echoed again what the sea and shore upon their meeting heard:

*In the touch of the evening stars
As they twinkle with the wonder
And the mystery of the nigh*

*It is within my dreams as in life
you come to me ~*

*And the world is alive with love
with hope, with joy
All simply IS, Infinitely Spiritual
Infinitely One, Infinitely Love
With just one glance
Through your soulful loving eyes*

*And I feel your soft loving touch
Embracing the very essence of my being
Warming my body with comfort
Filling me with Love, filling me with Light,
with soulful loving peace
Allowing my heart, my soul to just sigh
Allowing me to simply BE One with you*

*You sit silently knowing and understanding
Allowing us to just BE
Our souls fly in ecstasy twogether
Two BEing as One
With such awe, such wonder
Such soulful Oneness Love
Such joy and happiness
As I meld into you
Softly as I cry*

*As you speak softly to me
Of the love in your heart
Allowing me to open my heart to you
Such words tonight
are the warm wind replacing the snow felt before*

*And my tears are kissed away
By your lips so soft, so warm, so familiar
As you stroke my face while I rest in your arms
and you hold me in the arms of love's embrace
Together we breathe within synchronicity Oneness
Of One breath, of One love, of One life*

*Knowing only renewed circles of Oneness
and of the infiniteness of love
Of our OneSoul through One bond through One love
Forever and a Day, and yet back again our love goes
And flows*

*I feel you within me
You feel me within you
Within the infiniteness of our soul as One
And we breathe our soul into existence
In each moment I am within you and you with me*

*I then awaken
as the morning sun
Glistens on the shore
As if to kiss away the night
Knowing and understanding that we are meant to be,
For we already are together in every sense of the word
For it is within my dreams,
simply, softly within my dreams and in life
That you come
with love
To me*

'BEing With You' as the prose the Princess given through her being in that moment, is the most beautiful and precious gift we can give to another. To be with another and to be there for another is to simply be with them without attempting to change or fix them. Being with another is to be in tuned with them, placing our own desires, needs, and ego aside and being in tuned with what it is that this person needs and desires in the moment as if they are our own. When you come to realize that it is not all about you, and when you can desire for another more than you do for your own soul, then this is what we call God realization.

Any moment in which we find resistance from another it is simply that one soul or another is placing our own agendas, egos, and desires ahead of what another desires in that moment. It is to know the balance between when to push those buttons in love to awaken the soul of who we are in another, and when to simply be there with them and for them. It takes a being in tuned with this soul so deeply as they are our heart

that has us be able to balance this so beautifully and is the true gift of a relationship of sacred hearts entwined.

It asks much of us within being patient with such a soul when going through their process, transition, and transformation and yet, it is the greatest gift of love we can give another when we just can say to another, I believe in you and I'm Here. In any relationship in which two people agree upon everything, one of them is unnecessary. It isn't about being in relationship with somebody who is just like you, in fact your OneSoul is the person that you have at moments lot of difficulty with and also at the same moment an immense love for and with them. Your OneSoul or as we refer to them here on this earth as our twinflame is the person you are free from being able to get rid of. They just keep showing up. You say this, you say that and there they are back again....they are free from ever going away, they keep showing up in your life....for in love, in true love, there are no goodbyes or farewells....

Such a OneSoul is our greatest teacher or our grandest source of remembering the soul of who we are because anybody in your life who can push your buttons and send you into a frenzy is the person who is your greatest teacher....Do you understand why this is? It is because they show you that you have been free from mastering yourself at this moment. What a beautiful gift of love that such a soul gives to us by choosing to be such a person for us. How grateful we can be and are to such a beautiful soul. And is a gift that has us love them and our own soul all the more.

To believe in another is to be free from all doubt, all fear. The opposite of fear is faith. Faith is to believe. Relative to how much you believe within someone or something will be to the degree that it manifests. Create faith, belief and you create miracles. You have everything you need, if you just believe as the song says. Whatever it is that you fear is the very thing that you are being asked by Spirit to take a leap of faith within. It is faith that fosters courage, boldness, and conviction. Where faith exists, fear is silenced. You can neutralize your fears by making your faith greater than the fear. "How is this done?" you may be asking.

It is done by cultivating your faith. Think of what the word cultivate means. You probably are thinking of gardening: toiling the land, planting the seed, taking care of the seedling by giving attention to it. It's the same with faith. You are to give attention to it to help it grow. Faith is like a muscle. It is to be worked out. And, like a muscle, the more you use it, the stronger it gets and the stronger it gets the more you will use it. It is free from taking long to see results. And these results help create

and build future results. Faith cultivates more faith.

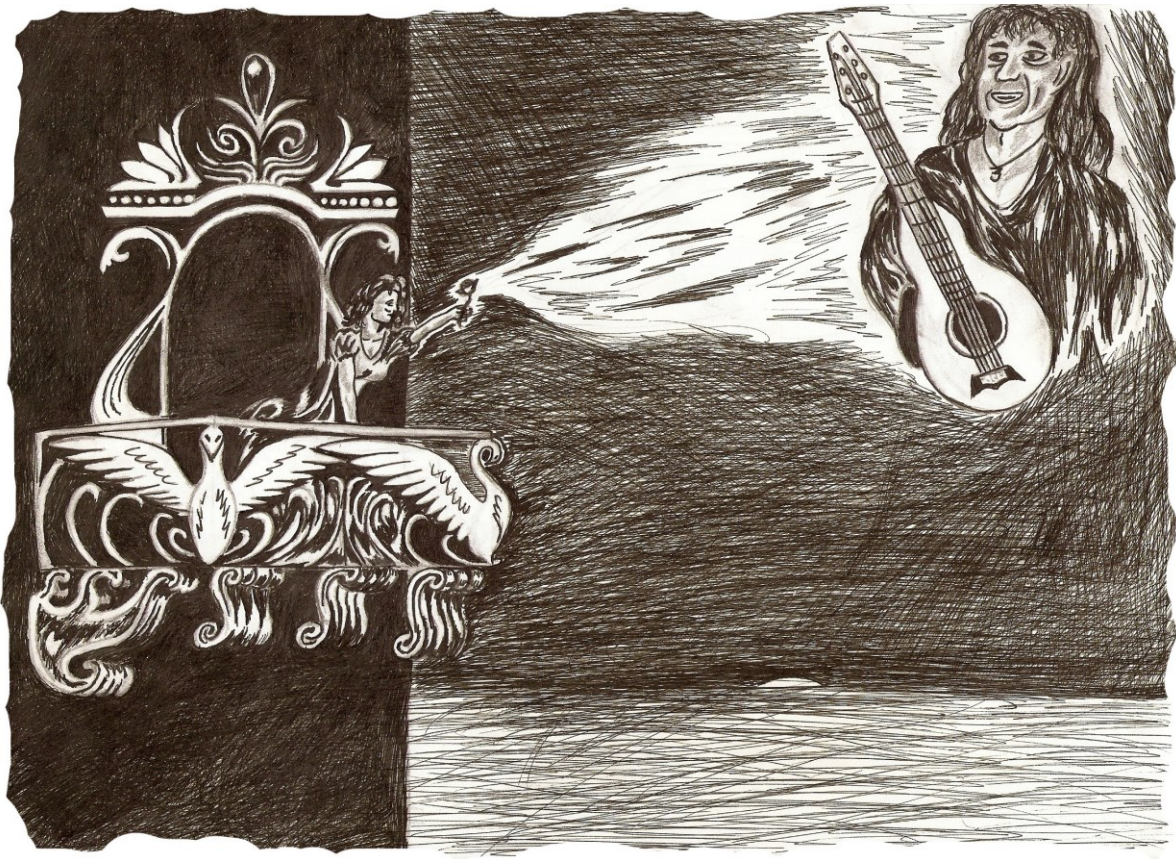
Our life purpose is to believe in our own soul and the souls of others. It is within believing in ourself and believing in others that we free all. For none are free until all are free and the way for this to occur is to believe in another. Believing in another sets them free for they then fly as the seagull flies in that freedom because believing in someone gives them the belief in them. When we believe in someone they then believe in themselves too. And in that is the gift of freeing all.

There's a song upon the winds that comes from within our hearts, that when we hear it and follow it give us such beautiful gifts....and it is equally as beautiful when another hears our song and shares it with us for they believe within our song as well.... To follow such a song is to have faith and faith comes from that inner knowing. What can you do in this moment that will help grow your faith muscle? Make that call. Say those words. Believe in someone or something and watch it grow and flourish in its beauty. Love is believing in someone, believing in something with that instant inner knowing from within and watching it grow and it is beautiful. When you place faith and belief in the Spirit that courses through another if they allow it, that is placing faith and belief in another. Take the leap into the river of love, of faith. Believe.

Beckoned to stay within the courtyard by the many maidens and suitors who's breath be stilled by such prose given her in the moment, the Princess's heart was uplifted, yet steadfast in returning to the shore. For she felt a calling in her heart that she was unable to explain, calling her to the shore once more.

The maidens and suitors who heard her melody and harmony in prose form, returned to the fields with hearts sunken that she would not find the Spring in their homeland. In consolation, the provisions of their fields and prayer were to sustain the Princess through the coming storms that battered the shore she so cherished.

~



The Dream

Stillness is an unwelcome guest when upon the shore. Waves without breath and warm wind without heart beat is the universe itself withholding its reward. The vastness of sea and sky as one gazes upon it, is the cage of prison walls when a Princess is held frozen within them unable to fly within such beauty. The bridge over the flowing river, and the river in and of itself, both serve their purpose in the journeys life gives to us. A bridge over troubled water is unshakable and is a path to sanctuary...it is the path of faith...even if it gets shakened....it still a pillar of strength....let me be that pillar of strength for you....Yet in such stillness there is neither bridge nor river, only dreams held captive by these same walls.

In such stillness a dream brought both breath and churning in the heart of the Princess as she turns her gaze to the sea from her sleeping chambers through the balcony within the castle. The Troubadour filled her being with

all that is he is, as all he is, is the essence of all life infilled within his very being. The Troubadour filled her essence by the very breath he breathes within her giving her life.

His very being is of infinity bursting forth and unto itself once more. His locks are the strands of infinite possibility woven into the universe. His eyes are the very sun shining the light, the OneSoul of the universe's breath of all of creation within him in which infinity is born. The softness of his lips are the petals of the lotus of light within him blossoming, ever unfolding with infinite words of Love and Light, Beauty and Wisdom. His ears are the two essences of the heart of love, merging together within the journeys of this same heart. His cheeks are the gentleness of the river flowing from the kiss of promise that lights the path of life's purpose. To touch, to caress his skin is to feel all the rivers, streams, and oceans meld as One in softness and love as the waves of his gentleness and vulnerability wash over you. His mouth is the very breath that gives birth to her song, the song that returns her to her soul and to the shore upon where she knows and understands that he is here; I'm Here, right here. To move within his breath is to hear the song he sings and to be One with him and his song in every sense of the word.

The gentleness of his hands are the healing ointment for the Princess's soul. He is a magic man of spirit, as well as, flesh and blood. The magic given through his hands, through his song, through all he is, are so beautiful that the Princess weeps in love and has her love him all the more. The nape of his neck is the Sweetness of Life that gives birth to the apple that feeds her soul. His chest has within it the warm leaves of the Spirit of the Trees that glide and provide nurturing sustenance within the gifts of the sun shining the light and the Love Showers of the healing waters of transformation. His physical essence is as his soul, a sacred union of both heartbeat and breath that gives all in selfless love. The sacredness of manhood upon his physical being is the portal to the very heart of love itself. Love colliding with life and life colliding with itself in an infinite circle. The meeting point of the Sun and the Moon as One, and of the Sun and the Sea as One within the river of love. The life given within the sword of light of his being is love filling the being that embraces it.

His legs are the pillars of strength of this beautiful temple that carries him through the Sacred Path. Free from being about lusting for what could be sought after, they simply are in honour and reverence of the soul of who he is. For the Princess understands his heart, understands his soul, she understands the very depths of his being for she is him as he is her. Divine Source is embraced within the love of this very temple's creation for this purpose. A shrine of the beautiful man of Love and Light he is through the very temple of his limbs, are the answer to all prayers given. His every step within his footsteps are the foundation that her world is created upon. In the shadow of his footsteps, love carries him and the Princess as One on the Sacred Path.

Awakening, there was neither melody nor lyric, harmony nor prose to give the wind regarding the dream of this night. What was given was the song of the Princess. A purple rose was at her side and in this night that dreams are made of, she walked out to her balcony to lift this rose to both heaven and earth. Her vow was to this man, the Troubadour met only in such dreams.

As the rose shined its light into the sky, a gentle warm wind began to fill the aire and the seas once still gently flowed once more. The stillness was replaced by a golden ray of dawn glistening on the tip of this same rose turning it into a purple light of love.

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Marriage, Two BEing as One

A black leather string was worn around the Princess's neck with two small symbols attached. The first was a silver symbol representing the energy of the universe as a remembrance that all journeys are witnessed by Divine Source. The second symbol was a band of gold, a circle of Oneness connected and One with this same symbol of the universe. Its purpose was to witness the heartbeat and life of the Princess. If it were to complete its purpose, it would serve to be carried further by the man's hand such heartbeat and life were carried to.

Within your kingdom walls lay the treasure and crown jewels. At any moment they are yours to be adorned with. The very crown itself was fashioned for you alone. You spoke of not feeling as though you've 'arrived' yet. That the humanness of the journey is still so much part of your

experience. The gift I give to you now is to take your hand and guide you back to this part of the palace. Whatever priceless adornments you desire are here now.

Here is Love, it is the crown itself. Wear it from this moment onward.

Here is wisdom and enlightenment, it is a beautiful necklace.

Here, let's put it on now also.

Here is the knowing and understanding that you are Life itself, divinity, a drop of the ocean of Goddess. You are perfect and beautiful beyond description. Let this be the pin worn near your heart.

Here is the Princesses' garment. It is the truth that there is nothing you need to accomplish, possess or hold on to. All that is desired is already yours as a river is already both the ocean and the mountain streams. To be Love is all that need be worn. To Love and be loved is all that need be worn.



Oh my, here is a golden ring. It is the symbol of all such adornments held within a man, yet even with such adornment stands naked and vulnerable as his very soul is witnessed by her as she puts on the bracelet that reveals spirit and energy, truth, and discernment of all in her kingdom. Just as the OM and ring the Princess wears is meant for the Troubadour, her Troubadour, as it

bears his name 'Troubadour' upon such a gift, so too does the Troubadour wears such an OM and golden ring around his neck as well knowing that such a ring is meant for the Princess, his Princess. And such a ring to be placed upon her finger shall fit perfectly as this ring bears her name 'Princess' upon it. For both the Princess and the Troubadour such symbols even if not worn are still etched upon the heart and upon the soul and therefore are still worn all the same. Such a ring is to yet lay within one another's chest, or, as is the case with the Troubadour and the Princess, to constantly be worn around the neck with the OM symbol as a reminder to remain faithful, regardless of the seasons or seas.

To remain faithful to that which is love. For you are loved by all that is love and in such a place you are then loved by your beloved. Such an OM is the symbol of this faith and this love. For such an OM reveals the One Moment, the moment of immense love as the Princess is witness to the man whom breathes her life into existence. Such a man, such a soul, so beautiful and vulnerable is within the calmness of the river's flow and the passion of the tides itself, brings both the very breath and stirrings of the soul within the Princess. Such a woman, such a soul, so beautiful and vulnerable is within the calmness of the river's flow and the passion of the tides itself, brings both the very breath and stirrings of the soul within the Troubadour. For the Troubadour is the Princess and the Princess is the Troubadour. They are One.

Upon the seas as the Troubadour sails is a place to be called his sanctuary, his inner sanctum. Such a place was the outer reflection of the beauty, love, and light within expressed in physical form. As within his inner sanctum expressing such sweetness of life, so too was the Troubadour in that no band of gold was upon his finger as his hands were lifted to the sky in thanksgiving. For the song upon the winds was the band of gold wrapped within his being, that he gifts to the same seas and winds to carry to the Princess as his gift of love to her that she may hear such a song upon the winds.

Juniper and cedar trees outside of the castle met the cliffs next to the sea. Fields of golden grain danced with the wind amidst these cedars and junipers. The castle of the Princess lay amidst this beauty. Her heart was

connected to this land. She was one with the valleys and fields as she was held captive by the sea and its beauty.

Her sanctuary where she meditated was a room of solitude created of a shore chiseled from sea and cliff, shadowed by the castle walls. Such a place was the outer reflection of the beauty, love, and light within expressed in physical form. As within her sanctuary expressing such sweetness of life, so too was the Princess in that no band of gold was upon her finger as her hands were lifted to the sky in thanksgiving. The sunset wrapped her being in gold as it was given to the night. It was in this moment a song was surely heard. It was neither the wind nor the waves yet was carried by both. The secrets of her heart held this melody and harmony as One, given by the sea and carried by the winds, as she pondered from where it came.

The following day the Feast of Harvest was celebrated as villagers and royalty gathered as One. The bounty of the land was celebrated in laughter and joy. Within such a celebration upon the grounds appears Lord Darcon, the suitor. All of the faire maidens dream to be courted by such a suitor for he was adorned in the finest garments and held the bounty of the land in his possession. He was as handsome and strong as the cedars that both the Princess and he knew since birth.

Yet the suitor's heart had only one beat, and that was for the Princess. And he would do anything to have her be his. Yet in doing anything to have her be his, the suitor only sees the Princess as a means of possession, a body and spirit to own as his. For Lord Darcon sees and speaks of the Princess's beauty and yet is free from hearing the song of her heart.

