

One fine morn, in the moments before dawn, as you lie alone in your bed and the quiet is so quiet it can be heard, you will awaken from a dream that is not a dream. You will open your eyes to the dark of your room, arise from your pallet, and walk to a window that provides the only light to be seen.

You will peer through the window, its sill cluttered with droplets of dew, into the dark gray of a morning to gaze upon the heavens that hold the promise of a grand and brilliant light. And as you look upon the beauty of all the brilliant, little jewels sparkling against the dark, velvet backdrop of forever, you see that the moon has waxed and waned and now sits silently upon the horizon, awaiting a greater light.

Alone, quivering with a feeling beyond any words, you sit there gazing into the quiet of awakening life. Soon you hear a rustling in the brush from a bird who, like you, has arisen from its bed to prepare itself to salute the morn. As you listen to his sweet and mellow song of hope and joy, you turn your vision to the East to look upon the distant horizon. And there you see the lonely, purpled mountains, like sentinels to life, looming tall and quiet and strong, silhouetted by a pale light, the color of rose. And the clouds that have made a silent journey onto the horizon are outlined in the gold of a promising dawn. At one with all this splendor in its simplicity of being, you hear no thing except the beating of your heart as it pounds in anticipation of a grand event soon to be seen in a blaze of glory upon the horizon. As the curtain of night

slowly fades into the light of morn, you see the stars grow fainter and fainter, and the moon in her magic surrenders her beauty to the unfolding dawn. As you are caught up in the beauty and the rapture of the moment, there comes this realization. Without the ongoingness of that morn, all of your fears, your worries, your dreams, and your illusions would be no-things. At that moment there appears, rising from behind the gilded mountains, the splendor of a fiery jewel, its golden rods piercing the misty valley like brilliant beams of hope. As the great Ra rises higher and higher, the sky becomes afire with colors of blue and lavender and rose, orange and deep red. And the bird sings louder and begins its flight as all of the world awakens to the promise and wonderful breath of morn.

As you gaze at this spectacular view that has seen all moments of time, and the emotion of its wonderment seizes your entire being, you will soar with the realization that you are indeed the life of Ra. You are the strong and quiet sentinels to life towering on the distant horizon. You are indeed the colors of the awakening dawn, the movement of the branches in the brush, the drops of dew upon the window sill, and the morning bird's sweet and mellow song of joy.

And the next dawn that you see will be seen as Behold God That I Am. And you will be caught up in the majesty and the beauty of all that is, for you are now one with the light and the power and the ongoingness of this force that speaks no word. To learn of a truth is one thing; to become it is quite another. But when you least expect it, you will arise to gaze

at such a splendor in the sky. And the knowingness of this truth, through the peace of being, will become a reality one fine morn. Then all of the words, the confusion, the anger, the rejection of self the complexities of understanding God, the searching, the books, and the teachers, will have ended in quiet, through a profound realization that has no words. Your morning is coming, as came mine.