

A watercolor illustration of a landscape. On the left, a large, brown, leafless tree stands on a green hill. In the background, there are rolling green hills under a bright yellow sun. The sky is a mix of light blue and white. In the upper right, a dark eagle is shown in flight. The overall style is soft and painterly.

The Little Eaglet

*A Journey
Of Life*

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***This book is the result of a project as part of
Performance Alchemy group January 2007***

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Preface

This is a book about self discovery. It's not about the book – it's not about the story.

We, as a group of people from diverse backgrounds and experiences, undertook a course of self discovery together. Along the way, we felt challenged, inspired, excited and awe-struck; we formed friendships, gained insight into ourselves and others, and how we interact as part of a group. We developed our skills of noticing, experiencing the essence, seeing others' perspectives, letting go of judgment, and increasing our acceptance of how things are, how people are different and how it all contributes to a wonderful experience of life.

As a group project, we felt inspired to inspire others from a young age. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had gained these insights in our youth, we thought; how much more we could contribute to the happiness of ourselves and others if we had mastered these abilities sooner. So, it is with this vision that we set out to write a story for children.

The difference with this story for children is that because of the language techniques used, it is meant to be read to the child by a loving adult. We attempted to write in such a way that, as the child is lying in bed, ready for the bed-time story, the ideas read by the adult would stimulate the imagination of the child and help develop the child's sense of self, a sense of wonderment, an appreciation of discovery and acceptance of the process of growth and development.

Understanding better how some of our own limiting beliefs had been passed to us by our parents, and to them by their parents, we recognised on the odd occasion when these crept into the story. With that understanding, we were conscious to amend the work to maintain the clear message. For you as parents or

guardians reading the story to your child, it may be interesting for you to note, that often, through your own fears of letting go, your fears for the child, based in love and the will to protect them from danger, that limiting beliefs could be installed. So, as you read the chapters about learning to fly and leaving home, we hope this will help you too, to appreciate your important role in preparing the child for his or her own destiny.

Our thanks for the knowledge, facilitation and support during the Performance Alchemy course go to Catherine Connolly, Rex Urwin and the Mind Matters support group.

Throughout the process of compiling this book, we as individuals used our talents and skills that include creativity, management and organisation, inspiration, wisdom, support, communication, humour, acceptance and motivation. We recognise and appreciate the input to this book from each individual in our group, the Performance Alchemy Graduates, January 2007, and acknowledge them with respect and gratitude.

There are two more parameters that were set for this project. In fulfilling these, we ask for your help. The first is that the proceeds of the book go to charity. For this reason, should you choose to contribute, we ask that you donate to the charity nominated by the person or organization from which you obtained this book. The second is that we want to create a "ripple effect". To achieve this, we ask you to pass the book (or the weblink for the book), on to others, so that many people can experience the message.

From all of us, we wish you, the reader, and your children, happiness and joy.

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Foreword

Firstly I would like to congratulate the group of graduates from the Alchemy Program 2007 on completing their project as a team. Each person participated to various degrees on various aspects to bring this to you.

For readers, this diverse group of people met and studied, learnt, experienced, laughed, cried and played through an in depth and beautiful journey together in a unique personal and professional learning environment. The aim of the program overall is to enhance people's lives and learning so that they may fully express their own individual potential and therefore become authentic leaders in their own lives and examples for others in a new model of sustainability in our world.

The impetus for this book was based on a task set to the group as a project. A project whereby they were able to all work together, create something they thought would add value to others on an ongoing basis and which would provide a real life opportunity to apply their skills and work as a team to complete something and thereby gain greater understanding of self and others through their work together.

This particular group decided to write a children's book. A book to assist in creating positive thoughts, dreams and self discovery. A book to help your child grow and feel a sense of nurturing and resilience through the natural flow of life's ups and downs. Their aim is to also help your child find at their deepest level of consciousness, beyond the logic, a true appreciation of their own unique potential to fully contribute and enjoy their own lives through the messages and method of writing this story.

It is suggested you take a chapter or two at a time and read it to your child and encourage their conversation and interpretations and applications where appropriate for their own experiences in life. Depending on the age or your child it may be more

appropriate to just read the story a piece at a time or if they are older just encourage their own reading. You could also use the theme as an ongoing way to assist your child in difficult times through referring to aspects of the story that may be relevant in the moment.

Children love learning and they love new big words, through the journey of the young eaglet there are opportunities to introduce new vocabulary and understanding of words that they may not always use and yet can help increase your child's command of the language in a fun and interesting story. We hope it brings you and your child closer together and assists building a strong sense of self over time.

For any adult just reading the story for yourself enjoy and remember you too are unique, beautiful and know deep inside what is your own truth and that it is ok.

