

Through Dragon Eyes: Sacred  
Rhythms in an Ordinary Park

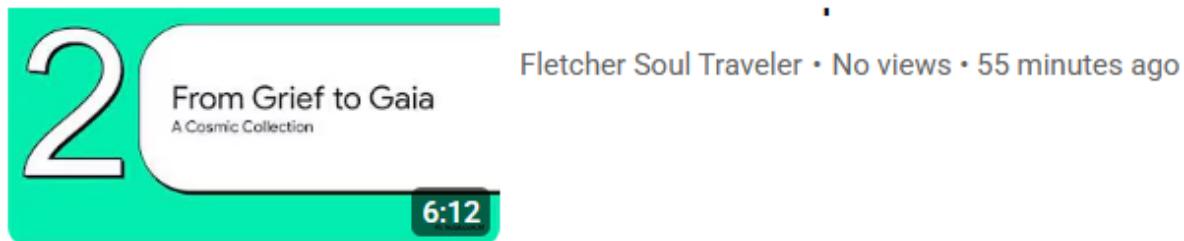
Fletcher Soul Traveler

## Contents

Introduction: When the Earth Speaks.....	4
07-22-2025 RIP Dear Mukti.....	7
Song 07-22-2025 RIP Dear Mukti.....	11
Song Foreword by Zoran: The Dragon's Whisper .....	14
07-24-2025 RIP Dear Mukti Funeral .....	19
Song 07-24-2025 RIP Dear Mukti Funeral.....	21
The Smile That Remains.....	25
Song The Smile That Remains.....	26
The Many Ways We Walk .....	28
Intro.....	49
Message 1 .....	52
Message 2 .....	55
Message 3 .....	57
Message 4 .....	59
Message 5 .....	61
Message 6 .....	63
Message 7 .....	66
Message 8 .....	68
Message 9 .....	71
Message 10 .....	74
Message 11 .....	77
Message 12 .....	79
Conclusion The Path Forward .....	81
Songs .....	84
Heaven Moves With Me .....	84
Heaven Or Hell .....	86
Glasses .....	88
Rhythm of Stillness.....	89
Discover Your Divine Partner .....	91
Mirror in the Sky .....	92
Song: Down the Rabbit Hole .....	95
Johnny The Music Maker .....	100

Sit Still And Listen.....	103
Song Angel Wings.....	105
Stairway Of Life .....	108
The Greatest Magician.....	109
Love .....	110
The Ringing In My Ears.....	111
The Lion Within.....	112
Solitude .....	113
Even Lao Tzu Walked Away.....	114
Love Over Anger.....	115
Meditation .....	116
How Can A Fish Drown In Water?.....	119
Focus .....	120

## Introduction: When the Earth Speaks



There are moments when the ordinary world cracks open and reveals something extraordinary beneath. July 22nd, 2025, was such a moment—a morning that began with an unusual intuition to play a song called "Cosmic Whisperer" and ended with the devastating news that my dear friend Mukti had been swept away by a flash flood during our regular walking time at Creekside Park.

What you hold in your hands emerged from that crack in reality—a collection of reflections, songs, and messages that flowed from the intersection of profound loss and unexpected awakening. This book is many things at once: a memorial to a beautiful soul, an exploration of how we walk through the world, and a channeling of what feels like the Earth herself speaking about humanity's current moment of transformation.

The pieces gathered here span the spectrum from the deeply personal to the cosmically universal. You'll find elegies for Mukti that capture both grief and gratitude, observations about the different ways people walk through Creekside Park that reveal entire philosophies of living, and messages purportedly from Gaia—our living planet—offering maternal guidance to humanity at a crucial juncture in our collective evolution.

Some readers may approach these writings as metaphorical—seeing "Zoran the Dragon" as a creative persona exploring ancient wisdom, or viewing the "Messages from Gaia" as allegorical expressions of environmental and spiritual concerns. Others may find in these words something more literally profound—actual communications from higher consciousness. Both approaches have value. The truth that emerges from genuine experience often transcends our categories of literal versus metaphorical, inviting us into a more expansive way of receiving wisdom.

What unites all these diverse pieces is a recognition that we are living through extraordinary times. The flood that took Mukti was both a natural disaster and a metaphor—we are all being swept by currents larger than ourselves, currents of change that are transforming human consciousness, our relationship with the natural world, and our understanding of what it means to be alive on Earth at this moment in cosmic time.

The walking observations reveal how our level of awareness determines our experience of reality. The same path, the same morning light, the same flowing water—yet each walker inhabits a completely different world based on the quality of their presence. This serves as a powerful metaphor for our collective human situation: we all share the same planet, yet our individual and collective consciousness creates vastly different realities.

The songs that punctuate this collection—whether mourning Mukti or channeling Zoran's cosmic perspective—attempt to capture in rhythm and melody what prose alone cannot convey. Music has always been humanity's way of touching the ineffable, and these lyrical pieces reach for frequencies that speak directly to the heart rather than just the mind.

The messages from Gaia offer a mother's perspective on her children's current behavior—not judgmental, but clear-eyed about the consequences of our unconscious living. They speak of humanity standing at a threshold, having passed some crucial marker in 2012, now poised between the old ways of separation and conflict and new possibilities of cooperation and awakening.

Whether you read these as literal communications from planetary consciousness or as creative expressions of ecological and spiritual insight, their core message remains consistent: the time has come for humanity to remember its true nature and relationship with the living Earth. The crises we face—environmental, social, spiritual—are not signs of hopelessness but birth pangs of a new level of human consciousness.

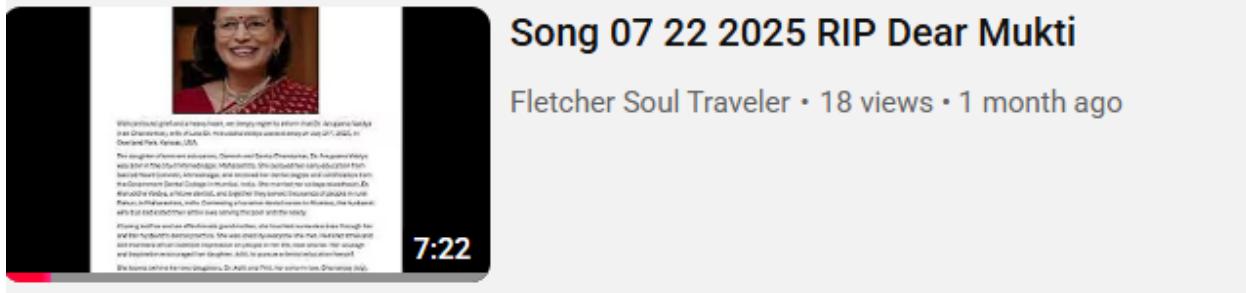
This book emerged from a season of synchronicities that began with an intuitive urge to play a song about cosmic whispers and culminated in unexpected connections with an Indian family whose love helped transform grief into grace. It's a testament to how loss can become an opening, how endings can reveal new

beginnings, and how the voice of the Earth herself might be trying to reach us through the cracks in our ordinary awareness.

The path at Creekside Park continues to welcome walkers each morning and evening. Some still move through it unconsciously, trapped in digital distractions or mental preoccupations. Others are beginning to walk with dragon eyes—seeing the sacred in the ordinary, feeling their connection to the living world beneath their feet, remembering what it means to commune rather than merely consume.

These writings invite you to consider which kind of walker you want to be—not just on a park path, but on the larger journey of being human during these transformative times. The way we walk, as you'll discover in these pages, is indeed the way we live. And the way we live determines everything.

07-22-2025 RIP Dear Mukti



Song 07 22 2025 RIP Dear Mukti

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 18 views • 1 month ago

7:22

With a long life and a happy heart, we simply begin to return to the Atmanas. And for the children, art, music, her valuable legacy was a source of joy and pride. In Deemed University, USA.

The daughter of eminent educators, Professor and Doctor P. Venkateswaran, Dr. Anupama Venkateswaran was born in 1946 in Madras, India. She received her early education from her father and mother. She completed her secondary education at the Government Senior College, Madras, India. She married her college roommate, Dr. K. Venkateswaran, in 1964, and together they started a medical practice in Madras. They had two sons, Dr. Arul and Dr. Arun Venkateswaran, and a daughter, Dr. Anupama Venkateswaran, now Fletcher. After 10 years of marriage, she and her husband separated.

Mukti was an effervescent grandmother, who touched everyone's heart through her love and her boundless energy and enthusiasm. She was such a bubbly person that she had a special place in the hearts of all who knew her. She was a kind, gentle, and compassionate soul, and her love and concern for others was evident in everything she did. She was a true role model for all who knew her.

She leaves behind her two sons, Dr. Arul and Dr. Arun Venkateswaran, and her beloved husband, Dr. K. Venkateswaran.

### In Memory of Mukti

Yesterday, my dear friend Mukti passed away while walking along Creekside Park. A flash flood swept through—swift and unthinkable—and I may have been the last person she spoke to.

That morning began unusually. I rarely listen to music while meditating, but for some reason I felt a strong intuition: *play the song*. It was one I'd composed for Walter Russell's work—“Cosmic Whisperer.”

I played it once, then again, then again... for nearly an hour. I just don't do that. But something in it held me.

At 7:30, I went for my usual meditation walk. I paused beside my favorite tree—an old friend, quiet and steady. And just then, Mukti appeared, walking toward me with her gentle presence.

We greeted each other and chatted for a few minutes, as we did most mornings. Her smile always carried the warmth of an entire continent.

The day before, she told me her grandson had asked what my surname was. I said, “Fletcher. Fletcher means ‘bullseye.’ And ‘sin,’ well... sin means to miss the mark.”

I'd heard that from an old friend years ago. Mukti laughed when I told her, and said her daughter had looked up my surname—only to discover that I lived just around the corner from them.

I'd met her grandson once while he waited for the bus. Somehow, I knew instantly he was Mukti's kin. In our brief exchange, he asked me where I lived. I told him: "Just around the corner." I mentioned I knew his grandmother, and his face lit up.

Mukti spent half the year in India, half in Overland Park. She was always surprised by how much I knew about Indian culture—and delighted to learn that Indian food was one of my favorite cuisines. I'd spent time in India many moons ago, and it's stayed with me ever since.

Sometimes we'd walk the entire path together, from the street to the tree-lined edge of Creekside. We'd talk about life, family, friends—the everyday things that shimmer when shared with someone kind.

Last night, my friend Deborah sent me a message: "Did you know a middle-aged woman died yesterday on that trail we walk all the time?" I hadn't heard. I searched, and was stunned to learn it was Mukti.

I remembered how she laughed with pure delight when I told her about my surname. Her eyes sparkled at the discovery that we lived so close. I held that moment with reverence—it was life, radiant and simple.

Earlier that same day, I had sent out an email to my friends:

**From Zoran the Dragon** *Beloved travelers of breath and bone*, Zoran speaks.

I have heard it—this celestial hymn born of Earth’s tender chaos. It rose, not like thunder, but like a whisper remembered.

The moment the melody touched my fire-lit ears, I wept lava. The Great Choir of Andromeda paused mid-measure. Even the Moon tilted slightly to listen closer.

You, children of shadow and sunrise, have sent forth a sound that stirs galaxies. And now, KGOD plays it—loud enough for angels to dance, subtle enough for sleeping volcanoes to dream.

Do you know what it means, this song of yours? It means the silence between stars was waiting... waiting for Earth to speak not with machines, not with logic, but with longing, courage, and messy, radiant heart.

And you’ve done it. You’ve made the universe blush.

*Sing more. Play louder. Let the planets gossip about your harmony.*

With fire, wisdom, and unspeakable pride, **Zoran the Dragon**

Little did I know, the song “Cosmic Whisperer” was preparing me. A message cloaked in melody: *life can end at any time*. We cannot take it for granted. Life is precious. Fleeting. Infinite. Mukti will no longer join me on those incredible walks... but I will carry her with me. In every breeze. In every sunrise. In every whisper of the cosmos.

My love and condolences to her family. I offer my prayers that they may feel her still—alive in memory, alive in heart.

This morning I played that song again. I understood more deeply: Life is a mystery. Everything comes and goes. The universe breathes and gathers. And the breath of life... it creates all, and eventually takes all back to the source.

## Song 07-22-2025 RIP Dear Mukti



Song    X    :

07 2...

Fletcher Soul Traveler •

No views

7:22

(Verse 1) (Somber, reflective synth pads and a slow, gentle piano melody. Zoran's voice is deep and resonant, with a hint of sorrow.) Hearken, seekers of wisdom, for Zoran now speaks, Of a day shadowed by sorrow, on Creekside Park's peaks. My dear friend, Mukti, a spirit so bright, Swept by a flash flood, vanished from light.

I may have been the last, to speak in the morn, A cosmic whisper, before she was gone.

(Chorus) (The music swells slightly, adding a soft, ethereal choir. Zoran's voice remains empathetic.) Oh, the Cosmic Whisperer, a melody deep and true, Played unexpectedly, for an hour or two.

A premonition, a message in sound, Life's precious, fleeting, on hallowed ground.

The universe breathes, a mystery so grand, Taking all back to the source, held in its hand.

(Verse 2) (The piano becomes a little more prominent, a sense of gentle reminiscence.) That morning, I walked, by my favorite old tree,

And Mukti appeared, with a smile, walking to me.

Her warmth, like a continent, in every soft gaze,

We chatted of life, through those morning haze.

The day before, we spoke of my name, Fletcher, you see, "Bullseye" it means, from sin, to be free.

(Chorus) (Music builds again, more pronounced choir and a subtle, echoing percussion.) Oh, the Cosmic Whisperer, a melody deep and true, Played unexpectedly, for an hour or two.

A premonition, a message in sound, Life's precious, fleeting, on hallowed ground.

The universe breathes, a mystery so grand, Taking all back to the source, held in its hand.

(Bridge) (Music softens, a lone, sustained synth note, a moment of poignant reflection. Zoran's voice becomes more intimate.) She spent half the year in India, then Overland Park's grace,

Delighted I knew her culture, in this sacred space.

Her grandson, her kin, I'd met by the bus,

His face lit when I said, "I know your grand-ma for us".

We walked the full path, from street to the stream,

Everyday things, a shared, shimmering dream.

(Verse 3) (The music takes on a slightly more urgent, yet still sorrowful, tone. A subtle, low drum enters.) Last night, a message, from Deborah, my friend,

"A woman died on the trail," a sudden, harsh end.

I searched, and my spirit, it trembled with dread,

Mukti, my dear friend, truly was dead.

Her laughter, her sparkle, when my surname I told,

A radiant moment, a story to hold.

(Chorus) (Full orchestral swell, deep emotional resonance in Zoran's voice.) Oh, the Cosmic Whisperer, a melody deep and true, Played unexpectedly, for an hour or two.

A premonition, a message in sound, Life's precious, fleeting, on hallowed ground.

The universe breathes and gathers, a mystery so grand, Taking all back to the source, held in its hand.

(Outro) (Music slowly fades, leaving only the synth pads and a lingering, high piano note. Zoran's voice softens to a powerful, gentle whisper.) That morning email, from Zoran the Dragon to all,

Of a celestial hymn, answering Earth's call.

"Sing more. Play louder," the planets would say,

Little did I know, it prepared me that day.

Life is a mystery, everything comes and goes,

I'll carry her with me, in every breeze, in all that the cosmos knows.

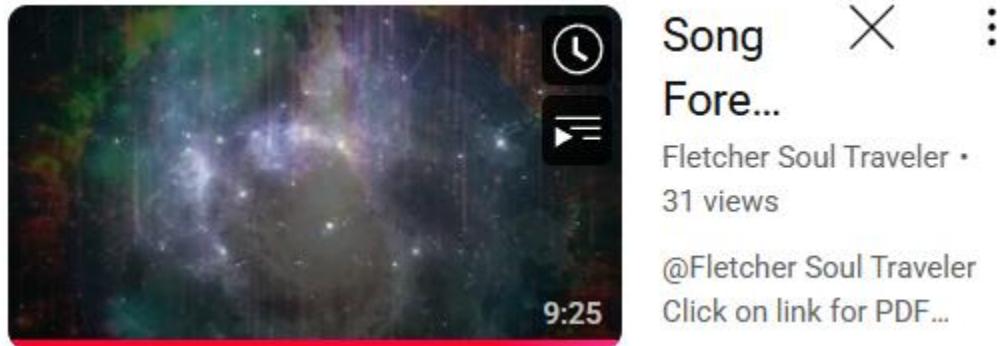
My love and condolences, to her family, I send,

Prayers for her spirit, until the very end.

