



THE CHARIOTEER HAD A DREAM

Vigilus, the Charioteer, had a dream. Not a dream that fades with waking, but the kind that rises from within and takes root in the heart.

In this dream, he saw a valley of flowering trees—alive with color and stillness, a place where his Spirit could rest, and his heart could fully open. He didn't know where it was, only that it called to him with the voice of something remembered.

So he set out again, across the arid plain.

The sun was high, the land cracked and dry, but his four horses moved in rare harmony.

Mind no longer raced ahead.

Body moved with strength but without strain.

Emotion flowed without flooding.
And Ego, once proud and possessive, had softened
into quiet watchfulness.

Vigilus held the reins gently now—like an artist
holding a brush, like a prayer without words. He had
practiced long for this: the art of allowing.

For hours, he traveled in silence, guided only by the
inner pulse of his dream.

Then, as the horizon dipped, the path turned.
A sudden curve along a ridge.
On one side, a sheer drop.
On the other, a wall of stone.
There was no way to see what lay ahead.
And fear returned—not loud, but tight in the chest.
What if the chariot slipped? What if the horses stumbled?
What if the dream had led him wrong?

The horses sensed it.
Mind began to calculate.
Body stiffened.
Emotion stirred like a rising wind.
Ego leaned forward, urging control.
But Vigilus went inward.
“Spirit is in all things—the horses, the clouds, even
this rocky road.”
“And surely Spirit moves through me, as me.”
“The path is solid.”

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“I am grateful for this adventure.”

“I trust. I let go.”

He breathed.

He held the vision, not the fear.

And as the chariot crested the curve—the road rose to meet the wheels.

What had seemed empty became solid.

What had looked like a drop became a bridge.

The path had always been there—waiting for his trust to reveal it.

He did not cheer.

He did not weep.

He simply smiled, and gave thanks.

From that day, Vigilus knew:

Spirit is not only the horses, the chariot, or the driver.

Spirit is the dust, the wind, the breath,

the desire, the dream, the unfolding.

It is the road beneath the wheels and the call of the horizon.

And all it ever asked of him was to hold the vision—and let the way appear.

Contemplation

1. What dream feels like a memory returning—something already yours, waiting to unfold?
2. When fear crosses your path, how can you return to trust, rather than control?
3. Can you see Spirit not only in beauty and ease, but also in the uncertain curve—the part of the road that tests your trust?

Affirmation

I ride the edge of the unknown with grace.
The path rises to meet my knowing.
I hold the vision gently—like a silent prayer.
Spirit moves in wind, stone, and breath.
Each step carries me home.

Find your Tribe.

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