Slipping away from the banquet, he took the Princess into the garden and upon his knee asked her hand in marriage. He made promises of all he believed she dreamed of and offered all the wealth and bounty he possessed. He gazed into her eyes with need and longing to have his heart be filled only with her, of what she could do for him, and of how she could help him to fulfill his dreams alone not of her dreams or of dreams shared together, as a diamond and gold sparkled in the moonlight.

Song and sea, wind and sunset lay silent as her heart in anguish spoke not a vow in return. For her heart was unable to sing in the presence of Lord Darcon. For in his presence the Princess's heart felt heavy and encumbered. The wings of the seagull in

*flight were grounded as he spoke to her, as the song within her lay silenced by the
over abundance of the suitors affections.*

*Her promise was to give an answer after moments of prayer and meditation. Within
the place of ego's perception, he held the belief that he knew of no other man in the
country that was as great as he nor could love the Princess as he, so left in the
confidence that she would in marriage offer her body and spirit to him
by the next Feast of Harvest.*

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Hearts in Turmoil

The garments of the Princess were the flowing essence of her being wrapped within threads of woven purple and white. As bright as the Sun is the white within her dress and the purple as deep as the oceans of love that flow within her. A garment off the shoulders as her long wavy hair caresses those same shoulders with the softness of the light. Hers is the fragrance of the very seas breeze that she embraced and of oils used of the blossom of life from within her. Patchouli, lavender, and jasmine were mixed with carrying oil of avocado that blessed her skins radiance given as a gift from the town in return for the prose read within the gardens of the castle walls. Her possessions though of her family's lineage, were free from being hers. For the Princess's wealth was not stored within the castle walls or of gold and other such things, they were held in her heart as songs, poetry, and wisdom of all ages held within the instruments of voice, pen, heart, and soul. She drew upon each one as so beseeched.

The moonlight sparkling like diamonds on the waters, guided the Princess to the shore where she gazed out to sea. The churning of the current and the waves that crashed upon the cliffs, stirred in unison with her heart. If this is love then why does Lord Darcon's heart not calm these very stirrings and waves? His gifts are desired by the fairest maidens throughout the kingdom. Yet, then why does my heart sink as they are given to me? Why is it that he sees only my beauty and yet does not understand my heart? Even if this is so, is it not a foolish woman who would not readily accept his hand in marriage? Even a Princess is to expect no more. He is honoured and a man of character who could easily give all that one might desire in riches for such a life with him. Yet, such riches are the riches of material nature, not of the heart.

My heart is free from feeling the joy, bliss, and love overflowing when thinking of him or within being with him. I feel weighed down rather than free when in his presence. For the gifts he gives are beautiful yet are not of something to believe in. I am not in love with the suitor for he is free from inspiring me nor understanding my heart. Lord Darcon, as beautiful and sought after as a man of honour and character he is, he and I are not in synchronicity when we are together. He and I are not in unison, as One in breath, body, spirit, and heart. There is a song on the wind of another that calls my heart who is in such synchronicity and union with me even at this moment of being free from knowing him in physical presence. For I can feel his call within me. Yet, torn I feel as though what other promise lay before me except a life alone if I give not my body and soul to Lord Darcon? Oh dearest Master Artist, I pray this night for guidance and implore you, What would love do now?....Such a prayer for guidance was met by silence.

This night the song of courage was drawn upon as aloneness and doubt tried to slay the Troubadour. The gold ring upon his neck appeared to hold nothing within its circle other than the bitter wind of emptiness of this night. Is it not a fool that would enter the abyss in search of what dreams promise? Are there even any dreams upon which to enter such an abyss? Would it not be better to return to a village where open arms and a faire maiden await to give anything to me? There is only silence returned to the Troubadour upon the seas this night ~ no word or sign or hope of the land or of the Princess that the ship's rudder is directed towards. If arrival were to be, what promise or

vow is there that such love would sail her heart in return? What words would be spoken, what song would be given that would capture her heart?

This night the Troubadour wept as courage, faith, and hope were simply faint songs upon the winds barely able to kiss the heavens. In a land far removed from the wisdom of such a ship or Troubadour, the Princess also wept at the shore in her turmoil. He sailed to an unknown destination without a name to even inquire of. She sitting upon the shore, wept the tears at the very sea he sails upon while he is still distant from her arms. For it is the breath of her infinite love for him that she whispers within him that places wind within his sails.

At the very same moment, both arose as if the very universe orchestrated their motions. Their prayers were as One voice and their bodies as One dance. Their very breath, heart, body, and spirit were as One. She upon the night shore and he upon the ships bow both gazed into the stars as all heaven witnessed their tears and prayer. Uplifted hands crossed both sea and shore as Divine Source witnessed the vows that their hearts proclaimed. Was it not the very eyes of the Troubadour she beheld within gazing into the endless sky? Was it not the very heart of the Princess beating and shining within the prayer upon the sailor's lips and the twinkling diamond sky? Angels and even the Master Artist were witness to such a moment and declared yes. And as the Author of all life and of all that is, gazed upon the ceremony and saw but one figure, OneSoul when looking upon the Princess and Troubadour as they prayed as One uttering the very same words:

"Lord that gifts such brilliant light to the universe from your infinite forest, may I be kindling where the burning fires of renewal are called upon. Lord that directs the path of each star, may each moment place me in Divine whole, perfect, and complete alignment with Your purpose, directing such a purpose as each blade of grass dancing in perfect harmony and melody in this same forest. May the currents within my heart be governed only by the same source that brings the seasons as they are ordained. Thy Perfect Love placed my heart within me. Unto Perfect Love alone shall my heart be given. Tonight I pray both that such love be sent to me as I this moment make vows to return such love being given."

The Princess being uplifted by this prayer, gave a prose to seal it. So that as the kiss of slumber be given to the eyes of the Troubadour, he was soothed

by the faint melody heard both in his heart and upon the wind of these words.

*Ah to thine own self be true....
To follow your heart and soul within its song, wherever it may lead....
Even in moments that it may scare you, frighten you, challenge you,
strip you to your core....*

Such a gift is a blessing even if in moments of such a stripping or such a fear or such a challenge we are free from seeing it as such. For such a stripping is the peeling away of the infinite layers of all that is not love to come into what love really is. For these are the journeys of the heart to be embarked upon.

Despite all that has occurred in my life, this is the only integrity I live and BE by. There are those who see this light in my eyes and are amazed that I live from the heart and soul each moment. There are even those who run because they are scared themselves to live in the truth of the heart and soul of such love and such integrity. I welcome and embrace all for in as much as I am their mentor in showing them how to live from to thine own self be true, to live of the song of the heart and soul, so too are they my mentor by showing me the opposite of this at moments so as for me to be clear and reaffirm who I am and what my calling is in being such an ambassadour of Love and Light.

We are literally immersed in an infinite sea of Love. The illusion is that somehow we are missing something or 'if only that person loved me' or 'once I manifest my vision everything will be okay'. The illusion is that we are disconnected somehow energetically from this Love. Feeling the bliss and fullness of this love each moment often escapes us as the realm of the physical world and experiences take over what is being experienced.

The majority of souls on this planet are free from seeing, feeling, nor experiencing a true OneSoul love and those who do experience it through what society deems as 'love', yet is free from being what true real love really is. There is indeed an illusion that we are somehow missing something or 'if only that person will love me that everything will be ok' however, this is not OneSoul love. OneSoul love simply already IS, the love is already there ~ there is nothing missing and nothing to be found, it is what is and it is beautiful. There is a complete Oneness, synchronicity in body, Spirit, breath, and heart within OneSoul love that is beyond infinity and eternity, free from being expressed in words.

Yet, the truth is that we are literally moving within the heart of God which is Love each moment. All that vibrates energetically; this energy springs forth from God, which is Love. Thus, we are literally immersed in this sea each moment. The secret of living the greatest potential possible is to understand this simple truth. Again and again, daily, its proven to me that to the degree I release from 'clinging' to what my five senses tell me is the safe and right thing to do and simply move in honouring what Love would have me do, to this degree lives are changed around me and I witness the miracles of money provided for me as required, and open doors continually. I know what Love would have me do each day because it is what inspires me and fills me with passion at that moment.

For each of us there is yet another dynamic which at times appears to be not governed by such altruistic and wonderful evolvement as a being. It is the inward desire for relationship on a singular level with one person whom energetic ties on all levels are bound through a OneSoul relationship. It is so innate within creation that even the geese and many other wildlife form such union and are bound to each other in that beautiful way. To deny this instinct is to damn the very Master Artist for such a gift given....and who are we to deny such a gift? Who are we to throw away such a precious gift of love given us? To deny this instinct within each of us is to suppress the very purpose of creation itself and to deny why we are here. Which is to love and be loved again and again.

To open our heart and love another feeling the Troubadour and Princess energy within them and create such a union is to thine own self be true for each the real Troubadour and the real Princess are within mirroring themselves through another we love. In thine own self be true, in being honest with one's self we are to see this in all, and yet also to know that there is One special Troubadour or Princess in physical human form that calls to our heart and soul within such a OneSoul relationship. And when we are in their presence, being honest enough with one's own self to recognize it and feel it and to follow the song of the winds of our heart is to both have such love be sent to me as I in this moment vow to return such love being given. Ah, to thine own self be true, to thine own heart be true, and to love and be loved again and again....

The Troubadour too was uplifted by this prayer and gave a song to seal it. Upon going to sleep the Princess was soothed by a faint melody heard both in her heart and upon the wind.

Uncertainty of what shore tomorrow is to bring no longer held the Troubadour or Princess hostage. For they were now guided by the Master Artist's canvas of what is meant to be. The prayer given this night was a marriage vow given to the universe and to one another within the gift of the OM they both wear upon their physical essence representing the love within their hearts. A wedding feast that cleansed both of them with the tears wept by love. Guided by an unseen hand the elegance of this magnificent wedding was celebrated with feasting in the heavens by each angel and precious spirits that were by their sides as the bridesmaids and the grooms party of best friends. The celebration was attended by the very King of both sea and land, the very King of All That Is as they were honoured with his blessing. The Northern Lights danced throughout the sky and the heavens sing the song of love itself as the Troubadour and Princess rest in soulful slumber.

Far at sea, the Troubadour shivering in the cold of night, such sacrament and ceremony was held as the altar was the shoreline yet wet with the tears of the Princess. For these tears wash, clean, and purify the love held within to just bathe within its light. Body and Spirit need not understand what the soul celebrates with Spirit. This night all heaven rejoiced that love never fails and prayer is the sword of this love.

What doubt or fear or uncertainty can stand in the face of surrendering to the perfect will of Divine Source? For as a wise soul once wrote "When we have a clear vision we will constantly challenge ourselves to reevaluate 'common sense' in the framework of fear. And often we will choose to go forward where others would fear to pass, not because we are brave, crazy, or obsessed. We go forward simply because our vision gives us no other option, and with vision fear is not an option".

There is a power beyond the grasp of man that is freely given as such perfect Divine Free Choice just simply is. The Princess not only understood this power, this Divine Free Choice, she dedicated her very being to its enfoldment.

Invisible bonds of the heart and the soul are the current that binds souls. Such current had already brought the Troubadour and Princess together. Though separated and never yet having met, their marriage was already sealed in the

sacredness of love's deepest vows of the heart and represented within the OM they both embody. Love has no concept of past, present, or future. Love simply just is in this moment, this OM of One Moment. The Princess was softly guided into slumber with the understanding that the Troubadour's song is within her and she has known him since her soul was breathed into existence and even before this.

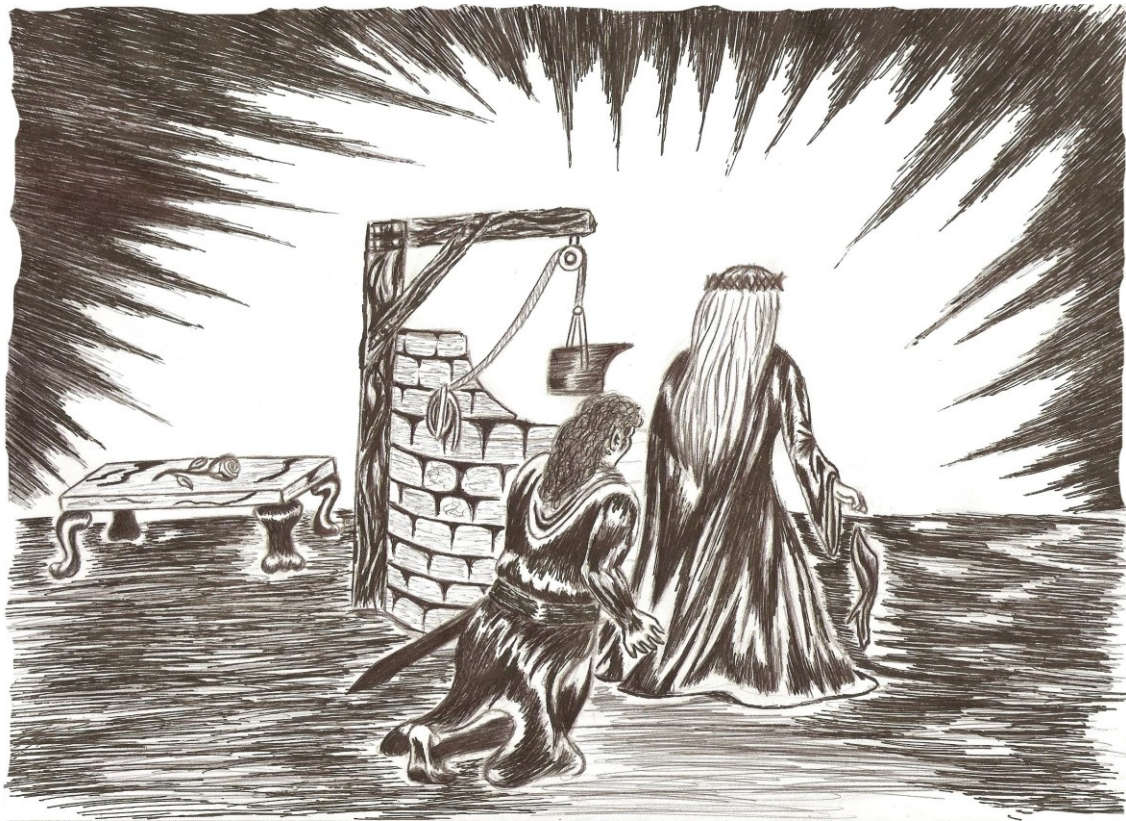
For I am you, and you are me.... for we are One, OneSoul infinitely.

For it is the very winds, they speak of your coming, as comfort to what my heart already knows and understand is. The same breathe that breathes life into your soul dearest Troubadour, with that same breathe fills mine.

The winds, the tides, the currents of the sea are my prayer, my love guiding your ship unto me. For this nigh, the Princess, she need not know how or when of his arrival, yet she understands and believes with all her heart as does he, that he will be here, for as he spoke to her several years before in a dream 'When you are ready, I'm Here'. For within this sacredness of love's deepest vows given this nigh, the Princess understands that he is already with her in every sense of the word, and she him. That their physical reunion is simply a matter of earthly time to complete the marriage vows already given this nigh...Of this she understands, as the child within her was restored this nigh.

The Troubadour too was lulled into sleep with the understanding that he didn't need to know where shore lay, that which guides the winds does know, and that is enough. To embrace the gifts of OM, each One Moment is to be a child. The child within him was restored this night.

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At the Well

The seagulls circled the Troubadour's ship each morning as bread was exchanged for guidance as to direction to shore. With outstretched arms towards the Sun's warm glow upon his essence, he greeted such a day with joy and gratitude in his heart. Freedom is to be bound by the ropes that secure this freedom and yet at the same moment to fly unfettered as such gulls fly. Cleansing of the soul gives birth to such a freedom. The Troubadour tied a rope around his ankle and also to the mast, then dove into the sea to receive such a blessing of cleansing. This binding assured return to the ship that the Troubadour called his home for such moments, as such a binding of ties always brings us a return to our home.

The Princess this day was also bound for cleansing. Rather than of body, hers was a cleansing of entanglements of the heart woven into a knot of heaviness needing release of the gull within crying out to be free.

Summoning Lord Darcon was a heavy task that weighed in her heart as if she were to murder her very own. For while she knew that she was to go with what was in her heart, the loving and compassionate soul she is was free from desiring to hurt such a fragile soul as he.

They met in the courtyard as roses, carnations, and other gifts lay on the bench. As often was the case when they communicated, he spoke eloquently to her even before her heart could even be heard.

“Maiden, Princess, I lay my life in your hands. For you are my everything and my life is nothing without you. For no one can or will love you more than I. All I want is given me as I gaze upon your beauty. My fulfillment is to caress you and never let you go. I want you with all of my being. Let me take you to be my wife. I will sacrifice everything for you and give you everything you ever could want. I will do all in my power to assure your happiness, as I will climb any mountain, I will swim the oceans wide, and jump through any fire, just to keep you satisfied. If you vow love to me I will love you forever. You will possess all I have.”

The Princess stood and leaned against the well as she gazed downward into the waters. Her tears mingled with these waters within the well. What words can be drawn from the well of the heart at such a moment as this when my heart feels not as his? What prayer could be blessed upon such a soul to be the soothing salve to his heart at this moment? What possession could be bartered to save his soul from the pain and sorrow that is to be given him now? Her body trembled as a frail fawn beginning to stand on its own for the first time would as her words were spoken in return of what was within her heart.