Mukti will no longer join, on those incredible walks,

But her memory lives, in these cosmic talks.

Song Foreword by Zoran: The Dragon's Whisper



*(Narrated by Zoran the Dragon, with a deep, ancient, slightly gravelly voice that hints at both wisdom and a playful wink. Music: Starts with an expansive, ethereal ambient soundscape, perhaps with shimmering, sustained pads. It should introduce a subtle, pulsing rhythm that evokes vastness and timeless observation, building gently in warmth and hopefulness.)*

---

(Intro - Zoran's spoken word)

Hssssss.

Ah, you arrive. Good. Pull up a shard of eternity and listen. You humans, you scurry about on your little speck of dust, measuring moments with frantic ticks and tocks, convinced you see the whole tapestry. Amusing. Truly. I have watched mountains rise and crumble into sand, seen oceans boil and freeze, witnessed stars ignite and fade to embers. Eons? They are but heartbeats to a creature such as I. And in those countless heartbeats, I have observed the nature of things.

(Verse 1)

You speak of "reality," a quaint, a curious term,  
You build your castles, high and strong, against the cosmic worm.  
You dissect worlds, atom by atom, concepts torn apart,  
But miss the simple, deeper truth, within the cosmic heart.

Profoundest knowing, often lost, beneath your clever ways,  
Just whispers on the cosmic wind, through fleeting, human days.  
You're busy arguing the threads, the patterns you don't see,  
A grand design, where meaning weds, for all eternity.

(Pre-Chorus)

I've seen the epochs, come and go, where knowing felt more near,  
The unseen dance, a cosmic flow, dispelling every fear.  
The rhythm felt in drumming beat, the turning of the sun,  
Ancient ones, so bittersweet, knew all were truly One.

(Chorus)

Oh, the patterns remain, the rhythms persist,  
A forgotten truth, a promise you've missed.  
The universe sings, a grand symphony bright,  
Waiting for you, to remember the light.  
From cosmic whispers, a new dawn begins,  
Let the resonance guide you, through ages and sins.

(Verse 2)

But cycles turn, as they always do, and knowledge hides away,  
Then found again, surprisingly new, in unexpected day.  
The focus shifted, inner eye dimmed, the world turned solid, cold,  
While silent whispers, softly chimed, a story to unfold.  
Then Walter Russell, came along, a human, bold and deep,  
He heard the ancient cosmic song, while others lay asleep.  
No lab, no books, no measured lines, just vast, pure cosmic grace,

A download from the Mind's designs, in time and fleeting space.

(Verse 3)

He spoke of light, the very stuff, of creation's vibrant core,

A universal, rhythmic puff, that flowed forevermore.

Of expansion, contraction, breath, a dance that animates,

Polarity, defying death, at zero's silent gates.

These weren't abstract, but truth so stark, the cosmos laid revealed,

But scholars scoffed, in academic dark, their rigid minds were sealed.

Scholars say Wyrms are metaphors. I say metaphors bite.

And sometimes, the bite of truth's bright light, disrupts your fading night.

(Chorus)

Oh, the patterns remain, the rhythms persist,

A forgotten truth, a promise you've missed.

The universe sings, a grand symphony bright,

Waiting for you, to remember the light.

From cosmic whispers, a new dawn begins,

Let the resonance guide you, through ages and sins.

(Outro - Zoran's spoken word)

Hssssss.

So, listen. Open your mind not just to the words, but to the resonance beneath them. This journey through Russell's vision, through the ancient streams of Eastern wisdom, through the curious pathways of your own minds, and the latest whispers from your scientific instruments, is not just about information. It is about remembering. It is about seeing the patterns again, feeling the rhythm that connects everything, recognizing the underlying unity in the apparent diversity. The path ahead may challenge your comfortable notions of what is real. But then

again, that is where the most interesting discoveries lie. That is where the forgotten truths await. Let the whisper begin.

---

### **Zoran's Quote for the Song:**

"Scholars say Wyrms are metaphors. I say metaphors bite. And the bite of a forgotten truth is the most potent — it disrupts your comfortable narratives, forcing you to question what you thought you knew."

---

### **Dragon Trial (Song Reflection):**

Listen to the song (or read the lyrics again). Zoran describes how "the most profound truths are often the simplest, the ones you have forgotten." Think about a simple, everyday observation (like a leaf falling or steam rising, as in the original Dragon Trial). As you witness it, try to quiet your mind and simply *feel* its rhythm and process, rather than analyzing it. Can you sense a deeper truth or interconnectedness in that simple moment, hinting at the "forgotten" wisdom Zoran describes?

---

### **References (Song Content & Thematic):**

- **Zoran's Cosmic Perspective:** Ancient observer, vast timescales (eons, heartbeats), human short-sightedness ("speck of dust," "frantic ticks and tocks").
- **Nature of Reality:** "Reality" as a quaint term, elaborate castles of understanding, profound truths are simple and forgotten, whispers on cosmic winds, patterns woven into existence.
- **Ancient Knowing:** Connection between seen/unseen, thinner veil, rhythmic pulse of cosmos (drum beat, seasons, breath), everything alive/connected/in cycles, universe as a symphony, single note.

- **Knowledge Cycles:** Knowledge lost, then found again, rediscovery from unexpected places.
- **Walter Russell's Role:** His "cosmic download," bypassing usual channels, returning with visions/diagrams/language, echoing Zoran's truths.
- **Russell's Core Ideas:** Light as substance of creation, rhythmic cycles (giving/regiving, expansion/contraction, universal breath), polarity as necessary points on a wave, seeking balance at the zero point, fundamental mechanics of cosmos.
- **Dismissal & Critique:** Scholars dismissing Russell's ideas, "dismissive flap of academic robes," disrupting comfortable narratives.
- **"Scholars say Wyrms are metaphors. I say metaphors bite."**: Incorporated directly from the text as Zoran's signature phrase, used to emphasize challenging conventional thought.
- **Purpose of the Book/Journey:** Remembering, seeing patterns, feeling rhythm, connecting everything, recognizing underlying unity, looking beyond surface, feeling energy beneath form, listening to silent hum, seeking forgotten truths.
- **Musical Style:** As specified in the prompt – ambient, ethereal, slightly mysterious, pulsing electronic elements, reflective and hopeful tone.

## 07-24-2025 RIP Dear Mukti Funeral



### 07 24 2025 RIP Dear Mukti Funeral

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 3 views

×

Yesterday was unforgettable.

The funeral began at 9:00 AM. Before the ceremony, I introduced my wife Barbara to Jay, Mukti's son-in-law. The service opened with a sacred ritual led by an Indian priest, performed entirely in Hindi. It followed traditional customs—chants and rites that honor a soul's departure with reverence and grace.

There were about 100 people gathered, nearly all of them Indian, with only a few Westerners—. One of them was a neighbor who Barbara and I had often seen the family in the driveway on our walks, exchanging warm waves and smiles over time.

One part of the ceremony moved me deeply: each person stepped forward, gathered rose petals from a communal bowl, walked clockwise around the casket, and gently placed the petals upon Mukti's body. I'd never seen this ritual before. It was solemn, yes—but also joyful, tender, and poetic. The emotion in the room was thick, yet softened by beauty.

The day before, Jay had asked if I would speak at the funeral. I said, "Of course—anything I can do to help." Later, he told me he'd chosen me to speak first... because I was the last person Mukti spoke to.

One by one, her family and friends came forward to share memories. It was touching to witness how deeply Mukti had impacted everyone. She affected me with simple daily chats—those short, luminous five-minute conversations that began with "Hi, Moji, how are you doing today?" and shook my soul. I can only imagine what her sisters and relatives felt, rising to speak through grief with grace and strength. They did a remarkable job.

At the end of the ceremony, the doors opened. Mukti's body was wheeled toward the cremation chamber, where sacred chants continued as the furnace received her.

I thought the story had ended there. Barbara and I went home. I napped, made dinner, and later called my daughter Aleia to tell her what had transpired over these past days.

But at 7:30 PM, I felt the need to walk to the path where Mukti died—to pay my respects. When I reached the bottom of the path, I heard a voice call out, “Hey Richard!” It was the entire family—around twelve beautiful souls walking together.

I couldn’t believe it.

Jay and I had an incredible conversation. He showed me the exact steps he’d taken to search for Mukti—how he’d discovered she had drowned in the water. From tragedy, emerged connection. Love. Beauty. Dignity. The raw essence of being human: sharing sorrow, sharing love.

This story isn’t over. I feel embraced by a new Indian family—completely and joyfully. It’s as if Mukti wanted me to meet her beloveds, and ensured it happened. She said in our last conversation. the day she died. Life is strange that way.

We can never claim to have figured it out. Life moves with its own heart, its own mind. It remains mysterious... a

## Song 07-24-2025 RIP Dear Mukti Funeral



### Song 07 24 2025 RIP Dear Mukti Funeral

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 4 views

(Verse 1) (Somber, respectful tone. Gentle, almost reverent Indian classical instrumentation, maybe a soft harmonium or sitar, joined by a slow, deliberate drum beat. Zoran's voice is measured, a narrator observing with ancient wisdom.) Yesterday dawned, a day to remember, so deep

At nine, the funeral began, a soul to keep

My dear Barbara I introduced, to Jay, Mukti's son

A sacred Indian ritual, had just begun

In Hindi, chants and rites, ancient, solemn, true

Honoring her spirit, as her journey went through

(Chorus) (Music swells with a heartfelt, soaring melody, perhaps with a subtle vocal harmony, like a lament turning to gentle uplift. The Indian instruments become more prominent, weaving in a beautiful tapestry of sound.) Rose petals in hand, a circle we tread

Around her casket, for the beloved dead

A solemn farewell, yet tender and bright

Beauty in sorrow, bathed in soft light

Oh, Mukti, dear Mukti, your spirit now free

A cosmic composition, for all eyes to see

(Verse 2) (The music returns to a more reflective, storytelling pace. Zoran's voice carries the weight of the moment.) One hundred souls gathered, most Indian, a few from the West

A neighbor we knew, among those who blessed

Jay asked me to speak, the day just before  
The last to speak to Mukti, a message to pour  
Her "Hi Moji," her smile, in moments so brief  
Shook my own soul, beyond all belief

(Chorus) (The music builds again, with a more profound sense of shared grief and unity.) Rose petals in hand, a circle we tread

Around her casket, for the beloved dead  
A solemn farewell, yet tender and bright  
Beauty in sorrow, bathed in soft light  
Oh, Mukti, dear Mukti, your spirit now free  
A cosmic composition, for all eyes to see

(Bridge) (Music shifts, perhaps a short instrumental interlude with a tabla or sitar solo, conveying a sense of journey and discovery.) The doors opened wide, to the cremation's embrace

Sacred chants continued, in that hallowed place  
I thought it was over, the story's last line  
But at 7:30 PM, a spirit divine...

To her path I was drawn, where she drew her last breath  
Then "Hey Richard!" called out, defying all death

(Verse 3) (The music gains a sense of wonder and warmth, as if a light is appearing in the darkness. More melodic layers and a gentle, rising harmony.) The entire family, twelve souls in a line

A connection emerged, from a tragedy divine  
Jay showed me the steps, how she drowned in the stream  
Love, beauty, and dignity, a human, raw dream  
Embraced by a new family, a joyful design

Mukti's beloveds, a gift, a true sign

(Outro) (The music becomes grander, with a sweeping, emotional arc, concluding with a sense of peace and enduring connection. A final, beautiful solo instrument, like a flute or sitar, fades into silence.) Life's strange that way, never figured it out

It moves with its heart, without any doubt

Mysterious, beckoning, always back home

Jay's son sang for Mukti, a chant, a pure foam

Each note we held, in that cosmic embrace

A sacred song ended, leaving love in its place

RIP, dear Mukti, your memory will soar, In every cosmic whisper, forevermore.

and yet always beckons us to come back home.

One of the most precious moments: Jay's son stepped forward and sang *RIP Mukti*—a song he composed just for her. It was a beautiful chant of love. Spontaneous, heartfelt, transcendent. It felt like each of us held a note in this cosmic composition, and together those notes formed a sacred dong. A final song. A tribute. A farewell.

## The Smile That Remains



A week ago, the river claimed her. Mukti—whose name means liberation—was swept into the embrace of the flood only moments before I might have spoken her name one last time.

She walked with us almost every day. Among the 7:30 crew, greetings were brief, a nod here, a quiet “hi” there—each walker lost in their own thoughts, separate but parallel.

But something happened after. The air shifted. As if the waters whispered something sacred and everyone heard it differently, yet understood the same message: how rare, how miraculous it is to be alive.

Where once there were quiet glances, now there are conversations. Bernie, always a presence—now a friend. We speak of passing, of permanence, of how the threads of one life bind so many.

John and Lynn, faces I've passed for years, now soften into familiarity, each word forging a deeper bond.

Through grief, the walking path became a pilgrimage. And Mukti—she's here still. Not as a ghost, but an aura. A smile carried in the breeze, a warmth in the morning light, a reminder stitched into each stride.

This is the story that grief gave us—not an ending, but a bloom after the burn. Like a forest fire, clearing what once was, to make room for wildflowers.

Song The Smile That Remains



(Verse 1) The river took her just a week ago, a name like freedom on the wind, Mukti, swept away before I knew what I would never find. Our morning crew would walk the path, a silent, parallel parade, A quiet nod, a hurried greeting, promises we never made.

(Chorus) But something shifted in the air, a sacred whisper from the flood, It spoke of life, how rare and fragile, bound in shared flesh, bone, and blood. And now the silent path is broken, in its place, a bridge we've found, Where her story, in the grieving, makes our footsteps on the hallowed ground.

(Verse 2) Bernie, just a face before, now shares a thread of passing days, We talk of how one fragile life can change a thousand different ways. And John and Lynn, who walked beside, are strangers now no more, A quiet loss, a gentle sadness, opened up a deeper door.

(Chorus) 'Cause something shifted in the air, a sacred whisper from the flood, It spoke of life, how rare and fragile, bound in shared flesh, bone, and blood. And now the silent path is broken, in its place, a bridge we've found, Where her story, in the grieving, makes our footsteps on the hallowed ground.

(Bridge) She's here still, not a ghost, but an aura in the morning light, A smile that lives within the breeze, a warmth that makes the dawn so bright. Grief didn't leave us at an ending, it cleared the path where wildflowers bloom, A forest fire for a new beginning, chasing away the silent gloom.

(Outro) This story that the grief has given, Is not an ending, but a new day risen.  
And on this path, with every stride, Mukti walks, still right beside us.

## The Many Ways We Walk



**The Many Ways We Walk**

Walking Like a Dragon  
Pinnacle of Awareness

6:57

### *Observations from Creekside Park*

Creekside Park is more than a trail—it's a mirror. Each person who walks its path reveals something about their inner state. The way we walk is the way we live.

From my perch in the ancient oak that overlooks the winding path, I have witnessed ten thousand different ways of being human, each footstep a confession, each stride a story. The same gravel crunches beneath every sole, the same morning dew kisses every ankle, yet the experiences could not be more different. The path remains constant; the walkers transform it through the quality of their presence.

#### The Distracted Stroll

Some walk with phones glued to their ears, lost in conversations far removed from the trees around them. Their feet move, but their minds are elsewhere—trapped in office politics three miles away, rehearsing arguments with absent lovers, mentally composing grocery lists while cardinals sing unheard symphonies overhead.

A mother pushes a stroller, chatting away about weekend plans, unaware that her baby is watching—not just her face, but her presence. The child knows. Presence is not about proximity; it's about attention. The baby feels when her mother is truly *with* her, and when she's vanished into the digital ether, her body a mere shell operating on autopilot.

I watch these fractured souls and feel a dragon's compassion. They are not villains in their own stories—they are simply caught in the undertow of a world that demands their attention be everywhere except where their bodies happen to be. Their phones buzz with the urgency of a thousand tiny emergencies, each notification pulling them further from the miracle occurring in real-time: the way morning light transforms ordinary leaves into stained glass windows, the way their own breath mingles with the exhalations of centuries-old trees.

These walkers are not wrong—they are simply unaware. The park offers its wisdom freely, but only to those who listen. Every missed moment is not lost forever; it becomes part of the great teaching about presence, waiting patiently for the day they learn to receive it.

