



The Earth Mother as teacher

When I think about all the great teachers, material and otherwise, that I have met in my life up to now (and recognizing one's schools is a great asset), one stands apart. She surpasses all others in her way. She is the kind of teacher who does not do the work for me. She does not give me all the answers immediately. She waits for them to resonate within, after the living process of comprehension has taken its time, unfolded and bloomed. She reveals only what I am ready to integrate.

She has boundless imagination. Her creativity never ceases to amaze me. She is the artist we all wish to emulate. She is always changing, so free, and yet so consistent. She is deeply moral. She is considerate and compassionate. She comforts me yet she knows how to reflect undeniably my weaknesses back to me. She is extremely generous and I can tell you that she will take on as many students as would choose her as a teacher. She teaches without judgment, in an all-inclusive vision of oneness. No one is too young, too impetuous, too slow or too old. She has never been unfair, untrue, ungenerous to me or to any of her pupils. She deeply respects her own teachers and shares their wisdom with me. Oh! And her classes can be held anywhere, anytime, and she is always willing, always there, ready to lead me to better understanding. She knows enough to teach me for many lifetimes, yet is very humble. Her intention is truly respectful of my deepest mission and my rhythm.

I can work with her, play with her, pray with her, be silent and rejoice in her. She knows me very well and I am starting to know her a little. Sometimes as grace embraces us, we complete each other's thoughts. She gives me the opportunity to explore life: thinking and marveling, doing and being, giving and receiving. She has access to dimensions of my mystery that fascinate me and allow me to live what Goethe expressed so well when he wrote: "The greatest happiness for the person who thinks is to have explored the conceivable and to revere in peace the unknowable." Would you like the name of that marvelous teacher? Her phone number, maybe? No need. She is close at hand. Our own Earth Mother, Gaïa, Mother Nature, is a teacher ever so wise, unveiling the answers in front of our eyes.

Message from the Earth Mother, Gaïa.

Channeled and offered
by Danièle Laberge



I am Gaïa, your Mother the Earth and I have come to give you the power of my love. I am here to help you discover the ties that unite you to all there is, from the smallest blade of grass, to the winged ones in the sky, to the endangered species, to your own kind. I am here to speak to you of the bonds that make you a part of my body. I need you to communicate with the rest of creation. We are one for eternity.

I harbor your questions, your sorrows and your fears. I recycle them and return them to you in a pure light form. Without me, your feet would not even be on the ground.

You are suffering. Your tears express the final healing of a deep wound. You are crying my tears and I'll help you let them flow for as long as is necessary to free all the acids you hold, as I do. You are afraid of losing yourself after searching for so long. You are like little birds hesitant to fly for fear of falling. What you don't realize is that your nest is already resting on my lap.

Help those around you. Help others to understand better their own nature and the great changes that will bring about the New Earth. I am touched when you come close to me. All life forms, even those you cannot see, rejoice when we are in harmony. It is so important. I love you humans very much, but you do not make my life easy. One day you will understand the value and the greatness in all life forms.

My children, you need to know where you came from and where you are going. So few care. Distractions abound and you forget the meaning of life. And you know the price you pay: dis-ease.

You are the fruits of the utmost act of love, of loving enough to dare acknowledge every facet of the self. And when the Creator of all things did this, what happened was what you call life, in all its diversity and multicolor.

Become conscious now that you are one with this planet. You talk about it. You say: "I have my two feet firmly planted on the ground." Yet you don't seem to understand.

You have disguised me. You have rejected me. You have hidden me under tons of cement, asphalt and plastic. You have forgotten me in favor of gadgets, things often useless that can never bring happiness, peace or love.

You know, my children, that you are a part of me. Literally. I need you very much to continue my work as a planetary being. Without your support, without your awakening, it is much more difficult. You are to be the conscious link. You are to invite and enable to come the spiritual energies needed for us to take the next step. Through your loving thoughts, you can reach every cell of this planet and transform it. And there is no need to go anywhere to do it, but within.

You are so busy running around, trying to prove you exist that you forget to be. You are no longer human beings, you are human doers.

Still, how I love you. It is very hard to reach you sometimes. Of course, I could push and pull and finally succeed in touching you. I could shake and jolt you, and I do so more and more often now. In the end, I get exasperated. You are such ignorant and unruly children. My patience knows almost no limit, but I cannot and will not allow you to endanger the great Being that we form. You have no idea how important our work is for the universe. I wish you could work together, clean my body, hear me.

What else can I say? Sometimes, it seems hopeless. I suffer so many heartbreaks. I am being hurt, and burned and I am being raped. I am being robbed of my innermost treasures to create even more hatred. It must stop. The truth must shine.

I long to hold you in my arms and teach you that the future is being created now. You must believe that life can be renewed and that egoism is really only a serious lack of love.

Calm your storms. Know well that each step is as important as arriving. Simply become your Self. Realize that what makes you special in my eyes is the respect and tender loving care which you bring to all life. Nothing else really counts.

I am Gaïa, your Mother the Earth. And I love you so much. My children please make an effort to help me. Together we must create the present that prepares the future.