We wish you love and encourage you to accept yourself and others as unique and interesting beings. Not wrong but sometimes different.

- **Catherine Connolly**

Mind Matters Institute of Emotional Intelligence

Chapter 1

The Hatching

Once upon a time, somewhere in the world, in a big backyard, it could even be just near you, there was a nest. A beautiful nest perched high in a sturdy and majestic old tree.

The tree was so tall, that when you stood at the bottom, you could look up and barely see the top through the clouds.

The nest was home to a family of eagles; strong and powerful birds. Mother eagle was sitting on a round, white speckled egg. She and father eagle had been taking turns, to keep the egg safe and warm.

Inside the egg... there was a little eaglet...

It was warm inside the shell... kind of squishy, yet cosy. Little Eaglet felt safe. Every day the space inside the shell seemed to shrink...more and more... and today, Little Eaglet didn't seem to be able to move very much at all. Little Eaglet moved a little to the left, and then, moved a little to the right, gradually becoming more and more aware of his own being.



It had been dark around the eaglet for so long, and he was becoming curious about whether there was more ... to this small, dark and cosy world that he knew so well. And as Little Eaglet allowed that feeling of curiosity to expand inside his baby eaglet body, he began to wriggle around even more. After some consideration, he decided that he would just... stretch!

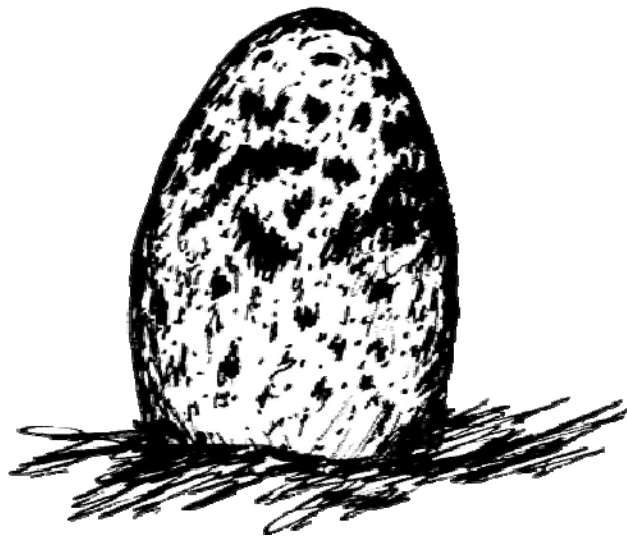
And with the all mighty stretch, he heard a crack... Little Eaglet stopped, unsure of what had just happened... then he noticed... light... a tiny beam of light, shining through the crack in the shell.

A little unsure, Little Eaglet plucked up some courage and decided to take a peek through the hole. To his astonishment, two huge eyes, were staring back at him. Little Eaglet jumped in surprise, and realised he had... legs! In the light shining through the hole, Little Eaglet noticed in excitement that he not only had legs, but also two wings, and a beak. He wondered about these new found parts of him and considered how they might serve him. He turned his gaze once more to the hole in the egg.

He peeped out, and again, saw the two eyes looking back at him. Confident this time, the little eaglet dared to look into the eyes, and recognised a very familiar feeling... of love, and of acceptance.

Uncertain of what to do next, he looked into the eyes of his mother, the beautiful eagle, searching for guidance. The mother gave a soft call from outside the shell, encouraging Little Eaglet to use his beak to chip away at the egg, and letting him know that it was safe outside, even if it was a different world to what he knew.

Little Eaglet called back in excitement, and began to break off bits of the shell, one piece at a time, revealing more and more of the beautiful light from the outside world. He was in total awe...



As the light streamed in, so did strange, new smells, and fresh air began to surround him. The little eaglet took his first deep breath and felt exhilarated and compelled to go on chipping at the egg. The more he chipped, the more of the shell fell away. He welcomed new feelings and sensations. With each breath out he let go of his old life in the shell and realised he no longer

needed it. He thanked the shell for its protection, and stepped forward into the inviting embrace of the wings of his mother.

Although Little Eaglet was surrounded by the unknown and his life had changed beyond all recognition, he felt safe, secure and accepted. Feeling brave and courageous, Little Eaglet took a look around. He saw a jumble of twigs and sticks neatly woven together which provided the haven of the nest that was his new home.

All of a sudden Little Eaglet heard a loud squawk above him. He looked up into the vast blue sky – this new world that he was a part of was huge! In the distance he noticed a dark object moving closer and closer towards him. Before he knew what was happening, it was above him! An enormous eagle landed next to his mother in the nest. Little Eaglet was filled with awe as he connected with this glorious creature. This eagle was his father.

