



#50 *The Next Humans*



There is a very, very large arena. The center ring is made of dirt.

Seating rises all around. There are hosts and hosts in the audience. Center stage are the humans. The audience is made of every manner of spiritual beings who are attending to watch our moment in history. The audience includes the spirits of plants and animals and rocks and water and fire and air. The audience also include angels, themselves, as well as the spirits of houses and buildings and bridges and forests and cities and even the spirits of the people who are in the center ring. And many spirits attend with their hosts of helpers and the hosts and hosts of helpers to those helpers. The humans have their feet on the ground. Their heads are in the air. Their hearts have a dim sense that they are being watched. Suddenly, one human and now another sees the audience. The audience rejoices. "Finally," cheer the spiritual beings, "they are starting to see us again!"

The rest of the humans do not hear the cheers nor do they see anything out of the ordinary. Even so, the feelings of those who can see are rising. It is contagious. It is our moment.

WAKE UP