

THE KING WHO SANG THE SONG
OF THE
GRANDMOTHER



~ A Fantasy ~

AVIVA GOLD

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SANG THE SONG
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~ o ~

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BY AVIVA GOLD

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This story is dedicated to the memory of
John Thomas Alexander (born John Wehrle, 1947-1992)
Jungian astrologer, friend, mentor, and soul mate.

More praise for *The King Who Sang the Song of the Grandmother*

This adventure is a candle illuminating a path of hope in the darkness we currently find ourselves in. Read it to your children and grandchildren and re-enchant the world!

— **Sarah Bamford Seidelmann**, bestselling author of *Swimming with Elephants: My Unexpected Pilgrimage from Physician to Healer*

The King Who Sang the Song of The Grandmother is an entertaining fairytale for all ages. A hero's journey that will have a positive impact on the collective psyche of today's culture...while at the same time, exposing the effect of patriarchy and showing the need for a feminine balance.

— **Catherine Ann Jones**, author of *The Way of Story*

This is a tale of hope and healing for our troubled time. Our future lives inside the path of love where all beings are honored and respected. Our ancestors are whispering these truths. Read this book and listen.

— **Pat Dolan**, author of *Stalking The Sacred*

This is a beautiful story of redemption for mankind and the world we can co create now. One of respect, kindness. generosity and oneness.

— **Rae Luskin**, author of *The Creative Activist*

Contents

Foreword	vii
Introduction	1
I. The King and the Kingdom	9
II. The Secret Song of the Grandmother	12
III. The Ancestors and the First Curse	15
IV. The Second Curse and the Kingdom.	19
V. The Third Curse and the Kingdom.	23
VI. Destiny of New Hope, the King and His People	26
VII. Current State of Affairs in Over Earth.	30
VIII. The Best of Kings in the Worst of Times	35
IX. The Queen's Struggle	40
X. The King's Journey to the Land of the Crimson Ones	43
XI. The King's Quest	52
XII. The King Falls into the Pit of the Earth	58
XIII. The King Meets His Vision.	61
XIV. Journey to the World Council.	71
XV. The King Sings the Song	78
XVI. Home	86
Epilogue	91
Acknowledgments	92



Introduction



HIS ancient tale tells the story of how a great king endured many trials to acquire the wisdom needed to save himself and his people. Great King Alexander's destiny—unbeknownst to him—was to save Over Earth from destruction. But to fully understand the magnitude of the King's quest, we must go back to near the beginning of time, the slaying of the first sacred dragon for her magic treasure of a stardust egg, the birth of the *Fear Force*, and the appearance of *The White Father God Story*.

At the very beginning, Over Earth was created in a cosmic explosion by Grandmother Earth and Grandfather Sky—better known as *Great Spirit*. Great Spirit collected the magical stardust eggs from all over the vast cosmos and planted them strategically, each of the 10 eggs in a well-hidden location throughout the land. Devoted and fierce fire-breathing dragons guarded these 10 individual treasure nests. The chosen locations were the most wild and difficult to reach: the tops of the highest mountains, the depths of the deepest seas, the middle of the most frozen tundra, the dunes of the hottest deserts, amidst the most tangled jungles,

and within the deepest rocky caves. The ancient first peoples in the four corners of Over Earth knew the ten sacred dragons guarded their magic treasure of stardust eggs from the beginning of time.

Though fierce, brave creatures, well-chosen to guard precious treasure in hidden places, the dragons are also very shy. They are divinely created and cannot reproduce. They can be slain with great effort, but cannot be eaten. When killed, they are consumed by flames, burned to a cinder, and lost forever. This is also true for the stardust eggs. Once they are used, they are gone forever. Only elder geometric scholars and surveyors knew the sacred locations. They kept the secret, knowing its importance for a balanced healthy world, and they prayed daily for the continued protection of the dragons and their guarded treasure.

The truth only the wise ones knew is that these stardust eggs were the grid necessary to hold together the sacred body of Over Earth and support her web of life. It was essential for the stardust eggs to stay in the hidden, wild places where dragons live.