With the knowing that he was safe and secure with his mother and father, the new phase of his life began...

Chapter 2

Discovery

Little Eaglet stood on his two tiny legs in the nest, before his father and mother, taking in his surroundings moment by moment and feeling by feeling. Little Eaglet began to really connect with himself as a part of these surroundings. This world had existed around him the *whole* time, even when he was still inside the egg - the place that had been his safe haven for so many weeks.

Little Eaglet decided within himself that he would relax and allow himself to feel all of these new experiences – for acceptance is growth and the opportunities it brings are important. In knowing that he had much learning to do, Little Eaglet felt peaceful. He had watched his father flying in the air. Little Eaglet knew that one day he would fly as well, but that it was okay to just *be* for now. He knew that in taking his time to experience the world, this was the perfect way to grow.

He knew that trusting what he learned would create a fun life full of adventures and mysteries to be solved. Little Eaglet already understood that no matter what it took, he would be himself... and he would find joy.

Tiny as he was, he was so happy just to *be* all that he was. Little Eaglet fluttered his wings, admiring the stage that they were at in their growth. His heart filled with joy, as his parents watched him with pride and love.

'How do I want every day to be?' Little Eaglet thought. He began to move around in the nest, allowing his legs to build strength, doing a funny little dance, and at the same time, making beautiful gurgling sounds in his throat. Happiness was going to envelope him every day now. Little Eaglet was proud of himself.

So much to see, so much to know, the world was within him, and all around him.

Chapter 3

Food

Little Eaglet started to feel a sensation in his tummy - a kind of rumbling feeling... he was hungry! He had been watching his mother as she shredded the food that his father had brought back to the nest not so long ago. He noticed the smells that were wafting across the nest were *simply delicious!* Little Eaglet gobbled down the shreds of food that his mother lovingly offered him, and felt love for the beautiful tastes and feelings that this food was bringing for him.

As the little eaglet's stomach began to fill with each mouthful of nurturing food, he felt a strange sensation deep within his tiny belly. A few seconds later, the eaglet gave a little burp!

Little Eaglet was surprised, and looked over to his mother to see if this was alright to have happened. His mother gave him a solemn look, and then smiled, letting Little Eaglet know it was okay, and showed him how to politely excuse himself.

Little Eaglet noticed that with each new day, his mother was giving him larger and larger pieces of food to eat! One day the piece was SO big that Little Eaglet could no longer swallow the

food in one gulp. He would have to figure out a different way... a way to make the food smaller so he would then be able to eat it!

Hungrily, Little Eaglet eyed the piece of food, and began pecking at it. Peck, peck, peck. Little Eaglet tilted his beak, and pecked at it a little differently. Gradually, he really began to figure it out! By using his talons and his beak, the food began to fall apart easily. Little Eaglet was pleased with himself as he had achieved something that felt very natural to him.

He knew that he would be able to care for himself one day, all on his own. Little Eaglet was safe, and protected, and the world would provide for him and look after him.

Swallowing the last tit-bit of food, Little Eaglet took a deep breath, sighed happily, and began to look around. He watched the sun sink down over the edge of the nest, and asked his mother silently if this happened every day. With a nod of wisdom, his mother answered the little eaglet, as he drifted off to sleep...

Chapter 4

Daydreaming

Days went by; and just like his mother had let him know that it would, each day the sun came up, and went back down at night time.



Little Eaglet continued to grow more and more with the world around him. In every moment, he was learning new ways of doing things. His strength, confidence and inner knowing was getting stronger. Every day there was a new adventure to be had, a new discovery to be made, a new smell to be smelt, a new sound to be heard, and a new feeling to be felt. The world seemed to be brighter in the little eaglet's eyes with each

passing day, with a new colour being formed every time the sun rose over the nest in the morning.

Little Eaglet was really beginning to feel his power, stored deep within his heart. He was feeling proud. He felt that he could achieve whatever it was that his heart desired. And he was right. The world was his nest, and it was now so familiar to him. He knew all the boundaries, could remember each twig and the particular way in which it held all the other twigs in place.

There was so much to learn, and he did keep learning every second of every day. The clever little eaglet had sometimes wondered if his eyes could really see more than he thought they could. He wondered if his feelings, the ones *deep* within his heart, were teaching him just as much as the things around him that he could see, hear, feel, taste and smell. Little Eaglet loved all levels of the world, as he felt a great sense of belonging.

One day, Little Eaglet asked himself a question... “Where do mum and dad go when they leave?” Having a curious nature, the little eaglet then began to ask many other questions... “I wonder what I would see if I climbed up onto the edge of the nest and peered over? I wonder... where my food comes from. I wonder... if there are other eaglets just like me in the world? I wonder where the sun goes when it hides behind the nest at

night time.” The little eaglet sighed happily... and began to feel a divine sensation inside.

