



The Story of the Golden Eagle who didn't want to Fly

“Come on, Chrys“ called the older brother, “it's no problem, look I can do the speed-turn.” And he was already flying, quickly turned around on his back and came back. “You always do and know best and yet you are only three days older. I am simply scared to fly, “ responded Chrys, the young golden eagle who didn't want to fly. “You don't have to be afraid, Chrys, the air carries you, you can trust that”, said the father bringing fresh prey. Consequently the mother “let him be, he is still so young”.

“Oh, how much I hate this”, thought Chrys. “My mum looks at me as the small one and doesn't really take me serious. I am sick and tired of dad's well-meant advice. I am never okay, neither am I allowed to be angry at my smartass brother nor scared because I don't know how to fly. And if I feel sad about it, everybody tries to cheer me up, instead of simply accepting me with what I feel. If I am really joyful about something, my brother will come for sure and make a mischievous joke about it.” He was sulking, while the other flew away full of joy and his brother showed off with a particular fancy maneuver as usual.

“Trust, that is easier said than done”, muttered Chrys, “talk is cheap, after all they know that they can fly. What if I do something wrong and fall down? Or if my wings are not strong enough? I feel so angry because they just let me sit here.”

“How about using your anger?”, he suddenly heard a voice say. Chrys looked around until he saw a toad in a rock crevice over the aerie. “Don't start to lecture me too” he croaked. “You don't want me to lecture you”, said the toad. “Yes! It is enough for my family to do it! What do you mean with using the anger?” - “One possibility is to find out yourself”, answered the toad and disappeared again in the crack. “That is enough now”, thought Chrys and climbed over the edge of the aerie. “We shall see if I let myself be treated like that any longer.” And he dared to jump from the edge to the rock below. “Okay, there we go”, he encouraged himself and carefully walked down the sloping rock. “Who says I have to fly.”

And indeed, with his anger he succeeded some remarkable tricks on the difficult climb down to the valley. Once he almost fell, but because he felt his fear consciously he was alert and could cling to a tree root. When he arrived at the bottom of the cliff tired and exhausted, it was dawn and he lay down, a little hungry, on moss between trees to sleep.

“What is a golden eagle doing down here” he heard whispering, as the sun was rising. “Did he fell out of the nest?” Carefully he opened one eye and discovered a group of curious mice, from which one dared to come particularly close. He quickly struck with his claw and caught her just before she could run off. Proud about his first catch Chrys ravenously ate it. Suddenly he felt irrepressible joy: He decided to find his own way! “Actually I arranged that quite comfortably before”, he thought, “the others were the bad guys and I was the poor victim, so that I had every right to revenge myself and may it be just through mean remarks to my brother or inner rejection of my parents.” Now as he focused all his attention and energy to be on his way independently, all of this moved to the background. So he went further down the valley and into the denser forest.



It didn't take long for his hunger to awake again and he had to realize that hunting wouldn't be easy. He was clearly slower than most prey. His fear grew. First he didn't want to feel it and instead blamed himself: "Would I have just stayed in the aerie, where I had at least enough to eat." However as he seriously imagined that, he had again access to his anger and said: "Okay, I feel fear because I might starve." And as if by magic many possibilities that he could try came to his mind: Look for slow prey, lie in wait, stalking, climb up a tree and drop down on the prey from above...

He lived like that for some time, tried out unfamiliar things and made completely new experiences. Meanwhile he dealt every once in a while with the question why he could not trust his wings and the possibility of flying. "Do you want to trust regarding flying?" Chrys flinched a little startled and shy. Did he think out loud? Was it the same toad that winked at him from the rocks? But then he remembered that the first tip was very helpful and answered: "Yes, I would like to, I simply don't know how it works, I simply can't trust." - "Then I am willing to entrust you a great secret that I discovered" said the toad, "would you like to hear it?" - Oh, yes gladly." - "Trust is a decision." - "What do you mean?" asked Chrys, but the toad had already disappeared. "Trust is a decision, aha", he thought. "What does this mean?"

And he realized that until now he had thought that trust was in a way beyond his influence, that he would have it in relation to something or somebody or not. But was this true? Did he not choose trust when he left home? And did face death several times on the way so far? Suddenly he had to laugh. It was so easy after all. Full of joy he looked for a free-standing tree and climbed up. "I am Chrys, the golden eagle, and I choose to trust flying, my wings, my strength and the air that carries me", he shouted loudly into the world, spread his wings and jumped.

And the air carried him indeed.

Of course he died eventually, because this is part of life, however before he had many years and actively used them for ongoing experiments with flying and trust. The greatest adventure probably was the decision to trust the wonderful queen of airs that he met one day and chose as a wife. Or was raising children the biggest challenge, the conscious decision to fully accept them in their unique being and with all feelings? His experiences and discoveries with these and other experiments would be material for many more stories...

"How did you learn to fly so fantastically?" asked his brother, as they met at the border of their territories. "I hardly recognized you." Chrys laughed and was glad about his decision to encounter his brother with trust instead of grudge about the past. "I experiment with everything that comes to my mind and am ready to fully feel my feelings – anger, sadness, fear, and joy – and use their energy and information. But the most essential point that a toad once shared and that makes all this possible, is the following: Trust is a decision."