



THE STORY OF TIME

THE STORY OF TURTLE AND TREE

(1) GREAT GRANDMOTHER GALAXY INTRODUCES HERSELF

Before I introduce you to turtle, who is my wisest great grandchild, I must introduce you to myself. I am great grandmother galaxy. You know me already, but not all of you know me as your great grandmother. Yes, I am the galaxy, I am the great grandmother of everything you are and can know about.

With your eyes, you can know me at night and see how great and ancient is my spread of stars like a dusty ribbon of light making a circle around your mind. These stars are my tapestry, which is the weaving of time. Each star is the center of its own time. Every planet rotates in its time around a star. Often there is at least one moon rotating in its own time around a planet.

The time of the moon keeps time with the time of the planet. The time of the planet keeps time with the time of its star. The time of the star keeps time with my heartbeat, the Hunab Ku, the center of the galaxy.

Hunab Ku keeps time with everything, and everything keeps time with Hunab Ku. My heartbeat of Hunab Ku is the measure of all things known through time. What is there that cannot be known through time? That is why great grandmother galaxy is so patient. She has nothing but time to play with. Her play time is our play time too. This is why great grandmother galaxy sings:

Hunab Ku Hunab Ku
time is the center we all pass through
Hunab Ku Hunab Ku
time is me and time is you
Hunab Ku Hunab Ku
we are all the center that time passes through
the stars you see are songs in my hair
the planets are jewels strung on bracelets of air
in the center of time there is a root that grows
becoming through time 20 fingers and toes
Hunab Ku Hunab Ku
time is now for me and you



(2) GREAT GRANDMOTHER GALAXY TALKS TIME

Great grandmother galaxy says: if you do not know about time, you cannot know who you are. To know who you are is to know how to take your time.

What is time? How can you know about time? You cannot see or feel or touch or taste time. Can you hear time? You know time passes. Or that you pass through time. But what is time? And what is it in you that knows time?

Everything is born of time, in its time. Time comes from the center of my being, the hunab ku. Time comes from the center of every being. Every being passes through the center of its own time. How a being passes through its time, gives that being its own special form in time. Every being is the perfection of its own time.

Great grandmother galaxy says you know time through your own body and the planet in which you live. Your planet knows two kinds of time, and so does your body: night time and day time.

Grandmother galaxy calls one-day-and-one-night a kin. Anything that is related is a kin. Everything that comes into being has a night time and a day time. Your night time is for sleep and dreaming. Your day time is for play and pleasure.

Passing your life through one night and one day makes you kin to all of time.
Together in time we are all kin.

Everything is related in time. Time relates everything. Time is the story of the
relation of all things to each other.

Everything begins in time, which has no beginning. Time is like the circle of stars
around your mind, like the center of your being in time with its time. But your time
begins with you and ends with you, day after day, kin after kin.

One kin, one-day-and-one-night, is all it takes to know the universe of time. Each
kin related to every other kin is the universe of time. If you can live on day awake
and aware of your spin in time then you are taking root in time. When you take
root in time, you are becoming a cosmic vibratory root.

A cosmic vibratory root is one of the names great grandmother galaxy calls
human beings. Your body is the root. You vibrate through your senses and
feelings. And when you take your own time, you are just naturally cosmic, in time
with everything else!



(3) GREAT GRANDMOTHER UNWRAPS THE MYSTERY OF TIME

Great grandmother galaxy says, time is how you pass through the mystery of what I am! Time is the weaving of all the different great grandmother galaxies that make up the universe.

The universe is the great single spin turning on the great single axis. All of the great galactic grandmothers' hearts beat in time with the universal spin. Every time this great universe turns but once, the end begins and the beginning ends once again! To make the universe spin all at once, the great grandmother galaxies spin and spin! Will they every catch up with each other before the end of another universal spin?

Like all the great grandmother galaxies, I spin and weave the starry cloth of time. Wrapped in this cloth are all the shapes of time. For all of their differences, each and every shape of time is spun from and still spins upon the one universal spin.

All one universal spin, all one universal kin!

One universal day, on universal night; spinning galactic days, spinning galactic nights; spinning star days, spinning star nights; spinning planet days, spinning planet nights spinning body days, spinning body nights.

Time? It is all in the spin.
The mystery is what moves
night out and day in.

To know one day and one night is to know the universal spin.
To know your body as a root in time
is to know yourself as a universal kin.
Live all you are one night one day
What is known by the mystery is shown as the way!

As your great grandmother of the night time, I am the mystery.

In the night you can feel all of my mystery, each star in its time, turning on its own mystery. Around each star mystery, numberless invisible planets whirl in their mysteries, spinning in infinite orbits past the edge of your mind. It is in my night time mystery that dreams take shape as seeds and seeds take form as time.

As your great grandmother of the daytime I am the radiance and clarity.

Through my child, your star, the sun, you see and know the shapes of time. Everything you see and name with your mind is a shape of time.

Each shape in time is unique and different from all other shapes of time. Yet each shape in time is spun from and is still spinning with the same universal spin.

The Earth is one shape of time. A turtle is another shape of time; a tree is yet another.

Earth, tree, and turtle, each a shape of time, each in its way, the whole story of time. For time is a story. Once you know the story of time, then you become the story.

Because of this, you yourself, human child of the Earth, you may be the most wondrous and mysterious of all the shapes of time.



(4) TURTLE TALKS TIME

As the sun is my child, the Earth is my grandchild. As a child of the Earth, each one of you is my great grandchild. Whether you are a human, a monkey, a tree, a flower, a bird, or a sea plankton each of you is one of my great grandchildren.

But of all my great grandchildren of the Earth, turtle and tree are my favorites, for they are the ones instructed to keep the wisdom of time in common for all beings of the Earth.

If turtle and tree are able to survive the many ages of time spun by Earth in her spiraling course, then the children of the Earth in all of their forms will endure. Though time will change their forms and fashion them into new shapes, the children of the Earth will succeed in their common destiny: unity in time!

Holding the wisdom of all of my children, turtle and tree are most precious to me. They take their shape and hold their form in time with the Earth's shape and form in time. Turtle and tree are so accomplished in holding their form in time with the Earth that their species span the fiery ages preceding the dinosaurs right down to the present age of industrialized humans.

The humans are the youngest of my great grandchildren, just as the Earth is one of the youngest of my grandchildren, and the sun is one of the youngest of my children. This is because your spin in time takes place at the end of one of my many scarves of time blowing wildly from my dancing waist.

Because you are the youngest of my great grandchildren, you humans are the ones to benefit the most from the wisdom of your elders, turtle and tree. Listen now to turtle's story:

In that long ago spin when the skies smoldered steam, the amphibians marched out of the great single sea. The amphibians were the first to set foot and breathe pure air on the land of the Earth. There arose among those first amphibians a supreme one exalted in patience and forbearing above all others in the animal realm. It was the great grandmother turtle of all turtles. She spoke:

Until that destined moment at the end of the becoming, it is I and my progeny, all the turtles of land and sea, who shall keep the secret of time's mystery. It is we who shall speak the true story of time regardless of all obstacles. The mystery is this: how many times does the moon wax and wane during one Earth orbit of the sun? Count the scales on turtles back and you will know!

Through all Earth's ages, through cataclysm and ice, to the end of the becoming, we turtles shall hold and reveal time's knowledge for all children of the Earth. We shall especially stand ready at that moment that marks the end of the becoming, and announces the great unity in time!

The becoming is the name of the time it takes Earth to evolve all the best possible models for a sustained journey through time.

The end of the becoming means that the last evolutionary model has been completed. The time of the becoming ends in the unity of time.

Passing through the unity in time, Earth enters the time of the navigating.

We are to be on the watch for the youngest child of the Earth, the human. This youngest child will be the navigator of the next stage of Earth's journey. When the human becomes responsible, there will be unity in time. Through unity in time, the human children will navigate the planet and the turtle will finally be able to retire.

This is why it is turtle's purpose to now reveal the true recollection of time so that all Earth's human children will remember the turtle:

Look at my back
hold steady and know
thirteen are my scales
thirteen moons make one flow!
thirteen moons for the Earth
to bring on year to birth
thirteen moons for the sun
to give Earth its fun!



(5) TREE TALKS TIME

Once turtle found purpose through keeping the memory of the thirteen moons that rule Earth's time on its shell, all of the members of the animal kingdom called for protection and preservation of their kind. The plant kingdom was called upon to develop a better land base.

At the time when amphibians ruled the Earth, the photosynthesizers, or green light mixers, of the plant kingdom had been mostly growing in the ocean. Now to provide the amphibians more oxygen to breathe on the land, the green light mixers also moved in larger forms upon the land.

From awe and respect of great grandmother turtle's fearless vow on behalf of all of her species and the whole Earth, there arose among the great photosynthesizers of the plant kingdom, a desire to support great grandmother turtle's vow.

And from this desire deep within the green light molecule mixer studios of the plant kingdom came a dream. Before one night was over, the dream turned into a seed. From within the plant kingdom's great common dream, the seed fell to the Earth. This seed was a new shape in time.

When the seed sprouted, it grew roots deep into the Earth and sent a trunk straight and erect high into the air unlike any plant had ever done before. From the trunk branches sprung in powerful symmetry, arching upward toward the sky. Tree was born.

What made tree different from the other green light mixers of the plant kingdom was its power to remain rooted in the Earth while stretching high into the sky. Tree rose higher than any other living shape of time. Tree's height set the standard for all the living forms of Earth spinning away her time.

As high as tree's branches rose, its roots ran deep into the Earth. As far as the roots could reach they pulsed back the beat of Earth's hot crystal core. Pulsing this beat back up the trunk, the branches could sprout their leaves as the song of Earth's time. Each year tree could sprout a new and different song of time.

As majestic as her roots and branches was tree's sturdy, erect trunk.

Withstanding storm and wind, tree's great trunk is Earth's living timekeeper. Every thirteen moons tree would grow another ring around its trunk. To this day, tree grows one ring each year.

Many trees, one Earth. The mighty tree defines the height of life in all of time's varying shapes. Only the falcon, the hawk, and the eagle transcend the plant kingdom's limit to animal power.

One ring one year
the power of time is without fear
from her trunk tall and straight
tree's branches pierce the starry gate
from her trunk firm and round
tree's roots pierce Earth's crystal ground
thirteen moons one Earth one sound
tree keeps time true and round

When the first mighty tree reached the pinnacle of Earth's heights, it looked around and saw Earth's seething and lively atmospheric mantle. Tree felt the songs of the wind. In the songs, tree heard great grandmother turtle's vow to keep the recollection of the knowledge of time.

The original great grandmother tree thought to herself:
Turtle is noble. Turtle is wise. Of all of the creatures who move on the Earth, turtle is wisest. Turtle lives both on the land and in the sea. Whether on land or in the sea, turtle lives in a shell. In the shell, turtle is like a rock. Out of the shell turtle moves slowly but with majesty and power. Out of respect for turtle's vow to keep the knowledge of time and the universal spin within her shell, I and all of my descendants vow to remain tall and true to our principles.

By growing erect and tall, our root systems will weave us into forests of time. Together as one, we shall provide a great green mantle of the Earth to protect turtle and all beings.

Remaining true to our principals, growing tall where we can grow tall, showing in other ways the power of small, we trees will forever be the keepers of Earth's yearly round of time.

This is why it is tree's purpose to now reveal the nature of time so that all Earth's human children will remember the teaching of time in the round:

A ring a year true and round
makes thirteen moons a single sound!
In the ring time is the round
that circles life in one sound
roots of crystal leaves of light
breathe green its and dewy night
one ring one year one single round
one life one time one Earth unbound!