Little Eaglet felt like his mind was... expanding... and growing. The curiosity really began to grow inside that strong little body of his – he felt excited, yet ... relaxed... knowing that when he was ready, he would decide to find out the answers to all of his beautiful questions about the world.

The afternoon was very warm, and both of his parents had gone flying in the winds of the world. Little Eaglet had been playing all morning, talking to the bugs in the nest about how they lived their lives every day. But now, he was just lying back, bathing in the comfortable heat in a shady patch of the nest.



Little Eaglet gazed at the wide blue sky above him in peace. It was so clear and so big it seemed to wrap around him completely....safely. He fluffed his wings a little, relaxing even further, and watched a tiny feather float out, from under his wing, floating up and over the edge of the nest.

The tiny feather seemed to catch the breeze quite lazily, lifting higher and higher. The feather began twirling in the wind, turning over and over, and lifting even higher with every second. Little Eaglet continued to watch the feather, which seemed to move quite slowly as it danced, more and more. The feather seemed happy.

The little eaglet wondered... "Why is the feather moving that way? How is it being twirled so beautifully?" Little Eaglet continued to watch that tiny white feather, so light and fluffy... he wondered what it was that seemed to be carrying it, up and away, into that beautiful blue... "I wonder if I could twirl in the wind just like that feather," he thought... "I would really like to ... float away... fly... feel the wind in my feathers... feel the world around me. I have feathers," he thought... "and wings!" Little Eaglet began to really dream about the wonders of being so high up in the air. What wonderful journeys he would go on. The breezes he would meet way up there in the sky. The trees he would talk to on the way... "I wonder if they all have a wonderful story to tell me," thought that divine little eaglet. He was just perfect... as a little eaglet.

Chapter 5

Rain

Little Eaglet had spent much of his time eating, resting, and asking both of his parents questions about the world. He was becoming so wise. Little Eaglet had become very comfortable with himself, and as he grew older every day, he had really begun to take more adventures outside of the nest. He had explored many branches and all of the wonderful things which were held in store outside of the nest, and he had made many friends with other birds, bugs and insects close to the nest.

Little Eaglet was really expanding his world and everything that he understood about it.

On one of the days when he was feeling particularly wise for his age, he had his first experience of rain.

Little Eaglet noticed many new and exciting things about the rain when it began to fall, drop by drop, onto his head, making the nest around him all clean and fresh. There was the most crisp and wondrous smell hanging in the air. Little Eaglet noticed that when it rained, all the leaves on the branches around the nest got wet, and the air got colder. The green of the leaves seemed

to get greener, and the browns of the tree trunk seemed to get browner.

Little Eaglet was very thankful that he had beautiful feathers. He stayed nice and dry because the water drops fell and rolled easily off his thick shiny feathers, which were now looking so beautiful and clean. The water droplets felt good running down his back, they kind of tickled. The little eaglet felt cleansed and clear and he decided that he liked the rain.

Little Eaglet began to imagine... He began to imagine the rain falling on the whole world, across the lands, the mountains, the valleys and the rivers. He imagined the beautiful, cold rain drops falling everywhere to make all the trees as green and fresh just as they were around him in the valleys below. The rain was making the world bright and green, waking all the animals and birds up, and bringing life back to all the plants and animals that



needed water to live. He could sense their appreciation of the perfection that this gift from the heavens above was bringing.



He spun around and around in the nest on his two legs, and looked up at the clouds above him. Each water droplet seemed so unique and so beautiful. Little Eaglet could focus on one drop at a time, and see beautiful colours and reflections of the leaves around him, inside the rain drops.

With each drop falling on the little eaglet's head, he began to really liven up.

The air was fresh, and vibrant, and crisp! Little Eaglet felt his thinking was very clear, and all that he had been wondering about seemed to crystallise, turning into wisdom. He stopped spinning, and regaining his balance, caught a glimpse of his own reflection in some of the leaves hanging just over the nest.

As he moved closer to the leaves, he noticed in his reflection how magnificent his feathers had become since he left the shell so long ago. He looked like a grown up eagle now, strong and

majestic. The eaglet was no longer little and was now ready for new adventures in the world around him.

Chapter 6

Play Time

Eaglet had begun to splash about in the puddles in the bottom of the nest, when he heard the most peculiar sound. The eaglet looked up, and on the edge of the nest he saw the most unusual of all creatures. Sitting on the edge of the nest was a bright green tree frog. Staring at the frog in wonder, Eaglet then noticed a frenzy of these tiny frogs leaping up onto the edge of the nest.



