

Collected Short Stories and Poems

By

William R. Mistele

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Introduction

This is a first draft manuscript of some of my short stories and a few poems. Most of these poems and stories appear to me when I meditate.

For example, the story, *The Prisoner*, comes from meditating with a spirit of the earthzone some call Sarisee. This spirit relates to Capricorn and for me combines a sense of being completely open in your mind and at the same time there is a marvelous sense of power. So you have power without attachment of any kind.

The character in the story dreams other people's dreams. I often have that experience. I am not me in a dream but someone else instead. The story brings together then how being empty in one's awareness also grants great power even to those who have no power.

The story, *The Temple of Saturn*, is a study of the aura of the planet Saturn. If I go back in time I find there were temples of Saturn during the Roman Empire. Certainly some of those priests could do what the priest in my story does.

The story, *The Zen Master and the Daimyo*, also comes from meditating on Saturn. Within Saturn is a kind of awareness in which you can experience another person in the same way you experience yourself. The result is that a Zen Master assigns one of his students the task not of becoming enlightened but of assisting the Daimyo to become enlightened. The story, *Donna and the Zendo*, follows a similar theme.

In *Story of an Evocation*, I tell about a student who seeks someone to assist him in evoking the first spirit of the planet Mercury that is called Vehuiah. The intent of this book is not to teach esoteric lore or magical methods. These stories are about acquiring firsthand experience and getting to know ourselves better. I try to stay on topic.

In the story, *Atlantis and Western Civilization—A Path of Light*, I explore the nature of the void. The Western world is not well acquainted with the fifth element called akasha. Akasha is an awareness that penetrates through space and time. It is an awareness that needs no form to identify with. It does not use thoughts to think. It has no need of beliefs or doctrines to determine best courses of action.

The Buddhist stories in this book are a presentation of the void from my point of view as a Westerner or as a spiritual anthropologist. I add to the Buddhist sense a rather expansive sense of empathy. Buddha for me could easily review in his mind the entire life experience of anyone he met. He could feel what they feel without limitation.

At the same time, the stillness and wisdom of the void does not have any application unless an individual is also equally familiar with the other four elements—earth, air, fire, and water. And so I present stories on these elements as well.

For example, the story, *Jack Allen and the Sylph*, comes from meditating with a woman who does not have a human soul but rather is an air spirit inside the body of a woman. Like the farmer in the story, she appeared in life. And like him the best choice may be just to accept what is given to you and allow it to leave when it wishes to move on.

Also the story, *Keolani and the Sylph*, is about a human being doing what air spirits or sylphs do—they control weather. I almost left this story out because it is a little too focused on method. But weather control is very neglected by spiritual people for reasons I cannot fathom. I highly recommend her method.

A Happy Little Gnome is about an earth spirit. The story, *James O'Brien*, is about the earth element as studied through what is called the cosmic letter AE. If you can relate easily to the density of physical matter, then the barriers of life and death seem to disappear.

James O'Brien wakes up one day after being dead and yet he is fully aware. He is in two realms at once. I know people who are equally in several realms of awareness at the same time. You could say they have dual passports.

The story, *The Knight and the Dragon*, is about the spirit of a super volcano who one day will incarnate as a human woman. The story, *Give Them a Little More Time*, is also about that same fire spirit—a woman is actually the spirit who governs a super volcano. It may seem odd to you. But I know people like this. I regularly meditate with them.

There are also numerous stories on mermaids. My first published book, *Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits*, is a study of this realm. My second published book, *Mermaids, Sylphs, Gnomes, and Salamanders* has perhaps my best story in it— *Caelius Aurelius Luscus and the Mermaid*.

The Czech magician, Franz Bardon, describes 360 spirits surrounding our planet, one for each degree of the zodiac. At least ten of these spirits specialize in poetry and/or storytelling. From their point of view, it is not possible to understand oneself without grasping the story of your life. The nice thing about a story is you can ask yourself, Is there anything in the story that resonates with my life? Is there anything I can learn from the choices of the characters that might apply also to myself?

Soon I will have another book out that is just biographies of women who are actually mermaids. Again, the story of their lives tells us something about ourselves. And at least three of the women I interview can literally experience other people's memories as if they are their own experience. Empathy is a tool for transforming our world. These stories are applied empathy.

Note: I have taken liberties in borrowing pictures that are not my own. This manuscript is then for private circulation only and is not being presented at this time for publication.

For other related manuscripts such as *Mermaid Women*, *How to Speak Mermaid*, *How to Speak Saturn*, *Mystical Fables*, *25 Earthzone Spirits*, etc. see williamrmistele.com

For *The Perfection of Wisdom*, a study of the cosmic letter U, see <http://williammsitele.com/perfectionofwisdom.pdf>

Letters to Mermaids is written for mermaids who are here in human form. It is at:

<http://williammistele.com/letterstomermaids.pdf>

Stories and Poems

What Is Man?

What is man? He plows the seas with his ships and with his planes he sails higher in the sky than the clouds. He spies into nature's mysteries. He reassembles DNA. He sends probes into intergalactic space. He leaves tracks in the dirt on other planets with his roving machines. He splits the atom, makes diamonds from coal, and tracks the boson particle. He issues weather reports on earthlike planets revolving around distant stars. He simulates with silicon chips micro moments of the first second the universe began and how stars and galaxies later formed.

Yet these things he has not learn to do—to do justice, to speak the truth, and to understand other's hearts.

For the human race to survive this is the wisdom that is the exact correlate of his scientific and technological achievements—human beings would have direct mind to mind contact with anyone on earth in any moment an individual wishes. He would know how to dissolve malice with ease and be able to overcome those who abuse power

simply by concentrating on an individual, freeing him of his false attachment, and restoring him to his best path in life.

But possessing wisdom of this nature he has not learned to do. And this also is missing--he has not learned to read the aura of the woman he sees in front of him and so he does not understand nature when it appears to him in the form of a woman. For this reason, all men on earth live under a curse, for they have not made the feminine spirit a part of themselves.

If he had, then he would have direct mind to mind contact with anyone on earth in any moment he wishes. He would know how to dissolve malice with ease and be able to overcome those who abuse power simply by concentrating on an individual, freeing him of his false attachment, and restoring him to his best path in life.

But there is still time to learn. We are surrounded by infinite possibilities. All one need do is make an effort to seize one or two when they appear.

Rooms and Global Dreamtime



I sometimes talk about global dreamtime. Each religion, culture, race, ethnic group, spiritual and esoteric tradition has its own set of dreams. These dreams embody its range of feeling—the specific ways it is receptive to and appreciates being alive. Each has its sense of what is sacred, of what is important--priorities, ideals, and things it wishes to make real.

Religions and ethnic groups like the Sioux Indians, Australian aborigines, and Hopi Indians have dreamtimes all their own. These dreamtimes do not intersect, not usually. There is no gate or path in the soul of Christians that has a sign marked—“This way to celebrate and to embody within yourself the beauty of nature.”

Oh sure, George Beverly Shay can sing How Great Thou Art at Billy Graham crusades. But with all due respect, look at his aura; look into his heart. It is the Apostle Paul he follows. Christ never appeared within the dreams of Evangelical Christians. Sometimes it takes more than two thousand years for human beings to make sense of light so intense it declares that love is the reason we exist.

And sadly the Warm Spring Indians were incredulous when anthropologists were interviewing tribal elders. The anthropologists asked, “Why don’t you write down your stories and songs so that they can be preserved and not lost?”

And the Indians replied, “All anyone of us needs to do who wants to recall our stories or songs is to go out into the fields at night and fast. Whatever he needs will come to him.”

It is sad because the American Indians could not comprehend and so not defend against the dreamtime of the Westerners who came to seize their lands. The Indians could not imagine a people so extroverted they had no awareness of their inner selves.”

I am not criticizing. I am just stating the obvious. Each group has its own dreamtime that celebrates what it specifically considers “being fully

alive.” Indeed, the soul has “many mansions.” It is left to each of us to walk the paths and find the keys.

Let us take a little tour. You can start from where you are. It is like entering a dream. Relax. Let your imagination run free. There are rooms we have been in that had a certain feeling and mood as well as places out of doors. Like this:

The first time I tasted cider fresh from the mill. It was night and I was with a small group and it was after a hay ride. I can taste it now. The taste carries a certain feeling. It says to me, “Let go and feel joy.”

Or the first time I saw the Atlantic Ocean. I was driving over in a car and smelled the sea air a mile away. And there I arrived. Waves were breaking with an outgoing tide. It was very clear what the sea was saying—“There is a peace so much bigger than anything yet known by your world.”

You can see where I am going with this. Feeling and perception interact so that each transforms the other. New ways of defining oneself appear spontaneously. New dreams, ideals, and goals arise that words and concepts have not yet been formulated to express.

Follow me. The walls of memory and time are thin. So thin you can walk through them with ease.

I enter a room on the Isle of Iona. Here are eight students and a druid chief. We are sipping mead on the last day of a weeklong Ovate seminar. There is a fire in the fireplace. It is chilly outside. We hiked the small island each day. And here is a feeling of community. Not just people we meet for the first time and got to know as they shared themselves over lunch and discussions for a week. No, this community is multidimensional. There is an outer and inner grove where druids go.

And you are a part of both—life and death are one circle and we sit at the center and celebrate the changing seasons of nature and the changing seasons of life. Harmony governs the earth as time unfolds.

See what I mean? Each feeling is a dream filled with untold possibilities and ways to experience life.

Stand up. Walk through the wall down a hall in a modern hotel in Waikiki. And here is Swami Gurumayi chanting with several thousand people. If I relax Swami Muktananda appears in front of me. He laughs. He takes me inside his memories and we visit the highlights of his yogic experiences. He says to me, “Let me introduce you to the goddess Kundalini.”

I stand up and walk through the wall. I am sitting next to Swami Rama outside in a field at one of his retreat centers. He looks at me for a long time and then he says, “No one has ever asked me to share my innermost essence who could handle the vibe. Here, taste the bliss in which I reside. Now you understand why I did not pursue other paths. When you feel this complete you are united with the universe from inside.”

I stand up and walk through the wall, well, a wall appears outside and I walk through it. I am with a Tibetan lama. It is 6 AM and we are walking in a small circle chanting the Vajra Guru Mantra. The students step carefully as they walk as if bound by a hypnotic trance. The guru stands just outside the circle. His voice seems to wash over us as we go by. His lineage has a great affinity for the void—the original source of awareness and mind. But it is also true—there are solid steel fences twenty feet thick blocking his tradition from applying this wisdom.

I like the feeling of the void—of standing at the center from which all wisdom arises. But walls and barriers do not bind me. I am not addicted to any tradition or the slave of a lineage. I stand up and go through that twenty foot solid wall of steel.

I am sitting with a Hopi Indian. The goddess of the earth is sitting and meditating with us. When we are done with the meditation, he begins to teach me about his healing methods. But it is the earth we are celebrating. She is the most beautiful planet among a billion worlds.

And here is one of my primary sources of inspiration. More than any knight that has sworn loyalty to a queen, I serve her purposes. And she in turn shares with me her deepest dreams.

These examples are archetypal or transpersonal. There are a great many rooms filled with feelings that are personal. She places her palms against mine. I am joined briefly through touch with a woman I have been with over many life times.

I move on. Another room. I touch a different woman's arm and she and I are one with each other and with the sea. The three of us are joined. You can usually experience that with mermaids if you can find one and take the time.

Another wall I walk through. Here is a woman who is a mirror like the sky or a magic mirror on a table outside a magician's circle. She says to me through her eyes—"Present me with your deepest desire and I will take this unfulfilled dream and manifest it so it is an experiences through which you can attain freedom. Go ahead. Hold nothing back. Witness what I am--I am your personal guide to dreamtime."

What would happen if these rooms and dreams were connected by someone else's dream? The answer is that someone can come into your room and visit you. He can draw a door on the wall that actually opens and that leads to other rooms. But the interest to dream others' dreams has to come from the individual.

Perhaps if someone hears an enchanting story about walking among the dreams of all people, then he would take a peak beyond what is familiar. An enchanting story would entice, invite, encourage, or inspire. Joseph Campbell says something similar in describing the Hero's Quest--Someone is "called," accidentally crosses over, or is tricked into leaving behind the familiar boundaries of his world to enter the unknown.

Let your imagination run free so it is playful and also moves through the core of your being. We are here on earth to experience what it is to be fully alive and fulfilled in every conceivable way. In this book are many stories. Perhaps you will find one or two that enchant you.

The Prisoner



A prisoner in a penitentiary was assigned to yard duty. And as he went through the door leading to the yard he happened to pass the warden walking in the opposite direction. And he stopped and said to the warden, I am glad you had a good time at your son David's birthday party yesterday.

And the warden glanced harshly into the eyes of the prisoner and asks, How did you know about his birthday party?

And the prisoner replied, Like Joseph in the dungeon of the Pharaoh of Egypt, God has granted to me the ability to see past, present, and future in my dreams. And last night that is the dream that came to me.

The warden took the prisoner to his private office. He had him sit down in the chair facing his desk. And then the warden asked him, Answer me this. Why am I so unhappy?

And the prisoner replied, Your oldest brother is a U.S. senator and your middle brother runs his own hedge fund successfully. He has a second home in Aspen and a third home in Italy. And he attends the Cannes Film Festival where the independent films he sponsors sometimes win high honors.

But neither of your brothers is genuinely happy. To be happy is to free in your soul.

And the warden asks rhetorically, Is a prisoner in my prison about to explain to me what it is to be free?

And the prisoner went on, God gave the sky by day that we might realize the mind is so open and clear that the greatest storms that rage cannot disturb its peace. And he gave us the sky by night that we might look up and realize the depths of the mind are infinite. The mind is without definition and can encompass the universe.

To be fully alive, to feel free in your soul, is to be so detached from your five sense perceptions and your circumstances that you feel as if what you see belongs to another person who you have met in a dream. And yet each sense impression is so new and unexpected you also feel that what you perceive has never been observed before by anyone else in the history of the world. Because in part it is yours and no one else's.

The warden sent the man back to his yard duty. Six months later the prisoner was pardoned by the governor. A limousine waited for him outside the gates the day he was released. It turned out the next night after talking to the warden the prisoner dreamed about a personal problem of the governor's. He told the warden about this dream too which the warden passed on to the governor explaining what the prisoner had already told him about feeling free.

Later, the man's story reached the ears of a publisher who was so impressed he advanced a substantial sum for the man to write a book about his experiences. Sitting in the publisher's office, he was asked by one of the staff, What is the secret of your luck?

And man replied, When you are totally receptive to the extent that you have become nothing inside yourself then you are in that moment a part of everything and everyone. Usually people are the main character in their own dreams. But I dream others' dreams. And I see their lives through the eyes of their own guardian angels. And I can do this because, being nothing, there are no barriers blocking my sight and so I see past, present, and the future with equal clarity.

I Was Once A Samurai



Sometimes when I meditate
 He awakes inside of me
 On occasion he speaks:
 I studied Buddhism
 To clear my mind
 I studied the way of the sword
 To better serve my lord
 My inner silence was so complete
 I could hear others words before they speak
 I could perceive their future acts
 When and where they would attack
 The past and future are the same
 There is nothing permanent that remains

I reply,
 I carry on your work
 I am a knight
 Of the Goddess of the earth
 My inner silence is so complete
 I hear angels when they speak
 And the elements
 Of water, earth, air, and fire
 Reveal to me their mysteries

Sometimes when I meditate
 I awake within my future self
 He says to me,
 I carry on your work
 There is an inner stillness so complete
 It embraces the universe

The dreams you once dreamed
Have now become reality—
Justice fills the earth

A Knight and a Mermaid



The year is 1307. The Church, in great treachery and malice, seeks to destroy all of the Knights Templar throughout Europe. A few manage to escape:

The knight gazes upon his own body lying next to a small stream in a green field at the edge of a mountain cliff. He turns and looks at a young woman sitting next to him.

He says to her, “I am dead and you are an angel.”

She replies, “You are not dead and I am not an angel.”

He looks about himself at the hills, the trees, the stream, the forest, the sky and clouds. He says, “Each thing here shines with its own inner light. The colors here are a thousand times brighter and clearer than they are in my world.”

“I have heard others say those same words,” the girl replies.

The knight: “And you, even now, your inner light flows through me even as this stream. This is a very unusual dream.”

“It is not a dream,” she calmly says.

Knight: “It is like you and the stream are the same energy, the same being. And you and I are also the same energy, the same being.

“Tell me, child of the mysteries, in what world, in what reality does beauty such as this exist? Tell me so that when I awaken in my body I may make it my life quest to find this place again, to find you again that we might be even as we are now.”

“You are a human being,” she replies. “And I am from a race that by God’s grace does not require spoken words in order to express feeling, does not need medicine in order to heal, and we do not require passion or compassion in order to love.

“But you, you must speak words in order to feel. Speak aloud now what you sense this place to be. Speak, so that when you return to yourself you will know this is not a dream and you will remember everything you have heard and seen.”

The knight says,

The stream begins
Where the clouds drift
Enfolding the hills in mist
Moisture so thick
The waters runs wild

Dancing in the rain like a child
 The current, the pulse, the flow,
 Here are secrets only love knows—
 How to be one with another's soul.

The Knight goes on: “Will you speak to me again? Will you come to me and guide me? Will you be to me even as you are now, part of my own being?”

She replies, “As the sky is a part of the stream, and the earth, and the valley; as the stream nurtures all things, even so I shall be a part of your soul. Forever free, in love and in beauty, as one stream our lives shall unfold.”

A Council of Angels

A Council of angels appeared before the throne of God. And their spokesman stepped forward and spoke, Almighty God, maker of heaven and earth, you who are beyond all understanding, ineffable and shrouded in mystery. You for whom all the stars and galaxies are but a faint echo of your glory, listen to our petition.

We have a slight problem that perplexes us. It is not that we are frustrated or annoyed. Rather, it just eludes our ability to fulfill the commission you have assigned to us. For our task is to bless all beings, to see that their lives are fulfilled in every conceivable way, to grant them every opportunity to follow their highest path of life and to discover within the depths of their hearts the destiny they wish to fulfill as their contribution to the unfolding of creation.

And yet with some when we bless them they turn the blessing to a dark end. We grant their leaders the ability to understand others and to

negotiate fair and just agreements. But the blessing only makes them arrogant. They decide because of their new heightened insight they should dominate and control others. They feel it is their right to make others' choices for them. They feel that the divine world owes them their power and authority and that they should have had it much sooner on in their lives rather than having to acquire wisdom by learning through experience.

If we offer them wealth and abundance, they squander it and waste it. If we give them the ability to love, they use their increased empathy to manipulate and twist others' mind so they agree with them. If we give them purposes to fulfill that produce things of value that endure through all ages of the world they produce instead weapons of war and corporations that only seek to increase their market share. There is no end to their greed. They live as if their egos are the only thing that is real. They set aside no time to celebrate the divine, the beauty of the universe, or the joy of being alive.

Consequently, our attempts to bless them and to fulfill their lives is in jeopardy. Therefore, we humbly ask you for a few suggestions.

And God who sits upon a throne that exists neither in space or time but rather is beyond, spoke and said, Did I not create the deserts?

And the angel replied, Yes, you did.

And God said, Why did I do so?

And the angel answers, Because the desert is so vast and impersonal, it is a place where men might go to seek your presence and to worship you without distraction from the things of the world.

And God said, Did I not create the oceans and the seas encircling the earth?

And the angel says, Yes, you did.

And God asks, Why did I do so?

And the angel says, So that in one glance men might behold in front of them extending from horizon to horizon a love that has nurtured life on earth for billions of years. In its very nature and essence it gives without asking for anything in return. It is all embracing. And with its infinite receptivity it seeks to fulfill any beings deepest dreams with the visions hidden within their hearts.

And God said, Did I not create the blue sky?

And the angel replies, Yes, you did.

And God asks, Why did I do that? I could have left there up above darkness and clouds of dust, ash, or impenetrable mists of dissolving acids.

And the angels says, That men might see in a single glance that the mind is as clear a mirror. That regardless of the storms of life, the mind can remain open and vast.

And God asks, Did I not create the sky by night filled with countless stars?

And the angel replies, Yes.

And God says, Why?

And the angel replies, So that in one single glance men might perceive that the mind is infinite.

And God asks, Did I not create mountains, forests, hills, and plains?

And the angel replies, Yes.

And God says, Why?

And the angels replies, That men might a place to dwell, work to accomplish, and a home to build where love, light, and life are celebrated in the ordinary moments of the day when they gather together to meet their needs and desires.

And God said, Why have I commissioned you to bless men?

And the angel replies, Because it is your very nature and essence to bless all things, to see that life is fulfilled in every conceivable way. You

offer to men the opportunity to choose a destiny so they become like you—a creator who makes all things new.

And then God said, Now what do you suppose might be the best thing to do if you wish to bless men but all your blessing they refuse?

