



All Such Gifts As These

Inspirational Writings by Kenneth Scott



All Such Gifts As These

In the morning the Sun arose, its Gift was its warmth and radiant touch. Upon a mountain, in a meadow, ten thousand Dreamers gathered to hail the Sun, their Gift in return was their greeting. In a chorus of voices, as one voice, they said unto the Sun.

*“We are the awakened Dreamers,
we have come to fashion new Dreams.”*

In the morning the Sun lifted into the sky like a shield of burnished gold, gleaming upon the meadow and the Dreamers, its power penetrating deep into their hearts, saying unto those gathered as if by a voice from deep within their souls.

“Awaken, Dawn Dreamers, and bring forth the vision of a New Dream, bring forth the new threads of a tapestry of Love, work diligently as if you are the weavers of the fabric of this New Dawn, the builders of this New Dream, the artificers of your New Reality. Dance upon this mountain this day and all mountains shall rejoice. Sing into these heavens in one voice and the stars shall join your chorus. Embrace and make love upon these grasses and the Earth Herself shall tremble with joy.”

And the Dreamers did as they were bidden for the New Dream was being fashioned within them. Arm in arm they danced in the sunlight, together they laughed and they cried, they knelt and they gave thanks, for the gratitude for this New Dream that they now were creating had come upon them and they wrought new works hitherto undreamt of, now so easily fashioned in the light of this new day.

Ten thousand Dreamers thus gathered, and each unto their own they fashioned New Dreams. The Visions thus engendered became like threads woven into a new tapestry. Each in his turn, everyone unto her own Dream, they went forth to touch ten thousand more, and thus did one hundred million awaken into the new day.

In the midst of such revelry did one voice step forth to query of the Sun.

“But what of those who suffer,” asked she, “what of those who still hunger and who pain?”

Then another voice asked,

“Yes, and what of the rivers that have been spoiled, and the forests that have been laid to waste?”

Suddenly, the winds took to the air and whispered through the trees like ten thousand voices in sorrow; the ground beneath their feet seemed to clutch at their legs, stilling their dances, and one hundred million hearts grew heavy with pain. Clouds gathered, obscuring the Sun, drowning out its light and threatening oblivion.



A young girl with blonde hair is shown in profile on the left side of the frame, looking out over a vast coastal landscape. The scene is bathed in the warm, golden light of a sunset or sunrise. In the foreground, there are green grassy hills with some dry, brownish plants. The middle ground features a rocky coastline with waves crashing against the shore. In the background, the ocean stretches to the horizon under a sky filled with soft, colorful clouds. Several birds are seen flying over the water. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

But from within the stillness a new voice whispered forth.

"Behold, I am the new Child of this Earth," said she.

"I am the gift of the Earth who has awakened and I bid all of you to dance and rejoice for I have come through a doorway called Grace. In Grace shall you walk and in Grace shall you Dream your New Dreams. All shall be healed; all shall be forgiven. Remember your pains and your sorrows only as a means to heal them.

Look upon those who yet suffer with the eye of compassion that you may lift them by the spirit of your New Dreams. It serves naught to allow your sorrows to obscure the clarity of your visions. All has been brought forth now, nothing remains hidden, and thus shall there be the cleansing of the one great Soul, the purging of all that is unclean within the one great body."

The voice of the Child lingered upon the air like a gentle perfume. The winds subsided and caressed her words; the Sun broke through the clouds enshrining all those gathered in a golden hue. With one great sigh that encircled the whole of the globe, another layer of Her great pain was released and swallowed by the sea.

Then stepped forth a tall, broad shouldered one, one who trod upon the ground with assurance and strength. Into the center he walked and, gathering the Child into his arms, he lifted Her into the Heavens.

"Behold, the New Earth!" he declared.

"Take up Her gifts because they are freely given...to you and you and you," he shouted, pointing as he spoke at those gathered around.