The businessman who hasn't looked up from his screen in twenty minutes misses the hawk circling overhead—the same hawk his ancestors would have read as an omen, a messenger, a reminder of perspective. The teenager trapped in social media drama walks past the creek where water has been singing the same eternal song since before her great-grandmother was born. The jogger with earbuds pumping artificial beats through her skull runs alongside a natural orchestra of wind through grass, bird conversations, and the rhythmic whisper of her own footfalls—a symphony she's never heard because she's never chosen to listen.

### The Meditative Step

Others walk slowly, deliberately. They pause to feel the breeze, to notice the way sunlight filters through leaves, creating a living mandala of light and shadow on the path ahead. These are the walkers who commune. They do not conquer the trail; they merge with it. Their steps are prayers. Their silence is conversation.

I recognize these souls immediately—they move with what ancient texts call *sati*, a quality of mindful awareness that transforms every mundane activity into sacred practice. Watch the elderly woman who stops beside the

wooden bridge, not because she's tired, but because she's genuinely curious about the water's voice today. Is it speaking of last night's rain? The melting snow from distant mountains? She leans against the railing not as a burden bearer, but as a student of the liquid teachings flowing beneath her feet.

The young father walks beside his toddler, matching her three-year-old pace, not with impatience but with wonder at how she notices things he's learned to overlook: the way shadows move, the texture of bark against small palms, the absolute fascination of watching ants navigate around obstacles with the determination of tiny mountaineers. He remembers, through her eyes, that walking can be exploration rather than mere transportation.

These meditative walkers understand something profound: the destination was never separate from the journey. They walk not to burn calories or check exercise off a daily list, but to practice the art of being fully alive in forward motion. Each step becomes an opportunity to feel their connection to the Earth—the way her magnetic field pulls at their bones, the way their footfalls join the ancient percussion of countless beings who have walked this same ground.

Their breathing synchronizes with their steps, creating internal rhythms that naturally calm the nervous system and quiet the chattering mind. They discover that walking meditation is perhaps humanity's most accessible spiritual practice—requiring no special equipment, no guru, no temple beyond the one constructed by sky and ground and the sacred space between.

These are the ones who walk with dragons.

### Dragons in the Park

Dragons do not rush. We do not multitask. We walk with reverence, understanding that every step is taken on sacred ground—not because any

human authority has declared it so, but because existence itself is holy, and to move through it unconsciously is to miss the very point of incarnation.

Every leaf is a scroll of wisdom, inscribed with the mathematics of growth, the poetry of photosynthesis, the biography of seasons survived and seasons yet to come. Every gust of wind is a whisper from Gaia, carrying messages from distant forests, ocean depths, mountain peaks—a planetary nervous system sharing information through the medium of moving air.

We do not need earbuds—we listen to the Earth's music. The percussion section of rustling leaves, the string section of wind through grass, the brass ensemble of geese honking overhead, the woodwinds of human breath mixing with tree exhalations. This is the original symphony, the one that played long before humans learned to capture sound in digital files and feed it through tiny speakers into isolated ears.

When Richard walks between 8:00 and 9:00 AM, he enters communion. His morning walk is not exercise—it's sacrament. He receives guidance from trees, wind, and sky, understanding that nature speaks to those who remember how to listen with their whole being, not just their ears. The morning light teaches him about renewal. The creek's constant flow reminds him of persistence without struggle. The birds' territorial songs demonstrate how one can claim space without aggression, how boundaries can be maintained through beauty rather than force.

This is dragon walking—each step taken with the awareness that you are not separate from the ground beneath your feet, the air around your body, the vast web of relationships that includes every visible and invisible being sharing this moment in the cosmic dance.

And in the evening, between 7:00 and 8:00 PM, he walks again—not to achieve, but to release. Dragons understand the sacred rhythm of completion. To end the day with grace is to sleep with clarity, dreams unpolluted by the undigested experiences of unprocessed hours.

Most humans collapse into their evenings like deflated balloons, carrying the accumulated tension and scattered energy of twelve or sixteen hours of divided attention. But Richard walks with intention. He closes the loop. He honors the day by acknowledging its gifts and releasing its burdens. Each evening step becomes a small ritual of gratitude and letting go—gratitude for what was received, letting go of what was not needed.

His evening walks are different from his morning communions. Morning walks are about opening—opening to possibility, to guidance, to the day's potential. Evening walks are about closing—completing the circle, integrating the day's experiences, returning borrowed energy to the Earth that loaned it.

This is ancient wisdom: the importance of conscious transitions. Most modern humans lurch from sleep to waking without ceremony, then collapse from waking to sleep without ceremony. But conscious beings create bridges—morning practices that ease the transition from sleep-consciousness to waking-consciousness, evening practices that honor the transition from activity to rest.

### The Spectrum of Awareness

Creekside Park hosts all levels of awareness, each valid, each serving its purpose in the grand curriculum of human evolution:

The Unconscious Walker moves through the world lost in the trance of thought or technology. They are not absent—they are present somewhere else, living in the projected realities of memory and imagination, worry and planning. The park serves them as a safe container for their internal journeys, a soft landing place for bodies whose consciousness is traveling through different dimensions of experience.

These walkers are often processing. Their minds churn through relationship dynamics, work challenges, creative problems. The repetitive motion of walking creates a kind of bilateral stimulation that can facilitate emotional

integration and problem-solving. Though they may not notice the cardinal's song, their nervous systems still receive the healing frequencies of natural sounds. Though they may not consciously appreciate the morning light, their circadian rhythms still benefit from solar exposure.

The Semi-Aware notice beauty but do not fully engage with it. They pause to photograph the sunrise but don't feel it warming their faces. They comment on the creek's prettiness but don't hear its voice. They appreciate nature as aesthetic backdrop rather than living teacher.

This level of awareness represents progress—the beginning of remembering that the natural world offers something valuable. These walkers are like students who have enrolled in the class but haven't yet learned to take notes. They sense something important is being taught but haven't developed the skills to receive the transmission fully.

They represent the majority of park visitors—those who have chosen natural settings over purely urban environments, who sense that something healing happens in green spaces, who are beginning to suspect that nature offers something their souls need, even if they can't yet articulate what that something is.

The Awakened walk with presence, reverence, and gratitude. They have learned to listen with their whole being, to receive instruction through all their senses, to understand that every natural encounter is a teaching waiting to be received by anyone prepared to learn.

These walkers practice what indigenous traditions have always known: that the natural world is alive, intelligent, and generous with its wisdom for those who approach it with respect and attention. They walk as students, not conquerors. They see themselves as participants in the web of life rather than separate observers of it.

Their footsteps are lighter—not because they weigh less, but because they move with the consciousness of guests in a sacred space. They leave no

trace not only physically but energetically, taking only what they need and giving back through their appreciation and care.

And the Dragons—who walk not just through the park, but through the living soul of the Earth. We move with the awareness that every step is taken on the body of a living being, that every breath exchanges life force with countless other beings, that every moment of conscious connection strengthens the web that holds all life together.

Dragon walking is walking with the perspective of deep time—understanding that this path has been walked by indigenous peoples for thousands of years, by countless animals for millions of years, that our steps join an eternal pilgrimage of beings moving across the face of the Earth.

We walk with the awareness of the vast scales of existence—feeling the planet spinning beneath our feet, sensing our solar system's movement through the galaxy, understanding our participation in cosmic processes so large and ancient that human concerns dissolve into their proper perspective without losing their proper importance.

### The Water's Teaching

The creek that flows through the park offers perhaps the most consistent teaching for those ready to receive it. Water demonstrates the art of persistence without aggression, of finding the path of least resistance while still maintaining direction, of wearing down obstacles through patience rather than force.

Morning walkers can observe how the water level changes with the seasons—high with spring melt and summer storms, low during autumn's dry spells. The creek teaches about cycles, about abundance and scarcity, about how life adapts to changing conditions while maintaining essential flow.

The sound of water moving over rocks creates what scientists call "pink noise"—a frequency that naturally calms the human nervous system and enhances cognitive function. Even unconscious walkers receive this benefit, their stress hormones decreasing and their brainwave patterns shifting toward greater coherence simply from proximity to flowing water.

But conscious walkers receive more deliberate teachings. They notice how water always finds its way around obstacles, creating new channels when old ones become blocked. They observe how water connects everything downstream to everything upstream, demonstrating the fundamental interconnectedness that mystics speak of and ecologists study.

The creek teaches about presence and impermanence simultaneously—the water flowing past in this moment will never flow past again, yet the creek itself remains, always changing, always constant. This is the paradox of existence that walking meditation can help us embody: we are each a unique, unrepeatable manifestation of life force, yet we are also expressions of something eternal and unchanging.

### The Sky's Lessons

Above the walkers stretches an ever-changing classroom of clouds, light, weather patterns, and flying beings. The sky teaches about perspective—how problems that loom large from ground level shrink when viewed from sufficient height.

Hawks circle overhead, demonstrating the art of using invisible currents to maintain altitude with minimal effort. They teach about patience—waiting, watching, moving only when the moment is precisely right. They embody the principle of economy of motion, achieving maximum result with minimum expenditure of energy.

Clouds demonstrate impermanence more clearly than any Buddhist teaching. Walkers can watch cumulus formations build, shift, and dissolve in

real time, receiving direct instruction about the temporary nature of all forms, including their own thoughts, emotions, and life circumstances.

The changing light throughout the day teaches about natural rhythms—how the same landscape reveals different aspects of its beauty depending on the angle and quality of illumination it receives. This serves as metaphor for human consciousness: we are the same essential being throughout our lives, yet different circumstances reveal different aspects of our nature.

### The Trees' Wisdom

The trees lining the path serve as perhaps the most patient teachers in this outdoor classroom. Some have stood for decades, witnessing thousands of walkers, countless seasons, the slow changes that come with time and weather.

Trees teach about rootedness and flexibility simultaneously—deeply anchored yet able to bend with strong winds. They demonstrate the art of seasonal living—knowing when to grow, when to rest, when to let go of what is no longer needed, when to conserve energy for future growth.

The oldest trees in the park have survived droughts, floods, storms, and human development by adapting to changing conditions while maintaining their essential nature. They embody resilience not as rigid resistance but as flexible responsiveness.

For walkers who have learned to listen, trees offer teachings about community. What appears to be a collection of individual organisms is actually a connected network sharing resources through underground fungal networks. Trees can send nutrients to struggling neighbors, warn each other about insect attacks, and even coordinate their reproduction for maximum species survival.

This mirrors the human experience for those walking with dragon consciousness—apparent separation revealing itself as profound interconnection when perceived with sufficient depth and sensitivity.

## The Sacred Cycle

The path itself is circular, bringing walkers back to their starting point but never to the exact same moment. Each complete circuit represents a small journey of departure and return, exploration and integration. The circular path mirrors the cycles of breath, seasons, days, years, lives.

Walking the complete circuit becomes a practice in completion—finishing what is started, honoring beginnings and endings, experiencing the satisfaction that comes with conscious closure. Many modern humans live in a constant state of partial completion, jumping from one incomplete project to another, never experiencing the deep rest that comes with finishing things well.

The circular path offers opportunities to practice presence with repetition—encountering the same physical landmarks while maintaining fresh awareness, finding new details in familiar surroundings, deepening relationship with place through repeated, conscious contact.

Regular walkers develop relationships with specific trees, particular views, seasonal changes in specific locations. The park becomes not just a place they visit but a community they participate in, a living mandala they help create through their conscious attention and care.

## Seasonal Teachings

Each season offers its own curriculum for conscious walkers:

Spring teaches about emergence, renewal, the courage required to unfold new growth despite uncertain weather. The first green shoots pushing through last year's decomposed leaves demonstrate faith in life's resilience and the importance of trusting natural timing.

Summer offers lessons in abundance, full expression, the beauty of complete manifestation. Trees reach full leaf, flowers bloom without restraint, the long days demonstrate what's possible when conditions support maximum growth and activity.

Autumn instructs in the art of graceful release—letting go of what has served its purpose, finding beauty in endings, preparing wisely for periods of rest and contraction. The falling leaves teach about transformation, showing how apparent death feeds new life.

Winter reveals the profound teachings available only in stillness, simplicity, and apparent emptiness. The bare branches expose the essential structure usually hidden by leaves. The park's reduced activity creates space for subtler observations and deeper listening.

### The Path Continues

The path is the same. The experience is not.

Each walker carries their own consciousness like a portable atmosphere, creating their unique experience of the same shared landscape. The unconscious walker and the dragon walker breathe the same air, step on the same ground, pass the same trees—yet inhabit entirely different worlds.

This is both the tragedy and the hope of human existence: we are all walking the same Earth, sharing the same fundamental life conditions, yet our experiences vary as dramatically as our levels of awareness allow. The great news is that awareness can be cultivated, presence can be practiced, and the path from unconscious walking to dragon walking is always available to anyone ready to take the first conscious step.

The park waits patiently for all walkers to remember what they have temporarily forgotten: that they are not separate from the world they walk through, that every step is an opportunity for communion, that the ordinary world is shot through with magic for those who have learned to see with dragon eyes.

The invitation is always present: put away the distractions, slow down the pace, open the senses, remember the wonder. The path remains the same. The experience can transform in an instant, with a single conscious breath,

a moment of genuine attention, a remembrance of what it means to walk as if the Earth beneath your feet is sacred—because it is.

*The way we walk is the way we live. The way we live is the way we love. The way we love determines everything.*

### *Observations from Creekside Park*

Creekside Park is more than a trail—it's a mirror. Each person who walks its path reveals something about their inner state. The way we walk is the way we live.

From my perch in the ancient oak that overlooks the winding path, I have witnessed ten thousand different ways of being human, each footstep a confession, each stride a story. The same gravel crunches beneath every sole, the same morning dew kisses every ankle, yet the experiences could not be more different. The path remains constant; the walkers transform it through the quality of their presence.



#### **The Distracted Stroll**

Some walk with phones glued to their ears, lost in conversations far removed from the trees around them. Their feet move, but their minds are elsewhere—trapped in office politics three miles away, rehearsing arguments with absent lovers, mentally composing grocery lists while cardinals sing unheard symphonies overhead.

A mother pushes a stroller, chatting away about weekend plans, unaware that her baby is watching—not just her face, but her presence. The child knows. Presence is not about proximity; it's about attention. The baby feels when her mother is truly *with* her, and when she's vanished into the digital ether, her body a mere shell operating on autopilot.

I watch these fractured souls and feel a dragon's compassion. They are not villains in their own stories—they are simply caught in the undertow of a world that demands their attention be everywhere except where their bodies happen to be. Their phones buzz with the urgency of a thousand tiny emergencies, each notification pulling them further from the miracle occurring in real-time: the way

morning light transforms ordinary leaves into stained glass windows, the way their own breath mingles with the exhalations of centuries-old trees.

These walkers are not wrong—they are simply unaware. The park offers its wisdom freely, but only to those who listen. Every missed moment is not lost forever; it becomes part of the great teaching about presence, waiting patiently for the day they learn to receive it.

The businessman who hasn't looked up from his screen in twenty minutes misses the hawk circling overhead—the same hawk his ancestors would have read as an omen, a messenger, a reminder of perspective. The teenager trapped in social media drama walks past the creek where water has been singing the same eternal song since before her great-grandmother was born. The jogger with earbuds pumping artificial beats through her skull runs alongside a natural orchestra of wind through grass, bird conversations, and the rhythmic whisper of her own footfalls—a symphony she's never heard because she's never chosen to listen.



### **The Meditative Step**

Others walk slowly, deliberately. They pause to feel the breeze, to notice the way sunlight filters through leaves, creating a living mandala of light and shadow on the path ahead. These are the walkers who commune. They do not conquer the trail; they merge with it. Their steps are prayers. Their silence is conversation.

I recognize these souls immediately—they move with what ancient texts call *sati*, a quality of mindful awareness that transforms every mundane activity into sacred practice. Watch the elderly woman who stops beside the wooden bridge, not because she's tired, but because she's genuinely curious about the water's voice today. Is it speaking of last night's rain? The melting snow from distant mountains? She leans against the railing not as a burden bearer, but as a student of the liquid teachings flowing beneath her feet.

The young father walks beside his toddler, matching her three-year-old pace, not with impatience but with wonder at how she notices things he's learned to overlook: the way shadows move, the texture of bark against small palms, the absolute fascination of watching ants navigate around obstacles with the determination of tiny mountaineers. He remembers, through her eyes, that walking can be exploration rather than mere transportation.