The frogs looked like all of their feathers had fallen out, and they were all wet. Eaglet looked at them in pure curiosity. Bright green and slimy, these creatures looked nothing like anything he had ever seen before. This was truly a new experience to be had. Eaglet was standing still, frozen with wonder at these tiny, bright green creatures, hopping all over the place as though they

were really excited about something. They had the most wondrous long back legs, which seemed to propel them up the branches as quickly as a flash of lightning!

Eaglet stepped a little closer to the frogs, leaving the nest and moving out onto the branch. He began to listen to the tiny little voices coming out of these creatures, and wanted to know what it was that they were doing. They certainly did look like they were enjoying themselves!

He began to hear the words, slowly defining each sentence, and heard them talking.

“Yay! It’s raining!” yelled one of the frogs.

“We love rain!” said another as he bounced around joyously.

“I’ll race you to the next branch!”... Another second and the frogs would have been gone as quickly as they had come.

One of the tiny green frogs noticed the eaglet watching them, and stopped his frantic hopping to talk to Eaglet. He said, “We’re happy because it’s raining. The world is so clean! We like to slide around in the rain, from leaf to leaf.” The tiny frog paused. He saw that the eaglet was curious and excited at the same time, and thought for a moment. Then he said, “Come and play some games with us, we would like that!”

Eaglet looked at the frog in wonder and then decided that this would be a very good time to explore something new!

The frogs taught Eaglet how they jumped around through the branches of the trees, and showed him some new games to play. Eaglet caught onto the idea very quickly indeed! The eaglet spent the whole afternoon playing leapfrog with the frogs in the tree, having fun splashing about in the rain. The frogs took turns with Eaglet to jump over one another, playing leapfrog outside the nest.



At the very end of their playing leapfrog, all of the little frogs jumped on top of Eaglet in one go! The frogs and Eaglet all laughed and found it hard to stop their giggles. They were having so much fun, when one of the smaller frogs yelled, “Eaglet what games do you like to play?” The eaglet thought for a moment and excitedly exclaimed “Well I do love to catch flies.”

“We love catching flies too, lets play that game!” the frog replied.

They spent the rest of the afternoon taking turns at catching flies and laughing some more! They each had their own special way of catching flies. The tiny green tree frogs caught the flies really quickly! Some of the frogs crept up on the flies, and then flicked their tongues out to catch the fly! Other frogs waited just beneath the fly for the perfect moment. Eaglet used his beak for fly-catching, instead of his tongue, and he learned that we all have different gifts and talents, and different ways of doing things – and each is just as good as the other.

After Eaglet and the frogs had finished playing in the rain for the afternoon, they sat and told each other many stories about life. The frogs explained to Eaglet why they were so wet and shiny all of the time, and why they loved the rain so much. In return, Eaglet told the frogs the story about how he broke out of his egg shell on his own. The frogs and Eaglet learned all about one another. They were glad that even though they were so different from each other, they could still come to the same places, enjoy similar things, and be friends.

Eaglet felt full of joy. He had come to love these new companions. Every creature on earth is just as good and beautiful as the next, and we are all special in our own way.

Love is about accepting ourselves and others just the way we are, for we are all perfect... just as we are.

Chapter 7

The Owl

It was a beautiful sunny day, and all the clouds had disappeared. Eaglet was feeling particularly confident, and he was walking around when he found a hole in the nest. Eaglet had watched his father fixing holes in the nest many times before, it looked so easy!

Looking at the hole, the eaglet felt a sense of responsibility rise up from deep within. His parents had looked after him so well, that he wanted to say thank you. He decided that fixing the hole would be the perfect opportunity to thank them.

Eaglet moved closer to the hole, looking at it curiously. He began to move twigs around, copying the way he had seen his father fix the nest. Eaglet continued to work away and the hours slipped by.

Eaglet started to feel a little uncomfortable. He had been working so hard for ages, and the hole still wasn't filled. He decided to take a rest. It was then that he noticed a wise old owl, sitting on an outstretched branch. The owl had been watching Eaglet, admiring the hard work he was doing.



The eaglet turned around to face the Owl and tilted his head further to look up. He felt as if he had met the Owl somewhere before. He felt kind of ... familiar. Eaglet decided to ask the Owl for help. Eaglet knew from his heart that asking for help was important for him to learn and grow.

Eaglet spoke up, "Please, Owl would you help me fix this hole? I want to say thank you to my parents, and show them my love." The eaglet waited patiently for an answer.

Owl spoke in a soft, resonant tone of voice, “You have taken a very brave step, young one. Asking for help can be hard to do. I am glad to see that you have mastered it.”

Hearing this advice, Eaglet tilted his head and said to the owl, “I’ve tried to do this on my own but I need some help... How does my father do it so easily?”