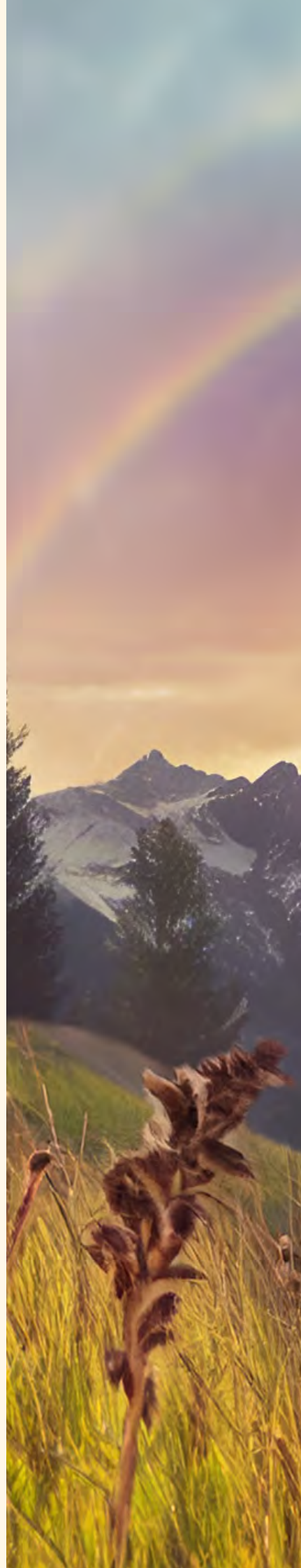
"It is Her gifts that we must receive, wholly, in the New Reality: the fruits of the fields, the flowers and the frills and the fancies, the simplicities and the songs...everything of Earth and Sky has been given freely that all may know Her as their own. Focus on the Gifts and they shall multiply a thousand-fold so that all may share!"

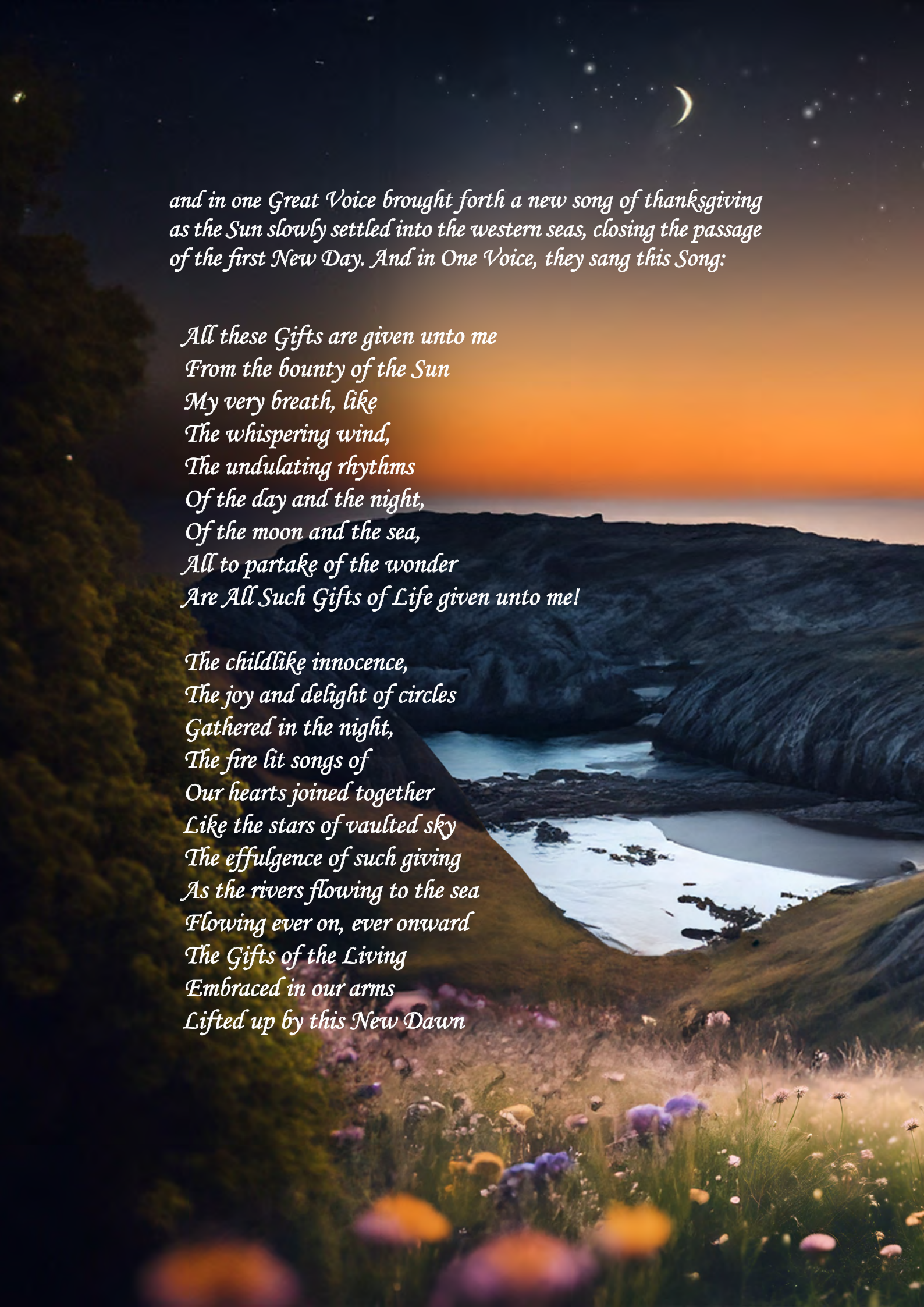
The Sun had reached to the center point of the Sky, his seat in the Heavens, and like great Helios of old, the great charioteer of the Sun, He did pour forth his mighty power for all to behold. The clouds brought forth gentle rains that cleansed and purified the Dreamers, and hand in hand, they fashioned new colors and new rainbows, spinning new fabric to be woven into New Dreams.

