



## How the Golden Eagle Chrys meets his Wife

Chrys is one of the boldest flyers as the mating season starts this January. He can hardly imagine why he ever didn't want to fly. Long ago he consciously decided to trust his wings, his strength and the air that carries him. Wow, there three women flying, proud queens of the sky, one more beautiful and noble than the other. Whether they notice him, whether they see how elegantly and courageously he is courting them while flying? Apparently, because two come closer, show their interest, watch him with big eyes. Proudly his chest rises and he plunges into a particularly venturous looping without feeling his fear that usually supports him in such maneuvers. Immediately he goes into a spin, the air ruffles his left wing, he falls down to earth and only manages to catch himself in a gliding flight close to the ground. From the corner of his eye, he can see how the women turn away disappointed and look for other flyers.

No, that is not completely true: there is the third woman, who indeed did not adore him earlier, but also doesn't fly away now. Carefully he approaches her. Something about her touches his heart. But after the recent humiliation he doesn't dare to do further stunts or even talk to her. Only her image is imprinted in his memory.

Tangled emotions keep him up all night. In a knot of fear and sadness he feels isolated and alone. Then anger, fear and sadness mix to a slimy mush, which he perceives as jealousy against other men or as shame, because he failed. Eventually, he remembers his old friend the toad, who supported him several times and who he since then exchanges views with regularly. She showed him once, how to separate feelings. That is painful and loud, but also super effective and helpful. This time the anger is enough to put the two other feelings aside using inner navigation and to get active: he flies to the favorite place of the toad, between rocks not far away from his hunting ground. And indeed, as most of times, when it is really important, he finds her there. While he explains what happened, he notices that he can already relax a bit, because someone is really listening. The toad says: "thank you" and he feels her appreciation for him, his Being and for the open sharing. Then she asks: "What can I do for you?"

"How can I win over the woman of my dreams? I would do anything!" says Chrys. "The power of the man comes from nothingness, the man stands for nothingness, the woman for everything", responds the toad. "No, that can't be true, I am somebody, I can do things, finally I can really fly and not even bad, only earlier I didn't pay attention, I was distracted..."

A little embarrassed Chrys stops and listens to the new distinctions of the toad: "Like most men you try to cover the nothingness. You can come far with your wings: can you see what that leads to for the humans? How many cars they drive, how many villas or computer they call their own, only serves to deny the nothingness, to not perceive it? Through relaxing into nothingness, you can hold space for a woman, who fills this nothingness with her all-being. Then a new culture emerges, beyond what the humans so far call matriarchy or patriarchy. It could be called *Archearchy*, because such being together is based on the foundational archetypes and empowers men and women to be in their power and deeper being, respectively integrated in a new women and men culture and connected with each other through true love."

"For me that doesn't sound very attractive, why should I be nothing? That is how I felt when I couldn't or didn't want to fly", complains Chrys.



“Back then, you felt isolated and alone, because you mixed fear and sadness. There is a difference between such mixed feelings and the archetypal being-nothing. Maybe this question can help you: What is bigger, the nothingness or the everything?”

“Everything, that goes without saying, doesn't it?” says Chrys with full conviction without further thinking. The toad waits. Chrys thinks aloud: “Oh well, didn't you say that the nothing holds space, into which the everything can unfold? This would actually mean that the nothingness is bigger. Isn't that paradox, is it? And once again the toad simply disappeared. “What does she want to achieve?” asks Chrys himself a little angry. “Does she really think everything essential is already said?” He remembers that she once said to him, how she leaves at this moment so the words may unfold their full effect. But Chrys is reluctant and struggles with what was said. He doesn't want to accept such a concept.

“Wait a moment”, he recognizes with sudden clarity, “she only asked a question. How do I get to the idea that she wanted to sell me a concept?” And still the question provokes so many thoughts and feelings inside – apparently it fell on fertile ground. “Probably the best thing is to just start experimenting a little” he says, shouts out “thank you” and flies away.

In fact they are courting again. Male golden eagles try to show their greatest stunts to impress the women. Instantly he finds his queen. How noble she is, how proud and centered. She seems to hardly notice the efforts of the men, but quietly flies her circles. “No” think Chrys, “that is not a circle, it is a lying eight, the sign for infinity, for everything. Maybe she heard about the Archarchy already? Is this the reason she doesn't pay attention to the men's show?” He takes to the air and flies a simple circle around her, a zero, a nothingness, that includes her everything. Thereby he focuses his full attention on her, on her elegance and softness, her femininity and beauty and joy blazes in him. It is like a dance, even though they never touch. But once she looks at him and her glance touches him deep inside. It is like a yes, like a “thank you for seeing me”. And then she just flies away.