(6) EARTH TALKS TIME

Great grandmother galaxy says, if turtle and tree are the wisest of all of my great grandchildren, you humans are the youngest by far. You are so young that you are the last, the ones who come at the end of the becoming. You are so young you cannot remember that my wisdom is the wisdom of the Earth. If turtle and tree are wise in their knowledge of time, then Earth is the wisest of all.

Earth is the shape of time and the shaper of time. Everything you can be and know is spun from Earth's own spin. You are the Earth. The Earth is you. Spinning the universal song of day-and-night, Earth's time is your time. Your time is yours alone to spin. How will you spin your time? Listen to the story of time and you will then find out!

In that long ago when the becoming was just beginning, when turtle had spread its life in all its species around Earth's single sea and island realms, and tree had spread all of its shapes in time from rocky hills to cloudy heights. Deep within her core, Earth was happy.

Now I have children who will remember my true nature down through all the ages of the becoming, Earth said to herself. And then she sang her song of time:

What is my Earthly shape in time?
a circle turning in its rhyme
a set of balls one in the other
a magnet spinning in cloud cover
a radio station of living sound
a spiraling heart-beat soft and round

Look up look down what do you see
sun moon and stars keep time with me

Everything turns on the universal spin
day is out, night is in
from the spin form a sphere
make it whirl now and here
to help the sphere keep its shape
draw an axis long the straight
at top and bottom North and South pole
Earth's time circles on common goal

Earth is the shape of time. Earth's shape is a sphere, a round ball. The sphere is the common shape of great grandmother galaxy and all of great grandmother galaxy's children and grandchildren. This is because the common shape of time is also a sphere.

Every sphere has an invisible center. This invisible center holds the sphere together and gives it its shape in time. Time is what radiates from this center. Time is what holds the sphere together. Time gives the sphere or any form its shape.

Time is like the sun. The sun radiates its light and energy to all of the planets of the solar system. The orbit of the last planet gives round form to sun's radiating power. This round form is a large sphere whose center is the sun.

Like the sun, time radiates its shaping power outward in the form of a sphere. This is how Earth works, too.

At Earth's spherical center is a dense crystalline core. This crystal core floats in a sea of molten iron. Through this core an axis passes. This axis connects the north and south magnetic poles. Lines of magnetic force run through the core from pole to pole.

Deep within my crystal core
time stores its vast magnetic lore
my tides in rhythm with the moon
my songlines flowing from the sun
my heart beats time
to life's puling endless rhyme

now I give you a riddle in time

a center, an axis, an outer shore
an ocean to unfold time's lore

a turtle, a tree, a human child
a shell, a trunk, a mind gone wild

if time is the riddle and you are the clue
can you know where to find the Hunab Ku?



(7) THE BIOSPHERE, TIME'S EARTHLY ROUND

Great grandmother galaxy says, the biosphere is the name of Earth's farthest shore of time. This shore of time defines the limit of time's Earthly round.

Bio means life, and sphere is round time's original form. Time is a round, a song that sings itself through all that lives. All that lives, lives the round of daily time. Night in, day out, all that lives, lives according to one spin.

One spin on Earth one biosphere
to dance time's Earthly round
one life one breath one living wave
one voice to sing one common sound

Great grandmother galaxy says, biosphere is Earth's mantle of living time. The biosphere is the farthest shore from Earth's beating crystal core. But farthest from the core is closest to the moon, the sun, and all the stars beyond.

Pulsing from deep within Earth's single sea, the biosphere spreads in waves of green across the coastal plains and valleys, dwindling at the poles or on barren mountain solitude's.

The biosphere is where Earth's children root and take their shapes in time. Each living form is webbed to every other form. Every living form of the biosphere is a child of the Earth equal to all the other children of the Earth. Every child of the Earth breathes a single breath with every other child. Every child of the Earth spins in time with every other child, day after day, night after night, time after time, always kin to kin.

Seen from the eye of the hawk, the biosphere is a dancing veil of green light draped across the planet's twisting mountains and windswept plains. This fine green veil is help together by all manner of creatures who keep themselves spinning by continuously changing oxygen into carbon dioxide. This creates the atmosphere.

The atmosphere is the lifeblood of the biosphere, Earth's cosmic playground. The atmosphere converts the energy of all the cosmic radiation from the sun and stars beyond into the forms and shapes of living time.

Through the never-ending pulsations of the universal spin, the living molecules of time are every changing. Mutations, new forms of life follow one upon the other. Yet the biosphere remains constant.

At any time in the long cycle of becoming, the amount of life in the biosphere has remained the same. Within the biosphere there is nothing but motion and

change. Day out and night in, the sphere of time remains constant and stable. Time keeps my sphere constant and stable.

The biosphere in time never leaves the power of the universal spin. This is mother Earth's economy. If ever one life form dominates other life forms, then the biosphere reorganizes itself. When a reorganization occurs, a new time also occurs. In a new time, new life arises. All life forms become equal to each other once again. In this way, by drawing on the rounding power of time, the biosphere keeps its balance.

Mother Earth sings about her biosphere:

My power of time lets me spin like a ball
my magnetic poles bring me knowledge of All
at the farthest shore from my beating heart
the biosphere lives, turning time into art
not just molecules in rainbow sprays
but clouds and flowers as endless as days
my biosphere is my cosmic veil
the in and out of my galactic mail
love letters sent from the Hunab Ku
sun and moon ringing me to you
everything turning in rhythm to time
everyone singing the very next rhyme

Child of the future called humanity
has the biosphere called you, are you noble and free
when tomorrow comes what will you see
what will you know of turtle and tree



(8) WHY TURTLE HAS A SHELL

Once time had woven the biosphere into a living web of ocean and land life, great grandmother galaxy recalls, Earth was happy. Now she was ready to plunge ahead into the time of the becoming. For this task, Earth knew she needed wise ones to keep guard over the biosphere. Earth knew she needed a guardian for each of the living kingdoms, the animal and the plant. These two guardians would be responsible for maintaining the balance of Earth's biospheric kingdom until the end of the time of the becoming.

Since turtle already contained the lore of time, Earth chose turtle to be the guardian of the animal kingdom. Since tree was already the keeper of time, Earth chose tree to be the guardian of the plant kingdom.

Now Earth spoke to turtle: turtle, on your back are the thirteen scales which hold the knowledge of time called the thirteen moons. This is a cosmic power that you carry on your back.

The reason you have the knowledge of time on your back is because you possess a shell. Your shell holds the knowledge of the whole Earth. Your shell is a demonstration of the cosmic power of time which the whole Earth weaves into the living mantle of the biosphere.

The top of your shell with its thirteen scales shows how the biosphere is ruled by the law of time.

Thirteen scales to reflect
the path of thirteen moons
thirteen moons to guide Earth's spiral journey
but once around the sun
thirteen moons
one Earth
one sun
one turtle
constant to the law of time

Turtle, these thirteen moons move in a regular pattern that holds the biosphere together in time. Like the living pattern of your thirteen scales the biosphere is governed by time. Time changes cosmic energy into the living patterns of life and Earth. Turtle, the sturdiness of your shell shows how time keeps the biosphere constant and ready.

The softer underside of your shell shows you are vulnerable and sensitive. You are wise among the living because your shell is your home. When you need to withdraw and know your own nighttime you in your four legs, head and tail, and retire to your own core of time. With your four legs you can navigate on either water or land, bringing your message of time wherever you go. With your head and tail you can navigate your body by my two magnetic poles. Turtle, you are wonderful in your shape and form in time!

If ever that time comes and the youngest of my children forget your mother, then please, turtle, display yourself, share your teaching of the biosphere, so that the human children of the Earth can remember the unity of time.



(9) WHY TREE STANDS TALL

Then, mother Earth turned to her child, great grandmother tree, and said: tree, you are the living green standard of the biosphere. You provide home for many

creatures of the animal kingdom. You give fruit and seed. Only the clouds know the sky better than you.

In your sturdy trunk is your power. Not only does your trunk keep count of the Earthly round of time, but it is like the axis that runs from my north to south magnetic poles.

Your roots below and branches above show how my two poles work for me. One pole receives light and cosmic radiation like your branches spreading to the sky. My other pole releases all my messages of life through the endless root system of galactic time.

Tree, your trunk carries the knowledge of all that I am as a child of the cosmos. You are a mirror image of myself. We are both strung upon a common axis turning on a common universal spin.

Your underground roots mirror your branches in the sky. From the cosmic sky all energy comes into your branches to feed the biosphere. From my cosmic core the energy of time radiates back through your roots into your trunk.

Tree, only time can take you from your roots and release you again to the nurturing Earth. At the end of my time of becoming, my youngest child will come. In the child's youth, the child will come to know you. You will help and offer yourself to this child. But the child will forget about time. Forgetting about time, the child will tear and cut you early from your roots. When this happens stand firm. If the forgetting is so great, that my youngest child no longer understands that tree and human have a common root in time, then you must be ready to deliver your message of the Earth.

Tree stood noble and erect, her piney branches beautifully raised in unison to the great sky. She felt all of mother Earth's words from her roots to the tip of her spire.

Then from within the invisible axis running through the center of her trunk great grandmother tree formed her message for the last generation children of the Earth:

Last generation children of the Earth
I am your guardian
I stand tall as your model
if you wish to be like me
stand still and know
the ring of time

In the ring of time
my knowing is this
while standing still
still I spin
what I spin stays within
keeping still I grow tall
conserving energy knowing all
on my axis I turn time like Earth
each year one ring
each ring one birth

Child of the future child of time
can you live in your rings
can you stand tall
can you still climb
from your roots in Earthly sleep
to reach my branches
in the sky so far so deep
ask the tree who stands so tall
time is your mind and time is all
lift your branches to the sky
raise your dreams where they can fly

the biosphere holds a place for you
rooted like a tree in the Hunab Ku



(10) TURTLE AND TREE TALK TIME AND MIND

Great grandmother galaxy says, time and mind you can't see or taste. Mind is what knows. Time is what flows. Without knowing your mind and being in time, your life could be a terrible waste! My grandchild, Earth, knows this much. Her choice of guardians was wise. Who knows better than turtle and tree that only time exists for mind to be! Listen again to the story of turtle and tree!

After mother Earth had chosen the two guardians of the two living kingdoms of the biosphere, turtle came up out of the stream to rest at the powerful round base of tree's tall trunk.

Both turtle and tree knew that they should have a council. They wanted to make sure they both had their signals straight. They especially wanted to know that they were in it together for the long haul.

Stretching her wise and ancient head of her shell and looking admiringly up at tree's branches spreading all the way to the sky, great grandmother turtle spoke: to live in time is one thing, tree. To know the time you are living in is something else again. What do you know?

Great grandmother tree looked down at turtle. What I know my rings keep hidden. But I am like you, turtle. Keeping time within my trunk, keeping my trunk still, time lives in me and I last long. So do you, turtle. Many rounds of thirteen moons come and go. Many rings expand my trunk, extend my roots deeper into the Earth, and raise my branches farther into the sky. Living so long, enduring many seasons of change, what is there I do not know? Like you, turtle, I remain forever green.

Turtle replied, I see, tree. Like my shell, your trunk is special. Through the center of your trunk which counts the years, there is something that remains the same, what is it?

Tree answered, my nature is still. This stillness is the center of my trunk. My trunk is my axis. This axis holds me erect. But you are right, turtle, what is this stillness inside of me?

