

*SPIRITUAL STORIES FOR
THE NEW WORLD*



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Linsoria and the Crystal Room

“Where am I?” exclaimed Linsoria with a soft awe of disbelief. “I can’t be in my bed, otherwise I would smell the sweet meadow flowers and the stream outside my window. Where am I?”

She looked about with wide brown eyes and felt her eighty-year-old heart rise up into the beauty and mystery of her surroundings. Looking down at her feet she saw that she stood on a floor of warm glass that glittered with pink and yellow light. Fine crystal walls rose up from the dazzling floor and reflected the swirling colours under her feet. Linsoria knew that she had moved into a place beyond known time and space. But

how and where and why?

A silent majesty poured forth from this magnificent oasis of light and reflection and promised an unforgettable moment. Later, when Linsoria returned to her bed and her beloved meadowland, she would speak to selected friends about the encounter and would say that it had been the most remarkable adventure of her life. But for now, she was completely absorbed by the strangeness of the room and wanted to explore it fully.

As Linsoria walked towards the wall in front of her, it backed away to give her more room. *How considerate*, she thought. She proceeded towards another wall and another and discovered that all five walls receded as she moved towards them. *I wonder how they do that*, she mused. She also discovered that, in staring intensely at a wall or at the floor, she could see thousands of particles of light each fluttering a colour of the rainbow and each blending one into the other. “I wonder what I am seeing,” Linsoria murmured to herself and closed her eyes for a moment to clear her vision. When she opened them again a woman stood in front of her smiling graciously. The lady resembled her but she was a little taller and quite a bit younger.

“Oh! We’ve met before, haven’t we?” Linsoria’s voice was welcoming, warm and filled with a sense of wonderment.

“Yes, that is possible,” answered the kind brown-eyed lady without moving her lips. She waited patiently for Linsoria to continue speaking.

“What is this place?” Linsoria asked, “And why am I here?”

The elegant woman replied, “Look at your body.”

Linsoria looked down and realized that her body had changed. Light particles from the walls, the floor and even the ceiling danced in and out of her. Shimmering pink, yellow, green, silver and gold colours happily blended and twirled around her, faster and faster. Linsoria thought she was becoming invisible. Her heart felt as light as a leaf floating in the stream and as free a bee in the meadowlands.

The gentle visitor continued: “You see, lovely soul, all Creation has only one expression. You may think you are separate from the grasses and the villagers but that is not so. Life cherishes the thought that everything is created from one glistening point of Light. From that point Light travels outwards to bring people, animals, insects, plants, worlds and universes into existence. Linsoria, you and I are the same.”

“We are?” said Linsoria, surprised, not quite convinced.

“Yes,” she replied gently and firmly. “Tell me, when have you loved best?”

What an odd question to ask, Linsoria thought. Out loud she answered, “When I had and raised my children and when I could help someone who was sick and...oh yes...when I fed that mongrel that came to the door in the cold, several moons ago... and...oh yes....”

She continued on, stopped abruptly and looked around. So engrossed in her words, Linsoria didn't realize that her wonderful companion had disappeared and in her place shone a brilliant orb of light. All the radiance in the room and in Linsoria's body flowed together and moved into this mighty sphere. Her eyes welled up with joy as the Great Waltz began. Light streamed in and out of everything around her and within her. Suddenly, Linsoria understood something very important: Love created everything. All people and all things were born in the same Love and in the same Light. Twirling Linsoria around, the spirit of the Great Waltz whispered in her ear: *Continue living in kindness, Linsoria, so that the world remains connected to that one glistening point of blessed Creation.*

The morning sun, sprinkling its brightness on the meadowlands and through the opening of her small dwelling, coaxed Linsoria to wake up. *So it was only a dream*, she thought a little wistfully. As she pulled her pillow into a more comfortable position, her hand touched something hard underneath. Puzzled, she groped around and found a small crystal pulsating pink and yellow light.

Linsoria's happiness poured through the meadowlands and her smile became as dazzling as the sacred lake in Mareithia's forest.