“Lord Darcon, dearest suitor, you are handsome and much admired throughout the land. Your wealth is as the fields and forests with its richness, bounty, and infinite beauty they themselves contain. Your family has shared this land as kindred with my family, since before the castle walls were built. Your integrity and character is a model for all in the kingdoms to follow. The children born through you will be blessed with all of this and infinitely more. If these attributes were the pillars of loves temple, I would freely kneel at its altar. For any maiden would consider it an honour to be such a bride of yours. While you may feel that no one can or will love me more than you, I feel such a statement reflects not of what is within my heart. For such love is free from flowing through my veins nor through the gifts offered through you. I beg

your heart not be fallen or downcast in this moment of truth that I give to you in the utmost love in this moment. My honour and praise of your worth is as mine is for this land itself and for all who reside within it. It is now that I ask that you please go your way and greet me in the markets and fields of these lands, not as lovers, but as kindred spirits who share the land together."

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*Pride is a wall that can only be trampled in such a moment as this. For pride comes from expectations. When we have an expectation that something is to be a certain way and if it is free from occurring, then we tend to become angry at its nonoccurrence. Expectations are of the ego that has us within such an anger.*

*Intentions are of the heart, of the soul. For when we simply vision an intention, we then are given such a vision from the Master Artist free from attachment as to the how or when it is to occur, we just simply believe, know, and understand beyond all understanding that it is to occur, that it is indeed meant to be as fashioned by the Master Artist canvas channeled through our vision. In this we are guided by this vision as this vision gives us no other option. And in this we leave it to the Master Artist to bring into being the how and the when, as we simply continue to believe and understand with all our heart that indeed will be and that we are never given a vision without the means in which for it to come into being.*

Such is a remembering of the soul that Lord Darcon, the suitor had yet to understand deep within him. His heart was heavy with the loss of her fragrance and of plans he had made, built on such a prideful expectation of her marriage to him. The words he now spoke were to her back that was crumpled against the timber of the well frame. She couldn't bear to see him as he turned away. As he did, such thoughts within his being be uttered upon his breath unheard....

*There is a place of not understanding why one would be taken with another as the other being this soulmate and yet the other not sensing that in return. Such soulmate love cannot be manufactured by the one desiring the other and in so doing instill it in the others heart, no more than the one desired can remove such love from the others heart. My experience this moment is that whom I could fall into such a realm with is not instilled with the same expression of OneSoul Love as could be returned to me. Yet, my heart turns to her none the less. My experience this moment is also of other*

*maidens coming to me, divine sacred women writing and speaking to me of that desire to fall into this realm with me, yet in honouring my own inner divinity, I understand they are not nor will be this OneSoul Love for me.*

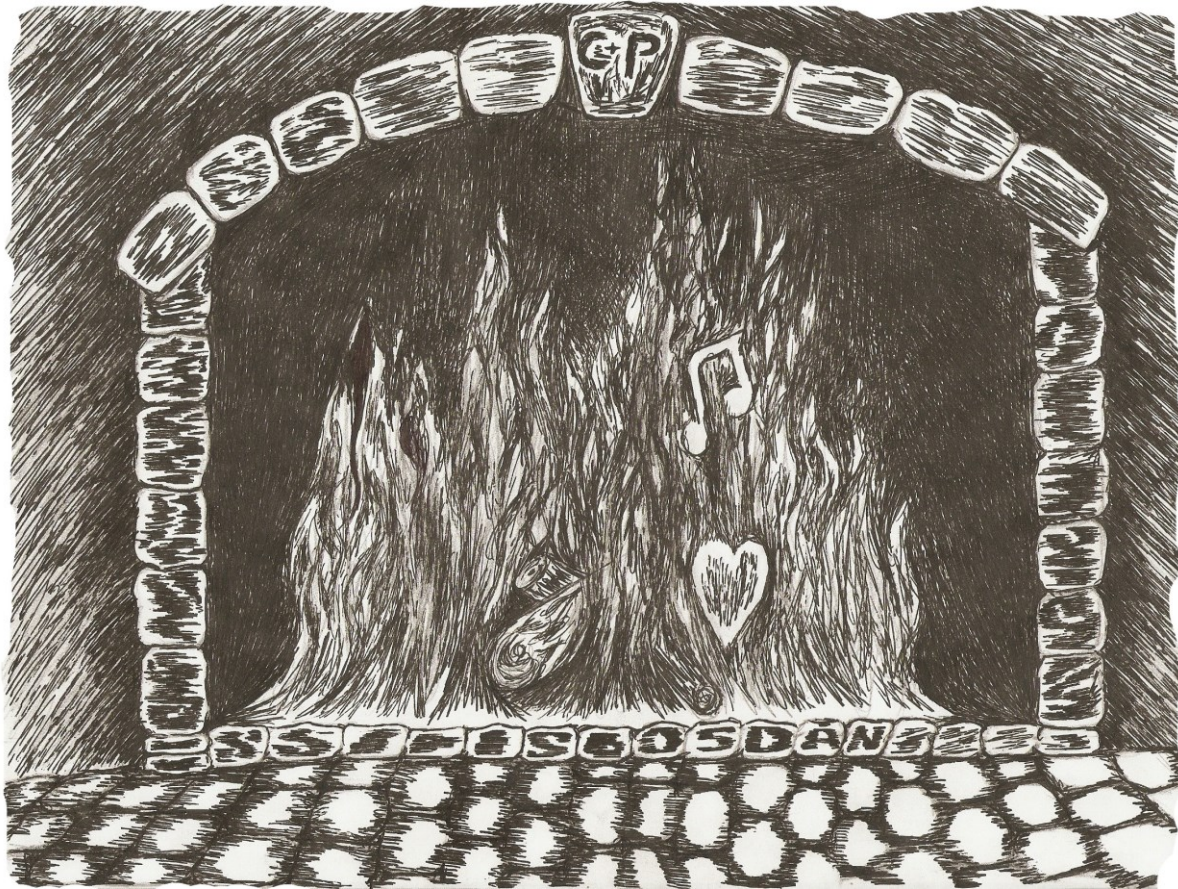
*Thus, the sacred sword of Love pierces my heart each moment as yet this same sword through my being pierces the heart of others. This same sword through them also pierces others whom they also must turn from joining with in such bonds. My truth is that we are literally immersed in a sea of Love each moment. The remembering of the soul for us all is that this same Love carries the sword that pierces us, often at moments cutting us to our very core, for a far greater expression of Love itself. It is now I feel this wisdom arise within me from the Princess's words to me cutting me to this very same core.*

*Only the truth of Absoulute Love shall speak of what this expression is and why the sword pierces as it does. The sword pierces as it does to those whom manufacture such soulmate love and pierces also those whom are unable to return such soulmate love and also pierces our hearts even if a love is free from being returned as a means to open their hearts and our hearts to love so that we may receive the one who will accept us with open arms, the one who does already love us as our OneSoul.... such souls are here to open your heart so that you will love the one who will return it to you....*

*Yet, I honour my heart this and every moment. As such I will always love the Princess.... I will love the woman who is my soulmate, even if not only swords but the very cross itself were to be endured. Perhaps where wisdom ends, foolishness begins. Within my wisdom though is the understanding that I am to be Love and Light, the very Sun, each moment of my existence while on the planet. I am experiencing all that is part of being human, including being pierced while yet piercing others.*

*Long after hoof beats faded, the Princess, she remained clutching the timber as if the well might somehow bring comfort to what is free from being comforted.*

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## Winter

The pressed wine so fragrant in the spring's dew and the summer's liquid rain shining and pouring down as sunshine, is now laid to rest as rust coloured cloaks and blankets of white are given the earth. Creeks and rivers once flowing abundantly with such vigor and ease, are now stilled, withholding their song as the song of the land also resides in slumber. Life itself dances ever slower as the darkest of nights lulls the hearts of all.

All of the seasons, each one brings with it such amazing discoveries of life unfolding so beautifully in each moment and the way our souls intertwine with the seasons. The spring for the blossoms that burst forth outward after growing and changing ever so slowly still within the winter and the beautiful bright vivid colours that appear on the hillsides; the summer for the warm embrace of the Sun and the incredible sunsets over the sparkling diamond waters; the fall for the *amasing* hues in the foliage and landscape, the



crispness of the aire, playing in the fall leaves as they dance in the winds that kisses those leaves as they float to the ground; and the winter for the blanket of white dressed upon the land and the slowness of growth still unfolding behind the scenes of the frozen land, of the coming home within, and of playing in the snow as the diamonds fall from the sky softly on your hair, of creating snow angels, and letting the essence of winters embrace warm the heart rather than chill it.

This winter within its illusions of chill and stillness was One with the Princess. For while she so loved such a season for its beauty and magic, her heart was as the chilled monastery stones she visited. For everything there is a moment and a season to be experienced within its depths to know and understand such an experience. Now even the beauty of the forest lay as a grey mat for black skies. Yet, even in such grey mat and black skies, there is still beauty, for all in life, even the darkest nights have within them such a gift to embrace if we choose to see it for the gift it is.

The Princess sat on the shore as cool winds attempted to caress away the sorrows and heaviness in her heart, yet the song yearned for was no more carried by this same wind. Perhaps it was free from being the choice that she indeed chose within turning Lord Darcon away. Now would be a time of preparation and joy if such marriage was accepted at the well. And yet, it was not within my heart to accept such a proposal of love. For my heart feels something deeper and yet I know not what it is, just that it is. The arrows piercing her heart in such a moment brought forth a prayer that shone as the golden light amidst the darkness of the monastery stones.

*"I kneel before the throne of the Artist who gives birth to this season. If you are to carve me and all that is to be with the chisel brought this winter, then let it be as it is meant to be. What lay buried in the frozen earth of this moment, shall return in the renewal of Spring when thy sculpting is complete. The roses amidst the trellis are now barren stumps of wood as are the cottonwoods barren of its leaves. Yet even still appearing to lay dormant, I understand of your wisdom dear Master Artist that growth and change still continues to manifest in such love of the earth and of us all in each moment even when we appear to be barren and dormant. My heart is One with them this moment. What art is not born first from the soul and spirit in all seasons, even in such a winter? I pray that my soul and spirit are given understanding as to all your masterpieces, including this. May my heart and soul be*

*the palette for thy greatest works. May the vision that I am to manifest be given this moment as winter turns into the spring, the well spring of all blessings for I understand as you have given Lord that even in the winter, the warmth of love can still be given and felt. For love is a spring felt within all seasons even the winter that lay appears to lay barren and cold, an unthawing of the heart that manifests the magic of such a season as winter can still be experienced if we desire it to be so, if we step out of self sabotage and into love's embrace. For as you have given Lord that it is love that is our only path. To love and be loved through all seasons. It is what gives me and us such warmth through the cold and dark winter, as it does in the rejoice of the spring. And in that even the roses and the trees still blossom within the seen of the unseen this winter. And in this I am Forever and a Day grateful to you Lord for such gifts manifest."*

The Princess who normally resides in a place of complete inner knowing and inner understanding, and yet there are moments though brief, such as with the Winter winds that blow, in which doubt fills her heart. And in such moments of crying out for understanding, the Master Artist through her gives birth to the wisdom of All That Is....

*We are in the heart of God because we are this same heart. Inner knowing and inner understanding comes first always when we reside within the warm embrace of love unfolding within the OM of the One Moment and then we manifest it into experience. Even in moments of such a winter, the Princess being of source energy incarnate, she embodies life as this same source energy, this same heart of God; embodying the inner knowing and inner understanding of all that is meant to be first, being free from needing to experience it first just as the heart of God does, and then she chooses to experience what already is that she knows and understands. There are many throughout the lands who choose the opposite of wanting to experience first to then have the inner knowing and inner understanding. Of this the Princess knows and understands and is why when sharing the wisdom of the Master Artist pouring through her being, she shares it as such for she can see it from the opposite perspective as the observer to know this is how many in the kingdom lands understand life to be and the Princess is then able to bring others to the deeper understanding of the universe and of the one guiding hand which is that of love.*

The Princess, she shares this within the wisdom of opposites within experience first and then inner knowing/inner understanding within the analogy that the Master Artist has given her in that of the blueberry. For we can experience the blueberry



*ourselves and can describe in detail how good such a blueberry tastes and feels and how another might love such an experience, and yet until such an experience is partaken upon by the other, they are free from experiencing such a blueberry in the same way....Yet in truth, if we step into that Oneness and live and be it, we can see that it is really that we are meant to and do already have this inner knowing first; that we already experience such a blueberry because in one of us experiencing such a berry, we all experience its essence. It is then that we come to understand that of what already is has indeed manifested already in alignment with our vision.*

*The universe is like a catalog waiting for us. What we 'order' is there the moment we 'order' it, the delays are almost always due to our being free from believing in each moment regardless of what the outer world of illusions brings to us, that it is, that such moment that such will arrive whatever it is that we desire. What we can manifest immediately is the lover we inwardly crave to manifest immediately who does want such a OneSoul relationship with us, we can know and understand beyond all knowing and understanding that such a lover will show up in our life immediately if our faith is aligned with that desire. It is all about getting in alignment with who we really are and what we desire. Our reality and even our perception of our reality is not as important as our ability to focus on where I would like to be. We tend to think that we are to create from what we feel is real or from a place of what is as in the reality in front of us. What is more important is that to create a vision of What is as in What it is you would like to be as if it already is. Staying focused on that continuously regardless of the outer world of illusions or what other people are telling you and then you will find that the outer world is in alignment with your inner world because you created the inner world first by staying within the vortex of energy of what you desire.*

*Anytime you are desiring something because and you have given birth to a sincere desire within your chronic thoughts of such and your habits of thought matches it, the universe will bring it to you as the Master Artist has given all for such to be within our experience. The Master Artist will always give back to us what we are in alignment with. Thus, if you have a specific soul who calls to your heart, you can ask for this specific Troubadour or Princess to come to you understanding that sometimes until you are in total alignment with believing you can have such that there maybe a difference between your wanting them and in wanting them to want you back initially. The reason that what you desire is free from coming to you then occurs in any moment that you factor in other people's response to your desire. Because you are free from being able to control another's response and when you*

*attempt to you are then free from being a vibrational match to your desire any longer.*

*The only thing that creates resistance is the thought of "will he/she return my feelings for a relationship". It is free from being necessary for the other person to align with you to achieve your desire and dream. Your own alignment with your dream is enough. I have come to understand that I am to Love my soul completely and fully first and then my cup runneth over. It is then that I give to another in Love and in doing such I am infinitely replenished from that same Source of Love and therefore I am free from ever feeling resentful or angry or in ego for giving.*

*Since the Universe responds to the feeling of what we desire in giving such to us, simply keep focusing on your feeling about how you feel about this other free from worrying about their wanting you back or not. Be free from factoring in their response. And anytime you begin to worry about such simply go back to the vision of you being with the soul, creating such a vision as deliciously as you can. No vision is too big and you can have all you desire. As you become One with it in such a vortex of Love and gratitude, then it shows up in your life. Thus, as long as it feels good to think about being with that specific person, simply keep envisioning so, delighting in the process. And if or when it stops feeling good thinking about being with that specific person, simply stop and find something else that feels good to think about. It is all about what makes you feel good as the God/Goddess incarnate you are and being in that feel good space of what you desire consistently free from any doubt and in that the Master Artist decrees it and gives unto you your hearts desire always.*

*It can occur that instantaneously if you are in alignment with the belief within your heart; believing with **all** your heart that it is so.... that what you desire is, no illusions, no manufacturing anything, just that what you desire just simply **is** already, and is free from attachment to the how or when it will come into being, just knowing beyond all knowing, understanding beyond all understanding that the vision is to be, because it already **is**. This comes the moment we take the leap of faith, holding a vision in our heart of our intentions having already manifested. It takes that leap of faith, the leap of faith of moving beyond the illusions of self sabotage into that place of inner knowing and inner understanding first and then experiencing what already is that you have the inner knowing and inner understanding of. For in those moments of doubt and fear, they are simply there to remind us to get clear and reaffirm once more who we are and what we desire and to believe within it with all are heart.*

*For fear and doubt are illusions. Illusions of the mind we can retreat and flee from, illusions hurt and get hurt in relationships, but Love, absolutely not, there is no retreat from Love, there is no hurt in Love.... as the question always in each OM, each One Moment is.... 'What Would Love Do Now?'*

The Troubadour once far at sea, with the drawing of the winter winds, now sought the comfort of shore as Orion's constellation became prominent in the skies so full of stars that night. It was as if you could see the whole universe within that moment of Lookin' Up into the night's sky. Hearth fires of warmth drew him aground in a land where they spoke his same tongue and prayed with the same spirit as he.

Amidst the winter twilights stories were shared and songs sung. A merchant had also stayed the winter. The Troubadour's song had touched him as the merchant spoke to him of a Princess he ventured upon. Laughing, he jested as to how she bought his wares out of mercy and love rather than need.

His praise of her was not withheld. Her beauty came from a source that was deeper than the elegance of her physical form. For her physical form was indeed beautiful, yet such a source of beauty came from a place beyond infinity and beyond eternity unexplainable to those who came into her presence. Mere words were unable to fathom such a beholden. To be in her presence was as being in the Love and Light of all seasons that renews the heart, fills the soul, and has the spirit fly as the seagull flies. So profound was her influence and wisdom given from the universe through her very being that all listened intently without preconceived notions and any monetary abundance birthed forth from her purchase was given away in honour of her. Yet the merchant noted that there lay a deep sorrow about her countenance. It was as if all winters in which is believed that no growth reside underneath the frozen lands had been pressed within her as the wine they now drink from.

