

The background of the cover is a painting of a path through a forest. The path is made of light-colored stones or dirt, leading from the foreground into the distance. The trees and foliage are rendered in various shades of blue, from light to dark, creating a monochromatic and somewhat ethereal atmosphere. The lighting is soft, suggesting a misty or overcast day.

A Gypsy Song
Is going home a dream?

Roamings of the inner Child

Constance Eykman

Cover art: oil painting by Constance Eykman

21 poems inspired by

'A Course In Miracles'

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For Janet
For Sjeſ
For John
roaming with me the heavens
and the earth

And for all
who travel the road to peace.

Janet Allen

Our gypsy wagon has rolled over four continents, at times apart, but always together. And now we are reaching Home together, my Sister, dear Self!

*'The Child remains in us
The Holy Child
The call for joy
The song we bring
From way beyond the stars!
The Kingdom lies in heaven
In the hollow of your hands
Child of Innocence
Child of peace'*

Joseph Donders, dear Sjef, tireless traveler of East, West, North, and South to build the bridge between heaven and earth

*'Roam, Gypsy Child, roam
Bring earth and heaven
To where they are not*

*Then merge them
From deep valley.
To high mountaintop
And higher even than the moon,
The sun, and the stars*

*The earth smiles
When you walk her
Child of peace!*

John Harricharan

Your gentle voice is calling all to go in peace.
Your peace is a living invitation to the road back to
Self, to the wisdom of our holy innocence.

*'Your smile is your shield
Your loving words are your sword
Your helping hands your spear
There is no substitute for heaven
For heaven
Is you'*

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Introduction

Years ago, I longed to write a concise, more easily accessible version of my beloved '*A Course in Miracles*'.

However, as soon as I began to read the book from that point of view, I realized that not a single sentence is dispensable.

We may pass over many sentences that seem not so important – only to be guided back to them later as a lifeline to 'sanity'.

So, ever since then, I have allowed Jesus' sacred teachings in the book to express themselves in whatever way Spirit inspires me – Spirit, the Voice for God in us that urges us to remember the Self, the substance of the Source in us, God.

I choose the theme of 'the Holy Child in us' because our essence is pure, holy Innocence.

This Innocence is asked to unfold in a world in which it is vulnerable and does not feel at home. Its challenge is to create a Home on earth. Gypsies we are, roaming around to find it – our Home in the one Source we all share as its expression.

Christianity calls God-in-Form: Christ, the Son of God, all of us together.

This cycle of poems came into being, inspired by Jesus, our sublime teacher of Innocence. I have received it as a teacher for other teachers. And every single human being is a teacher to others.

Those in darkness teach what darkness is.

Those in light, teach what light is.

The Holy Spirit of God in us teaches a different perception, that of harmony and balance between the two.

We are all equally loved by the divine Source out of whose essence we have been created – we, the holy Children of Innocence who have come to dwell on earth a while.

The Netherlands, 2007

Gypsy Song

In the wind
In the stars
In the sweet scented grass
Come out, come out
For Home is calling us
My Bride,
My Groom!

A Voice is calling us
To all corners of the earth
East, West, North, South,
Mountaintops and valley,
Out of home
Out of town
Out of
Self

And when our feet are leaden
And our heart too heavy
To travel more,
From all corners of the earth
East, West, North, South,
Mountaintops and valley
We hear its call:

Gypsy Child
Awake!

A Voice is calling us

A Voice is calling us
An inner longing
For completion

Wholeness lies outside –
We think,
Our urge
To live, explore,
To move,
And to experiment

A Voice is calling us
The Source of life itself
From where
We don't remember
It urges us
To dream
And travel on

Gypsies we are
Mountaintops and valley
We walk
We turn our ear
East, West, North, South
And nowhere find the caller

The call sound clear
But never near
Until we sit
And rest our feet
And close our eyes
And listen to
Our breath,

Soft murmur in and out,
It deepens as we rest
And listen to our heart
That beats a different rhyme,
That has another drum to follow

Then
Our thoughts flow out
To not return

And deep within
We hear the Voice

It is
Our own

Going Home, a dream?

Going home, going home
Going where?
I am tired
I travel, flee
The unrest
Of not belonging

I miss you
Are you home?
I call out
And hear your voice,
But your words
Don't have the answer
To my chase

Home, home!
My body hurts,
I am so tired.
My heart exhausted,
I don't know where to turn

East, West, North, or South,
On mountaintops or valley
I find it not
Is going Home a dream?

Eternal Innocence

In my gypsy wagon

Alone

I dream of people

To fill my space

And make me shine

In the brilliance

Of their eyes

Roll then, wagon, roll

They are not far!

Find them in their search

And come Home

In the brilliance

Of their eyes

In eternal Innocence

The Child remains in us

The Child remains in us
The holy Child
The call for joy
The song we bring
From way beyond the stars!

East, West, North, South
The Kingdom lies in heaven
In the hollow of our hand

Child of Innocence
You are the Kingdom,

And it its glory
Will I see
My own.