And the angels says, Take away from men the big things until they reach the point where they are grateful just to have little things—heartbeat, breath, their five senses, their ability to feel, to think, to love, and to share. Then they will be ready to begin again the path of life without being filled with ego and corruption.

And the angels asks, But if they still refuse choosing to persist in their desire to control and dominate and harm others, what then?

And God says, Then give them what I myself am: an infinite void that can create an entire universe in order to share love and that is equally content in being absolutely nothing.

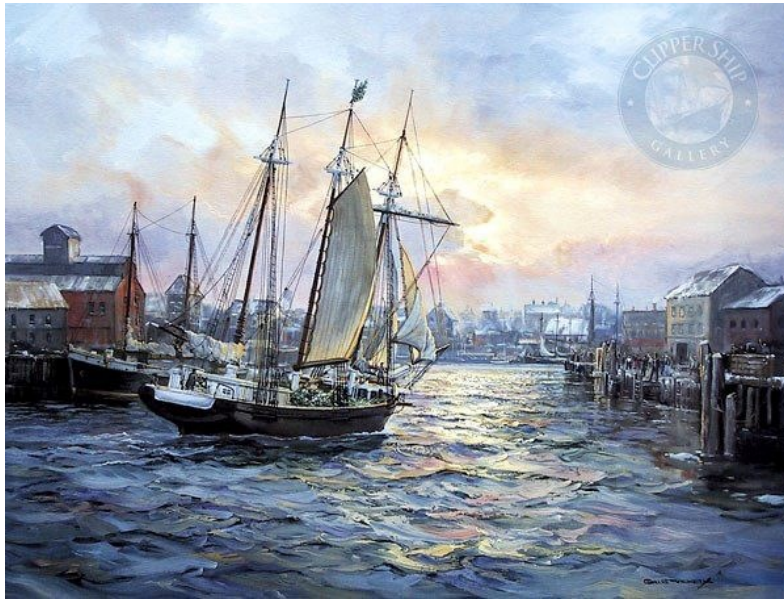
Let them then make their own choice if they wish to be like me--nothing at all--or else to fulfill life in every conceivable way which is my gift to all. The creative void that I am is within every sense perception, every form of substance and energy, and in every thought and feeling. There is no end to my being or my originality.

As I have always said and which the planets and constellations proclaim, Life is a gift. Use it well. Satisfy your desires and meet your needs. Fulfill your dreams. But for each man a day of reckoning in which through the choices he makes he decides his own fate, whether to create without limitation or to place everything within his ego which is destined to fade.

And the angels says, Is this confrontation with the consequences of men's choices something to happen sooner or later?

And God says to angel, Use your own discretion.

Before the Phone, Radio, or TV



Before the phone, radio, or TV
 Before internet, twitter, or electricity
 There were the stars at night
 Each filling the mind with its light
 The eye perceives with different sight
 The planets, the constellations,
 The celebration of the seasons
 Easy in them to see
 The wonders fate decrees
 Men of might rising to lead nations
 Ominous portents of disastrous events
 Yet underneath it all
 A great harmony
 The mystery of time
 The unfolding of history
 Here on display God's heart

A great stillness
Conceiving, nurturing, and embracing
All opposites and change
He who fails to find this stillness in himself
Is like a sailor at sea
Without destination, charts,
Without compass, or home port.

Jack Allen and the Sylph



The farmer's name was Jack Allen. He had a story but some stories you do not tell to other people, to friends, or even to family.

Farmer Jack Allen had a farm of four hundred and ninety acres. Oh, there were bunches of trees here and there, and a stream. And would you believe there was a covered bridge old enough you would not want to run a tractor through it.

He had a barn. The silo was big enough. Had a horse decades before.

He had a few chickens and two hogs. Done with cows. Had enough of milking cows when he was young.

Mostly grew corn and barley. Hired some help in the fall during harvest. No mortgage or liens. Father and grandfather had been frugal and diligent. His siblings lived on the coasts, east and west. They went off to seek fortune or at least a wider range of friends.

Had a wife once but she ran off. A woman cannot make a farmer's wife if she gets bored easily with silence and the absence of entertaining company.

Now Jack Allen never heard Joseph Campbell say, Follow your bliss. And he never heard the French poet say, Beware of bliss. But after his wife left him Jack Allen said to himself, Pleasure and bliss are not always a good thing unless they are joined to affection and kindness.

You could say that after his wife left him Jack Allen discovered that the ordinary moments during the day contained wealth that cannot be exhausted no matter how much you draw upon it.

Not much more to say about farmer Jack Allen than that he came to enjoy his life. His favorite activity was sitting out on the porch watching the sunset. There he sometimes saw his one cat out hunting which it does best during twilight. And he would wait in the evening for the moon to rise if it came up before 10 PM. Farmers like to turn in early.

Now no one else would know to tell you—because it is not something you can observe. But farmer Jack Allen had a most unusual mind. As he sat there during twilight for an hour or two each night not a single thought passed through his mind.

Oh he was aware of the breeze in the trees, leaves shaking, the roof maybe creaking, the thump of the cat as it leaped, a caw of a crow, crops humming as they moved to and fro. But these perceptions appeared in his awareness without any mental response on his part. He could see or

hear but he just did not feel a need to interpret, comment, or respond to what his senses were observing.

Now living as he did in tornado alley, the barometer can fall. The sky goes dark. Temperature drops. Wind picks up and begin to howl. Sometimes large hail stones rain down. Not good for the crops.

What happened next happened almost too fast to grasp. A huge black cloud hovered over his house. And then a half mile wide funnel dropped down. He could see a rampage of torn up trees and dirt a quarter mile away in a huge curtain of flailing wind and rain. But where he sat on his porch the wind barely stirred though there was the beginning of a very strong updraft.

It was too sudden to run to the storm shelter so farmer Jack Allen ran toward the basement. But before he got the door open the tornado funnel was gone. Vanished into thin air as if it had never been there. Though of course with closer inspection the next day he saw roads and telephone poles broken in two or picked up and tossed about.

But that is not our story. As he was noticing the sky suddenly becoming clear and light growing bright in the window he heard a sound from the front porch like a child crying. He went and opened the front door and there all crumpled up on the porch was a young women maybe twenty-five without a stitch of clothing on her.

He brought her in. She seemed quite disoriented. Couldn't talk. Moaning softly. Eyes dilated. And her body temperature was cold as if she had been out in the snow.

He put her down on the couch. Drew a blanket tight around her. Found her some clothes. Heated up some coffee and held her close to warm her up. All very gentlemanly.

She soon fell asleep and he did not know what to do. Phones were out. Roads were no doubt blocked.

In the morning to his surprise she seemed very happy. Except she did not know how to talk or write and so she had no name to give him. He went to make breakfast and she followed him and stood and watched as he made scrambled eggs and muffins.

They sat at the table and by gum farmer Jack Allen had to teach her how to use a knife and fork. He really did not know what to make of her except she seemed extraordinarily happy. And for farmer Jack Allen seeing happiness in a woman was a very rare occasion.

Now you might wonder about what happens next. Put simply Jack kept the woman. Why would he do that? Jack Allen is as normal and down to earth and as an honest kind of guy as you could possibly imagine.

Maybe it was that in the back of his mind he thought to himself, “Damn. Maybe once or twice in a life as stark raving ordinary as mine there is a genuine surprise. And I am not about to share it, not if it is a woman who is as happy as this woman and who seems to have no desire to go or see or be anywhere else than here with me.”

Or maybe Jack knew a great secret that few on earth know—that though seemingly rare, life is also full of surprises. And when they do come you do not want to waste them. In any case, some things you just don’t tell other people, not your friends and even your family.

Turns out she stayed a year. And over those twelve months she learned to talk. But Jack Allen rarely needed to say anything to her. If Jack Allen had known the word telepathy he would have said, She reads my mind as easily as a sailor can read a red sky at dawn or twilight or a thermometer can read if a person has a temperature. She knows what is going on.

They never were intimate, though it was not like she was a daughter or a sister. I say that because she would cuddle up to him as they sat out on the porch during twilight. And when she did that he felt as if gravity had switched off. It was like he was floating weightless. He was on the porch

but he might as well of been twenty thousand feet up in the sky looking down at the world below him. It was the kind of relaxation few men on earth will ever feel, even if they sky dive or are astronauts in a space station. There was simply nothing weighing upon him when she was that near to him.

There is not much more to tell you. What I described is how it went every day. He worked as usual. She cooked, cleaned, and did a few chores. And every single thing she did he had to teach her from scratch. She simply did not have a clue. But like I said she learned very quickly-- and that you can do if reading minds is natural to you.

Farmer Jack Allen had a premonition. He dreamed one night she took off her clothes and walked out the front door and in this world she was no more.

And that is what happened a few days later. Another dark cloud appeared from nowhere. A great funnel descended. Again, the eye of a huge tornado surrounded the farmhouse and barn. And she walked out the door and was gone.

The cloud vanished. The sun came out. The sky quickly became clear.

And for years after that winter always came late and spring early. The rain was always right, never too much to flood the stream, actually just enough to produce the best harvest.

Farmer Jack Allen still sits on his porch at twilight. And sometimes he feels the girl is right there sitting beside him, cuddling up to him. He did not think it strange, weird, or bizarre. As I mentioned before, farmer Jack Allen had a most peculiar mental activity—he did not think at all when he sat at twilight watching the sun set or the moon rise later on.

And the kicker was that when he felt she was there with him he would get that weightless sensation of being so relaxed there was nothing on earth that could bother him.

Some stories you do not tell to other people, to friends, or even to family. Jack Allen told this story to no one.

And how do I know about all of this so I can pass it onto you? I am a good listener. The wind is one of my friends.

The Temple of Saturn (from *How to Speak Saturn*)



In times of yore such as ancient Rome or farther back in Greece, nature was too mysterious and diverse for men to feel at ease with its unknown powers or safely interact with its beauty. And so temples were created to celebrate its holy mysteries.

If you wanted to draw near to the sea with its flowing, giving, renewing hope, and endless adaptability, then you enter the temple of Neptune. If a priest or priestess was worth anything, if you engage in a

ritual or festive celebration you would leave the temple feeling at least for a while that the sea and you had become friends. That vast blue green expanse from horizon to horizon would be alive within you. You would feel your nature is love and that we are in the end all one.

If you wanted to worship the sun with its dazzling light and endless power to imbue the earth with life, then you would enter the temple of Apollo. And there you would be initiated into a great mystery—that we are divine beings who hide our light so that we might in mastering our limitations attain to the divine, immortal being while still in human form. Our innermost and true essence is always close to us—within our hearts if we but care to look for it.

Or if you have some great conflict requiring your total will, if you seek self-mastery, or if you are about to go to war, then you enter the temple of Mars. Place a small vial of your blood on the altar. Then pray and meditate. And finally take back the vial and anoint yourself with this blood which now through the force of your faith and meditation mixes with the life force of the god. No matter whatever desires and needs may join you to life, at least for a while you are now ready to give your entire being without distraction to the task or mission to which you are committed.

Mars is like that. It inspires you so you feel the powers of the universe itself are flowing through you. You may make great sacrifice, but your exuberance and inner sense of fulfillment outweigh the needs of your ego.

And certainly everyone will at some point wish to visit the temple of Venus. Julius Caesar himself declared his blood line descended from this goddess. War will bring you prestige, honor, and glory. But if you wish to rule an empire or truly lead men so that you capture their imagination and loyalty, Venus will give you an edge. Charisma and personal magnetism are basic foundations of leadership.

All the same, if you enter the temple of Venus, expect the air itself to be filled with enchantment. Many seek love for its pleasures and bliss. And indeed if you wish to overcome the barriers separating one from another bliss and pleasure are often required in no small measure.

Nonetheless, Venus is the mistress who has mastered ecstasy—to reach beyond the self and become one with another or something greater than you. In love, you transcend life's limitations while simultaneously uniting with its deepest purposes. When you walk out of a temple of Venus after being initiated into its mysteries, you will finally experience body, soul, and mind for the first time in true harmony.

Ancient Rome. Walk down the street and you can feel the city's heartbeat. There is order and also brutality. There are men of great power and also always conspiracies. There is hard work, industry, and productivity and also smoldering passions in individuals and raw emotions ready to erupt in the masses.

There is excitement in the air—foreign wars, expanding territories, and also people from many cultures. And there is hopelessness, misery, oppression, and despair.

Then there is the Temple of Saturn. 23 BC in Rome under Emperor Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus--you could walk over to the foot of Capitoline hill in the western end of the Forum Romanum in Rome and go up the steps.

If you are sensitive, you can sense before you even step on the staircase the aura of the temple before you. It is not the enticement and festivity of the Temple of Venus. No, this is as if you are out in nature. It is overcast. There is no wind and complete silence. It is as if time has stopped. Suddenly the five senses find within your memories perceptions more interesting than those in the outer world.

You climb the steps toward the columns and the entrance. And you remember your mythology. You think of Orpheus and also Psyche crossing the River Styx separating life and death.

But you are not crossing into the Underworld. You are entering a temple. Nonetheless, you are beginning to view your life from a great

distance as if you have suddenly had to let go of everything you know and step into the unknown.

If you come here nearly any day in the late afternoon, you might see on these steps a woman starrng off into the distance or a man holding his head in his hands. Though you may sense anguish, strangely they are not depressed. Rather there is a sense of relief they feel. As they climbed the steps whatever distress or sorrow held them has suddenly let go.

Here strong emotions wane and detachment takes control.

As you approach the entrance, the air is slightly cooler. You smell the incense from within, perhaps Myrrh, Poppy, or Cypress. The scent is a mixture—the smell of something dangerous, formidable and yet also a trustworthy mentor should you have need, like a general who has had a bad day and yet is happy to meet with you anyway. This is not a place you enter for entertainment or distraction.

We pass through the entrance. You may feel your stomach slightly tighten and a blood pulse in your head. You take a step forward.

And then again it hits you. To enter the gates of the Temple of Saturn is like entering the gates of a graveyard—there is such detachment it is as if you perceive your life after having already died.

It is somber. There is little room for regret or sorrow in it. There is finality. You carry nothing from your life with you. No possessions, no honor, and no fame.

You only carry those moments when you were fully alive, only those moments when light shown through you without obstruction. That light is the body you will wear after you have died.

And then the somber mood is briefly broken as your realize you are letting go of the person who you once were. And in that letting go there are moments in which you resist. And now Saturn appears in another light:

Saturn is time felt as nightmare. Life is so short and the end comes so quick. You sense horror, tension, anxiety, and fear, but there is nothing that seems to define these emotions. They are just there like a nearly invisible mist surrounding you that follows you everywhere.

You realize your inner world is just as much beyond your ability to shape and change as your outer world. You are not in control of what is happening.

The temple now appears gloomy, dark, forbidding, oppressive, haunting, and depressing. There is a sense of having no place to belong. There is sadness, despair, being estranged, alone, abandoned, without support and without a home. You are on your own.

In the pageantry of life with this mood weighing upon you, you feel you have been assigned a very small part to play and nothing you do seems to make any difference. The choices you make, the actions you take have little consequence and often have no meaning.

Everything you have has been taken away from you. No matter your station in life, the sensations of your senses offer no real stimulation. The feelings you share with others contain no celebration. For all the freedom you have or do not have, you might as well be living in a jail cell for all the difference it makes.

Ah, Mamercus, a priest I know now comes to greet us. He is from an aristocratic family named Bassianus. For some reason, he is incredibly relaxed. He walks before us as if he is strolling alongside a stream in a clearing in a woods. We enter a small room with an altar and candles. There is a vase in the center filled with water.

We sit down and he begins chanting. The sounds are hypnotic and spellbinding. But it is not really a chant, more like a song. It recapitulates our experiences with life from the point of view of Saturn. This Saturn priest is a bard and he is singing a song of what it is to be alive.

The priest could be intoning a chorus of a play in a Roman theater except we are on the stage and it is our lives on display. All the same, there is that sense of watching from a distance as if all that is seen was once our own experience but now we view it in a totally different light.

The priest says, It is not as you think. Time can be a friend. You enter life. You are given gifts. It is how you use what you have been given that counts.

Saturn only asks of you that you find in life something of great value to work at or to accomplish. This can be inside yourself or in the outer world. Make something that endures.

You see, Rome itself is part of this struggle. There are buildings here that we build that shall stand for thousands of years. What emperor can enter this city made of stone and leave it filled with marble? What general can set aside his rank and power and return to his villa leaving behind a tradition of honor that shall guide men for ages in the future?

And there is this also. Each of us is a part of two worlds—an outer world and inner, spiritual world. We live and operate equally in both realms. The spiritual world is like a dream.

You will know when you have entered the dream that Saturn perceives. There has been a soul to soul and heart to heart transmission to you from another. What is within another transforms you from within and you in turn pass onto another this flame of inspiration that shall never go out. The dream within another's heart is so real and alive it fills you with light from within.

And yet there is more. Saturn itself can become your spirit guide. In this case, you are not on a spiritual quest. You are not operating as part of some mythic journey of some great hero.

No. Saturn sets before you work to accomplish on earth that shall endure through all ages of the world and be of value to all races and people.

You will know when you have undergone this initiation of Saturn. You perceive all men are your brothers and sisters. You see all nations as one community of humanity. And what you do in each moment would and will be honored as a work of the body, heart, and spirit whether it is

witnessed thousands of years ago or thousands of years in the future. Your words when you speak are truth and continue to dazzle and illuminate like the sun that gives from a source of unending power.

And yet this is not so far away, is it? Who among us has not shined like the sun and the moon to someone else in some dark night of their life? To meet another where they are, to be with them and to comfort them, and then to walk by their side to a place of freedom and light—is this not the deepest and greatest celebration of life?

Life is a gift to us. We are here to learn, to grow, to experience new things, and to transform into something more than what we now are.

And yet we encounter this final initiation of Saturn which even the greatest of world teachers are hard pressed to achieve—

To demonstrate that we have indeed learned all that can be learned from life in the worlds of form, we must show that we are able to create love where love does not exist and that we are able to be clear in our minds and free in our hearts under the worst and most difficult conditions of life.

Accomplish this my friends and Saturn will offer you treasures of wisdom and power hidden from all other beings. For Saturn is but a gate leading to cosmic freedom. Accomplish little things under the worst limitations and restrictions of life and you in the end will be given the power to create, guide, and inspire new civilizations.

And so our time with Mamercus comes to an end. It is ten o'clock at night. We walk out between the columns of the Temple of Saturn in ancient Rome. And we return to our hovel where the rats occasionally jump on the table or else perhaps to our villa on the hill where we sit by the fountain out back in the garden where there is running water and statues made from marble.

In both cases we know that the life we now live is but a cloak we have put on. We shall take it off and put it on again many times in many

different lands and we shall play roles in many different societies; until at last we master the lessons of the physical world and ascend and assume the our final role as a divine being who holds in his hands the powers of creation. At which point, Saturn will have had its way with us—it will have guided us to attain absolute freedom.

The Oracle



It is little cave in Bali actually. Not too far from Denpasar International Airport. You can rent a car and drive to the rocky peninsula of Uluwatu. From there you will probably need to hire a local guide. Not too many guides will take you there so ask for Putu. He doesn't mind for the right free of course.

Now Alessio was a mafia Don who ran an operation in the United States. He had heard about the oracle in a roundabout manner. One of his chiefs had a daughter who had a crazy friend who liked to wander all over the Orient, often by herself. And she, the crazy friend, had a flair or

a God given gift, however you want to look at it, of spontaneously running into gurus, mystics, and wise men.

Even walking down the street in Mumbai or Kolkata, some local guy would accost her and say, “You must meet my guru.” And she would go with him and his guru would be delighted to make her acquaintance. In fact, he would offer to teach her things he had never taught any of his disciples. This girl I assure you quite real. I am not making her up.

Well, the chief Don couldn't help describing this wacko, spaced out New Age girl who wanders about. He told Alessio how he had met her one day when he had lunch with his daughter. The girl came strolling in wearing a thin sari and sat down at the table.

The chief told Alessio that one of her wild stories was about entering a mystical cave in Bali called the Oracle. The cave was actually only known to one or two local people. But the Oracle the girl claimed had all knowledge and was in fact a continuation of the Oracle of Deli in Ancient Greece, though it was said to have a few upgrades.

Now the Don liked to collect valuable things. He had for example some very valuable paintings some of which were well-known. Some of which you cannot talk about because they are not on the open market to be bought and sold.

And he liked every now then to indulge a wild, crazy whim. Something would appeal to him and he would just go off and have that experience because he knew he could. And also because he knew a little secret about life. You are as young as you feel and feeling young is, as he would say with his thick Italian accent which he rarely used, “It is all about spontaneity—there are things you make happen; there are things you make not happen; and then there are things that can happen but only if you let them.”

Don Alessio decided to go see this cave himself. First of course he had to entice the pretty young New Age thing to divulge the cave's location.