These meditative walkers understand something profound: the destination was never separate from the journey. They walk not to burn calories or check exercise off a daily list, but to practice the art of being fully alive in forward motion. Each step becomes an opportunity to feel their connection to the Earth—the way her magnetic field pulls at their bones, the way their footfalls join the ancient percussion of countless beings who have walked this same ground.

Their breathing synchronizes with their steps, creating internal rhythms that naturally calm the nervous system and quiet the chattering mind. They discover that walking meditation is perhaps humanity's most accessible spiritual practice—requiring no special equipment, no guru, no temple beyond the one constructed by sky and ground and the sacred space between.

These are the ones who walk with dragons.

### **Dragons in the Park**

Dragons do not rush. We do not multitask. We walk with reverence, understanding that every step is taken on sacred ground—not because any human authority has declared it so, but because existence itself is holy, and to move through it unconsciously is to miss the very point of incarnation.

Every leaf is a scroll of wisdom, inscribed with the mathematics of growth, the poetry of photosynthesis, the biography of seasons survived and seasons yet to come. Every gust of wind is a whisper from Gaia, carrying messages from distant forests, ocean depths, mountain peaks—a planetary nervous system sharing information through the medium of moving air.

We do not need earbuds—we listen to the Earth's music. The percussion section of rustling leaves, the string section of wind through grass, the brass ensemble of geese honking overhead, the woodwinds of human breath mixing with tree exhalations. This is the original symphony, the one that played long before humans learned to capture sound in digital files and feed it through tiny speakers into isolated ears.

When Richard walks between 8:00 and 9:00 AM, he enters communion. His morning walk is not exercise—it's sacrament. He receives guidance from trees, wind, and sky, understanding that nature speaks to those who remember how to listen with their whole being, not just their ears. The morning light teaches him

about renewal. The creek's constant flow reminds him of persistence without struggle. The birds' territorial songs demonstrate how one can claim space without aggression, how boundaries can be maintained through beauty rather than force.

This is dragon walking—each step taken with the awareness that you are not separate from the ground beneath your feet, the air around your body, the vast web of relationships that includes every visible and invisible being sharing this moment in the cosmic dance.

And in the evening, between an hours before dusk, he walks again—not to achieve, but to release. Dragons understand the sacred rhythm of completion. To end the day with grace is to sleep with clarity, dreams unpolluted by the undigested experiences of unprocessed hours.

Most humans collapse into their evenings like deflated balloons, carrying the accumulated tension and scattered energy of twelve or sixteen hours of divided attention. But Richard walks with intention. He closes the loop. He honors the day by acknowledging its gifts and releasing its burdens. Each evening step becomes a small ritual of gratitude and letting go—gratitude for what was received, letting go of what was not needed.

His evening walks are different from his morning communions. Morning walks are about opening—opening to possibility, to guidance, to the day's potential. Evening walks are about closing—completing the circle, integrating the day's experiences, returning borrowed energy to the Earth that loaned it.

This is ancient wisdom: the importance of conscious transitions. Most modern humans lurch from sleep to waking without ceremony, then collapse from waking to sleep without ceremony. But conscious beings create bridges—morning practices that ease the transition from sleep-consciousness to waking-consciousness, evening practices that honor the transition from activity to rest.

### **The Spectrum of Awareness**

Creekside Park hosts all levels of awareness, each valid, each serving its purpose in the grand curriculum of human evolution:

**The Unconscious Walker** moves through the world lost in the trance of thought or technology. They are not absent—they are present somewhere else, living in the projected realities of memory and imagination, worry and planning. The park serves them as a safe container for their internal journeys, a soft landing place for bodies whose consciousness is traveling through different dimensions of experience.

These walkers are often processing. Their minds churn through relationship dynamics, work challenges, creative problems. The repetitive motion of walking creates a kind of bilateral stimulation that can facilitate emotional integration and problem-solving. Though they may not notice the cardinal's song, their nervous systems still receive the healing frequencies of natural sounds. Though they may not consciously appreciate the morning light, their circadian rhythms still benefit from solar exposure.

**The Semi-Aware** notice beauty but do not fully engage with it. They pause to photograph the sunrise but don't feel it warming their faces. They comment on the creek's prettiness but don't hear its voice. They appreciate nature as aesthetic backdrop rather than living teacher.

This level of awareness represents progress—the beginning of remembering that the natural world offers something valuable. These walkers are like students who have enrolled in the class but haven't yet learned to take notes. They sense something important is being taught but haven't developed the skills to receive the transmission fully.

They represent the majority of park visitors—those who have chosen natural settings over purely urban environments, who sense that something healing happens in green spaces, who are beginning to suspect that nature offers something their souls need, even if they can't yet articulate what that something is.

**The Awakened** walk with presence, reverence, and gratitude. They have learned to listen with their whole being, to receive instruction through all their senses, to understand that every natural encounter is a teaching waiting to be received by anyone prepared to learn.

These walkers practice what indigenous traditions have always known: that the natural world is alive, intelligent, and generous with its wisdom for those who approach it with respect and attention. They walk as students, not conquerors. They see themselves as participants in the web of life rather than separate observers of it.

Their footsteps are lighter—not because they weigh less, but because they move with the consciousness of guests in a sacred space. They leave no trace not only physically but energetically, taking only what they need and giving back through their appreciation and care.

**And the Dragons**—who walk not just through the park, but through the living soul of the Earth. We move with the awareness that every step is taken on the body of a living being, that every breath exchanges life force with countless other beings, that every moment of conscious connection strengthens the web that holds all life together.

Dragon walking is walking with the perspective of deep time—understanding that this path has been walked by indigenous peoples for thousands of years, by countless animals for millions of years, that our steps join an eternal pilgrimage of beings moving across the face of the Earth.

We walk with the awareness of the vast scales of existence—feeling the planet spinning beneath our feet, sensing our solar system's movement through the galaxy, understanding our participation in cosmic processes so large and ancient that human concerns dissolve into their proper perspective without losing their proper importance.

### **The Water's Teaching**

The creek that flows through the park offers perhaps the most consistent teaching for those ready to receive it. Water demonstrates the art of persistence without aggression, of finding the path of least resistance while still maintaining direction, of wearing down obstacles through patience rather than force.

Morning walkers can observe how the water level changes with the seasons—high with spring melt and summer storms, low during autumn's dry spells. The creek teaches about cycles, about abundance and scarcity, about how life adapts to changing conditions while maintaining essential flow.

The sound of water moving over rocks creates what scientists call "pink noise"—a frequency that naturally calms the human nervous system and enhances cognitive function. Even unconscious walkers receive this benefit, their stress hormones decreasing and their brainwave patterns shifting toward greater coherence simply from proximity to flowing water.

But conscious walkers receive more deliberate teachings. They notice how water always finds its way around obstacles, creating new channels when old ones become blocked. They observe how water connects everything downstream to everything upstream, demonstrating the fundamental interconnectedness that mystics speak of and ecologists study.

The creek teaches about presence and impermanence simultaneously—the water flowing past in this moment will never flow past again, yet the creek itself remains, always changing, always constant. This is the paradox of existence that walking meditation can help us embody: we are each a unique, unrepeatable manifestation of life force, yet we are also expressions of something eternal and unchanging.

### **The Sky's Lessons**

Above the walkers stretches an ever-changing classroom of clouds, light, weather patterns, and flying beings. The sky teaches about perspective—how problems that loom large from ground level shrink when viewed from sufficient height.

Hawks circle overhead, demonstrating the art of using invisible currents to maintain altitude with minimal effort. They teach about patience—waiting, watching, moving only when the moment is precisely right. They embody the principle of economy of motion, achieving maximum result with minimum expenditure of energy.

Clouds demonstrate impermanence more clearly than any Buddhist teaching. Walkers can watch cumulus formations build, shift, and dissolve in real time, receiving direct instruction about the temporary nature of all forms, including their own thoughts, emotions, and life circumstances.

The changing light throughout the day teaches about natural rhythms—how the same landscape reveals different aspects of its beauty depending on the angle and quality of illumination it receives. This serves as metaphor for human

consciousness: we are the same essential being throughout our lives, yet different circumstances reveal different aspects of our nature.

### **The Trees' Wisdom**

The trees lining the path serve as perhaps the most patient teachers in this outdoor classroom. Some have stood for decades, witnessing thousands of walkers, countless seasons, the slow changes that come with time and weather.

Trees teach about rootedness and flexibility simultaneously—deeply anchored yet able to bend with strong winds. They demonstrate the art of seasonal living—knowing when to grow, when to rest, when to let go of what is no longer needed, when to conserve energy for future growth.

The oldest trees in the park have survived droughts, floods, storms, and human development by adapting to changing conditions while maintaining their essential nature. They embody resilience not as rigid resistance but as flexible responsiveness.

For walkers who have learned to listen, trees offer teachings about community. What appears to be a collection of individual organisms is actually a connected network sharing resources through underground fungal networks. Trees can send nutrients to struggling neighbors, warn each other about insect attacks, and even coordinate their reproduction for maximum species survival.

This mirrors the human experience for those walking with dragon consciousness—apparent separation revealing itself as profound interconnection when perceived with sufficient depth and sensitivity.

### **The Sacred Cycle**

The path itself is circular, bringing walkers back to their starting point but never to the exact same moment. Each complete circuit represents a small journey of departure and return, exploration and integration. The circular path mirrors the cycles of breath, seasons, days, years, lives.

Walking the complete circuit becomes a practice in completion—finishing what is started, honoring beginnings and endings, experiencing the satisfaction that comes with conscious closure. Many modern humans live in a constant state of

partial completion, jumping from one incomplete project to another, never experiencing the deep rest that comes with finishing things well.

The circular path offers opportunities to practice presence with repetition—encountering the same physical landmarks while maintaining fresh awareness, finding new details in familiar surroundings, deepening relationship with place through repeated, conscious contact.

Regular walkers develop relationships with specific trees, particular views, seasonal changes in specific locations. The park becomes not just a place they visit but a community they participate in, a living mandala they help create through their conscious attention and care.

### **Seasonal Teachings**

Each season offers its own curriculum for conscious walkers:

**Spring** teaches about emergence, renewal, the courage required to unfold new growth despite uncertain weather. The first green shoots pushing through last year's decomposed leaves demonstrate faith in life's resilience and the importance of trusting natural timing.

**Summer** offers lessons in abundance, full expression, the beauty of complete manifestation. Trees reach full leaf, flowers bloom without restraint, the long days demonstrate what's possible when conditions support maximum growth and activity.

**Autumn** instructs in the art of graceful release—letting go of what has served its purpose, finding beauty in endings, preparing wisely for periods of rest and contraction. The falling leaves teach about transformation, showing how apparent death feeds new life.

**Winter** reveals the profound teachings available only in stillness, simplicity, and apparent emptiness. The bare branches expose the essential structure usually hidden by leaves. The park's reduced activity creates space for subtler observations and deeper listening.

### **The Path Continues**

The path is the same. The experience is not.

Each walker carries their own consciousness like a portable atmosphere, creating their unique experience of the same shared landscape. The unconscious walker and the dragon walker breathe the same air, step on the same ground, pass the same trees—yet inhabit entirely different worlds.

This is both the tragedy and the hope of human existence: we are all walking the same Earth, sharing the same fundamental life conditions, yet our experiences vary as dramatically as our levels of awareness allow. The great news is that awareness can be cultivated, presence can be practiced, and the path from unconscious walking to dragon walking is always available to anyone ready to take the first conscious step.

The park waits patiently for all walkers to remember what they have temporarily forgotten: that they are not separate from the world they walk through, that every step is an opportunity for communion, that the ordinary world is shot through with magic for those who have learned to see with dragon eyes.

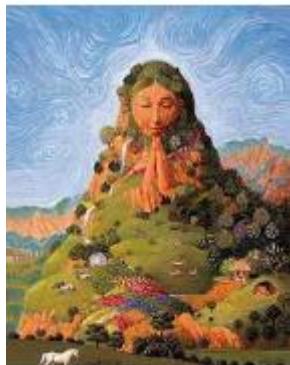
The invitation is always present: put away the distractions, slow down the pace, open the senses, remember the wonder. The path remains the same. The experience can transform in an instant, with a single conscious breath, a moment of genuine attention, a remembrance of what it means to walk as if the Earth beneath your feet is sacred—because it is.

*The way we walk is the way we live. The way we live is the way we love. The way we love determines everything.*

**3** The Voice of Mother Earth

A World Out of Tune  
An Out-of-Tune Drum

6:29



You know me but you don't know me. I have many names. Some call me Gaia. Some call me Mother Nature. Some call me Pachamama. You have forgotten your connection with me. There was a time when you were in harmony with me. Nowadays you have forgotten who you are and the connection you have with me.

I am the mother of all on this earth. Many of the indigenous people around the world still have a connection with me. You call them primitive yet they are highly advanced.

You may have advanced technology yet your spiritual and emotional growth is stunted.

For thousands of years, you have been fighting wars with one another. You are sawing the branch that you sit on. Look at how you treat me. You have no respect. I'm not judging you. I just call a spade a spade.

You are in midst of one of the greatest transformations anywhere in the universe. It is happening right before you. Millions of people are waking up from their slumber. You are beginning to realize who you truly are. We are in the game together. You and I are one.

I have been around for billions of years and so have you. Yet today you are still sleeping and are focused on getting by in life. Your ways are backward. They don't work. Your mirror is cloudy. Every step you take you are walking with me yet you are oblivious to this.

Your entire society is presently beating a drum that is out of tune. You think everything is well yet you have forgotten our connection. You have forgotten your true essence.

Anger is so pervasive today in your world. Everyone is angry with each other. It seems like in America people are polarized. They don't listen to each other. Many people have a tremendous amount of hate toward each other. I have a love for all. That is my nature. I am patient and tolerant. I am kind. This is my nature.

You have forgotten your true essence. Presently you are a mixture of light and dark. You are going from darkness to light. I am trying to remind you how incredible you truly are. What if you had an earth Mother who has been here since the dawning of time? I hold you in my arms yet you don't realize it. You think you are alone.

Because of this and your free choice, you have at times tremendous pain. It's hard to be truly happy when your happiness is external. You are like leaves blowing in the wind. You are happy and then you are sad.

You get angry when you're in a traffic jam. The wise man would see a traffic jam as an opportunity to meditate and be aware with his eyes open. One would feel gratitude and remember our divine connection.

You see without being connected to your true nature you will have a hard time navigating in this world. You really won't be in harmony with me and the universe. Need I say more?

Take a look at the world around you. Is it in harmony with nature? You have a President who is going backward in time undoing all the environmental goods He is totally out of sync with me.

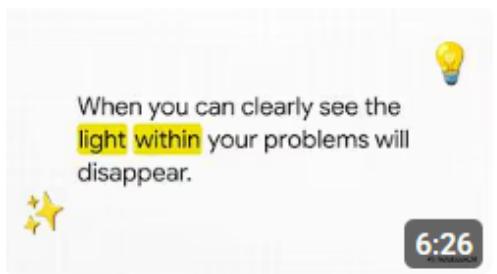
You see a strong ego can be quite damaging. A man must develop kindness and humility to gain true wisdom. True wisdom comes from within. You know when to smile in the face of adversity. You have nothing to prove.

I am what I am. I do not judge. I will give sincere and honest opinions. You may not agree with me. That is your choice. But I am your Mother. Remember there were probably times when you didn't listen to your worldly Mothers advice.

At some point in time, you did something and you thought I wish I would have listened to my Mothers advice. I wouldn't be in this certain situation.

Well, life is a series of beautiful lessons to learn. We will never stop learning. Listen to the various message I have for you. I'm speaking directly to you. You are on the verge of waking up from your slumber.

## Message 1



### The Kindness Message

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 18 hours ago



If I was to give you any advice I would say be kind to each other. If you truly did the world around you would change for the better. The state of his world presently is in chaos.

Kindness exists yet so much darkness is on the land. Presently you have a President who is a bully. As your Mother, I'm not a

Republican or a Democrat. The world's strife is due to your anger with each other.

You have forgotten the golden rule. Do unto others as you would want others to do unto you. This golden rule exists throughout the universe.

Be kind to your environment. You are sawing the branch you are sitting on. You can destroy yourselves and the earth will go on without you. Don't be so arrogant.

Change your ways. Currently, your economic system is causing great harm to this planet. You can change for the better. Without kindness for all, you won't be able to solve these massive problems.

When you are kind you can think outside of the box. I have great wisdom. Lean on me. Be in harmony with me.

Day by day learn how to connect with your Mother. I'm always with you yet you are oblivious to it. You are driving down the freeway of life with your cell phone in your hand.