"Focus on Her gifts," sang forth from every heart and a chorus of many voices.

"Focus on Her gifts for they are ours in which to delight, we, the marriage of Earth and Sky, the New Dreamers of a New Reality."

And the chorus went onward from ten thousand voices to join one hundred million hearts, and from there embracing any and all who wished to leave the sorrow and the pain and the desecration behind, encircling the globe from mountain top to mountain top, from valley to fruited plain, until at last all who walked upon the Earth walked as if on Sacred Ground





*and in one Great Voice brought forth a new song of thanksgiving
as the Sun slowly settled into the western seas, closing the passage
of the first New Day. And in One Voice, they sang this Song:*

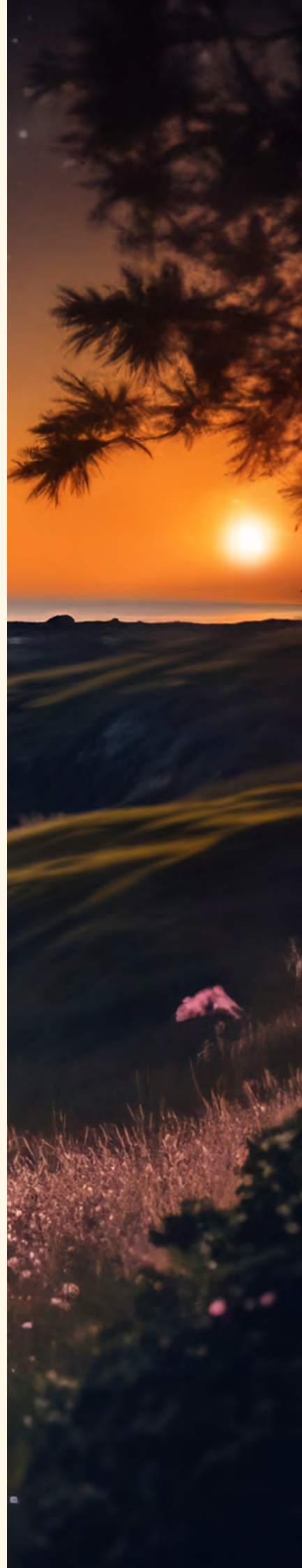
*All these Gifts are given unto me
From the bounty of the Sun
My very breath, like
The whispering wind,
The undulating rhythms
Of the day and the night,
Of the moon and the sea,
All to partake of the wonder
Are All Such Gifts of Life given unto me!*

*The childlike innocence,
The joy and delight of circles
Gathered in the night,
The fire lit songs of
Our hearts joined together
Like the stars of vaulted sky
The effulgence of such giving
As the rivers flowing to the sea
Flowing ever on, ever onward
The Gifts of the Living
Embraced in our arms
Lifted up by this New Dawn*

*The Universe in its Ecstasy
All Such Gifts are given unto me
As I dance with the flowers,
With the birds and the trees
Singing the sounds of silence
This song without sound
Dance we together
This dance upon Sacred Ground*

*All Such Gifts As These
In kinship with All Life
The Living Embrace
The very sands of time
That touch our hands
All Such Gifts as we please
Coming thusly unto me,
Embracing I with thee
In passion and in Grace
Oh Ecstasy, Oh Ecstasy
Life, O Cherished Life
Unto me, unto me
In all that I am,
In all that I see
These Gifts that we are
Like the rivers unto the sea
Shall be given unto all
As Are These Gifts
Given unto me!*

*All Such Gifts As These
From the Bounty of the Land
So fertile in its fecundity,
Infinite creation*