Once I was a seed. A new shape in time was dreamed into that seed. And from that seed I grew up into the light. But I cannot tell you what it is that keeps my trunk straight and tall. Is it the original dream of time?

Turtle smiled, and said: my nature is constant. I came from an egg. A new shape in time was dreamed into that egg. From that dream, I crawled out into the warm mud. My shell makes me strong and sturdy like you. I move slowly when I need to. No one can move faster than a day turns, anyway. So my constancy is enough for me.

Not only do I carry the nature of time on my back, but nothing in time can keep me from my planetary rounds. I can see why mother Earth appointed us as the guardians of the biosphere. In our simple forms we can withstand most anything. We are quiet but unbeatable! I think what keeps your center straight is nothing more than mind.

Tree answered, Turtle, you are wise! Tell me more. What do you mean by mind?

Turtle laughed quietly. Tree, nobody knows about mind until someone points it out to them. Mind is the still center of Hunab Ku. Hunab Ku is in every dream of life. Mind is what you are. Nobody can touch it or take it away. No one can give it to you or tell you what it is, or what it isn't. Mind is like time. It has no taste or smell. But unless you know you have a mind, what can you know?

Now tree laughed, I see turtle. Mind is always holding my center. I have been in my mind all the time. Or my mind has been in me! It is what keeps me round. It is what makes the ring of time every thirteen moons. It is what I cultivate through my stillness. And the stiller I become the more I can do and be!

Tree was triumphant stretching taller than ever, scraping the clouds in the sky.

Turtle stood still for a very long time, her head tilted upward at tree's distant pinnacle. Beneath tree's awesome height turtle felt small. Tree looked down at turtle and spoke softly as the wind gently tossed her fine green top.

Tree said to turtle: my lower trunk and roots can always be a place for you to rest and think. If the sun is too hot by day, my leafy branches will shade you. Whatever thoughts you must think, I will share with all the other trees, for we trees are all one tree. By the way, turtle, you have been around longer than me, what do you think, what have you seen, what do you know?

Turtle thought for a minute, and said to tree:

You are a good match for me, tree. I will carry your stillness in my center wherever I go. In my movement I am like time, just like in your stillness you are like mind. Time is constant, mind is still. Mind needs stillness to know, time needs constancy to go.

Be constant like a turtle
be still like a tree
innocence is the balance
between stillness and constancy
stay in your innocence
every moment of time
your knowing will turn
your constancy will shine

After turtle sang her song, a strong wind arose, causing tree to bow and shake. When the wind died down, tree thought for a moment and said: turtle, that wind was very strong. But in my center my mind remained still. Now I can tell you what I think:

stillness is for knowing
hold to your stillness
and the ring of time
will be known to you
when the ring of time is known to you
you can know all things
knowing all things
you can extend the roots of your mind
deep into your body

and the branches of your mind
high into the sky
of mystery and dreams
this is the power of tree's knowing mind

knowing mind in my still center
I keep time
one ring a year for mother Earth
one ring a year to renew our birth

in my stillness I know you
turtle, my friend, forever true!

When tree finished, turtle remained at the base of tree's trunk for a very long time.

After many moons had passed, turtle looked up at tree and said: I am going now, tree. At last we understand each other. We will find many ways to cooperate through the time of the becoming. Remaining still and constant we will be able to endure to the end of the becoming. We will be able to complete our task for mother Earth's sacred biosphere! We will keep Earth's sacred time within ourselves, no matter what else happens!

There are my thoughts, tree. This is what I have learned from you, this is what I have to share with you before I go:

Stillness is knowing that mind is all
if I am unhappy it is because
I am not holding stillness in my mind
thoughts out of time make my mind cloudy
thoughts in time make my mind sweet
when I am in the stillness of my mind
I give and receive without even knowing it

Stillness holds me in my constancy
constancy is for moving in time

All creatures of the animal kingdom
move in time
just as Earth moves in her own time

My constancy is for navigation
when I am constant with time
my navigation always takes me
to where I am going

Tree, wherever I travel through land and sea
your friendship will be with me constantly

Be who you are, time is yours to know
hold steady as you go, it's all in the flow

Turtle then slipped noiselessly back into the stream. Tree nodded dreamily in the moonlight.

All was well in the biosphere.



(11) TURTLE AND TREE RETURN TO THE TIME OF THE DREAM

Great grandmother galaxy recalls: after tree and turtle had established their undying friendship, they multiplied and spread their kind all over Earth's biosphere.

Tree asked wind to blow her seeds everywhere. The seeds crossed ocean and mountain, taking root in soil and rocks. Through her stillness of mind, tree adapted to every different climate of the atmosphere. From the seed dream of time, tree evolved many different kinds of trees: trees who shed leaves, trees

with great palm fronds, trees that ripened every thirteen moons with wonderful juicy fruits.

Turtle's kind also spread across Earth's biosphere. Turtle navigated every depth as well as the streams and rivers of the land. Everywhere turtle swam or crawled turtle adapted. Some turtles developed fins. Some were small and scampered their lives away on the mossy rocks of cool mountain streams. Others grew giant and warm holding their lore of time on distant desert islands.

One day when she was very old, the original great grandmother turtle came to look for the original great grandmother tree. It was time for turtle to return to the time of the dream. Turtle had one desire: to be near great grandmother tree when she left her great shell behind and returned to the time of the dream.

When turtle finally reached the place where in that long ago moment she and tree had come to their understanding turtle was awestruck.

The original great grandmother tree was now surrounded by a circle of trees. This circle was the center of a vast forest spread as far as turtle's eye could see. Turtle looked up through the play of sunlight and shadow at the top of the circle of trees. In a spray of radiant light, turtle thought she could see the Hunab Ku. She was right. The moment to return to the time of the dream had come.

Turtle brought herself to a rest at the gnarled trunk of the great grandmother tree. Fantastic mushrooms grew in great staircases up great grandmother's trunk. Dragonflies and snakes played in quiet abandon around tree's mossy lower branches.

Tree spoke: turtle, I am so happy to see you. I am tired now, too. I have transmitted my message for the last generation of the children of the Earth to all of the trees of the great plant kingdom of the biosphere. It is now theirs to remember until the end of the time of the becoming. Now I am ready to return to the time of the dream. Let us go together.

Turtle replied: I am like you tree. I am also tired. I have transmitted everything I know about time to all of the turtles of the great animal kingdom of the biosphere. My lore of time is empty. I must go back into the time of the dream. You too must leave your emptiness and return to the time of the dream.

Tree was pleased by turtle's words. In gratitude for turtle's time, tree decided to give turtle a special gift: a remembrance of the tree. Tree said, Turtle, come climb as high as you can on my trunk. Make sure the bottom of your shell is resting on my trunk.

Turtle dragged her great body and shell up tree's trunk as far as she could climb. There she rested. There she took a deep breath. When she exhaled, she breathed no more. At that moment a magical thing happened.

Where turtle's shell rested on tree's trunk, tree left a simple memory of herself. To this day you will see the axis of tree's great trunk running down the center of the bottom of any turtle's shell. On either side of this memory of tree's trunk, branches extend to the edge of turtle's shell. In this way tree left a remembrance for all turtles of the gift of stillness which makes constancy worthwhile.

After turtle's last breath a great wind arose, fierce and strong. Soon a storm blew wildly through the moonless night. Before the next day dawned, a giant crash was felt across the vast primeval forest. Great grandmother tree had joined turtle in returning to the time of the dream.

In the grove of trees, turtle's unmoving shell lay glistening in the dappled dew of dawn. Next to turtle, tree's great trunk lay silent. New mushrooms had sprouted everywhere on her fallen trunk. Her great root system still beat on the other trees. But with her trunk broken, great grandmother tree was no more.

In the circle of trees, a song came from the time of the dream, a song from turtle and tree:

turtle of body
tree of mind
keeping to the ring of the thirteen moons

constant in body
steady in mind
live in your ring of the thirteen moons

turtles of the sea green planet
keep the biosphere on course
be constant with your body
let time move your turtle force

trees of the sky blue planet
keep the biosphere steady
be the stillness of your mind
as it rings the Earth with time

When the song faded into the sparkling breeze, mother Earth was pleased. As long as the voices from the time of the dream can be heard in the forest silence, then the time of the biosphere will also be sung as a song. But if the voices can no longer be heard in the silent forest or ocean depth, then mother Earth will

know that the end of the becoming is close at hand. The unity of time is approaching.



(12) GREAT GRANDMOTHER GALAXY TALKS CLOSE AND NEAR

Great grandmother galaxy asks, children of the last generation of the last children of the Earth, when the original tree and the original turtle returned to the time of the dream, where do you think they went? Where is the time of the dream?

Great grandmother galaxy says, the time of the dream is close and near.

If you are silent in the forest you will hear the voices of the time of the dream, close and near. Or if you sit with the waves beating on the ocean shore you will hear voices from the time of the dream, close and near. And, of course, at night, when you go to sleep, the time of the dream is close and near.

Things in the time of the dream are forever and endless, shining and pure. Some of my great grandchildren call the time of the dream the spirit realm. This is because spirit is the messenger of the time of the dream. Spirit is like the wind, everywhere and in everything, always bringing messages from the time of the dream. Spirit is the voice of the wind in the trees. Spirit is always close and near.

Even in your sleep, when you are in the time of the dream, things happen that are forever and endless. These are the shapes and voices of all the different times of the Earth, the planets of your solar system, and of all of the stars that make up my dancing dress, the weaving of galactic time.

How you understand what you dream is how you take your place in the story. The story is the story of time. All stories begin with a dream, and so does time.

To return to the time of the dream is to be able to return to the place where your story began. This is in the radiant realm of the original Hunab Ku. The Hunab Ku, the source of time, is also in your heart. The beating of your own heart is the source of your own time.

radiant realm of the source of time
listen to the beating of my heart
radiant realm of my own time
listen to the beating of my heart
what does my heart say to me

I am always close and near
what does spirit say to me

I am always close and near
listen to the beating of my heart
listen to the source of time
never doubt never fear
the source of time
is close and near

Leaving the time of the dream is like waking up from a dream and being in your body again. When you leave the time of the dream you reenter the time of the becoming. The biosphere is ruled by the time of the becoming. Everything that is born in the biosphere is governed by the law of the becoming:

everything comes
everything goes
become what you are
and you will know
from dream to becoming
from becoming to dream

living and dying
are not what they seem
the biosphere constant
is one single stream
one side is living
and the other is dream

Time is the stream of coming and going. For Earth, the stream of coming and going is the biospheric mantle, the outer shore of time.

This biospheric stream of becoming is filled with every variety of life, coming and going in its time. This stream of becoming is complete only at the moment called the unity of time. When the biosphere experiences the unity of time, a new time will come, the time of the navigating. Until that time, even though everything in it is either coming or going, changing and unchanging, the biosphere must remain constant!

It is the constancy of the biosphere that makes my granddaughter Earth so happy. The biosphere constant of Earthly time creates the time of the becoming. To balance the endless change of the time of the becoming, spirit holds to the time of the dream. Spirit's realm is everywhere in the biosphere, close and near.

Spirit lays claim to the wind. As long as the wind blows, spirit can be heard in the biosphere. But if you want to hear what spirit brings on the wind you must be patient and listen. Patient like your mother Earth, patient like your grandfather sun, patient like your great grandmother galaxy, patient like turtle and tree. Listen to the murmurings of spirit:

O child of Earth
close and near
are the whispers in your ear
spirit talking
in all you hear
spirit singing
close and near

Great grandmother galaxy says, the body of Earthly time is called your body of becoming, and your body of the time of the dream is called the dream body.

