



"Death Of The Mad Man": Design by Delora D. Klugh. Artwork by Tammy J. Mair. © 1994

## **MY EYES OPENED**

### **DEATH OF THE MAD MAN (PART 9)**

**By Timothy S. Klugh**

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My eyes opened and all that was around me was gone. I was engulfed in a bright glow and the illumination was everything I saw. The radiance was greater than the sun or any light I knew, and I was at peace alone in its brilliance. The light began to dim, and, from its source, I saw a castle of white with thin narrow spires of gold. I thought as if I had known the place sometime long ago. I felt a comfort that I had felt before, but when--I had forgotten. The castle was not my own, but I did belong there. It was in the castle that my presence was awaited. It was as if my search was over, and I had finally come home.

For years, I had longed for the love that would fill my emptiness. I yearned with the deepest desires of my heart that I would find the woman who would be everything that I felt I had been deprived of--that somehow she would support all that was weak and lacking in me. Yet, now I discovered that I had been wrong all along. The only one who could fulfill my longings was myself. Only I knew the melancholy of my soul. Only I knew the dreams that had haunted me. Only I knew what it would take to satisfy my lack of confidence. Only I knew the answers that I needed resolved. What I waited to be answered by another, I already knew within me. I just could not see it because I did not know what I was looking for. I was the only one who truly understood everything that was unsettled within me, so I was the only one capable of easing my heart. I was needing love from others to ease my own insecurities, but the only one who could make me secure was the person who dwelt within.

If a river could hold messages in its waves, might one see the callings of those upstream. Perchance, one would be able to send his questions down river so that someone else could answer. Yet, so to would that person find the questions left by others. If a question could not be answered, would it continue downstream and out to sea? Might it one day find its way back to the top of the river and come back to the sender. Perhaps, if the question returned to the sender, he would be able to answer the question more easily thinking it was sent by someone else. For, he would be able to see a larger spectrum of the solution to another's question than that of his own. If that be true, than I have found my question in the waves and answered better because of it.

I had to find the significance inside myself before I could be important to anyone else. That was actually very simple to discover. For, I was made with careful compassionate hands, and my life was guided through trials that insisted I develop inner strength to succeed. The person I am showed proof that I was of great value to someone else. All that I have become was the result of preparation for a higher destiny that only I could achieve, and it required that I find my love in me even if I had no one else to support it. I had become what was necessary for me to be, and I stood before the place I knew was home. Within was the goal that my entire life had arranged for me so that I could return here. My victory was wonderful, but my reward was to be much greater.

These are my last remarks, for, what is within, I may not share. These things are a sacred honor that only those who have surpassed their weakness and moved toward the greater principles (requiring much sacrifice) may know of. To find worth, one must overcome that which plagues them and keeps them from the light. The light may be hard to find. Our greatest challenge casts the darkest shadow, so that all we know is the blackness that is around us. But, the trumpeter calls heralding the truth from the highest spire of the castle of white and gold, and those who are searching will hear it. They will hear it not in their ears, but in the deepness of their humble and diligent hearts.