



*What's on your horizon?*

*Morgan*

*Chai*

## "NIGHT LIGHTS"

Today I sent a birthday card to a friend and after writing a brief paragraph that was meant to pull her multi-dimensional character off the one dimensional canvas of life, I realized that I was in fact acknowledging her true birthday. The only birthday that matters. After all, when a child is born they are as new as a fresh spring rain, as beautiful as the eye of the universe looking down upon us, and as purely innocent as God meant us to be. I was reminding her of the splendid beauty that she was created from; a reminder to celebrate that specialness every single day, and not once a year. It was a reminder to not let anyone take that joy from her. She has been on my mind since.

It is evening now, and tonight is another grand, glorious night of sharing an Irish coffee with a view that goes beyond mental and spiritual comprehensibility. It is late. The house lights are turned off and as I look out from my two-hundred-and-seventy-degree view I am reminded of my lifelong friends.

Off in the mystically darkened distance I see nine flickering lights, luminescent orbs that dot the countryside as they struggle for freedom beyond the thick pines and multitudinous aspens. They, like my friends, are very few and have taken a lifetime to dot the emotional and spiritual landscape of my life. To me it seems that we all struggle for acknowledgment in this thick overgrowth we call humanity.

I contemplate the infinite, moonlit view and am carried away with thoughts too prodigious to capture on paper. Thousands of acres at my emotional bidding. Thousands of acres for my pioneering spirit to soar. Thousands of acres dotted with but a handful of lights twinkling their rainbow messages in the ominous forests they perceive to call home. Thousands of acres reminding me of the immeasurability of the universe wherein we exist.

We are like those invisible homes I see in the distance, marked only by a single, shimmering light. Some of us have our lights on and let them twinkle their iridescent message to the spirits above. Some of us struggle to find the light switch. Some do not care and are consumed by the darkness that hovers in the eerie mist of a clear night as it patiently waits to consume its prey.

Tonight I see all of my friends, even me, on top of this mountaintop range.

The comparison between my view and humanity awakens my passion to decode the enigmatic. I am enjoined by the spirit to comprehend the profundity of the comparisons and find yet another analogy to share with someone. People never relate to the same story, the same analogy, so a good teacher must be able to reach the wide divergence of intellects, and thus save them from the darkness.

I turn to the south where the trees are closer and my view is more restrained, confined, and I choose not to become entrapped by the closeness of the dark. I look up where there is no limit, no boundary to sight. The metastasis of the peregrine cloud's elusive pilgrimage tantalizes me with their surreptitious beginning and end. They are not dense enough to obscure the full moon that daunts and tantalizes them from the obfuscated depths beyond.

The sky is like the ocean—I can see it, taste it, smell it, feel it, and even sense it. But like the ocean, the deeper I look, the less I see with my physical eyes. It forces my imagination to take over and dream about what lies at the far side of inconceivability. What lies beyond my fingers ability to touch? What lies beyond my extra sensory perceptions of space and time? How deep will it be when I jump in? Will I sink or float? Ah, that's a good one, sink or float. I cannot sink in the moonlight, but if I truly want to, I can float upon the moonlit molecules.

I can dance upon those the glistening markers of transitory space, and climb up their heavenly ladder that leads to where questions can no longer touch. I can travel to the threshold gateway of Orion this starry night, and enter the beyond if I so desire. Orion will protect me, guide me, and guarantee my safe return when I have seen and experienced all that I can possibly comprehend with my limited human understanding. He will guarantee that I will remember all that I have seen and experienced, but it will be with a memory that I can only touch with my spiritual mind.

Why is it called the threshold gateway of Orion? What is he the doorway to? I understand why it would take a great hunter, a great warrior to be the threshold, because he is powerful enough to keep the otiose out, yet gentle enough to pull the seekers closer.

The stars bring my thoughts back down to the lights twinkling through the pines. I get the same sense of acknowledgment now as I do when I look above.

It's an interesting night. It's an interesting life.

I look back up at the stars because I cannot turn down Orion's offer, no matter how interesting my moonlit mountains are.

It is my nature to question the earthly, social happenings but it is also my nature to opt for the astral, elusive, and imponderable teachings of the starry sanctuary that surrounds me. I must, and will, follow my heart, and my heart leads me in an upward spiral to righteousness, honour, integrity and respect. These are the multifarious colours that ride the carrierwave of love, and shines forth from the trees and forests that surround me.

My light switch is on, and my mountains know it. The moon knows it. The heavens know it. And God can see it.

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