All of the creatures of the Earthly biosphere, my great grandchildren, have these two bodies, even the tiniest of them, the cockroach or the flea! This is because spirit cares.

Spirit knows that every shape of time from the amoebae to the human child is a living web of the biosphere's great stream of time, the time of the becoming. In this stream every living form is also a messenger of spirit.

Spirit is the messenger from the time of the dream. Spirit is also the guardian of the biosphere. Spirit sees to it that even when you are in your body of becoming the voices of the dream are close and near. If you can hear these voices, they will guard you in your spin through time!

With your body of becoming you can dream and become what you dream. But within your dream body you can dream the endless.

Listen to the dream bodies of turtle and tree, listen to their spirit songs, for they are close and near:

Child of the Earth I am your magic turtle
child of the Earth I am your spirit tree
close and near is the voice
that will set you free
close and near the voices sing
close and near is your heart
close and near the spirit ring
close and near the time of art
ride your magic turtle
know your spirit tree
O child of Earth O child of time
in the close and near
you are always free



(13) TURTLE AND TREE AT THE END OF THE TIME OF THE BECOMING

Great grandmother galaxy says, spirit's story is never over, time has no beginning or end. Only in the time of the becoming do things begin or end. In the realm of the endless, in the time of the dream, the original turtle and the original tree remained close to each other.

Through their radiant dream bodies the original turtle and tree watched and understood with untiring love the unfolding of Earth's stream of becoming, the biospheric mantle, Earth's farthest shore of time. And this is what they saw:

Many generations of the Earth came and went. Continents rose and fell. Great periods of fiery volcanic skies were followed by equally great periods of ice and shifting sea beds.

Each great change experienced by the biosphere only strengthened Earth's power of time. Despite all of the changes, the original turtle and tree saw that generations of turtles and trees remained steadfast. The gift of the original turtle and the original tree was transmitted to all later generations of turtles and trees from one generation to the next.

Turtle and tree watched quietly as the dinosaurs came to dominate the biosphere. They witnessed how time reorganized the biosphere when the power of the dinosaurs became so great it was all one sided. No other beings had a chance with the dinosaurs. The knowing of time in turtle and tree had become so deep that the cataclysm that destroyed the dinosaurs did little to turtle and tree.

Despite terrifying meteor showers, comets and rapid climate changes, turtles survived in their shells, trees' seeds and great root systems always returned in ever greater glory. The shape in time of the turtle remained constant. Every tree that arose from the ash of one age, arose in its unchanging shape in time.

Because of turtle and tree's commitment as guardians of the Earth, the amount of life in the biosphere remained constant. Where once there had been dinosaurs, new warm-blooded furry creatures proliferated. These were the mammals. Tree also adopted and great forests grew whose leaves fell away and changed every year.

For millions of years, through endless rings of trees, spirit tree and spirit turtle sat with their minds joined together in the time of the dream. Then the time of the end of the becoming approached.

The Earth had cooled. Great forests swept majestically over vast mountain ranges and stretches of Earth dappled with lakes and watered by great river systems. There among the icy fastness of an age of glaciers the last generation of the children stirred. They possessed knowledge unknown by the other shapes of time. They possessed knowledge of fire. What other powers did they possess?

Turtle spoke first: we must be ready for the last generation of mother Earth's children, we must learn more and make our clans of trees and turtles ready for the end of the time of the becoming and the last generation of the children of the Earth.

Tree said we must take a journey in our dream bodies. Turtle you must go to the moon for the moon feeds the magic turtle of all turtles. I must go to the sun, for it is the sun that feeds the spirit tree of all trees.

Then, leaving their radiant places in the time of the dream, turtle went to the moon, tree traveled to the sun.



(14) TURTLE GOES TO THE MOON

The moon that turtle went to was the moon of the time of the dream. Thirteen moon lodges were set in a large circle in the sky. Far off in the center of the circle, turtle could see the blue-green swirling film of Earth's biospheric mantle. Turtle marveled at the whole Earth spinning on its axis, a jewel set in the center of its own time.

Turtle inspected the lodges that the moon traveled through thirteen times a year. Each moon lodge was round. From the center of each moon lodge, 28 poles radiated out, support the roof. In each of the thirteen luminous moon lodges, turtle found a spirit animal.

In the first moon lodge, the turtle met a spirit bat. In the second moon lodge was a spirit scorpion. In the third moon lodge was a spirit deer. In the fourth moon lodge was a spirit owl. In the fifth moon lodge was a spirit peacock. In the sixth moon lodge was a spirit lizard. In the seventh moon lodge was a spirit monkey. In the eighth moon lodge was a spirit hawk. In the ninth moon lodge was a spirit jaguar. In the tenth moon lodge was a spirit dog. In the eleventh moon lodge was a spirit serpent. In the twelfth moon lodge was a spirit rabbit.

Twelve moon lodges, twelve spirit animals. But when turtle looked in the thirteenth moon lodge it was empty. Why are you here? Turtle asked the spirit animals.

The twelve spirit animals answered as one voice: we are here because spirit appointed us to be here. We are to hold the spirit power of the thirteen moons for the last generation of the children of the Earth. When the unity of time approaches we must be ready. Because we hold steadfast to our lodges, the power we store over time is great. Each one of us has our own spirit power. These spirit powers will help the last generation children of the Earth to remain strong, constant, and cooperative in the biosphere.

And why is the thirteenth moon lodge empty? Turtle asked.

Again the twelve spirit animals answered as one: because the thirteenth lodge is for you, turtle! You are the keeper of the thirteenth moon lodge. This is because you have held the knowledge of the thirteen moons so faithfully in your shell. You are the most cosmic of all the animals in you is all of the knowledge of time.

Proudly, with grace and ease, the original turtle entered the thirteenth moon lodge. There turtle sat along with the other twelve spirit animals. Now there were thirteen spirit animals in thirteen moon lodges to watch that round of time known as the end of the time of the becoming.



(15) TREE GOES TO THE SUN

While turtle found her place in the most cosmic of moon lodges, tree went to the sun. The sun that tree went to was the sun in the time of the dream. To tree, this sun appeared like a gigantic fiery spirit lodge. It was perfectly round and ablaze everywhere, sending out hot curls of fire in all directions.

At first tree was frightened, for fire is wood's natural enemy. But tree remembered she was in her dream body, and the fire could not burn her.

Spirit tree entered the flaming sun lodge. Inside was a great rounded cavern of fire. In the center of the cavern was a ball, white and hot. Through the top and bottom of the ball, a fine luminous axis ran as far up and down as tree could see. Sticking out from this same white hot ball were four very long poles. But these were poles of fire. Each pole of fire was turning, moving slowly.

The ends of each of these fire poles burst into showers of molten flame. Each of these four shower bursts then turned into five rivers of fire. Fire rivers of fire, four poles of fire, and a luminous axis to thread a central white hot core.

Tree trembled and wondered what she was looking at.

Even as she thought, a deep fiery but friendly voice spoke reassuringly to her. I am the sun. What you are looking at is my gyroscope of solar time. Through my gyroscope of solar time my axis holds me to the Hunab Ku, just like you noble spirit tree. Help to the Hunab Ku, my four limbs rotate in harmony with each other. Four limbs I have to hold my mantle of solar time in place. From each of these four limbs five rivers flow, 20 rivers of solar time in all.

These 20 rivers of solar time hold my planets in their time. Just like you, tree, I have my rings. Ten planets hold my rings. The planet holding the fifth ring is shattered, but its debris holds it ghost sound in place. Ten planets to ring my sound of time!

20 are the rivers of solar time, ten the planets of my rings. I feed the time of each planet with two of my 20 rivers. One river is fed by solar time, the other river is fed by galactic time. Ten planet rings of time, 20 rivers of solar galactic time.

Solar time must come from you sun, but what is galactic time, where does it come from? Tree asked.

Galactic time is my night time, sun answered. I, too, experience a night time and a day time. See, like Earth, I have an outer mantle, too. But my mantle covers a large sphere. The planet farthest from my gyroscope of solar time is the limit of my sphere. The mantle of my outer limit is my heliosphere.

My heliosphere is like turtle's shell. Only it is my membrane of galactic time. Through the power of my axis the entire heliosphere slowly turns around another star, a mother star. Tree, I, too, am only a child. When my heliosphere sweeps around my axis, I have a very long day time and a very long night time. Thirteen thousand Earth years is my night time, thirteen thousand Earth years is my day time.

My mother star is closer to great grandmother galaxy's Hunab Ku than you or I. With my gyroscope I navigate my time with the time of the mother star. Through navigating with the mother star my heliosphere receives galactic time. I pour this

galactic time into ten of the rivers that feed the ten planetary rings. In this way each planet has its share of galactic time.

Galactic time is help for the planet by its moon or moons. These moons are like my gyroscope of time, and help hold the planet in its time. In this way, too, the day side of each planet is for the sun time, the night side for the galactic time. Tree was very impressed. Tree spoke. In some ways, sun, I am like you. I have a sturdy axis. I do not have four limbs, but I do have roots and branches. And within my trunk, around my axis, are my rings of time, just like your planetary rings this is very curious.

Sun answered tree. You are very wise. For you are a thing of wood. I am a thing of fire, wood's natural enemy. To see in me some kind of resemblance is a sign of great knowing. You shall be rewarded. The reward you become will be a gift to the last generation children of the Earth, the inheritors of the end of the time of the becoming.

Tree asked. What do you mean sun, I do not understand?

Your reward is that you are to become the fiery tree of vision. Whenever the purpose of the human children needs to be strengthened or reminded about its great role in the biosphere, you will appear from the time of the dream in the form of a fiery vision: a tree, a wheel, a blazing sign. In this way, someone in every generation of the humans will have the key to time.

The key to time, but what is that sun? Tree asked again.

The key to time is you, tree. Your shape in time is that key; an axis still within a trunk, a mind that branches into the day of solar time and roots that seek out then night of galactic time. This mind that seeks to know the roots of time will know my power of 20.

20 is the number of years to a human generation. 20 is the number of fingers and toes the human child has at the end of its four limbs.

The mind of the human child that knows will become like you, tree, strong, noble, and centered. But the human child knowing that it knows will also be able to count. 20 is the natural count. 20 are the human's fingers and toes.

Tree, even if the human learns how to count on its fingers and toes, it may forget stillness of mind. If it loses stillness of mind, it won't matter how many numbers the human can count. Spirit tree, I now place you as the fiery guardian of the stillness of mind, and the key to knowing the power of time, my sacred 20 count.

In that moment, spirit tree was consumed by a powerful white hot burst of liquid fire that exploded in all directions. Spirit tree was now transformed. A blazing

trunk stayed firm in place. Above and below flames shot out like fiery roots and branches. Around the roots and branches and across the center of the trunk fiery wheels blazed and intersected.

Spirit tree had now become the fiery tree of vision. The beginning of the end of the time of the becoming had arrived.

In the radiant realm of the time of the dream, so close and near to the Earth you know, two empty places appeared. These were the places of the original turtle and the original tree. Each had now gone on to other adventures.



(16) EARTH MOTHER TALKS

Earth mother says, 20 is my sacred sun count, thirteen is my sacred moon count. 20 years to a generation, thirteen moons to a year. In the number 20 there is nothing you cannot count, there is nothing you cannot know. In the number thirteen is the cosmic mystery. In thirteen is the power that makes everything move in time.

