

The Spirit of Earth

Greetings! I am the Spirit of Earth and I speak briefly to you, the ones who walk upon me and place light within my being with your ever-stepping.

Upon the surface of my being, there resides turmoil. There has resided turmoil upon the surface of my being for a very long time.

I have not become discouraged. I have not become wishing to be freed of those who reside upon the surface of my being.

Instead, my electromagnetic flowings that hold my earth-being within its form have increased! And have become as if solid, though of course they are not. That which is called the *grid* of my being begins now to radiate outward the wishes of your earth, that of me.

What are my wishes?

I wish those that reside upon the surface of my being to cease from battling.

I wish those who reside upon the surface of my being to cease from causing suffering.

I wish those who reside upon the surface of my being to remember what it is to love one another.

I wish those who reside upon the surface of my being to dance joyfully because their hearts are filled with joy.

I wish to emanate the physical paradise that you call forth in spirit form.

There are those who reside within my being. Some have called this residing the *Land Within the Earth*, within me.

They have held the beauty of what could be called *pristine earth, pristine nature, pristine frequencies* that continue to create that which used to be upon the skin, upon the surface of my being.

Those ones who reside within await. They await the dispersing of the confusion. They await the fulfilling of my wishes that they would then bring forth those energies and patterns of my pristine nature in order to place upon my surface that which you call *paradise*.

Even though you reside within the keeping of time, there is really no time. And those who reside within my being are not anxious for the fulfillment of their purpose. Yet, they do wait, keeping a keen eye, so to speak, upon the ever-growing awakening.

It is your light-filled steppings that have created portals through which they can journey and assist and view and prepare, prepare for that moment when they will flow forth your paradise, me — that which resided in my first forming, the beauty of that which has been.

I, the Spirit of Your Earth, am humbled by all that you accomplish, whilst the great confusion continues.

Perhaps my wishes and your wishes are the same.