

24-May-2021_The Princess and the Keys

(Spirit Helper speaking:) There once was a princess who had a set of keys on a ring. She could open any door in the castle she resided in. But one day, as she sat languishing in the one dimly lit room she resided in, that she had yet to actually put those keys to work for her. So she peeled herself up from the grey sheets and tear filled pillow and opened the door. Yes, even to get out she had to use the first key, the key to her heart it was called. When this was activated, then she could open wide her door and in flooded the light. The halls weren't dark but light filled. Lots of windows were on them. So down the brightly lit first hall she went.

The first door she came to hadn't been opened in so long there were cobwebs growing on it. These grey doors looked very uninviting. She'd rather just stare out the window to the glorious gardens and light filled meadow beyond. But her mission was to use the keys and so into the door lock she placed the key of self forgetfulness, and creak, with a bit of a rust squeak the door's hinge was used as it was at last opened for full inspection.

Light and fresh air were the first visitors to this room, and on she walked to find a new door that had long been shut.

Another grey door she came to, another key was used, and openness was given to this very dusty room. It was the key of joy. Now that the rooms were being opened, the clean up crew could come and tidy them up, clear out the foul and repaint them. She didn't have to do much but use the keys and open the doors that had been long shut and were blocking that which was unclean from being cleansed.

The next door she came to she put in the key and then had to give it a shove to get it to open all the way. It was hanging on his hinge and dragging on the floor, scrapping. It would need fixing. The key of "rejoice in the Lord always—no matter what happens" was the key to open this room that needed quite a bit of work. She looked in and saw the floor boards were broken and dust was everywhere, a thick grey dust had settled over all. The windows were smeared, it seemed, with dirty finger prints, almost like someone had tried to get out, or was stuck in there and had smeared their hands over the glass. Who else could be in there, she wondered. Peering in she saw something she wasn't expecting, and it made her chuckle at her own lack of perception.

This dusty room with the smeared windows had a linking door that led right to the original room she had stayed in for so long. In fact all the rooms did. But since the doors were shut tightly on the outside, where the light and fresh air were, and where visitors could get into them, so they remained dirty and filled only with stale air. It was like an inner loop of rooms. She, herself could get from one to the next, walking in a loop, but without the keys to open them, they'd never get clean.

The next door she came to was already open. For that was the first room she exited out of, using the keys to her heart.

There were many doors that needed to be opened, and on that day when all the keys were placed in all the locks, was a fresh infilling of joy into her mind and her heart. She had to do the part of using the keys and opening the doors to the hidden loop of rooms. The light was there all along, as was the crew ready and able to do the cleaning, but she had to do the opening.