Thirteen thousand years the sun knows one galactic night
Thirteen thousand years the sun knows one galactic day

26,000 years for one galactic day-and-night. 26,000 years for one super generation of 1300 20-year generations! 26,000 years for my biosphere to recycle itself completely.

The humans are the last generation of my shapes in time. The last generation of my children is a generation of 26,000 years. It takes 26,000 years for the child to mature and become responsible. This human is a special, clever and difficult child.

All of my children are special, but what makes human special is that human know show to count its fingers and toes, and knows that it knows how to count! No other of my biospheric shapes of time has fingers and toes like human. No other animal can count and know that it counts like a human.

If human works out, human will be skilled and knowing in time like turtle and tree. Being the youngest of my children human can pick up the standard of time and carry it through the end of the becoming to the unity of time, and beyond to the great and glorious time of the navigation.

When human becomes responsible, human will be the navigator of my biosphere. In order to be responsible, human must learn what it really needs and not what it thinks it wants. To understand what it really needs, human must understand its role in the story of time.

Child of the last generation of the last generation of the children of the Earth, what do you think you really need? Do you know you place in the story of time? Let us listen to whispers of the early time, when human child was still so young, dreams were as necessary for survival as a successful hunt.



(17) DREAMS OF THE CHILDREN OF TIME

On an ancient shore a human child found an ancient turtle shell. Counting on its fingers and toes, human counted thirteen scales. Looking up at the moon, the human child wondered.

Deep within an ancient forest a human child found an ancient tree trunk split in half. Gazing at the tree rings the human child counted. The tree had many more rings than the human had fingers and toes. The human child looked up at the tower trees above and wondered.

To one human child, magic spirit turtle appeared in a dream. Magic spirit turtle said to the dreaming human child:

O child of time
 time is in your body as the turtle that flows
 moon is in your body as the time that knows
 look inside the moon and tell me what you see

In her dream body, the dreaming human child went to the place of the moon. There she saw the thirteen moon lodges all pure and round in a great shining sky circle. In each moon lodge she saw the spirit animal guardian for that lodge. It seemed like each of the moon lodge spirit animals said something to the human

child, each animal spoke a word of power. Then, when she arrived at the thirteenth lodge, magic spirit turtle had the young child come all the way in.

The child was now in the cosmic moon lodge with the original spirit turtle. The original spirit turtle filled the child with intense love. In the love was an intense knowing. The power of thirteen showed itself in many marvelous ways, from the spinning energy of the Hunab Ku to woman's own moon time. The child was filled with happiness until it overflowed.

In the morning when she woke from her dream, the child had a new determination. She called herself 'magic turtle spirit woman.' She would become a woman of knowledge and power. She would carry the knowledge of turtle with her and share it with others. She knew: turtle is good, turtle is medicine. Turtle is my guide. Now I can be whole and help the others know their way.

Such was to be the way of the magic turtle spirit people. They communicated with turtle in their dreams and wherever turtle was found in the lakes and streams. The magic turtle spirit people know the power of turtle's message. They knew that with the magic turtle power they could hold their place in the great biosphere.

To continue the dream knowing through later generations of humans, the magic spirit turtle organized the turtle people into a federation of thirteen clans. The purpose of these clans was to keep alive all of the spirit knowledge of turtle, time, and the thirteen moon lodges.

To the other human child, magic spirit tree appeared in a dream. Magic spirit tree said to the dreaming human child:

O human child
time is in your mind as the tree that knows
tree is in your body as the time that flows
look inside your body tree and tell me what you see

In his dream body, the human child looked inside himself. His body was transparent and full of light. Inside of it was something like a tree. The bones of his spine, ribs, arms and legs were made of something tree-like, but fiery and not like anything the dreamer ever saw. When he went to look at one of his bones, it became like a tree trunk. The rings counted themselves in groups of five. The dreamer saw that four groups of five made 20, like the five fingers and toes in each of his hands and feet. Each hand was five, each foot was five.

When he understood this in the dream, it was like a great drum beating in the sky, beating five, ten, fifteen, 20 times. Each time the beating went 20 counts, more drums joined in the beating of time. The beating of time became so intense that everything in the dream turned radiant and flame like. Everywhere the

dreamer looked through his dream body eyes. The forests and the heavens alike were alive with talking flames that told the dreamer many things, yet the forest did not burn.

When the dreaming child awoke from the dream, he was alive and filled with radiant power. He called himself 'magic tree spirit man.' He would become a man of knowledge and power. He would carry the knowledge of tree and the sacred 20 count with him and share it with others. He knew: tree is good, tree is medicine. Tree is my guide. Now I can be whole and help the others know their way.

Such was to be the way of the magic tree spirit people. They communicated with tree in their dreams and wherever tree was found in great forests and groves near all the lakes and streams. The magic tree spirit people knew the power of tree's message. They knew that with the magic tree power they could hold their place in the great biosphere. They could bring spirit and knowing to the biosphere.

To continue the dream knowing through later generations of humans, the magic spirit tree organized the tree people into a league of 20 tribes. The purpose of the 20 tribes of the league of the tree was to keep alive all of the spirit knowledge of tree, time, and the sacred 20 count, the power of the sun.

In this way, your mother Earth, did her best. The federation of the turtle would keep moon turtle's sacred thirteen count. The league of the tree would keep sun tree's sacred 20 count. The knowledge of time would be kept as a sacred memory in the human child. With the federation of the turtle and the league of the tree humans might stay on course.

Through the federation of the turtle and the league of the tree, human might endure long enough to help the biosphere recycle itself at the end of the time of the becoming. If the last generation of human children survives the end of the time of the becoming and creates the unity of time, then my biosphere will finally be complete. But his is your story to finish, last generation child of the last generation of my children. See how you will dream the story of time to its next round.



(18) SPIRIT TALKS, BIOSPHERE RECYCLES

I am spirit. I am the biosphere's other self, the self that remembers. Ever since the time of the original turtle and the original tree, I have been the biosphere's other self. Spirit is the knowledge of time. Spirit dwells in time. When you wake up in time, or when you know it is the right time, spirit is awake, talking.

Last generation child of the Earth, with your bright eyes gazing all around, can you see your whole biosphere? Can you know every stream of her life, can you know every time of her long existence? Can you feel the whole of her swirling film of life and light, Earth's outer mantle of time?

I am spirit, listen to me. Whatever shape time takes, I surround and penetrate it. No shape of time is without my breath. No shape of time is without my knowing. No dream of time is without my shaping.

The biosphere is one of my dreams of time. The biosphere is shaped through my dream of my time. What is this shape in time that my dream creates as the biosphere?

It is a membrane, a flexible skin that breathes. It is electrodynamic. It is a magnetically sensitive, chemically hyperactive, wraparound tissue that is totally alive. It is a life form as big as the planet, and you are but a single cell swimming in its lifeblood!

This round skin of ocean and island realms is wrapped around the pulsing crystal sphere of Earth. Upward, this delicate, floating membrane of life dissolves in invisible layers of atmosphere, electromagnetism, and cosmic radiation.

The biosphere is a life of its own. It is a superior life of infinite organs and functions. All of the organs and functions cooperate to maintain the biosphere in its dazzling play of cosmic energies and teeming life forms, the shapes of time.

Cooperation is the supreme value in the life of the biosphere. Without cooperation among all of its interdependent organisms, the biosphere would collapse. Earth would be lifeless.

Like an immense jellyfish clinging to a ball orbiting in space, the transparent and glistening biosphere is a living being, it is the living being of the whole Earth.

Within the biosphere, human is the last of time's experiments with life. Human is to bring self-reflective intelligence to the life of the biosphere. The purpose of life within the biosphere is simple: to maintain the whole Earth as a single organism. With human's intelligence, this whole Earth life can become self-reflective: knowing that it knows.

As one giant superbeing, the biosphere has had the same mass since life emerged on Earth. The atmosphere has never been more or less than it is now. The amount of living matter, called biomass, converting radiation into life, has remained the same. Even though the biomass has taken on many different life forms through Earth's long history, it has remained constant.

What kind of being is the biosphere? How does the biomass remain constant? How could the biosphere maintain itself as one living organism over all of Earth's long cycle of becoming? The biosphere remains constant by recycling its own time!

The biosphere is a cosmic converter, a recycling constant ruled by time. Time is the governor and the fuel of the biosphere's life.

You, last generation children of the Earth, wake up and expand your minds. The biosphere needs you to become responsible!

How can you help the biosphere? By becoming responsible for time! Last generation child of the Earth, wake up and expand your minds. Time is all you have, but you hardly know it! Listen again to the story of time and the biosphere:

In the beginning when mother Earth emerged from the endless, she received one precious gift from the elders of the endless, time itself.

Earth daughter, the elders of the endless addressed our young mother Earth, you are now leaving us to enter the time of the becoming. This is a very long amount of time. Use it wisely. When the web of life begins to weave your biosphere, be ready to appoint your guardians of time, turtle and tree. Without these two guardians of time, the human child will not be able to remember how to close the time of the becoming and open the time of the navigating.

Remember, Earth daughter, the elders of the endless concluded, biosphere has only a limited amount of time to play with. But if you spin your time well and biosphere learns how to recycle this time, you will attain your goal. One day, beyond the unity of time, you will navigate the rivers of time.

Deep within her molten crystal core, mother Earth guarded her time preciously. When the biosphere emerged she gave her time to the biosphere. The more time mother Earth gave to the biosphere, the more time she learned to spin from her polar axis. In this way, mother Earth learned to balance the time of the biosphere with her own planetary time. Without turtle and tree's help, the biosphere might have dissolved more than once.

Mother Earth calls her biosphere 'the web.' Web is short for whole Earth biosphere. As Earth's outermost layer of time, the web covers the whole Earth. Everything within the biosphere is webbed: the inorganic is webbed to the organic, life is webbed to life, time is webbed to time. The whole Earth is a living web of life and time.

All of the ages of the Earth are recycled through the web. Because the biosphere is Earth's cosmic frontier, mother Earth wants the web to become not just self-organizing, but self-reflective. When the biosphere becomes completely self-reflective, then web won't just have to recycle time. Web will finally be able to navigate Earth through the rivers of time.

Today all of web's delicate but long and colorful existence depends upon the human child. Human child, can you see the spinning web of your own time? Who among you remembers how to close the time of the becoming? Who among you remembers the unity of time? Who among you remembers how to open the time of the navigating?



(19) COUNCIL OF THE PEOPLES OF THE TURTLE AND THE TREE

Great grandmother galaxy says, mother Earth is always spinning time, web is always recycling time. With time, web converts all cosmic energy into life, and life into the breathing atmosphere. Within web, who goes against time, goes against life. This is the law of the cosmos. It applies to everything.

Child of the Earth, where are you in time? Do you know the whole story? Listen again.

By the end last of the great ice ages, the human child arose as the cleverest and most adaptable of all Earth's children. Leaving the time of the dreaming animals, the human child entered the time of the seed. But not everyone planted and followed the seed. The turtle people chose not to follow the way of the seed. They remained by the lakes and the rivers where they met and mingled with the tree people. The tree people had also chosen not to follow the way of the seed.

The elders of the tree and turtle decided to hold a council among their peoples. Deep within a sacred grove, their council met. All night around a fire pit, all day among shafts of sunlight and shade, the turtle people and the tree people held council.

The turtle and the tree people elders spoke: we know that our way is not the way of the seed. The way of tree and turtle people is the way of sacred time. If we can keep the sacred counts of thirteen and 20, if we can keep the memory of time sacred within ourselves, then, like tree and turtle, we will help mother Earth by remaining constant.