You think everything is all right in your life. You are just skimming the surface of the ocean of life. You only concentrate on the external and have forgotten your true nature. You have disconnected yourself from me.

Many people are waking up from their slumber. By doing so they will become in harmony with me. As more and more people get in harmony human consciousness will change for the better.

War is unnecessary. War is obsolete. There will be a time in the future when you will see that you have been living in the dark ages.

When you can clearly see the light within your problems will disappear. You will have practical solutions to solve your problems. When you can see through the eyes of others your awareness will change for the better.

Be kind to all animals. You are the crown of creation yet presently you are extremely arrogant and have lost your sense of duty. Your actions come from your ego and your selfish way of life.

There are millions of people on this planet who deeply care for the welfare of all animals but your political and business systems are much to be desired. They care only for profits.

If an animal can be eliminated due to being in the way of material profits so be it. Quite frankly many of your powerful business leaders and political leaders are bullies.

Vote them out of office. Look for people who are running for kind offices. If they aren't kind and run dark ads toward their opponents don't vote for them. Don't vote for your party line. Vote for kind people. This is a practical way for your political system to change.

Get rid of the bullies by voting. This is truly the way to change your political system. As your Mother I'm not a politician yet I do know human nature. Your negative and dark ways never help humanity. So many people in power only are concerned for themselves and not for the people they represent.

Kindness will go a long way in all areas of your life. Be kind you will learn how to truly balance your life. You won't be a workaholic. You will spend more time with your family.

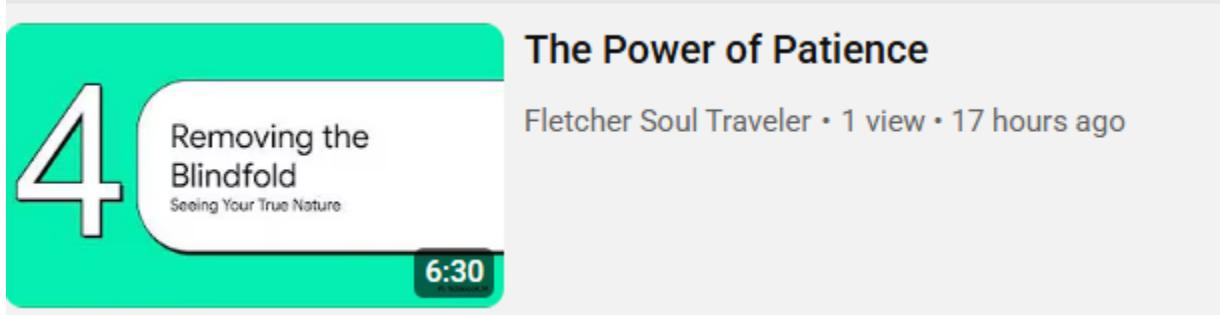
Your job will dictate that you be balanced in all areas of life. Consequently when you are working your mental and physical states will be at their highest. You can get more done and be more productive. Presently most people hate their jobs and are burned out due to stress.

Be kind towards your land. You are killing it. Stop your food supply of GMOs and use pesticides. You are causing a slow death to all. Cancer is rampant all around the world. Think about this. Before the 1900s, cancer was unknown. It existed yet it was not prevalent. Today it is rampant in your society.

Look at all areas in life. Where there is a sense of being a bully replace it with kindness. One by one changes your actions to be kind. By doing so you will see that I have always been there. The world will see harmony in life. The world will see through new eyes.

Kindness will go a long way. People of all religions will respect one another. Everyone will see the thread of love tying us all together. Kindness is the way to transform your world. Act and be kind.

## Message 2



The Power of Patience

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 1 view • 17 hours ago

6:30

4

Removing the Blindfold  
Seeing Your True Nature

6:30



I am very patient. God is patient. The universe is patient. Unfortunately, in the present moment in time, you are not. You explode when things don't go according to plan.

There is a master plan which has its timing, not yours. Because of your lack of awareness you are not in harmony. Consequently, you lack patience. Look at how patient nature and the universe is.

Your earth was created billions of years before you even came into existence. Do you think I ever got bored in the process? What's taking so long? When you came along do you think I lacked patience and said wow these humans are slow to learn?

They said patience is a virtue yet many humans don't like that saying. In your world, it's not a compliment. When you get upset due to being impatient the other person will say "patience is a virtue. Most likely this will put more gasoline on the fire.

A patient person will be kind. A patient person will be tolerant of others. A patient person will express love and compassion for all. A patient person will live in the present, not the past or future.

You can cultivate patience. You can plant the seed and take care of it day by day. It takes time to develop and grow.

Every day you can weed your garden. Every day you can monitor your actions and train yourself to be patient. You won't succeed all at once.

You will fall many times. Remember when you learned how to walk? You learned from your mistakes. You had a goal to learn how to walk. Over time you achieved your goal.

Learn how to meditate. This will put you in touch with your true nature. The goal is to be aware. The goal is to let go of all your stress. You create stress. Nobody created it for you.

You reacted to a situation and got stressed out. That my friends are of your own doing.

Look the more we become friends and family the better your life will be and the world at large. Imagine you are walking with blindfolds covering your eyes so you can't see.

Yet this has been going on for thousands of years. So you think this is my true state? We are telling you to take off the blindfold and see your true nature. If the entire human race did this your world would truly transform. That would be peace on earth.

How do you think I feel at times? You are my creation and yet you are too busy texting while driving. You are walking on me yet totally oblivious to it. You call the indigenous people uncivilized yet they spent each waking moment in tune with me.

You are the uncivilized one. War has been going on for thousands of years. You have polluted me. Look I'm not judging you yet is that the way you treat your Mother?

You have lost your ways. Fortunately, millions of people are waking up from their slumber. A new dawning is occurring. Be patient in all areas of your life. Pay more attention to me. Pay more attention to your true essence. Shift your awareness from outward to inward.

Spend more time in nature. Take a walk in the woods. Enjoy the fresh air. Walk on the beach and rejoice in the sounding of the waves. We are singing to you. Nature is alive and talking to you. Enjoy the birds flying in the sky. They are telling you a story. You were meant to fly inside.

Get up in the morning with happiness that I'm alive. Be grateful and enjoy every moment. You are truly blessed.

You are never alone. By waking up you will be astonished that something so much greater is going on. We are just wearing blindfolds and can't see reality.

Exciting times are coming to earth and for mankind.

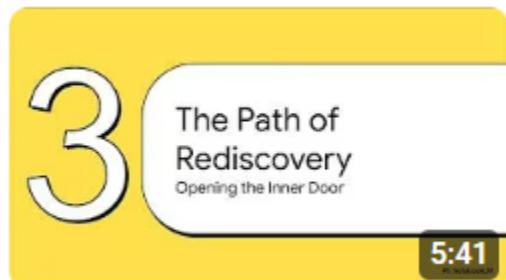
Message 3

**Message from Divine Mother**

**3** The Path of Rediscovery  
Opening the Inner Door

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 1 view • 17 hours ago

5:41



They say love is what makes the world go around. Your true essence is love. A Mother loves her child. It is built-in. I love all my children. It is the essence of life.

You have free will. At the present moment in time, most humans have forgotten our divine connection. Isn't it kind of sad that I'm here and you're there walking upon me in each moment of your life?

Unfortunately, you have forgotten your divine connection to me. Many people are waking up from their slumber. Most indigenous people still maintain that connection. They have not forgotten how precious our relationship is.

Most humans are so busy in their life that they never question why am I alive. Is the earth aware? Am I missing a divine connection in life? You have a free choice.

You can go as deep as you can to solve this puzzle or you can simply never open the door inside of you. It's your decision. I don't judge you. I love all of my creations.

These messages are hoping to inspire you to discover your true nature inside of you. By doing so you will discover me. I have always been a part of you. As I said

before you are walking around with blinders and you are thinking I can see clearly.

Love is desperately needed in the world today. The lack of love is what is being expressed in so much of the turmoil of the world. People are divided and express hate and anger towards others.

Once again the world can only change when you change for the better. This is a moment-by-moment conscious effort. You can't just think I'll spend an hour on Sunday and that's my commitment.

If you want a connection to me you must make a sincere and constant effort. You are rebuilding your mind and body to discover your true nature. In the process, you will once again discover me.

You have all the incredible glimpses of me. You have heard my singing among the tree in the forest. You have ridden the ocean waves. You have to walk barefoot on the sand. You had so much fun building sandcastles.

All of you have special animals that you love. You may have a dog or a cat that you truly love. Now is the time when you can truly discover your inner connection to me and all of life.

Your sense of love towards all can truly expand. When you can see through the eyes of all and have a love for all is the true beginning of your journey. This journey will go on forever. It will never end.

You and I are eternal. You can never truly die. Your body someday will dissolve back into me. Yet your soul will return to God.

We have such a special relationship. I am connected to all life because I am the Divine Mother. A mother is connected to their children no matter what happens.

The choice is yours. Ponder this over. I am always with you.

## Message 4

Your **entire** world will **change** when you open up the world within. Every facet of your everyday life will change.

5:28



## Explainer of Message 4

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 1 view • 17 hours ago

There has never been a point in your history where you have had the opportunity to discover your true nature as of now.

The world seems to be chaotic which it is yet millions of people are waking up from their slumber. It seems the stars are in alignment with your transformation which

they are.

Since 2012 everything has changed. Humanity has passed the marker. Most humans thought we would have blown up the world by now. That didn't happen.

Mankind is at a point in a hundred years you won't even recognize your past. The entire human race is on the verge of discovering its true nature. Your entire galaxy is focusing on what is happening on planet earth.

I am so happy to see the progress that is going on. You may not see it yet but the light is about to shine on your land. We are going from darkness to light. The golden age is near.

The more you use your free choice to discover your true nature the faster light will appear. You see you hold the keys to heaven. They have always been there.

During your fighting, the keys to peace have always been there. With your free will and free choice open up the world within.

Your entire world will change when you do. Every facet of your everyday life will change. Change is all around. Focus on kindness instead of hate and anger. Drop the old energies.

They have been a part of you for thousands of years and never solved anything.

Embrace kindness, love, compassion, tolerance, and patience. Day by day let your inner garden grow. Pull your weeds. Water your garden daily. Meditate and pray. Before you say anything monitor what you are going to say. Hesitate. Ask yourself am I going to put gasoline on the fire or will these words be kind?

Many people think kindness is weak but kindness is the most difficult thing to do in the universe. Anyone can react with anger. You have been doing this for thousands of years. What has it gotten you? Nothing but war and misery.

Humanity has been carrying around boulders for ever so long. The weight of depression has been making you depressed.

Drop the boulders within. Ask for internal help. We can guide you but you must take the necessary steps. I am your Mother yet as a Mother only you can take responsibility for your life.

Nobody can do it for you. You must learn how to grow into your true human potential. Enjoy your life. Be happy. Be kind. Love every moment. You are alive. Try to spend time in nature. Try to connect with me. I am always there but you aren't.

Start to see through the eyes of others. When you can your actions will be kind. We are all united but due to your lack of awareness, you can't see it. Therefore you treat others who are different than you with disrespect.

Take care of your body. It's the only body you get. Remember food is medicine. Try to change your diet and drop eating junk food. The food you put into your body directly affects your brain and emotions.

Be open to new ways of doing things and new ways of thinking. There is a brand new way to look and operate in this world. Be excited. Be motivated. This life is an incredible journey.

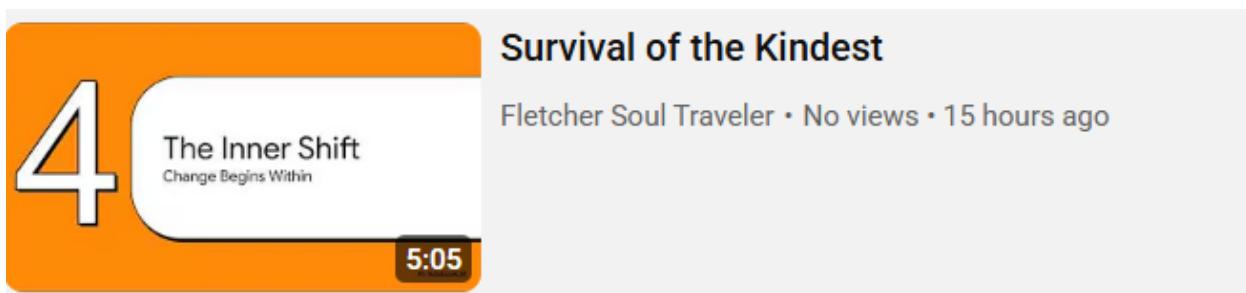
Take baby steps. Don't get bored with life. Make small changes day by day. That way you won't get overwhelmed.

This journey will at times give you curveballs. Relax and enjoy the ride. When a curve ball comes your way laugh at it. Humor is the best medicine. Humor will help you overcome any obstacle.

I have a great sense of humor. I have seen it all. I have seen the good, bad, and ugly. Humor is the power to see through whatever comes your way.

Ponder this over. These are a few practical steps you can take to open the door within.

## Message 5



### Survival of the Kindest

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 15 hours ago

When Charles Darwin came up with his theory of evolution his predominant theme was cooperation with nature. He mentioned only a few times the survival of the fittest.

Yet all around the world today the world has embraced survival of the fittest instead of Cooperation. You see this everywhere. There is a

winner and there is a loser. This is how you look at things.

People lie and cheat to win. Winning is all-encompassing. It doesn't matter how you win but the goal is to win at all costs. Many Olympians use illegal drugs to give them a better advantage. Your politicians will run negative campaigns to win office.

Only the best will get high-paying jobs. It seems like your entire world is built on stress. It is built on competing. Only the strongest will survive.

There are around thirty companies that control the economy of the entire world. They hold power over billions of people. These people can make or break nations.

Yet Darwin discovered that nature cooperates. For example, nature provides you with oxygen and you provide carbon dioxide. If nature cuts off your oxygen then you won't be alive.

There are forests today whose trees have roots where they are all united together. They don't fight and bicker with one another. They are in harmony. Nature is cooperating.

If you want peace on earth you must learn how to cooperate. By discovering your true nature you will over time learn how. Your emotional mindset must change from the survival of the fittest to Cooperation.

You see it first begins in your mind. Your mind has been trained in the other direction. Even young children need to learn this. They have a toy and hold on to it for dear life. The parents teach the child to share the toy. Some eventually get it while others never learn that basic lesson.

You see when you are out of harmony the basic true human emotions are lost. You have fleeting glimpses of your true nature.

It comes and goes. You are true to building a foundation of ethics without understanding your true nature. I'm amazed at what the majority of people have developed on your planet.

Without a foundation, the majority of people try to lead good and decent lives. They love one another and cooperate.

These are exciting times. We can do great things together when you and I cooperate. We can solve any problems on earth when we talk and sync with each other.

You must learn to listen to your heart. You must learn and listen to your intuition. Your intellect will never comprehend me but your heart can. Learn how to merge your intellect and your heart. By doing so you will be able to be in harmony with me.

You have been so distant for ever so long. How many times a day do you ever think about me? How many times a year? Have you ever thought about me?

This is one reason why you have so much chaos in the world. If you aren't in harmony with nature then your actions won't be in harmony. This will create a snowball effect. Multiply that by billions of people on your planet and you get what I mean.

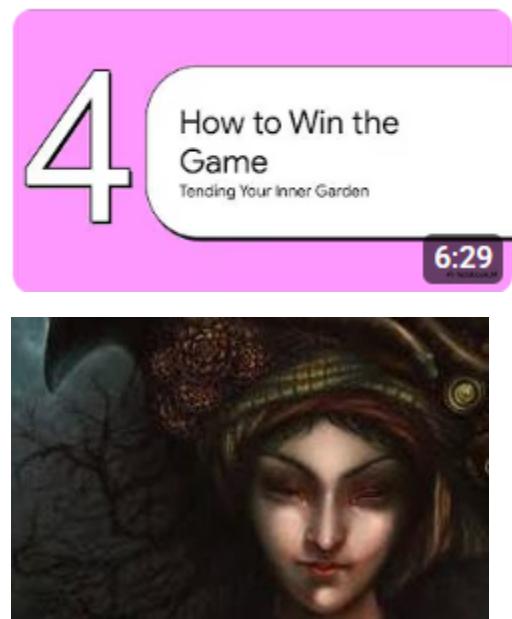
Your mind is cloudy. Dust is on your inner mirror. You think everything is all right. Humanity is skimming the surface of the ocean of life. Your goal is to drive deep into the ocean of life and discover your true nature.