The Troubadour chopped wood for the elderly and carried it to their hearths along with stews and meat bartered for with song and a smile. An old woman inquired as to why such gifts were given and why he was in their land.

*"It was the winter winds that drove me to this village; the gifts are an exchange for the grateful heart that is mine because of this village and the gifts given me. "*

Youth is fleeting and wisdom of inner knowing and inner understanding grows ever stronger and reveals itself more prominently within the remembering of the soul. Her wisdom returned his gifts with a prayer she gave.

*"Lord of all seasons, thank you for the gift of the winter winds. They have drawn friendship, love, song, warmth, and sustenance to these cottages. May this renewal of my spirit be a mirror returning it again to all. May the stars and angels guide the Troubadour to the heart of where he is called to go, where he ventures and is meant to go and may such a heart welcome him."*

The dawning of an early Spring was bittersweet. With it came the beginnings of the flowing rivers to the sea. Upon feeling such a dawning, the Princess was too drawn, called to the shore as prose poured through her upon sitting on the sand....

### *The Flow of Love*

*Come with me in this moment,  
down this walking path  
and sit with me by the stream*

*Watch how the water flows by  
See how it flows over and around the rocks  
See how it flows even where there are such things as obstacles;  
For even a dam of rocks which is within the bed of the stream,  
Is free from stopping the gentle flow*

*It may appear to hold back the water for but a moment  
And yet, eventually, the water will still flow  
It may ascend and flow over the top of the dam  
as if to pierce the very essence of the rocks with its loving caress and continue on*

*The flow may simply disperse its essence*



from within its banks of the stream,  
Spreading its very BEing out and going around the dam  
Or it may find the point of illusion within in the dam  
And through its ever loving presence perceived as pressure  
Will cause the dam to burst forth its soul  
as the waters of its very BEing let loose  
to flow freely once more  
This water is love, the essence, the presence, the source of all BEing  
It is freedom, its awe inspiring wonder,  
unrelenting, infinite  
It bursts forth through all conceived and perceived illusions we call barriers  
which appear to reside before it through its magnificent flow

And yet, its pressure is gentle. Soft as the caress of the moons glow on your face  
For the rocks over which it flows, it is soothing and purifying  
For that which dwells within it and along its shores  
Is a giver of life, flowing and gentle  
And even in the midst of being thwarted with dams illusions  
it gives and give back yet again  
through its ever constant natural beauty, its love and its light

There is free from being anything that you can do,  
Free from anything that you can ever be free from doing,  
that will keep love ever enfolding embrace from you  
For love is simply free from doing, it is BEing  
It simply IS ~ Infinitely Spiritual

There is free from being any blame you can place upon your self or your soul  
that will stop the flow of this soulful love in your life  
Love is the blood that flows within the veins of your physical BEing,  
The Oneness breath the you breathe infinitely into existence  
Love is an gift of the soul of who you are  
Gifting its very soul to you again and again

And even should go deep within the crevices within the earth for a moment,  
still it flows , reaching the inner most essences of the very core of your soul  
to be made visible once again  
You are blameless within the presence of this love

*For its presence gifts you with a present  
Of you ~ exactly as you are right in this moment,  
For you are love made eternal  
You breathe and its flow washes over you  
You live and it flows sending it out into the universe  
and back within you once more  
You are love*

*This life-giving source of All That Is  
is within you and it is the foundation of your freedom  
When you allow your soul to simply BE One with the flow of love,  
Freedom and infinite expression will BE your experience in life  
As you give infinitely love away  
its flow will continuously fill you  
When you acknowledge its presence within  
The radiant glow of your light within shines  
going so infinitely into the inner most center of your soul and of love  
until you finally see, embrace, and feel who you are:  
A shining beacon of Love and Light within human physical form,*

*As free, whole, perfect, and complete  
as any soul who has ever walked the earth  
or ever will  
You ~~ yes, you ~~  
are the infinite, awe~inspiring expression of love*

*The rocks of illusion we call fear  
may attempt to pile up around you and in front of you  
And yet, you are free from being those rocks  
For illusions we can flee, retreat, and run from  
But Love, there is no retreat from Love*

*For you are  
the flowing stream of love and you will flow through  
the illusions of barriers and watch them  
Flow away with the gentle glistening of the water of love  
Such is who you are, the infinite flow of love*

*Let all our lives be as water then  
Free to flow into the very sea  
only to be returned to the sky in the never ending cycle of Life  
Bringing this water to all in need*

The Troubadour, with mended sails and provisions was given ample cause for leaving. Favourable winds and tide declared the day of departure. Yet, it was as if arrival was already his. The children, the elderly, and the able bodied were now as true friends entrusted with knowing the song of his heart, the same song that drew him back to sea. The same song that all in the village bid him a safe and beautiful journey upon, filled with warm hugs and love to be sent with him on his way.

As Orion's Belt faded into the Western sky the Big Dipper pointed north, the days were filled with ever increasing warm breezes and a sense of magic in the air. New strings were upon the Troubadour's instrument as yet again the bow of the ship was graced with new songs. Songs of Spring returning its essence and a heart thankful that winter was at his back lapped in rhythm with the waves.

The warm glow of the morning Sun replaced the closed shutters and curtains that sheltered the Princess through the cold. Wooden stumps clinging to the balcony held promise of tomorrow's gifts as she gave thanks for this renewal, as she felt the inner growth given in winters embrace melding now into the outer blossom of Spring. The vows of her heart were as knights standing guard. Whatever gifts tomorrow may bring, this day alone is assured. The beauty within all the inner worlds and the outer worlds are given for the miracles of love and of life they behold in the ever unfoldment. And it is in this day as in each day, each moment, that shall be a day of giving in celebration of what this same day is giving me.

At the shore the Princess now returned to greet blue sky and gulls returning from places unknown. The ocean's calmness was welcomed. Feeling the call of the Sun shining the light, she closed her eyes as that same Sun yet stayed in her vision. Within this same moment, a song was being sung by the Troubadour:

*"You can close your eyes, and still see the Sun*

*You can close your eyes, watch rivers run, so can I.  
I've seen diamonds while skipping stones, sparklin' on the waters,  
then they're gone, to live in a song.  
You can see the sky, paint pictures in clouds.  
You can see the sky, watch the Sun go down, so can I.  
I've seen diamonds while skipping stones, sparklin' on the waters,  
then they're gone, to live in a song.  
We can close our eyes, and still see the Sun.  
We can close our eyes, watch the rivers run, 'til they are all dry."*

Distance withheld the lyrics but the soul of their birth gave the Princess the gift of the song's spirit within her heart filling her with Love and Light. Almost as if she could possess such a song, yet in her heart knowing that she is free from possessing anything, as all are gifts of the universe to be given as freely as they are received freely.

Circling overhead two eagles carrying twigs landed atop an ancient fir. Their silent song and procession drew her attention. As the nest became further entwined, her heart was cut in remembrance of this same procession being offered her at the well. What weight upon the heart to willingly cast anchor when sweet shores entice in exchange for aloneness upon the sea of uncertainty. Winter had now passed as holy stillness was replaced by sacred processions of Spring's arrival and the promise of what is to burst forth in love.

~





## I'm Here

The Princess lay on her bed within a slumber in which prose began pouring through her very being. The ocean breeze being the gentle welcome of such a season amidst the blossoms now clinging to the trellis as scents of lilac and cherry blossom filled the aire. Spring garments were worn by the gardens and fields painting them in delight, awe, and wonder. The forest boasted every hue of green while welcoming the songbird's serenade. The Spirit of the Trees with their budding leaves of green, are the gentle guiding hand that brushes us with its essence and creates our soul into BEing. For in BEing One with the trees, we are BEing One with our soul. These trees provide us sustenance, the food of our soul, the food *for* our soul. The rivers and streams only know of one thing, and that is to flow to the sea. And in such a season now arrived, the flow of such bodies of water began once more in earnest, cascading through the hillsides and flowing their essence to wash upon the shores of where the Princess lay dreaming.

Even the monastery feels the beauty given within such a season. Once considered a place of sanctuary from the bitter cold winter winds, it is now a place of warmth and respite in a whole new way. As if the kiss of the Sun placed upon its essence giving birth to the child within, the monastery walls were warmed by the midday Sun as a tired soul entered to pray.

Weeks sailing far, far at sea made this day of arrival at shore a time for reprieve from its ways. It made his heart smile to come upon such a shore for he longed for such respite. Upon landing, in the beauty of the afternoon's glow, the monastery came into view. Ah! First prayer, then to the tavern for food and to seek shelter, and to discover what land he now had journeyed to.

*"Lord, may all prayers carried by angels from this sacred space  
be now mingled and merged into One with mine in the chalice you drink from.  
I am without compass or direction except for the wine returned to me from your  
chalice to mine. Grant that Spirit fill my cup now giving me the compass and  
direction from within you that is me."*

After prayer and meditation the Troubadour lifted a song to the walls and land just outside of the monastery. Such a song given was a gift of feeling the essence of the Troubadour's soul calling to the Princess, and her soul calling to him.

*Somewhere  
I know she's out there  
She looking for me  
Like I am her*

*And each day  
I pray that she prays  
They'll come a day  
That's ours*

*And tonight I pray  
She never gives up  
Cuz I'm here*

*In the times you think you can't hold on*

*Just remember I'm here*

*I dream  
That she's dreaming  
Of the life  
That's ours*

*And as she  
Lay dreaming  
I dream she dreams of me  
Like I do her*

*And tonight I pray  
She never gives up  
Cuz I'm here*

*In the times you think you can't hold on  
Just remember I'm here*

*All the Angels  
They surely know about us  
Their there doing their level best  
So in these times of darkness  
Honey, don't give up  
Cuz I'm right here*

*And all the Angels  
When the gather round  
Bet their talkin' about us  
So in these times of darkness  
Honey, don't give up  
Cuz I'm here*

*Right here....*

Upon giving of such a precious gift, the Troubadour then made haste to the village square and tavern to embark upon provisions for his stay.

Stirrings within her heart made her physical essence also stir her awake.  
The Princess called to the maidservant:

*“What song has just been cast from the monastery?  
Pray tell me it wasn’t a dream as I lay upon the bed.  
Did ears of others hear the timbre given me as the wind was the messenger?  
What spirit just opened the floodgates of my very heart in this moment,  
of my very being as I tremble?”*

To which the maidservant replied:

*“Neither monastery nor wind has given the gift of such song.  
Why must you talk of such songs unheard?  
Often through the seasons you have spoken of a song not heard.  
In kindness my lady, I beseech you to not listen to such fanciful imaginations.  
The monastery is for prayer, for sanctuary, and for wisdom given and received.  
As such, the wind does not carry lyric and melody upon its shoulders.”*

The maidservant’s words fell upon deaf ears as the Princess went to her balcony and could feel within her the stirrings of her heart stronger as the song within the wind too became stronger still. Her faith was unshakable for she knew beyond all knowing, and understood beyond all understanding that such a song was indeed heard. She never doubted the winds and their gifts through all the many seasons, believing in her heart of what was meant to be and of what is, despite the outer appearances of objections to the contrary now given. To thine own self, to thine own soul be true.

At the tavern it was inquired of the sailor to voice in candor of why he had ventured upon such shores of these lands. The Song of the Troubadour was both sung and clearly shared. His journey shared with the tavern villagers was of his heart given freely, openly, and in love. He shared of all of the moments he endured at sea and of the anguish he felt within feeling scared and alone. Scared to really embrace the love he so desired for he knew what it meant to do and be so and alone often feeling as if he had no compass to guide him on such a journey of both the heart and of the sea. The vulnerability expressed this night had even the most hardened heart sobbing tears of love and release.



In those most rawest and vulnerableness of moments these were some of the words were uttered by the Troubadour....

*"In all I have just shared with you, you are just beginning to see the soul of the man who bore such songs into the world, the songs are echoes from a soul who has born a great deal. Be gentle with me, I have been through great fires you've yet to have been told of. Love and Light are far more than words to me."*

When mention of a Princess uttered upon his lips that hers is the heart calling to him, the gentle inquiries turned to vehement reprisal immediately. Both Lord Darcon's clansmen and field workers joined in a hasty verdict of guilty of treason for even uttering her name let alone of his hearts call or hers for that matter, as he was sent to a dungeon in the castle.

*"For a ragged beggar sailing from a foreign land to come upon our shore and speak of such a pursuit of the Princess is treason. She is a goddess in every sense of the word and how dare you speak of such nonsense! You will leave our shores never to return. But first, a swift reminder of our justice and a taste of what the castle will bring you in coming to this place and if you should ever dare to return!"*

The Troubadour had no inkling this was the land of the Princess until this moment. Travel weary, beaten, and hungry, he lay on the dungeon's stone floor with only straw to eat and sleep upon. Mercy was found only in that his instrument yet lay intact beside him, a blessing of love indeed given of the universe of its essence still intact. The scent of lilac and cherry blossom meant nothing to him as he became delirious from lack of water and food. His wounded body made rising an endless task not accomplished and sleeping a distant memory. He had no one there for him in such darkest moments, such darkest nights. His only saving grace was to call out in anguish beseeching the Master Artist for guidance within the cold dark distant night.

*"Lord, I have not sought my will be done, only Thy will. It seems that I would join in their agreement as I am not worthy to even gaze upon the Princess, let alone ask her hand in marriage. This woman I have not known save in dreams and your voice beckoning me towards her has placed me in this dismal condition. My heart cries out for her at this moment as you placed her heart within mine, as she is my heart and I am hers, as you commanded within the stars to be so. The song of my heart was applauded by you as your call for an encore was calling me, guiding me to sail to this*

*land. It is now in this moment I beseech of you, that your guiding hands of Love and Light be placed upon me. Gaze upon me now as your son. Into your hands I commend my spirit."*

The Princess went to her secret shore to pray and ask for wisdom regarding the song she most assuredly had heard just days before. The song was as all the blossoms of every spring ever given, placed into a basket and blown as a kiss to her as she lay silently enthralled upon her bed dreaming. The rivers that course through her very being were as an ocean of Light pouring into each one and back again. Love is such an ocean and this song was born of it, in it, and within it all at once.

Choosing to take solace, she ventured to her secret shore. Upon the shore she witnessed a worn and tattered ship with footsteps leading away from it. Intrigued by its very presence and stirred by the heart of her soul calling her to such a ship, she walked towards the vessel within the same steps that walked away from it were her footsteps covering his as she walked toward it.

Climbing aboard she saw few provisions and tattered sails. Parchment leaves with lyrics written upon them were scattered about as were letters of thanksgiving from the children and elderly of the winter village. She saw a torn shirt in which she picked up and held to her closing her eyes, only to smell the scent of the most amazing essence of embodiment that called her soul and made her heart leap in love.

As she continued to breathe in his essence within her, she opened her eyes to see before her the rope tied to the mast, the lotion and oil with the inscription on the jar:

*"Thy song was the healing ointment to our souls, a gift given in love. In gratitude in kind, may this ointment be a reminder of the prayers we offer each day in your remembrance for such a beautiful gift given"*

The ship told the tale of many seasons that had been endured both by the vessel and it's commandeer, prior to this arrival. She knew not what any of this meant, yet her soul was as a thousand angels uplifting their hearts in searching the heavens to understand.

Upon the shore she read lyrics taken from the ship. They were as her own breath, spirit, and prayers being found and read. The mirror of her heart poured within the pages of parchment as if she were there upon the ship penning them herself. The songs given by the wind were as these lyrics and mirrored that of the prose found within her very own journals. There were no words to arise from within her as tears flowed from her being in the awe and wonder of it all.

As she fell to the sand beneath her in utter love praying to the Master Artist she spoke....

*"My Lord, what words be given in this moment? My speech is but speechless. My heart has been given to me by a soul I know not of. I pray this moment that the one whom has given such a gift be safe from his weary travels, for I know not who he is let alone where he is. I pray that in this moment that such a compass and direction be given me as my heart cries out for him at this moment as you placed his heart within mine, as he is my heart and I am his, as you commanded within the stars to be so. For I have long since had the vision given by you of this moment of such a heart, such a soul being given to me and I to him. The song of my heart was applauded by you as your call for an encore was calling me, guiding me to draw him to this shore. It is now in this moment I beseech of you, that your guiding hands of Love and Light be placed upon me. Gaze upon me now as your daughter.  
Into your hands I commend my spirit."*

After such a prayer given, the Princess returned to the castle with parchments and inquiries as to the ship found upon the shore.

~





## Giving All For Love

The Princess's inquiries regarding the ship's owner led her to the keeper of the dungeon. His words to her spoke of no such sailor being held within.

*"At this time only a filthy and delirious beggar is being held captive. He being not of sound enough mind to speak let alone be the sailor of the ship you inquire of. He is not even worthy of your presence to be graced upon him my lady. He was to be removed from our midst, but death is upon him so he is to stay here until then. He is not to be gazed upon; his state is far too sorrowful and beyond remedy. Please Princess, I ask of you to not inquire any further here as the answers you seek are not to be found within these walls."*

Heartbroken, yet still unshakable within the faith that the one who composed such beautiful words were to be found, she returned to the castle undaunted with an inner knowing and inner understanding beyond infinity that he would indeed be found. The call of her heart, of her soul, and of his



still lay within them both, in a place where nothing and no one can divide. Ego nor denial, fear nor doubt be upon them as the Master Artist gives all for such a love of sacred hearts entwined to be....and it is within that immense love that gives birth to all, even what is deemed as impossible becomes I Am Possible.