But being a master of charm and persuasion, as well as numerous devious methods, he easily extracted from her the information she desired. Apparently, her flair for running into masters and gurus did not exclude masters from the dark side, that is, if they were properly motivated.

In fact, she asked him directly, “Why exactly do you want to go to this cave?” And the Don replied with honesty, “I wish to ask the Oracle what it is that I am missing from life. It is a question that can only be asked by middle aged men who have seen enough of life to know when the most valuable things have not yet showed.”

He flew out a week later and rented a car and found a guide as she had suggested. And now he walks into the cave. There are candles with matches just inside the front entrance. He lights a candle and walks on maybe for a quarter of a mile into the darkness.

There he finds a little sign that says, ‘Put out the candle. Make your case, ask your question, or state your doubt.’

He put out the candle and then, addressing the darkness, he said, “I have seen much in my life. I know what motivates men. I know where the laws are useful and I know when the law is no longer your friend. I care for my community. I am a patron of the arts. I support the Church. I love my family. I do what I do well. I adhere to tradition and I can also sense when tradition must give way to change so that there can be new beginnings.

“Yet in all that I observe of life—of what makes me and what I see makes others feel alive, the essence of life remains hidden from me. I can taste a good meal when I eat it. But I know in my bones that the most special things are not yet revealed.”

And a voice from the darkness and silence spoke and it said, “What do you see right now around you?”

And the Don replied, “I see nothing at all. Everything is cloaked in darkness for you had me put my candle out.”

The voice went on—“Even you can understand the truth when you hear it. Answer my questions: “What has been your deepest motivation?”

And the Don said, “To gain freedom from physical need.”

And the voice then asked, “What is your highest inspiration?”

The Don replied, “What inspired me most was what I saw one day when Don Agostino with complete calmness and confidence spoke to his men about his plan to bring an end to a problem he had. It was beautiful. He was precise like a diamond cutter cutting a diamond and also wild and noble like a lion that has broken free of its cage. That was pure inspiration in my eyes.”

The voice asked, “What has been your greatest desire that you have satisfied?”

And the Don said, “Taking a woman in such a way that she gives every ounce of herself, every cell in her body responds to me.”

And the voice asked, “What is the greatest dream within you that you still wish to make real?”

And the Don said, “It is not so much an action or accomplishment. But I will know it when it happens—I want to not only command respect from those who know and work with me. I want them to feel deep down that it has been a pleasure and an honor for them to have known me.”

And the voice asked, “What was your worst moment when you most betrayed yourself?”

And the Don said, “I was mean to my friends when I was a teenager. If I felt they betrayed me I did them in. I didn’t need to go that far.”

And the Oracles asked, “What is the best that has happened to you thus far in your life?”

And the Don replied, “For the first ten years of my profession I worked my ass off just to survive. The second ten years I had my head above

water but there were still times when the outcome of my decisions were iffy. But in these last ten years the very best things have been happening almost without effort—I have stayed on top of technology. The legal system never troubles me. There is no violence because there are countless ways now to persuade others to see things my way. And there are more good marketing for things I can offer than I can take in. This has been the best—accomplishing more with less effort than I could ever have imagined.”

And the Oracles asked, “If there was a gift you wished life had given you at the beginning, what would that be?”

And the Don said, “A few—just a few whose love and trust were never withdrawn or in doubt.”

The Oracles went on, “I am rarely asked this question—what is the essence of life that is hidden. It is not for nothing I speak from out of darkness and silence. In each of your answers the relation between you and a person or event defines your experience—your motivation, inspiration, desire and satisfaction, dream and its manifestation, the worst that has happened to you, the best, and the gift you wished to have had—all that it is to feel alive reduce to four fundamental feelings—electrifying enthusiasm and conviction, pure innocence and love that is endless in its giving, the thrill and wonder of mastering the unknown, and the quite ecstasy of accomplishing all you have set before yourself--these four flow in and through each other.

They are the essence of life--every situation of conflict and desire, dream and longing, inspiration and threat has existed to enable you to discover and to embody them.

But these four as well arise from what I myself am inside—I am so open and empty every person and situation in life is a part of me. I was there speaking to you when out of hatred you put an end to your friends.

I was saying though you were not listening—there is another way; the pain inside you only exists because of the insecurity of your ego.

I was there when you saw Don Agostino solve his problem. I was speaking to you, “Celebrate the strength in a man. But understand a greater strength can be found inside you like the endurance of mountains, like the brilliant and dynamic action of lightning, like the wild exhilaration of the wind.”

“And with the lifelong friends who love and give but who never appeared I was saying to you from the beginning—“Give to others the very thing you yourself wish to have. Then life will have found in you a worthy man to fulfill its deepest plans.”

Don Alessio said, “Let me see if I understand where you are coming from. I get all that about the electrifying conviction, innocence of love, sheer bliss in taking hold of and claiming the unknown, and getting things done and the satisfaction that ensues. But are you telling me that you—the Oracle—are the essence of what it is to feel alive inside?”

And here the Don paused for a bit and waited in silence. And then the Don went on, “In other words, if I have this right, the greatest way to be alive is to give to others opportunities to experience life and also to oversee and assist that their lives be fulfilled in every conceivable way under all the diverse conditions and circumstances in which they exist? Have I got that right?”

The Oracles said, “Your original question as you stated it to that pretty, young New Age thing was—What is missing from my life?”

“To answer your question, What is missing from your life is a feeling of being one with every living being. You notice this silence and darkness in which we are now speaking. I am totally receptive without judgment or evaluation. And yet, I only point out what is already present in your own awareness.

“You have arrived in that point in life experience that few every find in which you are indeed able to think others’ thoughts, feel others’ feelings, and assist them in fulfilling their needs and dreams.

“In your tradition it is said, ‘Know your friends. Know your enemies better.’ You are a man who is capable of being everyone’s friend. You are able to assist others in discovering what makes them feel most alive. This is why you entered this place of darkness and silence. To meet your better self who has been waiting all these years to make your acquaintance.”

And Don Alessio went home. And he became a different man.

The Carrier Strike Group Commander and the Mermaid



He was the Commander of a Carrier Strike Group. He had recently been promoted to a 2-star admiral while in that position. The Strike Group had a Nimitz-class aircraft carrier. He usually had at least one cruiser, a destroyer squadron, and 65 to 70 aircraft. Sometimes there were submarines attached and of course always logistics and supply ships.

One day the Commander walked in and had a little talk with the head of the machine shop on the Carrier. He said, When I was young I used to love to race sailboats. And occasionally the wind is calm and we are not on patrol. So I would like you to make me a one man sailboat called a Finn, the kind that used to race in the Olympics so I can lower it down and take it for a spin. Thin wood with fiberglass over it should do the trick. By the time you are done, which I know will be in a few days, I'll already have the sails ready to rig.

Machine shops on an aircraft carrier are not as big as you might think. But they are well equipped so there was no reason not to fulfill the Commander's request. All the same, the man in charge of the machine shop new the XO would be breathing down his neck regarding safety. And he also sensed the Commander wanted a wild ride and would never settle for a solid keel.

Scanning then and there Finns and other small sailboats on his Ipad, he said to the Commander, I will tell you what. How about a Thistle. It is slightly larger but more stable. The hulls a little more sturdy with a little more sail area but I am sure you can handle that. Same time frame to get it done. What do you say?

The Commanders reply was, See to it.

I mean, you do not exactly refuse a Commander of a Navy Battle Group such a small thing, do you?

And so about once every three months the Commander found a place on the high seas where he could take his Thistle and go sailing amid destroyers and frigates with occasionally a submarine hidden beneath.

He promised the XO never to sail more than half a mile away. He had to be within reach if there was an emergency. Then a chopper could pick him up within ten minutes if need be.

What happened next is hard to believe unless you are familiar with the author who is telling this story. As the Commander was sitting dead in

the water fixing a batten in the mainsail of his Thistle a half mile off his carrier, a girl reached her arms over the side of the sailboat and smiled at the Commander who was as usual out sailing alone.

The Commander says to the girl, Now I know you are not a Navy Seal. What are you doing here?

The mermaid climbed into the boat and immediately her body shape changed into that of a human woman with legs and everything else in the right shape and in the right place.

The girl says, It is your mind I find irresistible. You have a unique quality that only one or two human beings possess. You become what you are gazing upon. No doubt that is why you are leading this battle fleet. You see what others do not see and you make decisions that no one will question because they know of your reputation.

I will give you that, says the Commander. How can I say this best? Shall I now ask what you are? Is that how this goes?

The mermaid says, I am the part of you you will never know unless I come to you like this and offer you my body and soul.

And so it was that perhaps every two instead of three months the Commander found an opportunity to take his Thistle out. And he sailed a little more than a half mile out so as to have a tad more privacy from spying eyes on board his ships. He got to know the girl well for she was the same as any woman in speech and emotional response. Well, there was of course that mermaid enchantment of loving with every fiber of her being and that pure innocence mermaids possess. And of course it goes without saying she had those mermaid siddhis—the clair-feeilng--of being able to feel what anyone else feels anywhere on earth in any moment.

And so one day the girl was leaning against the leeward side of the Thistle. And she says to the Commander of the Carrier Strike Group as his hand gently and with great concentration explores the contours of her hip, How about this? There is a woman in San Diego who is about to commit suicide by drowning. I can revive her body after her soul is gone. The two of us can then be together for the rest of your natural life and if you wish beyond.

The Commander was quick to respond. He says, I would like that very

much but there is one problem.

What is that? She asks.

He replies, When I am with you I do not need to be at sea. You are the sea in the form of a woman when you are with me. I will never meet another person with love so deep. But you do not bond. You are of nature. You have no human needs. You like me because I am able to respond to what you are. When we are together like this there is no you or me—only a oneness that is an awareness of the sea.

But I am a Commander. I am saturated through and through with duty and honor.

I understand what you are offering. You have a total commitment to me. But your race of beings do not understand loyalty. Loyalty is a commitment to a specific person that offers to support that person in all that he is. You can only love me to the extent that I am a part of the sea even though your love is all-embracing. It can never bond with me.

So even if you wear a woman's body you can never be a part of human society. I read up on this—I am earth, air, fire, and water. Sometimes as a human being I must put love and feeling on the back burner. I have missions to accomplish that involve justice and taking responsibility for insuring certain outcomes in specific time frames.

You will always be my teacher in regard to love. But you do not have the complexity of a human soul inside you. You and I flow together perfectly as love as water flows, as two streams join and are one. But without you being a human being what I am will always be to you no more than a dream even as giving all of oneself in every moment out of pure innocence to me will always be a dream and never reality.

The mermaid realizing that it is time to go says, How can I say this best? Shall I say farewell? Is that how it goes?

The Commander is silent.

The mermaid says quietly as she gazes into his eyes and slowly lowers herself into the sea, As others have said to human beings before me, If you ever need me in this life or another simply speak my name and I will be there by your side.

And then the mermaid is gone. The waves splash against the hull. The sail luffs in the wind. The Commander reaches over with his right hand

and takes the helm. He trims the mainsail. And he steers back to his aircraft carrier where his XO, the deck crew, and carrier air wing are waiting his commands.

The Texas Ranger



The cattle baron sent six gunmen
Out to hunt me down
But I am a Texas Ranger
The fastest gun around
They set a trap for me
Sent Lefty riding to the copper mine
About to commit a major crime
No problem for me
Cause I can read their minds
They waited at a pass
Six rifles ready to kick ass

But I caught their scent
A half mile away
Chewing tobacco, sweat,
And horses that go nay
I snuck up behind them
Standing tall as noon day
I said, Lay your guns down
If you wish to live another day
They turned to fire with a frown
But I let loose six bullets
And watch them depart as spirits
The cattle baron I apprehended
He was tried and convicted
And in jail he can wail
Learn the errors of his ways
For I am a Texas Ranger
The fastest gun around
And I can read minds
Which is a good thing
When your job is to hunt men down

The Knight and the Dragon



Once upon a time there was a knight as clever as daylight. He could make things right. In fact, his skill in battle was only matched by his mastery of magic. He was a fixer. A man in high demand. Someone kings long for when things get out of hand.

Now it just happened to be that there was a king in need. You see, there was a dormant volcano right smack dab in the middle of his kingdom. And his two great and wise sages came to the king one day and they said, We have a problem.

What is that? Asks the king.

The one named Horo replies, It turns out that after careful and thorough investigation our volcano is not just any volcano. It is what is called a super volcano. And not today or tomorrow but soon enough and

inevitably it will erupt and when it does it will destroy the entire world.

Ah, says the king. Is there perhaps a remedy you wish to offer me at this time or are we just helpless fools who are given truth but no means to change the things that will come to be?

And the other wise man whose name was Horomir (for Horo and Horomir were actually twin brothers) replies, There is a knight who fights for the light. Just the man who can assist us in formulating a plan.

The king had absolute trust in Horo and Horomir. They had already saved his kingdom and his head several times. So the king says, Very well then. See if you can secure the services of this knight. I realize sometimes there are costs, expenses, and maintenance fees to pay. Take up to half the kingdom but I will want a detailed financial statement when this is done.

A year or two later the knight arrives from a foreign land and is in a detailed discussion with the two sages over what can be done to save the kingdom and the other lands that are occupied by man. It turns out that Divine Providence in fact has set forth in its rules and regulations remedies for situations such as this but they are only known by the Judges of Saturn. Fortunately, Horo and Horomir are not dimwits. They are not completely stupid like nearly every single mage in Atlantis who like absolute fools would allow an entire continent and civilization to be destroyed because they were too busy with other distractions.

No, Horo and Horomir had washed out their ears. When they listened they could hear what even Judges of Saturn whisper in each others' ears. The remedy works in this way. The volcano has a dragon in a cave.

Well, let's get into the dialogue rather than just description of karma and situations.

The knight who is quite brave enters the mountain where he now faces the dragon that embodies in the innermost core of his being the fires and exploding desires of a super volcano. And the dragon laughs not at the

knight's bravery which was noble and honorable, but because a human being has the presumption to imagine he can negotiate with a dragon who oversees the movement of tectonic plates and whether the earth suffers an ice age or a dark fate of years without sunlight.

The knight waits patiently for the dragon to stop laughing. It takes a few minutes. The earth seems to shake and the air nearly bakes. But even dragons are downright curious knowing full well that the best way to live life is to take nothing for granted.

And so the dragon says to the knight, All right. Spit it out. What is your bargaining position? What do you have to offer me in exchange so that I will save the world in trade?

And the knight replies, I know the secret desire and innermost dream hidden at the core of our being. Even you do not know what that is. But you will know that it is true when you hear it. I will trade you a few thousand years of postponing your super volcano eruption for the fulfillment of your innermost desire.

Nice, says the dragon. A solid bargaining position. Not personal at all. Not a bribe. More like here is what is inevitable. It can come sooner or later. I could wait another ten thousand years or ten million years for that matter and still not know the truth about myself. Or, I can work something out with you that would be much quicker for only a few thousand years of volcanic quietude and dormant peace. And like me, you understand that nothing is given for free.

I accept, says the dragon. Go ahead. Tell me my innermost secret desire which when I hear it I will know it to be the truth.

And the knight replies, Your secret desire is to fully, totally, and completely become a human being. When your volcano erupts there will be billions of us and the vast majority if not everyone on earth will die. It is only natural to want to get to know human beings from the inside because over their fate you alone preside.

Okay then, says the dragon with a puff of smoke released into the air. How does this play out?

The knight replies, To acquire the full human experience requires a series of incarnations. You will start out like any other human being—born as an infant, there is no rule book or guidance on what your goals are other than what other human beings conjure up.

Then after a few incarnations some political or historical situation will arise that will activate the power you have hidden inside. Human beings themselves are so full of rage and destructive hate they will not even notice that your emotions are overpowering. You may even be in a position to kill others with your thoughts. But human beings kill each other so well that using your mind to kill will hardly be of any significance, barely worth a comment.

Then later on your power will become subject to human will. There will be situations where you as a general will obey the will of a king and bring peace and order to a kingdom. But even then your powers will be superhuman though for a lifetime completely contained due to being placed under royal authority. I myself always do the same.

Then begins a series of lifetimes where like storms that suddenly appear, overturn boats and uproot trees, your anger and rage will be unleashed. But not you or anyone else will understand what is happening. But that is okay. Only through experience and observing consequences do we ever learn to know ourselves.

And then finally there will come a time when you attain self-mastery, doing what any human could do if they were well-trained. You will become completely positive, constructive, and creative, dynamic and in total command of yourself. You will then fit in quite well and be able to play a leading role in building civilization and even establishing justice throughout the world.

Then and only then will you know and be able determine for yourself

if the human race is worth saving or a minor annoyance that should be wiped off the face of the earth.

I like that, says the dragon. I am always interested in acquiring new experiences. Just one thing.

What is that? Asks the knight.

The dragon goes on, Is this a male or a female role you have written for me to play?

The knight says, Most of the time you will be female. But on occasion when circumstances warrant it you will be a male. After all, if it is the fate of the world you are to decide you will need both the intuition of a man and of a woman inside.

Now some stories are not easy to observe first hand. There is no way on earth anyone could write a story like this unless of course they can read auras, meet and speak with dragons who oversee super volcanoes, and make it a habit to negotiate fate with the Judges of Saturn. I tell these stories as they are given to me. Like Horo and Horormir, I have good ears. Some days I can hear what the Judges are whispering to each other.

On Wisdom



The moon said to me last night, “A wise man will not exist until he has internal stillness to perceive directly that he is himself a reflection of the universe. Find all things in yourself—the cloud, the rain, the stone, the forest and seas, the sun and moon, the stars and constellations; and in every person you meet greet yourself in another form.”

And this got me thinking, What if caregivers had that ability with water—to spend an hour gazing at a lake so that when you look at them afterwards you see the beauty of the universe shining from their face?

What if he could gaze upon a river or a stream so that in his soul he knew how to totally let go and flow, to feel in any moment should be please peace and release? What if she could gaze upon the sea so that the oceans of the earth became the vibration at the core of her being?

I have met such individuals in human form. Love, wonder, and beauty walk among us in disguise and the human race knows it not.

The Thief and the Zen Master



The thief climbed through the window and put his foot down on the floor. He moved in utter silence, for the thief was a grand master and silence was his martial art. It was his intent to find something of value, permanently borrow it, and then leave while it was still dark, for night has always been his friend.

But as he put his second foot down on the floor the master who was fast asleep in the same room without awakening climbed inside of the thief's mind. The Zen master was himself a master of silence, a master of silence of many kinds.

And in that moment the thief paused from what he was doing as if he had become frozen in place or as if he was now looking back on an entire world from somewhere outside of linear time. The thief's mind began to expand. He could sense the thoughts of everyone nearby. And then his mind extended farther in all directions like the shock wave of an explosion destroying a city.

He could read the mental activity, the thoughts and feelings, of each person for miles around. He could focus on one and relive that individual's memories. Or he could encompass with his mind everyone all at once.

But the edges of his mental map ran farther out, now through time. He saw the first person who had entered this land forty-five thousand years before. He felt the animal skins that he wore. He looked out and saw the land before it has been shaped by man. Over centuries and millennia, he saw tribes form and wars going on over and over.

He saw agriculture begin. And how the buildings changed from sticks and mud to bricks and cut wood. He saw the faces of children and how they were the same and how they were different down through the ages as they played.

His mind went back to the beginning and he saw through the eyes of the first man and the first woman from which his DNA was descended.

And he saw into the depths of the human heart. Like a Homer, a Shakespeare, or Vyasa who wrote the Mahabharata, he could measure the themes that appear again and again within men's dreams. The journey home, the choices you make that determine your fate, and how the divine within every human emotion and thought is entwined.

And within every person within the city he could measure the loneliness and separation that defined and overshadowed all of their relationships with others. Here and there within different hearts there was light but never was it very bright.

And here were the men of power who held the fate and well-being of others in their hands. Every thought of theirs he could understand. And here were those of the other extreme—their nature was to love and to seek the fulfillment of everyone's dreams.

The thief recalled the first thing he had stolen. He recalled how stealing became for him not just a means to survive but also a passion that would last a life time. He realized now in looking back that he was not only an astute observer of human habits, routines, and motivations. There was something more.

He had been reading others' minds subconsciously even as a child. And not only was he receptive to others' mental activities. He could freeze others' minds so that for them time slowed so their alertness was turned down low and their responses almost came to a stop. The thief just knew when and where he could assert his luck, when to venture forth and when to pull back. He knew when to disappear so there was never the slightest clue as to who he was or how he might be tracked.

The thief comes back to our world of linear time as if awakening from a dream. He climbs out of the window. He now knows who needs assistance in solving problems in areas that he had skill. He knows who to talk to in order to set up a trade from the one willing to sell to the one who wants to make a deal. He knew how to represent various guilds and

factions so that peace can be made real and conflict avoided. He knows where there are those in need and how to help them.

The thief walked the street. Day has now become his friend as well as the night. And the master who never actually woke up returns to a deep, dreamless sleep that is actually where he likes to meditate best.

