

## The Listening Cave Story

*I am with my Friend, following the thread of our quest to understand the time before and the cataclysmic transitions of the earth's body. We seek to know more about the turmoil that ensued during the passage of eras, and further my understanding of times' pendulum, as it perpetually rebounds from demise to rebirth. The Elder speaks,*

It was known that the world was pivoting within a great wheel, bound to fluctuate through seasons, and governed by the divine structure of the universe. This pattern was witnessed by the elders. They listened closely to the predictions of the stars, and so were aware of the planetary upheaval to come. They taught everyone to accept the approaching turmoil as an inevitability, as natural and essential as each exhale. It was known that this had happened before, and would happen again. For winters of destruction had already been endured and recorded.

These cataclysms are not caused by the errors of a stumbling humanity, nor are they a response of cosmic punishment, rather they fortify the foundations of evolution, and the development of consciousness. With this we return to the time before the darkness, and enter into the story.

The air ripples in gusts, whispering fervently of change approaching. For there is still much knowledge yet to be imparted, and countless instructions to provide before the earth's shift truly onsets. The people prepare within the temples, and each night their gazes rise, absorbed in observation of the configurations of constellations, and measuring the celestial course of the stars through the skies. They are remembering beginnings, and foretelling endings. There is much discussion, and many stories to tell. The elders are cautious, often choosing to cultivate awareness slowly through the spinning of stories such as this one, instead of describing the coming events literally, for those who are not prepared to receive

this information will be burdened by the weight of it. There are also many conscious ones who truly understand what is beginning, and what will be lost. We will enter into one of these stories, and perhaps through listening, you will come to understanding and feel the deeper meaning of these transitions.

Come here in your silent presence, the eye of witness. See you are surrounded by a circle of people. Stories must be told in special places, told in circles, within domes and caves. Caves are the best place of all, for they help the stories be told; the caves have ears, and they listen. Awareness itself is heightened, animated by the smoothed stone and hollow spaces.

This story is not meant to be told to the people alone, for it is also meant to be heard by the ears of the earth. The consciousness within the earth is always listening. This is a story for the earth, the creatures, and the people, who are simply the creatures of the earth.

*I am in an immense, cavernous space. This cave feels lived in, sacred, and ancient. A cool current of air wafts up from deep channels in the earth, revealing the vast size of this hallowed cavity. There is a relentless wind gnawing at everyone's bones, and sending sparks from the fire spiralling towards the mouth of the cave. There is a barrier at the back of the cave, like a wall that seems to be woven of straw, which was designed to break the momentum of the wind's current. This cave itself speaks in its own way. When I listen into the current I can hear rumblings, whisperings, strange thumpings and subtle deep boomings.*

In the language of this time, this cave is called 'the cave with ears' or 'The Listening Cave'. There is not much to use for your eyes here, but much to use your ears for. The cave itself tells stories, and it remembers everything that is said within it.

*I am sitting here on this dry earthen floor. It is comfortable and the fire is burning brightly. Now and then the current from the deep recesses of the cave slips around the barrier and sends the fire dancing. It is magical to behold, as though the cave itself reaches around to stoke the fire into scattering sparkles.*

*There is an elder here, a very old being. I marvel at this ancient face and wonder how old he actually is.*

He is very old. He is older than you thought anyone would ever get. He has lived in this body for a long, long time. And he is deeply respected for all he has witnessed and lived through during his time in this embodiment. He has almost forgotten altogether about being young. His infancy and childhood are but very distant, sweet memories, and yet he would not say that he felt old either. He is a guardian of this cave.

He is a storyteller worthy of this cave, but he is not confined in any way to this place, or any place. Through the span of this life, he has lived in and explored all of the habitable places within the realm of this world. He is our story-teller today, and there is a regime. There is a way to be here, to enter into receiving and listening, and it begins by gathering into silence.

The story does not begin until the silence says so.