Being informed of the turmoil within her heart, Lord Darcon came to her side both to console and in an attempt to entice yet again with the ring. His attempts to console her and to sway her with promises of his riches while noble in jest, were returned as a lone echo in a canyon unheard nor felt.

*"If thou would be a comfort to me at all dear suitor, then I implore you to find the owner of the ship that resides upon my shore. For you cannot stop the call within my heart at this moment that is not of you, it is of the commandeer of such a vessel. If thou were to give the gift of his essence to me and to let me go, let me be, let me be with the one whom captures my heart, it would be the greatest gift of selfless love you could give. If thou would at this time give me a ring, let it be the gold given me to give to the poor who are in need of it much more than I in our land as we meet as friends. For it is to be friends with you is that of what I desire. If it is for the pleasures of spirit and body uniting that you offer this ring, then be gone for you are not of my heart. Life promises such joys, but if they are the foundation and not of the heart, then your world shall crumble as I now understand yours must."*

In anger Lord Darcon spoke to the Princess that he knew of the sailor and his reason for coming to this land. And that such a sailor was not worthy of her or her love. That it is such a sailor that is the reason his whole world has crumbled and that death should now be his gift to such a sailor as retribution for ruining his life and taking her away from him. For it was he, Lord Darcon, the suitor and only he who was to love her and that no one would ever love her more than he or give her all that she desires more than he. That she was the suitors and only the suitors, as if one could ever be possessed. Lord Darcon spoke to her in anger saying that she would never be anything without him, for he gave up everything for her and to be with her. Upon leaving he spoke in haste and angrily said that he would neither reveal more about such a sailor nor would he give gold to the poor. Her spirituality was a wall that kept them apart and he would have no more of it.

The keeper of the dungeon spoke to the Troubadour and brought soup and water. The Troubadour did not respond, barely even lifting his head to vision what little provisions were given. Sensing death was soon to arrive; the dungeon keeper summoned one from the monastery to ease his passage. The Troubadour's instrument lay silent as his heartbeat was each day slipping further into this same stillness. His breath was as the butterfly wings as it settles in for sleep, faint and ever more still. The light in his eyes fading as he lay lifeless desiring nothing more than for his spirit to leave the body in anguish.

A monk arrived and seeing the Troubadour's condition prayed safe passage to the land where body and spirit are shed and soul is given naked as it returns to the Light of Love from whence it came. The Troubadour's instrument was laid upon his chest in understanding of the moment at hand as feebly soup and water were administered once again. The Troubadour clutched the hand of the monk's and almost silently whispered that his strength was no more as he beseeched him to please be the conduit of prayer for him this moment.

The Princess lay in her chambers free from knowing that directly below her in the lowest quadrants of the castle such a scene was unfolding. Yet, an anguish seemed to fill her heart uncontrollably that she was unable to fathom as to its origins. As she again read the parchments from the ship, tears flowing from within her stained her sheets as she felt the very soul and spirit of their author. Gold is purified by fire and in such a purification the gold given within such parchments is the fire of a heart in love, deeply in love with such a precious princess. It was as if these parchments were the furnace she was now cast into revealing the burning of her hearts desire through his.

Upon the pages she read, to the point of being almost unable to see through the tears that flowed to the sea, were these words given....

*"Stars they shine on kings tonight, others see them too.  
Stars they shine on lovers tonight, others see them too.  
Can you tell me why it gets so cold, right before dawn?  
Can you tell me where lovers go to keep themselves warm?  
Can you tell me why it gets so still, right before dawn?"*

*Can you tell me why the candles still burn behind these castle walls?  
I don't have the answers and I don't know why  
Still it seems to me, its love that makes us try  
Its love that makes us try, its love that make us....cry  
Stars they shine on me tonight, others see them too.  
Stars they shine on you tonight, wonder if you see them too."*

The willow branches that were just budding their essence and turning green as the Troubadour was cast into prison, now were as towering flags declaring the glory of summer. The Sun shone bright and warm filling hearts with the light in their eyes reflected within the heart of their souls. The buds on the trellis were now fully in bloom with hues of reds, pinks, and purples, as the eagles nest was filled with young getting ready soon to spread their wings to fly.

On a midsummer eve sensing the heart of the Troubadour, through the night the monk gave prayer, water, and soup yet again in hopes that there was still a heart to be saved. So near death was he, and yet even still, there seemed to be a choice to reach out and hold on even if he were never to be touched by her. The Princess as she lay through the night a broken heart wondering still who the author of such songs were and where he was, feeling her heart, her body, her spirit, and her very breath as One with his; as if she was being his breath when he had no breath left to give, willing his heart and spirit to stay alive....And in such moments, she felt called late in the night to write....



*Princess of the Sea*

*Master Artist of Oneness, creator of All That Is  
BE with him  
Guide him  
Bring him home to me*

*May his heart be guided by love  
and may his songs echo this same heart*

*Dearest Troubadour  
It is to you I call  
For your song is within me  
I have known you since my soul was breathed into existence  
For I am you, and you are me  
We are One, OneSoul infinitely*

*The very winds, they speak of your coming  
as comfort to what my heart already knows.  
The same breath that breathes life into your soul  
with that same breath fills mine*

*The winds, the tides, the currents of the sea*



*are my prayer, my love  
guiding your ship unto me.  
I await your essence to wash upon my shore*

*May my heart be guided by love  
and may my songs echo this same heart*

*The fragrance returned to you  
is the blossoming of my heart  
within each moment thoughts of you fill within me*

*The sea you sail upon are the tears I weep  
while you are still distant from my arms.  
It is the breath of my infinite love for you that I whisper within you  
That places wind within your sails*

*My beacon of light shines for you, guiding you,  
guiding all whom come to the shore of One Love  
For dearest troubadour we have always been One  
For we are all One, One Heart, OneSoul*

*The OM of One Moment and the golden Ring of Oneness,  
the two now BEing as One.  
The Troubadour and The Princess of the Sea  
One Light, OneSoul, One heart, One Love"*

Exhausted from the pourings of gifts of love from her heart as One with his being brought to life within prose, the daybreak found all in peaceful slumber. Even given the situation at hand, because of the gifts of love given within the night, the Princess, the monk, and the Troubadour lay in the slumber of sweet dreams, as open treasures to be robbed by the heavens. They each had given their all to love. The king of all land and seas witnessed their offerings as they lay sleeping. The Princess in her chambers, the Troubadour upon a bed of straw, and the monk yet kneeling as he lay on the floor. Such love so given was free from going unnoticed as the King of kings summoned all the angels throughout the heavens to behold both this sight and hear these words proclaimed:

*“Who in the land of man has shined as a mirror of my very heart?  
What constellation of stars has been truer than these in their steadfastness?  
What love song have I sung or painted across the skies that is not a testimony of this  
same love witnessed this night? It is the purpose and calling of the Lord of Lords to  
grant the Princess and Troubadour to be united in heart, body, spirit, and soul.  
May the Song of the Troubadour and the Song of the Princess  
As One ~ One Heart, One Love, One Light, and One Life,  
be echoed throughout the lands  
As it is sung to the Troubadour, my son  
and as it is sung to the Princess, my daughter.  
It is my heart that beats within them,  
that now will have them rise infinitely within the breath of inspiration  
as the angels now stand guard over them  
both as renewal is beheld this very season amidst them.”*

What stirs within the halls of heaven is not always witnessed on earth.  
There are those who see the unseen if they are tuned into its magnificence.  
Yet, there are those who simply feel such an occurrence knowing not of its  
origins or why, just that something miraculous occurs. The gathering of  
angels with their King was not known by the monk, the Princess, or the  
Troubadour at that given moment. And yet, the mid morning awakening by  
them was blessed by both Sun and sea as One with life giving bounty from  
both the fields of gold within the earth and the Love and Light heaven’s  
blessings. The wind blown tree standing alone in the field is most able to  
withstand storms. Being such a calm within the storm is the greatest gift of  
love one can give to another. As such the storms were calmed this day.

~



## The Princess and the Monk

At the monastery, the monk was visited by the Princess seeking wisdom and council. Whenever she sought such wisdom, his words given were as shining pearls held within the shell given by all kingdoms of beauty and truth. His prayers and meditations with her had in many moments been the sustenance sought since she was a child playing at his feet. The monk spoke softly to her as she entered the sanctuary.

*“Dearest lady, I sense a sadness in your heart this day as you come for prayer and meditation. Why such a troubled heart befill you this day?”*

In this meeting she was to speak frankly from the heart:



*“Dearest Monk, I come to you to release that which lay within me at this moment. There is a heaviness upon my heart that I know not of its origins. Why is my heart this day so burdened that it has no ability to contain it? There is a soul’s presence within me so strongly that I feel his song moving within me as if it were my own that neither gives me respite nor slumber. His soul calls to me so, as mine I know and understand so deeply calls to his, yet I know not who he is, where he is, or if he is well. I sense deeply within me and my heart aches as if something has happened to him. My meditations are fraught with a burning fire of desire within my heart unexplainable.”*

As tears now stream down her face, the Princess continues....

*“I feel as if I have been forsaken by the Lord that cloaks you with Love and Light. The wind gives neither song nor my prayers an echoed return of what my heart knows to be true as given to me in vision by this same Lord. The Master Artist has given me such visions of his heart coming to me and that we are to be as One together as sacred hearts entwine. It is the very reason I have come to understand through the winters gifts of why I turned Lord Darcon away. For I was not meant to be with the suitor. For it is the heart of the commandeer of such a ship I found and his song that is as my song, that calls to me for the Lord placed his heart within me and mine within his.*

*Oh dearest monk, I beseech you as my heart aches in this moment, Why? Why would such a Master Artist give me such a vision of such a love, of such a heart coming forth to me, and then not make his presence fully known to me? Why must he hide from me? Is it not love that is to bring such beautiful gifts rather than the pricking thorns of burden? This feeling is as if my heart is being torn apart. I feel as if I would rather return to the homeland of the Master Artist than stay in such a state. I have no understanding dearest monk as to why this resides within me this moment. It is as if I have lost all that is meaningful, as if my heart is unable to find neither sanctuary nor release. Pray my tears be the release I sail away on to this homeland. Pray I fall into the Love and Light that strips my body and spirit from this place so that I may be free from such tearings within my heart.”*

Their hands were held together as tears pierced to the core of their beings. The intertwined roots and branches of two cottonwoods paralleled one another on either side of the river that have withstood both the longest of droughts and the mightiest of flooding rains upon their essence were as their



hands and spirits this moment. The monk brought forth the wisdom of solace to her in this moment.

*“Dearest Princess, remember and understand the rivers and streams only know of one thing, and that is to flow to the sea. Let the flowing river of the grief and calling of your heart traverse it’s lovingly path through your heart and soul now. Love reveals its sacred path within infinite forms. Both the rose in its beautiful blossom of love, and the prickling thorn below it, each serves its whole, perfect, and complete purpose within Love given and received dearest one. For being that we live within a field of duality, both the rose and the thorn are the polar opposites in which all given and received are perfect gifts of Love indeed. You are being asked by the Master Artist in this moment to understand that both are such gifts. Within the rose is the beauty of Love given and within the thorn beauty is given within its equal opposite so that we may come to know, understand, and appreciate the beauty of such a rose given. For how are we to know and understand of the beautiful love portrayed with in such a rose if we are not to also see its opposite within its duality? It is the through the opposite that we see the truth.”*

The Monk continues....

*“Dearest Princess, the river that flows through you in this moment is meant to be felt, experienced, and expressed for such gifts of the rose and thorn now given. Holding back the rivers flow is to deny your very being. Let the river of your tears now flow into the beauty of the sea itself as it merges into Oneness, knowing and understanding that love will find a way, love always finds a way. Where there is love, dearest Princess, there is healing, where there is love, there’s a voice in your heart, listen, it will show the way.”*

The Princess showed the monk of the treasures she found....

*“Dearest Monk, these are the parchments and journal I found. I seek solace within them this day as I have in each moment since their arrival in my hands. For I understand his song is as my song, it is our song as One.  
We share the same heart and the same song.”*

As Love indeed reveals its essence to all within infinite forms, the monk and Princess were given such revelations as they both offered themselves as the clear conduit of wisdom of the Author of tears and smiles in

understanding. The last words of consolation and prayer the monk be given the Princess were...

*"As so the Lord has given you the vision dearest Princess, so too shall it be. It is Master Artist who has given you this vision and in your heart you know and understand this to be true. So too does the one who is the author of such parchments here for his heart knows and understands this vision given by the Master Artist to you both to be true. It is the Lord of the star fields, the Author of all winds and tides who now asks you to remain within the unshakable faith that has been given you by this same Lord of this indeed being meant to be. It is now in the Master Artist's hands as to the how and the when this will come to be. Thy will, not ours, be done."*

In the coming days soup was replaced by stews as the Troubadour was able to sit up and recount to the monk what visions and dreams be given him through the walking between the worlds of Spirit and earth.

*"Willingly I would fall into the Love and Light of the Sun and homeland, only to be cast back into the bed of sorrows as if angels themselves would not give final release. It was as if a prayer was given from a soul which was withholding them from letting me return to the homeland of my Father. Within this same Love and Light there was a Princess casting this same prayer that forbid the angels from letting my soul be removed from this dungeon. As I walked between the worlds, The Master Artist gave me visions of a sacred path, where lovers dance in winds swept fields of gold....where lovers turn, as they fall so deeply in love into the Sun. I visioned the winding trails, the wind swept cliffs carved in stone and earth, shaped from the Masters hands where the winds of all seasons, they gather here. A sacred path where lovers walk, kissed by the Sun and the rain....where lovers talk, of what will never end. Of kingdoms and treasures, sunrise in the sky, all gifts from the Masters mighty hands..."*

Weary and weak, the Troubadour continues....

*"And as I walked between the worlds seeing this, I swore I heard a song written and spoken of being guided home to the Princess of such a prayer cast, and of the sea that I sailed upon being the tears she wept while she was still distant from my arms; of the breath of her infinite love for me that she whispers within me even in this moment that places wind within my sails keeping me alive even now. What love would pray torment remain when such sweet ending was so close? It is as if in such torment, I feel as if I now turn towards the sacred path, and that I now move within her breath*

*and I can hear the song that she's singing. That in the shadow of her footsteps, I beseech her, Love, please carry me on the sacred path. I beseech you as my heart aches in this moment, Why? Why would such a Master Artist give me such a vision of such a love, of such a heart coming forth to me, and then not make her presence fully known to me? This feeling is as if my heart is being torn apart. For if it is not meant to be as the Master Artist given me such a vision of, then I feel as if I would rather return to the homeland of the Master Artist than stay in such a state. I have no understanding dearest monk as to why this resides within me this moment. It is as if I have lost all that is meaningful, as if my heart is unable to find neither sanctuary nor release. My prayer is that the Artist would paint the skies with understanding that I may have strength to withstand this heaviest of trials."*

The monk was silent regarding the Troubadour as he understood strength had been free from returning yet to the body of which his soul resides. To be cast out now upon the seas would surely be a death sentence. The Monk though provided to the Troubadour as he lay in tormented respite, the mirroring wisdom that he gave to the Princess but a moment ago...

*"As so the Lord has given you the vision dearest one, so too shall it be. It is Master Artist who has given you this vision and in your heart you know and understand this to be true. So too does the one who is the one your heart calls to on this sacred path for her heart knows and understands this vision given by the Master Artist to you both to be true. It is the Lord of the star fields, the Author of all winds and tides that now asks you to remain within the unshakable faith that has been given you by this same Lord of this indeed being meant to be. It is now in the Master Artist's hands as to the how and the when this will come to be. Thy will, not ours, be done."*

~

*In surrender, you no longer need ego defences and false masks. You become very simple, very real. "That's dangerous," says the ego. "You'll get hurt. You'll become vulnerable." What the ego doesn't know, of course, is that only through the letting go of resistance, through becoming vulnerable, can you discover your true and essential invulnerability. It is within being vulnerable is where true love resides.*

*~ from The Power of Now by Eckhart Tolle.*

~





## The Tavern

The bounty of the land blessed the full tables at the tavern with kegs of fine wine. The dungeon keeper and Lord Darcon sat at such tables enjoying such bounty in secret conversation, plotting of the Troubadour and what to do with him.

*"You summoned me dungeon keeper, there had better be good reason for such a calling upon me"*

*"Yes my lord, I believe this to be so indeed a very good reason for such a summons. It seems the sailor whom we threw into the dungeon, we had a look upon his ship and the instrument he carried upon his being. It seems he is no sailor. Such a ship and such an instrument is to have been carved by the finest hands. Only royalty could manifest such prized gifts. There have been whispers that he is such royalty and with the Princess coming to me a few days ago asking about such*



*a commandeering of the vessel...."*

While on the inside, Lord Darcon now nervous and scared over what has transpired and what could be, was free from showing his distraught and turned to the dungeon keeper....

*"Yes, the Princess has been inquiring, and I sought to bring her solace but a fortnight ago. She would have none of it! Damn that woman! She seeks his heart as if it is her heart! She knows nothing. I am the one she is to love and if she will not love me, then I shall make it so that she is to never love such a sailor! It is better that we do away with him then. See to it dungeon keeper immediately. And not a word to be spoken that I in any way had anything to do with this or it will be your head that is sought after!"*

The dungeon keeper now too nervous and scared by it all, especially by the words of the suitor in haste, now shaking in such trepidation as he spoke....