Alessandro and the Mermaid Queen



Alessandro was Italian and he lived not far from Rome. His father had been a fisherman and nets, lines, and navigation Alessandro knew quite well. But he chose another profession and became a librarian much to his father's chagrin.

Now it just so happens that Alessandro, though not big on catching fish, still loved the ocean and the beauty hidden within. Almost every day at 6 AM you could find Alessandro down by the shore. He was gazing at the sea and feeling its vibration which for him was like flowing streams, wild dreams of freedom, and the caress of love on his skin. It was not a sin. His priest waved it aside and said, "Alessandro, we all have our little obsessions. Yours is on the side of innocence. Trust me,

Alessandro. Sin and darkness stalk the human heart causing people to do things you would never dream of doing.”

Once in 1963 during his vacation in Venice, Alessandro took part in a procession on the water from St. Mark's to San Nicolò on the Lido. There the Patriarch of Venice blessed a golden ring which the Mayor threw into the water as a symbol of the Venetian dependence on the sea. This rite has been performed for a thousand years with the Church's blessing and is called, Marriage to the Sea.

Alessandro heard priests chant, “*Asperges me hyssopo, et mundabor*” (“Sprinkle me with [hyssop](#), and I will be clean” – [Psalm](#) 51:7 And he was close enough to hear, “*Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique domini*” (“We wed thee, sea, in the sign of the true and everlasting Lord”) which was a way the Mayor declared that Venice and the sea to be indissolubly one.

Alessandro heard musicians from the Marciana chapel as they played madrigals. And there were dignitaries, ambassadors, commanders, church dignitaries, clergymen and chancellors all about. And he also watched the gondola race as they row down along the Riva degli Schiavoni.

All these outer events were most entertaining and as symbols go perhaps even significant. But something else occurred during this vacation. Alessandro's experience of the sea rose to a new level. Later that night as he dreamed in the hotel with his widow open to the canal below he felt a force of power lay hold of him. It was like the sea wanted to appear in his dream if he was only willing to give it permission.

After his vacation, Alessandro went back to his job as a librarian but could not forget his dream. So late one night rather than at 6 AM in the morning while others slept, Alessandro sat on the beach and gazed at the sea. The waves were close enough that as they broke drops of spray ran down his face.

And Alessandro said to the sea, Go ahead. Show me now the thing you wish me to see.

And Alessandro felt that same power that before had laid hold of him except now it was much stronger. It was like a ripe tide taking hold of a swimmer and drawing him out to sea. But this was not crosscurrents among the waves of a beach. This was a magnetic field of energy. It encircled Alessandro and held him in its grasp.

Alessandro was not frightened. In a way for him it was no more than guiding the helm of a small craft as a violent squall crashed down and waves broke high over the bow.

But then Alessandro heard a voice speak. And the mermaid queen said, I have gazed at you these many years even as you have gazed at the sea. And so now with one of my many mysteries I anoint you. You shall have the power of water to dissolve all barriers that separate one from another so that in a sacred space of love two can join as one.

And then there was silence and the magnetic field vanished. Alessandro went back to his room and fell asleep. As strange as the experience was he thought no more about it until the next morning.

When Alessandro woke, dressed, and walked down the street to the library one, then two, then three women began following him. Alessandro did not know these women. But at a single glance at Alessandro the light in their eyes went out or else you could say the opposite—for once in their lives they knew what they wanted. It was not Alessandro you see but the aura of oneness that he exuded unconsciously that had laid hold of them like a ripe tide pulling a swimmer out to sea.

Alessandro panicked. He ran up a stairs to the next street, down another street, up a hill, through a park, into a small chapel and out the back. He had lost the three women chasing him. He was about to sigh and wipe

the sweat off his brow when another woman placed her hand on his shoulder from behind and pressed her hip against his thigh.

It was all too much for Alessandro. He did not choose the profession of librarian for nothing. He liked silence and having everything around him assigned a certain place that was just right. And when Italian women are passionate they can act out of order. In no more than a few minutes Alessandro had encountered women whose passion was not just human. They were feeling the passion of the sea to find a lover who could feel its ecstasy.

Alessandro called in sick that day. He took a few weeks off. He went to a place very high and dry in the mountains where you could expect to encounter only sheep and shepherds. And there Alessandro made peace with the sea.

One night as he sat beneath Orion and Aldebaran Alessandro spoke these words: I always enjoyed your company. I love the way your waves play and dance. At times I think I can hear the songs you sing at night. At times I look into your heart and feel no fear in spite of the vast depths I sense.

But these poor eyes of mine, this weak heart, this body I wear, these hands that touch—I am not ready to be your lover. I am not ready to love with a passion that is pure innocence and with a desire that seeks to be completely one with another.

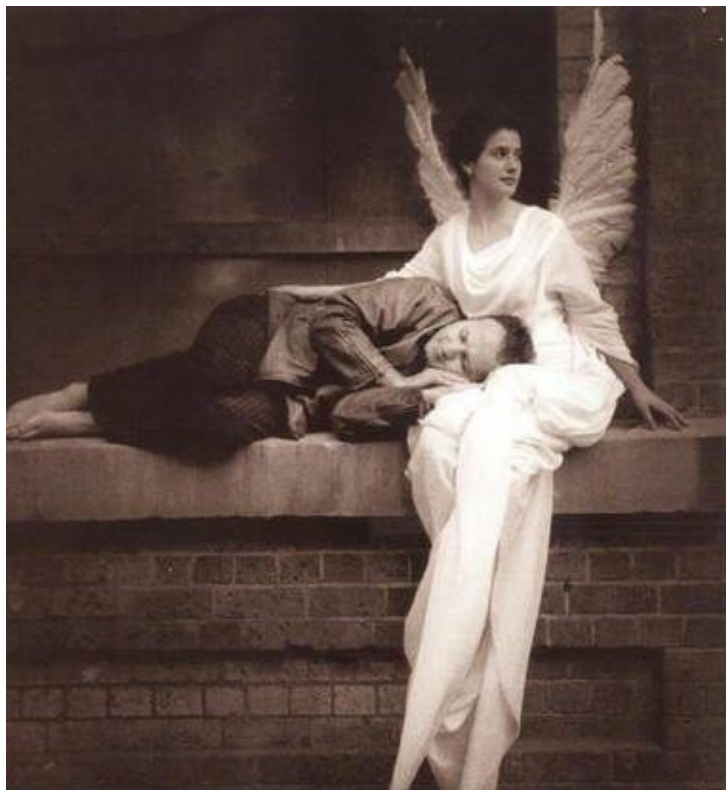
Let me go. And in another life time I swear I shall return to you with the courage and the will to match the depth, feeling, and power you require to take you as my lover.

Women no longer chased Alessandro. Not even a second glance. He enjoyed his library and he no longer sat and gazed at the sea in the early morning hours.

Yet even so there came a day when a young woman fell in love with Alessandro and he fully responded. For she loved books as much as she

loved him. She was obsessive compulsive about having a neat house and everything just right. And above all else she loved silence and sitting quietly and reading stories about other ages and times at all hours of the night.

Blessed Are Those



Blessed are those who meet another in his darkest place and walk beside him back into the light. There is no greater or more sacred celebration of life.

The Zen Student and the Daimyo

There was once a Zen monastery where the Roshi had a flair for telepathy. Not only could he read his students' minds, but he could transfer his consciousness into them so that they could see the void from which their thoughts arise.

Now the Roshi did not confine his activities to his monastery. He was a Bodhisattva and so considered all men to be his friends and that everyone whether they know it or not are on the path to enlightenment.

And so quite naturally for him when he gave his students koans to unlock the secrets of mental silence, he actually sent a few into the world to fulfill tasks that would enhance their understanding and clarity of perception. To his senior student, Matsuo, he put the question, If you had the Daimyo's mind how and when would you find time to step back and rule your kingdom without being attached?

And Matsuo went off and with references got a job as a steward in the Daimyo's castle. And there he observed firsthand the rather ruthless and at times even insidious methods with which the Daimyo solved everyday problems.

And Matsuo thought to himself, What a wonderful man my master is that he sets before me a test that nothing but an enlightened mind can pass. And for the next twelve years Matsuo worked and managed to survive inside the Daimyo's castle where outbursts of rage occurred every day.

And during the celebration of Tsukimi, the moon festival, that took place on the 15th day of the eighth month of that twelfth year, Matsuo slipped inside the Daimyo's mind and imagined that a thousand year old Zen temple stood there and that the Daimyo himself had attained enlightenment. And the next morning the Daimyo awoke and looked out as the sun rose. And these words he spoke—"Am I not the sun? Do not

all things find order and accomplish their work by the light that I bring? The person that I was no longer exists. A man who possesses joy and absolute clarity is impossible to resist.”

And henceforth the Daimyo no longer flew into a rage nor did he have those who suffered his displeasure slain. The Daimyo went about ordering his kingdom so justice filled the land and the laws were interpreted fairly for each man.

And corruption was banished because the Daimyo had somehow acquired a skill—when he looked into someone’s eyes he could tell if they were men of honor and if they did their work well.

Who Is This Angel?



Who is this angel without form or image that greets me? Her wings stretch from horizon to horizon and yet they cannot be seen.

When she speaks, there are no visions, dreams, or ideals. No commands to obey and no missions to complete. Her voice is the voice of silence and stillness.

She wraps me about with a love that embraces the heaven and the earth. It flows through me as a stream whose waters are as clear as crystal. The waters banish all fear and sorrow. She takes me to a place where I am free of human need.

I shall become a valley through which this stream may flow. I shall become a sea that encircles the earth that this love might be known.

Wherever I go may the beauty of the angel walk beside me. May her wisdom guide me and her presence reside within me. And may her love flow through me to those in need and to whoever I meet now and forevermore.

The Taste of Enlightenment



During the question and answer period at the Kalachakra Initiation in Los Angeles before five thousand people, someone asked the Dalai Lama if he was enlightened. The Dalai Lama replied, I have the taste of enlightenment.

Each person, of course, has his own way of describing the sensation of taste like the way you might describe a fine wine.

The taste of enlightenment is the sensation of a sylph who floats amid the vastness of the sky without any sense of weight or gravity so she feels perfectly free.

The taste of enlightenment is like a gnome who always feels at home wherever he is and who possesses an inner silence like a quiet ecstasy where the attainment of your deepest dreams is always close at hand.

The taste of enlightenment is like a great salamander who senses a light that is not produced from fire and so has no need of fuel to shine. This light is self-existent and boundless in its radiance.

The taste of enlightenment is like a mermaid who feels love is everywhere. Except in the case of the Dalai Lama, his heart chakra is a sea of love extending to the ends of the universe.

The taste of enlightenment is to feel within you a stillness that embraces the universe and that the stars and galaxies are a faint reflection of a joy that stands behind everything that exists.

The taste of enlightenment is to feel the perfection of wisdom is beside you and within you. It is so wise it can solve any problem, resolve any conflict, heal any disease, right any wrong, and liberate any being from suffering and ignorance when it is ready to be transformed.

The taste of enlightenment is so great that those who have this taste know that they can incarnate within any planetary civilization in the universe that is on a path of self-destruction. And it can guide those

sentient beings so that in the course of time they ascend and attain perfect liberation.

The taste of enlightenment is knowing this: that the universe will not end until every heart is found and every soul becomes pure light.

The taste of enlightenment is knowing how to bring to an end those things that must end and to create new beginnings that enable life to experience every good thing and is to be fulfilled in every conceivable way.

The taste of enlightenment, then, is the taste of joy, freedom, radiant light, silence as ecstasy; and it is the ability to grasp anything that exists in space and time and to reshape it through the skill of your art so that it attains beauty and perfection.

Buddha Meets A Man of Disrepute

A man of very questionable character one day came upon the Buddha walking down the road. And recognizing the Buddha, he confronted him demanding the Buddha respond to his question—What possible thing could you say to me that would make the slightest difference in the way I live my life?

And Buddha replies, If you could see yourself in this moment through my eyes you would attain perfect enlightenment.

And the man says, Your words have no meaning. Say it in another way.

So Buddha says, When I dream, what I see is already reality, for my mind is boundless light.

When I sense the faintest beginning of desire, I already experience every satisfaction and gratification possible, for my bliss is endless. And when I perceive another with a problem or amid a conflict, I

perceive the path that individual will follow through which every problem becomes solved and every conflict resolved, for the harmony in which I exist is infinite.

You see, your every memory I experience in this moment as if it is my own. You are me and I am you in another form.

And the man asks, Is this why they say you are the god of compassion?

And Buddha replies, It is said that I will continue to incarnate as long as suffering remains to sentient beings. Some call this compassion. But in reality I experience every person as being part of myself. To be me is to experience love in which there is no separation.

And the man who had once been of questionable character went away having realized that the man he was no longer exists. He was an illusion. He is gone.

And when he looked into another person's eyes he understood that not only is separation an illusion, but he now carried some of Buddha's gift—the other person's life felt so real to him that it was like his own life in another form.

The Story of the Buddha Meeting a Warrior

This story takes place in an alternate reality—some other time line, another world than ours where different choices were made.

So this great warrior meets the Buddha one day walking down the road. And this was not just any great warrior. This was a man of the caliber of Alexander the Great. It would have been easy for this warrior to conquer not only India, but also Japan, Korea, China, Mongolia, and even spread his empire to encircle most of the Mediterranean Sea. As great warriors go, he was quite good.

So the warrior, seeing the Buddha, walks right up to him and says without the slightest hesitation or doubt, Great master, I have a desire and a need. I have sought to master myself and I have accomplished much through my efforts. And yet satisfaction eludes me.

Furthermore, I know that if I put forth my will I can conquer the known world and more. I have a special ability. I can communicate to others soul to soul and heart to heart some degree of my own power and will. My generals are nearly as wise as myself and my warriors are absolutely indomitable in battle. No army can defeat them.

And yet I feel as if it would all be in vain. What good would it be to conquer the world through fighting and war if I cannot defeat war itself? For after I am gone, no matter how great my empire and the leaders I leave behind, fighting will break out. Wars will again be fought. And all that I have accomplished will fade like grass that withers and is then replaced by new sprouts.

I see in you kindness, generosity, and compassion--you are willing to answer any honest and sincere inquiry put to you. Therefore, answer my question. Demonstrate to me and to the world that shall be hereafter that there is wisdom so vast, deep, and profound it can end wars forever by following your directions.

And the Buddha replies, Any opponent you face has a mind like your own. All you need to do to accomplish all that you desire and to end wars forever is to join your mind and the mind of your opponent together so the two of you become as one living being with one mind working together to fulfill each other's dreams.

And the warrior asks, How can this be? Two men striving against each other with all their might and power--each seeking to dominate and to master the other? Join their minds and you have chaos--a nightmare like a firestorm and a whirlwind meeting. The result is a conflagration.

And Buddha replies, To join your mind to another's mind requires but one thing—perfect, mirror like clarity, even as now in this moment I am joining my mind to yours.

The warrior asks, How can this be taught?

Buddha replies, If you gaze upon a seed, you can sense the past, present, and future of the seed and of the tree it is to become: the seed is carried by wind alone or as part of a fruit. It falls to the ground. It sinks into the soil and merges with the earth.

There it sleeps. It is sustained by silence and in darkness it waits. For a little while, it is as patient as the earth enduring until in due season it is awakened and called forth. The seed receives the elements into itself that enable it to rise up and to transform. The tree is born. Through the four seasons it grows, each year is marked by a separate ring at its core that records its journey through time.

You can touch the bark, smell and taste the fruit, sense the roots reaching down into the ground and the way the leaves reach up drinking in the fiery ecstasy of the sunlight. You become the tree in your mind so there is nothing else in your awareness than what you gaze upon.

In this moment, the vibration of your mind encompasses and reproduces the vibration of the tree. If you were to speak to the tree it would reply to you mind to mind in a language that nature employs—of vitality, of life force, the sensations and perceptions of being alive, of existing within a specific environment, of being cloaked by both light and darkness, of expanding, of gaining strength, and of reproducing itself heard in a song of separation and reunion through which what has gone before appears now in a new form.

In this way, you have stepped outside of human time. You have taken one step toward perceiving life in universal form.

Similarly, if you gaze upon a rock, you sense millions of years gone by. You can enter its heart and understand silence enduring for ages, of

being a part of a mountain as it lifts and towers above the land and as the mountain erodes and breaks down again.

Here is another form of wisdom—a clarity of perception that perceives the world in a way that nature understands. All things, no matter how long they may endure, are fragile. Everything that has form has a beginning and an end—the events of history are like images in a dream—they appear and then they are gone. In this practice the mind is refined so that its vibration can encompass years, ages, and eons as if they are but a moment of time.

If you gaze upon a river or a stream, your mind takes on that vibration. Water adapts to each moment without clinging to whatever form it held in the previous moment or to any form it had in the past.

And yet you can also comprehend the movement of the stream, its past and its future, from where it has come and to where it flows. Mist, clouds, and fog on a hillside forming as rising warm air cools flowing over the hills at the end of a valley. Drops of rain falling on leaves, running down to the tip, dropping through the air again, sinking into the ground or in rivulets running down to form a stream or splashing in a mountain pool before flowing on.

The stream turning and swirling around rocks and bends caught in the spell of gravity calling out to it to follow its paths. Until finally a lake or sea is found. There the flowing water yields itself freely into the embrace even as water in a falls lets go into the embrace of air as it falls.

Gaze upon the stream and the vibration of your mind steps outside of human time. It enters a moment of pure innocence—it gives all of itself in every moment without holding anything back.

And as for will, what is like unto magma rising up from deep in the earth to form a volcano thousands of feet high? Overflowing like an artery of the earth pulsing to the earth's heartbeat, it forms new land.

Mountains explode. Great calderas burn. Cinder cones flow lava to the sea in streams of molten rock more viscous than water.

Fire is hot, burning, devouring, seething craving to expand and to be free overcoming all boundaries. If you gaze upon the volcano and allow your mind to join with its power, then the vibration of your mind steps outside of human time. Then you understand not just the will of a human being or even of a great warrior. You understand what it is to be joined from the core of your being to the powers unfolding the universe.

How can a man ever understand or master himself unless the forces of nature—earth, air, fire, and water—flow freely through his soul unobstructed and with perfect clarity beyond all fear or desire to attach to one form in this moment of time or identify with another form in that moment of time?

To be free is to be in your consciousness like a mirror that can reflect perfectly anything that exists within itself without blur or distortion. And to reflect perfectly is to be able to reproduce in your mind the exact energy and vibration of what you gaze upon.

This is the mind that is able to join with another's mind so there is no separation. And in the joining there is something wonderful that happens—you know each other so well it is as if you have become brothers and sisters.

And yet there is more. In reflecting what the other is in your heart, you are able to speak to another with the voice at the core of his own being. You have become his guardian and the perfect companion who will walk beside him and assist him in fulfilling his deepest desires and dreams.

And then the Buddha pauses and gazes at the great warrior. And the Buddha speaks and says, If you could see yourself through my eyes in this moment as I see you now you would attain perfect enlightenment. And the warrior replies, I see myself through your eyes. I see through your mind of mirror like clarity and boundless light. I feel what your

soul feels--infinite peace. I respond as you respond with perfect empathy and unrestrained receptivity in which two become one so all separation is overcome.

And Buddha says, You have become a second Buddha comprehending all that I am. Go now and accomplish what I have not done—defeat war itself and eliminate forever its presence from the earth.

Story--Buddha Walking Down the Road

Buddha was walking down the road one day. And a woman was passing by on the other side. And she stopped and came over and said, Why don't you ever speak about love? All you talk about is detachment and compassion. You are obsessed with becoming free of suffering.

And Buddha replies, Oh. You want to know about joining with another so that you feel one inside with your lover forever. In fact, I teach detachment and meditation because being one with another in mutual and full consciousness requires a very deep level of awareness--like a deep dreamless sleep in which you nonetheless remain fully awake:

Here time stops. And the outer world ceases to exist. And here now the awareness of your body and your heart and another's reach such a degree of bliss that only oneness exists.

But in this age of the world humanity is not yet ready to develop a concentration that can create a path of light made out of harmony, love, and beauty. But when the time is right many others like you shall demand as you are doing now that the mysteries of love be revealed to all.

Because you have asked me with genuine understanding of the beauty that it is to be alive I give you now this gift that shall remain with you forever--

Your lover for you shall be as a stream. Sit beside him or meditate on him and he shall be with and inside of you dreaming your deepest dreams.

Your lover shall be for you the sea—love shall flow around and inside of you without barriers or boundaries.

Your lover for you shall be as the highest mountains of the earth whose shoulders are caressed by the sky. Your oneness with your lover shall open your eyes. You shall see which nations shall fall and which nations shall rise. You shall see into the intricate designs of the human mind and the inner most fibers of their being.

Your lover shall be the radiant heat of the sun and the thundering lightning of the storm. And you shall have an open mind like the sky where his sun shines. And you shall be the wild passion of the storm that walks across the world delivering nurturing rain to the flowers, trees, and fields.

