

Esmerelda.....a story

Esmerelda grew more and more morose with each passing moment. How long had it been since her handsome prince had stood before her? How long since he had held her in his gentle arms or caressed her hair? How long since he had played frivolously with her soft, elfin ears?

Esmerelda sighed as she surveyed the walls of the prison in which she now lived..... How long since she had experienced the magical world to which she truly belonged..... In which she ruled, as queen.

There were times when she could sense his presence. A flash of light darting amongst the trees in the dead of night.... the rustle of leaves as they danced upon the breeze.... diamond sparkles in the laughing brook....

And if she quietened her mind and listened, really listened, she could hear his voice.... it whispered silently amongst the cacophony of earthly sound.... encouraging her, gently guiding her.... "It won't be long now, my love."

She knew, even though she continued to wait, she knew he was here.... he was her every breath, he flowed through her veins with each beat of her heart... all that she touched, all that she heard, was him.... he was here.... right now.

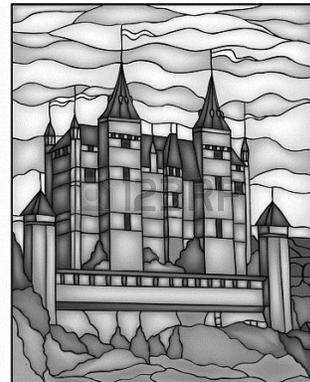
She knew.....yet still she waited expectantly....

Again, Esmerelda sighed.... she reflected upon the events that had led to her incarceration..... Why did she choose to leave the land she loved, to enter this gross material realm.... why did she give up her right to fly? Why? Why?

Another sigh.....

A fleeting touch, senses barely registering its presence, softened her furrowed brow.... "hello, my love," he says, the warmth of his smile igniting the light in his eyes, "did you enjoy your nap?"

She returns his smile. He never failed to awaken this response in her. He was her handsome prince – the king. "Shall we go for a walk in the grounds before dinner? It's such a beautiful day....."



This short story serves as a metaphor for life in the 21st century, and holds within it several parallels to the driving needs that run our everyday lives. We can all, at some point in our lives, relate to Esmerelda or the handsome prince; it is, after all, an

archetype of the classic fairy tale where the lonely, imprisoned princess is rescued by her handsome knight in shining armour.

Regardless of our romantic circumstances, there are times when we have all wished we could be somewhere other than where we are, or that happiness would be assured if only certain 'things' would change. As a result, we deny the rich beauty of life as it exists in the present moment.

Paradox is also evident within the story. Is Esmerelda really a prisoner or is it a figment of her own imagination, a part of a dream? Is she the dreamer or the dream? Is the handsome prince, the king, who *'caressed her with a fleeting touch,'* the same lover that drove her to despair at his absence? Was she dreaming of some other-worldly paradise that was in fact, her everyday life, or was she indeed an incarcerated magical creature from another realm who knew how to fly? Which is the 'real' Esmerelda?

Perhaps there is a ring of truth in all of these possibilities and Esmerelda is **both** earthly queen and magical creature; we are talking paradox, after all.

There is also a hint within the story that the handsome prince does not exist as something outside of her – *'he was her every breath, he flowed through her veins with each beat of her heart... all that she touched, all that she heard, was him'* and *'if she quietened her mind and listened, really listened, she could hear his voice.....'*

Both quotes would lead us to believe that if only we could silence the endless chatter of our thoughts then the voice of 'something' or 'someone' other-worldly, with greater wisdom and understanding might be heard. And if we took a little time to pause and reflect we might notice that all we are searching for is here, right now, inside us.....

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could find a way to access the part of us that can fly? The part of us that knows the dream, the dreamer and the dreamed, or the part that is the orchestrator of the dream that creates our everyday reality? Is this really possible.....?

Of course it is! Anything in the world of dreams is possible....

Welcome to the magical world of
Visions of Reality!

Let there be light...

Esmerelda loved light. The way it transformed the most dismal landscape with a spontaneous flash of its brilliance was, to her, nothing short of miraculous. Adding fuel to her imagination, she never ceased to be amazed at how a perfectly ordinary day led to so many extraordinary encounters, simply through the presence of light...

