**John, you have shown us the hero’s journey**

**Joseph Campbell describes this as a The Adventure of the Hero, beginning with the Call to Adventure, and completing with The Freedom to Live.**

**I will now read an extract from a story about such a hero, we join him at the phase called ‘The ultimate Boon’**

He arrives in a part of the cave with many chambers...each chamber enclosing cages and in each cage a human. Men, women and even children, locked up and surrounded by pictures, horrific stories clearly displayed on the walls.

Some were on their knees praying for forgiveness, some were chanting “no it didn’t happen, its all lies...I never did anything evil like that” Some were torturing themselves – and willing condemnation. He’d never seen such self inflicted horror, he knew it was part of his journey to release them. There was one very strange thing he didn’t understand, none of these cages were locked and yet people were rattling the bars screaming to get out.

The warrior held up his sword...”if you can feel me or see me and you wish to walk the path of freedom than you must follow me”.

He lead them out of the cave, he lead them through the many landscapes of the desert, he taught them how to hear and see the silent snaketress who was desperately calling them back into the grip of her spell. He taught them to find the god given courage inside, to speak each part of their stories, as seen painted on the walls inside the cave. They sat in the place of the elders, by fire light, listening to the talking faces of the rocks...and he shared his own story.

The more he taught them the more he learnt, the more he gave the more he received until his heart was so full of love, his wings were so bright even the grains of sand knew the reality of the love radiating from him. Other men and women joined his journey...people from all over this land who had heard his invitation, came to follow him in his path.

The warrior turned to face those still following him and feeling the burning sensation of his teachers love for them all, he prayed they would see HIM, feel HIM, the truth of HIM.

He stepped into the doorway of rain- the sunlight shining through his heart creating a rainbow above his head, washing away all the soiled dirt, blood and sweat of his journey- “this is as far as I can bring you at this stage, you each have to choose to cross this threshold into your destiny’s... I invite you to see and feel me”

Some could hear his voice but the snaketress had blinded them of their ability to see him. Others could sense a beauty but nothing more, others had begun to see who he really was...An angel, a loving warrior angel of god- who could save lives...who had saved their life...who was taking them home to god.

Some walked towards him and entered the threshold As they did so the rain washed away their sodden rags, their stinking pasts and revealed their hearts. Hearts that were on fire, set on fire by this angel warrior’s passionate truth.

Some were still fearful about crossing; gently he reached out to them, took their hands and led them blind into the threshold...this unknown.

As each person crossed, they knew he had not only saved their life but their soul and that their soul was free, not only for now but forever.

Campbell speaks finally of the role of the hero in the world. He says:

“The modern hero, the modern individual who dares to heed the call and seek the mansion of that presence with whom it is our whole destiny to be atoned, cannot, indeed must not, wait for his community to cast off its slough of pride, fear, rationalized avarice, and sanctified misunderstanding. ‘Live’, Nietzsche says, ‘as though the day were here’. It is not society that is to guide and save the creative hero, but precisely the reverse.”

Thank you for showing us that such a journey exists and for bringing us that boon from your extraordinary journey.