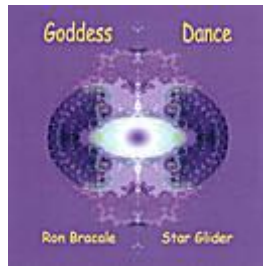


Mp3 Ron Bracale - Goddess Dance



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Synthesizer and flute tribute to the universe as a goddess dancing in a passionate celebration of life. 10 MP3 Songs NEW AGE: New Age, ROCK: Instrumental Rock Details: A Seer and a Goddess The full moon rose over the canyon wall, even as the sunset was casting out its orange glow over the other end of the large box canyon. The drums were starting for another night of wild tantric dancing. The night was warm and after the intense summer heat of the day it felt wonderful. I was just admiring the beauty of the night, when I noticed a woman who was doing the same. As she slowly walked towards me her body seemed to glimmer in the moonlight. I smiled, looked into her two eyes, and greeted her, "Hello sister, beautiful evening to you. She smiled and replied, Greetings brother, beautiful evening to you. Brother and sister we are wholly. The other tribe has no clues. Our tribe rises up amongst them. We look the same and act very similar, yet we have a different motivation. We are a new shoot, which has formed a branch. We conceal our powers, for they awaken slowly and are weak with our youth. They live and die, but we regain threads of our awareness through these ages. They will also regain their present, but they are unaware of this. We have walked amongst them for ages. Join us now in the remembering. I had not expected all this, it all seemed fantastic, yet it struck a chord within me. Somehow I felt I remembered what she was saying, but didn't know from where. So I asked her, Is there any tradition that is behind what you are saying or is it a random thing that happens to a few people here and there?". She smiled broadly and said, All traditions hold our tales. We are scattered amongst all peoples of all races. It is the silent knowledge that makes us one. We act together according to our clear consciousness. Though we are separated, we see the same. The psychic web is the realm of all Seers. Although there are formal lines of many cultures that hide the ancient books, there are many more of us who just see and grow in the Light of what's revealed. The sacred relics of our past must stay hidden from the confused, until the

time and the season. I hold the belief that we are modern because we can have the works of all cultures translated into our language. Only by reading the scriptures of all faiths do we see through our own dogma. I sensed some greater plan at work here, perhaps for the greater awakening of humankind. I asked her, "Do you have a plan to heal humanity?". "We are seers; we tend the tree of life. Time is a continuum. The misty future of humankind is our ward. There is no fate; so, here and now we are totally dedicated and devoted to the tree of life. In the present we receive our Manna and Grace, Spirit and Life, guidance and love from the totality. Many words confuse, the One is. Her wisdom was clear to me. How could anyone argue; the tree of life needed all the healing it could get, here and now. I looked into the depths of her eyes and thought I saw the depths of creation there. I ventured to ask, "What do the old books say? She made a clicking sound with her tongue, smiled wryly, and put a hand on her hip. She had the look of someone who had just caught me in a prank. She said, "Why should we hide the books, if the stories are told? Stories get distorted with time, but not ours. We begin with ourselves, to become spiritually awake. Then with a little time the whole shall be awakened. So I will tell you a little story that you may have heard, but not put together. This story you should share." I felt honored and so said simply, "Thank You.". "Long ago there was a time of war. Much was destroyed and almost all wisdom was lost. Humans lived in confusion following the disasters, but Seven Seers overcame. They passed on two keys to the White Rider. The White Rider overcame and set the keys forth to a Watcher and a Holy One. The Watcher bears the silver key which is strong and mighty. The Holy One bears the golden key which is pure and very fine. The Watcher sees the season and turns his key; none can stop the might of the Spirit. The Holy One then turns his key and all will see the truth. Peace shall come to earth as all people see the Spirit and know their own true nature. Yet again shall they labor to be one with the earth and twelve shall bear full cups of Light through the darkness, where there is no vision. The twelfth one to arise shall wear Light and she shall lead them from material bondage. Then the path shall be established in her footsteps. The seventy whom she sends forth shall go forth in pairs, as the Spirit and the Light, to rejuvenate creation. She smiled then, put her hands together, and bowed slightly in a graceful parting gesture. I didn't know what to say, so I also made this same parting gesture. A silent understanding that we never really part, but rather remain part of each other, was shared with our eyes. She then strode down the moonlight trail and left me wondering.

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