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Gaia Speaks

By Robert McDermott

On Sunday, April 26, during *Remembering the Earth*, a workshop of evolutionary and ancestral memory rituals which drew on The Council of All Beings and the Council of All Tribes, led by John Seed and Ralph Metzner, at the Community Congregational Church, Tiburon, I received the following message from Gaia:

Dear Son:

Why has it taken so long for you to turn your attention back to Me, to your own living body?

I am your first and last mother, mother of your mother and your father, and of mothers and fathers all. Mother of all who breathe. And yet you ignore Me. And defile Me. Why?

Hear Me. In the great sleep of civilization you have forgotten what you once knew so well. You have believed the story told you by your older brothers—high priests of religion, and of philosophy, and of science. They have misled your mind, and hardened your heart against Me.

These purveyors of efficient knowledge, and you no less than they, have substituted dead surfaces for my living substance. You fill your head with their distorted pictures of Me. By acting on their belief that you can neither know Me nor love Me, you fulfill their prophecy. Like them, you have lived so long on dust that you have lost the memory of my home-baked bread.

In this time of knowledge without wisdom, know the truth of your

source and survival. Reexperience the womb of your life, recall the mystery of your birth and your childhood, reaffirm your leaving and returning. Your own sage Emerson told you rightly: "The scholar loses no hour the man lives." You wish to know the Self—then know Me.

I am music and sound,

I am color and light.

I am your body and your breath.

I am your Hudson,

I am Tamalpais.

*I am the footprints of Buddha
and the blood of Christ.*

I forgive you. But be aware that souls will need to come again, to know and serve Me, and receive my love. On their attempted return, your parents and your wife, your children and their children, your teachers and your students, might not be so forgiving. Nor should they be. Before the seventh generation, these and all whom you love, and you yourself, will know only darkness and death in the Womb made barren by your own hand.

Wake up!—before it's too late, care for us both.

Your loving Mother.

