

SO YOU WISH TO FLY?

Geraldine Butler was an interesting sort of fellow. This fact first comes to life with the nature of his name.

Never have I heard of, or met a man, named Geraldine, or most interesting of all, a man who chose the name himself. Geraldine, became Geraldine at the ripe old age of 37 when his son was but three and he and his wife of 6 years fell out of love.

Love is a peculiar thing, as we all know, but, for Geraldine, it came twisting and turning in a funny sort of way.

A way he had never imagined, as love is prone to do, when the narrow confines of our ideas of love wrap us up too tightly and keep our lives too neatly out of touch with the world, so completely.

For Geraldine, love's only choice was to come whirling in to unwrap and unwind him, and so it did.

Before Geraldine was Geraldine, as he is today, he was, well....hmmm, I'm not sure that's at all important any more. What is important is not what he was, but what he has decided to be.

It came to him in a dream, actually a series of dreams. First he discovered, as his body lay sleeping ever so gently, he discovered that he wanted to fly.

This may sound funny for so many of us want to fly, but as Geraldine realized you don't actually want to fly until you begin to learn.

"Learning is discerning." He said to me as he explained the beginnings of the way he had come to be, a man who could swoop, soar, and dash through the air, mimicking the flight of a jay under the canopy.

"Flight is a right," according to Mr. Butler, "a gift waiting to be unhidden, or maybe unhindered."

"We block it with the very belief that we can not when we think, "I wish I could fly!"

"In truth," he continued, "the secret is we must wish we could not fly, would not fly, will not fly, may not fly, absolutely no way in hell ever could not, not fly. Once you have

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convinced yourself there is no way you can not, not fly, then you relax into being the secret flying animal within."

Puzzled and confused I looked at him bemused as he continued with his proliferation of flying information.

"The first step toward soaring high," he continued, "is to see the world isn't all about me."

"The second is to embrace the journey of discovering how to be free."

"The third and final step with your foot hovering over a precipice, such as this," Geraldine declared as he pulled me to the edge of a cliff. "comes with the knowledge that in front of you, below you, all around you is an ocean of nothing!"

"Nothing but a sea of swirling "I am's." he winks.

"I am's?" I inquire.

"Scientists call them atoms but in truth they are tiny little "I am's" waiting to be called into form and directed with reason and purpose."

"As you fall you invite each and every I am to join you in flight from the center of your being. Seeing the energy of their whirling centers lifting and flowing and moving and bobbing. Up up and away and around the next bend! Ride the I am's like a current of the wind!"

My eyebrows wrinkle in confusion wondering what sort of delusion this man is offering me.

"You don't believe me?" he laughs "Just ask the one who walked on the sea, or the one who followed, lost sight and nearly ceased to be."

"It's not easy to be sure," Geraldine finished, "unless, well ... unless...I suppose that's really up to you, I guess."

"Unless what?!" but my query had missed its target, for in that very moment Geraldine fell off the edge and out of sight, then swooped up into view, in full flight.

I stood mouth gaping astounded, confounded and confused what in the world had he said and how could it be used to make a man like me fly ever so high beside Geraldine Butler soaring through the sky!

Refusing to miss out on his moment of play I launch'd forth another query, "What are I ams? I think I forgot!"

"Am nots are exactly as they sound to be, knots, tied up like little robots. " called Geraldine as he descended from the sky, back to my side.

"What do you mean? I asked what I ams are not am nots?"

"Of course, and I answered with the opposite view, to help you catch a glimpse of the world that you choose. Am nots and I ams are one and the same each come to life with the energy you name. One to hold you back the other to get you moving, as with everything in life the freedom's in the choosing!"

"The freedoms in the choosing..." I murmur.

"Stop thinking and musing and step forward toward this cliff." Geraldine beckoned.

I follow with a wary eye looking out across the expanse of open sky and then down, down, down to the earth below.

"Now, take your mind thoughts and join them with your heart thoughts and finally bring the two together with your belly thoughts." He says patting my mid section.

"My belly thoughts?"

"Yes. Belly thoughts, that's where all your fear becomes clear, as you look out over this great expanse."

He nudges me a little closer and my stomach lurches with fright.

"Where your butterflies flutter, waiting to be released. That's your flying energy just waiting and humming. Building with anticipation as you turn to embrace a whole new point of becoming."

Geraldine looks at me and smiles

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"I am and am not that's the key. Now, are you ready to be free?"

I look at him uncertainly, then with a shove I'm falling through space. The memory of his hand on my back replaced by the earth quickly closing in on my eyes.

"Surprise!" I hear Mr Geraldine Butler call as I'm lost in free fall!

Not knowing what to do I desperately close my eyes and await my demise.

Suddenly, in the darkness with the wind whipping past my face the thought of "I am" fills my mind's eye. Hundreds of thousands of millions of billions swirling all over the place, hurtling through space rushing past the skin on my face. Each one singing their own little I am song. Calling for me to sing along.

"I am." I whisper wishing to join in the chorus.

"Louder" comes the voice of Geraldine now free falling next to me.

"I am!" I bellow.

"With your head, heart and belly!" He demands.

"I AAAAAMMMMMM!" the song of my voice bellows loud and clear as a pulsing of energy, life and great vigor explodes from my body and in my mind's eye I begin to fly!

My blood, bones and flesh quickly follow the command and not a moment too soon, for as Geraldine grabs my hand we soar up over the edge of the trees and climb to the clouds like two birds finally free!