

The Muse Chronicles – Chapter 1 “The Circle of Light”

Walking the perimeter of the property Caliope surveyed the scene. In the twilight sunset the lights glowed gently in the trees. A cool night breeze stirred the branches and the lights began to gently sway. Lifting her face to the breeze a smile played across her lips. Yes she thought, tonight was a good night. In the back of her mind she felt something was coming, but for the moment, this moment, was perfect in solitude...peaceful even. Something she desperately needed after her last two weeks.

She came up to the walkway that marked the entrance of the circle. The wondrous brick path practically glowed in the night sky and the bricks were warm to her bare feet. The circle was lit in joyous light and the peace that emanated blanketed the whole property. In the distance she saw the house, her sanctuary. It was a small place, but it too glowed immensely with light and peace. Entering the circle, she closed her eyes before the wishing fountain and searched her heart for her intention. This was the way it was done. Enter the circle reverently, send your intention and then cast it off to be taken care of. Breathing deeply she searched for the words that her heart sang to her. Unable however to find the proper English to translate her heart song she openly listened to her heart sing and used that as her intention. Slowly opening her eyes she cast her arm towards the fountain dropping the shimmering muse dust into the fountain sending her intention off to divinity.

She continued walking through the property watering flowers and tending to things until she came to her newly built pier. It was a wondrous place so full of symbolism. She put down the watering can and gently stepped onto the platform where she entered what her guests called the "Crossroads". This was the area that always exists....where you have the choice of direction. Many had found it to be a place that would provide enlightened meditation sitting Lotus Style in the center of the crossroads reflecting on the beginning of a journey. She gazed at the water lilies that graced the pond around the black iron pier and was reminded of the last meditation she held at this very spot. So gentle were the thoughts, so sweet was the laughter, which she had shared with a friend. Walking to the fountain of tranquility she sat on the edge and absentmindedly played with the gentle flowing water. Allowing her mind to wander she thought of the friendships made and the love that was shared between people. So much love had been bestowed upon this place that it would be forever full of love simply because of that sharing. She was reminded of all the beautiful energy that people had offered just by their warmth, their hugs, and their light. These things filled her with joy....

So lost in her reverie was she that she didn't even notice that she had walked to the stairs of the observation deck. Quietly she climbed the steps to the upper level and open reaching the top level, stopped suddenly in her tracks. The view was stunning from this vantage point and she was suddenly overcome with so much feeling that she

must sit. Reaching behind her so as to find her seat without having to look, she sat gently on the couch next to the lit candelabra. Quietly, moved by the view, she contemplated the past weeks. Admittedly, they had been hard on her. She had cried many tears and slept very little. But... in the end she had to admit that there had also been very positive things that had happened as well. Yin and Yang she thought, light and dark. Never was one to be without the other. Her heart sang again for the first time since being silenced two weeks ago. There was still healing to be done, but her heart sang as loud as it could and the sound overjoyed her. The song it sang was of new friendships, honest communication, survival through despair, and potential dreams coming true. There were many things coming she knew, both good and bad. Sighing deeply she knew though that for today, she was content and peaceful. It was the perfect way to end her day. Silently she sat on her couch, watching the birds fly across the sky, and sent love out to all her friends and even to those whose friendships had dissipated. Her only wish upon this night's reflection was peace to everyone's hearts so that joy could be experienced again. And in the darkening night the Circle of Light glowed brightly... a beacon of hope, love and peace for all to see...

Love, Light and Peace

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