

*Dancing With
the Light*

A Parable of
Remembrance

Heather King

Dancing With the Light

Love and light. Joy and dancing. Upon embarking on this journey, I did not know where it would lead. I set out blindly, scared, following footsteps that were dimly seen, chasing a foggy vision just out of sight. Scared, hurt, alone. Forward better than standing still. Standing still was killing me.

I hear the call. I delay and delay.

“No, I’m too scared. No. Please ... no.”

Misery surrounding me. Rotting in it, rolling in the stench.

“Come,” it said, “into the light, into the love.”

“No,” I cry in pain, covered in agony, smooth, slick contempt covering every pore, blocking all Hope.

“Come,” the voice said again.

“I want to, “ I say. “Pull me toward you.”

“No, you must climb out yourself. You must wipe off the mud, thick and black, covering your shining light and come to me. I will always lead the way.”

“No,” I cry again in agony. It was too much to bear. The weight was too heavy. The light was almost out of reach. “Wait. Please wait for me.”

“I will always wait. I will always be here for you. I will never go further than you can see.”

I try again. I try to heave out of the isolation and the hate. It is so heavy and thick. I am so tired.

“Come to me,” the light says.

Dancing With the Light

Once again, I push the mud off, a bit at a time, laboriously rising from the pit of anger and despair.

“Let me have hope,” I cry, “give me hope.”

“You must find hope. You will find it after rising from the hurt. You already have hope. Turn within and find it. It shines inside.”

But I was working so hard on the outside, working so hard to clean off the thick, heavy layers that surrounded me, clung to me.

“Look within. The answer is within.”

“But the mud,” I cry. “The mud is so heavy. I must struggle against the mud.”

“Let go of your fear. Let go of your terror. Look within. Your safety is there.”

I am exhausted. How can I look within when I am so battered without?

“Love yourself,” said the light. “Love your light.”

I am so tired from battling the blackness, thick and engulfing. “I won’t ever be able to beat the blackness.”

“Let your light shine. Let your light love.”

I have no other choices. The black is killing me. The hate is winning.

A ... light. A light burns small but bright within me. The same light that spoke of love and safety. A strong light, sure and steady.

“Who are you?” I ask the light.

Dancing With the Light

"I am you," the light replies. "I am love. I am strength. I am security. I am your safety."

"I welcome you," I say.

"Thank you, but I did not just arrive. I have always been here."

"But ... how? I have been so scared."

"You have been looking without. I have always been within."

"You are love," I reply. Confirming, questioning.

"Yes."

"Are you eternal?"

"Yes," the light said.

"Do I have to try and please you?" I wonder.

"No, just follow me. I will help you. I will lead you. Your path will be lit by my light. You need only to follow it."

"And what if I can't follow? Perhaps it will be too difficult."

"I will never go where you are not welcome. I will never outreach you. You are safe in my light."

"But that sounds so simple. What have I not seen you before?"

"You have not looked. You have been looking at the mud. Rolling in it, dying in it. I have waited for you."

Dancing With the Light

“All must find love. All must find light. You have forgotten the light. All your people are looking in the mud, hurting in the mud. Help them rise, help them live. If one is dying from anger and pain and sorrow, then you all are. Not one can hurt without all suffering.”

“And the day when all see their light? What happens when we can all see your strength and beauty?”

“Then you shall find your own strength and beauty. You shall all be love. You shall all rise up into light. Your bodies will no longer be imprisoned by the weights. You will be free of them, you will be rejoined in One. The joy of one will be the joy of all. No one shall be left aside. The world will heal, the unity complete.”

“Then what will become of you?” I ask the light.

“I shall sing the song of a thousand angels, with Heaven complete. I will become you, and you me. We shall no longer seem separate.”

“But you said we are the same.”

“Ah yes, but you do not yet believe. You are still wiping at the fear, carrying the burden of your load... Learn to trust me, learn to follow me. I shall never lead you astray. I will always lead toward love.”

“But how can I ignore the mud? It will swallow me if I don’t fight it. I must battle it or it will win.”

“Let go of the struggle. Follow the light, follow me to love. You can march out of the fear without a fight. You can follow love. Feel its strength.”

“Yes,” I say, “I will follow love.”

Dancing With the Light

The light waiting while my conviction grew. I am so scared to move without fighting, but the light is so warm, so safe, so comforting. I will follow, just one step.

The light moves one step further, and I follow.

The hate screams, the anger cries, the terror grows and tries to surround me, so I lock my eyes on the light.

The light is safe. I follow the light one more step.

My load seems lighter. It doesn't seem quite so dark.

My light moves forward and I follow. I move into strange places ... places I've never seen, places I never would have imagined, yet I follow.

I get scared. I don't know where I am, and I stop and look behind to the known. The anger is trying to grab me, the fear is stretching its bony fingers out, beckoning me to come. I am scared, almost in their grasp.

And then the light speaks.

"I am here. I will always lead to love. I will not go where you cannot follow. Follow me, for I am your safety."

I hear these words and feel them to be true. The anger and fear try to jump in my path. They try to block the light with their blackness, but the light shines brightly, steadily, patiently.

"Come, follow me. I am your safety. I lead to love."

And I follow again. Incredible journeys near and far. Majestic, royal sighs and common scenes. Over pyramids and under water, I follow the light.

One day, my light stops and waits for me to come.

Dancing With the Light

“Why have you stopped? You said that you would always lead me. You said that you would lead me to love and safety. I do not understand why you do not move forward.”

The light waits, and does not speak. I wait, and notice a difference in the way that I feel. I do not feel any weight. I do not feel any anger or fear. I am not struggling.

I feel myself go into the light, as the light becomes me. We burn brightly in the blaze, dancing in the light of the love.

“So this is what it is like to dance,” says the light.

“Yes,” I say. “And this is what it is like to be love.”

“Yes,” says the light.

And we are one.