Turtle and tree elders continued: people who follow the way of the seed will not remain constant with the Earth. It is one thing for mother to grow seeds. But if human grows seeds, then human must change. Human is not the same as mother. Human is only a child. To grow and cultivate seeds, human must invent many things. The things human invents will change the human. Without knowing it human will change more and more. The more human changes, the more chance there is that human will forget the sacred counts of thirteen and 20. If human loses these two counts then mother Earth will lose her constancy.

This is why we must remain, children of the turtle, children of the tree. Our fire, our dreaming with the animals, our way of sacred time, that is all we need. For if our brothers and sisters who follow the way of the seed should forget the sacred counts then we must be steadfast. No matter what happens we must hold true. If even one of us is still keeping the two sacred counts at the end of the end of the becoming, then mother Earth may still experience unity in time. For this reason, we must hold the truth of sacred time until the end of the becoming.

The council of the elders of the tree and turtle people's ended. Each clan, each tribe mingled with all the others one last time. Then they departed, thirteen turtle clans, 20 tribes of the children of the tree scattered throughout Earth's biosphere.

Ever since that long ago council, turtle and tree people have remained deep in the forests, high in the mountains. Time and the way of the seed have taken all but a few of the turtle and tree people. But the memory has not yet died. Today these few people of the sacred time sing one song:

O child of the Earth where is your magic turtle
O child of the Earth where is your spirit tree
O child of the Earth shake your magic turtle rattle
O child of the Earth climb your spirit tree



(20) THE WAY OF THE SEED: HUMAN FORGETS EARTH REMEMBERS

Mother Earth recalls. When my last generation child of the Earth first emerged, the trees and the turtles offered more than the gift of the knowledge of time. Guided by spirit tree and magic turtle, all of the turtles and trees offered themselves as sacrifice to the humans. If human needed wood for fire or building shelter, tree was ready for the sacrifice. If human was hungry, turtle offered flesh

to eat. Turtle's shell became a musical instrument, a sounding box to beat, to scrape with a stick or to turn into a rattle.

Tree and turtle remained even among the followers of the way of the seed. Turtle's cosmic power, tree's sacred endurance were long remembered and honored. But tree and turtle also witnessed how the followers of the way of the seed entered the forgetting of time, creating instead the false time.

This is how it happened, the entrance into the forgetting of time.

There, in a place between the rivers, the elders of the people's of the way of the seed met. They spoke among each and said:

Our following of the seed has given us much. We have created irrigation and farming. We have spread our techniques over a great land that stretches between the mountains and the sea. Our people have grown in number. Our armies have secured more land. Truly we are strong and powerful over the Earth. To rule our land, we have created taxes. Through taxes, everyone's land remains in our control, and we receive the wealth to maintain our kingdom.

But there are other people far away. They too have conquered the land and created a power among themselves. These people are clever and they have a knowledge of number and space.

They say we live in space, and that our space looks like a great circle. This circle is known by a twelve count. This is an easy count. A twelve count is easier than thirteen because it can be divided by so many numbers. This is exactly what we need to create a schedule for our taxes.

Instead of thirteen moons we will create a year of twelve months. With this twelve-month year we will have an easy schedule for our tax collection. Along with the twelve count we will also have a ten count. A ten count is simpler and easier than a 20 count. All of our taxes will no be based on a ten count, all of our time on a twelve count.

The council of the elders of the land between the rivers ended.

The people of the seed had already strayed from the sacred ways. This is why it was easy to substitute twelve for thirteen as the cosmic number of time. But this substitution was an error in time that spread and was followed by all the people of the ay of the seed. Forsaking the sacred thirteen and 20 counts for the twelve and ten counts, the people of the seed began to weave a strange and troublesome pattern into my biospheric web.

From this disturbing new patter, a strange shadow began to cast itself across my biospheric web, the shadow of false time.

The circle is flat, time is round like a sphere. Based on the circle, the time of the twelve-count is flat time, false time. It is not round like the thirteen moons. It is not round like the Earth and the sun.

The flat time of twelve months was never a harmony like the thirteen moons. In the flat time of twelve months, the number of days to the months is uneven and irregular. In the round time of thirteen moons, each moon has exactly 28 days.

An error in time can be a fatal error. While my biospheric web continues to pulse to thirteen moons, the shadow of the false time is cast by a pattern that eats away at the biosphere.

The pattern of the followers of the way of the seed came to be called civilization. Great are the wonders and glories of human civilization. But beneath it all is the relentless pattern of false time. An easy schedule for tax collection, an easy tax base to acquire wealth for the rulers of the land.

The civilization of the twelve-count established itself in many different forms and styles in great land masses that human knows as the old world. Wave after wave of civilization had come and gone. Still the tax bases needed to expand. More land needed to come under control of civilization.

The civilization of the twelve-count inevitably came to the new world, to the continents known as the Americas. Here the people of the turtle and tree remained strong. Here the memory of the sacred thirteen and 20 counts had been kept. As in the old world, some of these people, too, had chosen the way of the seed. But in the new world, civilization developed that was rooted in the thirteen and 20 counts.

Among the tree and turtle people of the new world, no one kept the thirteen and 20 counts better than my children, the Maya. Even though the Maya grew into decadence, they still remembered the thirteen and 20 counts. Their memory of time was complete. They followed a sacred calendar called the tzolkin. Here the thirteen count of the moon and the 20 count of the sun were woven together in a wonderful pattern of 260 (13 times 20) days. This sacred moon-sun pattern they wove together with another calendar which counted the 365 days of the earth's orbit. Every 52 years the solar calendar and sacred calendars match perfectly.

The civilization of thirteen came to an end when the civilization of twelve arrive in the New World. Everything that could be destroyed of the civilization of thirteen was destroyed. Swiftly the shadow of the false time spread across the rest of the planet. Every ocean was navigated, every island mapped and charted. The biosphere had been converted into a resource base for human cleverness.

Then came the completion of the act of the forgetting of time, the invention of the mechanical clock. Like the twelve-month calendar, the mechanical clock is based on the twelve count. The flat time of the calendar of twelve which spread the irregular pattern of civilization throughout the biosphere developed a bizarre twist.

Humans now ran by the clock. Faster and faster the human child ran. The faster the human ran, the more humans there were. The more humans there were, the faster they ran. Running fast to dig up the Earth for more machines to make into the things that make life go even faster! Running fast to stay ahead, to stay ahead of what?

Within the spreading shadow of the false time everything the human child did was run by the clock. All human's habits became conditioned by the clock. Everything run by the clock was converted into money value. Human labor was converted into money. Earth's land and resources were converted into money values. The clock ran the humans, the humans ran after the money, the money bought power to transform the biosphere.

Child of the Earth here you are today. The shadow of the false time has spread throughout the entire biosphere. Forests and animal life of all kinds are disappearing. Everywhere streams, oceans and airways are polluted. Your species is now so dominant that it exists at the expense of the other species in my biosphere. The web of my biosphere is tattered. The biosphere constant is threatened by my last generation of children, now spinning out of control!

In the roar and the din of the machine, and from within the speed of the clock, who can hear the quiet message of turtle and tree?

The flat circle of false time
flattens time into a single line
running into infinity

in a flat time
on a flat line
where is the time for you and me?

on a speeding fast line
in a speeding flat time
does anyone even know
about turtle and tree?

O last generation of children
of the last generation of the Earth
is the forgetting so complete
or is there something that can arouse you

to the round of time
that still contains you?



**(21) TURTLE AND TREE CALL
THE COUNCIL OF THE CHILDREN OF THE EARTH**

In the luminous spirit lodges of moon and sun there is a great stirring. For a long time the fiery tree of vision and magic turtle dreamed their power in different ways to members of the last generation children of the Earth. Despite these efforts to keep the vision of time alive among the humans, the forgetting only deepened

Whole species of turtles and trees were disappearing. The ranks of the federation of the turtle and league of the tree were broken and scattered. Would human forgetting make the biosphere so unstable that its delicate web would collapse in a cataclysm?

From the spirit lodge of the moon to the spirit lodge of the sun, the original spirit turtle called to the original spirit tree: noble tree! There is danger to our Earth. The pressure of the expanding human within the biosphere is too great. The human has even gone out of the biosphere to the moon and other planets. But

for all that, the human knows little of time. Human has no constancy. Human has all but lost its mind. We must call a spirit council.

The original spirit tree answered. Yes, this is a very good idea, turtle. It will be a special council, a council of the children of the Earth, for the child of the Earth to reclaim their time.

Turtle replied. You are right, tree. Time is supreme. Time is the sovereign ruler of the biosphere. Time is for the children. When the children of the human are young, they have time but do not know it. When the children of the human mature, they are in space, but time has lost them and they do not know it. They think they know about time and wear bracelets called watches that say 'tell time.' But their watches only talk flat time. Worse than ignorant, the humans are deluded! We must see what we can do to help them.

Never before had such a spirit council been called on Earth's behalf. Deep within the center of the Earth of the time of the dream, the spirit animals gathered, the dreaming spirit powers came together.

Turtle and tree watched in awe. Great spirit had spread its dream mantle all over Earth's core. Within that dream mantle spirit animals of all species gathered. Not only the spirit powers of all organic shapes in time, but the spirit powers of the inorganic shapes and all the elements also appeared.

Spirit spoke. My mantle protects all the spirit animals. They are all present. Also present are my special spirit hosts, the rock people and the cloud people. No one knows endurance better than the rock people. No one knows better the language of all the shapes of time than the cloud people. They, too, are affected by human's forgetting of round time. They too suffer from human's following the false time of the flat line. They too want to know what should be done with the human.

Spirit continued. Our mother Earth says that all the humans have messed with her weaving of time. The pattern introduced by the humans with their false time of twelve can no longer be tolerated. The biospheric web is about to blow from so much pressure.

Our mother says she cannot remember such a dangerous moment. The dinosaurs were terrifying, but their forgetting was not as devastating as the forgetting of the human. Human is clever. Out of the cloth of the false time, human has given birth to machines.

The cataclysm to cleanse my biosphere of the effects of the human with its thinking machines would be much worse than the cataclysm to adjust for the dinosaurs. That is too painful to think about. There must still be some way to help the last generation of the last generation of the children of the Earth.

The end of the time of the becoming has arrived. The time is not yet over for the human. One generation, 20 sacred years, remain for the human child to wake up and remember the teaching of turtle and tree. This is why this council has been called. This is why it is a council of the children of the Earth for the children of the Earth.

We must find out if anyone remembers how to close the time of the becoming. We must find out if anyone remembers how to bring about the unity of time. We must find out if anyone remembers how to open the time of the navigating.