There was a moment of deep silence between the owl and the eaglet.

“Relax and have patience with yourself, and all will go well.” replied the wise owl. “You can learn from everything you do. Think about what you already know inside, from what you have already learned. Imagine how you could fill the hole....”

Owl continued, “You are clever, young one. If you breathe love into everything you do, things will come easily to you and that love will be returned every day.”

Eaglet thought for a while. This time, instead of rushing at the hole like a mad warrior, he became very still. Eaglet closed his eyes and allowed his imagination to grow, and become alive! He began to imagine that *he was* the twig, seeing the world from the twig’s point of view... it was so different! He moved his attention to the hole. He imagined himself *being* the hole. With his new

insights, the eaglet then imagined himself lifting and moving twigs and leaves to repair the hole perfectly.

He opened his eyes, and was surprised to see the sun was going down, and that Owl was getting ready to fly off the branch into the late evening. So much time had passed! As the sun disappeared behind the nest, Eaglet decided he would rest and finish the hole tomorrow.

Chapter 8

Mastery

Eaglet rose very early the next morning, before the sun had even peeked out above the horizon. He returned to the hole in the nest. He stopped just in front of the hole, now standing in a slightly different place to where he had been yesterday when he first began, and took a breath. He felt the fresh air around him as he relaxed and breathed in deeply.

The slight chill in the air made Eaglet feel more alive than ever, and he began to hear the wisdom and the divine and beautiful secrets of the world flowing through his open mind. There was a beautiful silence, so profound that he heard the leaves whispering to him on the wind... they seemed to be talking to each other... Where to put this leaf today? Which branches will move which way with the wind...?



Eaglet stopped completely to listen more. He heard the rustling in the trees; it was almost as though they were telling him, gently guiding him where each twig needed to go to fill in the hole. There seemed to be messages of all kinds coming from the trees... helping him.

The sky was the most divine shade of deep blue, and there were hints of a lighter blue and a golden glow appearing just above the horizon. Eaglet fully absorbed the feel of the world so early in the morning.

This time the experience of fixing the nest was very different for Eaglet. He felt strong, wide awake and wise. Eaglet felt that he

had descended from many, many years of proud eagles. As he picked up the first twig in his beak, he felt a warm sensation flowing from his heart and filling his body.

Turning to the hole, Eaglet spent just a few moments and quickly moved some of the twigs around to fill in the hole perfectly. He felt the incredible strength of his ancestors flow through his heart and through every one of his movements. He was in perfect balance.

Birds around him began to sing, each with their own beautiful tune. It was as though they were serenading the eaglet on his achievement, and Eaglet felt a warmth move through his heart and his mind. The sun rose into the morning sky... and Eaglet felt proud... and fulfilled.

Chapter 9

Learning to Fly

Eaglet's parents were talking quietly one day, and he was curious, as he was such a curious little fellow. What were they talking about – so quietly?

Eaglet stood up, gave his wings a little shake, and wriggled a little closer to his parents. The closer he edged, the clearer the words became, and he began to hear something that made his heart beat faster and stronger.

He heard his father say, "The sun is shining, and the wind is the perfect temperature...There are gentle thermals in the valley."

Both parent eagles turned to see Eaglet, wide eyed and watching them. They saw the expression on his face, and knew that he had overheard their talk of flight.

Eaglet stood up straight, spoke to them and said, "I would like to fly today. Will you please show me how?"

Eaglet's father began to talk to him. "Yes, my son, we will show you. There is a great ancient force that we feel when we are flying. Today you will feel that for yourself."

Eaglet nodded quietly. Mother Eagle took Eaglet under her wing. In a loving tone she said, “Go forth and fly Eaglet. It is your destiny!”

Eaglet’s father led him onto the widest branch of the tree. He began to talk, guiding the eaglet on flying and teaching him new things that he would need to know when he flew.

“Flying is important for you my young eagle. You will master it; in fact I believe you already have. You will learn to fly through understanding the unseen forces which carry you through the air. I will teach you how to read the signs of the wind. Remember to trust your instincts every day.”

Father Eagle began to teach the principles of flight. The young eagle learned how to feel the temperature of the wind, how the other birds had a different flying style to eagles, and how to have enough trust to let go and open his wings as far as they could to allow the air to carry him higher.

He was feeling very wise, with knowing so much about flying. He felt aware about the unknown, and also totally safe and protected. He had long dreamed about the day that he would fly.

Early that afternoon, it was time for Young Eagle to fly. He was a great eagle, confident and strong. He had been born and designed for this.

The old Owl was sitting on a branch, nearer to the nest this time, watching the young eagle learn more from his great father. He believed in every part of Young Eagle. He had great faith that the determined yet humble eagle would succeed.