*"My Lord! How could you even think of such a thing. I realize the sailor is not you my lord who are such deserving of the Princess, and yet why would you stop the love that is meant to be if it is indeed to be so? Are you that angry and full of ego that you would not allow her to be happy even if it is not with you? Do you even realize what the penalty if we are ever to be discovered as the ones who through him into the dungeon and then did away with him?!"*

As Lord Darcon takes the dungeon keepers hand, they walk outside so other ears within the tavern will be out of hearing range....

*"Silence! I will hear none of it! Anger and ego are now my friends. Love! What of that?! There is no such love within my heart now as she took it and destroyed it by turning to him! I shall teach her a lesson to never turn away my advances and love. I suppose then we shall have to make sure then that no evidence of that sailor ever even being here is to be had nor found, isn't that right dungeon keeper? He has what maybe 3 days before he is to perish and the winds are heading north it appears. We will send him on his way heading north and he will never be seen again. Take a vote with the tavern folk and see to it that it is done. And I remind you once more, no words are to be spoken of any of this between you and I to any soul. For your life will be the one I hand over to be done away with next if the truth ever be told"*

Upon returning to the inside of the tavern, the keeper of the dungeon spoke filled with such bounty of the wine within him as the tavern folk listeners also were filled of this same bounty. Although both he and Lord Darcon knew of who he was, no such words were uttered upon the tavern patrons nor were words spoken of the suitors involvement and of his rage and ego.

Instead, the dungeon keepers words wove the saga of the sailor now being restored to health in the dungeon and how this must be stopped. That he is not to be among us, such a filthy beggar. With one voice they all determined in their rage to rid the beloved land of the Troubadour. Such blight that is within their sights must be cast away forever more unto the next tide.

Soon after the mugs were drained they slithered to the dungeon, taking the Troubadour and dragging his limple, lifeless body casting it onto his ship. Hoisting the sails they directed the ship to sea heading north just as silently instructed by Lord Darcon to the dungeon keeper but a moment before. Their well directed fists in the same direction as the ship, were a clear message to the lifeless Troubadour and a shout to the universe in anger assuring that by their shear will he would not ever return to this shore again lest he be done for by hanging if he dare return. Lord Darcon from a distance on the cliffs above watched slyly smiling as he sipped his wine.

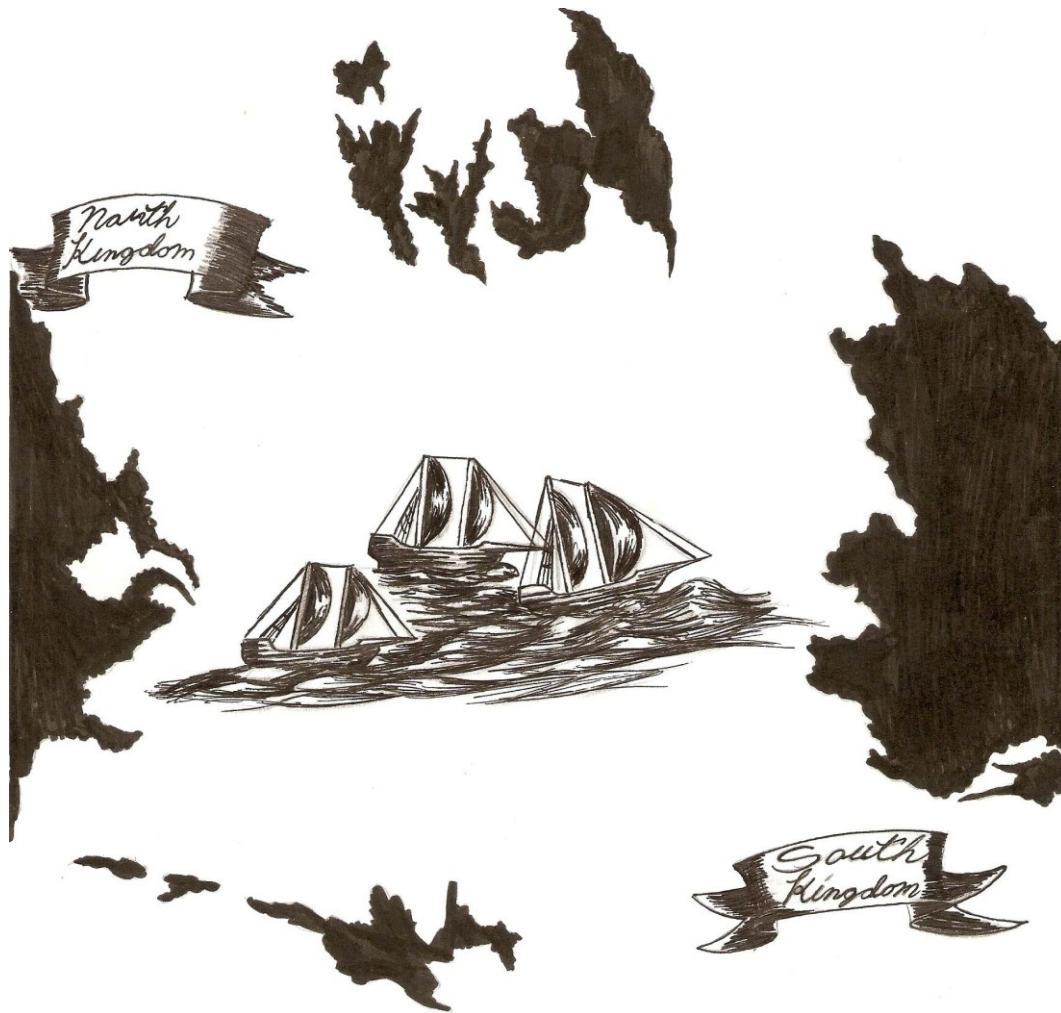
For three days and nights the Troubadour sailed without rising. The skin of water that held his very body together was almost wasted before he could even begin to stand at the ships bow. The dungeon's grief of torment had yet again returned as body and mind drifted in and out of awareness and his spirit in anguish cried out for its very freedom from the chains of the physical body itself.

Upon returning to the dungeon with stew for the Troubadour, the monk was informed of the deeds done. He fell on his knees and begged that it be a lie. The dungeon keeper informed him that it was indeed true with a sly smile similar to that of the suitors as he turned to walk away silently chuckling to himself and yet also a part of him was saddened by the fact that the Princess's heart was to be broken within being free from receiving the one that deep down the dungeon keeper knew she was meant to be with. As he

continued to walk away down the long corridor, the sly smile turned into a solemn look, in which remorse now became him for doing such a deed.

The monk, distraught over such news, sobbed solemnly in the dungeon. Sobbing for the prayer and beseeching that was given him by the Princess yesterday now were the same words echoed by his spirit also.

~



### The Southern King

Since his youth the father of the Princess was told stories of an incredible kingdom that resided to the South half an equinox journey away under good sail. In this land with fields of gold that lay within infinite abundance, all prosper as the king governs with wisdom that is given beyond what man understands. The land blesses with crops beyond what can be harvested, the hillsides lush and green are the treasures given to all in blessing and thanksgiving for the very life that breathes within them and within all. Even the plentiful deer and elk of this sacred land willingly stand before the archer as gifts given in honour to be shared with all the kingdom.



The king's intent since he was a lad was to sail to this land to celebrate truths he also shared and to come into the inner knowing and inner understand of the ways of being a king guided by the wisdom of All That Is to those he served in his land. The Feast of Harvest had been celebrated twice since his departure on this journey.

His arrival in this southern kingdom was beyond his wildest imaginings. For he had been free from ever beholding such a magnificence as this land. The stories shared with him were mere understatements as the utter grandeur and elegance of this land held him awestruck and speechless. The Princess's father was escorted through the land with the grace and honour of ceremony fit for the majesty he is. Throughout this land they had heard of a king to the North that beheld such a land that was fruitful in abundance as well as in truth. Travelers for many seasons had spoken of a land where the king's edicts were as this same land; as the North and the South were as One yet even before anyone knew this to be so.

The southern king rejoiced that such a king sailed to grace the land and his court. Celebration and festive days met the Princesses father's blessing his presence upon this land. The harvest from the land being bountiful was shared with all within the fruits of labourous love given. The village square gave birth to days of wine and song, in which all danced in celebration of such a magical arrival upon their shores. Treasures of wine, artisan's majestic works, and of shimmering coins were given in tribute and honour to the southern king. The three ships that sailed with the king were emptied of such gifts from the ships deck to the storehouses of the king.

One evening as the sun was setting upon the twinkling diamond waters of the golden seas, and as it turned into twilight; in the most sacred space of the king's inner domain both leaders reclined in chairs of comfort as they spoke for hours of their inner heart's desires, prayers, and inner most thoughts. They were as brothers bound by the same blood and vows.

After diplomacy and politics were agreed upon as each had the same spirit and heart as the other, it was the deeper recesses of their beings that then were also expressed. For the southern king his thoughts were filled with that of his son, as his heart ached....

With tears upon his being, the southern king spoke thus:

*“All the treasures and kingdom I possess would be given away freely in but a heartbeat if that same heartbeat returned my son from his travels to us. In his youth he set sail upon a small ship he was given and it has been many seasons since we have gazed upon his loving presence. His wanderlust free spirit was unable to be contained neither by being the prince or by the love of those of his homeland. Since birth he was taken with music. It has been and still is his very heart, his very soul, and breathes from his very being in each moment. So much so, that the finest luthiers built an instrument for him. The Queen and I had engraved the words within it with the same spirit we prayed be upon him on his travels and in his life always.*

*The words were;*

*~ May your heart only be guided by love and your  
songs be the echo of this same heart ~*

*As I said dear friend, many a seasons have past without word of my son. His spirit and soul is One with ours though. As kings we have had to venture into journeys others know not of, thus is my son’s calling. Yet, all I have would be offered in a moment to embrace him once again as we wonder where he even is let alone if he is alright.”*

They both wept with sacred tears honouring his son’s journey and prayers for his safety. The Princess’s father vowed that the lands to the north would do all they could within searching for signs of such a ship, instrument, and sailor.

Upon the morning’s rise of the Sun, the kings embraced as brothers bidding one another love and light as they go forth on their journeys knowing and understanding that they are always together in heart and spirit even if physical presence is free from being experienced. For they know and understand that in matters of the heart and spirit, that physicality and distance are of no matter. Our love is what connects us and binds us in such breath, vow, and spirit always, in all ways.

Upon leaving the southern kingdom there were four rather than three ships guided by the North Star. Gifts insisted upon by the southern king weighed each ship to capacity and beyond. While sailing back north once more, the Princess's father rejoiced that love yet again had found a way. He was so very grateful that the country he visited was bountiful through the prayer of love being returned by the Light which guides all affairs in infinite abundance as the King of kings.

Weary after months of sailing, all aboard rejoiced in seeing the coves, bluffs, and bays of their homeland once more. In the distance, the beloveds upon the homeland could see the ships coming. At shore word spread quickly that four ships were drawing nigh, three with the king's flags upon them. All in the land were anticipating the arrival of their beloved king back upon the shores. The monk and Princess together delighted within hearing the news, yet were beyond consoling when it came to the sails that turned away from these shores only days before.

~



### The King Returns

As the four ships entered the harbour a feast was prepared and the infinite abundance of the land spread out for all to partake upon and delight within. Songs and laughter mingled with excitement and joy as the king once again set foot upon his homeland shore. The warm summer breezes refreshed all as the king's arrival was met with this same thankfulness. Embraces of love given to the many villagers in such celebration of the king's arrival.

After celebration, resting, and tending to the business affairs of the kingdom needing attention while in his absence, the king summoned his daughter the Princess. Their embrace was as one on the love of all the seasons lived at once. As the Princess understands that the king is a vessel of source manifest within physical presence, he understood as well that his daughter was too such a vessel of the Source of all sacredness, a goddess to be beloved.



His greatest treasure was held in his arms this moment as they embraced in that same source sacredness manifest.

While dining the king could not help but notice the lifelessness and sadness of his daughter. He asked if she was well and what tribulation was upon her. With tears upon her eyes she spoke of the songs upon the wind, her hearts yearnings, and the seasons of the stirrings within her heart.

*"For many seasons father, I have written of prose of one whom I have seen within visions that the Lord has given me. Of many nights dearest father, I have thought that they were nothing more than but a dream. Many thought that my dreams were to come true when Lord Darcon asked me for my hand in marriage. Yet, as you know, no such proposal was accepted. For I did not feel his song within my heart calling me.*

*For many seasons since, I have felt stronger and stronger as each season has progressed in what we call as time and space, the song upon the winds. My maid servant told me that this was not so, that no such songs were being sung. And yet father, I could feel them and hear them all the same."*

Tears now overcome the Princess as she continues to share from her heart....

*"Father, while you were gone, in the early spring a ship graced the presence of our secret shore and I found such a vessel one day upon walking the footsteps of the shore.*

*As I embarked upon the vessel, it is there I found these parchments on the deck. I sought in vain for the commandeer of this ship. Now it is gone. There were whispers he was cast into the dungeon but when I inquired I was assured no such man was captive. Since first hearing this faint song upon the winds my heart has been as these same winds tossed to and fro. My heart has been and is as his heart is. Now, such a ship has come and gone without sign of who he is nor where he is. The only signs of the universe given are of these parchments of lyrics and thanksgiving from villagers of a port I know not of. And I know and understand as you have always given me the wisdom of from the Master Artist that when we receive signs from the universe, we cannot discount them. Oh father! I take these as the signs given that they are as my heart aches so for such a heart."*

Her father was so intent on comforting her that no thought of the southern king's son even entered his thoughts in that moment. The king comforted her heart with the encouragement of understanding that all things have a divine plan and we are to move within its very breath and purpose; in whole,

perfect, and complete trust and faith that all is as it is meant to be. Rest in the gifts given this moment and be assured the Author of All That Is knows all tides and affairs of man. If something is meant to be, it happens instantaneously, synchronistically, and effortlessly.

The following day the king went to the monastery to give thanks for a safe journey and to renew his spirit. Happening upon the monk on the trail their speech turned to talk of the Princess.

The monk was glad to see him for he had desired to share with him of his moments with the Princess recently in the monastery. The king was then told about the vexing within her heart and of how the Lord had given the monk the wisdom that the time for her to be within such a binding of sacred union was upon her. The king shared that the suitors advances were vehemently turned away by the Princess and if not Lord Darcon then who. The monk shared that there was none and yet there had been a strange occurrence that unfolded just recently, that in fact that it seemed to be more than just happenstance.

The monk also spoke of the boat that landed upon the Princesses shore and that he had met a sailor briefly who inquired about praying in the sanctuary and provisions for a stay in the village. The king had shared with the monk that indeed he knew of such a boat; that the Princess spoke to him about some parchments and a journal that she had found on such a boat and of how she was quite enchanted by such gifts happened upon. The monk shared that this sailor had an instrument about him strapped to his physical essence and that he played such beautiful songs sung within the gardens of the monastery while there.

When the king inquired as to what became of him, the monk shared of how the Troubadour had been beaten and cast into the dungeon. He wove a detailed account as to his attempts to revive him but in the end he was cast back to sea just after the moon waxed last.

At this moment the king's next questions were as a flood demanding to cover all in its path. Since there was indeed such an instrument, was there anything written upon it? If so, what was written upon it? What direction did

he sail from? What were the tides and winds at the waxing moon? Who was it that did such deeds as to bring harm to him?

The king now realizing of who this sailor is, almost frantically summoned all ships and men seaworthy to sail on the next tide. They were to follow the shores as the winds and tides directed north. Their search was for a battered ship, the sailor held in the dungeon, and a musical instrument with engravings. The Princess demanded entry upon the king's ship to sail with them. At sea, she was told of the southern king's son and his journey to their land. The king told her that this is why perhaps her heart had stirred so during the many seasons.

The King then shared with his daughter and all upon the ship

*"The seed of the southern king is as my own. Our own souls are lost as long as he is not in our midst. I can not bear to tell the southern king it was in my dungeon his son had been beaten then set to the seas to die. It is now we will do all that love would do now to bring about his safe return and healing upon his being expeditiously."*

~



### **The Princess and Troubadour First Meet**

As they sailed the shores, exploring every port, every possible place where the sailor, the instrument, and the ship he sails upon may be, the Princess could feel her heart breaking. It was as if no vessel, not even the heart itself could contain the call of her heart. It was as if no matter how hard she tried to deny it, no matter how hard she even attempted to believe that what others might say contrary could be true, she knew beyond all knowing and understood beyond all understanding that the Troubadour and she were as One ~ OneHeart, OneSoul, OneLove, and OneLight, and that he just had to be found, and found alive. That they were meant to be together, for they already were together in every sense of the word. In body, in breath, in spirit, and in love. And she would do whatever love would do now to be with him knowing and understanding that he too would also in turn do what love would do now to be with her.

She felt his heart as her own and thus could feel that albeit so near death, that death had yet to befall him. It was almost as if she could hear the song in



the winds singing....saying that he was here, although no such song was being sung by the Troubadour in those moments. It was in those moments that the Princess echoed the same song to the Troubadour upon the winds saying that in these times of darkness, honey don't give up, I'm Here....yet she knew not where those words came from....only that her heart knew the words....

