

This book is dedicated to all who wish to have a clear vision with balance woven into their lives for direction.

In book one of Calington Castle, the mirror of smashed reality had come together. We learned to love the truth.

In book two, we saw the mirror reflecting the image of the glory of the light from within; the truth was tested.

Now come and see the mirror on the move in the reality of book three, "Living the Truth," as this both medieval and Indian tale continues to guide on the pathway of what we all want, a fully complete life.

1

An early rising sun meets with a peaceful Mon Hock Indian village. They awake to the challenges of yet another day.

Walking Horse, a muscular Indian brave in the prime of his years emerges from his hut. With arms quickly seized by black-handed men a look of surprise meets his face.

Like a sea, killing all who resist, these black-handed warriors invade to overtake the tribe.

A large horse drawn wagon rumbles into the center of their community with clanging chains and heavy iron collars; brought out to enslave a once free people who anticipated yet another ordinary day.

A witchdoctor with a painted face rides among his conquering army and inquires, "Where is your chief?"

He smiles with a smirk upon receiving no answer while opening a pouch hanging from the side of his saddle.

Removing what appears to be a flute like stick from the comfort of his horse. He takes out a small object and puts it in one of its open ends. Then placing it to his lips, with a puff of air a single dart travels to hit its mark.

After the poison has had its way from this deadly dart, within seconds, a young brave struck near Walking Horse falls to his death. The witchdoctor then gives proclamation, "Who will be next?"

An elderly brave wearing a headband, which holds back his long grey hair responds, "I am chief!"

"What a good chief you all have. Now command your people to follow me and with the example of this wisdom I am sure all will go well."

It was during the age of tribal disputes for us all, wherein sometimes we even cross paths, but never according to our own plans.

"I, Hinsee, of another tribe called the Nomads, meaning at times we wander, tell of a story that we all live on some level or another, the struggle of making wise choices.

Those who pay close attention may learn a thing or two. At any rate you will enjoy a good honest story; the only kind that can truly give us a desire to want to seek and live out the truth."

I am weary. Finishing a day of counseling my turn has come to an end.

It is unfortunate, but not all of our counselors hold to the same line of reasoning as to what the truth should be. Eyes have been upon me, along with the other's who practice truth in reality.

If only all would test our actions and notice what we have learned is love, there is no mystery!

I know with increased wisdom there is no strife when stilled to examine life. If our tribe took the time to really look, they too could land in God's promise.

Only I, when I was five, two years earlier . . . along with the others who rode with Prince Liam to avenge my death, know that faith in the Great One is the answer to the way of light.

My heart becomes heavy as I quiet myself, "Oh Lord, I ask that You strengthen me. I am weak and now need your life."

The Lord delights my heart with His touch; again He is faithful in meeting my needs when humbling my heart.

However, I alone know the pain I will experience once I approach my grandfather. Sitting before our hut as usual he will be, but when I will meet with him I do not know for sure and telling him the truth I continue to explore.

There is a different counselor for each day of the week, Tuesday's are my day and Sundays are my father's. All the rest of the days, other counselors still give advice from the council of the elders.

Suddenly, I have unseen thoughts that rise up from emotions to capture my mind, they try to make things dark. I know I must face them upon seeing my grandfather as I hear them swimming in my head, swimming upon the surface of windy waters inside of the thoughts that flood my sight.

Vision then tells me, 'All of us we're appointed to share our experiences from the old customs.' Yet, lines of reasoning set in order to try and fix things with good traditional advice, this has not met our peoples needs.

Doing good without being good, which can only truly happen by way of the Great One, has always led our tribe back to the same place.

Now, places without answers, being less than fulfilled stalks our tribe. There is a need for something more, but just when it's about to get discovered it's dismissed and this is wrong. I know it is within God's timing of Spirit, when He will choose to pour it out; where denying dragons will cease that His better way will

overcome our wants 'til they are worked out. For, it is about knowing that we are accepted and loved by Him that counts.

Looking over a brave distracts my thoughts as he passes by yet again, they return as I watch them come while being still. 'His words of life remain inside my heart. Starting as seed planted in the soil of the soul of our tribe. They sprout forth branching towards other Nomad's, which know they are empty and seek to learn from those who are fully alive. I know it!

Plantings from His Spirit along with those who are in agreement with creation's law of hope has always been my source of order and strength. It's even stated in *The Book of Life*, there is focus for all who stand united in truth. Where revelations, from His nature's law, allow us to receive reflections of our Creator's image on the path we breathe and all call life.'

Another vision comes during this circumstance, which sparks forth an even greater intimacy, one that leads unto the Great One Himself. I've just received it from the beginning of His sacrifice. For by recognizing Him in even deeper ways, from a more complete picture of His love, there are actions within His words that lead me to truly want to understand how to better love myself.

Grandfather, when he was chief, appointed father along with all the counselors. They unfortunately have stopped learning from how nature reflects the creator and feed upon hearsay!

Yet father, who is now chief, has been charged by the Lord to tell the truth of what all creation points to. For in being changed

he has become honest and has full expression before the Spirit of God.

The other counselors are as the blind that lead the blind. They are involved with spirits leading in many directions, mixed in with ritual, along with traditional history; which no longer allows for reasoning. This is not after our Lord's heart and now there is a battle for direction.

I was appointed when one of the counselors died; my father was quick to put me in his place. Now we continue to wait on the Lord's timing, which is not always an easy task. Yet, I have learned to rest my mind on what has been done and this keeps me in His place of light.

Father said that the Spirit of the Great One is strongly upon me and sharing love from His life has become who I am. His Spirit words are even now coming through as my own.

I have approached my grandfather on such a matter, but he only tunes me out.

I feel it is time to go for a walk, perhaps pray a bit, as I am again moved by the Spirit to approach him yet another time.

I take in the setting of the sun and enjoy its serene effect. An image is reflected, a golden sky then appears on our larger lower lake. The mountain tops rest in reflection upon the water from tones of light, revealing all to be calm below.

Further along my walk, just up ahead a waterfall can be seen. It starts from the smaller upper lake through some large jagged rocks, piercing the water it flows in and among them.

This day the feeding of the lower lake seems to speak to me within the sound of its continual splashing.

The waters cascade, flowing from the upper lake and continue on their way, fed by many underground streams from the surrounding mountains keeps it full.

"Lord, I've given up on my grandfather. Nevertheless, at Your word, I will approach him yet another time.

Go before me, fill me with Your Spirit so I'll have vision to see Your way in place of mine.

Already, I know what I am seeing within the craft of Your hand as another layer upon my faith has just fallen into place."

Now, overflowing with joy from the Great One's Spirit, I gently approach my grandfather whom I love with all my heart.

He suddenly turns his head in disapproval of me and this hurts very much; again I feel the cool sting of his attitude towards the Spirit of my love from the truth of all life.

Only this time, I do not shrink away into darkness from pain.

Instead, with my taste for loving the truth matured, I respond to him with the Spirit of wisdom upon my lips; where I'm kept from stumbling out of my newest position of peace.

"Grandfather, as you are very wise, what is the root of all our words from within our tribe?"

There is a long moment of silence 'til these words hit their mark. Slowly, they sound a full measure of reason which meets with his mind, sinking deep within his heart.