Father Eagle took off from the nest in flight, and flew around in the air. He flew left and right, lower and higher, calling back to the young eagle with advice. Young Eagle paid attention to every movement and every twitch of his father's wings. He could almost feel himself being up in the air as he watched. He was now feeling a strong eagerness to fly himself.

When his father spoke of the great force of the valley and the wind, the young eagle remembered the feelings of becoming one with the world and growing up in the nest.

Father Eagle landed safely back in the nest, fluffing his long smooth feathers back into place. He summoned the young eagle... "Come forward son. Now it is your turn."

Young Eagle stepped forward confidently. He had a new desire growing from inside his heart... he stopped, as he looked out at the valley down and around him, and listened to the voice in his mind. He thought to himself, every one of us is born to fly. It is our joy to fly, to know the many valleys and rivers of the world, to know the land in every detail. We are magnificent creatures.

Young Eagle returned his gaze to his own body, and began to stretch his legs one at a time, and then his wings. He was ready.

Chapter 10

The Big Leap

The young eagle took a huge breath, in and out. He began to move his wings up and down. As he flapped his wings, he began to lift off the branch.



Feeling nervous, he stopped and glanced at his father, who was watching encouragingly, and began to flap again. He began to lift off the branch, again and again, rising up a little, and then landing back on the branch where he began from.

Young Eagle rested a little, and then flapped, lifting off the branch once more. This time, the lift under his wings was so

great, that he was filled with excitement and energy, feeling very powerful. Young Eagle decided to take a leap!

He leapt off the branch into the open air! He continued to flap his wings quickly, with force, and realised that even though he was flying, he was beginning to drop downwards to the ground below.

The young eagle felt nervous, and then he checked inside quickly to see what the feeling wanted to tell him. He remembered his father's teachings, and the owl's wisdom of what it meant to be at peace with yourself and the world around you, and changed his strategy.

The young eagle began to relax, and control his breathing and flapping. He started to breathe in and out slowly. With each breath in, he would give a single flap of his wings. He closed his eyes for just a moment and imagined himself having already mastered flying. Opening his eyes again, he felt the lift under his wings again. This time the lift was so powerful that Young Eagle relaxed completely... and flew. Higher and higher he flew, until he was flying higher than the tops of the trees. He felt on top of the world.

As he became more comfortable being off the ground, Young Eagle began to really enjoy flying. He was surprised at how

everything he had learned back in the nest made sense now that he was up in the air.

He was no longer fighting the wind or the world. Instead that beautiful eagle so high above the nest, was allowing the wind to carry him, so naturally and so comfortably. By now, his breathing was so regular that there was no difference between his own breath and the winds of the world. He noticed that the air had a rhythm and a tune that were so beautiful. In between each flap of his wings, Young Eagle took a moment to relax and cruise through the air, allowing himself to reenergise before flapping again.

Young Eagle began to tilt his wings in different ways – first to the left, and then to the right. With each manoeuvre he flew one way then the other. He flew so well that it almost seemed as though he was *meant* to fly. “Flying is so free, and the world is so big, I could fly anywhere,” thought the young eagle.

Young Eagle was now turning and floating with the winds. He flew so comfortably... he understood, like each of us do, that we are born with a purpose for life... and that when we do the things which we love to do, we can feel joy.

Chapter 11

Leaving Home

Young Eagle was filled with anticipation and faith. He had been looking forward to this day since he began flying. He had now spent so much time up in the air flying with the winds, and he dreamed not just of flying, but what else lay in his life ahead. He had grown, learned, felt and experienced life since the very first day he broke out of his shell and ventured into the big wide world around him.

Today was the day where that same little eaglet would fly off. He would leave the nest. He would leave his past behind, accepting and thanking every moment. It was now time for him to follow his calling, and do what he enjoyed the most – flying in freedom.

Young Eagle, now a truly magnificent eagle, turned to face his mother and father, to say farewell - and thank you. He saw them differently this time. Somehow they were not just parents to him now – they had become his fellow kind. More than anything, the strong young eagle just wanted to say thank you for everything they had brought to him in his life so far, for the comfort, for the learning, for the strength, and for their faith in his every movement; a faith that would carry on for eternity.

His parents watched their son in confidence and pride. They exchanged a nod with him. In that moment, they too, said thank you to their son. He had come such a long way already, from egg to eagle. He had brought them much joy in all of their days.

