

I am inspired by the essence of spiritual connection and romance...a visualization of where I've journeyed within my imagination, as you soon shall see. The setting for this story revolves around a beautiful Princess. She has a powerful character and a heart of gold. We will actually travel through some of the rooms inside of the Princesses heart...

...So take a deep breath, clear your mind...and enter into an open consciousness, and feel the story...

The Day I Walked Into Your Heart

From a very pleasant sleep, I was awakened by feelings from my heart, even more glorifying than the more memorable moments I had ever lived or dreamed. It was as though I was communicating with a universal love, a love I had never met before, until this particular morning. The passion in my heart carried me through the entire morning and well into the afternoon. I then realized happiness is the grace of living and connecting our spiritual gifts with our most magnificent thoughts.

Although I knew you were near, I was still uncertain of your location. So I closed my eyes, and cleared my mind of all intermeddling, to focus upon the warmth and strength of your heart beat. The moment I felt driven to leave my office, I knew where you were, and the closer I got to you the more the beat of your heart became music to my ears. I had arrived at the front door; there were hundreds of people. I felt the moisture on my hands from the excitement of being so near to the most beautiful occurrence I had ever known. I noticed you immediately, aside from the crowd. It's as though they (the crowd) were many trees of a forest and you were an elegant deer standing proud and beautiful. I didn't want to scare you or distract you, so I slowly walked through the forest; the birds paused in the middle of songs; and what only lasted for seconds seemed like an eternity. You quickly revealed your loving heart. I gradually walked through the rooms within your heart; a world that belongs only to you...

Each room in your heart was captioned with a crest above the doors. The first door was a room of "Memories." Memories of your childhood and young adulthood, they were all there, from the many pictures, the happy colors, and various collectibles from family and friends. There was a history of the different relationships with your family and friends. You had learned how to laugh and you had learned how to cry. You learned that to love is to place your happiness in the happiness of another. You discovered that love can indeed be costly, but its rewards make it worthwhile. Your memories are all beautiful, because they both, the good ones and the great ones make up who you are today. You found that love appreciates gratitude, but doesn't require it. Love is a gift; it has no hooks or conditions. I read your creed etched on stained glass, hanging in front of your favorite window. It said, "Let the life of destiny take us forth, but may the waves of memory bring us back."

Just up the hall from the room of memories, I saw a room of "Music & Theater." The most beautiful music is that which comes from the soul and resonates with love, guiding our lives. I enjoy all kinds of music, and especially favor the soft music that allows us to

journey to any place our minds can imagine. I noticed a mirror in this room, and when I looked closely, I saw you and me walking along the beach, listening to the heavenly music of the ocean's waves, the calling of sea birds, and the laughter of children from afar. I watched us walk so far down the beach that we slowly began to disappear in the warmth of the morning sunrise. Life truly is beautiful when you can see beyond it.

Oh yes...I knew the next room was going to be special when I saw the bold sign, "Holidays." I have a special sentiment of holidays too. They seem to give us a sense of extraordinary closeness. They reliably spell joy, happiness, giving, and a time to simply love one another. By the décor in this room, I can obviously see that your favorite holiday is Christmas...and so is mine. I stopped, closed my eyes and began to say a prayer of thanksgiving. As my eyes were closed, I had a vision of being with you somewhere in the Colorado Mountains for this Christmas holiday. We were staying in a log cabin; it was cold outside as you and I sat by the window, watching the snow fall gently to the ground. It was covering all of nature like a blanket from heaven. It began to cover the hat on the snowman we had built earlier in the day. Just listen to the sound of crackling wood in the fireplace; its picture perfect, the way you so beautifully decorated the fireplace with our Christmas stockings. I'll never forget the expression on your face when you read the message I wrote in your Christmas card. Remember, it read, "If you touch my heart, you'll know what happiness is. Coming together is the beginning, keeping together is the progress, and working together is the success!" Our imaginations taught us as children to believe in fairy tales, and to dream about forever.

The next door was a room of "Dreams." I'm sure I'll favor this room too...and look...look at the keyhole on the door...it's shaped in the form of a heart. Before I opened the door, I peeked through the heart and it was unbelievable, a lover's paradise for certain. The door slowly opened, but this was not a room; it was a beautiful landscaped meadow, highlighted with thousands of trees and beautiful white and yellow gardenia flowers. I was so inspired, my eyes filled with tears. I ran out into the meadow, jumping and twirling in circles with my arms held high...when suddenly I heard the sound of a horse off in a distance. Was there someone else here other than me, in your heart, in my dream, could it be? I ran toward the direction of the horse...and after several minutes of running, I sensed the sound of ocean waves. The meadow of trees came to a clearing up ahead, and I could see the sand and the ocean. I stopped running and walked onto the beach...and off to my left, there you were. You were riding a beautiful white stallion and you wore a white gardenia, highlighting the glow in your rich dark hair. By now, your presence had me thoroughly awakened. I immediately felt a peaceful calming within my spirit. Then suddenly, you turned and looked directly into my eyes; I knew it was you, the one in my previous dreams. As soon as we gazed at one another, my spirit and soul walked right into your eyes. It was so beautiful and bright; I didn't feel alone anymore. Your eyes took me home; they were my bridge across forever. Joy is not in things; it is in us. Walking into your eyes is true happiness, and happiness is the quality of our thoughts, and in my mind I dreamed of you often. Divine spirit guides and protects; we walk the paths as love directs. The only successful manifestation is one which brings about change or growth in consciousness; that is, it is manifested God. You are my best and only living dream. Just then, you road up to me and helped me jump onto the back

of your stallion, and we galloped down the beach towards the setting of the sun. The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart. To this day, I can't remember ever being the same as I was after...

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Steven E. Connor ©
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