All was safe and good on Over Earth for a long time before people eventually became the new animals that walked Over Earth. Extended tribes of different colors and languages formed in various locations on Over Earth. One day long before any two-legged tribe formed a kingdom, while hunting in a secluded, fertile valley, a curious White-

skinned tribe accidentally discovered the hiding place of one of the sacred dragons. Having an aggressive nature, they decided it was their right to take the treasure egg even if confronted by the fierce dragon. They knew that if they killed the dragon, the magic treasure would make them more powerful than any of the other tribes. This became their fixation—and it took them many seasons to make weapons and gather enough men to trap and kill the fierce dragon.

What they could not know is that with all these thoughts, imaginings, and plans of killing the sacred dragon for greed and power, they were feeding the seed of the *Fear Force*. The *Fear Force* is ever-present in the ethers and all the Stars. In essence the *Fear Force* is an unruly renegade energy, part of endless creation possibilities, and only as dangerous as the mistrust and greedy thoughts in the minds of the two-legged ones. Parallel to the *Fear Force* exists the eternal presence of the *Love Force*, which resides in the Great Spirit, and under its influence we know that all is connected, *All Is One*. Under the misguided influence of the *Fear Force*, everything is separate; death is to be feared and unnatural; youth, power, and wealth is sought after.

In this atmosphere, the plans to slay the sacred dragon continued. Thoughts have great power on all life: animals, plants, rocks, everything. Killing anything unnecessarily—including plant life—without reverence for that life, is killing a part of ourselves. And so it came to pass that on the day

the first sacred dragon was slain, and the stardust treasure exhumed from its earth nest, the *Fear Force* took on a terrible form, establishing itself as a formidable parasite—a powerful force to influence minds in a destructive direction.

Before this tribe thought of killing the dragon, all tribes of this region—though they might differ in appearance, language, and customs—respected each other’s right to exist and live their own individual way. They understood that they were all the Creator’s children, each dependent on the other. When disputes or competition for hunting territory arose,



they were settled in councils enacted with compromise. Destroying another tribe's source of food or water would never even be considered. Yet after the slaying of the first dragon, and under the influence of the *Fear Force*, thoughts began to alter. Other tribes could no longer be trusted. "If we don't kill or dominate them, they will kill or dominate us, steal our treasures, food, and secrets." Now nine dragons were left, and the growing influence of the *Fear Force* took on many forms and disguises, shapeshifting from alluring to monstrous.

All this destruction and greed could have been avoided. For in truth, endless other resources were offered by the unfathomable magnificence of the Creation to sustain and nurture invention and the well-being of people. But had the slaying of the dragon been avoided, there would be no Story...and it is well known that Story, like the never-ending cycle of birth, death, and rebirth, is a necessary force inspiring change for good or naught.

And so it was that these early White ones were able to make many magic inventions with the stardust egg, which could protect them, perform work that would have earlier taken hundreds of horses and men, and grow and stockpile more food than they could ever eat. Mesmerized by this power, they become convinced that a Father God made everything for them to rule the world, and that possessing the magic eggs was their rightful key to paradise. In this manner, over the years,

they became separated from the *Love Force* and its wisdom. But be assured that the *Love Force* has and always will exist and be available to any individual who seeks Truth and Love.

Not long after the first dragon was slain by the early White ones, a different tribe of Golden-skinned ones in a land far from the White tribe, found and slew the second sacred dragon in a wild river valley, also for the power and wealth of its magic egg. The potent magic from these first two egg treasures lasted for many centuries as the White and Golden tribes grew into Empires dominating all other tribes in their separate and distant locations on Over Earth. The dominance of these two Empires continued for many centuries into the time of King Alexander.

The *Fear Force* took root in these early White and Golden empires, and among all the growing fears and need to control, came a strange fear and mistrust of women—their very own mothers, daughters, sisters, wives, and grandmothers. In this way came the oppression of women, and their lack of sovereignty and equality, which extended for many centuries into the time of King Alexander where our Story soon begins.