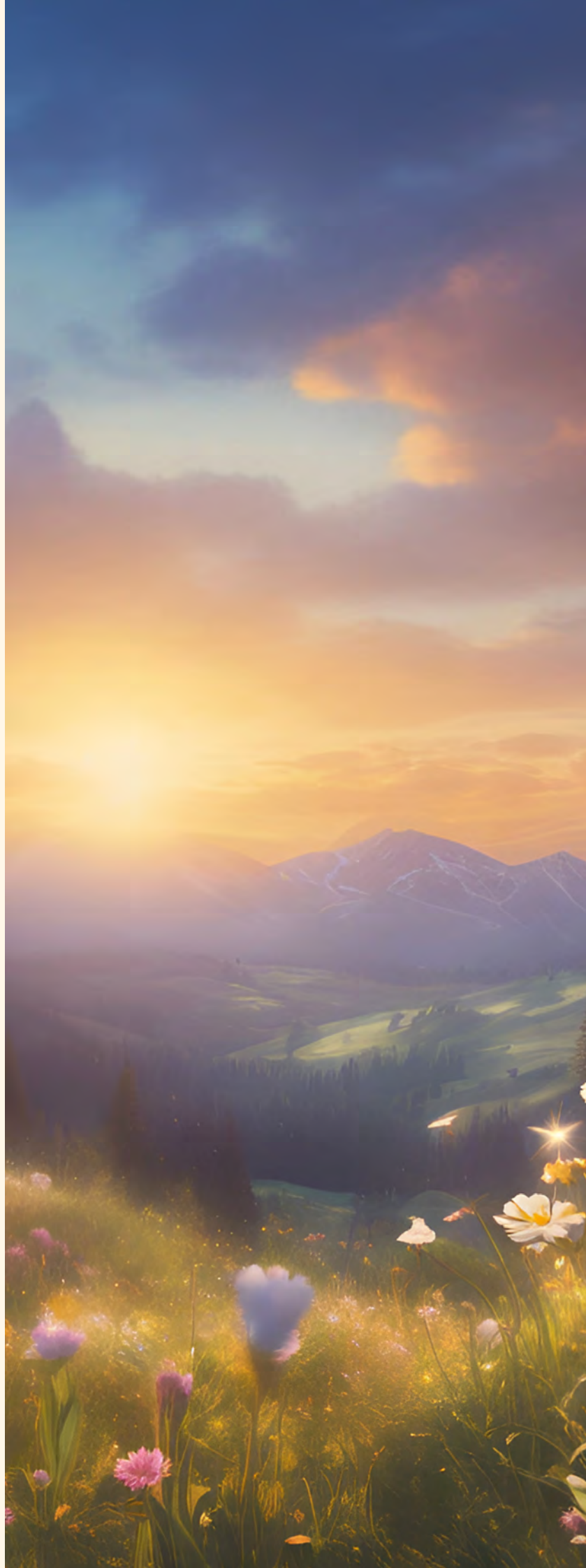


*Flowing forth, touching eternity
Like the rivers flowing to the sea
Ever on, ever onward
In Bounty and in Grace
Flowing thusly unto me
Until the bursting forth
Of the Dawn in Ecstasy!*

*The song of the wind,
The whisper of the trees,
The laughter of the children,
All Such Gifts As These
Are given unto me!*

*For we are the Bounty
And we are the Grace
In jeweled profusion
In time and in space
All Such Gifts As These
As our Hearts may thus behold
Unto me, unto we
As our Lives may thus unfold*

*The joy in this time
May it be as free as the wind,
Renewed in the morning
Again and again...
The Gifts of the Living
As the harvest of fruited plain
Ever on, ever onward
Saith the river
To be received by the Sea
Endless Life do we thus sustain*





*All Such Gifts As These
Such Bounty may we Imbibe
The songbirds
The eventide
The moonlight
The New Dream...*

*Each Living Moment
By the next shall be erased,
Yet the Love in our Hearts
For the passage of each moment
Shall never be replaced*

*All Such Gifts As These
To my Life shall be mine
As the rivers unto the sea
Infinite creation
Flowing thusly unto me
And in such Embrace
I dance thy sacred dance
I drink from the chalice
Of thy sacred wine,
In Ecstasy and in Grace
These Gifts do I entwine
And to each in equal measure
Do I bid such Gifts be thine,
Until every river
Touches every sea
Shall All Such Gifts As These
Be delivered unto All,
Until All Shall Thus Be Free!*





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