

The Goddess

Who Forgot
That
She Was
a Goddess

A story from Spirit

For people
of all ages

To soothe our
sadness

And nurture our
divine blossoming



Written & Illustrated by Patricia Dings

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Dear Readers —

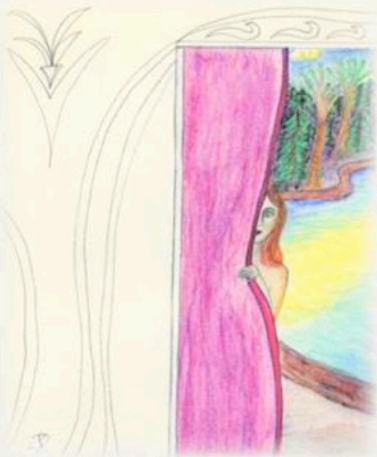
I'm delighted to share with you the story in this book.
It came to me in quite a special way, and
I hope that it nurtures you as deeply
as it has fed me.

Before you start to read, I invite you to find
a cozy spot where you can curl up,
get comfortable, settle in, and enter into
the flow and rhythm of this tale.

Imagine that I'm reading this to you, just like
it's a bedtime story, sent to bring you
the very sweetest of dreams . . .

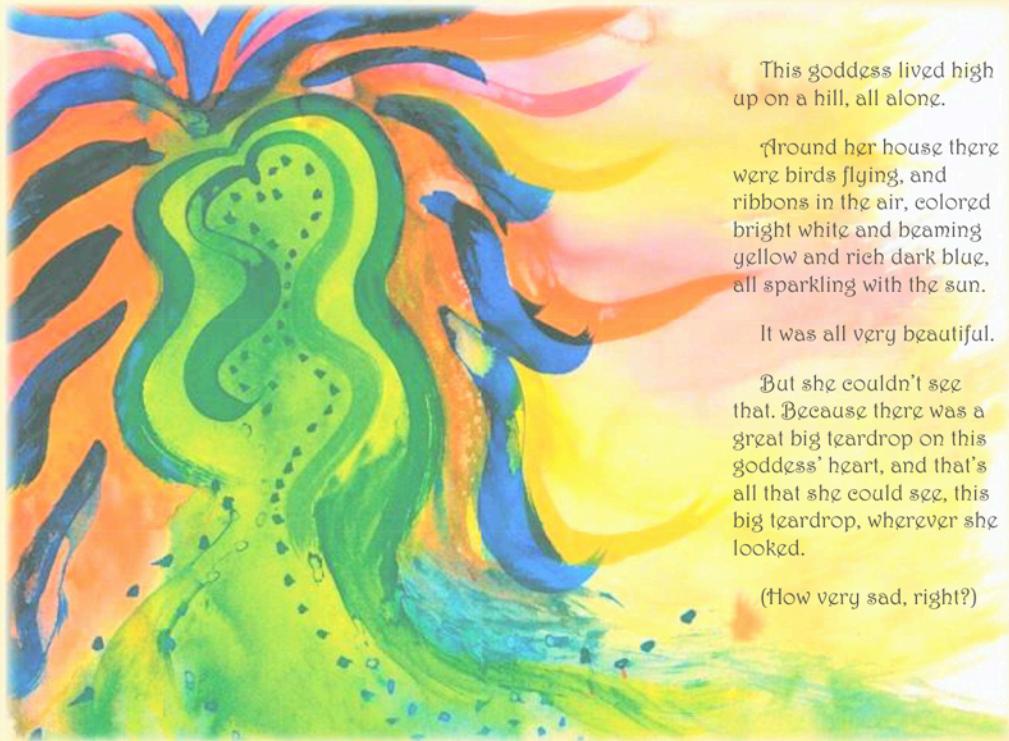
With blessings & gratitude —

Patricia Dinges



Once upon a time there was a goddess who forgot that she was a goddess.

(I mean, who could forget such a thing? But she did!)



This goddess lived high up on a hill, all alone.

Around her house there were birds flying, and ribbons in the air, colored bright white and beaming yellow and rich dark blue, all sparkling with the sun.

It was all very beautiful.

But she couldn't see that. Because there was a great big teardrop on this goddess' heart, and that's all that she could see, this big teardrop, wherever she looked.

(How very sad, right?)

But one day, on a day that seemed just like any other, the goddess heard a voice inside herself suggest that she go down the hill and into the forest. She had felt this voice resonate within her before, and trusted it, but it had never given her this type of message before.

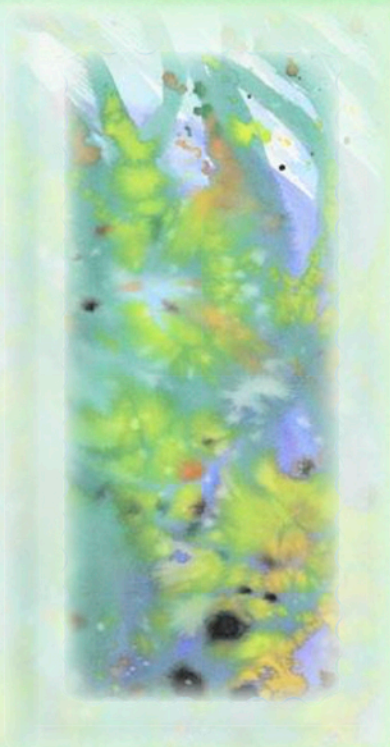
It also showed her, in her mind's eye, an image of where she was to go. She was surprised at how beautiful it was.

The ground there was all covered with a deep, thick, soft green moss. On top of it were sprinkled countless little bright white and yellow flowers, sparkling just like fairies' laughter.

All around stood big tall trees, trees as old as time, peaceful, not needing or reaching for anything, just happy to be standing tall and sure in this place.

Beams of sunlight filtered down through the leaves, making soft sweet patterns on the moss.

Every once in a while, a butterfly would appear in a beam of light, suddenly revealed in all its beautiful colors — just for a moment — and then it would disappear again.



The goddess sighed seeing this blissful imagined scene, but then she felt impatient.

Crisply, she said back to the voice, "OK, that's beautiful and all that. But why on earth should I go to the trouble of going there? I'm quite comfortable here!"



The voice seemed to smile as it soothingly replied, "Ah, but if you go, the moss there will heal the sadness in your heart.

"I know that your sadness brings you great pain. But in it I also see your beauty.

"You are sad because your heart is as big as everything.

"Your sadness and your beauty are the same."

Hearing this, the goddess felt an energy move inside her, quiet and sweet.

So she relented and said, "OK, it does seem that it would feel good to be there in the forest."

To try out the idea, she walked to her front door, opened it, and stepped outside. She felt the cool air all around her.

But then she stopped and spoke to the voice.

"I do have a question, though. What should I wear? I don't know what to wear to be in the forest."

Now it was the voice's turn to be impatient. "Are you kidding?" it replied. "You want to know what to wear?!"

The goddess knew that the question sounded silly. So she paused and looked inside herself. Still, she saw that that was her question.

"Yes," she said firmly, "That's what I want to know."



To see what happens to the goddess next on her journey,
you're invited to get your very own copy of this book.

The Goddess also makes a wonderful keepsake gift!

"The Goddess Who Forgot That She Was a Goddess"

"A Story from Spirit, for people of all ages,
to soothe our sadness
and nurture our divine blossoming."

Written and Illustrated by Patricia Dines

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