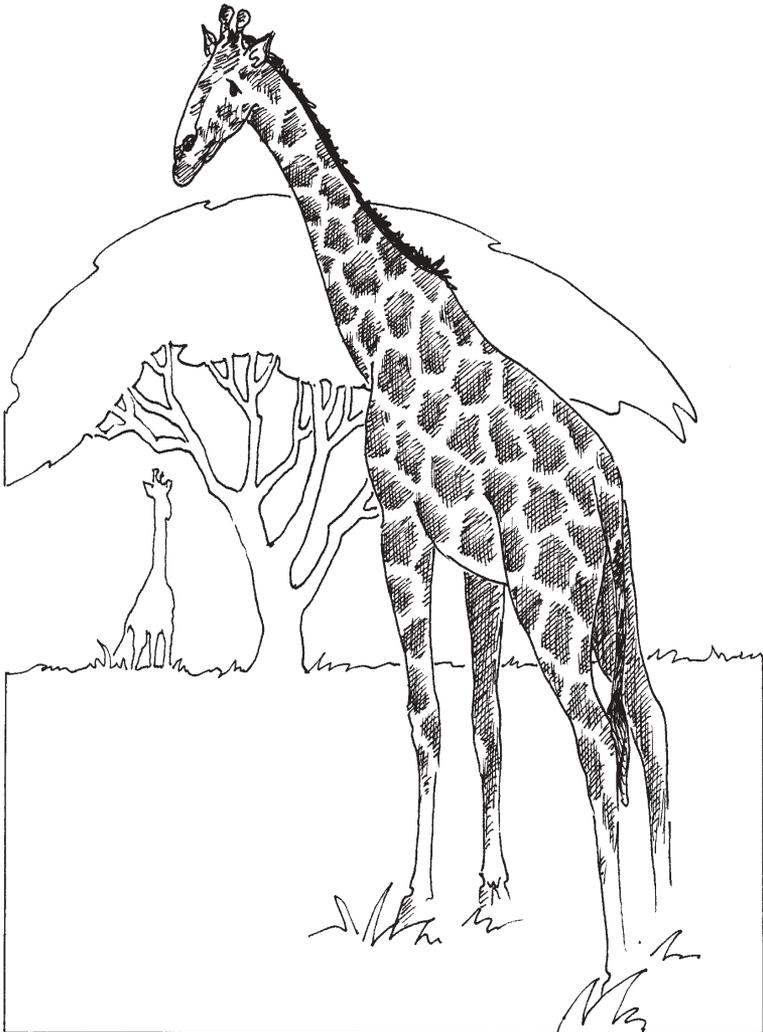


Gaia Calling
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Kim Bold

Giraffe

Independent Thinker



Giraffe: Independent Thinker

“Where have they gone?” he asked himself. “What has happened to Yang? Has he become someone’s dinner tonight?” Not knowing the condition of Yang, Giraffe was very upset, but he was even more perplexed about why he even cared so much. He didn’t know if he should pursue finding Yang, only to be faced with more of his annoying habits. “Why do I have so much concern for Yang?” Giraffe cried out. “I don’t understand my own feelings!”

Giraffe stood and searched the savannah as the afternoon heat rippled through the air. Black specks moved in and out of the heat waves and Giraffe wasn’t sure what he was seeing. His head ached with troublesome thoughts. Giraffe could see the wavering image of his mother in the midst of his vision and he longed for her comforting words.

“Why are you confused?” a crystal-clear sound that resembled his mother’s own voice called out to Giraffe. Was it really his mother? Or was it something else which Giraffe recognized as the source of the soil which nourishes the acacia trees. Giraffe allowed his mind to dwell in the wavering heat of the light which spoke to him through the energy of his heart.

“Oh Mother Earth, I have lost my purpose in life. I no longer understand what it is that I am searching for!” Giraffe cried out.

“Giraffe, you are an Independent Thinker and you possess many colors of thought. As you continue to experience life, you will eventually see that each color has many hues and it is the variation of these vibrations that will bring you your greatest understandings,” the gentle voice explained.

“But why must I run with the wildebeests? I have nothing in common with these animals?” Giraffe pleaded.

Giraffe: Independent Thinker

“I have given each giraffe the gift of perception. You have eyes to see that there is beauty in all of my children,” Mother Earth told her beloved son.

“But how is it that I can pursue my goals while constantly moving in senseless motions that are filled with fear?” he asked with sincerity.

“You can easily bring the tree of your visions into your reality by coordinating your movements with your thoughts,” the all-knowing voice sounded.

The black specs began to take more solid shape and Giraffe realized that he was no longer experiencing his vision. The light in his mind was now the light of this world which beamed down upon the dry savannah. Giraffe could see the herd of wildebeests in the distance. His heart filled with love and appreciation for this animal who was considered by many creatures to be of lowly status. He had truly experienced the divine Mother Earth as his beating heart filled his entire body with an abundance of compassion and appreciation for each and every wildebeest.

Suddenly, Giraffe understood the lessons he had to learn and it was his own fears that concerned him most. He had feared his own destiny and the possibility of never finding his special acacia tree. His own movements were the senseless ones and his feelings of annoyance distracted him from understanding the value of being able to run with the wildebeests.

“Whew, that was a close one!” bellowed a familiar voice. Giraffe turned around and saw Yang trotting towards him. “Have you seen the rest of the herd?”

Giraffe nodded. “They are not far ahead of you.”

“I was wondering where they went,” Yang said, rolling his...