

The woman and her castle

Once upon a time there was a woman who lived in a castle. It was a very fine castle with every modern convenience – warm, cosy, large baths and views across the land. She lived there alone. Once in a while she would take trips out to visit far away and not so far away lands. Over time these trips became less frequent and less far way.

Until one day when she didn't go outside the castle anymore. So she forgot what far away, not so far away and near were like. She just made a very pleasant and cosy life for herself in her castle making it even more cosy and warm. Once in a while friends would visit and admire her beautiful castle and view. Eventually these visits ceased. The woman was alone but she kept herself busy.

What she didn't realise was slowly all the entrances and exits to the castle were seizing up with inactivity until the woman couldn't get out and others couldn't get in. She rather enjoyed this life so she never tried to oil the doors. After a while she was so used to her life she became fearful of the lands outside the castle. "What if I can't talk the same language as the people I meet, what if they think me boring, what if I'm not as good as them, what if they rejected me or if they laugh at my silly castle ways". So she stayed in her castle.

One day she was sitting there wishing for something to change and miraculously a man came by and noticed this beautiful women sitting on the top of the castle walls and waved and she waved back. Each day as he walked to work he'd wave and she'd wave back. Each day as he returned from work he'd wave again. Every now and again he'd shout up to her and they'd talk.

The woman couldn't help herself and started to doubt him and feel he wanted something from her. So she started to be off hand and rude. She went out of her way to mention things she knew the man had no knowledge of, to belittle him, and hopefully push him away. But this man was a special man who could read hearts and he knew she had a golden heart and it simply needed polishing to enable her to trust her world more. So each day he'd wave whether she replied or not.

One day the man walked past the castle with a woman. They were laughing and joking and obviously sharing much together, if you know what I mean, and the woman was sad. She envied them their relationship and yet doubted she'd be able to have such a relationship with anyone. She felt alone. For the first time her castle didn't seem all that cosy nor all that warm. It felt like a prison. A prison she'd sentenced herself to. There had been no judge and jury – no trial. Never the less she'd found herself guilty of not being good enough and had imprisoned herself in her castle for fear people would find out what she was really like.

Each day the couple would walk past the castle and wave up to the woman and she'd wave back unsure how to get out of the castle and not wanting to ask for help for fear of rejection. Until one day she was so unhappy she just screeched at the man to help her get out of the castle. The man jumped with joy and hurried away to get oil to loosen the doors. Whilst the man was away the woman started to doubt his intentions and quickly ran to barricade the doors. But as we already know, the man was a special man and when he returned he also brought a very long ladder so that he could just talk to the woman. Each day he'd spend time talking to the woman and she started to understand he could be trusted to not hurt her. What she didn't know was each time the man came to see her he took a few bricks away with him. Over the weeks and months the woman still hadn't noticed. The walls of the castle were no longer so high, no longer so wide and no longer protecting her. The man had even been secretly creeping into the castle to post cards on every wall saying 'I love and accept myself exactly as I am'.

Finally the special man knew it was time for her to connect to her divine power and to go out into the world to fulfil her life's purpose. So rather than confront her of this in her castle he suggested she go on holiday. And because the messages on the walls and the lower of the walls had worked on her unconscious she willingly agreed. Whilst on holiday she worked on her negative beliefs about herself. She realised that the world was an abundant place and allowed herself to be purified of all negative thoughts, feelings and disease. She forgave herself for staying in the castle. She learnt it was ok to express her feelings clearly and responsibly. She also found that as she started to trust and open to the world that an abundance of love, miracles and money flowed in. She realised she was strong enough to cope with what ever happened in her life at all times. She no longer needed to rely on defence mechanisms that had kept people out of her life.

So the woman returned home and made sure all the entrances to the castle were well oiled and even left a few open all the time for people to visit and for her to come and go with ease. And whilst this is where this story ends you may know that just like many fairy tales this too has a happy ending where the woman lived happily ever after and even met her prince charming – but that's another tale all together.

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