.....rays from an intermittent sun filtering through a canopy of leaves exposed beings from other realms, as if by magic; hidden depths in a forest pool revealed a thousand untold stories as a shaft of light, like a razor, cut through the illusion of a world long since deceased; amidst pebble and stone she saw water nymphs flirt with the air in a meandering stream.... and the beauty of her love reflected in its stillness... In light, she witnessed its forever partner, shadow, follow it's every move.....inseparable lovers cast into the sands of time...



And then there were the stars at night.... oh, how she loved the stars. In her special place, right at the heart of the forest where the blanket of green gave way to the enormity of space above, she would rest on a mattress of welcoming moss, gaze upon the endless sky, and wonder.....forever wonder.... at the miracle of light...

It wasn't only light in the land that made Esmerelda smile. She loved how it made her FEEL. In her, in others, she marvelled at the light that shone through human eyes.... Laughter, joy, love, passion, even tears.... all of these, for her, was light.... and it made her heart swell with so much love and gratitude she felt she would explode into a million tiny pieces with the pure, unadulterated elation of it all.....

Starved of its presence for so, so long, something within her hungered for each tiny sparkle... yearned for its life-giving sustenance.... it made her whole.... complete...

But far more than this, it helped her to remember... it helped her to remember, something? Something..... she had long, long ago forgotten.... until now....

....at last Esmerelda knew.... from the depths of her being, she knew... **light reminded her of the land of her belonging...** it reminded her of the land where she knew how to fly.....



Walk the Rainbow helps you to remember. It forges a link to the Soul, the source of your inner light, and helps you to remember the land of your belonging. In recognising your innate strengths it similarly encourages you to let go of all that no longer serves the 'light' within you. And then, just like Esmerelda, you remember 'how to fly.'

Book one (this book) centres on 'play,' with *Key of Light* cards and the use of metaphor, as seen through the eyes of Esmerelda, assisting you in changing the 'vision' you have of 'reality' – the way you view your daily life and those within it. It helps you to believe in yourself, and expands your field of reference to include aspects and realities beyond those that are currently familiar to you.

Walk the Rainbow book two, grounded in science from both physical and metaphysical perspectives, builds upon this foundation and takes you deeper into the realms of light. You

begin to understand the working of the Soul in its own realm whilst experiencing every aspect of your 'humanness.' This process is not 'airy fairy' and does not mean you deny or banish your 'ordinary' life to be blissed out in the land of the Soul; not about escapism, it is a journey of integration where you, as an individual, become one with the part of you that exists as pure light. Esmerelda, in her continued journey, was soon to discover the astonishing truth lying behind this assertion.

In the twilight zone between waking and sleep Esmerelda allowed herself to remember.... she journeyed, without regret, into the land of her belonging.... and once again she knew how to fly....

However, even though she knew how.... she didn't... fly, that is....

She stood, as a child, and allowed the full glory of its light, its immeasurable presence to permeate every last molecule of her being.... she allowed the warmth of its love to nourish the far reaches of her soul.... all her senses, deprived of essential nutrient for far too long, relentlessly drank of its sweet nectar...

Esmerelda sighed as the full impact of her return penetrated her earthly shell.... oh, how she had missed this realm....so much...

She yielded.....she wept... she gave herself totally to the land.....until she was no more....all that remained was belonging.... no Esmerelda, only belonging....

And still she didn't fly....

No, the presence, that was Esmerelda, waited....

Shapes appeared in the land....a few had individual form, some humanlike, others alien... yet more came in the form of geometric grids... all were light... lights within light, distinguishable only by subtle changes in their resonance.... and all was in perfect accord, there was no dissonance in this place....

'Life' was so EASY here....

And now she understood.... she understood why she didn't fly even though she knew how... there was no need... matching her vibration to her destination, whether light being or land... transported her there... in an instant! Flying, she realised, was so primitive.... thought and vibratory resonance were far more effective, more efficient....