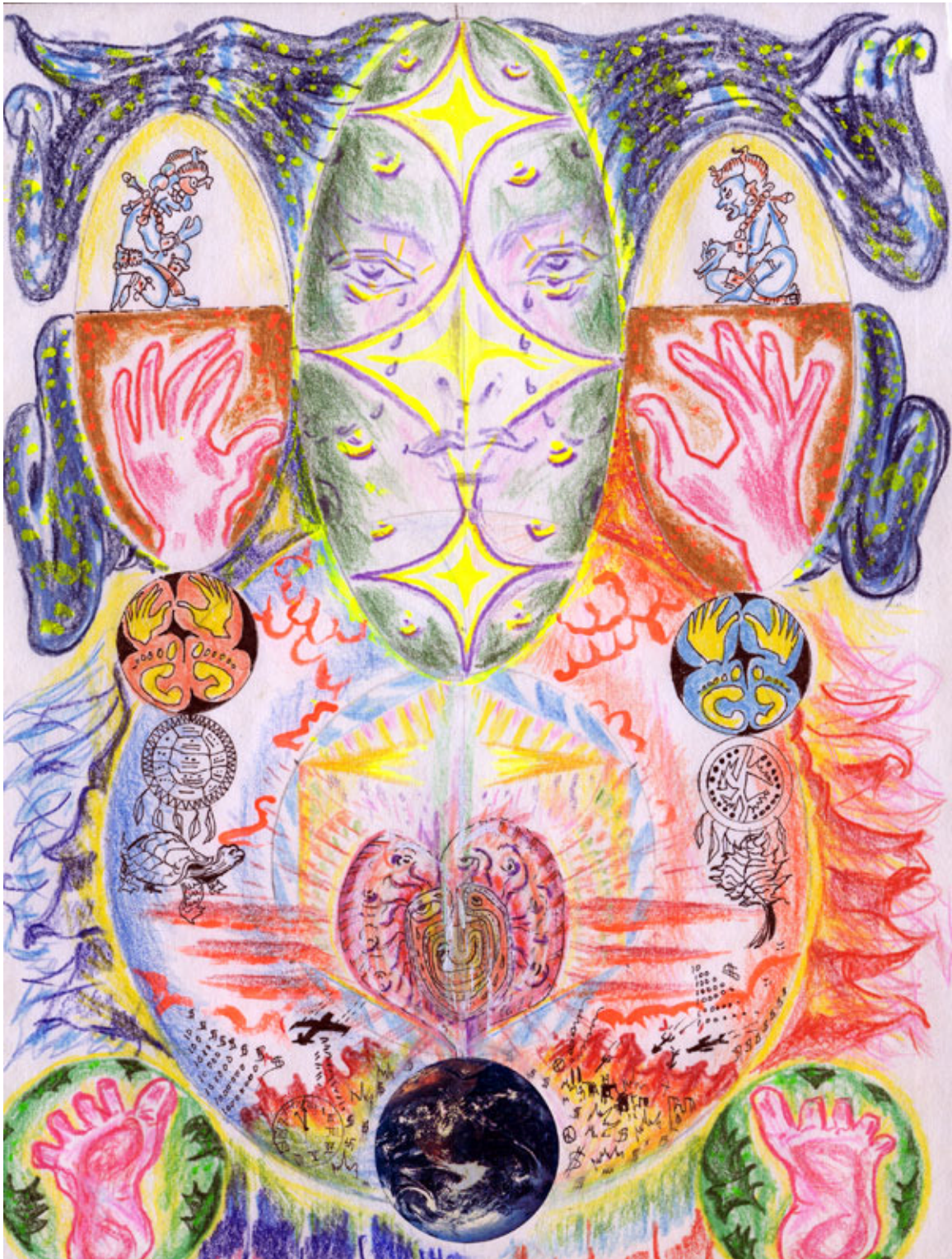
Before we find out I shall sing mother Earth's song for this time. Spirit song:

O child of the last generation of the last generation
of the Earth
look where you are
false time
real time crime
my biosphere is stressed
false time
real time crime
my weaving has been messed

all false things finally end
false time will go
true time will mend

when false time ends
in the round of real time
who will be left to know
the wisdom of the tree
and the turtle so slow

who will be left to know the next rhyme
that continues this wonderful story of time



**(22) STAR MOTHER MAYA TESTIFIES
AT THE COUNCIL OF THE CHILDREN OF THE EARTH**

When spirit finished its song, there was a hush throughout the spirit power council of the Earth. A special witness suddenly appeared. It was star mother Maya!

Great grandmother galaxy says, star mothers are very special to me. They are very wise and mature. They know how to be so still inside that over time, even stars begin to gather around them. Children of the Earth, your grandfather sun is but a child compared to the star mother around which he spins.

Great grandmother galaxy was right. Star mother Maya was very special. She stood in the center of the great assembly of spirit powers. She was brilliant and ever-changing. Her radiance pulsed beams of dancing light everywhere. At the same time, star mother's calm center held everyone at one point.

Star mother spoke. Earth mother says human has messed with her mantle of time, the biosphere. By creating a false time, a flat time, human has introduced an irregular pattern into her biosphere. This irregular pattern of human existence is also messing with my time, and human doesn't even know it. Earth is cosmic to the core. Earth time is also galactic time. In messing with Earth time, human is messing with the entire weaving of galactic time.

In this way human has called attention to itself. That is why I am here before you now, your great starmother Maya. My children are the navigators of time. Within your biosphere those who know the pulse of Earth beating to the pulse of galactic time are also known as Maya.

Because of Maya, the knowledge of time is never lost. Even if all the turtles and trees, turtle and tree people would vanish on your Earth, Maya's knowledge of time would prevail. For time is sovereign among all things in the galaxy.

Because of Maya all is not lost. It is not too late for the children of Earth to learn something new, something new that is really something old, something turtle and tree have known all along. And that is this:

12 is not 13
one single number added to twelve
give time the power to move in the round
twelve-month count is not true round
makes time flat makes everyone move
single file on a single line
getting nowhere but farther behind

13 moons makes time round
each year a birth
to renew the Earth

13 moons to make life sound

10 is not 20
it is only one half the score
20 is the whole
and even more

only half the score
is less than half the picture
ten may make you millions
but you always need more

short changed by half
you live by ten fingers
and forget you have ten toes

ten you call a decade
it is only half the score
a decade leads to decadence
20 years is the whole score
one whole generation

20 years for the last generation
of the last generation of the Earth
to close the time of the becoming
to bring about the unity of time
to enter the time of the navigating

Children of the Earth, the gift of Maya is for you to know. This time is yours to claim. Last generation children of the Earth, you have learned and taught yourselves everything. It is not too late to learn again. The biosphere awaits your taking responsibility for its constancy. Thirteen moons is not hard to learn and follow. 20 fingers and toes are not hard to follow and know.

Star mother Maya paused. Then she asked all the creatures of the spirit assembly of the Earth, What do these children need that they do not now have? They need the gift of the turtle and tree; they need a calendar that is true; they need a biospheric bill of rights; and an Earth council of their own so they may learn the way to simply be.

Who will see that the children of the Earth receive these four gifts? As I speak, they are ready.

As soon as star mother Maya finished asking her question, she was gone. All the gathering within the biospheric spirit mantle sat in awe of star mother Maya's presentation and disappearance. All the spirit powers knew that relief of the biospheric stress was now up to them.

Spirit tree spoke first. I have appeared in many visions to many different children. The story of turtle and tree is now remembered again for all of the children of the Earth. With right intention, spirit will make sure all of the children of Earth remember turtle and tree through their story. The first gift is ready. It shall be dispersed. There will be remembering and knowing again.

Then the moon lodge spirit animals arose and spoke as one voice: we empower the new calendar of thirteen moons. It is ready. Thirteen moons bring unity in time. Each of us thirteen spirit animals empowers one of the moons so that all the moons work together like a ladder. A ladder of service. A ladder of time.

Thirteen moons will place all Earth's children in whole Earth time at once. In whole Earth time human can cooperate again. Without cooperation and service, there can be no unity of time. As long as human is in the time of the twelve count, no matter how hard it tries, human cannot find cooperation or peace. The second gift of the new calendar is ready. It shall be dispersed. There will be peace.

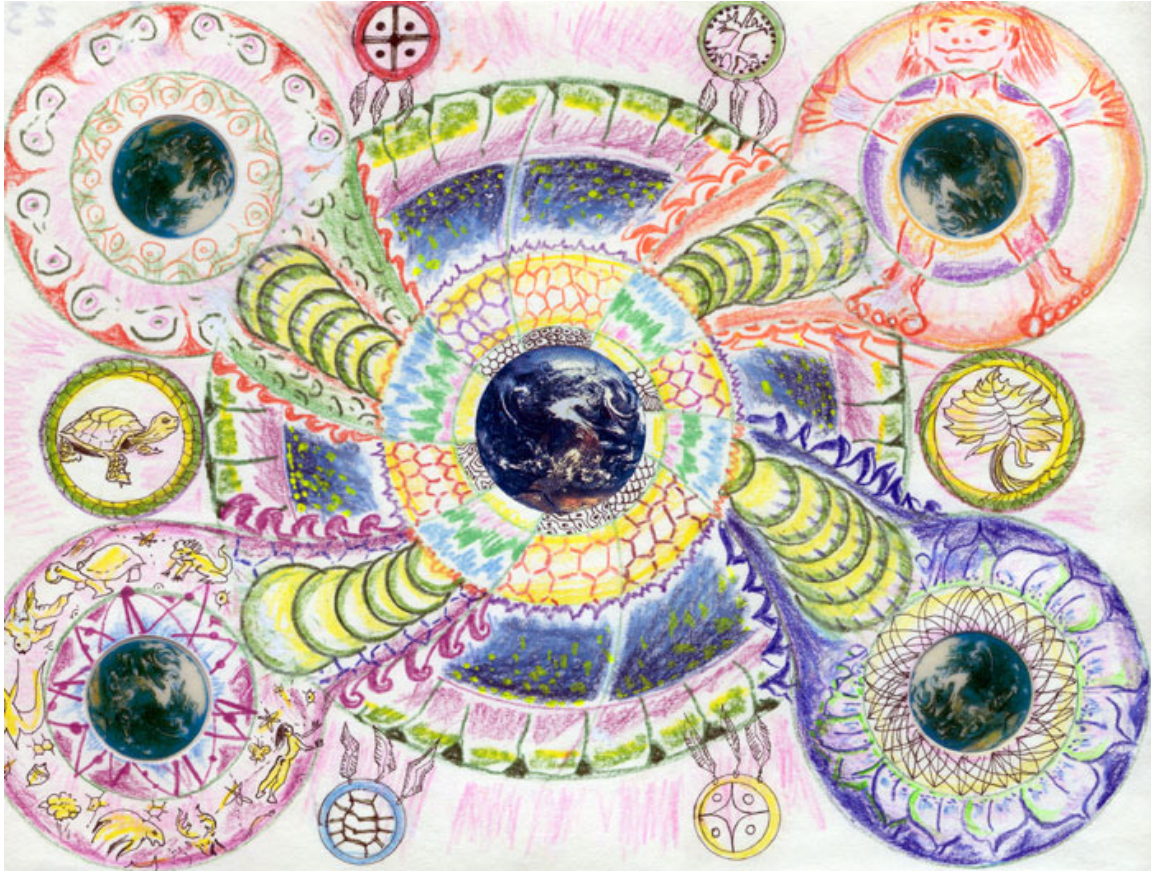
Then magic turtle spoke. The biospheric bill of rights for all children of the Earth is prepared and drawn up. The federation of the turtle and the league of the tree have had this bill of rights ready for a long time. The call for the children's councils is contained in the bill of rights. The third and fourth gifts are ready. The bill of rights will be dispersed. The children's councils will be invoked. There will be autonomy, equality, and abundance for all.

We must now beat our spirit drums until the closing of the time of the becoming. Do not let up on the beating of the spirit drums until the unity of time has been entered. Even then we must beat our spirit drums. When we hear the spirit drums of the last generation children of the Earth beating in time with our drums of the close and near, only then can we rest.

Then it started, the beating of the drums announcing the end song of the time of the becoming.

