

## **The Son of the King**

***By Paul Solomon***

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I'd like to share with you a story of a king. He had a reputation for being a wise, benevolent, loving ruler. The king was proud of his people, his country, his relationship with them. It was a kingdom of peace.

The king was married and from his marriage came a son, and he was delighted. He looked forward to the time when his son would grow to be king. He made plans for the training of the prince, and for the conditions to be absolutely perfect. He wanted the very best for his child. In the celebration of the birth and the planning for the care of this new, very special person. He called in his wise men to advise him.

"How best do we train this child and care for him? How best do we make certain that he can meet the responsibility of the kingdom?"

One of the wise, old advisors said, "This child is likely to grow up in a palace, surrounded by luxury, wealthy and the trappings of power. And yet his responsibility as an adult will be to care about problems of peasants in the countryside who work on the farms. And if he grows up here with your loving care and your presence and the conditions that surround you, he will hardly be familiar with those conditions he must respond to. There really isn't a way that he can grow up in these conditions and respond to the needs of those he must rule.

"So my advice to you," he said to the king, "is that you send the boy away, while he's still a baby to the home of a peasant in the countryside so that he will not know his heritage and will not see the life in the countryside from this perspective, but will understand it as it really is. And will learn compassion for the needs and an understanding of the lifestyle that he must respond to.

The king listened to the advice. With a broken heart, but with recognition of the wisdom, he made arrangements right away to send the child away while still a baby to live with a peasant family.

The young boy grew up never knowing where he came from, who his father was, really thinking that the parents that he lived with were his parents, and treated as if he belonged there.

With excitement from time to time, he had the opportunity to watch when the royal entourage would pass and to see and dream about the trappings of luxury, power, royalty. He loved the king as all of the people did, admired him and was eager to see him when he passed and always felt some strange kind of love, not only toward him, but from him, in a sort of personal way.

But none of that prepared him for the shock that came one day when a herald came from the palace to their humble home. And he got called in and his father and mother, as he knew them, were sitting there with a very serious, sort of sad, perhaps melancholy look on their faces.

His father said, "This herald from the palace has something to tell you."

The herald said, "I've come from your home. I represent your father. You are the prince and I've come to take you back to the palace where you will live. It's time for you to assume responsibility."

The young man really couldn't understand what he was talking about at all.

"You couldn't mean me. I mean, I grew up here. I belong here. These are my parents. What are you talking about?"

And yet when he saw the look on his father's face, he saw that it is so.

*"What the man says is true. Somehow these aren't my parents – really. How do I relate to this? How do I respond? What do I do? What's next?"*

With a mixture of awe, excitement and fear, he packed his few things and went away in the carriage to the palace where there were celebrations. And the chefs had prepared a great feast. He was given new clothes that he scarcely knew how to wear. And when he saw the banquet table, he didn't really know where to begin or even what the utensils were for. It was all quite foreign to him. And he realized just how much he had to learn about the responsibilities for the people of the countryside.

There was, on the one hand, the excitement of these new surroundings. It's wonderful to explore a palace. It's an interesting experience to put on all of those velvets and colors that you've never seen before. And actually, it's more interesting if you can do it as sort of a play thing. But when it's serious, it's a little different experience.

It's interesting to be able to call the servants and to have some power, but when you recognize the responsibility for that power, it changes the experience.

It's a simple story. And the interesting thing about the story is that it's not a myth. It's a true story. And I'm going to have to inform you that:

"I'm the herald. I've just come from the palace. I came to tell you, your father is not who you thought he was. This is the peasant area. You don't belong here.

### **You are a Prince, a Child of a King.**

You have responsibility. You've been here for a while. You've learning how the peasants live, as victims. But it's time for you to step in the royal role now, of calling the shots, taking the

responsibility. You can't afford the luxury of being a peasant anymore. You're going to have to change your clothes. You know, it can be fun to play with astral trips. But when it becomes your responsibility to handle those energies, it isn't a game. It's not just fun. It's a responsibility.

It's fun to talk about taking responsibility for the things that go on in my body, and we can play a game with that - see if we can accelerate our blood pressure or whatever.

But it's time to move beyond the game. To take the responsibility and make a genuine application of our authority over our emotions, our bodies, our life styles.

It's time to quit dreaming about living in the place of responsibility. It's time to pack your clothes and leave.

We have a job to do, a planet to change, a society, a culture that needs to find out its opportunity, it's heritage. And we can share it. We experience it. But it will require that we change our beliefs about who we are and what we are.

We have to move out of being a victim and experience being a Cause. It isn't enough to talk about it or dream about it. We must come to that space where we know, my emotions are my responsibility. Even the responses of my physical body are my responsibility. The results of my lifestyle are my responsibility and I can alter those by taking that responsibility.

But if I can produce through that joy, love, harmony, I will also discover that all of those people who are playing the victim games really do believe, they really do believe that if they're happy, it's because someone else made them happy.

Now that makes it easy for you, if you know the difference because you know that because they believe you can make them happy, they have given you the ability over their life that you should not really have, but they've given it to you. And so you can take that responsibility and give them love, happiness, and at the same time, help them to learn to take that same responsibility for themselves.

When people think that if they're happy, it's because of the conditions around them, it's easy to make them smile. You can do it now. You can prove the power that you have over the people sitting around you. You can turn and look at them. You can make them smile. Try it. Make somebody smile. Prove you can do it. People have very little resistance to it. See how powerful you are.

But as long as people are so willing to be victims, then let's use our love and our caring to give them opportunities for beautiful responses. And then let them learn to retain those responses. And let's take responsibility for noticing the reactions, the habits that are not working for us. Let's stop. Let's stop being vulnerable to the dis-ease of the patients when we have a responsibility of being a healer.

It's easy enough to say, "I have a right to be angry. Look what you did."

But it's very much like a doctor saying, "I have a right to catch his disease. Look what it is."

Who cares for that right? Is it appropriate for the healer to blame the patient for being sick. We have to outgrow the feeling of impotence that comes from being a peasant in the countryside and take the responsibility for being the Prince, at home in the palace, learning to what our father does and has done.

Know who you are. You are a Child God, growing up to be what your Father is.

And you have to practice doing the things that Gods do. And Gods create and change things. They are loving beings. They are Causes. They are not results.

Become a Cause. Cause a result, and cause your life to make a difference to have lived. And if your life makes a delightful difference, I have a belief that somewhere all people have a real longing for joy, for happiness, for love. And if you can expose them to a bit of joy, happiness and love, you can get them addicted. Then we can turn our negative addictions into Positive Addictions, and as I said before, start an epidemic. And bring a consciousness of peace and love to the planet. And I think that when love between people is a common energy, the common energy of relationships and communications on our planet. then we will find that indeed the Christ has returned and is alive and well and ruling the planet.

It's time. As we create the conditions, so we can introduce that Holy Presence among us. And it's our responsibility. I think that that's our purpose for being here. I'd like to see you making agreements with one another to become Causes rather than victims, making promises to one another to live in love and to be healers. If you will leave here with the consciousness of a healer, you now are a healer - for the rest of your life - living in a world of dis-eased people, living in a hospital run by the patients. We have to change that by taking responsibility of being a healer. We cannot afford the luxury of not living in luxury any longer.

There's the challenge!

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