The White Father God Story

Around the same ancient time when the first dragon was destroyed by the White tribe and the *Fear Force* emerged, a compelling Story appeared that many people devoutly

believed. The tale is thus: All of creation—stars, suns, moons, animals, plants—all of Over Earth was made by a bearded White Father God, who lived in the sky and who created humans to look like him. These humans were meant by Father God to conquer and rule Over Earth. To accomplish this, it was believed that White men who pay homage to this Father God have the same knowledge and sanction as their Creator to decide who and what shall live or die. In this narrative, people who paid homage to this Father God would live on after death in a beautiful place in the sky.

This appealing narrative also signified the belief that men are in favor; women and people of other colors are inferior and flawed. This belief was so fundamentally self-evident and embedded in minds of the White ones for so long that no one of consequence ever seriously questioned it—not even in the future time of King Alexander, where the Story of his quest now begins.



The King and the Kingdom



ONCE upon a time, in the ancient 21st Era of Over Earth, there lived a handsome and prosperous King Alexander, in his midlife prime, who ruled over the Kingdom of New Hope. New Hope was the richest and most powerful kingdom in Over Earth, often thought to be the crowning glory of all the kingdoms. King Alexander was brave and charming, a champion marksman, warrior, and negotiator. So charismatic and inspiring was his presence that most people felt compelled to follow his wishes. Successful and rich beyond imagination, his vast kingdom plentiful, his armies and conquests successful, and his subjects industrious and proud, the King was admired and respected by his court, nobles, and subjects as well as those in other kingdoms of the vast world of Over Earth.

Of course, as in every kingdom, some subjects were dissatisfied, believing that some policies of New Hope's Royal Reign were unwise. But these were mostly people of low-standing and little influence, such as artists, minstrels, witches, astrologers, gypsies, and soothsayers, some of whom happened to be women.

The King's beautiful wife, Queen Helena, who was wise and good-hearted, had borne two beautiful and healthy children: Prince Jeffrey, age 12, and Princess Grace, age 9.

The King loved his wife and children dearly, indulging them with every imaginable luxury—except with his time. Cooks prepared every delight and delicacy from the far corners of the land, and tailors and craftspeople from faraway, exotic places made jewels and robes of every fine cloth. Luxurious castles with hundreds of rooms were built in each dominion of his vast kingdom. He had over 50 carriages of every description, and hundreds of stunning horses with saddles and bridles of gold and silver.

And yet, in the prime of his life, King Alexander's heart had become mysteriously troubled. Treasure and wealth plundered by his armies had accumulated for generations. Stockpiles of food and herds of game were plentiful. Except for the usual problems and minor uprisings common to all kingdoms, things seemed relatively stable. Yet, of late, the King's heart was heavy with unrest.

His sleep was invaded by nightmares of wailing women, children crying from hunger, rivers running with blood, barren fields and forests destroyed by pestilence, flood, drought, and fire—atrocities he was powerless to stop. Always in these nightmares lurked the presence of a dark, menacing figure who chased the King until he awoke in a cold sweat.

More and more, the King's growing anguish permeated the demanding duties of ruling a kingdom and diminished his pleasure from the lavish entertainments of his court. His distraction was noticed only by Queen Helena and Toro the wizard who lived in the castle tower—and of course noticed by the court jester who queried, "What ails the King so deeply?"

The King Who Sang the Song of the Grandmother tells how Great King Alexander endures arduous trials on his destined path to acquire the wisdom needed to save Over Earth from cataclysmic destruction. Aviva Gold's allegory colorfully depicts the root cause of our present planetary problems and reveals the sole remedy: the collective evolution of consciousness from hard-hearted materialism to ecstatic Love. Read this story and experience your heart shift.



Many indigenous medicine people say that if we want a better world, we need to dream a better dream. This powerful story is more than a fantasy or fairy tale; it could serve as the very magical dream we need for both our individual and collective healing and transformation. Surely, the ancestors, Gods and Goddesses are with Aviva Gold and speaking through her!

— **Pamela Hale**, author of *Flying Lessons: How to Be the Pilot of Your Own Life*



This is so much more than a marvelous story to read and enjoy. It is a journey to be taken that becomes an experience you will feel. Disguised as an ancient myth, it is a portal to understanding more deeply and truly the mysteries of our own lives in our own time. Thank you, Aviva!

— **George Herrick**, author of *Stone Warrior: Confronting Life's Dark Challenges with Stone Art and Meditation*



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