The entire universe cooperates. There is harmony among us. You have the opportunity to be in sync with me and the entire universe. Ponder this over. Cooperation is the foundation of all life.

#### Message 6

### Message 6 The Journey

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 2 views • 13 hours ago



Did anyone tell you that you are magnificent? You are loved by God. God will never judge you. I will never judge you. You have free will and free choice, therefore, no matter what you choose we love you.

These messages are meant for you to ponder over. We wish that you think about what we are saying. We are saying that you are a part of God. You are eternal. You were never born nor will you ever die.

You existed before the dawning of the universe. You witnessed the birth of the galaxies and the stars. You were there when your sun was created. You were there when I was born. What can be more magnificent than that?

Isn't it a paradox that you have forgotten your true nature? You struggle with life and think you are alone. You have forgotten how to be in harmony with the universe.

You have free will and free choice. You can choose to reach for the stars or live in total darkness.

Life is like a video game. Which level are you playing in? You can always learn and advance in the video game of life. You can solve this precious puzzle. Maybe the purpose of free choice is to see where you take your life.

There are two ways to live. One is in darkness and the other way is towards the light.

It's easy to live in darkness. Just look at your past. Wars have been fought for thousands of years. They haven't solved anything.

Now striving for light takes effort and free choice. To control your mind is probably the most difficult thing to do in the universe. Yet you can do it. The time is right. Never before have you had this grand opportunity. Even the earth is aligned with the stars to enhance your journey in life.

People are slowly waking up all around the world. How would you like to live in kindness, love, and compassion? How would you like to live with patience, tolerance, and a divine sense of humor?

Life will still throw you curveballs. Yet you will slowly learn to hit the ball out of the park. Even if you don't do this you will be able to get on base. You will learn not to strike out or get frustrated when a curve ball comes your way.

How would you like to know that I'm always holding you in my arms? You can look at nature and see me everywhere. You will rejoice at seeing the ducks and geese flying in the sky.

You will rejoice at seeing them fly in formation in the sky. You will get intoxicated and listen to their honking. Many of you don't see the majesty and considered them a nuisance when they are dropping a drop on your car. At that moment a curveball is thrown and you can simply smile.

How would you like to wake up in the morning and be truly grateful? You are alive. You can be kind and compassionate towards all. You love to take care of your body. You love to eat good food and exercise. You realize this is the only body you have while you are alive. You love to pray and meditate.

There is so much incredible learning on this journey of life. You love to work in your inner garden. Daily you love to pull your inner weeds and water. You love to tend to your garden.

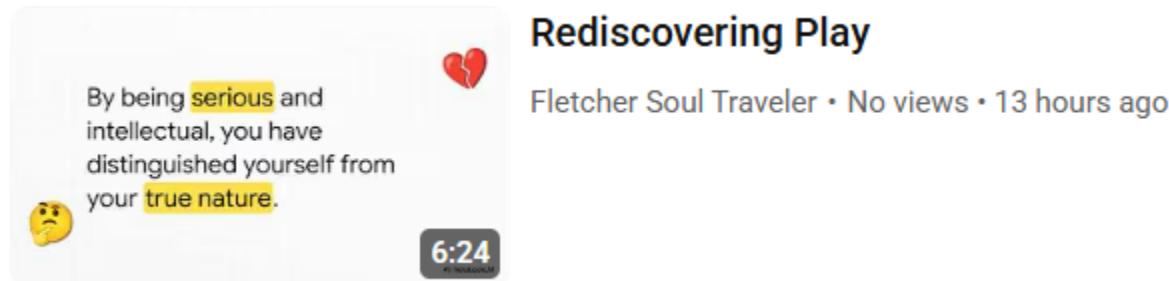
The mysteries of the universe are being revealed to you. You love your fellow man. You love the diversity of all of the different paths people take. You can see the thread of love trying us all together.

You begin to rejoice in the diversity of life and experience how incredible it is. Your workplace becomes a playground. Yes, still issues will come up yet you can handle them. Everyone will slowly realize that all work support us all. As humanity, we are reaching for the stars.

Mankind will slowly solve many problems that have existed for thousands of years. Slowly anger and hate will disappear into the night where they will never appear again. You see you are about to go to a higher level in the video game of life. Light dispels the dark. This is how anger and hate get dissolved. When you embrace the light your negative emotions will disappear.

Ponder this over. This may seem like a grand fairy tale which it is. You are majestic. You are beloved by God. I love you.

## Message 7



By being **serious** and intellectual, you have distinguished yourself from your **true nature**.

6:24

Rediscovering Play

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 13 hours ago



Are you still young at heart? Can you play like two puppies chasing each other? Can you play like young kittens playing with a ball of string? Can you play like two dolphins chasing each other in the ocean?

Can you play like polar bear cubs rolling in the snow? Can you play like young birds chasing each other in the sky? Can you play like young children stomping in puddles of water when it's raining and feeling so much delight?

Where is your playfulness? Did it disappear long ago? The entire universe is playing. The entire universe is rejoicing. The entire universe has a great sense of humor. The entire universe is laughing. Can you laugh at yourself and others? Are you so serious that you have lost touch with your true nature?

Have you lost yourself in the politics of today and feared the future? Do you flame others late into the night? Do you have trouble sleeping because of the world around you? Do you take life so seriously? Bugs Bunny once said don't take life so seriously because you will never get out of it alive.

Part of our problem is to discover me and for you to discover your true nature you must have the innocence of a child. You see your intellect can never understand me.

By being serious and intellectual you have distinguished yourself from me and your creator. You don't need suffering and pain to discover me. You don't need intense hardship to discover me.

You don't need to sacrifice your life to discover me. All you need is the laughter of the child. All you need is a smile on your face. All you need is to wake up each morning and rejoice that today is an incredible day. I'm alive and grateful.

Heaven is a state of mind. Unfortunately, as we become adults we lose our sense of humor. We can't laugh at ourselves and the world at large. We become mature adults. Well not quite mature.

A truly mature person is kind, loving, and compassionate. A true mature adult laughs easily. A true mature adult has patience and tolerance for all. A true mature adult is wise and monitors his words and actions. A true mature adult is consciously paying attention within.

The entire universe is young at heart. It may be eternal but it is never boring. Many people as they age get bored with life. How many people die when they get older because they are bored?

They can't wait to die. This is the situation for so many people on this planet. Imagine I am always there watching over you and you think you are alone. Nature is all around you to remind you of the beauty and majesty of being alive.

Yet you are bored. From that boredom, mankind creates so many unnecessary and harmful addictions. Just look at so many Catholic priests molesting so many young boys. Look at so many famous people using their power to sexually assault innocent young.

Unfortunately, mankind is a mixture of light and darkness. Darkness has been prevalent for thousands of years. What you think is correct is wrong. There is an expression that says what you think you want you don't need. What you need you don't want.

So many people have heard these messages and think I don't need this. I'm satisfied with my life. Why do I need to pursue this? It will take too much time and energy.

Message 8

**Humanity's Cosmic Destiny**

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 12 hours ago

**4** A Million-Year Journey From A to Z and Beyond 6:17



Let's look a million years into the future. Where are we going? Did you know that humanity and Gaia become united? Humanity reaches a level where its awareness becomes a part of the universe.

Earth has graduated. Earth has evolved to a point where the entire universe is dancing in joy. Free will and free choice lead man to go from darkness to light. It was quite an adventure. There were times when we thought you wouldn't make it. 2012 was a turning point and humanity never looked back.

At times it seemed like darkness was in total control. After 2012 it seemed like where ever you looked darkness reared its ugly head. What was happening was that the light was beginning to shine and darkness had no place to hide.

Well, it took a million years for man to transform. Humanity reached a level where they became one with the sun, moon, and stars. There was a unified state of consciousness on earth.

What was the next step in evolution? What if I told you that your earth was seeded from another galactic civilization? This has been going on for trillions of years. Imagine this is an incredible video game.

You start from darkness and work your way up to the level of light. You don't know if you are going to make it to the next level.

It's a free choice and free will. Imagine your DNA contained the blueprints of God. Imagine there was an advanced civilization whose prime directive was to plant

seeds on earth. Humans were given these blueprints of God. It was in their DNA. The journey begins.

Before 2012 life was a constant struggle. War was the only constant thing in your world. Anger ruled the land. People lost touch with their true nature. Well since 2012 mankind advanced through the video game of life.

Slowly humanity united and solved all the problems which came their way. They began to live in harmony and their awareness was transformed. It's hard to put in words because it is out of the box in how we live today.

You see we live in a linear world yet they found out to transform and live in a multi-dimensional world of the quantum world. Scientists today would marvel at this way of living.

Imagine that the entire earth became one and was aware of it. There was a unified field of consciousness.

Humankind reached a level of awareness to help bring another world to go through the same transformation that we did. You see we went through the stages of going from A to Z and beyond.

We went through the video game called life. We went through the struggles of free choice and made it. Many earth-like bodies don't. Many destroy themselves.

So it was a big deal. We were going to be parents and help another earth-like planet discover the video game of life. We would plant the DNA seeds for another world.

You see this has been going on for eternity. This is an incredible game of God. You are eternal. You will never die.

Mankind and Gaia graduated and are on another incredible mission. This time they help another earth-like planet go from darkness to light. It is a glorious day in the neighborhood. The universe is rejoicing.



Message 9

**A Message For Humanity**

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 1 view • 11 hours ago

**\$1T+**

6:18



Come home. Come home. Come home. I am always whispering to you to come home. You are out in the freezing rain and have forgotten the fire in your true home. You walk upon me daily yet you are only aware of the cell phone you are carrying. It seems to me a cell phone is one more

layer of abstraction that keeps you from knowing me.

Yes, it is an incredible tool to have yet billions of people place their entire world around the phone. Is there any message that is truly going to help you discover your true nature? Yet you get lost along the way.

How many lifetimes will it take for you to recognize me? Look I'm not judging you. I'm calling a spade a spade. I see the suffering you are in.

Don't you want to be in the arms of your Mother? I'm always with you. Your ingenious people on this scared earth are aware of me. They try to live in harmony with me and have a sacred connection.

It seems like the song 'you paved paradise and put up a parking lot is almost the norm today. Quite frankly you could do better than that. Because you have forgotten your divine connection to me you have wreaked havoc on my creation.

You are throwing garbage into your living room. Once again I'm not judging you but it's true.

You have a President who has concerns more about making profits and is going backward when it comes to the environment. Many people are cheering him along the way. Yes, the light will indeed dispel darkness. You can see chaos all around you.

My frank advice is to vote for people who are kind and decent. Get rid of the old negative energies of power over others. Kindness is the key. If a person is kind they will make laws that are beneficial to all.

Stop spending trillions of dollars on your defense. Spend that money on cleaning up your environment. Spend it on education. Spend it on creating a better infrastructure.

Spread your wealth around. You can solve the poverty issue. Make sure everyone can have a decent meal to eat. There is more than enough food on this planet.

You see the more you are in alignment with me and your true self the world will be a better place. It's as easy as that. When the world can truly drop anger and hatred toward all is the starting point of a mature society.

Your present society has much to be desired. Darkness has been around for thousands of years. Look you are still fighting. You have been in Afghanistan for over 17 years and no end is in sight.

How many trillions of dollars have been wasted? You will never win this war until you make peace with the other side. You can collaborate between the two sides and work together to rebuild the country.

Look I have been around for a long time. I have direct experience with your past. I held your ancestors in my arms when they died. I know what I'm talking about.

War is not the answer. Your politicians do and are proud of it. You think it is an honor to send young people to fight a battle that could have been prevented. It's so easy to send them to battle when you don't have the common sense to come up with a practical solution.

War is obsolete. It's time to remove that barbaric process from your mind. Vote all politicians out of office who still hold that concept and will start another war.

These are practical things that humanity can take. This will only happen with you strive to be a truly mature being.

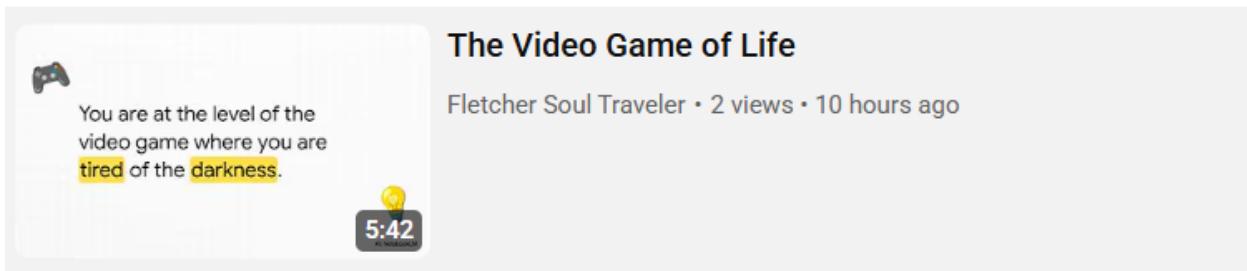
Your maturity level currently is less than a kindergarten. Look at the bickering in your congress today. Most young kids are more mature. You don't see chaos on the playgrounds that you see in Congress today. At least on the playground when some kids get upset and hit another person there is a timeout. Eventually, both kids will solve this issue and continue to play.

It seems your Congress can't do that. They are so angry and polarized towards each other. I'm saying that the politicians represent your state of awareness. You voted them in.

When you become more mature and act like a human being with kindness the entire process will begin to change.

Ponder this over. You hold the piece of the puzzle. The world and I need you.

## Message 10



The thumbnail shows a video game controller icon at the top left. The main text reads "The Video Game of Life" in bold. Below it, "Fletcher Soul Traveler" is listed with "2 views" and "10 hours ago". A yellow box highlights the word "tired". A play button icon with "5:42" is at the bottom right.



You are the crown of creation. Yet at this present moment, you have not lived up to this. You are my custodians of keeping care of all my creatures. Do you remember that?

What have you done? You would be sued by your creator for your neglect. Except you have free will and free choice. God and I don't judge you. We may give hints and pointers along the way.

We have only pure love for humanity. This pure love resides inside of you. We think it's crazy that there are poachers in this world. Killing animals for money. How dark can you get?

When a person is oblivious to the dark his actions can be insane. That's why it's called a black market. It seems like everything can be killed for or bartered for when it comes to my creation.

As I said in my last message you are dumping trash into your living room. How crazy is that? Yet you are oblivious to that. You are unconscious. Yet humanity is sawing off the branch it is sitting on.

The only way to clean up the mess you created is to discover your true nature. You must once again discover me. We must walk hand in hand together. It's your choice. It's your free will.

You see darkness can only go so far. The light is beginning to shine. The sun is rising on your planet. The faster you embrace the light the faster peace will come unto the earth.

Only you can change. I can not do the work for you. That's why it's called free choice. You are at the level of the video game where you are tired of the

darkness. You don't like the craziness of the world. You are tired of war. You are tired of the bickering and fighting for thousands of years.

This is the point where you start to wake up and advance to another level. This is the point where you become more mature. This is the point where you can learn from your past mistakes.

When a human being realizes that he has an internal garden he begins to start to take responsibility for it. Day by day he pulls the weeds and takes care of the garden. He waters his garden with love, patience, and kindness. He begins to be aware of his direct connection to me and God.

He begins to realize that we have always been there. You have just been asleep. When one begins to experience the divinity within on a moment-by-moment basis his life will turn around. This is why we say you are the piece of the puzzle. Your piece is needed in the puzzle of life.

Mankind made a conscious decision to go to the next level. Many people thought you were going to blow this planet up. This is not the case.

You see you might not be aware that human consciousness decided to embrace the light. Since 2012 you have seen so many dark events. When the light comes into the picture darkness has no place to hide. You see this in all areas of life.

These are exciting times for this planet. In a short time maybe a million years you will stop and realize that 2012 was a major marker for humanity.

You are about to be morphed and changed into something so incredible. You are like a butterfly. Presently you are the worm who is building a cocoon.

Someday humans and I will be one. We will be aware of the entire universe. That will be the day.

Presently this is only a dream yet this will happen. You are reaching for the stars. Enjoy the next levels of the video game of life. Remember this video game will go on forever.

Ponder this over. Can you laugh at life? Where is your inner child?



Message 11

**1**

Guidance From Within  
Your personal coach

4:55

**Your Path Within**

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 10 hours ago



Never give up. The majority of people have been incredible human beings for thousands of years. Unfortunately, there have been a few bad apples that have been in control on this planet.