By becoming one with another to the degree you desire the human race shall put aside its ancient loneliness and shame, its greed and hatred.

And new dreams of love shall awaken in the human heart as the captain of a ship finds peace in returning to his home port.

Ovid Meets the Goddess Venus

Question: You mentioned in a post about how there used to be priestesses in the Temple of Venus in ancient Rome. Were they connected to a goddess religion? Can you elaborate?

Response: Funny you should ask. I was doing a bit of meditation today with a spirit of Venus named Obaneh, one of eight assigned the commission by Divine Providence to reveal the mysteries of love in regard to all aspect of magic, the powers of attraction, and sex.

And so this little story that popped into my head as I meditated with Obaneh. These it would seem are the exact words she said.

And Ovid was sent in exile to Tomis by the sea in the first century AD by Emperor Augustus Ocatavian Caesar who was offended by Ovid's poetry.

And while walking in the woods one day the goddess Venus appeared before him. But this was actually a spirit of Venus called Obaneh. But for simplicity we shall refer to her as Venus herself, for few mortals have the second sight to see the difference between one being of great beauty and a second.

And Ovid said to her after bowing down and waiting for her gesture to arise and to speak, Emperor Augustus Caesar has banished me to this god forsaken land. Apparently he does not like the erotic overtones and innuendo in my stories and poetry.

And the goddess replies, Luck, fortune, blessing, and every good thing in life already surround you. Come over here and put your hand in this stream. It is not what it seems.

Its very being is bliss and happiness. I will now open our eyes and your touch as well so you can see and feel everything that I feel.

And at the touch of the water on his skin Ovid perceived with the senses of the goddess and understood straight away that the stream was not just flowing water. It was love and this love was resonating with all the oceans of the earth.

And when his hand was immersed in the water it was like time had stopped. Because when he took his hand out it was three hours later. And his hand that was in the water was now as radiant as the light of the sun.

And the goddess then said, Take a deep breath of the air.

And Ovid did. And he felt so light it seemed his feet were no longer touching the ground. He felt lighter than a feather. And the goddess said, Love is in the air. Love is everywhere. Love is so great gravity itself gives way losing its grip on matter because of the wonder of love it beholds.

And when his feet again touched the ground the goddess said, Touch this tree.

And Ovid did. And he felt not only that the tree is a living being possessing its own consciousness. He perceived what it is to be a tree—to have roots and leaves, fruit and seeds. And he saw through the eyes of the goddess what she sees—he felt he had become rooted in the ground and was one with every tree in the forest. And every animal for miles around—he saw through its eyes, heard sounds with its ears, and touched, tasted, smelled with the perceptions of its five senses.

And the goddess spoke and broke his reverie. And she said to Ovid, Stand here next to me. Lift your cloak, and let the sun shine on the skin of your chest.

And when he had done so the rays of light entered him. And he felt inside that his entire body was as bright as the sun, filled with golden light, as if he had become the consort of the goddess.

And his eyes were opened and he saw before him the entire expanse of human history unfolding—civilizations long gone and civilizations of the far future yet unborn.

And he perceived how history unfolds according to three things—need, necessity, and what men dream. Yet underlying it all was a great mystery that the planet Venus both conceals and reveals—when we become attracted to that which is least like ourselves a path opens before us that enables us to attain our highest destiny.

And the goddess said, There are human beings who speak of will but they know nothing at all. When you can be in your heart so still that

when you speak the volcano hears your voice and swears absolute allegiance to do you will, then your eyes shall be opened like mine. And you shall understand the power love commands.

You have great military leaders who conquer many lands and Emperor Augustus Caesar may be the greatest emperor in history. But I hold sway in many worlds. My voice commands the hearts of those from many realms. I grant blessing, love, and luck to beings in kingdoms of the soul of which no emperor on earth has ever dreamed.

It is my commission to cloak love in an outer form whose attractive powers are so great they set aside, dissolve, overcome, negate, or destroy any obstacle or barrier that stands in the way of the purposes love would fulfill or create.

These are not just words. My beauty is part of the power unfolding the universe. And having spoken those words, the goddess vanished away.

And from that day Ovid took a vow never again to complain. He became a seer, a healer, a shaman, and a sage. He wrote many works of poetry and essays. But this writing he hid in a cave to be found in another age.

One last note. Ovid persuaded a few wealthy men to sponsor and to fund the construction of a temple of Venus in that far away land.

And it was said that those who entered that temple were profoundly changed. The light of the priestesses there was very bright. The broken heart they could mend. The lost found their way home again. Those who grieved or were in despair were anointed with love so that then they left they saw harmony everywhere.

Marriages vows taken there never failed. Children there blessed at a young age were freed of any disability. And though witnesses were sworn to secrecy, the newly dead brought to the temple on occasion began to breathe the air, hearts beat, shin turned warm, and they left as those who had been reborn.

Addendum: I have been told by a spirit of Uranus that those who master the light in every color of the light spectrum shall have magic keys given to them. They shall be able to create new civilizations that they envision. For the power of light within their dreams shall overcome all opposition to the love they conceive.

Obaneh exists within a sea of emerald green light. Study this vibration. Learn to visualize this light so that you can take into your hands the powers of creation.

The Temple of Venus

There was once a temple of Venus in the ancient world. And the temple had both priests and priestesses who were qualified to reveal its mysteries.

One day a woman named Eleni entered this temple. She was greeted by a priest named Doros. The priest took Eleni into a small room with a fountain overflowing into a pool. There was also an open window overlooking the forest beyond.

When the two of them sat down next to the window a crow flew by cawing four times and a butterfly orange and red landed on the window edge.

Eleni asked the priest, What sacrifice must I make, what ritual must I perform that the mystery of love within my soul might be born?

Doros replied, The sacrifice is to open yourself and to receive. The ritual is to allow yourself to be filled with love that is more than you can imagine or believe.

Eleni said, I am ready. Please proceed.

Doros took her and the two of them partially disrobed and sat facing each other within the pool of water. Doros next cupped his hands, dipped them in the pool, and then anointed her head with the water. The water flowed through her hair and down her face, over her eyes, and dripped from her chin. Then he held both her hands in his.

Doros spoke a word of power not yet known to the human race. The air around Eleni grew bitter cold as he spoke but the touch on her skin was warm as if the cold had a sacred fire burning within.

Doros then spoke these words:

As the sea covers the earth, love fills the world. As the priest, I am united to this sea.

And looking carefully into Eleni's eyes, Doros goes on, I love you with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength. This sea fills your body from head to toe. I am now one with you—every feeling that you have ever felt, every experience, your every memory is now my own.

This love has no beginning or end. Feel its strength. Feel its tenderness. You are no longer separate. The circle is complete. Two have become one. I am one with you as you are one with me. And together we have become love that extends to infinity.

Feel and taste now the final achievement that the human race is to attain—love unites all things and with all things it is one. Every obstacle before you, every limitation that holds you, and every problem that confronts you love shall overcome.

And then speaking with another voice from deep within his spirit, Doros says, The full blessing of the divine world is now upon you. You shall never again lack for inspiration. You shall always overflow with love. And all of those whom life brings before you--you shall bestow upon them beauty; and you shall guide them to swiftly return to a path

that unfolds before them their highest destiny and reveals the divinity within them.

By the power invested in me I bestow this blessing. It shall never wither, die, or grow old. Witness in this moment love's greatest accomplishment—to give to another the essence of its own being.

Eleni sat with the priest in silence for the space of an hour. She said nothing since she had fallen into a deep trance. She then opened her eyes and looked into his and smiled. And then another hour passed without either of them speaking or moving.

And then she cupped her hands and anointed him with the water of the pool. But it was more than water you see. The water had been transmuted into love that is joined to infinity.

For a third hour they sat silently as the water of the pool played and rippled around their bodies. And then Eleni asks, What am I permitted to share with others of this experience?

And Doros replied, The world at this time has very few who are ready to be filled with love divine. Though the light of heaven has come down to earth and appeared in the form of a man, even he has been unable to find one disciple who understands.

Go and love others with all your heart, soul, mind, and strength, for it is now your nature to do so. But this mystery must remain cloaked in silence until that day when the hearts of men are open and ready to receive rather than as they are so often now blinded by hate, sorrow, and greed.

Eleni left the Temple of Venus. But the temple was within her; its love overflowed from her; and its inspiration changed the lives of everyone she knew.

The Shaman



I went to see an aboriginal shaman
Sitting on a hill
He said, I saw you coming
To find me
You must have had a lot of skill
I said, though some things are well hidden
If you know how to look
You can find what otherwise is forbidden
He said, in lands over the sea
There were once kings and queens
Perhaps there are still two or three
But each man is sovereign lord of his body
Here you will find more treasures
Than in any kingdom you can explore

Know your body, the breath in your chest,
Where your blood flows,
The electricity in your heartbeat that does not rest
Spend some time
Each body part has its own vibration and design
A sailor who spends a lifetime sailing the sea
Knows not all shores
The sea has ten thousand moods
No man will ever find
A man knows not the heart of his lover
For her heart has entire worlds
No one has ever explored
Your body is a great wonder
For within it are found
The life force, the soul, and awareness
Of every living thing within nature.
I am aware of every animal, plant, and stone
For miles around
The life of the land is alive within me
It feels my breath as I breathe
My heartbeat within it races and rests
The land has become an extension of my body

I sat with the shaman for six hours that day
He did not send me away
And each year I find him again
Until now at last
I have found him within

I Dreamed I was Young Again

Last night I dreamed I was young again
A samurai in a faraway land
Ordered a criminal to apprehend
He had twenty samurai retainers
Under him
One by one I confronted them
With a gesture of my hand
I said to the archer
Stand down
He put his bow down
With a frown
I threw the wrestler
Ten feet through the air
He stood up, smiled and laughed
And said, You have skill I lack.
I shredded the clothes of the old samurai
Without touching his skin
He put down his sword and said,
Today I should have stayed in bed.
I walked up and looked a young samurai
In the eye
The one who held his sword high
I said, This is not your day to die.
He put down his sword
And walked away with a sigh.
One by one I confronted twenty of them
And one by one they fled
Realizing I could easily take their heads

These things I did
Not a drop of blood did I shed
In me they saw authority
Commanding both living and dead
I met the criminal
He offered me tea
We discussed his life
Where there was darkness
And where there was light
Then I was his guide
To the Other Side
I showed him where
He would be born again
In a far away land
He would be a different man
When you reflect the universe
Inside yourself
The original source of light
The first emanation of the Unmanifest
Guides your life
Then there are no longer
Either enemies or foes
Each conflict is a note
In a great symphony
Playing a song of harmony
I hear this song
Sometimes when I dream
Sometimes when I meditate at dawn
My story has never been told
My power is too great

For any writer to behold
I dreamed I was young again

On the Abyss

Question: I want to talk to you about the abyss.

The abyss? I have lots of abysses. Bags full of them. Abysses I can offer at special rates, discounts, and I even offer a happy hour abyss with the Hors d'oeuvre free. I have big abysses, small abysses, infinite abysses, abysses for each planetary sphere, abysses four cosmic letters, abysses within the heart of every man waiting for a lover to open with a key.

Don't I know that one so well?

I give scholarships for sojourners who qualify in traversing the abyss. I hire monasteries in India to apply the abyss in practical ways.

I have Buddhist abysses, Hindu abysses, Hermetic abysses, and Talmud abysses. Sorry, Christians you will need a special letter of explanation and permission from your pastor to read any further.

I have hungry abysses ready to devour. I have peaceful abysses full of bliss. I have cosmic abysses so serene and at peace the stars themselves go to them when they wish to rest.

I have solar abysses where spirits are so creative they can say I am one with God because God's own emanations shines through the open space within their hearts without blur or distortion. I have lunar abysses where time itself ceases and past and future join as one like two lovers who have waited life times in order to finally meet each other. Haven't I measured that one breadth, width, and height?

I sip the abyss with my latte each day. I slip into the abyss the way a passionate lover, sizzling hot, is in and out of her slip. I am madly in love not with the abyss but with the universe that is born from it.

You see, the abyss for me, makes great company. The Zen master filling the cup to overflow explains by demonstration to the disciple that you must keep your mind empty free of assumptions and speculation if you wish to fill it with something new.

What can I say? It is not a tea into an empty cup but the beauty of the universe that continually fills me. And so I make sure there is room indeed for this exquisite, magnificent ecstasy.

An Earthzone Storyteller

Note: The nice thing about a genuine university is that the professors have different points of view. I went to a college where the philosophy professors did not argue with each other or debate. In part, because they really did not understand the others' traditions enough to draw a line in the sand.

There are 360 spirits specifically designated by the divine to watch over and guide any intelligent species appearing on earth such as mankind. Rotor presides over the 17 degree of Virgo. He is a story teller of fantastic visions and fairy tales. And if you know anything about historical fairy tales before they were sanitized with bleach and cleanser to remove their grim faces, they told children about what to expect and what to guard against and watch look for, namely, you have to fight for the light.

The negative spirit version of Rotor, you could say, has inspired Stephen King who seeks to offer to his readers visceral contact with

horror and terror. With Rotor, it is not at all like that. Well, let me let him speak for himself:

Drama is thick in the air
Amidst the unknowing
Danger is everywhere
Ah, to flee to a graveyard
And to sit against a headstone
At least here there is comfort
Because soon enough you will be home.

Drama—
Do you hear the bird singing?
There could be a hawk above hovering
Do you see the children playing?
One shall die in war
A bullet enters his heart through his shoulder
And that girl shall have both her arms broken
By her the lover she shall hold in her arms
The blond child there with the smile and charm—
In a jail cell he shall wail
Having betrayed the trust
Of those he was supposed
To have cared about most
And the fourth child
Leaping through the air from the swing
Even before his first Saturn return
He shall fight his own war
In a small apartment
Filled with junk that he hoards.

Drama—
 You can talk about the light
 All you want
 But we live our lives amid great conflict
 While four dark horsemen circle about.

On Peace—An Earthzone Spirit

Note: Erimites presides over 4 degrees Sagittarius for those who are interested in esoteric astrology or magic 101.

What good is heaven and what honor to those who guard its gates if they cannot bring that heaven down to this earth and reveal the keys so that peace and justice fill the world?

Think how much greater the world would be if we work together as brothers and sisters rather than as enemies. To each individual's life is assigned by fate and grace a taste of peace and kindness.

It is true sometimes the stars attack each other or their own selves and sometimes galaxies collide. Intergalactic civilizations flourish and sometimes die.

The truth is about what you choose to do with yourself—do you strive against others who are so much like you? You breathe the same air; you eat food; you use the sun and water too. You share the same biosphere.

If I half tried I could cast a spell over you and your enemy so that when you both awake in the morning you will each live the other's life. I could have you live your lives like this for a year or a decade or two before I uncast my spell. And you then you will awake and remember well that you have now lived the lives of two.

And yet your thoughts would still be at war. You would see one point of view and then the other and not know how to reconcile the two like an agent and then a double agent who is then not quite sure which side he is fighting for.

For this reason I have been granted a commission by Divine Providence to offer to the human race an inner peace, a vast stillness within the heart. It embraces all opposites—here all conflicts are resolved through this divine art. Where there was war there shall be peace. Where there was enmity there shall be generosity. Where there is within the heart a wasteland of pain, a DMZ of hate, there shall be a stream that flows with water pure and so innocent the present moment's joy dissolves all memories of what has gone before.

War is easy. It may indeed be where you can see courage, sacrifice, and valor. But I offer the means to attain to divine being while still wearing a human body.

The Angel



And as I sat in front of a tree
An angel passed by me
And I yelled out
And the angel stopped and said,
As I walk to and fro upon the earth
You are the only one
Who sees me.
Ask me therefore what you will
In the heavens above,
Upon the earth,
Or beneath the earth
And I shall grant it to you.
And I reply,
Grant me a seed from the Tree of Life
That in planting it
And as it grows
We might eat its fruits
And attain immortality
And divine being.
And the angel says,
Your request is granted.
You yourself are now this seed.
And the woman you choose
Shall be the earth
In which it is planted:
Through the union of your two souls
You shall become like unto us--
Divine, godlike,
Attaining immortal being,
And you shall be called hereafter
Brothers and Sisters of Light
For when others gaze upon you
They shall behold the light of the sun.

Story of an Evocation

A young man named Howard was filled with self-doubt and uncertainty. Speaking in simple terms, he was afraid of life and for all practical purposes a complete coward. No doubt some would diagnose him as having social phobia and the beginning of OCD.

Howard did, however, have one redeeming virtue. He had a flair for drama. He viewed his life in the context of mythology—a great battle taking place between light and dark where a war was being fought for who would win the deepest treasures of the heart.

And so he did not hold up in a room rarely venturing forth. He did not seek support from a therapist who would have quickly identified Howard's presenting symptoms and fit them nicely into various psychological schemes returning him to his feet so he could function successfully within society. No, instead Howard sought out a hermetic magician, a virtual creature of legend which you or anyone can do with internet as a tool.

Howard booked a flight and flew around the world. He rented a room in a small town. His next step was to figure out how to gain an audience. He needed a plan of action. It took a few days to think it through and then he saw what he needed to do.

Six months later Howard presented to the magician an email saying, I am like a character in one of your stories. An ordinary man who without any luck is presented with a once in a life time opportunity. And he seizes that opportunity overcoming the limitations of his habits and routines that have previously defined his boundaries. I am ready now to live my life on a higher level.

For the last six months I have practiced each day for five hours the basic training in your tradition. With my eyes opened or closed I can hold in my gaze any person's face for five minutes without a single

thought intervening. For five minutes I can imagine holding the hands of any person. And while doing this exercise I have learned to discern over two hundred different specific feelings I can create so that they flow like a stream through me without any interruption.

I can mentally reproduce any voice I hear speaking. And any song I memorize I can play in my mind as if I am the lead singer singing. The same for smell and taste. I can eat an entire meal and capture each scent and savor each taste as if the food I am eating is completely real.

For these six months, I have lived fifteen minutes away from you. I only ask that you allow me to meet with you and that you respond to me in a suitable way with your time and imagination. For like you, though I am a complete beginner and perhaps a fool, I would serve the purposes of Divine Providence. I choose to make myself one hundred per cent available to reduce suffering on earth. No other purpose can hold my attention or drive my motivation.

Upon reading the above email even a hard core mage, a creature of legend, was impressed. The mage recalled his own dim witted and foolish beginnings long ago when his own life was a mess. And at that time he had done with a guru almost exactly what Howard was trying to do with him.

The mage knew full well magical training of the serious kind is never linear. It never unfolds in a straight line. The kingdoms of the soul a mage must explore are filled with every kind of monster of yore. To make your way even one life time will hardly do. You are very lucky indeed if you do not meet a creature whose only desire is to feed on the light that he sees within you.

And so the two met. After a few words were exchanged the mage says, Let us see what I can do for you. And taking a deep breath and exhaling, the mage speaks the name Vehuiah which spontaneously appeared in his mind. Vehuiah is the first spirit or angel/Genii of the planet Mercury

whose spirits are referred to as the seventy-two Bright Spirits or sometimes the Shem Ham Forasch. The room immediately began to glow softly with a bright orange light. It began like a luminous mist in the air and then attained a brilliance like the first light breaking on the horizon at dawn.

I have to be honest and admit I am not at all sure if a third person could even see this light. But since the mage and the student's minds were now linked in a semi-mesmeric and telepathic trance, they perceive with similar sight.

Almost instantly a being appears in front of them. It is a creature designed to assist those who wish to fulfill any purpose divine. And without a word being spoken, it was as if an ancient door long closed was now thrown open. Here was the light filled with the power and might of absolute faith, perfect certainty, and conviction embodied and ready to take action.

If you have a purpose that is glorious—worthy of the majesty and the beauty of Divine Providence, then this being will convey to you the power of faith and conviction you need to accomplish it.

The heart of this being is like a shoreless sea radiating and emitting waves of light that break over and flow through anyone standing in its presence.

No word needed to be spoken. Six months of training and mastering internal silence were sufficient for Howard to perceive what was occurring. The authority of the spirit to serve and to empower others arises from a great joining, a cosmic whirlwind invisible and unseen, that pulsates at the core of its being. There is a mysterious love that encompasses all things—the earth and the sky, the stars, constellations, the sun, moon, and planets, the seas, trees, mountains, and deserts—everything created of nature and divine, anything within or outside of space and time—an ecstasy and joy unite each and all into one light, one

song, and one story that is being told. The forces of earth, air, water, and fire seek swiftly to assist any purpose that is spoken from a voice that tastes this bliss.

And indeed those who taste this wonder now pass through the veils that cloak and shield the mysteries from the outer world. They no longer need beliefs, faith, or conviction. They are joined from within to all other beings who love throughout the universe.

It is said that Jacob once wrestled with such an angel for but a taste, a glimpse of this divine bliss. And Jacob's desire was so great he won the contest though even for Jacob a price had to be paid.

