

Prologue...

This is my side of the story, the story that my soul is begging to tell in quiet whispers. It is the story of the past, a past so distant that it has origins in other lifetimes. It is the story of the present and of the gifts of wisdom and life lessons I learned in the embrace of a soul mate that came to lead me to discover the keys of my own kingdom. He held the keys to the kingdom of my heart and the quiet knowing of my own Divine Truth. But as in every journey, at least the ones that hold significant passion and promise, the current that moves through the human River of Life can become treacherous and full of detours along the way. It is in the lessons I learned navigating the River with him that I am forever changed. It is in all the moments that I could see the reflection of where I had been and who I had become at the water's edge that held the possibility, for me, of transformation.

Alone and isolated in my lifeboat on the River of Life I cast about aimlessly in the current, as it drifted through twists and turns of every opportunity I had to learn the life lessons I had come to this human place to learn. Desperately fighting for control I struggled and fought, careening recklessly between one hidden boulder after another as they built in size and number that led to the waterfall that was before me. As the water turned crystalline clear I could see in its reflection the characters in the story that were asking to come aboard. Some were wise, compassionate and full of love. Others carried with them the darkness and fear of traveling to an unknown destination, a place inside of me that I had never known existed. It was a place that offered me the possibility to

stop and to learn and if I chose to be brave enough to trust what was happening, would lead me to reflection, redemption and resurrection. Each of the characters who chose to join me on these pages had a purpose and a story to tell. The characters are alive in us all. Can you find them in the reflection of the mirror I hold for you? The time has come. We're about to push away from the shore. As I sent over the rope of acceptance for the journey, one by one they came aboard.

The first to arrive was clad in black-heeled spiked boots and skin tight leather leggings that held the talons of her dark and controlling power. It was the Witch – the one who at the beginnings of this tale held me unconscious in her captivity. The Wicked Ego Witch had a sensuous dark magic that held an allure that was all consuming, provocative and powerful. Ahh, I knew her so well. Tall and fierce she exuded a raw ferocious beauty. Blonde spikes of short hair sprung up all around her almost cherubic face. She possessed hypnotic almond shaped brown eyes the color of chocolate and lips so full of passionate lies that I would hang on her every word, taking her ranting as the gospel for which I lived my life. She took every opportunity to jump immediately to false assumptions with her loud obnoxious lies of inadequacy, fear, pride, anger and greed.

Without warning, her sinuous, leather-covered arm snaked out to elbow her way to the top of my passenger manifest shoving me out of the helm of my lifeboat. That was just our way. She'd been in control of my life, my brain and my heart for so long that it just seemed natural to witness her outrageous behavior. I moved aside, handed over the paddles and prayed that she knew enough to get us safely through whatever was coming ahead. In the clasp of her ruby red fingernails she held a small dark figurine. As she elbowed me to the side, the figurine fell to the floor of the boat. It was a Dark Horse. In a burst of greed and anger she snatched up the Dark Horse, but just

as the figurine disappeared into her bag of black magic, I felt a wave of light and hope.

The next one to find her way to me was Radical Faith. She burst through the surface of the clear blue water with her sword poised high above her. At its hilt was a bejeweled symbol that seemed faintly familiar to me, a gold cross at its center surrounded at each end with magnificent heart shaped rubies. Scattered glints of green emeralds formed a Celtic braid connected at each end by four cornered rubies. In diamonds, an anchor was nestled deep in the center of the jewel encrusted scabbard. As her sword rose up from the darkness of what lay below, her graceful hand reached up to take hold of mine. As our hands connected I feel a jolt of hope wind its way up through the center of my soul. Her presence was radiant, strong and steadfast. She towered above me in her long flowing cape of gold that surrounded her powerful and lithe feminine figure. Clothed in riding breeches and a carefully draped tunic, she was belted at the waist in knots of gold. Her hair surrounded her head like a halo of auburn, cascading down her back in ripples and curls. In the depth of her royal blue eyes I found a strength and reserve that filled me with the courage I would need to continue on.

Sensing the ripples of change on the water's surface the Wicked Ego Witch wheeled around and stepped so far back that she threatened to go overboard completely. Shoving her black heeled boot into the center of my life raft, she righted herself with a ramrod stiffening as she took back control of the helm without saying a word. Radical Faith simply smiled and sheathed her sword as she settled in for the long journey ahead.

A radiant burst of sunlight poured through a break in the thunderous sky. In its luminous reflection, the last passenger for this journey came down through the center of the divine rays of light. Effortless Grace caught the tendrils of a beautiful breeze and shield in hand touched her

beautiful golden foot down in the middle of my lifeboat. At the center of her shield, was the same jeweled symbol – of love, faith and hope. Her long, gorgeous, jet black hair fell almost straight to the ground, and her turquoise blue eyes held a peace so profound I felt surrounded in the depth of their pools. Simply dressed, in cascades of gold, she shimmered with an iridescence that was simple and so unadorned that its majesty and truth needed no further explanation. Standing next to her sister, Radical Faith, they shone together with a peaceful wisdom that was so captivating all I could do was simply gaze at them in quiet reflection. I'd never allowed such beauty so close to me before, close enough to share a journey through a waterfall of epic proportions.

Surrounded by the sisters I felt safe and protected. They would have much to teach me if I could find the courage to share the journey they offered. Effortless Grace parted her delicate lips and as if speaking as the breath of Life said, "Sister, we join you now. Your Other, the Anamchara is nearing – you can see him there, just in the reflection of the distance. Trust the process, trust yourself. You have all that you need." "But wait," I said, "I don't understand what you mean. What is an Anamchara?" "Anamchara is your soul friend. He was brought to you in this time to help you learn your lessons. With your Anamchara you will share the deepest recesses of your soul. You will be able to see yourself through his reflection. Have Faith. Trust what is about to unfold. Trust him to be the reflection of what you need to see. The time has come."

As the pull of the River moved us closer and closer I saw him, the one who was to be Anamchara. Our eyes locked together in a space of all knowing as he threw his rope of relationship out for me to grab. Scattered in his boat were his very own cast of characters with their own stories and significance to the journey. Catching my eye was another small dark figurine. There she was again,

the Dark Horse. What was her significance to us both? Tethered together, the Anamchara and I looked deeply into each other's eyes as the roar of the waterfall became a deafening rally cry to what lay ahead.