The old man is sitting, eyes closed, shoulders rounded over into a deepening stillness,

gathering a power that exudes around him like a field of static presence. He is waiting not just for stillness amongst these people, but for the grasp of silence to claim everything, even the wind...

When the silence is complete he knows that all have entered the sacred space of listening and are ready to receive. He knows that the cave, the walls, and the beings infused into this earth are all present... There is no stirring... The fire burns quietly and stillness pervades. Now the story may begin...

Listen everyone, listen to what I am going to tell you. Listen with

all that you are and all that you are not. Listen because your life depends on it and listen for all the lives to come, for your listening is not your own. To listen is to receive this story and bury it deep into the earth, until the time it will be unearthed and found again. Know that if you wander from awareness for a phrase or two, or the whole time, then there will be a gap in what is remembered thousands of years from now. As you listen, you are storing the story for those that come after you. You are my treasure chest of memories, meant to be discovered by the curious children of the future. So listen everyone, listen with all you are, all you ever have been, and all that you ever will be.

This earth beneath your feet is the living blood of the infinite sun, and the living body of the Creator; a precious gem that belongs to the indescribable king of existence, a jewel on the forehead of the indescribable Master of the universe. This earth is treasured with great tenderness; valued deeply, like an infant of unparalleled beauty.

Witness every element of this earth, let every word I say be a door opening up within you... Are you seeing the soft green meadows? The ribbons of shining rivers? Are you seeing the breathing forests, with gentle streams of light trickling through their boughs?

See now all the myriad creatures that live in that forest, like individual threads in a great tapestry. And all the creatures that live in that meadow, and in the river. Are you seeing the sacred river, the mother river that gathers all the rivers and carries them to the sea?

Now see the ocean, this most powerful and infinitely deep source of life. Are you seeing it? Are you plunging through it right now? Are you being pulled because your ears are so open there is nothing else but your ears, pulled through its currents, past all its molecules, all its fishes, and its creatures!?

Now you are no longer just within the walls of the listening cave. You are also in the sea and you are also in the meadow. Then you are a part of the shining body of the river mother. Wherever the story goes is where you are! Wherever I say, you are there! You, the listeners, will

carry the memory of this story, for even now it is infusing into your bones.

We move into all stories with praise for this living world as a reflection of the Creator. This earth is a perfection of elements weaving into the shapes of life; bound together in divine union.

Now, let us listen to the song that floods the universe in praise of you, the children of the Creator, the ones who can hear. Let us join in praise for all that has been accomplished and created. For praise precedes the dissolving, and this story is about that dissolving. This great chorus which you are hearing is the united voices of distant stars reaching from the farthest fathoms of the cosmos. Their refrain is always heard before the fall. Their tones reverberate, swirling around us before the great night.

For yes, we will be journeying into the great night. A night of stars, where the sun seems to hide. We are entering into a deep, long sleep. Many of you will depart and await the return of the light, and some of you will remain enclosed within this realm, holding on to the living thread of your body. Those who remain bound to this form will sink into stillness, entering a hibernation. The frequencies of the earth will become dormant and stationary, its course will be altered, and its orbiting pace colossally slowed.

This is the story of the great night.....

Once upon a time, there were some children walking through a verdant meadow of flowers, birds and dewdrops. The humming of the earth beneath their feet came right into their toes and through their heels, up the back of their legs and into the channel of their spine, and as the energy shot out through their eyes they knew; all is so alive!