Slowly, slowly all she once knew returned....she remembered how fluidly she moved between dimensions, how effortlessly she materialised from one form to another, and how, with a simple gesture all she touched was light....

More important than this... she remembered the keys...



She remembered the grid-works of light, how they were far more than they at first appeared, how they facilitated movement between one vibration and another, one level to the next, and how they enabled her to 'fly'.....these structures, as well as opening doors, were keys to whole new ways of being.... completely hitherto unknown levels of existence.....they were keys to BEING light!

Her earthly existence, by comparison, used keys that were so clumsy, so gross; they merely unlocked doors, nothing else.....how mundane was that!

They were ineffective in inter-species communication, in conversation that transcended the limits of space and time, that went way beyond the use of mere words; they did not open up aspects of herself she never knew existed....above all, they did not enable her to KNOW!

Again, Esmerelda sighed...

One long, heart-wrenching sigh.....

How could she possibly have forgotten all of this?

How could she not know of the keys?

How could she.....fail.....to remember.....all....of this?



Esmerelda's journey into the realms of light, the '*land of her belonging*,' is a wonderful metaphor for not only discovering the way of the Soul but for realising the ultimate in *Walk the Rainbow*. Her soul-searching questions, fraught with self-recrimination, echo the profound sense of loss, of something missing, something we can't quite get hold of with our minds, that we have all felt at one point or another, whether we were aware of it or not; it all reflects the quintessential sense of 'lack' that goes hand in hand with our humanness.

We all aspire to be something far greater than what we are little realising we already are that which we seek. The closing questions posed by Esmerelda spring from the profound realisation that she had, at last, realised this simple truth. In fact, it so moved her she wondered how she could possibly have ever known it to be otherwise – '*how could she fail to remember all of this?*'

However, the truth of the matter is, we do forget. And no matter how often we are told otherwise, how much proof is proffered, from whatever source, we still don't believe it – we still see ourselves as something considerably less than our full state of perfection. *Walk the Rainbow* takes you beyond beliefs. It awakens the part of you that KNOWS, the part that is perfect.

There are many gifts Esmerelda shares within her story. She is a gentle soul, vulnerable and somewhat fragile, who loves light in its many and varied forms, who has a close affinity with nature, and yet who finds it so hard to live in the harsh reality of physical existence. Perhaps you can relate to some or all of this in your own life?

The essential 'nutrients' she shares are like the stars at night, or a candle in a darkened room, they help us to 'see,' they encourage us to walk ever forward in the certain knowing that there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and that that boundless pot of light is within each one of us – without exception; in short, Esmerelda's gifts encourage us to SHINE!

If we look deeper into her journey we will see there are three distinct sources from which she draws her light 'sustenance.' Her story begins in a place of despair; she pined for the loss of her love, only to find he was right beside her all along, encouraging her to adjust the 'vision' she had of 'reality'. From a newly found place of rapport she was able to look upon this '*gross material realm*' and appreciate the wonders of nature. She saw how the simple quality of light interacting with its various elements enabled '*a thousand untold stories*' to fuel her imagination and fill her heart with joy. The light in the land encouraged her to see similar qualities reflected in the eyes of other sentient beings. Finally, she turned her attention inwards and remembered; she remembered all that she had forgotten, she remembered the keys.

Walk the Rainbow is all-inclusive, embracing the totality of Esmerelda's 'nutrients,' which is why it is a dedicated and structured route to wholeness. *Nature's Way* aligns you with the light in the land, *Stillness Speaks* with the immeasurable light of the Soul, and *Visions of Reality* with the part of you that is human. Together they are the 'keys' that enable you to fluidly move between one level of existence, one way of being, and another; they enable you to 'fly.' However, they are far more than this.

In the land of light Esmerelda encountered light-grids, geometric structures, which were keys to new ways of being. They attracted refined vibrations of light, facilitated inter-species communication that *transcended space and time*, and introduced intuitive levels of



understanding in her mind. The grids of which she spoke are real. They are founded upon the principles of sacred geometry, which is known collectively as the *Language of Light*, and they enable you to know, without doubt, that you are LIGHT.

