



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'**

# Contact Information

Email: [constanceeykman@gmail.com](mailto:constanceeykman@gmail.com)

Website: [www.paradiseaheartbeataway.com](http://www.paradiseaheartbeataway.com)

## License

Feel free to print out, copy and distribute these poems as you wish, with mention of my name. But please do not sell it or change it.

More specifically, this work is released under a Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 3.0 Unported License.

For more information, see:

<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/>

All other Copyrights Constance Eykman  
The Netherlands, ©2007

Layout and design by: Costyn van Dongen

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'*

# Contents

Introduction	8
Gypsy Song	10
A Voice is calling us	12
Going Home, a dream?	14
Eternal Innocence	15
The Child remains in us	16
The Child in us knows it is alien here	17
It is far from Home, little, and its voice is tiny	19
Let him rest a while	20
...And breathe	21
His gentle voice within, calling you to go in peace	22
Our defenselessness is our strength	23
Lay down your shield, spear and sword against an illusionary enemy	24
The Home we seek is not made by us	25
There is no substitute for heaven	27
Where the Child shall go, is holy ground	28
His holiness lights up in heaven	29
Where earth and heaven join	30
...And brings to earth its pure reflexion	31
Together as the Son of God	32
He rules the universe	33
His Home is ours	34

# 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!