Walking through the meadow, they could feel life coursing almost painfully through them with every step, they thought, ' maybe flying would be easier', a thought that came sparkling, dynamic with joy. These children came to the edge of a meadow, and just as they

stopped before the looming towers and shadows of the forest, they heard the path saying,

*“Keep coming, keep moving.”*

So they moved into the shade of the forest and as they wound deeper in, the energy moving through them began to change, becoming heavier and pounding deeper into their bones like an invisible rhythmic force, everything was getting thicker, larger, and darker. But they did not feel fear, for these ones did not yet know fear. They just moved slowly, more carefully, and attentively. This was no longer joy, this was respect; watchfulness. They felt that this was a place of power, and so they went deeper into silence and further down the path, that was ceaselessly chanting,

*“Keep coming, keep moving.”*

They came to a mountain and the mountain reared before them, exulted in its glorified vastness of earth and stone. They came to a wall, these children, and the darkness became deeper. The forest had become impenetrable, so dense with dead wood and foliage interlaced that there was no light. There was a stagnancy to the air, and a sense that the path had ceased. The story had drawn them to the base of the mountain, where the air did not move and it felt as though the trees barely breathed. Their surroundings were stale and hoary with age.

What with the dead brush and debris entangled on the forest floor, and the thick canopy of branches concealing them from the light, the children felt as though the path could lead no further. But the path kept whispering,

*“Keep moving, keep going.”*

But they did not keep going. They stood there in a little huddle, holding each other, for they could not even see where the path was. It seemed to disappear, overgrown. It seemed impossible that the path should tell them to keep going. It was getting even darker and gloomier, but still these children were not afraid, for they did not know fear. They felt respect, and yet they also began to experience

hesitancy and confusion. They felt like they were unfolding a mystery, and about to reach the climax of the unknown. The sun seemed like forever ago, the meadow a distant memory as they stood together close, experiencing the darkness and breathing in the still, decaying, breathless air. The path repeated,

*“Keep coming, keep going.”*

The path kept chanting insistently and louder than ever. The only way to follow the path was to get down and crawl. So one of the bolder children, who’s disposition was assured and spunky, sank down to his hands and knees first and, forging his way forward slowly, he announced,

*“I have found the path!”*

For once he began moving, he felt the direction of the path as clear as can be, as though it reached for him through the darkness, guiding his body. He called out again,

*“This is the way; get down on your knees and follow me.”*

And so one by one they burrowed through a tunnel in the foliage, following the wisp of a path through the under-brush amongst all the dead, crumbling wood. They moved slowly, carefully but yet now endowed with a sense of purpose and relief, for the path did not abandon them, it guided them still. It continued to get darker and darker, and still they could not stand up, for the forest formed an impenetrable barrier above them.

Finally, much further along in utter darkness, they reached above their heads and realized there was no longer anything above them. The children spoke,

*“We can stand up. We are somewhere else. We are not in the woods any more, for there are no branches here.”*

They stood up and outstretched their fingertips through the veil of darkness. They discovered walls of stone. Surrounding them on all sides are walls of stone. The children exclaimed,

*“We are no longer in the forest, we are inside the mountain. Will this path ever end? Path, will you ever end? Where are you taking us?” And the path uttered,*

*“Keep coming, keep moving and you will know.”*

So they kept going, following the tunnel deep into the mountain, using their dexterous feet to navigate. Their feet could see like they had little eyes at the ends of their toes burrowing into the cool, dry earth beneath. They felt its depth and density. They felt the energy of the earth that surrounded them like the guidance of an ancient grandfather; a great, deep drum moving up through their spine, filling their minds with great dark caves of presence. They perceived that they had entered a larger space, for they could not feel the stone walls enclosing them any more. The path spoke,

*“Stop here. Stop and sit.”*

So these children of the infinite sun sat upon the cave floor, deep within the mountain, full of trust, full of faith, and guided by the spirit of the stars. They were unwavering in the trust of the path, as if it was laid by some great teacher, some great sage, a being that knew exactly where they needed to go. They were so used to sitting in circles, for to sit always meant to sit in a circle. Even if you sat alone, you were still sitting in a circle. Always sitting in a circle, always part of the cycle of other beings, spiralling through the cycle of time. And as they sat in the impenetrable darkness of this cave, these children began to hear.