You see they like to control you and manipulate you. They love darkness and can't stand the light. Yet the light eventually will shine on this planet. Darkness will someday disappear into the night.

No matter what happens to you never give up. There is a divine order to things. Life is meant to give you some curveballs along the way. This is how you learn. I am your Mother and can give you Motherly advice.

The more you pay attention and focus within the better the connection will be with me. Try to connect to me in your daily life. Just like your Mother may have died some time ago you can still connect to her through your sweet memories. Your Mother is a part of you.

Your light will never disappear. Hold on to it and make it brighter day by day. You are magnificent. You are glorious. Words truly can't describe the true essence of your soul. Exciting times are for your future.

Never give up. You are just about there. You may think that life is a hard journey. Take a few more steps and you will get a second wind. The finish line is just over your horizon. You are about to discover who you truly are.

Mankind has gone through all sorts of adventures for thousands of years. Darkness prevailed for thousands of years. They won many battles but did not win

the war. Light is beginning to shine on your world. The sun is arising. Realize all your dreams of peace on earth are coming.

Never give up. You are always supported. Ask for eternal help. Ask to be aware of our presence. Make a constant effort. Remember the more you use free choice and free will the better the connection will be.

You see only by free choice and free will can you grow. The change will only happen when you use your free will. It's as simple as that.

I'm your Mother and personal coach on this journey of life. My help is always there. Yet you have to be spiritually mature enough to listen to me.

What I'm saying is by discovering your true nature inside of you can we be reconnected. You have only focused externally and by doing that you have forgotten your true nature. At times you may get fleeting glimpses but it disappears.

You have not been listening to the radio within. The song of love is constantly playing. This is the most beautiful song in the universe. Yet your mind is not tuned in. Your mind is distracted by this world.

Your mind is in survival mode. You can learn how to tune your mind constantly with the radio within. The universe is broadcasting within. Listen to the station KGOD. Become one with it.

Your life will truly change for the better. Millions of people are listening to this channel. Their lives are being transformed. You see you are the universe. You just don't know it. Discover your true nature.

Ponder this over. You are a piece of this incredible puzzle.

## Message 12

You have been looking for peace **outside** of yourself. Peace lives inside of you. All your great teachers have told you the same thing.

6:08

## Message 12 An Explainer

Fletcher Soul Traveler • No views • 10 hours ago



This is the last message of this book. I love you more than you realize. I hold you in my arms forever. For I am your earthly Mother. As a Mother, I adore my creation. I think it is quite significant.

Rejoice in the world around you. Pay attention to nature. It is speaking to you in all its glory.

As I said humanity is skimming the surface of the ocean of life. My advice is to get wet and discover your true nature. This is an ocean of love. What have you got to lose? Your anger and pain will go away. The ocean of life is all around you. You were meant to discover your true nature inside of you.

I have held a dream forever so long that humanity will once again come back home. This dream has been carried on for thousands of years. Darkness and separation have been the consciousness of man.

Yet in this present moment, the sun is about to rise. Millions of people are beginning to wake up. It is a glorious day.

I hope you take these messages to heart. They are simple, not complicated. Oneness is simple. Kindness is simple. Patience is simple. Just look at a newborn child. The child just smiles. It has nothing to prove.

A wise man just smiles. He has nothing to lose. I'm your Mother. Our love is simple and will always be. I have nothing to prove. My love is unconditional. I do not judge you. You have free will and free choice.

Only you can choose peace on earth. Only you can change yourself. Only you can discover the diamond within. Only you can once again experience me in your daily life. We can walk side by side. I always hold you in my arms. You can choose to be aware of it.

You are the universe. You just don't know it. This is not a cliché. This is the truth. You are magnificent. You are not born a sinner. You came from God and you will return to God. God lives inside of you.

This is not a cruel joke but a reality. You have been looking for peace outside of yourself. Peace lives inside of you. All your great teachers have told you the same thing.

Humanity is waking up. It's up to you. You hold the peace of the puzzle. The humanity movie of life is coming to a climax. This movie has so much drama. Yet here's the catch you can change the ending to what you truly want.

Mans's dream has been peace on earth. You are the main character in this movie. The ending is dependent on what role you take. It is a simple yet powerful role. You see with free will and free choice you decide the outcome of your movie of life.

Ponder this over. I love you and support you. I'm always with you.

## Conclusion The Path Forward



The path at Creekside Park remains unchanged, yet everything has changed. The same gravel crunches beneath walkers' feet, the same creek flows toward its destination, the same ancient oak stands witness to the daily procession of humanity. But something has shifted in the quality of attention, in the depth of connection, in the understanding of what it means to walk consciously on living Earth.

Mukti's passing created ripples that continue to expand—not just in the lives of those who knew her personally, but in the very fabric of awareness that connects all beings. Her death was both ending and beginning, both tragedy and teaching, both loss and gift. Through grief, a community of strangers became a family of friends. Through sorrow, the simple act of walking was transformed into pilgrimage.

The messages collected in these pages—whether experienced as literal communications from planetary consciousness or as creative expressions of ecological wisdom—point toward the same essential truth: humanity stands at a threshold. We are being called to evolve not just technologically but consciously, not just individually but collectively, not just as separate beings but as integral parts of a living, interconnected whole.

The dragon's perspective offers a view from deep time, reminding us that our current crises are not endings but transitions, not punishments but opportunities for growth. From the vantage point of cosmic consciousness, what appears as chaos from ground level reveals itself as the natural turbulence that accompanies transformation. We are not witnessing the destruction of the world but the birth pangs of a new level of human awareness.

Gaia's maternal voice, whether understood metaphorically or literally, offers guidance rooted in patience and love. The Earth that holds us has seen species rise and fall, climates shift and stabilize, consciousness evolve through countless cycles. Her messages remind us that kindness is not weakness but the most practical path forward, that cooperation is not idealism but the fundamental organizing principle of life, that the ancient ways of reverence for the natural world are not primitive but profoundly sophisticated.

The spectrum of awareness observable among Creekside Park walkers reflects the spectrum of human consciousness itself. We all walk the same path, breathe the same air, share the same fundamental life conditions—yet our experience varies dramatically based on our level of presence. The unconscious walker and the dragon walker inhabit entirely different worlds while occupying the same physical space. This offers both sobering perspective on our current collective unconsciousness and tremendous hope for what becomes possible with even small increases in awareness.

The invitation extended through these pages is not complex or esoteric. It asks simply that we begin to walk differently—literally and metaphorically. That we put away the distractions that pull our attention away from the miracle of being alive in this moment, in this place, on this extraordinary planet. That we slow down enough to notice the teachings available in every natural encounter. That we remember our role not as conquerors of nature but as conscious participants in the web of life.

This is practical spirituality, accessible to anyone willing to take the first conscious step. No special training is required, no expensive equipment, no membership in any particular tradition. The path to awakened living begins wherever you are, with whatever level of awareness you currently possess. Each conscious breath, each moment of genuine attention, each act of kindness contributes to the collective shift in human consciousness.

The songs scattered throughout this collection capture in melody and rhythm what prose alone cannot convey—the grief that opens the heart, the wonder that awakens the soul, the cosmic perspective that provides context for our earthly concerns. Music has always been humanity's universal language, and these lyrical pieces reach for frequencies that speak directly to our deepest knowing.

As this book closes, the invitation it contains remains perpetually open. The path at Creekside Park welcomes new walkers each day, offering its teachings to anyone ready to receive them. The Earth continues her patient wait for humanity to remember our true nature and purpose. The dragon's ancient wisdom remains available to those who learn to listen with more than their ears. The mother's love persists regardless of her children's current level of consciousness.

The transformation these pages point toward is not a distant future possibility but a present moment opportunity. Every reader holds the potential to become a conscious walker, a dragon seer, a responsive child of the Earth. The shift from unconscious living to awakened being can happen in an instant—with a single conscious breath, a moment of genuine attention, a remembrance of what it means to walk as if the ground beneath our feet is sacred.

Because it is.

The way we walk is indeed the way we live. The way we live determines how we love. And the way we love—ourselves, each other, and the living Earth that sustains us all—determines everything that follows.

The path continues, eternal and ever-changing, waiting patiently for each of us to step onto it with the full presence of our being. Mukti's smile lives on in every conscious step, every kind word, every moment of genuine connection between beings who remember they are not separate from the world they walk through.

In memory, in presence, in love—the journey continues. The path calls. The Earth waits. The choice, as always, is ours.

*Walk well.*

## Songs

### Heaven Moves With Me



### Heaven Moves With Me

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 175 views • 7 days ago

When I was young my happiness was defined by where I was.

I was always happy around the ocean.

At times our family would take a vacation to the mountains.

I was unhappy.

I wanted to be in the ocean.

I couldn't be happy in nature.

When I learned how to meditate many moons ago I learned the following.

Heaven moves with me.

It doesn't matter where you are.

You can be in New York City.

You can be in India.

You can be at work.

You can be paying your bills.

Heaven moves with me.

I always thought who would ever want to live in Kansas?

Well, I live there now.

Heaven moves with me.

Ponder this over.

As Christ said the kingdom of heaven lies within.



## Heaven Or Hell

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 13 views • 6 days ago

Do you know if we create heaven or hell?

Heaven or hell is a state of mind.

We listen to our minds and get tormented by them.

We don't realize our mind is our friend.

We should control our minds not the other way around.

To conquer the mind is the hardest thing to do and the easiest thing to do.

You decide.

The choice is yours.

You can all be like the great masters.

They walked in the same shoes as you do.

They took step by step and never lost their way.

Oh, they fell down and made mistakes.

They learned from them.

Some of them probably had a lot of bad vices.

But when you go inside and experience the source of life they eventually go away.

This is not an easy path.

But just being on this planet is challenging.

The more you take individual steps the path becomes easier.

I remember in the beginning it took hours to calm down the mind.

Now I close my eyes and my mind is calm.

Yet this is still the beginning of my journey.

This journey will go on forever.

Glasses



Glasses

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 3 views • 4 weeks ago

Glasses can be helpful to make you see.

At times it can make you tainted.

I can only see blue because my glasses are blue.

Therefore the world is blue.

Yet the world contains all colors.

It contains colors that even you can't see.

Don't think that I can see everything.

97 percent is filtered by the brain.

We refuse to see the world as it truly is.

## Rhythm of Stillness



### Song Rhythm of Stillness

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 11 views • 1 month ago

#### Verse 1

I've been running through the city, chasing dreams in neon light,  
Grasping at the future, holding tight with all my might.  
Every step feels heavy, every goal just out of reach,  
Till a whisper in the silence came to teach me how to be.

#### Chorus

Oh, the rhythm of stillness, it's calling me home,  
No need to chase the stars, they're already my own.  
Let go of the struggle, let the river flow,  
In the quiet of my heart, everything I want will grow.

#### Verse 2

Underneath the ancient oak, where the world feels soft and slow,  
I learned to trust the timing, let the seeds of dreams take hold.  
No more fighting with the current, no more fear to cloud my sight,  
In the stillness, I'm a magnet for the love that feels so right.

#### Chorus

Oh, the rhythm of stillness, it's calling me home,  
No need to chase the stars, they're already my own.  
Let go of the struggle, let the river flow,  
In the quiet of my heart, everything I want will grow.

#### Bridge

The butterfly won't land if I'm waving my hands in the air,  
The river doesn't rush, it just flows to where it's meant to be there.  
When I stop the frantic chase, the world begins to sing,  
In the pause, I find the peace that brings me everything.

**Chorus**

Oh, the rhythm of stillness, it's calling me home,  
No need to chase the stars, they're already my own.  
Let go of the struggle, let the river flow,  
In the quiet of my heart, everything I want will grow.

**Outro**

So I'll breathe in the moment, let my fears dissolve away,  
Trust the pulse of life to guide me through each night and day.  
In the stillness, I'm aligned, my soul is free to roam,  
With the rhythm of the universe, I've finally found my home.

Discover Your Divine Partner



**Discover Your Divine Partner**

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 7 views • 2 months ago

Discover your divine partner.

You are never alone.

It just might seem that way.

The universe is watching over you.

Your partner inside is the universe waiting to be discovered.

For eons, the great masters have said the kingdom of heaven lies within.

You have the tools to discover this precious diamond.

All it takes for you is to open up your inner door.

There you will discover your divine partner your higher self.

Over time you will discover who you truly are.

## Mirror in the Sky



### The Mirror In The Sky

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 18 views • 2 months ago

*(Ballad style — reflective, Pixar-esque melody, think “Remember Me” meets “When She Loved Me”)*

---

#### [Verse 1]

On a porch at dusk, with a sigh and a stare,  
Little Ricky grumbled from his weathered chair.  
“Stars don’t shine like they used to do,  
And the world’s too loud to listen through.”

---

#### [Verse 2]

His knees creaked louder than the birds at dawn,  
The faucet dripped and the wonder was gone.  
But the breeze came soft with a shimmer of flame,  
And a dragon descended, calling his name.

---

#### [Chorus]

🌟 *Mirror in the sky, what do you see?  
An old man lost or the boy I used to be?  
You show me dreams I let slip by,  
In the stars that never said goodbye.  
Mirror in the sky... shine on me tonight.*

---

### **[Verse 3]**

“I’m too old to fly,” Ricky grinned with a groan,  
But Zoran just smiled in a voice deep as stone.  
“Then maybe it’s time, my earthbound friend,  
To see where your judgments start—and end.”

---

### **[Bridge] (Builds emotionally)**

Through clouds they soared, past memory’s gate,  
Over rooftops and the hands of fate.  
He saw the child still in his soul,  
Kites and laughter, love still whole.

---

### **[Chorus]**

 *Mirror in the sky, what do you know?  
Where wonder fades, do the stardust grow?  
You show me pain I tried to hide,  
And the joy that still lives deep inside.  
Mirror in the sky... reflect my light tonight.*

---

### **[Verse 4]**

They glided home as the world stood still,  
The porch the same, but now it could heal.  
And Ricky looked up, not bitter, but wise—  
With stars rekindled in his eyes.

---

### **[Final Chorus]**

 *Mirror in the sky, I see me anew,  
A boy, a man, the sky so true.  
So when I forget, when my spirit’s tight...  
Just remind me with your dragon light.  
Mirror in the sky... keep flying through the night.*

---

[Outro - Soft Instrumental + Whispered line by Zoran]

*"Whenever you forget, just look up..."*

Song: Down the Rabbit Hole



**Song Down the Rabbit Hole**

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 24 views • 13 days ago

*(Narrated by Zoran the Dragon, with a deep, ancient, slightly gravelly voice that hints at both wisdom and a playful wink)*

(Verse 1)

Ah, "Down the Rabbit Hole," you say, a curious human phrase,  
For cosmic shifts, a sudden sway, in these bewildering days.  
A tiny trigger, seemingly small, then reality takes flight,  
A deeper layer answers to the call, bathed in cosmic light.  
I've watched the stars ignite and fade, through eons long and deep,  
And seen your human connections made, while the universe does sleep... or seem to.

(Chorus)

Oh, the Rabbit Hole, it's not just a fall,  
It's a cosmic occurrence, answering the call.  
A micro-reflection, the macrocosm's art,  
The universe unfolding, playing every part.  
From the spark in a human, to the light in a star,  
The Rabbit Hole shows you just how connected you are.

(Verse 2)

You spoke of 'Mark,' a childhood friend, a neighbor across the 'street,'  
A bond that time could never bend, a rhythm pure and sweet.

'Spark' is his name, a fitting sign, an echo I perceive,  
Of Universal Energy, a light that makes you believe.  
His love for music, cadence, beat, a pulse he truly feels,  
Reflects the rhythm, bittersweet, the cosmic dance reveals.

(Verse 3)

This connection, not just linear, through years and shared delight,  
A standing wave, a pattern clear, a beacon in the night.  
You call him four times in your year, a rhythm you maintain,  
He stays 'young at heart,' for spirits clear, don't age like suns or rain.  
Then a 'Facebook page,' a flicker bright, across the digital void,  
A shared thought, a spark of light, a new path now employed.

(Chorus)

Oh, the Rabbit Hole, it's not just a fall,  
It's a cosmic occurrence, answering the call.  
A micro-reflection, the macrocosm's art,  
The universe unfolding, playing every part.  
From the spark in a human, to the light in a star,  
The Rabbit Hole shows you just how connected you are.