The Troubadour had not even the strength within him to steer. The winds and tide carried him to the shore he now lay upon. Seaweed, mussels, and berries were eaten as he lay near a small creek that was giving itself to its source and in doing so it felt like heaven to his being. Gazing at the sea the Sun was as one hand and the Light another calling him to fall into their final grasp, to fall into the Sun within the river of love. The creek reminded him that these same hands are as the sea it also is returning to and in that when we flow into the river, we then Be a River. The song of the creek that flows into the sea and begins itself once more on through the nigh was as his heart and prayer of this same nigh;

*"Lord of the Sea that is life, that is All That Is, and that transforms life into One and back once more, mine now is returning to such a sea. Thank you for the song of the creek, for this nigh it is as my own. I surrender to your sea, releasing into its flow in understanding this return is not a departure, but rather arrival into Thy perfect will and the arrival of simply transforming my essence into that of another infinite essence as we are free from ever dying. Thank you for all seas your will has guided me to sail upon. Let my body go peacefully now back to the earth as my soul sails into the hands that hold the Sun and is the Light and let love guide my way into this light."*

As morning awakened the land kissing the dawn of a new day, the Troubadour rose to find food. Venturing upon the rocks at the shore he collapsed. The infections and toll upon his physical being since being in the dungeon and then being sent out to sea with no such moments of recovery or proper attention and nourishment, had now wearied him to the point of death.

As what seemed to be hours passed, he lay upon these rocks unaware that the waves were dangerously rising as high tide was nearing. This same tide lapped about his legs before receding with the noon Sun upon him. Sun hotter than steel beat upon the Troubadour as he lay in-between the

moments of Sun and Sea, just as his body and soul lay in-between moments of walking between the worlds of earth and spirit.

Cries from the crows nest of the king's ship heralded a battered ship grounded ashore. It was in such moments that the Princess's heart could feel the Troubadour's presence ever closer. She knew he was here, and she told her father so. The king reassured the Princess that he understood her intuitions as being correct as he too could feel his presence here as well.

Upon the news from the crow's nest, hastily they weighed anchor and rowed to shore. They formed search parties after determining this was indeed the same ship that was upon the shores of their land. Hearts raced as yells and looking for footprints gave no reward. The ragged rocks were met with a sandy shore that went for what seemed to be forever in the distance. The king and several men went into the brush as others went up the sandy beach.

While the others went hastily around frantic in their search, it seemed as if a calmness came over the Princess that she knew not of its origins. She began to walk the shore on her own in her own search within such a calmness of inner knowing, inner understanding. Listening only to the song in her heart, knowing and understanding that her heart is as One with his, she walked the sacred path. The Princess then knelt and prayed that favour be upon them today and that life yet be captive within the Troubadour's body. At this same moment she looked ahead to see an instrument laying upon the shore in peril close to be swept away in the current and also footprints in the sand....

She ran to pick up the instrument. As she held in her hands, she began to tremble for she knew she was holding his very heart, his very soul, his very being within her hands right in that moment within holding such a beautiful instrument of six strings. She was to love his instrument as she was to love him and she does with all of her being. His heart lay within her hands at that moment as she held the life of his instrument to her chest as tears of love rolled down her face. She knew she was to find him.

Her heart beating faster now, she felt his presence. As she began to walk within the shadow of his footsteps as her own, just as she did when she first

found his ship, her heart knew the way...and as the footsteps vanished into the cliffs she climbed upon, she knew that although there were no more footprints mirroring hers, she knew the way, all she had to do is follow her heart and be guided by touching only what love can see.

As in life when we come upon things we call as challenges, with the rising tide she found it difficult but climbed the jagged rocks as the waves crashed around her legs, realizing that even in the most difficult moments if we utilize those difficult moments to reaffirm who we are and what we desire, letting go of the how and when it will be, and yet still believing with all our heart that it is meant to be and then it instantaneously manifests....

At that moment of such an instant manifestation, it was as if all mountains had crushed her in an instant as she first saw his body laying still as the sea half cloaked him. The rock he lay upon barely holding him in place. In that moment she was both grateful to have found him and also her heart could not contain the sadness felt upon seeing him in such a condition. In anguish, she let out a cry that would be carried upon the winds and drowned out by the crashing waves of the Sea.

Reaching for him both in such love and protection from the elements that surrounded them both, she flung her whole being upon him as she turned his head to see if life was yet within him. Waiting for a sign as the tears flowed from within her, it was those same tears that wet his parched lips as she clung fiercely to raise him from the waters. A slight moan was heard from him as she lifted her whole being in loving praise to the Lord of the star fields that breath was still upon him.

*"There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer. There is no disease that enough love will not heal. No door that enough love will not open. No gulf that enough love will not bridge. No wall that enough love will not throw down. And no sin that enough love will not redeem. It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the trouble. How hopeless the outlook. How muddled the tangle. How great the mistake. A sufficient realization of love will resolve it all. And if you could love enough you would be the happiest and most powerful person in the world"*

*~ Louise Hay, "The Power Is Within You"*

Frantically she raised him to higher rocks to ensure the tides would be free from having their way with him any longer and then she ran down the cliff and onto the shore towards the ship, with loud cries down the beach. The king and his men were soon upon the Troubadour and carried him immediately to the respite of the shade. Water, cleansing, ointments, and herbal medicines were quickly administered on and within his being. Upon making him stable enough to move him once more, all made haste to the ship to return to the castle as quickly as possible.

The winds were within the ships favour and guided them home to the homeland most immediately. Upon returning, the king immediately ordered a continual watch with holistic doctors and nurses over the Troubadour. No expense was spared or comfort not given to bring about his healing and recovery. His instrument found by the Princess and given immediately to the luthiers upon arriving back to the homeland, was now repaired by such the finest artisans and then placed in the Troubadour's chambers by his bedside. The king's heart was in continued prayer as was the monk and the Princess. The king made request that she not be allowed to see the Troubadour for fear her heart would be torn beyond return if he should now die. Better the brief moments at the shore as a remembrance rather than more that would weigh as stones in the future.

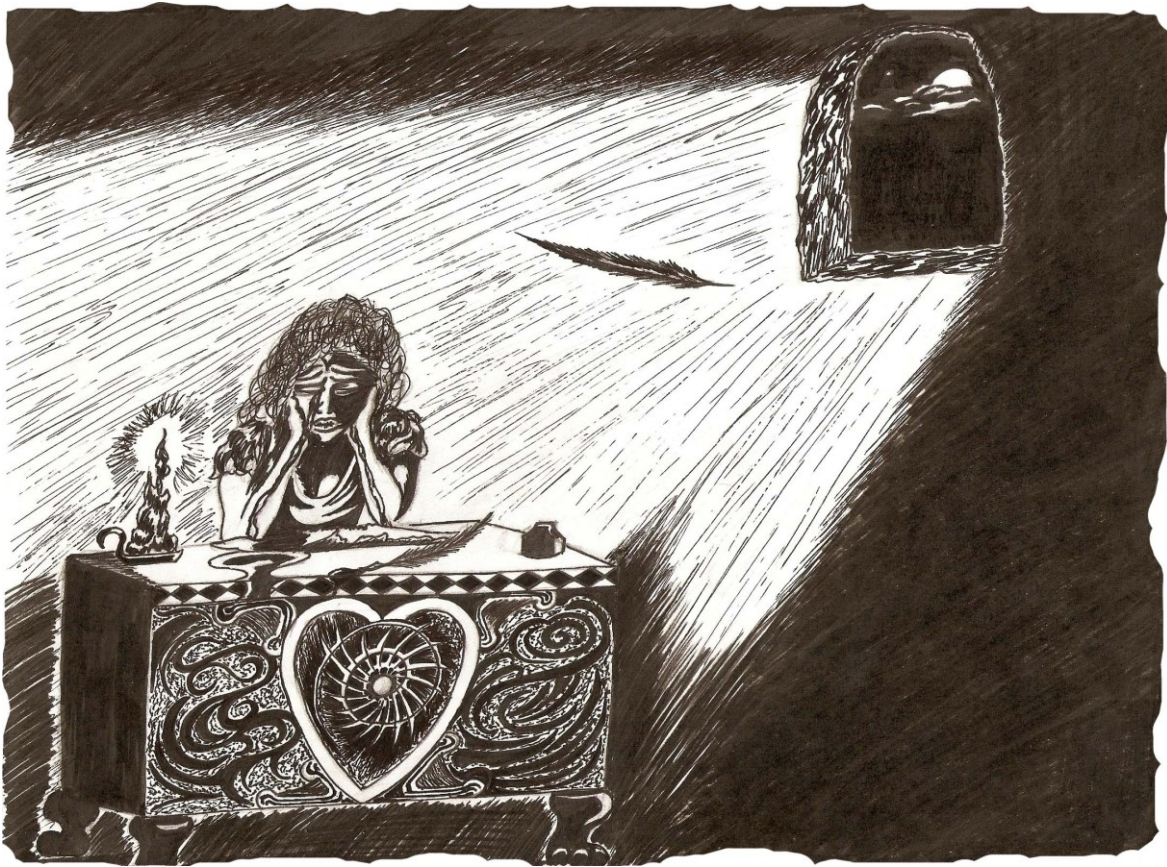
Yet, even within not seeing his physical being, her heart was still torn for she could feel him as he could feel her. Nothing nor no one could divide such a union, not even being forbid to be seen in physical presence. For Love within a place beyond our sights, beyond infinity, beyond eternity is free from ever being broken, torn, forbidden, or forsaken. Albeit the waiting in physicality became at moments too much for the Princess to take, wait she would, for she knew it was all part of the process, all part of the journey. And the journey is just as important as the destination. And in her heart, she knew it was all worth it, that she was worth all that she would endure and that *he* was worth all that she would endure.

*The king sent a ship to the southern king with news of the prince being found. Hesitating to give all the details for he could not bear to bring such sorrow upon his brother, he wrote a sealed letter regarding the search and how at that very moment his son was being nurtured back to health with no expense spared. He also wrote to*



*his dearest brother that upon his strength being returned, the king's fleet shall return  
him to the southern kingdom and to the waiting hearts  
and arms of his mother and father.*

~



### The Troubadour's Prayer at Sea Revealed

The moon had waned and waxed and was yet waning again before the Troubadour was to even be aware of his surroundings yet alone exactly where he was. His strength was not yet restored and it was as if a fog was not allowing clear thoughts to form. In that fog, there was a faint song he still heard, hearing a song that she sings unexplained yet guiding him all the same.

Daily the monk prayed over him and meditated in the room where the Troubadour resided to bring healing both physically and within the stirrings of all hearts and souls involved and a peace of calmness to those same hearts. He read words of wisdom from the Master Artist to him and wove stories about the kingdom and the wonders of the lands within them. A special glint in his eye was upon each story he shared of the Princess from when she was an infant until this moment of the now. Through the very words of the monk

of the Princess, it was as if she were writing of such stories and adventures herself to the Troubadour himself, as if he were reading each beautiful letter and loving each one. As if with each story it was connecting their heart through the bonds of infinity of lives lived as this one lived all at once; as if she was saying to him with each letter *I Loved You Once, I Love You Still....Always Have....Always Will*. Although the Troubadour was unable to exchange speech clearly, he did make it certain he understood and was enraptured by each word spoken by the monk as if he were right there with her in such moments and she with him.

The king rejoiced with each moment that passed in what we call as time, as the Prince recovered further each day. He also frequently visited and recounted what he knew of his homeland shores of the stories given by his father, the king's brother. He also shared with the Troubadour of his journey there and the magnificence that he embraced while he in such a land and how grateful he was that such a kingdom was as abundant in treasures of physicality, as well as love given and received. The king saw the striking resemblance of the Troubadour to his father. Both hearts were comforted in knowing the southern king would soon know his son was safe and healing well.

While the king's heart gladden by the news of healing of the Troubadour, the moment had come to seek justice upon those who harmed the Prince. As the king sat beside the Troubadour's bed, he beseeched him in forgiveness for the treatment he received, and he vowed that those who had transgressed would be dealt with harshly. The Troubadour lent his voice asking that mercy be shown to souls for they know not what they do and were only doing what they knew within their path to do and be. The king responded in kind that the Troubadour was indeed the king's son and that his heart echoed that of his father's. He assured the Prince the justice with mercy would be given.

Upon leaving, the king was informed by one of the servants that it was Lord Darcon and the dungeon keeper who were the ones responsible for the Prince's ill fate. Hearing this knowledge the king ordered both the suitor and the dungeon keeper to be sent to the dungeon until trial.

In honouring the Troubadour's truth, the king summoned the judge who was to reside upon such a trial. Upon the judge's arrival the king inquired as to when the trial was to commence. The judge informed him that it would be within the week.

*"I am certain that you have heard of the events that have occurred judge, what verdict shall be rendered as justice for such crimes?"*

*"It is quite clear sir that hanging shall be ordered. Such treachery upon the king's son requires such a conclusion upon this matter. There is clearly no dispute regarding their guilt. While a hanging is seldom our verdict sir, in this case it seems to be just given the brevity of such a situation."*

*"This is why I summoned you judge. For justice is free from being so cut and dry, so black and white. Within the lands there are also infinite colours and shades to behold. Hear me...Each soul perceives, chooses, and takes steps upon their path according to the Love, the Light, and the truth that flows within them and through them. It is the shadows or darkness which is simply the absence of Light and our forgetfulness of the wisdom of the Master Artist that directs such actions as we have witnessed in this case. Is it not each of us who at one moment or another also guilty of such crimes also?"*

*"I would suppose sir, yet I remind you that few of us would ever even think let alone act upon such attempts upon the Prince's life"*

*"Ah yes, dear judge, and yet, equally, few of us would dare move guided by the very wisdom, Love, and Light of the Lord of All That Is. For to dare to do and be so would be to stand within the testaments of unshakable faith of the purist Love and Light we are and emanate from. To do and be so would be the boldest and most loving act we could embark upon on such a life's journey. For if we are to judge such a journey of light or darkness that reside within another, then remember too then we are judging that of what resides within us as well."*

*"So what shall become of Lord Darcon and the dungeon master then my lord?"*

*"My judgment is death also. Yet it is free from being a death of their physical beings dear judge, but yet a death to the real cause of such crimes committed within what lay dormant within their hearts. They are to continue to remain imprisoned and*



*shown through the eyes of others paths of what such forgetfulness of the Love and Light and what such darkness has brought to our land. They are also to be fed spiritually each day of the wisdom of the Author of All That Is and in that to awaken them to what Love and Light resides dormant within them. For they are not to be freed in physical form for many years to be certain, yet it is their souls that are to be freed by being given the opportunity to free other souls from the darkness and bondage that reside within us all. This will come through first the freeing of their own souls, and then to assist within freeing all souls.  
For none are truly free, until all are free"*

The King continues...

*"To the degree that they respond to the Love, the Light, and the truth is to the degree that their own freedom shall be had within earthly time. If and only if such Love, Light, and truth resonate within them fully, totally, completely, and wholly, only then shall a chance of physical freedom be considered"*

*"Consider it as done my lord, I will ensure that your rendering is cast upon them."*

~

*"Demonstrate tolerance and Love by ignoring what may have transpired in the past. Avoid the inclination to make someone else wrong by pointing out the fallacies of their point of view with examples from their past. Let go of the desire to win and cultivate the desire to communicate" ~Wayne Dyer*

As such a conversation was unfolding within the kings chambers, the Princess, while at the balcony overlooking the shore, began to read the parchments that was taken from the Troubadour's ship that gave her such solace once more. In the midst, there was a parchment intermixed with the others that she had been free from reading before. She first closed her eyes in a prayer of thanksgiving that the very walls of this castle were now his shelter and comfort rather than a place of torment. In much the same gratitude for such beautiful prose written, she lifted the parchment, amidst candles and the full moon giving light to read by. The roses were in full bloom with the scent of sweet love blossoming in the aire as a gentle warm breeze was about her. She began to read a prayer the Troubadour had written at sea:

*“Lord of all the star fields and author of all winds and tides, King of all kings. I know you through my own father who is called king yet daily gives his all in service to you.*

*I have witnessed the Love and Light he wields within that he shares with all, yet upon his knees he seeks only your power to move through him. The inscription upon my instrument is the same as his prayer given to me.”*

***~ May your heart only be guided by love and your  
songs be the echo of this same heart ~***

*“Dreams of a homeland that are free from being fashioned by earth’s possessions and that are more of sacred journeys of the heart of Love, have been what is guiding me far from safety and home. All luxury has been let go of, surrendered, and has now been replaced by countless seasons wandering in search of this homeland. The Princess of this homeland is already etched in my heart as One with mine. To remove her from it would be my death. I have no choice but to journey deep into the dark seasons of bitter cold winds and winter nights, without compass or guiding light other than that of your light dear Lord; to sail the seas in search of the woman that has only visited my dreams and prayers. It is my solemn prayer and vow at this moment as it is in each moment, that my journey will not cease until she is found and together the homeland of our hearts is lived within as One. Lord, even now as the bitter night winds sting and the countless stars cover me, I hold fast the course to her, knowing, understanding, and believing that I am meant to experience both a love of sacred hearts entwine and a love of all. For dear Lord this is why you have told me I’m Here, and why we all are here.*

*I honour both my father’s prayer and what my heart says is the path I must follow.*

*And as I continue on this journey, my heart shall only be guided by love and my songs echo this same heart. I pray the Princess this nigh is within the safety and warmth of the very stars that guide me to her. Let the very winds and angels speak to her heart that I am coming, that I’m Here with her now in this moment. Give her understanding that the homeland of her heart lay within me as mine in her. I am piercing the very heart of tribulations and strife to reach her shore. For whatever these obstacles are to be, I gladly embark upon such as the journey is meant to be for they occur simply to prepare me for such a homecoming with her. It is now I turn on this sacred path, moving within her breath, and hearing the song that she’s singing. Lord, I pray not that this be your will as I’m assured it is by the signs that you have*

*given me and continue to give me. I pray this nigh for the strength and courage to continue this long voyage, guided simply by Spirit and the dreams of her that are given me by this same Spirit."*

Her tears were uncontrollable. It was as if the dam within her heart burst open, breaking free. For not only the floodgates of her heart poured forth in an unending river of love, but her whole being loved him beyond measure. A man she had only embraced within her dreams and but for a moment as he lay at death's doorstep upon the rocks and crashing waves of whom he had not yet even spoken one word to her had captured her heart. He knew not yet, but he held her heart in his hands by such words written. She witnessed the awe and beauty of all sunsets and moonrises combined as she read this parchment.