They began to hear a voice reverberating inside their heads, and their thoughts escaped their minds, whispering back at them from the corners of the cave, or, was it the same voice? Perhaps the whispering was inside their heads, and the voice belonged to the cave. All the same, these children did not doubt, for they were not driven to seek definitive answers to their every question. They trusted everything. They listened to the words of the Voice of the Listening Cave.....

*The world that you have come from is falling apart*



*The meadows washed over by waves*

*The sun blocked out by clouds*

*Clouds of ice, clouds of ash; the forests levelled.*

*The forests!*

*Some filled with waves, some tumbling down as the earth shakes.*

*The earth is falling apart and entering into the great night. You are safe in this cave.*

*You are here to curl up like the bear into a sweet, deep sleep, and you will not need to drink or eat,*

*or wonder where to go, or do anything except curl up in the shelter of the earth's arms, held within this mountain womb.*

*This mountain is positioned on this planet in a zone where very little can happen to it. It has a solid core of basalt that runs deep, deep down into the crust. It is a pillar, an axis of stone. It will not break. It will barely shudder. It is a strong pin, a stabilizing pillar, that will remain constant through the changes that are occurring on the earth.*

*You are safe here. This is your nest. This is your place to wait, to sleep, to rest and to dream. And your dreams will be rich and full. You will dream of what comes next, and you will dream of why all this must change now. You will drift through the stars lightly tethered to these forms. You will be visited by the guardians of the stars, and they will wash through your minds, spirits, and hearts. They will fill you with their luminous light and their visions of sparkling worlds.*

*In this night of nights you will be bathed with dreams. The dreams of where you have come from, and the dreams of where you are going. Your tethers will thin, becoming so frail that you will forget who you are in this world. You will forget what this world meant. You will lose the colours that this world painted in*

*your mind.*

*You will lose it all, yet then, you won't lose it. You will be wiped clean. You will be newly washed with remembrance of who you most are and who you most shall be.*

*As the waves wash over the meadows and through the forests, curl up together and sleep now. As the sky fills with clouds of ice, and the sun becomes a distant light, curl up together as creatures and let this cave put you to sleep.*

*As the earth is encased by ice and snow, all the creatures fall asleep; it looks as though they die, but they sleep. Everything will return, both untouched and completely different. You too will wake up and you will know enough. You will know enough to start again. When you wake up you will wake up to a very different world, but we promise you this before you fall asleep in this cave of caves; you will not wake up alone.*

*You will wake to the elders of the stars approaching, clothed in robes of light. They will gather you up and show you how to rebuild the world. They will teach you how to bring your cleansed mind and spirit into an utterly new world. For the ocean will have cleansed the earth's body, and the ice of the long winter will have carved away layers from the earth to renew its purpose in existence.*

*Sleep in peace, my children. Sleep in peace. Sleep through the long night until we come to wake you. Until the voice of the path speaks, saying, "Wake up, follow me, keep coming, keep going," and leads you back into the sunlight.*

*We will meet you there, out in the brilliance of a new day. We will take you on ships to new lands, with fertile soils and forests brimming with life. We will take you there and we will name you. You will live again, with new names and new ways. It will be wondrous. Sink into trust and peace, knowing that you are forever held in the mind of the Creator.*

*This sleep is the sleep of the Creator and therefore, the re-*

*awakening will be that of the Creator's also.*

The Old One ends his story, straightens up and opens his eyes. The fire burns slowly, mostly glowing red embers, matching the ending of the flow of words. He looks around the cave at the circle of listeners, no longer listening, but all curled up into the sweetness of deep sleep. When did they fall asleep?, he wonders, when were my words spoken into the emptiness of the cave, with only the souls ears to hear?

He rises slowly, as age defines his limbs, and walks away.....

*“That was so absorbingly beautiful!” sighed Friend. “I am feeling peacefully confused, is all of this we have been hearing real or just stories?”*

*I gaze directly at her for a long, long, long moment, and then smiling, I say nothing.*