Dissolve the dream of that flat time
set the children free
dissolve the dream of the flat time
let the children be

Drum in the round of the right time
turtle's gift is constancy
drum in the round of the right time
stillness is the gift of the tree



(23) SONG OF THE BIOSPHERE

As the spirit drums thundered within the dome of the inner mantle of the Earth of the time of the dream, the voices of the spirit animals became one voice, the voice of the song of the biosphere.

As one voice to the children of the Earth, the spirit animals sing the biosphere's song of innocence.

Child of the Earth, child of time
 the biosphere is innocent
 it is the sacred round of time
 that shapes your life
 into the whole of your becoming
 heart beat of the close and near
 the biosphere
 this sacred round
 of innocence and cheer

the sacred round does not take sides
 if fish eats fish it is the cycle of becoming
 time recycles life

life recycles time
this is the sacred round
whatever needs to come to life
is self-generated
from cosmic excitation to respiration
from metabolism back to solar radiation
it all becomes another generation
another sacred round of time
in its power of self-generation
the biosphere is innocent

in the cooperation of its parts
in service and in harmony
to Earth's sacred art
the biosphere self-migrates
all molecules
in equality and diversity
migrate in every changing combinations
through all its different times
in all its different lives
the biosphere is innocent
in its whole and in its every part
the biosphere self-migrates

exchanging every part of itself
with every other part
through recurring cycles of becoming
the biosphere is innocent

self-generating, self-migrating
constant in its sacred rounds of becoming
the biosphere is self-organizing
from its whole
to each and every part
the biosphere creates itself
into its living work of art
one breath to breathe the sacred round
one life to balance
in infinite perfection
one whole Earth self-organized
the biosphere is innocent

the biosphere is self-governing
in its whole and every part
self-governing my body temperature
self-governing the skin that holds me in my living dress

in the biosphere there is no 'let' and no 'allow'
all is free to do and be
to take its time in its own rhyme
according to its own self-governance
in the biosphere there is no government
play instead of politics
is the rule of the day
in its power of self-governing
the biosphere is innocent

within your skin is all you need
no parliament can give you more
the biosphere is innocent
the sacred round is to be found
where every child is free
in its own autonomy
the biosphere is innocent

Self-generating, self-migrating, self-organizing, self-governing are the laws that rule the biosphere in its whole and in its parts.

Equality, abundance, autonomy these are the rights of the biosphere.

Cooperation, service, harmony these are the ways of exercising your rights in the biosphere.

O child of the Earth
each and every one of you
is a member of the biosphere
the biosphere operates by your taking your rights
you are the biosphere
your rights are written in your skin
the biosphere is innocent
all you need is to begin
to take your time
like turtle and tree
to make your time
simple and free

autonomy is life's economy
only I can be me
with autonomy there can be service
the will to accomplish on behalf of the Earth

equality is economy of time
time is equal to all

no one has nay more or less time
we are all equal in time to each other
with equality there can be cooperation
in service to the Earth

abundance is diversity
the richness of time that empowers every moment
with everything you need
harmony is abundance made equal for all
through cooperation in service to the Earth

O Child of the Earth
O child of time
to be patient is to be free
hold to stillness
move in constancy
your power is in your autonomy

in stillness is knowing simple and free
constancy is movement in harmony
from stillness and constancy
from knowing in harmony
discover your rights
abundance, equality and sovereign autonomy

this is the song of innocence
the biosphere knows no other way

Child of the Earth
life in the biosphere is a self-governing cooperative
of common origin and common interest
life in the biosphere is a self-producing migration
recycled as time
creating itself as the sacred round

Child of the Earth to understand
simply be in the now

in the now is the source of the close and near
in the now is the spirit beating of your heart
in the now is the source of autonomy
in the now is the source of abundance
in the now is the source of equality
in the now is the source of stillness
in the now is the source of knowing
in the now there is only to be and to do

to do and to be
is to be free

O child of the Earth
claim your time
the biosphere calls in innocence
calls like the turtle
calls like the tree
calls for the harmony
of you and me!



(24) SOVEREIGN DECLARATION OF BIOSPHERE RIGHTS

On behalf of the federation of the turtle and the league of the tree, in order to close the time of the becoming and enter the unity of time; in the spirit of universal forgiveness, it is now declared:

By the supreme law of time which governs the whole Earth biosphere, and by the sovereign laws of self-generation, self-migration, self-organization, and self-governance of the whole biosphere and each of its parts, the sovereign rights of autonomy, equality, and abundance are now declared for every human child of the Earth to claim as their own; and that in accepting the rights of autonomy, equality, and abundance, every human child of the Earth accepts the responsibility of these rights: the responsibility of service, of cooperation, and of harmony.

The sovereign declaration of the laws, rights, and responsibilities of the biosphere for the children of the Earth also constitutes a cease and desist order to all operations of the flat time in disregard of these laws, rights and responsibilities.

To secure the rights of the biosphere for all human children of the Earth, all authority currently vested in flat time institution is declared null and void.

Henceforth, no flat time institution shall in any way impose its laws upon any child of the Earth so that the child's autonomy, equality and abundance are in any way limited.

Human intelligence operating in flat time has affected the biosphere's diversity, and the biomass constant is threatened. To compensate for the loss of biospheric diversity, the human child of the Earth must now take responsibility for closing the time of the becoming and entering the unity of time.

By accepting the declaration of the invalidity of the institutions and authority of flat time, including the calendar of twelve, the time of the becoming is ended.

By following and accepting the calendar of the thirteen moons, human children of the Earth take the first step into the unity of time.

On behalf of the federation of the turtle and the league of the tree, the call is out to all human children of Earth:

In the self-empowering spirit of universal forgiveness begin immediately to organize the councils of the children of then Earth.

Henceforth, no parliament, no corporate board meeting, no bank, school, church, or any other kind of decision making body will convene without a children's council present.

In order to re-establish equality and abundance, all current flat time wealth is now the responsibility of the children's councils of the Earth.

It is for the children's councils of the Earth to create the schedule of priorities for the restoration of the human child in the biosphere's sacred round of time. Existing flat time wealth is to be channeled through this schedule of priorities according to and in respect of the supreme law of time, the sovereign laws of the biosphere, and the rights and responsibilities accorded to members of the biosphere. Chief among the priorities is the immediate restoration of the health and well-being of every human child of the Earth.

Each act on behalf of the biosphere is an act of peace. Each step on behalf of the biosphere softens the way. Through taking care of one, the way is opened for taking care of all.

As flat time systems dissolve and the human child returns autonomously to round time, the children's councils of the Earth will take whatever form is appropriate to the new place and time.

In round time there is no government but self-government. In round time there is no religion, but life itself. When the children's councils dissolve there will be unity of time. When there is unity of time, humans will know themselves completely in the biosphere. Then they will know how to enter the time of the navigating.

Until the unity of time is known by all, the children's councils are to foster and promote in every creative way possible the rights and responsibilities of living in the biosphere.

Human child of the Earth
your autonomy is fulfilled in service
your equality is fulfilled in cooperation
your abundance is fulfilled in harmony

child of the Earth
in stillness and constancy
know and practice your rights
in stillness and constancy
be like turtle be like tree
wrapped in your round of time
so happy and so free



(25) MAGIC TURTLE, MAGIC TREE

A GENERATION OF THE EARTH

Magic turtle speaks. Child of the Earth, your sovereign declaration of biosphere rights is no fantasy. It is real. Your rights go into affect on the flat time calendar, July 26, 1993.

From July 26, 1993 to July 26, 2013 is 20 years. 20 years is one generation. It takes one generation of the Earth for the children of the Earth to live Earth's time in a sovereign way. To live your rights in a sovereign way is to live in accord with the laws of the biosphere. For a last generation child of the Earth, the sovereign way is self-governing and self-organizing.

The biosphere is Earth's great living child. In your sovereign way the biosphere can now breathe free. It can enter the unity of time. It can spread and flourish beneath a magic tree. This is the magic tree of Earth sovereignty. The magic tree of Earth sovereignty shelters the first generation of the culture of peace on Earth.

The magic tree of Earth sovereignty grows seven years out from the future. July 26, 1993 is the limit of the seventh ring.

It takes seven years to count the seven tree rings leading to Earth sovereignty. It takes seven tree rings to return to center, July 25, AD 2000, the target of Earth sovereignty. It takes seven tree rings for the children's councils of the Earth to guarantee the rights of the Earth. It takes seven years for one generation to harmonize, cooperate and act in service together to reach the target of Earth sovereignty.

Seven years leaves thirteen years to complete one whole generation. Seven years to reach the target of Earth sovereignty, thirteen to release the biosphere into time's unity.

20 years to see if the magic tree of time will become navigation's magic round: a tree of time whose rings are as endless as there are character to this story, turtle and tree's wonderful story of time.

One generation of the Earth: see then how many rings the magic tree of time might grow. See how deep the roots of the magic tree of time might go:

in service to the Earth
turtle and tree cooperate
in time to perfect harmony

you too can be
a magic turtle
a magic tree

claim your body
claim your time
claim your senses
claim your mind

In autonomy you spin your own time; in equality you weave your own life; in abundance the sacred round of time surrounds you with all you need.

This is the end of the story of turtle and tree. They have kept the knowledge of time in constancy with Earth's biosphere. Now, last generation of the last generation of the children of the Earth, time is yours to empower with your life. Magic turtle waits to see if you can grow with constancy in your turtle body of autonomous sovereignty. Magic tree waits to know if you can navigate the magic tree of your mind of autonomous sovereignty.

Plant your spirit tree
on the magic turtle of timeship Earth
let the timeship sail you free
ring after sovereign ring
the rings of time are yours to know
to sail upon
in waves of time's unending flow

Magic turtle says it all begins with you, child of the Earth, walking the path of the thirteen moons, taking your place in the story of time.

Child of the Earth, magic turtle empowers the new time as the movement of your body in time with the Earth. Spirit tree empowers the new time with knowledge of the solar power of the 20 fingers and toes. Through living the thirteen moons through your 20 fingers and toes you will attain the power of the navigators of the ocean of time's unity. You will welcome in yourselves the return of the 20 tribes of time.

Human child of the Earth: the knowledge of time will give you the power of biospheric navigation. Without this power, the biospheric cycle will not be renewed. The human free will cycle will come to an end, bearing no fruit. Child of the Earth it is all only a matter of right knowing at the right time.

So you will know the way to go these are the seven rings to follow: seven rings of thirteen moons. Each ring a path of planetary service, cooperation, and harmony. Seven years for the children's councils of the Earth to tame the ship of fools and launch the mighty timeship Earth!

ring of the yellow magnetic seed

ring of the red lunar moon
ring of the white electric wizard
ring of the blue self-existing storm
ring of the yellow overtone seed
ring of the red rhythmic moon
ring of the white resonant wizard

Ring of the blue galactic storm is the target of Earth sovereignty, and the first of the thirteen years leading to the unity of time. In AD 2013, when the ring of the yellow galactic seed is reached, will the next generation of the children of the Earth be the first generation of the navigators of time's great galactic ocean?

Through the seven year rings the riddle is this
can you make your magic turtle follow your bliss

Through the thirteen year rings the riddle is this:
can your magic turtle sail you past the time of desire,
can desire return you to spirit tree's fire?
In the fire of spirit tree's steadfast mind
can you name the reward that is yours to find?

Child of the Earth, this riddle is yours to answer. I am the magic turtle, child of time. My home is beneath the spirit tree, wizard of time. Innocence is all you need to find us. Courage is all you need to take your part in our story, the biosphere's wonderful story of time. Whenever you are ready, we are waiting for you.

Time is patient with her children
Time forgives without a sound
Time remembers in your silence
Time is loving in her sacred round

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