

End of Game

by Brenda Roberts

Most of us have played a video or arcade game that announces after we get blasted away or terminated, "end of game." Hearing those words even in a make-believe game setting, can be distressing. Perhaps they ring true at deeper levels and remind a part of our self, that indeed we are playing for high stakes and the endgame is in progress, now.

1998

Do you remember back in 1998 when there were many dire prophecies and earth changes maps, Armageddon was looming ahead and the Book of Revelations seemed to be coming to pass in the daily news?

Many folks quit their jobs, sold their homes and moved to places like Twisp, Washington and Sedona, Arizona to wait out the new millennium. When nothing truly substantial or catastrophic happened with the dawning of the year 2000, some acted a little disappointed, some felt foolish, some continued to stay in what they considered safe places and others just came on home.

What happened for the last seven years?

Lightworkers all over the world will tell you that they felt like they were in a "waiting mode" as far as their soul missions; nothing much happened. Doors did not fly open for many of their heart-felt desires and plans. Even those plans to serve humanity and the planet. A lot of you may recall the last seven years as feeling "lost in limbo;" anxious about something about to happen, but not sure what or when.

But a lot has happened in the past seven years and most of it is not good. We are at war again and expanding our efforts to continue



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that mode of operation. The planet is still taking on excessive chemicals in our air, water, and soil. Humans are being subjected to pollution and harmful elements from foods to frequencies. The checklist in the Book of Revelations still seems to be in progress, Armageddon and mass destruction and huge death tolls seem right around the corner.

Or are they? For those who continue to choose that path to destruction, yes.

But is it fair that the many and growing numbers who are choosing peace and trying to make a difference in the world, should suffer along with those who choose war? The last election polarized the people of the world. The lines were drawn more clearly: black or white. No one can sit on the fence, anymore. Decisions must be made. It is either this old way or that new way. Your choice.

Suppose we believe what science is proving and it just so happens to coincide with spiritual and metaphysical beliefs and ideas: We live in a multi-dimensional world, parallel universes do exist, time is not linear, our thoughts do create our reali-

ty, and we each can choose a separate reality than others yet exist simultaneously. Some of us can choose to exist with like-minded folks that create peaceful, balanced and harmonious lifestyles. Some of us can choose to escalate the current wars and acts of terrorism to new heights of mass destruction and death for millions.

What if there are at least seven timelines? What if each individual's thoughts contribute to the outcome of any given timeline. What if you affect your world by your every thought, word, and deed, continuously changing your own reality and timeline possibilities?

What if the endgame is being played right now? What if we were given a divine intervention for the past seven years for more people to wake-up, for folks to make consciousness shifts and to correct bad choices?

Now

There is much information concerning the year 2012 being, "the end of time." The year 2012 may be the end of time as we know it, the end of time as we currently measure it or the end of time of an age, an era. However, before we reach the year 2012 a shift may occur that will place you squarely into the timeline of your choice prior to 2012: the reality of tremendous and catastrophic changes or the reality of peace finally reigning and changes occurring that clean up the planet and heal the people. Where do you want to be when you hear "End of Game?"

Brenda Roberts is the former producer and host of the Seattle based cable TV show, "Journey." Having produced over 500 TV shows Brenda is now re-visiting, in articles, all of the many subjects presented as "possibilities" of this journey. Brenda can be reached at brendaj33@yahoo.com

A Cloud in a Dewdrop

By Amit Sing

The spirit unfolds, carrying within it a gentle cloud let loose in the sky.

The croaking of little frogs in a forest pool, the slithering of a banana slug. The music never stops, never ceases to come unspoken to my ear. I am forsaken, abandoned to this endlessness. This roaming in the sky. Spreading myself on a blue sheet, on this blue abundance, above and below.

Full of the sudden transpiring of friends, full of this dream that I walk in. I am here, I am not here. I walk inside and disappear.

Such is the stepping inside this festivity. This tireless embracing of friends, and this passing of the cup from one lip to another.

I stand mutely within the courtyard of my dream. Like a long forgotten melody, an ancient melody whispered through the trunk of some old tree.

How is it to see the changing of a thousand seasons in one moment. Dancing to the wind as if I was nothing at all, just a figment of imagination. Like a melody that was once struck on a harp and then left hanging in the air forever, becoming leaves, branches, swaying inside its own nakedness.

This moment you were here, like a magical appearance, like the dancing of birds. Free of age, or eras.

How old is a cloud. How youthful is the wind. How deathless is a wave in the ocean. How forgetful is a song floating over the river.

How full of suffering is this feasting of winds. Such suffering that my heart tears apart with joy. Such sudden joy, such welling up of tears.

The wandering wind lifts me and takes me to the other shore. I dance within a flower as if in a dream. As if my eyes opened for the first time.

For the first time I held the hand reaching towards me, for the first time I stood in all nakedness to receive the gifts raining on me.

As if for the first time, shaken out of my stupor, I saw the desire in the flower and the wind to completely absorb me.

For the first time this breath left this body and just went on endlessly like in a cloudless night sky and appeared in the center of my being.

For the first time I felt the universe crying with me, and laughing with me and the sun rising in the heaven and I felt filled by it.

How little is the sun. How big is a leaf of grass.

How little this body. How endless the spirit it holds.

I walk the dusty old roads and I see a million stars.

Finding myself in the arms of my beloved I just stay there, stupidly vain and proud of my great fortune. Like a child I want to be held more, I want to fill myself with this love that I have found floating by, like a lost man who has found the way to his home. Eyes welling with gratitude at this embracing, I embrace back with the full yearning of a lover. Of one humbled in love. Falling to my feet I see the beloved in the tiny specks of sand. This presence, this endlessness as if arising from everywhere, within and outside. This ocean that holds me to its bosom.

For the first time I have known the beauty of being me, of being everybody, of being nothing at all. For the first time I have known the beauty of being a dream. I am losing myself, like a clouds raining, like a river dancing down the mountainside. It is hopeless, this welling up in clouds, this dreaming of rainbows, this endless falling apart, this stupendous opening up like flower to reveal the fertility inside, to open my arms and reveal the earth and heaven.

Here you pass by like the wind, here I see you in the sudden rising of summer grass, here you are sitting across from me like a little yearning. A little yearning, how do these words smell, how come I am these words raining on paper. How come this little cloud walks on earth and rains all over.

My little boat floats on and on, going where the waters take me. And forgetful of this movement, I chide the wind with my flute song.

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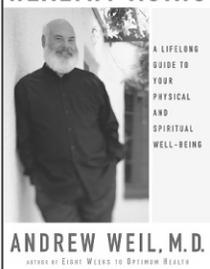
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