

DREAMED I WAS A STONE  
 by Beatha Behim 18.21

This was the first of what was to be many dreams where I was a stone. As I said stones speak to me and they are one of my greatest teachers. They have nothing human to deflect the truth, no physical language, just knowledge, pure and simple.

In this dream I was an extremely old piece of wood, who had been on the ground of a forest for an unknown period of time. I didn't have any memories of having once been a standing tree, but I did know that I was a tree spirit. It was soothing when I found myself starting to harden into stone because it was cooler and I could feel the movement of things on me as well. It was not uncomfortable, it tickled more than anything. I liked becoming a stone.

I felt wise and fortunate to be of two such fine kingdoms as tree and stone. I observed many things as I laid there for years. I learned many lessons from the two-legged people who came near. They wore animal skins on their bodies and I knew this because I felt the presence of the animals that had once wore them.

The earth spoke to me continually and I knew all that surrounded me. I never questioned my purpose or cause, I just was. I was fascinated by the vibrations, lights and warmth the world around me created. I became able to sense familiar two-leggeds who came near, by their degree of light and warmth.

Q

S/N OTIS Lee RODGERS

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