Chrys eyes well up with tears and he allows the sadness. This time he doesn't wait all night, but immediately flies to the rock place and soon finds his friend. “What did I do wrong?” he asked, after telling about his encounter. The toad says: “sometimes I feel really angry, because so many humans and animals are shaped and paralyzed by the thought of wrong and right. And yet it is not about that. It is about what works and what doesn't work. Or simply about, if you get the results you want. If not, ask for feedback and coaching and try something new.”

“It is easy for you to say” replies Chrys, a bit angry himself. But quickly he realizes that the toad didn't criticize him, but built a bridge and so he says: “It didn't work out, thus I come to you and ask for support or feedback and coaching, as you call it.”

“It didn't work.”

“Yes, she just flew away.”

“She just flew away.”

“Yes, I wanted her to stay, to come with me, to become a couple and build an aerie together, have children, share everything.”

“So you already have a detailed picture how your future should unfold?”



“Yes, of course.”

“And if she has different ideas?”

“Well, I don't know if she chooses me, but if, then everything I said is normal and not expected too much.”

“Do you know, Chrys, expectations are a tricky thing. If you build expectations, then you have a picture in front of you. No matter what happens, you will try to adjust it somehow to this picture. This leads to living in an invented picture and thus missing what is really going on around you. How can your woman fill the held space with her all-being, if you fill the space with a precast picture? Who knows, what lies inside her, what ideas and wishes may unfold, if you stay in the present and hold space for what is now, each moment anew, refreshing and unexpected, without control. How does that sound to you?”

That sounds frightening. I just want the best for her. The way you say it, it sounds as if I am doing something wrong with that.”

“It is not about bad or good. It is about, making a conscious decision every three seconds anew, by letting go of control and expectations or following your unconscious impulses of superiority, know-it-all and control. You will get different results. And, yes, lively relationship means permanent non-linear creation and that is frightening and at the same time only possible if you feel and use the fear consciously.”

“Smart ass, look who's talking”, grumbled Chrys, but the toad did already disappear. “Of course, I want to have a lively relationship”, he shouts after her. “I don't want to control her, I just want to feel her closeness and that we live together.”

He sees images of shared activities in front of him, while he flies over the forest and indulges in his imagination. Gah, he almost missed the high tree. “Do I actually miss out on what is really happening now?” he asked himself. “What was it about expectations, what did the toad say? Shoot them or something like that. But that is ridiculous.”

Chrys flies for a couple of rounds, a little unsure what to do and ponders: “It is startling how fast expectations arise. Although they actually don't emerge on their own, I produce them. Why actually? Does a lively relationship frighten me so much? Yes, I believe, that is the reason. Fortunately, I gained some experience with fear in the past years supported by the toad. Fear is fear, that is clear by now. And with fear I can be creative. Didn't she say something similar about lively relationship and non-linear creation? Very well, so I dare to do this experiment.”

And without hesitation he takes 30% anger and focuses his attention on the images and expectations that he was indulging in and shouts out loud “Peng!” Surprised he realizes that it worked: Instead of pondering and producing expectations, he feels again the moment, how the air carries him, while he flies over his territory. “How nice, if she would be here now, we could fly together and I would show her the best hunting grounds.”

This time Chrys doesn't notice his expectation immediately. But when he has similar thoughts the next day, he observes it and shoots resolutely: “Peng!” And the controlling image is gone. Instead he thinks: “That is fun! Maybe I tell her about it and show how to do it, she can certainly use that well too – Peng!”



It takes some days before he sees her again. In the meantime he practices to feel his own space and the inner power that carries him. He concentrates on what each moment needs and uses “Peng!” whenever impatience or expectations or other disturbing voices come up. In the process he realizes how much attention and practice it takes. “If I will ever be ready? Well, the toad would probably reply that it is not about that, but continuous practice.”

And suddenly in the blink of an eye his queen is back and flies next to him. While his heart beats faster from joy, he completes a circle around his territory with calm dignity. Now he is glad about the practice in the last days, because his circle is an open invitation without expectations. She flies into this nothingness, flies her royal eight, sits down on top of the highest tree in the center and looks at him...

In the coming years they both practice individually and together “radiant joy and brilliant love”.\*

\* More helpful distinctions, maps and stories can be found in the identically named book by Clinton Callahan.