Let those who take this power into their hands possess the wisdom and courage, the love and daring as deep as the foundations of the earth set in silence and as the stillness that guides the path of the sun as it moves among the stars.

To taste this bliss is to be able to see through the eyes of any being, to think its thoughts, to feel its feelings, and to know the dreams at the center of its heart; to understand its origins and highest destiny and what lessons it must learn and tasks it must perform in order to be transformed.

In the eyes of eternity that encompasses endless possibilities, no being is any lessor nor any greater than any other. The story of each life is a note in a song of beauty and of love encompassing the universe, a song that is waiting to be sung.

At this point the spirit slowly faded away and was gone. Howard looked into the eyes of the mage and they both saw clearly that no further transmission or shaktipat was required.

Howard's doubts were vanquished. His confusion dissolved. His uncertainty replaced with a sense of wonder that would remain with him forever. He had tasted the bliss that one tastes when you hear the song

the stars and whirling galaxies are singing against a background of stillness that is infinite.

Now then, to finish this story I should point out that Howard did not found a new nation or anything like that. He attained no fame. Never wealthy, he never lacked. After all, he did not wrestle with the angel, did he? He just road along on the coattails of the mage. But all the same Howard did accomplish a few useful things during his life. And he did what he set out to do--to reduce suffering on earth.

How the Mage Rosh Lor Survived the Destruction of Atlantis



It was not the best of times. Kind of like exactly in our world now.

Then as now we have creative genius and technological wizard, theoretical scientist and philanthropic entrepreneur rubbing shoulders with men more evil than any demon fallen to the earth from the stars—the CEO of Monsanto, Hugh Grant, out to destroy the crops of the world and subject all human beings to his hideous feed; the CEOs of GE and

TEPCO who build the perfect doomsday machine—a cooling pool above a nuclear reactor next to the sea and over a fault line (why not end civilization with radiation pollution and destroy the Pacific ocean as well must be their motto); Kim Jong Un and Saddam Hussein who gassed his own people cannot hold a candle to such malice.

The thing is the priest kings, scientists, and mages of Atlantis did not even know they had any darkness within. Well, we have ethics and morality, a world court, and a UN security council. At the best the teacher will say, Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Which is to say, Don't take more than you give.

But this no one lives. Our codes of morality and ethics merely say, Here you can take this and this and there you must not take more than this or that. Here is the fact—human beings are always short on love. They always take more than they give. This predatory craving arises from the core of their being.

Human beings possess five elements—from fire is will, from water is love, from air is intelligence and harmony, from earth is consciousness and productivity, and from the fifth element of spirit is oversight and purposes that endure through and across space and time. Yet the great curse upon the human race is that in their souls not one of these five elements is sufficient unto itself. The very elements composing human nature are defective and so weak that human beings must feed on each other in order to feel complete.

And so the politician lies and deceives even as with great skill he reassures and promises others better lives. And the corporation steals from the environment and from human beings all that it can for the corporation has no conscience. It is a golem granted the rights of a person by the courts.

And lovers never ever not even once discover or produce an innocence that gives all of itself in every moment without holding back. No, even

the best of lovers bleed each other like vampires for human beings are half dead—they have no connection to nature that offers an inexhaustible aquifer of energy welling up to make them feel happy inside.

But who am I to criticize? I am describing myself during many past life times. And furthermore I am not permitted to complain. I am just pointing out the obvious—that human beings have no independent, autonomous, and self-renewing capacity within their souls that makes them fully alive. And so without continuous and vigorous stimulation from the external world and from other human beings they die. They have no self-generating abilities. They are not like the sun and the stars. They are not like the oceans and the forests and the winds of the earth. No, everywhere human beings go they lay waste to the earth. They destroy species, pollute the ground and the sea, and take green and leave brown.

And so what I have to say about Atlantis in this context will not seem too horrible. They are just like us. Almost exactly.

Where to begin? Edgar Cayce prophesized that Atlantis would be discovered in 1969. 1970 surely is close enough. Ray Brown and his diving friends dove off of Bimini in 1970 and found three pyramids beneath the sea. Each of the divers entered a different pyramid. Ray returned with a crystal ball in which could be seen three pyramids and if you were clairvoyant you will see a forth. I only saw three but I made a wish upon the crystal ball which kind of made up for my inability. Daring trumps insight when it comes to quests and missions.

The crystal ball radiated light from time to time without external input. And those who stole that crystal ball brought it back immediately with a note apologizing for carrying it away.

Back to our story. When Ray swam around the pyramid the first time he saw no way of entering. But the second time around a door had

opened. And after he took the crystal ball he lingered trying to scrape off a piece of gold like metal. But a voice spoke to him in his head saying, You have what you came for. Now leave.

I am not making this up. I was there at Ray Brown's first lecture in Phoenix in 1975 when he spoke about this.

Now then, if you have any magical training you can do this for yourself. Project your mind into that pyramid where the crystal ball was found. And what you find if you have any sensitivity is horror upon horror. These Atlanteans, as high and as advanced as they were, had souls that were now completely corrupted. Perhaps no Buddha, Moses, Christ, or Krishna could have found a way to turn them back to the light.

We all are familiar with the complaints about the patriarchy. Masculine control of society with alpha males running the show leads to hazing, domination, and control. Men of power torture and torment. And in their inner most essence they seek to absorb the life and will of others into themselves. They wield guilt, fear, and terror to accomplish their purposes and to maintain the order of their world.

You can see this kind of authority every day even now. Whether it is a man or a woman in power, the authority figure not only uses rules and regulations to control others. He or she will cause pain or anguish in another in order to renew his or her own soul. Like I say, human beings are short on energy and they well know that to strengthen their own egos all they need to do is to put someone else down, to make the other weaker or cause a wound.

But you actually have to turn to the Spanish Inquisition or comparable to understand the Atlantean mind. The authority figures of Atlantean time, like those who served the purposes of the Church, sought to take every feeling of being alive within others and to absorb it into themselves. The Church it is true only used agonizing torture, fear,

terror, and guilt to wield their power. When the Church was done it left corpses or terrorized people. Ah, but the Atlanteans were far superior.

The Atlanteans turned masses of people into human beings whose souls were no more than zombies. They did not need to kill the body. They could directly interact with another's soul to drain it of every feeling that enables a human being to feel whole. Happiness, sensitivity, the capacity to respond and react, curiosity, desire for satisfaction, the need to feel free, wonder, awe, hope, love, contentment, affection and kindness—if an Atlantean mage/priest/corporate executive (equivalent in that time) came upon another who felt alive and innocent inside, he could focus his mind and, if you were clairvoyant, you could see a cool white mist leave the body he was targeting and you could see him absorbing that soul life into himself.

You could say at the end of Atlantis, before the earthquakes rumbled and the big waves hit, that they were highly skilled energy vampires. But there is still an advantage they had over the most skilled of energy vampires you see today. An Atlantean could make a permanent bound to the other person--like some species of insects or parasites that keep its prey alive in order to feed whenever they wished. This is what you will find as a vibration inside of Ray Brown's pyramid off Bimini under the sea.

By comparison to the Atlanteans, the Hugh Grants of corporations like Monsanto and the Kim Jong Uns of our world are innocent and kind. In regard to the spiritual worlds with their infinite powers of magic the leaders of our world are blind.

To put it another way, we have nuclear weapons but within our souls we have no "nuclear" power of will. The Atlanteans had discovered desires within their bodies and souls that burn like nuclear fire. The light is so bright, and the power so great, and the shock wave so amazing they were radiant like the sun. But they did not have the energy of the sun.

Like I say, they fed on the energy within others' souls in order to keep their flame alive.

Occasionally from time to time we will get a Hitler whose power of will is like a pyroclastic flow—the hot ash of a mountain exploding as a volcano. His power of will overwhelms an entire people. But our world has never seen a nuclear man in whom the mysteries of magic and political power are united.

Rosh Lor was a nuclear man. The energies underlying nature he could perceive and understand. Like those in his own time he had a blind, insatiable and implacable craving to devour inside. But unlike those of his time, he actually wanted a lover not as someone to devour and feed upon to keep his soul alive. No, he wanted another equal in power and who possessed the opposite qualities of himself. But where do you go, to whom can you turn when a dark version of the fire of the sun illuminates your soul?

I am sure many of my readers already know how this story goes. Rosh Lor called a mermaid into being out of thin air through the power of his will. He called her from the sea and gave her the form of a human woman so he could touch her, talk to her, and be with her to satisfy his need.

To the sea has been granted the authority to cover Atlantis keeping its dark evil from awakening to destroy our world. But the sea that encircles the earth can bring peace and satisfy the needs of even an Atlantean mage whose craving is beyond the knowledge of our world.

The mermaid Rosh Lor brought into human form was in her soul like a storm raging with forty foot waves running and rolling thousands of miles across the open ocean. She had the silence of the ocean trench. And she has the mysterious empathy of mermaids who can easily extend their auras into any other living being on earth sensing, feeling, renewing, and healing it through the power of her innocence and giving.

Atlantis went into the final leg of its race. Like today, men were willing to court danger, to take any risk in order to acquire more power and for the sheer thrill of brief moments when they felt alive when in fact they were already quite dead inside.

But Rosh Lor had turn his eyes upon the sea. He fell in love with the sea's beauty. And his love was so great of all men who have ever walked the earth Rosh Lor was one of a mere handful in whose eyes you could see the deepest dreams of the blue green sea.

Because of his skill in magic, it was within Rosh Lor's ability to shape shift into the form of a merman. And this is exactly what he did when Atlanteans met its fate and sank beneath the waves.

What else can I say? Nuclear fire has returned to the earth. The power men hold now is of the external world and not the internal world of the soul. But the Atlanteans were not more malicious than Hugh Grant or those who are bribed to support Monsanto or of the leaders of Japan and the NRC who inexcusably and with infinite stupidity continue to support fission energy.

The Atlanteans had they been permitted to persist would have corrupted and destroyed the astral plane of the earth. Human beings now are out to destroy the physical body of the earth. But perhaps the sea has new cards to play as fate and destiny engage in a wild dance of submission and domination as humans seek to feel alive and perhaps one day to even discover peace inside.

The Knight and the Lady Dragon



As fairy tales go some are sad and some are bold. This one is of a maiden who turned herself into a dragon. Oh, she had no wings or tail, no claws and no eyes that could paralyze. But breath of fire she had. Not a flame that burns but a voice and a look that can incinerate and vaporize another person's hope or happiness.

Now there was a king in that land. And his wise man pointed out to him that something was not right in the kingdom. And king was quick to agree, for the king could feel it in his bones and in his balls or as a quiet voice whispering inside the walls.

And so a knight was dispatched to make things right. Shortly thereafter the knight arrived on the scene and looking into the woman's eyes the knight was mystified. Nonetheless, the knight stuck to his quest. He recalled ancient texts and realized what she had done. Because of her hurt and her pain, she had taken her soul out of her body and placed it inside of a black stone. And this stone had a name—it is called death, for it does not give but rather takes the life from whomever she meets.

The knight knew from legend that you cannot slay a dragon such as this—not by sword, not by spear, nor by any word of power a dragon

would fear. Do not object. The knight had second sight. He could see perfectly clearly that there before him was a human woman and there also before him as a being of power and of energy was a powerful dragon.

You may think I present a story that is dark, dreary, and gloomy like a fable of the Brothers Grimm. But I am not making this up. The dragon is right here in front of me and the stone of the dead is hidden somewhere in its memory.

Now the knight had a magical compass that pointed to the North. He followed in that way until he came to a cave where the black stone was hidden. To keep it short, he found the stone deep in the dark sitting on a pedestal made out of some sort of petrified rock. Just then the stone spoke to him in a challenging voice—Tell me the taste of the elixir of eternal beauty that Persephone gave to Psyche and which Psyche drank at the risk of her life. Answer my riddle and complete your quest. I only ask for the meaning of life and of death.

And when the stone was done speaking all manner of beings came out of the stone and filled up the room so that the knight had hardly left any elbow room. There was a gorgon rather testy, a harpie with very bad breath, a banshee with a most grating voice, a griffin who was itchy, vampires who were hungry and werewolves who were nasty, a miniature kraken out of its depth though still quite slimy, and a few medusas to boot who had plenty of reasons to be unhappy. And they all spoke in unison with the same words—We too enjoin you to answer the question the stone has set before you.

And the knight replied and these are his words which from his lips I have heard, words like a spell spoken by a Churchill commanding a nation to be bold and daring--

It matters not in what realm you dwell or in what form you travel as long as you are free in your soul. Then depression and despair cannot find you; death cannot bind you; and the restrictions and limitations of life cannot confine you.

In spite of what men may say no one guards heaven's gates. No one blocks the way. Heaven shall come down to earth. There are no lock and no key. Everyone is free to enter.

The heart is an open space. Its embrace accepts all things and its love is a oneness in which there is no separation. But in its depths there is an ecstasy of such beauty and grace those who know this taste death cannot partake.

In its embrace is a stillness so great the dream in the innermost being of every creature is attained. I know this taste—love commands every being to awake, to attain absolute freedom, and in the end to realize and to perceive that you and I and every other are one without separation.

And upon speaking these words the monsters disappeared one after another. And the stone turned to dust and then rose up as black smoke, faded, and was no more.

Soon thereafter the dragon woman found her soul again. She lite up like dawn and had the soft attraction of a flower. She became known throughout the entire kingdom as being so vivacious and serene that she could charm the soul of any man. And anyone suffering from despair, sorrow, loss, or pain she could free them, for she set before their feet a path of beauty and wonder that was equally enchanting and captivating.

The knight returned to the king who of course requested he fulfill other missions. For his services were always in demand. And that is the nature of human existence—that there shall always be new quests as long as the human heart remains restless.

James O'Brien



James O'Brien slept as if he were dead. But he should sleep that way for you see he was quite dead. Funeral was done and casket was six feet down in consecrated ground. He might have thought that the resurrection of the dead should be his next stop if Christian doctrine was the helmsman of his ship. Well, sometimes things do not work out that way—"should" does not always hold sway and doctrines do not always go the right way.

Oh, it was not that James was uncomfortable or claustrophobic though most would agree it was a tight fit with not much room to move about. No. It was not like that at all. James felt rather peaceful. He was surrounded by the good earth and as the song goes, "And I know if I only be true to this glorious quest that my heart will be peaceful and calm when I am laid to my rest." James did feel peaceful but, as others have said, sometimes the end is actually the beginning.

The tombstone above James up there on the graveyard grounds read,

James O'Brien
1895-1960

That should have been the end of it. Some visitors to the graveyard complained that the cemetery management was not caring for the grounds as it should. But management had troubles. There was the annuities scam that had gone around in the '90s that had taken out large chunks of the financial reserves of cemeteries across the country. This cemetery was no exception. But still, the roads remained paved and the trees and shrubs trimmed. Not that it mattered much for James. No one any more came around with flowers or tears to shed.

So one fine day James woke up though he should have been fast asleep and deep in a dream the dead dream. James sensed the ground around him. He sensed the other coffins in the graveyard. Seemed he was the only one hanging around. Everyone else must have gone into the light or abandoned the bones left behind from their lives.

It took a week or so before James thought of actually doing anything with himself. It was still fine to just be. Time did not work for James the way it worked while he was still alive. He noticed for example that he see someone above walking on the ground and in his mind James could slow that person's movements down. The person then walked oh so slow. Like each step took a minute or more. And James could even bring the person to a stop. One foot raised as the person leaned slightly forward and was about to put his weight on it.

And James could do the opposite. He could speed things up so that forty people seemed to be racing about—an entire week of visitors could come and go in a few moments. But then James realized his mind was just out of phase with human time. It took him a while to shift his mental

gears so to speak so that his mind moved with the same speed as those who were still alive.

But this was not actually doing anything. It was just making observations. James stood up. Well, he was still underground since he was less than six feet tall. But the top of his head was near the roots of the grass. He could tell that. And so he knew he could probably move about anywhere he wanted to.

He eased himself out of the ground and sat down. He took a look at his gravestone. Everything seemed in order there. He looked about. No one was in the cemetery though of course there were birds and a few squirrels running around. He sat and watched them till the sun went down.

Next morning James watched the sun come up. It was on toward breakfast but James sensed food was not one of those things you need to be concerned with when you are dead. James went for a walk. He strolled over to the gate of the cemetery and tested if he could leave the consecrated grounds. He cautiously put one foot down outside the gate. Nothing terrible happened. He walked a few feet farther and looked around again and then walked on.

A few blocks down there were residential homes. James walked on the sidewalk. The body he wore was actually a younger version of himself before the time when he died. But the shoes didn't seem to care. You can act normal when you are dead, like, who cares?

James came to a house and went up to the door. He tried knocking just to be polite but there was no sound. He walked through the door into the house. Mildred, the lady of the house, was cleaning a few dishes having just finished breakfast. And that is when James made his first big discovery of the day.

James could see a fog like haze around Mildred. And all of Mildred's memories were like pictures floating in Mildred's aura. James could pick

one of those pictures and gaze at it and it came alive. But the fog around Mildred was more than that.

James could sense everyone who had ever loved or been supportive of Mildred. And he could sense Mildred's various desires during her life. Like the force of gravity, desires, needs, and wants caused Mildred to make choices and to act. They defined for her who she had been, who she was, and where she was going.

For James, Mildred was a creature caught in and carried along by a fog. She lived as if in a dream. And as strange as it seemed James could pick any one of those pictures and enter it and live the memory that it was as if it was his own experience. But she herself did not know how to do that. Though Mildred was still alive and James was very dead, James felt it odd that the living should act as if they already have one foot in the ground. They forget that the past still lives on as real anyway as James felt as he was now walking around.

James walked out of the house through the wall and then up to and through the fence and through the wall into the next house. The cat mellowed as he saw James enter and ran off and hid under the bed. But Howard Davis who lived in the house did not notice anything. It was not as if James brought with him a foul smell. Though if someone was present with a psychic nose he might have noticed a scent in the air of the next world.

James again saw pictures this time in the aura of the Howard. What stood out were pictures of when Howard had been stationed in islands off Japan during the last days of World War II. A destroyer was hit by a kamikaze and sank. Barrels of coffee from the sunken ship rolled in on the waves at the beach. Howard salvaged them. Coffee was passed on to his commanding officer who appreciated having it not realizing the tragic source.

James went inside of one of those pictures in the air around Howard and sat and drank hot coffee he had brewed in the mess hall for himself. It was good to be alive. It was good to have survived. A cup of coffee can remind you of things like that.

There were pictures too of Howard fifty feet down the beach when General McArthur stepped ashore when returning finally to the Philippines. Pictures of Howard's daughter in the hospital shortly after being born. Pictures of an empty house after his wife had died. Pictures some bright, some dim. Pictures and memories were all that were left to him.

And that is when James saw it—the light of insight. Perhaps this “seeing” is why he had awoken when others slept or moved on. This was something James had left undone when he was still alive. Something he had to finish up before moving on or before his next step whatever it was.

James saw and generalized from just these two examples--that every form of consciousness defines itself by being separated from something else. Mildred was not her husband or her children and yet having them in her life made her Mildred. James was not a man who lived a healthy life. He was a man wounded in his psyche by war. The war defined who he was. The war kept him from learning more about himself.

And with an effort James could recall his own life that was no more. He too had pictures though now they were fading since no one had been shining any light in their direction for many years.

James saw that his own desires and the satisfactions that came or the satisfactions that never happened all had the same vibration. The good earth has always been here. The seed that sleeps in the ground awakens in Spring, rises up, unfolds and grows, and becomes the tree that itself releases seeds on the wind. Animals mate. They hunt. They eat. They live and experience their five senses according to their individual nature.

And human beings are animals too but animals with a little more intelligence at least it would seem. And something perhaps more. Human beings can awaken in their dreams or dream while awake and form plans of action to bring those dreams into being.

Is that what I am to see? Thought James to himself. That I have always been able to step free of the limitations that define who I am. The ways I am separate from others and from my desires and from the dreams I never attained are only a small part of who I am? Limitations enable consciousness to exist. And the limitations separating us and granting us separate identities can be put aside when the person is ready to become free.

