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A Camel In The Desert

By Melissa Johnson

I remembered something this holiday season-something I knew but temporarily forgot, and it came to me in a flash of "Aha!"

There I was, driving East on Highway 36 - following a train of worrisome thoughts that bordered on obsessive-when a truck sped past me with a large camel tethered to its flat-bed. Of course the camel was stuffed, and dressed for what I imagined would be a fabulous holiday pageant, but there it was-sort of looking at me from the corner of his eye as if to say, "I see you."

Instantly, the mind-chatter stopped, crushed in a wave of knowing: It's all going to be okay. And then I laughed out loud - at myself, at the human condition, at the futility of worrying about things over which I have no control.

I thought about the camel. This guy lives in the hot, sandy desert-the harshest of all climates. He can walk for miles and miles in the most extreme conditions; never complaining, but always serving others.

Every aspect of his anatomy has been designed to accommodate his unique purpose. In fact, nothing but the camel can move through the desert with such grace and ease-not horses or donkeys or zebras, not cars or bicycles-nothing, for they all get stuck. But the camel was built for the desert, with legs that glide and toes that spread outward to prevent him from sinking in the blazing hot sand.

The composition of his eyes are such that when sandstorms arise, he can close his thick, translucent eyelids and still see his way through the blinding terrain. Similarly, his nostrils are these highly muscular slits that close at will to reduce irritation as he moves through the desert.

Speaking of movement-with legs strong enough to support 1,000 pounds of cargo, a fat-storing hump and a body built for water conservation, allowing him to go for days on-end without food

or water, not to mention his uncanny ability to find the next water source in the middle of . . . nowhere-this animal has carried the wealth of nations on his back, helping to build trade routes and cities, creating abundance for his human companions in the dry, barren desert.

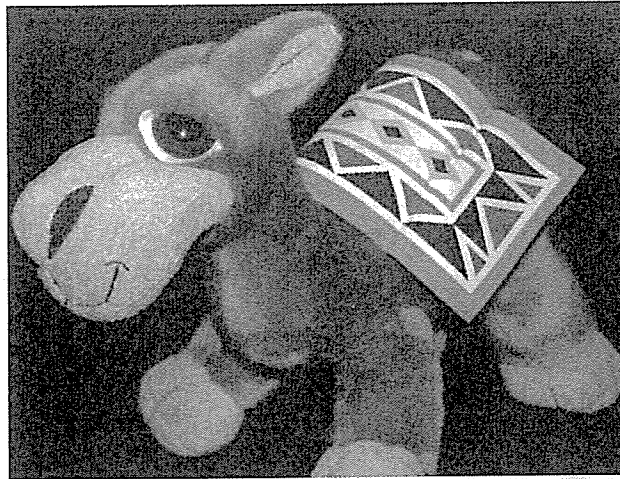
He is at all times what he is meant to be-a generous and beautiful gift from our Creator. And he doesn't worry or strive or compete for resources because every detail of his life was considered and designed into being.

And so it is with humans. We, too, carry with us all that we need for our journey through life. But unlike the camel, we get trapped in our minds thinking we're separate, trying to control it all and

make it happen NOW; at times, feeling victimized by our circumstances.

That's where understanding the Law of Creative Source can help, reminding us that every living thing contains within it the Source from which it came. You can move it, put it in different containers, and define it with labels-human, animal, flower, tree, water-but its essence remains the same: Creative Spirit.

True, we may not be born with *(Continued on next page.)*



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every material advantage . . . and finding the love of our life may prove to be our greatest challenge . . . and for anyone who has ever pursued a goal or dream or wanted something really, really badly, we know that it isn't as simple as wishing it so.

But we come equipped to function in the world and create meaningful lives-to make choices about how we want to live and experience our environment. We awaken

our greatest potential by remembering our true nature, reconnecting with the all-creative-I-thought-of-everything-loving-life force-or Source-from which we came. We are made in this image, they say. It's our birthright.

It's extraordinary, really. We are in a constant state of creation and movement. Every day, our bodies kill off old cells and make new ones. We breathe. Our hearts beat. We make babies, creating new life from our own. We sleep and wake. We eat and drink and our bodies process it all-distributing nutrients where needed and eliminating the rest as waste-all through an intricate system of organs, tissues and cells that we have absolutely nothing to do with; not consciously, anyway. Yet it is evidence of the creative blue print from which we came.

Consider, too, our ability to think and reason, focus and build-to create something new-and our capacity to feel love and fear; the ability to communicate with others and be inspired. And, miraculously, we have our own internal guidance system that helps us navigate the physical world through intuition, higher consciousness and signs from the world of Spirit. With such careful attention to detail, do we really think we're beyond it's perfect reach?

Life is the gift. What we make of it and how we use it-even in the face of tragedy and disappointment-is our choice and, I believe, the ultimate act of creation here on Earth.

This was my holiday epiphany-a gift from a stuffed camel on the back of a truck-sent to remind me of this simple truth just when I needed it most. I vowed then and there that the next time I got caught in the riptide of fear-based thoughts, I would focus, instead, on my creative choice: Either I can change what isn't working, or change

the way I view it, but I will not linger in a space of fear and negativity. This takes practice, of course; but it's really that simple. And, wow-what a gift!

Now it is my gift to you: As we begin this New Year, may you discover the wonders of creation and the freedom that comes from connecting with your Source.

Melissa Johnson is a writer, photographer, artist and lawyer-counseling on the laws of man and the universal laws of Spirit; she lives in Boulder County, Colorado.

Share your thoughts by e-mail at Melissa@AThousandHearts.com, and read more on her blog at www.journeyofathousandhearts.blogspot.com.



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