

## GOLD

I'm at Rico Rapids, a spot in the mountains that lends itself to transformational happenings. As many times previously, I'm bringing a woman here who is going through a 3-day intensive. Rico Rapids has proven to be the perfect spot for serious searching.

This woman's goal is to "find" her mother--her mother having left embodiment some years earlier. After simple instruction I inform my charge that she is on her own until my return. I then ease my way down the steep, rocking trail, verdant moss sandwiching either side, leaving the woman to find her own particular "magic communication point among the Goliath boulders dotting the quiet, roaring rapids.

Within minutes I am wandering--wondering--off through a dry streambed paralleling the one hosting the roaring rapids, forest fairies dancing in all direction.

I recognize a sudden energetic shift happening within me, and realize that I'm behaving like a bloodhound hot on a scent. What am I looking for?

I'm "told" a gold nugget. An explosion of thoughts: What would I do with a gold nugget? Why would I want one? Too much trouble! I have all I need. What would I do with wealth? When one has what one needs, one is wealthy. The directive intensifies, "Look for the gold!"

Last fall I had come upon a Native American panning for gold not far from where I had begun to wander. I had enjoyed the panning lesson, our brief conversation, insight into tribal culture...his wisdom. We joked about when he found "the one", he'd be a gold tycoon; I'd read about him in the local paper. His wonderful toothy laugh had lingered in my mind long after I had left him to his business.

Ok, maybe it's not a nugget. Perhaps I'm to search for gold particles or dust, as the Native American was hoping to find. I pick up a gravelly handful of sediment from the dry streambed, but I have no real interest in examining the gravel for sparkly anything.

Instead, I become transfixed. These tiny bits of matter slowly slipping through my fingers, a myriad of color, shapes and sizes, compose their own Universe.

I'm snapped back to gold. Ok!! Well, everything around me is gold--the sun, the mountains, the sky, the stream, the trees, the flowers, and the sounds, scents and colors. I'm standing in a world of gold. There is nothing I could touch, see, hear or smell that isn't gold.

Gold!? What is the message? Ok, there it is: human concept of gold. A greater concept of gold.

If I were to find that gold nugget, what would I do with it? The question circles around in my mind for a second. I could build a community center. I listen to that thought. Hmm. No...that's not it. Ok, there it is: I have to be the community center. Ok, I'm the gold. I see...if I'm the gold, then we are all the gold. Yes, we all have the potential to be gold. So, don't look for "wealth". Be the wealth. Spread who and what we are - pure gold.

I return to my charge. Just a glance at her--barefoot, feet in the stream, special stones lined up beside her, journal in hand--tells me that her endeavor is successful. Wow!! She shines like pure gold...like golden amber Earth Woman Emerging--golden blonde hair, golden brown skin, golden green eyes. I am stunned by her beauty, her golden aura, golden like her surroundings. She quietly, tearfully discloses the miracles she has encountered--her many golden moments.

I slowly maneuver my vehicle along the very narrow, steep, rock-strewn road, heading down the mountain, Rico Rapids, now a fast-running stream, dancing ahead of us. A golden nugget sits in the passenger seat, energy pulsing outward in all direction--like a golden star. Gold nugget! God nugget! I am *so* wealthy!