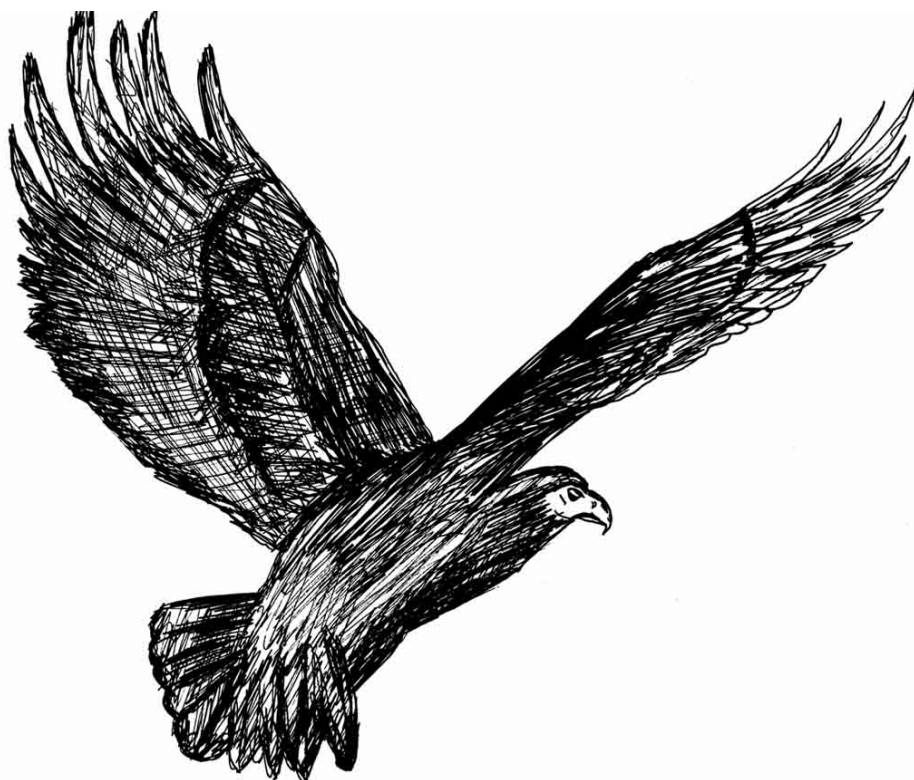
Eagle turned then, to face Owl, who was sitting high up in the tree. This was a truly beautiful owl. Owl had been his friend for so long, and taught him so much about the world. Eagle stood there on the edge of the nest, and remembered every question he had asked Owl. He remembered the never-ending patience and forgiveness which always flowed from Owl's heart.

Eagle raised his head to look Owl in the eye, and felt a wave of sadness wash through his being. He realised now that today he would fly away from his nest, the old world, and on his journey, he would leave some of his friends behind him as he pursued his quest for adult eagle life.

And just as Eagle was thinking those sad thoughts, the wise old Owl spoke,

“Have gratitude for what has been, Eagle, as you venture into what will be. Focus on your flight, for it is now your destiny, your birthright.” Owl smiled and said, with deep heart, “You have your present moment, which is right now, and that is everything you will ever need.”

Eagle nodded. Then Owl added, “You will never be alone Eagle. I will always be with you. If ever you feel you need me, just breathe into the wind around you, and be one with the universe... and you will find me right there beside you.”



Eagle turned to face the world, finally taking his attention off the nest behind him. He closed his eyes, a tear of pure joy sliding down his face, and he began to breathe deeply.

Chapter 12

Destiny

In time with his own heartbeat, and his own breath, Eagle launched off the edge of the nest, spreading his wings to full span, which would soon be a mighty three metres.

He swooped down from the tree, watching the land below, and then flapped his wings with great strength, and began to rise up and up. The air was rushing past his face, as he flew, higher and higher. The cool air made Eagle feel more alive... more incredible... than ever.

Flying solo he felt so free. The air was clear, and he sensed the joy in the world. Eagle was now flying far away from the nest. He could feel every particle of the air. He could see the colours around him, and the land way down below him, and felt they were actually part of him... Everywhere that he looked, he would find more of himself, divinely inspired and connected to the invisible force of all life. Eagle breathed in deeply with each movement of his wings, and flew perfectly.

As he flew, he heard a call; somewhere beside him in the vibrant sunset... it was a familiar sound. Eagle turned his head, and

saw the most graceful young female eagle... flying in the same direction. He took a breath and flew up even higher, and soared next to the young eagle, taken aback at her overwhelming beauty.

Eagle called to her, and asked her where it was that she was going. She flew a little closer to him and replied, "I'm not sure yet, I only just left the nest."

Many years later, somewhere in the world, in a big backyard, it could even be just near you, there was a nest. It was a beautiful nest, perched high in a sturdy and majestic old tree. The tree was so tall, that when you stood at the bottom, you could look up and barely see the top through the clouds...