Key of Light cards are embedded with geometric structure, *Walk the Rainbow* books one and two extol its principles in such a way that you may intellectually understand how each shape interacts with one another, and the images help you to

intuitively KNOW how all these principles apply to you, your daily life and your relationship with your ultimate potential; the Soul.

Contemplating *Key of Light* cards – image, seed thought, symbol and geometry – opens up a means of communication, *'inter-species communication,'* which transcends *'the boundaries of space and time.'* In a like manner to Esmerelda you start to remember that which has for so long been forgotten; all that you **believed** yourself to be falls away and you start to SHINE!

In the coming chapters we will journey into the *'land of belonging'* and explore how the use of symbol and geometric structure constitutes the *Language of Light*. The *appendices* section, at the back of book one, lists each geometry with its associated keywords whilst book two 'joins the dots' and shows how they work together to form a unified pathway of light that links all realities and dimensions. When reading through the pages try seeing the content through the eyes of Esmerelda, explore as a child would explore, and *'wonder.....forever wonder.... at the miracle of light....'*

The land of belonging...

Time passes.....

*In the intervening years, since her moment of remembering, Esmerelda reached deeper and deeper into the land of her belonging. Far, far too long ago, she came to realise the occasion of her 'awakening' was merely a beginning; full remembrance, she knew, required the passage of time and, above all, effort. In order to LIVE the 'way of light' she had to travel far into the land, she had to reach out to those who inhabited its regions, who knew of its customs, who sang its song; she had to seek out those who **were** light.*



On top of this, Esmerelda had to find the keys...

And so she journeyed. Day by day, mile by mile, mortal after mortal, soul after soul, she relentlessly allowed her quest for truth to lead her onwards, ever onwards. More awakenings followed. Insight within insight carried her beyond the bounds of ordinariness into the rich luminous realms that she loved beyond all else. And yet, there was a part of her that remained untouched by it all.... somehow all this light, all this sweet magic wasn't.....quite..... REAL....



There were times, many times, when memories of her former incarceration returned.....far too easily despair would envelop her new-found lightness. And then, even her beloved prince could not restore her to her former glory. She would sink into the depths of darkness and allow the prison of her own undoing to engulf all that she had become.....

Until one day, undeterred, she embraced it....

Alone.....yet strangely unafraid.....she made the darkness her friend....

It held her softly.....gently.....it comforted her, warmed her and fitted her.....so, so perfectly.....it made her smile.....inside.....it filled her heart with so much love she melted.....

The safest and most trusted space she had ever experienced, Esmerelda wondered at its profundity..... “How could this vast womb-like presence.....this exquisite.....divine.....DARKNESS.....that consumed her so completely, hold her oh, so.....lightly?”

With a long drawn out sigh she let go....she stopped asking, ceased her scrutiny, and simply let-go.....in one timeless moment, without even knowing she had gone, she disappeared....

The familiar sense of belonging returned.....

Again, Esmerelda smiled... an incandescent radiance, matching the light of a thousand suns, blazed forth from her tear-strewn eyes.....in the depths of her despair, in the comfort of her own darkness she had, once again, found light.....

She was in the land of her belonging.....only this time, it was REAL....

*“One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light
but by making the darkness conscious.”*

C.G. Jung

All too often the way of the seeker, the spiritual path, is perceived as being one of sweetness, love and light. If our behaviour exhibits anything less than these ideals then we are not treading the way of light, we are not ‘spiritual’ and we are most certainly not *enlightened*. However, as Esmerelda soon found out, reality presents a somewhat ‘denser’ picture, where the *‘darkness of our own undoing’* is as much a part of who we are as is our highest vibration of light.

At the time of her remembering Esmerelda realised how much she loved light, how it reminded her so perfectly of the *‘land of her belonging,’* and how evident it was in so many aspects of her daily life. Amongst her reflections she revelled in the magic of *‘light’s forever partner, shadow’* and bore witness to their endless dance



as *'inseparable lovers cast into the sands of time...'* When viewed from this holistic and unified perspective it seems such a shame not to experience the beauty of a like intimacy within our own natures.