The Child in us knows it is alien here

Pain, deep inside
Heart heavy
Head dull
Eyes hazy
And ears
That do not hear

Pain, pain you catch
My breath
My lungs squeeze tight
My legs refuse to move

East, West, North, and South
Mountaintops and valley
I roam
I cannot find you
Gypsy Child,
My Child of Innocence
My Child of peace!

Breathe, my darling
Let the sun warm your neck

Relax your shoulders
Let the song of summerclouds
Enter your lungs
Let the murmur of people
Playing in the distance,
Enter your belly.
Surrender your legs

My Child of Innocence
You are an alien here,
Make this place your home
Awhile

It is far from Home, little,
and its voice is tiny

I heard you, darling,
Even though
You did not
Cry out loud.

My heart is holding you
In its embrace

Your Home,
Your sweet Home
Is who
I am

Let him rest a while

My heart your home
My mind your bed
My voice your playground

My house your theatre
My Angel your companion,
Your friend
To play with
In the sandbox
Of your life.

Where you and I,
Author, actor, and director
Of any play
We chose to want
Rest,

You are at Home!

...And breathe

Listen, Child, listen
To the gentle murmur
Of my breath into your ear
To the rushing of my blood,
My life as you,
My holy
Child of Innocence

His gentle voice within,
calling you to go in peace

Take up your bed and walk!
Voices out there are calling,
Despair is crying,
Pain is numb,
Too numb
To talk or breathe,
To walk
East, West, North, or South,
Mountaintops or valley,
And find refuge.

Come then, my Child of Innocence,
Our gentle voice
Will call them out,
Then take their hands
And lead hem Home
In peace
In you
And I.

Our defenselessness is our strength

Oh Child, how
Gentle will be
The hollow of our hand

The meek we are,
Singing
Our lullaby of peace.

We sing into
Battle most fierce
Around towns besieged,
And the walls tumble down.

Then
Radiance will enter
Into the Child of Innocence
In all.

Lay down your shield, spear and sword
against an illusionary enemy

Child,
East, West, North, and South,
On mountaintops and valley,
Swords are made of air
To shield the hand of anger
And spear the mind of hatred.
The enemy is burning
In the heart of fear!

Child,
We smile.

The Home we seek is not made by us

Walls of bricks and steel
And sand,
Crumble
When the clay dries out

What do we do?
Where do we go
We need shelter!

The world is harsh,
The climate cold,
The sun is merciless
And water a tsunami.
The wind a storm,
The air a heat
Where can I flee?

Peace my Child - be meek!
The air a threat

The water danger
The earth may shake,
Your Home will stand

There is no Home but peace
For it is who
You are,

Child

There is no substitute for heaven

Celebration meek one!
Your smile is your shield,
Your loving words are your sword,
Your helping hands your spear.

There is no substitute for heaven
For heaven
Is you.

Where the Child shall go,
is holy ground

The earth smiles
When touched by feet
That carry peace,
A laugh
That carries love.

The earth smiles
In the holiness of
A loving hand,
A gentle voice,
Caressing eyes

The earth smiles,
And holiness explodes
In a chorus of birds,
Flowers, and song

The earth smiles
East, West, North, and South,
Mountaintops and valley,
When you walk her,
Child of Innocence!

His holiness lights up in heaven

Child of Innocence, shining
In a human
At peace in a world
Your Home

When you come out
The air gets clearer
Its color more blue
And the sun shines brighter

In their color,
The angels shine deeper,
Their voices sound warmer
In the love that you are,
You,
Tiny, holy earthling
Child of Innocence!

The wind blows so sweetly
Scented with only jasmine, roses,
And you

Where earth and heaven join

Child of Innocence
East, West, North, and South,
Mountaintop and valley
You travel,
Gypsy Child of Innocence,
As now
All heaviness is gone
In the sweet scented wind
That blows
Wherever you wish to go.

The bridge between heaven and earth
Is the hollow of your hand,
Child of Innocence
Child of peace!

...And brings to earth its pure reflexion

The harmony of spheres
Sings of angels,
Of wind of Spirit,
Of the light of the day
And the darkness of the night
In perfect harmony

Earth and heaven sing
In the sweetest song
Of peace

Roam, Gypsy Child, roam
Bring earth and heaven
To where they are not

Then merge them,
From deep valley
To high mountaintop
And higher even than the moon,
The sun, and the stars

Bring the sound of angels down
To East, West, North, and South
Travel Gypsy Child, travel
Heaven and earth are yours!

Together as the Son of God

Child in us, Gypsies
Of the planet,
We travel in tears
That wash the altar

And

Deep in reverence
For the All-Power
That has no name, no face
But ours,
The lilies of our innocence
Create a mansion
With many rooms

Our Home.

He rules the universe

Gypsy of the universe
Home in East
In West
In North
In South
On mountaintops and valley,

Roam where you want to go,
Build a home where you
Want to stay a while
And touch the holy other
Who is your heart,

Child of innocence
All-present ruler
Of the universe!

His Home is ours

Hidden you are,
Ruler of the universe!

Hiding you are,
Child of Innocence
In the home so close to Home

Our heart
Our smile
Our loving eyes

God!