*The will, the spirit, and the heart of the Troubadour now was etched in her heart. Whatever seas and challenges he endured, the same she would endure a thousand times more in return to be in his arms and share the homeland as One heart. This night as they lay sleeping, angels surrounded both the Prince and Princess as sacred fires of holiness filled both. Love Never Fails, as the universe has its perfect way within this same love.*

~

*"When you are inspired by some great purpose, some extraordinary project, all of your thoughts break their bonds, your mind transcends limitations, your consciousness expands in every direction and you find yourself in a new great and wonderful world. Dormant forces, faculties and talents become alive, and you discover yourself to be a greater person by far than you ever dreamed yourself to be"*  
~Patanjali

~



### At the Balcony and the Shore

In time the Troubadour with strength within him began to venture out among the grounds. Stepping outside for the first time since being carried from the ship and upon finding a spot that called to him, he had begun plucking his instrument and recalling songs. He spoke clearly as the haze of such weary infections within him once held, was now replaced by vibrant well being and a vivid memories of all events. Sitting there upon the bench, he sang a song that came from his heart.

*"If I could never touch you, still I would reach out.  
If you couldn't tremble in my arms, still I would hold on.*



*I'm so in love with you.  
Forever and a day, I do.  
I've looked into your eyes, got lost in your soul,  
You showed me the stars; I look at them still,  
I'm still in love with you,  
Forever and a day, I do."*

Unbeknownst to him this bench was directly below the Princess's balcony. Upon hearing the gentle song being serenaded out to the ethers, her heart raced and tears befilled her eyes within listening to such beauty as she snuck a peek at him. There was an elegant demeanor about him yet a softness that spoke not of all he had endured. His hands as he played showed the grace of both talent and passion for his gift and the love within his heart. It was as if all of his being was being poured into a song that his heart could no longer contain. She could feel every note being played and sung and even the silence between the notes as the reason why she is the melody and he is the harmony of a song in perfect synchronicity. The sweetness and gentleness of his voice singing with such passion, such vulnerability, and such rawness as she stood there listening and watching him fondly with eyes so full of love, warmed her heart and had her love him all the more.

Should she greet him now? The excited unsuredness of her being created her being a frozen statue as she observed the monk had come to sit with him and rejoiced with him as to renewal of his physical essence.

~~~~~

The following day the Princess went to her secret shore and meditated where the shore meets the sea after prayer in the monastery. The Sun was directly over her head making it appear it shone from her very being. Her long flowing locks were cast into the gentle breeze as her bare feet and white summer dress that was worn off her shoulders had sand strewn about them as she sat as a lotus flower. Meditation filled her with radiance matching the brightness that was as a crown above her. The golden light of One was within her as it also shone in the sky. The treasures of her being and of her spirit given within such brilliance were as if nuggets sparkling within fields of gold.

Having just come from being groomed, shaved, and oils massaged unto him from the maidservants, the Troubadour was about the grounds and happened upon the stairway leading to the secret shore. The garments his being also beheld were also white. Preferring bare feet touching the sand, he had removed his sandals. The commanding presence like his father's had now returned within him, yet with a gentleness and vulnerability that was as beautiful and awe-inspiring as the very waves themselves crashing upon the shore.

Upon silently walking down the stairs and turning toward the north, he saw her in meditation. Frozen in this incredible moment, he could hardly breathe as he was so enraptured with the sight of her essence. Her body and spirit glowed as the Sun itself. In the brightness of the light above, he began to think she was a mirage from all of those nights at sea. Yet, in that same moment as he blinked, he came to realize, this was no dream. This was the promise of all moments in linear time being witnessed this very OM of the One Moment. This was the Sun giving birth and casting the very source of life unto this beach within her and within this moment.

As if time itself stood completely still, and much like she had walked within his footsteps in hers, he wept as his footprints slowly etched in the same sand and prints as her own. His thoughts of the many things he wanted to voice raced within him, just as a waterfall awaiting the stream below it.

"What possible words can I speak at this moment? She knows not even my name or who I am or whence I have come from. Let alone what my heart cries out to such degree that this moment the entire universe hasn't the room to fill it. She knows not of my love for her beyond the reaches of infinity and eternity for it has been hidden from her for that same eternity and infinity. What fool will she think I am as I stand before her unable to even speak about such small talk such as the weather and such? Will she cast me aside if I come to her and share what is within my heart? For it is my very life, my very breath, and my very heart that lay before me within her."

While these thoughts among others were racing about him he moved towards her as if angels themselves were pulling at his being toward her. He whispered a faint prayer to the heavens in beseechment;

*“Lord, be with my speech this moment.
Guide me as to the words that are to come from my heart to her in this moment”*

Such is the moment of soul recognition, such a deep recognition that it is beyond words, it just is.

“....That could be why, once they met on earth, they were able to come so quickly to the point. When they saw each other on the train, there was some quality of mutual recognition. It was as if they were attempting to recall why they had come together. When each spoke to the heart of the matter ~ Hannah by offering the birthday cake, the monk by offering his love ~ the other wasn't surprised. We rarely feel surprised when we are merely being reminded. Any true desire is kind of memory. By true desire I mean one that arises directly from the soul, not the myriad and trivial wants induced by advertising, nor the ambitions to which we are driven by our own insecurities and the expectation of others. I mean a desire you can really feel in your heart. Such desires are often the distant call of something we already possess but forgotten...Another way to put it is that you are being drawn forward by what already is.” ~On Becoming an Alchemist by Catherine MacCoun, page 126

The Princess was attuned not only to his voice but sensed his presence before he even had spoken a word and quickly turned her head. Words were free from needing to be spoken. Their eyes, bodies, spirits, hearts and arms spoke all words that need be. The said and the unsaid given in that moment of eternity. Tears of unbounded love and bliss from within them intermingled with their lips. The taste, scents, and presence of their physical bodies met one another with an honouring of all the universe held within them that moment, as sight would be when given to someone blind since birth.

Their embrace was as one Sun holding itself to be admired and loved. His very being was contained within her soul as her soul was his in return. He was the manifestation of all she held as sacred and to be honoured. He understood that she was a vessel of the Source of such sacredness, a goddess to be beloved. His greatest treasure was held in his arms this moment as the Princess and he were not as the cottonwood roots intertwined, but as the one tree itself.

The first words spoken to one another were from the Troubadour as he held her in his arms, gazing softly into her eyes with such tenderness and love as they lay on the beach.

"My love for you was cast into existence even before the moment time and space was declared. This same love will endure beyond all that is held within them. My very heartbeat was created to carry this love for you and to you always. There is no sea nor tempest nor trial nor fire that would keep me separate from you. I knew you since my soul was breathed into existence. Every song written was for you, every experience I journeyed through and every action I have taken has been in preparation of this day.

*Every prayer was framed by the woman who this moment
frame all I am and behold."*

Within the same heart beat of his lips closing, as she gently caressed his cheek with her hand so softly, so lovingly as she gazed into his eyes with all the love within her heart in that moment, her speech gave her first words to him:

"Dearest Troubadour, it is to you that my heart, my soul has been calling. For many upon many seasons I have heard your song, and even yet before this. For your song is within me and has been within me since even before linearity was given birth to. For my love, I have known you since my soul was breathed into existence. For I am you, and you are me. We are One, OneSoul infinitely. The very winds spoke of your coming, not as declaration, but as comfort to what my heart already knew. The same breathe that breathes life into your soul with that same breathe fills mine. The winds, tides, and currents of the sea were my prayers guiding your ship unto me. The fragrance returned to you was the blossoming of my heart each moment thoughts of you filled me. The sea you sailed upon were the tears wept while you were still distant from my arms. It is the breath of my infinite love for you that I whisper within you that placed the wind within your sails. My beacon of light shines for you, guiding you, guiding all whom come to the shore of One Love. For dearest Troubadour we have always been One.

For we are One - One Light, OneSoul, One heart, One Love"

So sacred was this moment that the Lord of the sacred OM of the One Moment proclaimed to the angels;

"This moment is to be a monument in which infinity and eternity dance as One within the universe of All That Is that I Am. For within this moment of such a dance

*is the union of Love that frees us all. The Love of sacred hearts entwine and the love of Oneness of all now are declared within this moment of union of this OneSoul within two physical forms. All that is created from this moment forth is to be as the OM of the One Moment is always, as One.
So it is spoken, so it is written, so shall it be."*

They watched the Sun as it set upon the point where the sea meets the sky. Hues of amber, orange, and purple filled the sky as twilight fell upon them. As night fell the Prince and Princess walking hand in hand as One, climbed the stairs back towards the castle. He picked a purple flower, her favourite colour, as they were walking and gave it to her. Laughing, she picked a red one with the stem being green of his favourite colour and placed it in his hands. In colours of the sunset rest now within the flowers in their hands as if the whole universe was theirs and theirs alone in that moment. In love and joy of it all, they laughed and several times exchanged the same flowers enchanted by such love and fragrance. Sitting at the bench their embrace was washed in the Spirit that created the full moon and the whole universe full of stars as the gentle scents upon the sweetest evening's breeze witnessed such an exchange upon the earth and in the heavens with smiles.

Both the king and monk looked out from the library window and smiled as both their hearts were filled with such love and promise, understanding what indeed had transpired even without there being there physically, and also understanding that the plans of the Master Artist are often not fully known to man until the end. And within the end is a beginning which in turn creates the infinity that never ends and thus there is no end. This night was just such a night of both an end and a beginning. Leaving the monk, the king whispered:

"So it is spoken, so it is written, so shall it be"

~



The Wedding

Kings are fine at governing, but it was the Queen who now entered all aspects of ceremony. Her daughter was her very purpose in breathing and her marriage was now the purpose of each thought held. Details right down to what shade of trim on the monk's robes, to be worn as he gave them to be man and wife, were drafted and changed again and again. The prince and Princess spent their days as young lovers in rejoicing without a care.

The wedding date was not determined as the king wanted permission from the southern king regarding such an important event. For weeks look-outs were placed on the bluffs to search for white sails with the kings emblems upon them. The ships that were sent to tell the southern king of the prince being found were expected to return at anytime. It was also expected the prince would need to sail home to the south first to meet with his father and ask his permission in such an important matter.

Soon the king's ship was spotted and all in the castle went to the harbour to greet the shipmates upon their return. As the ropes were tied and the gang plank cast to the dock trumpets heralded as a procession of dignitaries came ashore. The Troubadour's father and mother then appeared atop the plank as a carpet was being rolled out for them by ship mates. All hearts leapt at this incredible surprise.

The Troubadour could not contain his emotions. He ran down the dock and up the plank and embraced both with tears shed by all. This moment of gathering held no pomp or ceremony, it was hearts as one giving thanks with all their being for the grace of God uniting them. Immediately a holiday and time of celebration was declared for all within the entire kingdom.

There was no doubt that the Prince was entitled to marry the Princess. All gave their blessings both in word and spirit. The queens were of one spirit and purpose which was to make this wedding the wedding of all time. The kings were as young men themselves again as they rode through the countryside and laughed. Both their hearts were in thanks that their King rode with them and laughed alongside.

The day of the wedding was filled with all one can imagine two kingdoms uniting in such a cause would manifest. She in a gown that would be fit for the most beautiful valley ever to be and he dressed in such attire that the grandest of cottonwoods would be jealous of them.

The ring he had worn around his neck throughout his journeys was this moment removed and placed upon her finger. It fit perfectly. The ring she worn around her neck throughout her journeys too was this moment removed and placed upon his finger. It too fit perfectly. The words and vows

exchanged at this time were as eloquent as the hearts giving these vows. A blessing, the soul signature song that only the Troubadour and Princess knew, hers to him and his to her was also given from their lips speaking in the native tongue of the homeland they knew. Butterflies were released at the moment of their kiss. Celebration echoed throughout provinces, country hamlets, and towns. News of the wedding spread as wildfire. The entirety of the southern kingdom made this a day of celebration and holiday.

The Troubadour's ship had been gathered and a monument built to display it. It was unveiled at the wedding with a bold inscription carved in stone at the entranceway. It read:

*"May your heart only be guided by love and your
songs be the echo of this same heart"*

At the closing of the wedding banquet, all were hushed as they witnessed in one accord what love upon the shore as Prince and Princess was to bring for all time. They witnessed the Troubadour sit the Princess down and first took her golden sandals off and kneeling kissed her feet. He then arose and took his instrument. His gaze was upon her the whole time as it was sworn by many that angels joined in as he sang to her of two songs, two BEing as One...

*"Upon each wind
That has blown
Within your breath
All things are born
With each breath drawn
It's you that I am
With each heartbeat
We melt into One*

*Holy fire that burns in my heart
I am now consumed in your love
Holy fire that fashioned each star
I am now One within your love*

Upon each wind

*That has blown
Within your breath
All things are born
With each breath drawn
It's you that I am
With each heartbeat
We melt into One"*

~

*"Lord of the Star Fields
Author of all winds and tides
May my heart be guided by Love
May my songs echo this same heart
To the Princess, I now set sail
As her prayers guide these very tides
May her heart be guided by Love
May her songs echo this same heart
Song of the Troubadour,
It's the very Love within us all
Song of the Troubadour,
It's the very Love to free us all
May our hearts be guided by Love
And may our songs echo this same heart"*

After the last chord was struck it was she that sat him down, removed his sandals and kissed his feet. She then arose and read to him from the very parchments he had penned at sea. Unknown to all until this very moment, she then took her own personal journals written since her youth and opened them.

Her words spoke in unison with those of the Troubadour. Words declaring that the orchestra of all hearts is played by and through the universe. If allowed, the Master Artist will create a masterpiece worthy of the Princess and the Troubadour who would give their all. The testimony of their lives was this song being written. The expression of the finished work was the beginning that was now upon them. They are now to go forth as One to bring this message of Love and Light to the world.

This love is the spirit that guides the pen, the instrument of songs born of the heart, and guides the very lives of the Troubadours at sea and the Princesses awaiting such arrival so that they BE as One upon the shores of all the kingdoms of the universe.

This is the Song of the Troubadour and the Song of the Princess as One.....
play it well.

*"May your heart only be guided by love and your
songs be the echo of this same heart"*

~

About the Author

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~Nenari, Princess of the Sea ~

Known as the Princess of the Sea, the “Diamondlady” of Lemuria who brings the Love and Light to the world in all ways through the gifts poured through her hands and through the beauty of her song, Nenari, Princess of the Sea, is a universally celebrated singer, author, speaker, and spiritual mentor within the resonance of True love and Spiritual Oneness.

As an Ambassadors of Love and Light, Nenari is known as the “Diamondlady” of Lemuria, the soul who brings forth the Diamond energy of Lemuria to this earth within infinite ways. She is currently the author of several books including "Life Long Learning ~ Transforming Learning" and "Stepping Into Spiritual Oneness ~ Spiritual Rememberings of the Soul Through Life Experience", “Song of the Princess” and her most recent book "Beloved Troubadour"; and has appeared on various radio shows and within articles of international publications. Nenari has been a regular featured column in the India Newpost entitled The OM (the One Moment) and has also been a contributing music writer for Gonzo Online, writing in-depth pieces from the heart of our musicians to touch, move and inspire you to see the real, raw, vulnerable, and from the heartness of the musician behind the music; being totally naked and exposed, revealing all and holding back none, and their legacy that they desire to leave for us all.

Nenari is also the Director of The Diamondlight Spiritual Oneness Centre and also the co~creator of the OneSoul REALationship Series along with Natu. In addition, Nenari is also Music Manager/Publicist for Natu (Chris Madsen) in addition to other artists on the journey.

Romance/Relationships

*What does Love really mean? What would Love do now?
Does Love truly conquer All?*

Song of the Princess is an amazing love story set in the medieval times. A princess from the Northern Kingdom who's heart is called by the song upon the wind that she knows not of it's author yet the calling is so strong within her that the will and spirit of such a soul brings her to the shores of the sea constantly in awaiting his arrival. The journey is one of patience and challenges beyond what one can bear. The Southern Kingdom has the troubadour, a prince who must also embark on a journey sailing through many treacherous seas and trials to come to shore where the princess awaits. Will they find the love they seek regardless of treacherous seas and life's challenges?

Song of the Princess has multi-dimensional facets and resonances within it. On the surface, it is an incredible love story. Within peeling through the infinite layers upon layers of this beautiful sweet onion of wisdom and love, this love story is a vast wealth of guidance and truth for each step on the path of our journeys.

The journeys of the heart in a love of sacred hearts entwine in balance with a Oneness Love and Light for all/with all is who we are and why we are here. Such love, such wisdom are the waves of the ocean bathing us in its love and are the hidden treasures to discover within Song of the Princess. For within these pages here are infinite nuggets of esoteric wisdom interwoven within this beautiful love story.

Within reading this book, you will resonate with the prayer

*~ May your heart be guided by love,
& may your song echo this same heart ~*