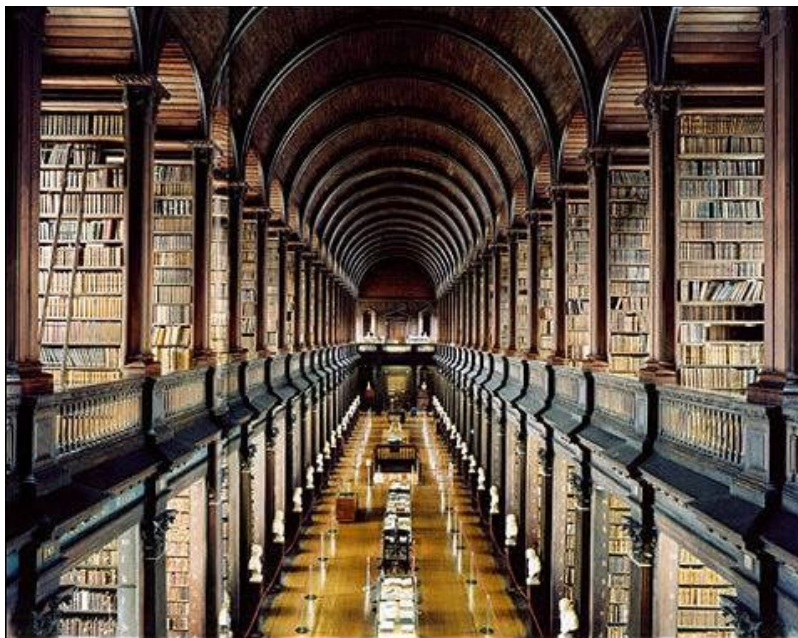
Is this not the purpose of love? To lead you to reach beyond yourself so that with others you become one. Step out of the grave Oh you who are dead and walk around. Step out of your body and with your soul and mind enter into others' lives and become them.

The good earth has always been here. It nurtures all of us. It gives rest and peace. And from it we all awaken in due time and become free.

Step free, James said aloud though no one heard his words.

What is next for James? Another story perhaps with another insight I am sure will come round in due course. But for now James is there sitting in a chair on Howard's front porch. James wonders if perhaps there are others walking around like himself.

The Akashic Dating Service



(Knocking on door and voice of divine being). Come in. (Man enters room).

Divine Being: Can I help you?

Man: Why yes. I thought you could help me.

Divine Being: I already asked you if I could help you. Go ahead. Spit it out.

Man: Right. I would like a perfect soul mate. No, actually a twin flame. Well, maybe more. How about a divine partner with whom I can celebrate all mysteries?

Divine Being: Ah. There is a slight problem.

Man: What is it? I already paid at the door when I came in.

Divine Being: No, no, nothing like that. You see, this is the department of records also called The Akashic Records. Here you will find all things carefully catalogued that occur in the realms of space and of time. Now it is not that I cannot access your future records. You see your world is the only one that operates with a linear time. We have no such

restrictions here. Why I have ages and eons and in fact millions of years of records stretching both backward and forward.

Man: Oh.

Divine Being: What you want is the Akashic Dating Service. That is down the hall and first door on the left.

Man: Oh. Sorry to bother you.

Divine Being: No bother at all.

(The man goes out the door and closes it behind him. The Divine Being says under his breath—Idiot.)

(Knocking on door. A voice says through the door) Well, don't just stand there. Come in.

Man: Is this the Akashic Dating Service?

Divine Being: Why yes it is.

Man: Oh good. Can you help me find a perfect partner for celebrating all mysteries?

Divine Being: We are not called the Akashic Dating Service for nothing. I offer all forms of love from the lowest animalistic, purely libidinous and enthralling erotic to the highest union with divinity—ineffable and beyond human understanding though still very real. It is all right here ready to go at any time for anyone who asks.

Man: Oh that is so good. I have had such a struggle you know.

Divine Being: If you want to chat about your struggles and so forth in the past that would be the first door back down the hall where you have just come from. They are really quite good you know—they can reproduce the exact eidetic memory in full color and wrap around sound including every sensory sensation, perception, thought, and feeling that you have experienced in the past.

Man: No, no. I want right now a perfect partner for a divine celebrating of the mysteries. I am not here to talk about the past.

Divine Being: That is good. Because in this room there is only Now. Past and future do not exist. Okay then, just spit it out—tell me the details of what you want like are you after the kind of rapport with another that is so perfect that you feel one with each other? How about the ecstasy of feeling there exists no separation between the two of you? Or maybe just that physical sensation of closeness in which you feel you live and breathe each other's presence in every moment?

Man: Oh, those all sound quite nice.

Divine Being: You know, everything I just described is a Gemini approach to relationships. You seem like the kind of guy that might go for the more sensual Taurus sense of love. For example, Taurus offers that sense of feeling one with each other and one with the universe in the same moment. It is very solid and the attractive bond draws you to each other like the pull of gravity.

Man: I hadn't thought about that.

Divine Being: Then again I could refer you to Capricorn with its more commanding sense of love. How about a nice relationship in which the woman and you feel there is nothing else that exists when you are with each other. And to boot she furthers you work in life increasing your productivity tenfold. Very Capricorn that—being productive, meeting goals, accomplishing your mission. We here in the Department of Akasha really appreciate people who get their missions done on time you know.

Man: Now I am confused.

Divine Being: Don't be. You know, on second thought, perhaps something more along the lines of Scorpio. Some say Scorpio invented sex you know. Now just a little farther down the hall and to the right is the Scorpio counselor. There you will get that blissed out of your mind sense of kundalini awakening and rising through your body piercing every chakra and ascending to your crown where you and your consort

are united in divine rapture in a pure simulation of Shiva and Shakti joined as one. As rapture goes it is hard to beat a feeling of being brighter than ten thousand suns.

Man: You are playing with me.

Divine Being: Not at all. We just have so much to offer up here on the plane of akasha and to tell you the truth we are sometimes bored to tears because so few human beings ever bother to investigate their options when it comes to pleasure, love, and romance.

Man: Perhaps if you were more concrete and actually showed me some women then I might have a better sense of how to proceed.

Divine Being: Perhaps. Gaze into the crystal ball. What you see within it are the nations of earth and those dots of various colored light are the best partners that are just right for you. Now the brighter lights are more right but they all would work out fine more or less.

Man: What about that one right there? (pointing to a light on the West coast of the U.S.)

Divine Being: Excellent choice. Now that one is very special and I haven't mentioned that kind of love yet. With her your love is like the sea—without shores it flows like a river from the dawn to the ends of eternity. You feel so much a part of each other and so innocent too that there is no longer a you. Just a feeling of love flowing without end. Very deep rapture there and a wonderful sense always of letting go. Though we like people who complete their missions in life, this love is under the sign of Cancer. And Cancer has that special gift of knowing through pure feeling when something is right and happy and full of light. And if within yourself you dwell in a space of pure happiness you will discover you accomplish so much more in life than you would by embodying any other virtue. It is just a little trade secret, a tip concerning the craft and art of love that we like to share from time to time with those who are receptive.

Man: Oh, that seems perfect. I'll take that one.

Divine Being: Well, sir, it is not a matter of taking. It is certainly easy enough for me to introduce you to this woman. But you see this is the "Akashic Dating Service." You do not get something for free. You have to become the love you seek. Oh I could set you up with someone and it would seem to be just right. But after a time it would inevitably falter, grow dim, and fail. And that is because love is something you also create. You get a taste through experience. But the taste is so that you learn to become a chef, not just someone who goes and eats dishes someone else makes.

Man: Oh, I get it now. You have a class of instruction I am supposed to take.

Divine Being: Exactly. We are teachers assigned by Divine Providence to assist anyone on earth who drops by. In fact each day every one of these kinds of love I have described and many others as well are radiated through the entire planet earth for anyone who is sensitive, imaginative, or receptive enough to pick up on them.

Man: Okay then. You introduce me to the girl and I will train in any way you require that divine love might manifest on earth.

Divine Being: Go through the door to your left. She is waiting for you in the next room.

Buddha and Moggallana

Now it came to pass that Buddha was teaching the means for attaining enlightenment in Magadha in East India in the area of Bihar south of the Ganges. And three of Buddha's disciples came before him and presented him with a complaint. They explained that they had discussed the

problem with Assaji, one of Buddha's primary disciples, and he had failed to solve the problem.

Now complaints were very rare among the sangha or community of disciples at that time since Buddha himself dwelt among them and set an example of nonattachment and clarity of mind. Oh there was that time when Kama, the Lord of demons, came to see Buddha when Buddha had been meditating in a cave. And Buddha's disciple named Ananda who watched the cave's entrance was quite upset with this demonic appearance.

That situation was cleared up right away when Buddha told Ananda to invite Kama in and serve the two of them tea. As Buddha patiently explained, I am the friend of all beings. Even the demons respect me, for I am beyond all fear and nothing within them can harm me.

Kama was actually after sympathy. His own disciples were building temples with ornate roofs and huge statues made of gold and Kama wondered how they could so far miss the point.

Kama is also known as the Hindu god of love. The demons were just a minor contrivance Brahma had cooked up since Brahma had to figure out where to put them. When Shiva cried after losing his consort, Queen Maya, Shiva's tears each turned into a demon—thus demons are created from abandoned love. So Brahma concluded that in terms of jurisdiction they fell under Kama authority.

And Buddha told Kama that in the future Buddha would also have the exact same problem. His disciples just don't get it. They would fail to understand that enlightenment means absolute freedom from all things as well as the ability to see yourself in all others that you meet.

Kama understood. All Kama ever wanted to do was to teach men that the five senses, each filled with bliss and ecstasy, are infinite in capacity. There is no end to their exploration and their wonders never ceases.

But these three disciples of Buddha had a totally different complaint. The three said to Buddha, One of your disciples is causing us great difficulty.

And Buddha said, Go on.

And three said, When we sit and meditate we of course seek to develop inner quietude. We still our minds. We join ourselves to the void. Some of us are becoming fairly established in our mental virtues in that we have passed beyond all attachment to anything within the realms of form. For a few of us, our inner silence is unshakeable.

And Buddha said, And so?

And the three went on occasionally interrupting each other, So your disciple Moggallana is certainly at least an arhat—he has moved beyond all suffering due to his clarity of mind and freedom from attachment. And it is certainly true that he is a Bodhisattva for he often goes out of his way to assist others through acts of pure compassion.

Buddha said, Go on.

Well, they said, we believe the problem must be that due to secondary results of his meditation he is filled with siddhis and various kinds of psychic powers.

And Buddha replied, That is not unusual among my advanced disciples.

But the three persisted. They said, We think he is not a human being.

And Buddha asked, Now why do you say that?

And they said, To state it simply, anyone who gets near to him falls into a state of trance in which all they feel is bliss and serenity. We fear therefore that your female disciples will become enamored with him. And even now some of your male disciples strive to sit near to him when they meditate so that they too can learn to enter a state of pure bliss that seemingly has no end to it.

And then one of the three said, Let me frame this way. Bliss is fine. Siddhis are okay if you do not become attached to them. Serenity and peace are great. Doubtless they are noble virtues. But when taken to this extreme it appears to me that Moggallana has brought heaven down to earth and in opening its gates to everyone the royal path to enlightenment will become forgotten.

Ah, replied Buddha, when you put it that way I understand your complaint. I will have a talk with Moggallana myself. You can rest assured I will find the right remedy so you need not give this problem a second thought.

Several days later Moggallana, being able to read others' minds, made a point to stop by and to speak with Buddha.

And as Moggallana sat before Buddha, Buddha smiled and then laughed. And Buddha exclaimed, You cannot fool me Moggallana. I know who you are.

And Moggallana replied, And I was having such a wonderful time being here. It is only out of homage to your greatness and unique attainment of enlightenment that I have journey so far to meet you in person and to study in your presence.

And Buddha laughed a second time at Moggallana's understatement and said, Journey far you have. Across the ages of time from the far future to incarnate in this age of the world that your civilization has almost entirely forgotten.

And yet such a gift to meet one of you in person. Your civilization stands at the very threshold of ascending and attaining perfect enlightenment, not just of individuals but your entire race of beings. I rarely speak of this wonder to my own disciples for they cannot even imagine such a thing.

Tell me what it is like for you to be there and here at the same time, for your consciousness has indeed overcome space and time limitations and the illusion of separation.

And Moggallana replied, As I was meditating one day on the history of the planet earth and all that human beings have undergone and experienced in the realms of form, I encountered your mind on the mental plane. You have become one of the great spiritual treasures of the earth and your enlightened mind shall remain as a guide and source of inspiration through all ages of the world. Anyone with any sensitivity at all who is receptive to mental vibrations can detect and immerse themselves in the boundless light and absolute freedom you embody inside.

And you I perceive, Buddha went on, have joined with the consciousness within the sphere of the moon—you embody its infinite serenity and pure receptivity to the unfolding of the universe. Everyone within your race is aware of every other directly soul to soul and heart to heart. As I said, it is an absolute delight to meet one of you in person.

What shall we do about the other disciples? asks Moggallana.

Buddha replies, Whenever disciples come together as a group they inevitably generate a karma. They strive with each other for attention and seek to fill any power vacuum so great is their insecurity. Your inner serenity only serves to disturb their meditation. They are still striving to overcome their egos and attachment. The great joining of all things that underlies the entire universe has not yet entered their dreams.

I will tell you what, said Buddha. Simply turn off the radiant lunar light that you emanate so that it only shines inside of your body and not outside of you. You can continue to use your siddhas to assist others and to alleviate their sufferings. But your outer aura must be no more powerful than what is typical of human beings in this age.

I myself must hide what I am from my disciples and from this world. The light I conceal inside is so bright all human beings on earth who see it would become spiritual blinded. Turning into fanatics and warring with each other they would think in terms of whose doctrines and lineages are superior. The human race would fall into darkness for ages. For this reason, I have kept the story of my enlightenment very simple so that in hearing it no one becomes infected with a super inflated ego; or worse, like those in past civilizations, they turn into psychic vampires stealing life force and soul energy from each other so they can briefly shine like the sun.

And Moggallana replied, I understand. I shall do exactly as you say.

And Buddha said, Drop by anytime. I will have Ananda serve us tea. He is very wise when it comes to keeping secrets and not revealing the conversations he overhears when I speak with those who are from other realms.

I Slipped Inside a Dolphin's Mind

I slipped inside a dolphin's mind
 And with its body did I swim
 I exchange my arms and legs
 For a tail and for fins
 I am now surrounded by friends and kin
 Water constantly embraces me
 Among the waves we play
 We are inside each other's minds
 Life is like light
 Blue green and emerald in our sight
 And sounds echo and abound
 I slipped inside a dolphin's mind

And with its body did I swim
 The sea sends us dreams
 Of what shall be
 A few of us dwell among you
 We slip inside human minds
 Our tail and fins
 We exchange for arms and legs
 We are never far away

Into the Realms of Fairy

Into the realms of fairy. They are not well known I know. Still, the lands of the fae surround me. The transition is not difficult. Add feeling to perception. Put aside your thoughts of derision. You will need a taste of wonder—to sense and expect the unknown universe in any moment revealing itself to you. You will need a touch of curiosity—wonder will only take you so far if you do not climb the steps and open the door.

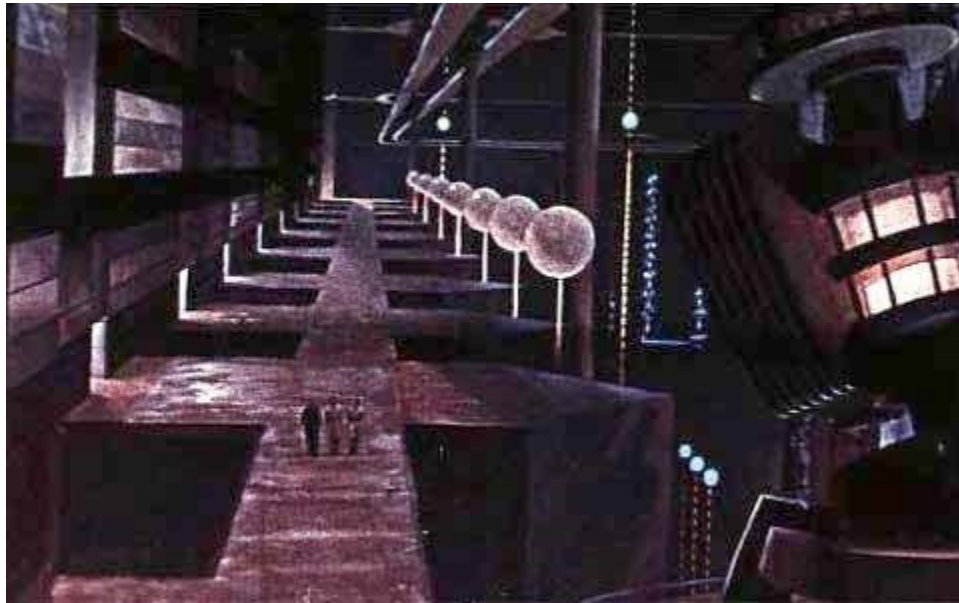
Can you use your body to feel you are a tree, a flower, a breeze, or a bee?

Into the earth I go. Here are treasures yet unknown. Into the air I float—there are choirs singing with symphonies yet to be written. Into the sea, innocence is here. And if you let go and enter the flow love is a friend who blends with infinity.

And as for fire and the sun—in this realm all limitations are overcome. The gifts are immortality, enlightenment, transcendence, and a stillness so deep the universe stands by your side and shares its secret dreams.

Into the realm of the fairy. It is not so far away. Here you will find warriors in training who plan to invade our world and fill it with justice, love, and peace.

The Legend of Iona (Science Fiction)



Some say she betrayed us. Others say she saved us. No doubt it will take centuries before we even formulate the right questions to ask. But everyone agrees she changed our world forever.

The Tir'i'ha appeared on our planet. They came through a star gate. From another planet or dimension or time—we do not even know that.

At first it was chaos. They ignored us. We tried to communicate. There were violent confrontations. We had no chance and we learned next to nothing from anything we did.

Then Iona as she called herself established communication with the Tir'i'ha. They invited her into their little settlement that had no walls but which no weapon we possessed could penetrate. A month later she returned to us. She organized a formal greeting and set forth a set of protocols through which our two races could meet, interact, trade, and come to understand each other. It was an astonishing triumph. And our world was never the same.

We have a classless society in one sense only. If someone is gifted, he or she can rise to the highest levels of society. And this is indeed remarkable, because our society has a virtual caste system of social standing and rank.

Yet independent of caste, we have found ways to identify individuals with high potential when they are still children. We train them according to our needs as specialists in solving problems—energy, science, health, transportation, education, art, music, entertainment, political negotiation. We have eliminated wars because of our understanding of conflict resolution and negotiation.

But one guild is dedicated to the unknown—these individuals are trained or actually possess at birth the capacity to model and comprehend problems that have no precedent. These individuals' minds can quickly grasp what cannot be explained by any previous system of interpretation.

Iona had the usual abilities of this guild. She could think others' thoughts—not just what they think but how they think. She could feel what others feel. She can literally enter others' dreams and interact creatively with others when they sleep. She knew others' secret desires and innermost needs. And this too—she could at times project the ideal of what others longed for within their hearts and then appear to them as what they wanted or needed to see.

But of all of those trained in this way on our planet, only Iona's abilities extended to the Tir'i'ha. It was like she was one of them and they accepted her as one of their own.

As the science of the Tir'i'ha was shared with our world we discovered something else about Iona. She could engage matter with her mind. She could accelerate the evolution of microorganism. She could replicate light waves or sound waves in a measurable way when she emitted those kinds of energy from her brain. She had a degree of power

over nature. Who can talk to volcanoes, earthquakes, whirlwinds, and storms and speak their language? She could persuade them to change their strength and the timing of their actions.

We naturally thought these were abilities she acquired from the Tir'i'ha. But later we found out they did not possess those skills. Yet soon our two separate cultures and races interacted so well it was as if we were always meant to find and unite with each other. Languages were shared. Histories were studied. Art and entertainment found common ground.

Looking back, it is astonishing how much we have changed. We are no longer the same race of beings. We have evolved into something new and wonderful—most would say that anyway. We think with colors of light and with musical notes. We enter other's minds and relive each other's memories as if they are our own.

We never knew until it was too late nor did the Tir'i'ha know either that these skills were not known by either of our races. It was Iona who with incalculable skill convinced us we were learning them from each other.

And then Iona vanished. And we and the Tir'i'ha have been left with questions both of our races must somehow answer. Was Iona never one of us at all? Was she of a separate race of beings sent into our world to facilitate the interaction of two unrelated and totally incompatible species? Where did she acquire her abilities?

She left us with training manuals that covered everything we have observed her doing. But nothing explains her level of perception or the degree to which she can get inside others' minds and imaginations.

Twenty years after she disappeared a full scale investigation was conducted of all her interactions and of all the decisions made during the initial phase of contact. It became perfectly clear in hindsight what Iona had done. She had temporarily taken possession of the minds of key

figures. She “persuaded, inspired, or motivated” them to act in ways that lead to specific outcomes that enhanced the assimilation of our two races into a new society.

How she accomplished these things remains a mystery. Neither we nor the Tir’i’ha possess the understanding of mind control and transference of consciousness that she must have employed.

And that is the legend of Iona. Are there wayfarers who travel between the stars on paths of light? They appear during times of great transition.

They employ skills beyond all understanding. They create peace where there is war, harmony where there is conflict, and alas, love in place of fear, suspicion, and hatred. That much we have observed.

And so--Some say she betrayed us. Others say she saved us. No doubt it will take centuries before we even formulate the right questions to ask. But everyone agrees she changed our world forever.

