

*Gaia Calling*  
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# Beaver

*Builder of Dreams*



## *Beaver: Builder of Dreams*

“I completed the task exactly as you had instructed me,” Wise One reminded his friend. Beaver remembered he had forgotten to design the exit.

“Why didn’t you build me an exit, even if I didn’t instruct you to do so?”

“Because this is the dam of your dreams. It would not have benefitted you for me to change your design.” Wise One carefully explained.

“That’s ridiculous!” Beaver exclaimed. “There’s no way to create an exit now without destroying the whole dam. I refuse to waste any more of my energy dreaming and building dams. I quit!”

Beaver swam to the shore and began running along the bank towards the dam he knew as a child. His feelings of anger and frustration were soon replaced with sadness and despair. He stopped at a place where the soft green grass bowed to the water. Beaver fell upon the ground, sobbing. He felt immense pain from the realization of his mistake. He started to wish he had never begun building his dam. He vowed to never dream again!

Totally absorbed in his own thoughts, Beaver did not notice that a cold wind had begun to blow. Not until he started shivering did he realize the change in the air. He stood up and looked at the sky and saw that the sun was shining as brightly as ever. He didn’t understand why the air had suddenly grown cold.

Then Beaver was no longer aware of the air on his fur as he began to feel light, as if his feet were no longer touching the ground. He looked across the water and saw a shimmer of gold and silver sparkles. The world had a magical quality to it and Beaver suddenly experienced a sense of immense peace and joy unlike anything he had ever felt in his entire life.

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A voice like bells in a crystal cave called out to Beaver, “Why are you running from your dreams?”

Beaver instinctively knew this was the sound of Mother Earth. It was the energy which guided all of the animal children in their daily pursuits. “I no longer want to build my special dam,” Beaver protested. “I no longer want to get my hopes dashed!”

“Beaver, you are my Builder of Dreams. This is why I have visited you in your sleep to help you envision dams the sizes of mountains,” the gentle voice said.

“But there are so many problems that keep coming up while I’m trying to build. It’s so frustrating to keep starting over!”

“Beaver, I have given you the gift of determination. There are many paths which will lead you to your final destination,” the voice sounded.

“But what about my partner? I know that the problem with the missing exit is my fault, but he has more experience. Why wasn’t he more helpful?”

“Beaver, I have given you the gift of resolution,” the voice said. “You can easily resolve your conflicts.”

The gold and silver sparkles began to fade into the stream and Beaver knew he was fully in the present. He carefully considered everything the voice said to him. He knew she was right and so he turned to go back to his dam to face his challenges.

As he walked, he wondered if his friend would still be waiting for him. He wished he had spoken less harshly to Wise One.

As he neared his dam, he was pleasantly surprised to see Wise One standing in the meadow, watching the flowers dancing on the breeze. Beaver wasn’t sure how to approach him.