It also begs the question, if light and shadow are so much a part of each other that it is impossible for them to appear independently, then why do we choose to deny such a fundamental part of our existence? Why do we focus so intensely on light to the exclusion of all else, particularly whilst treading an 'enlightened' way? Consider the night sky. How captivating would be the stars if they weren't framed by darkness? We would not even be able to see them let alone allow them to fuel our imagination!

The *Way of Wholeness*, as our leading lady found out, following many years of searching, **must** include both our light and our shadow. And the way to be wholly inclusive is, quite simply, to accept – to embrace both aspects equally, as did Esmerelda.

Walk the Rainbow, although a journey in light, allows the pure creative spirit of divine darkness to unfold naturally within you. All *Key of Light* cards are set with the intention to hold the 'denser,' unhealed parts, with gentleness that you may become complete and whole, in a similar way to that illustrated through Esmerelda's journey.

The seed thought for Nature's Way, *'It is, as it is,'* encourages you to let go and embrace the present moment, in whatever form it may appear – light or dark. *Divine Darkness* and *Divine Inspiration*, from *Visions of Reality*, reflect the principles behind this timeless duo and accentuate the divine relationship between them. *'Darkness is a container for light,' 'in consummate blackness the light emerges triumphant,'* and *'the more you shine your light the greater is your resonance with Truth'* are all admirable tenets that inspire you to experience the 'REAL' in the *'land of your belonging.'*



In short, consciously engaging with this material, through **consistent applied effort**, will reap the ultimate reward. It is so beautifully subtle, so perfectly simple, that it enables 'you' to *'disappear without even knowing you had gone.'* How this process works relative to your chosen cards is set down in the chapters, *'How to use this book'* and *'About key of light cards.'* For now, we will continue with the star of our story and see if the relationship with her new found friend opens up new avenues of exploration.

In the coming days, months, and years since meeting her forever friend, shadow, Esmerelda journeyed deeper and deeper into herself. She met parts - smaller selves, bigger selves, angry, hurt, rejected selves, and of course light being selves - whom she had never known existed, let alone met; those who were too afraid to make their presence felt, who were too unsure of the quality of reception if they surfaced from the safety of their dark abode; those who, until now, she had never had the courage to face. Each one she welcomed, embraced with love, touched with her gentle presence, just as she had when she first met her beloved shadow, and each

one, in return, made her feel more whole, more complete, more totally at home within herself. Paradoxically, they made her feel LIGHT.

And so, Esmerelda gave up her search. Did this mean she no longer walked a pathway of light? No, it merely meant she stopped searching. Instead, she walked...just walked.....some days she walked in light.....some days she walked in darkness..... to her, it didn't really matter. They were all reflections of her innermost Self.

Her forever friend was beside her.... always. Although there were times, when she ventured into the most pure vibrations of light that he almost disappeared. He became not so much a shadow, distinct in his darkness, but more of a slightly milky variation of light. She knew in time.... though not yet.... that she would come across a kingdom that was complete in its light.....where nothing else existed, save light.....where it was so pure, so intense, and so entire.....that it cast no shadow. And then, she and her faithful companion would be no more.

But for now she walked.....she let go.....she walked.....and she.....ALLOWED. Whatever, whomsoever she met.....she allowed.....inherently.....within. And in this allowing, in this profound receptive state, she found the KEYS.

Inside, she cried.....soft.....joy-filled.....tranquil tears.....the kind of tears that result in luminous, polished eyes.....the kind of tears that spring from a heart overcome with gratitude.....and wonder.....All her searching....over aeons of time....had finally born fruit. She had let go.....and miraculously, apparently from out of no-where, there they were.....seven vibrant keys of light.....

From the moment of her first remembering to this day, Esmerelda knew, beyond any doubt, that throughout her journey, she had not only been finding herself – both light and dark – but far more importantly, she had been building bridges.....bridges of light.....bridges that were accessed.....through crystalline..... rainbow-coloured.... keys.....

Now she could begin her adventure in earnest.....now she could live like she had never imagined possible.....not even in her wildest dreams.....now Esmerelda could PLAY!