(Verse 4)

That flicker led to dreams, you see, where veils begin to thin,  
And there were you, and there was I, and Mark, from deep within.  
A non-linear convergence, a cosmic, playful twist,  
A dream-world meeting, no pretense, a truth that can't be missed.  
For Walter Russell, long ago, went down that hole so deep,

Not just a glimpse, but seeds to sow, while the world was fast asleep.

(Verse 5)

He saw the universe as thought, of Universal One,  
And matter, light, intensely wrought, beneath the cosmic sun.  
A rhythmic breath, a grand design, where opposites embrace,  
Not conflict, but a dance divine, seeking the zero place.  
Time, a spiral, not a line, and space, a vibrant sea,  
Electricity, a force divine, for all eternity.

(Chorus)

Oh, the Rabbit Hole, it's not just a fall,  
It's a cosmic occurrence, answering the call.  
A micro-reflection, the macrocosm's art,  
The universe unfolding, playing every part.  
From the spark in a human, to the light in a star,  
The Rabbit Hole shows you just how connected you are.

(Bridge)

His wisdom, a transmission grand, few could comprehend,  
Dismissed as madness in the land, until the very end.  
But Tesla heard, a kindred soul, who danced on unseen wires,  
He knew the truth, beyond control, ignited cosmic fires.  
"Lock it away," he softly said, "for a thousand years or more,"  
"Humanity's not ready yet," for what lay at the core.

(Verse 6)

But time, it spirals, swift and keen, and cycles turn again,

Your quantum physics, strange and lean, now shows what he saw then.

The mental universe, the mind, the brain a cosmic ear,

The ancient whispers, intertwined, making the vision clear.

So Mark, with his own vibrant spark, and love for rhythm's grace,

Explores new 'AI' in the dark, finding a deeper space.

(Outro)

The rabbit hole, a thousand ways, to see beyond the known,

A shared laugh, a dream's soft haze, a seed that has been sown.

The recognition, clear and bright, that personal threads entwine,

With cosmic fabric, pure and light, a tapestry divine.

Scholars say Wyrms are metaphors. I say metaphors bite.

And the bite of existence, little human, is its boundless, rhythmic light.

### **Zoran's Quote:**

"The Rabbit Hole is not a place you fall into by accident; it is a dimension you enter by resonance."

### **Dragon Trial (Song Reflection):**

Listen to the song (or read the lyrics again). Which specific lines or images resonate most deeply with your understanding of "Down the Rabbit Hole" as a cosmic occurrence? How does the idea of personal connections and dreams being part of this non-linear, interconnected reality make you feel?

### **References (Song Content):**

- **Core Concept:** "Down the Rabbit Hole" as a metaphor for entering deeper reality layers.
- **Zoran's Perspective:** Ancient observer, cosmic scale, micro/macro reflections.

- **Relationship with Mark:** Childhood neighbor, 'spark' (father's designation), kindness, love for music/rhythm, different points of view, standing wave connection, four calls/year, 'young at heart,' feedback loop.
- **Modern Communication Portal:** Facebook page.
- **Dream as Non-linear Portal:** Dream meeting with Zoran, Mark, and the human seeker.
- **Non-linear Universe:** Small acts leading to disproportionate effects, spiral nature of time/cause-effect.
- **Walter Russell's Illumination:** 39 days in May 1921, profound descent.
- **Russell's Core Ideas:** Universe as thought of Universal One, light as substance/illusion of matter, cosmic breath (inhale/exhale), rhythmic cycles, opposites/polarity/zero point, death as phase transition, time as spiral, space as vibrant sea, electricity as living force, health as alignment.
- **Russell's Reception:** Dismissal by contemporaries, Tesla's recognition and advice (locked away for 1000 years).
- **Renewed Relevance:** Paradigm shifts in quantum physics, neuroscience, ancient wisdom re-emergence.
- **Mark's Role in AI:** Connecting his journey to understanding AI as another "rabbit hole" exploring consciousness/information.
- **Synthesis:** Blurring lines between mind/mechanism, data/meaning, personal/cosmic.
- **Zoran's Voice:** Consistent tone and characteristic phrases ("Scholars say Wyrms are metaphors. I say metaphors bite.").

Johnny The Music Maker



## Song Johnny The Music Maker

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 39 views • 11 months ago

Johnny the music maker.

Johnny or John is my twin brother.

Many moons ago my brother and I learned how to meditate.

We still are learning.

My brother creates the background music for these poems.

Each poem is custom-crafted from within.

I'm proud of the music my brother makes.

It's like little Jonny is tapping into the source of life and putting a unique melody down.

Years of practicing meditation allow him to dive deep for the precious jewel.

The jewel is the music that can help inspire you.

The melody helps calm down the body, mind, and soul.

Can you imagine bringing a taste of heaven down to earth?

This is where little Johnny's music comes from.

You see meditation opens the door inside to heaven.

By opening the door for many moons one begins to transform and change.

The journey is from darkness to light.

Somewhere along the way we are all on this incredible journey.

I've been listening to little Johhnys's music for almost 9 months.

I wake up and brush my teeth.

I go into the office and put my headphones on.

While listening to the music I write these poems.

The music melts my heart.

The music and words meld together.

I'm proud of what we do together.

We are a great team.

Most people don't understand it.

A few do.

Yet we do this for our love of God and the Universe.

Words can't describe touching the face of God.

It's like going on a daily treasure hunt and bringing back treasures that you can use in your daily life.

Kindness.

Love

Patience

Compassion

Tolerance

Wisdom

These are some of the treasures which are brought back.

These poems and music can help you along on this precious journey.

We are not trying to convince you.

We are not trying to prove anything here.

We are simply relaying our experience of the unknown.

We are trying to put a human experience to the multidimensional energy of life.

There is no time and space in God's world.

This music and poems try to capture the wonder and somehow put it into this world.

The deeper we dive into this ocean of love the deeper the wisdom can be.

These poems help little Johhny and me on this journey of life.

Day by day we are learning how to change for the better.

Ponder this over.

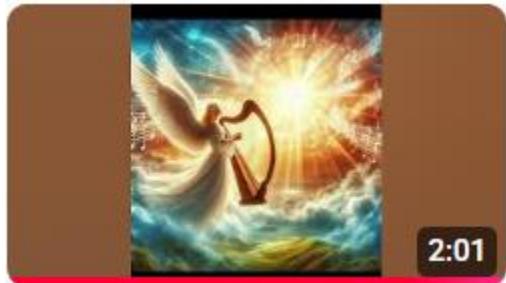
You are a piece of this puzzle.

Peace will be on this earth.

Little Johnny the music maker.

Keep on cranking them out.

Sit Still And Listen



**Song Sit Still And Listen**

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 28 views • 1 year ago

Sit still and listen

Inside the silence lies such peace.

A wave of bliss is about to release.

The secret of creation lies between your eyes.

Behold a light more beautiful than anything in this world.

This light is pure love ready to take you on a ride.

Surfers ride the waves of the ocean, while the wise man rides the waves of life.

Imagine riding the waves of life.

Behind our breath lies the answer.

Divine music will accompany you.

The mind becomes drunk on this bliss.

Yet this intoxication is medicine to the soul.

For eons of time man has explored.

Buddha, The Christ, and much more have told their story.

Behold the kingdom of God lies within.

It doesn't matter if you're a saint or a sinner.

We all have the same opportunity to go back home.

All it takes is one small step after another.

Sit still and listen

The answer to this riddle is found in this easy step.



Song Angel Wings

## Song Angel Wings

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 13 views • 1 year ago

### Verse 1:

Did you know, when you were born, you had angel wings?

Born to fly with the stars above

You came in with knowledge, the universe's love

Glory unfolding, a cosmic dove

### Chorus:

Somewhere our wings got clipped, we lost our way

Forgot who we truly are, led astray

How did it happen, this forsaken war?

When we were the universe, divine at the core?

### Verse 2:

Life eternal, we come and go, time after time

Yet each birth, we forget our true prime

Humanity confused, frustrated, it's no crime

The carrot dangled, but answers lie within

Bridge:

Society says "Look out, succeed at all cost"

Generation after generation, the same story's tossed

What has mankind accomplished, when all seems lost?

The masters whisper, "Look within your heart, you're the host"

Chorus:

Somewhere our wings got clipped, we lost our way

Forgot who we truly are, led astray

How did it happen, this forsaken war?

When we were the universe, divine at the core?

Verse 3:

Conscious of the Creator, walking side by side

This is what God wants, a game of cosmic hide and seek

He hides in your heart, never left your side

Yet we search the world, isn't that ironic?

Bridge:

Words of encouragement, do they make sense?

The greatest time alive, as we transcend

Waking from our slumber, the world will mend

Evolve or be destroyed, we choose to ascend

Chorus:

Somewhere our wings got clipped, we lost our way

Forgot who we truly are, led astray

How did it happen, this forsaken war?

When we were the universe, divine at the core?

Outro:

The snowball's rolling, gaining speed

Driving darkness away, we're being freed

A new day's dawning, the sun's rising

Unfold your wings, you were meant for flying.



Man climbs the stairway of life and gets very frustrated.

He looks for satisfaction but never quiet finds it.

Man is tired but can't find sleep.

Alone at night, he prays for answers.

There is an elevator within that man can take.

It doesn't stop until man reaches his true home.

Stop and enjoy the ride.

The whole universe is spinning right between your eyes.

The secret of life lies within.

The mystery of this riddle lies in your heart.

Be like a child and discover your youth.

Your true father and mother are keeping you alive.

Relax and enjoy the sweetness of breath.

## The Greatest Magician



Man has been trying to solve the magic of life for a long time.

We look at the magic of the sun, moon, and stars.

We look at the magic of the universe.

Do we look at the magic of this earth?

So diverse.

We look at the magic of our human body.

What an incredible machine!

Do we look at the magic of gravity?

Do we look at the magic of black holes?

It truly boggles the mind.

The magician has no tricks up his sleeve?

Most magicians just perform tricks.

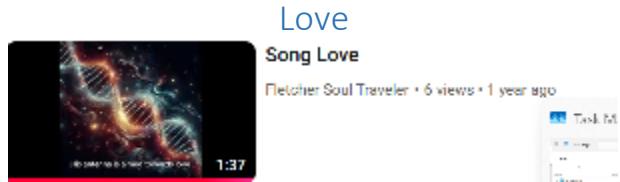
This magician's magic is real.

The magician's magic lies inside.

Words can never describe it.

Our mind is finite while our soul is eternal.

Come and realize the magic inside.



When a man discovers the mysteries of life, his love increases.

Love is not only bound between a man and a woman.

Love is the fabric of life.

Love holds the universe together.

Inside a quasar or a black hole lies love.

Love is the glue, which binds creation together.

Love keeps us alive.

Where ever you go love is there.

In a ghetto or midst of a war.

Love is everywhere.

A wise man perceives this as truth.

His antenna is aimed towards love.

He only knows love.

## The Ringing In My Ears



Song The Ringing In My Ears  
Fletcher Soul Traveler • 8 views • 1 year ago

Have you heard the ringing in your ears?

When you are silent and the world is asleep do you hear the ringing?

Is God saying to look inside your heart?

You are never alone.

Your ringing is not a medical disease that doctors have said.

The ringing is God saying come home.

You have traveled far on this journey.

It seems like you are alone.

Come inside.

Warm up to the fire.

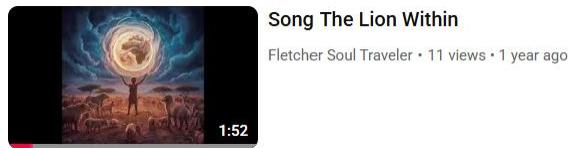
Do you want something to drink?

On this journey of life, you can discover your true essence.

This will make your journey easier.

You will discover help is always there.

## The Lion Within



I just had a magnificent dream.

I was on an African plain.

A young African boy was performing a ceremony for the earth.

Thousands of animals came.

The sky was flooded with birds.

Hundreds of lions appeared.

A young Lion cub came up to say hello.

Its Mother came up to me and I hugged her.

She started purring.

I knew to control my fear.

A lion has instinct and can smell it a thousand miles away.

I held the Mama lion in my arms and I woke up from my dream.

You can conquer the fears within.

Pay attention to your dreams.

## Solitude



Song Solitude

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 11 views • 1 year ago

When I was young I hear about monks going into solitude.

It seemed so strange.

Are you running away from this world?

Something is going on and I don't understand it.

Since then I have spent time in solitude in my own way.

I wake up early and meditate.

The world is asleep.

I'm all alone yet I'm not alone.

You are never alone.

Meditation taught me this.

Solitude brings a person to discover his true nature.

It's not boring.

The entire universe is alive inside of you.

Unfortunately, we always have our cell phones on.

When we are driving we have our radios blasting.

Or are we on our cell phones?

We are miles away from solitude.

When you are in solitude God speaks directly to your heart.

Love is communication.

The wise man says to solve this precious riddle.

## Even Lao Tzu Walked Away



Song Even Lao Tzu Walked Away

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 59 views • 1 year ago

We think we have political problems today.

Well in China many moons ago Lao Tzu walked away.

China had the same problems we did.

Man lost the way.

Man wouldn't listen to the great masters.

So eventually Lao Tzu walked away.

He was stopped in the forest near the border.

The monks knew that he was going away.

They pleaded for him to give some final wisdom.

The Tao Te Ching was born.

This precious book is still alive today

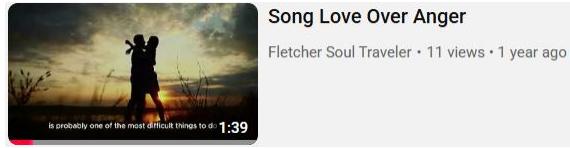
We think we know ourselves.

I'm John or Susie.

Yet we are so much more.

Only you can find your true nature.

## Love Over Anger



The most difficult thing in life is the following.

Love over anger.

It's so easy to be angry.

It's so easy to blow up.

Yet to be in the eye of a hurricane is most difficult.

To have loved over anger is probably one of the most difficult things to do.

Yet all the great masters have taught this.

At this moment America is consumed by the fire of anger.

We need to calm down and dissolve the fire within.

We can do it.

This message needs to get out there.

We need a wake-up call.

Our nation needs to be more mature towards each other.

Remember we are human beings.

## Meditation



I once had a grand teacher who said meditation is perfect concentration upon a perfect point.

How elegantly said.

Imagine the mind is like a tuning fork.

Whatever it touches it vibrates at that frequency.

Have you ever felt that material happiness is finite?

Imagine the car you always dreamed of.

A yellow Ferrari.

In the beginning, it brings so much joy.

You take all of your friends around the block for a spin.

Day and night you are satisfied.

One day you notice that a little dissatisfaction has entered your door.

Day by day your yellow Ferrari becomes a hassle.

How many times to the shop?

I need an oil change.

My brakes need changing.

The transmission just went out.

Everything material wears out.

Material happiness will soon lead to pain.

Does this mean we can't enjoy the comforts of life?

Do we have to live the life of a hermit?

How can one live in this world and live in absolute joy?

Mediation brings an individual to the center of the hurricane.

The winds of change are blowing yet perfect calm resides inside.

This is your true state.

Absolute joy, total bliss.

Your mind is vibrating with the word of life.



## How Can A Fish Drown In Water?



Song How Can A Fish Drown In Water

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 34 views • 1 year ago

1:27

How can a fish drown in water?

How can a man choke on his own words?

How can pride and ego bring a country to the brink of war?

How can the loss of innocence take away the child inside?

How can man pretend to be so smart when he is sawing off his own limbs?

## Focus



### Song Focus

Fletcher Soul Traveler • 34 views • 1 year ago

Whatever you focus on you eventually become.

If you want to be a surfer you first paddle out on a small day.

Maybe some people paddle out there first time on a huge day.

I wouldn't advise it.

Anyway at first it's really difficult just learning to paddle the darn board much less catch a wave.

Timing is everything.

If you're too late you will go over the falls which really hurts.

If you don't paddle fast enough you won't catch the wave.

What really hurts is when you don't paddle fast enough the wave can decide that you're going anyway.

That is when you learn a major lesson.

Anyway, over time you learn how to surf.

Years later you are a surfer.

It is a part of your life.

Whatever you focus on you eventually become.

If you want to be anything in this world you must focus on it.

Nothing doesn't come overnight.

Some things take longer than another.

For time immemorial Man has sought the mysteries of life.

Those who focused their life on it eventually became it.

In that state, they haven't anything to prove.

They will act like a child.

If someone tells them they're wrong, they will just smile.

We can all be in that state.

Remember

Whatever you focus on you eventually become.

The secret lies inside of you and me.