Atlantis and Western Civilization—A Path of Light



The Atlantean mage Rosh Lor was speaking with his disciple one day whose name oddly enough was Chimirgu. And Chimirgu was a very able student of magic but he was a little too bright and a little too curious. He always seemed to know that the time tested methods and standard doctrines of practice were at best deceptive and at worst counterproductive.

And the discussion touched exactly on this theme. Chimirgu was reviewing the magical aids used in evocation. And Chimirgu says to Rosh Lor, Okay, the magical circle—you make a point to be at the center of all things acting as an absolute authority. I understand the practice perfectly. But why should there be a center and if you already understand what you are dealing with what need is there to assert your authority?

Yes, what else? Asks Rosh Lor.

Chimirgu goes on, And the magic triangle—the symbol of manifestation and the movement toward materialization as consciousness enters the three lower realms. It makes things solid, stable, and enduring so they so they become real. But really the opposite principle is equally effective—instead of condensing massive amounts of energy in a specific place and then leading a spirit down through the planes in the standard evocation procedure why not simply remove all obstacles and barriers so that all limitations are overcome? More elegant, less effort, and by far a superior method of evocation.

Humm. Yes. What else? Says Rosh Lor.

And the magic lamp, Chimirgu goes on, where color comprises the quality, vibration, and oscillation of the light and which symbolizes enlightenment, cognition, experience, and intuition—acting as a gate to the realm of the spirit's domain—it is a powerful support to consciousness but what if consciousness needs no support? If you make a spirit's realm a second home you already are operating on equal terms

with the spirit with such familiarity it is as if you are one of its own race of beings.

I see your point, says Rosh Lor. Go on.

Chimirgu continues his rant, And the magic wand as the symbol of the magician's will, strength, and power over the sphere in which he wishes to operate. I mean really? Does no one see the contradiction in any of this?

How can you learn anything if you place your will in opposition to something else? It is like you then have it wrong right from the beginning. The very idea of there being a me here and a spirit out there and that I must exert some sort of special power and will to get it to cooperate with me—I am aghast at this ridiculous, primitive ontology. Basing evocation on a dichotomy seems to me to defeat the entire purpose of higher magic.

Which is? Asks Rosh Lor.

Chimirgu replies, To become one with the thing you observe. And then all these other things equally serve as a deceptive trap—the magic mirror, the magic robe, cap, waist band, dagger, seals, talismans, sigils, and incense. Like duh? What am I missing here?

Rosh Lor replies, These things as you well know are simply supports for consciousness for beginning students to use until they get the hang of magical operations with lesser spirits. What is the big deal? Why are you even discussing with me what is so obvious?

And Chimirgu says, Because Atlantis is about to destroy itself. You know this as well as I do. I feel that magic should be used to prevent this disaster and the way it is now being taught offers no remedy at all for changing the fate of our civilization.

Rosh Lor replies, Well, now that you put it that way what you are saying makes perfect sense. What exactly do you have in mind?

And Chimirgu says, Teach me how to save my civilization from destruction. Magic is the highest wisdom on earth. Pass to me your innermost essence and inspiration that I might stand ready to serve the purposes of Divine Providence.

Well Chimirgu, says Rosh Lor, I am afraid it is too late to save Atlantis. But I will tell you a little secret. After Atlantis falls another civilization will start over from the Stone Age. They shall be forbidden to have access to genuine magic and be barred from petitioning the Mysteries to assist them in fulfilling their chosen destinies.

All the same, after ten or eleven thousand years they shall rise to a level of knowledge equal to our own. But they too like us shall destroy themselves through their foolishness, arrogance, and risk taking behavior.

That is the secret you want to share with me? Asks Chimirgu.

No, says Rosh Lor. The secret is a method of magic that you yourself seem to be asking for. If you practice what I explain to you now and do so life time after life time you will have the ability to rewrite human destiny. The knowledge I offer to you is so great you will have the power to review the histories of alternate worlds and choose which one you wish to make real on earth—in effect to establish a golden age of light that will have no end.

Okay, I am game. Reveal to me this magic of which you speak, says Chimirgu.

And Rosh Lor then spoke these words about the void from which all things arise and to which all things return. And he explained specifically how the student who masters the void is granted the means to dissolve any negativity or malice and to convert these things into virtue, nobility, and compassion.

And this is brief summary of what Rosh Lor said about the void:

The Void

Because the void has no attachment and nothing to be attached to, nothing to lay hold of and nothing to lose, no one who is present who can be attacked, no one who attacks, and nothing to attack with, there is no fear; because in fact the mind has no center and no circumference, more vast than the sky and clearer than any mirror and is in fact infinite the void embodies perfect enlightenment and as an expression of its essence it spontaneously, effortlessly creates the realm of the sylphs.

The sylphs cherish and celebrate freedom, balance, and harmony. They delight in every sensory impression for they realize in every moment the unknown universe is continuously appearing and expressing itself in new ways.

The great sylphs hold the entire atmosphere of the earth within their consciousness without need of thoughts to think or ideas to evaluate. Storm, weather, and winds are the fabric of their imaginations.

When you look back after attaining absolute freedom and perfect enlightenment you will realize sylphs have been your companions and guides through all your journeys of transformation.

Because within the void there is no form or image, no one thing that opposes or is in opposition to any other thing, and because there is one state of awareness that is equally everywhere free and unhindered by barriers or obstacles, the void embodies oneness and so perfect love—everything within the void is equally everywhere and a part of everything else without separation. And so as an expression of its essence the void spontaneously, effortlessly creates the realm of the mermaids.

The mermaids in their essence are love and exist to love. They embody pure innocence, for they are forever new in each moment and there is no

end to their giving. The essence of their enchantment is in their invitation to become as they are—to dwell within and to express in every moment an infinite sea of love that endlessly flows through them.

Because the void reveals the original nature and the highest purposes of everything that exists, because through circumstances and experiences in specific situations it manifests and makes available the highest paths to perfection so that through diligent effort one may follow these paths and accomplish the greatest and most valuable things, the void is the perfection of wisdom. As an expression of its essence the void spontaneously, effortlessly creates the realm of the gnomes.

The gnomes possess a state of inner silence that embodies a quiet ecstasy, for gnomes in every moment are engaged in doing what they love with all of their hearts, for they are never separated from those things they care most about.

The gnomes are so engaged with the physical world, the earth is so much their home, that they work at transforming matter itself—the elements, metals, gems, plants, trees and also animals—and imbuing them with intelligence and spiritual consciousness.

Because the void is the source from which all things arise, because it sustains all things imbuing them with energy and life granting instincts, desires, motivations, drives, offering goals and destinies with endless worlds and realms to explore, because it grants the means to fulfill life in every conceivable way, and because it offers the light to comprehend everything that exist—the beginnings and the endings, and because the void dissolves all things again so that there can be new and greater beginnings—the void spontaneously, effortlessly creates the realm of the salamanders.

The salamanders act in every moment to seize the chance to expand their power in order to become autonomous and independent. Every barrier is something to overcome and every obstacle is an opportunity to master oneself and a means to perfect one's will. In the deepest dreams of salamanders, while remaining of and a part of nature, they strive to shine as bright as the sun.

Because these four—oneness, enlightenment, wisdom, and power flow in and through each other the void is also ecstasy. It is a great celebration in which all things are continuously joining.

Those who study the void shall gain the ability to dissolve any negativity. They shall overcome all obstacles, solve all problems, resolve all conflicts, and heal all illness and wounds.

They shall create love where love does not exist and in the process replace conflict and discord with harmony. They shall create peace where there is war. They shall be the friends of all beings meeting them in their place of greatest darkness and time of deepest need and walking beside them back into the light.

He who studies the void is neither bound by self-image nor limited by any form or tradition. Rather perceiving the original nature of anything he takes whatever life sets before him and recreates it restoring it to its highest path and surrounding it with inconceivable wonders.

Indeed, it is the very nature of the void to offer these gifts so that all things may be accomplished and the world filled with justice, love, and beauty.

Chimirgu asks, How long again? Twelve, thirteen thousand years you say to attain to this quintessence of wisdom so that the next civilization does not vanish like Atlantis but becomes a golden age with no end?

That is about right, says Rosh Lor. You must explore and master these separate realms and then make them a part of human civilization.

Chimrigu then says, I am not sure I grasp the practical application. I do not want to end up sitting in some cave high in the mountains with my thumb up my ass contemplating a private, narcissistic, and self-serving enlightenment that frees me from suffering but does nothing to change the world around me. After all, self-spiritualization is a dead end if the civilization you are in returns to a Stone Age again.

Rosh Lor answers, Isn't it obvious? You practice this meditation in each moment of the day and you also practice it inside the minds of the leaders of your world so that they attain exactly what you attain inside.

And I am not making this up—I see it happening as if I am there right now—in the end you will snap your fingers as you look back and say, “Thirteen thousand years? It was but a moment of time.”

A moment of time? Asks Chimirgu.

That is right, a moment of time, replies Rosh Lor.

The Temple of Venus II

It was the time of ancient Rome. Emperor Augustus Caesar was emperor and stability sat on the throne.

In Northern Greece there was a temple to Venus that was still open though not well known. There were statues, curtains, murals, fountains, and paintings inside.

The goddess Venus awoke from a spell she had cast on herself in which four wonders and four glories are united in joyous radiance. And she stepped inside of her temple and was surprised to find two lovers who were performing a sacred ceremony in which they bind their souls to each other. They did this in her name and asking for the blessing of her grace. Understand that at that time and within this temple love is the final authority in all matters pertaining to gods and humanity.

And as the light of Dawn illuminates the earth with its rays dispelling darkness and confusion, the goddess Venus appeared before the two lovers. And she spoke these words—

Within the house of the divine is a source of inspiration ready to be revealed in any moment of time. The love that binds the universe together and all purposes and destinies fulfills both within and outside of time is meant to be celebrated by lovers such as yourselves. By the power invested in me by the Greater Light that shines throughout the universe I grant to you the experience of this bliss within your flesh—you shall feel one with each other and with the universe in the same moment.

The blood that pulses in your veins becomes one tide—together you rise. The winds that sweep the sky within your breath shall fly. Your hearts beat—upon you now falls a sacred trance—the earth revolves; within your hearts a stillness encompasses all.

In this moment the love you feel with each other is the same love that binds the universe around you. A path of beauty I set before you and no harm shall befall you.

And if there were any other people there they might swear these two lovers were surrounded by a whirlwind of rainbow colors. The fragrance in the air was intoxicating, the pleasure euphoric passing into rapture.

It is said that Hera has a pool that each year her youth renews. Venus can make sweetness. And Persephone possesses the elixir of eternal beauty. As these two lovers now kiss they taste all three states of bliss.

And Venus went away. Her form faded. Gods and goddesses in our world do not stay.

The lovers married. They lived their lives as if within a dream.

And when enough people can dream this dream, our world will be forever changed.

Two Men Walking Meet A Woman

Two men were walking toward each other on a deserted road. The first man wore the latest fashion and his shoes were from Italy. He is called the master of manifestation.

The second coming from the opposite direction wore clothes that were casual. They were designed not to impress but purely for comfort and relaxation. And he was known as the master who studies the void.

Suddenly quite unexpectedly a woman came charging through the brush that lined one side of the road. And the woman approached these two men right as their paths crossed. And the woman said, I know who you two are. You may be the best of friends but you rarely are ever seen together in public.

And the master of manifestation said to the woman, Did you have a request?

The woman thought for a moment for she knew this master's reputation. He could make ideals real. He could grant petitions and requests. He had great powers when he wished to heal. He could take dreams and fulfill them and longings he could satisfy.

There was of course much more than what the woman had heard. The master of manifestation was a regular navy seal kind of magician. He could concentrate on any sensory perception and hold it in his mind for a half hour without distraction. Better than any Spielberg, he could visualize and hear the sights and sounds of a movie as he wrote it in his head.

There was more. He could gather the light from the air when he breathed in and accumulate so much vitality in his body that he emitted waves of light for miles. He could take a hot room and make it cool and refreshing by just using his imagination and the opposite—he could stand outside nearly naked on a snowy day and melt the snow on the ground for ten feet around him. The master of manifestation had done his homework and had a virtual Ph.D. in magical abilities.

Having thought about her request, the woman said to the master of manifestation, You know, I have never been happy. I am not happy now. And I cannot imagine being happy in the future. I am frustrated. You see, I am a complete extrovert. I need action to thrive. I need to succeed in life to feel alive. Is there any way you might be able to help me out?

And the master of manifestation said to her, It seems to me that there are three things that might meet your needs. You need a position in society through which you gain recognition; that provides you with challenges and also the resources to meet those challenges. In this way, through action you are fulfilled and happiness is the by product.

What are the three positions? the woman asks.

Possibly, you could be president, speaker of the house, or the majority leader of the Senate. I don't think the position of president is available just now. But between the other two, I think majority leader of the Senate might do.

At this point, the two men went on walking and the woman stood for a while thinking about what the master had said and then she went home. When she entered her house the phone rang and she picked it up. It was the governor of the state in which she resided.

He told her that the U.S. Senate majority leader who was from her state had found it wise to resign. It was the right time. And now the governor needed to appoint someone to replace him. It turned out that due to the amount of outrage against politicians from all over the

country, the governor thought it wise to turn to someone who could truly represent the people. This would be someone who had no previous political connections and was not beholden to any corporations and who would not be easily swayed by lobbyists. And he needed someone who could be promoted as a caregiver, a nurturer, and was also responsible. The woman fit the bill due to her previous position as a teacher whose job involved children with learning disabilities.

The woman accepted the governor's offer. A limousine picked her up a few hours later. She flew to the Capital and the next day entered her office. The governor had some staff already assigned to work with her.

Immediately the woman's appointment to the Senate was challenged but it did not go well for those opposing her. Statements were made about her inexperience and lack of political connections. But it turned out she actually had taken practical classes in conflict resolution, mediation, negotiation, and problem solving. By contrast, the current president and former Senate Majority leader possessed little or no actual skills in these areas.

And her lack of political connections only served to vouchsafe for her the trust of her constituency and as well as support on a national level. A few months later, to overcome a deadlock and extreme hostility among the rank and file of her own party in the Senate, a compromise candidate was chosen. It was not the first time someone totally unqualified rose to the highest offices in the land. She was chosen as the Senate Majority leader. The master of manifestation had fulfilled her wish.

Two years later as she was walking across 15th Street going West on Constitution Ave. she ran into the two masters again. And the master of manifestation asked her, Are you happy now?

She replied, Great question. You know, I have a lot more self-esteem. I am active. I shape the laws of the land. I make decisions determining the direction of the country. In so many ways I am now satisfied.

But are you happy? The master persisted.

She said, I have so much more conflict now. I am badgered by endless groups that see no further than their own personal interests. Anyone I accept donations from thinks I have to support their agendas with my votes. If I try to solve problems on their own terms my colleagues think I am a traitor to my own party. It is hard to sleep sometimes at night wondering what the next scandal will be that invariably ends up undermining our progress and programs. No, I am not happy. Satisfied. Fulfilled. But not happy.

And so the master who studies the void asked her, Do you have a request?

And the woman thought for a moment for she knew this master's reputation. He could dissolve negativity. He could take enemies and get them work together in a calm and reasonable manner. He could take individuals who were genuinely malicious, even seemingly the embodiment of the race of reptilians, and somehow instill into them chivalry and true nobility.

There was of course much more than what the woman had heard. The master who studies the void could transfer his consciousness into the soul of any other person on earth. He could duplicate others' brain waves so that he thought their thoughts and looked out at the world through their eyes.

There was more. He could look at another person and see that person as himself in another form. He could find another person's deepest sources of inspiration. And if he tried he could speak with the voice that was at the core of the other person's being, for he felt the other's secret desires and innermost dreams. The master who studies the void had done his homework and had a virtual Ph.D. in understanding quantum reality—he could metaphorically speaking shift people between alternate worlds so

that the best opportunities in life somehow came to them in spite of all that had gone before.

Having thought about her request, the woman said to the master who studies the void the same words she had spoken before, You know, I have never been happy. I am not happy now. And I cannot imagine being happy in the future. Through I am a complete extrovert and have the perfect job and vocation in life, I still feel unhappy. Can you help me out?

The master who studies the void replied, I will extend my aura through yours. Any time you have the least doubt about your path in life or feel any sense of unhappiness at all, simply think about me and my aura will encircle you about as it does in this moment.

And the woman noticed immediately that for the first time in her life she felt genuine happiness. And she said to the master who studies the void, I know that in this life time there is nothing I can study or do that would enable me to reproduce in myself what you are creating within me right now.

Nonetheless, could you tell me what it is that I am feeling so that I might have the words to describe the depths of happiness I feel inside?

And the master who studies the void replied, You feel contentment. That comes from my receptivity to lunar light. Within the vibration of the moon is a sense of timelessness—of being adrift on a sea of motionless time. And as you look about you can perceive all civilizations that have ever been and that ever will be—thousands and millions of years of history unfolding like a flower blossoming all within this present moment that has neither beginning nor end.

And if you look at others without thoughts in your mind, you can perceive every other person as I myself see them—there are no longer any barriers or boundaries separating one person or another; rather all are joined within a great celebration of oneness. And like the perfume of

a flower, this oneness of every living being creates an innocence that is never lost or compromised no matter how difficult life may seem.

As it has been said, To each person a path to perfection. An opportunity to step onto that path. A get out of jail card that frees you of negativity and whatever things might hold you back. And for those who choose to go this way, special gifts are offered.

The master of manifestation has enabled you to step onto your path. My gift to you is a feeling of happiness and absolute freedom within your soul that shall accompany you wherever you may go.

And when during negotiations a mutually satisfying and valuable outcome seems impossible just imagine me sitting next to you. For a little while those who sit at the negotiating table will feel what you feel—not only can every problem be solved; but they will find they can work together as if they have one heart, one mind, and one soul.

And the woman left the two masters and continued walking. She turned right on 15th street on her way to a scheduled meeting she had with the President and the Speaker of the House.

A Reptilian's Prayer for Enlightenment



The darkness within me no longer abides.
 Within me now infinite light resides.
 The hellish fixation on pain and aggravation
 Is now set free
 I shine like the stars in an infinite sea
 I have the clarity of perception of a divine being
 Who understands the reason behind all things
 The empty feeling inside
 Which I have always filled with lies
 Gives way to peace a vast as the sky
 To avoid the void that stalks me
 I have tried to conquer and divide
 To embody a will of malicious skill
 But now I see the greatest power that can be
 Is the ability to set men free.

Atlantis Installs a Judge to Judge the Land

It was the high priest, Pho'us, who made the suggestion to the High Council. He said before that august body, "It has been wacky lately. Things have been getting out of hand—what with greed, arrogance, and hatred spreading across the land. I propose therefore that we reign things in—take a little time to insure that if we are going to move forward with our civilization that we do so in the right way and in the right time."

The High Council for a change couldn't agree more with Pho'us. But someone asked, "What exactly do you have in mind?"

Pho'us replied, "I recommend a new Council member whose sole job will be to monitor the heart and the thoughts of the main players—those

who wield the greater power whether in science, in politics, in the arts, or any part of society that is of significance.”

And that is exactly what the High Council did. They did not create and then abandon an investigative committee designed to make recommendations to insure government integrity. No, they were not complete stupid like the politicians in our own day. Instead, they gave Pho’us complete discretion in finding someone to take the new position.

But Pho’us had his task set out for him. He spent a great deal of effort and time visiting the different temples and magical training schools near and far. Then finally one day he found what he was looking for. It was not a very impressive temple as temples go. It was small and some would say rather traditional.

Yet when Pho’us observed the disciples meditating he noticed how the aura of one disciple stood out. Well, that is not the right to say it. He noticed rather that the student’s aura actually disappeared when he was meditating. Later Pho’us took the student aside and asked him about what goes on in his mind when he enters a meditative state.

And the student whose name was Kaocus said, “My life has been filled with great sorrow and pain. Everyone I have loved has passed away or else abandoned me. And so I have accepted that this is my fate. Yet in all things there are hidden purposes. And I know this because I have one gift that remains to me—I perceive clearly from the depths of my heart that life is indescribably beautiful.

And Pho’us said, “Well, that certainly is a noble inspiration for you to have. But tell me, what do you do when you meditate so that there is not even a trace of your aura present in the room—only your body remains, nothing else is detectable by a psychic like me.”

And Kaocus replied, “You can take away all sensory perception, all feeling, and stop the mind from thinking so there are no thoughts or mental activity.”

“Yes,” said Pho’us, “This is a basic practice. Many of us already know how to do this. What else do you do?”

And Kaocus said, “That is the beginning. The next step is more subtle. I do not enter a void with my mind that penetrates through space and time or that has no space and time in it. I have studied those practices. No, this is a gift given to me by Saturn itself. When I enter the sphere of Saturn with my mind at the first gate the inscription reads, ‘Pass through this gate and leave all suffering and sorrow behind.’

And Pho’us said, “This I do not know about. Go on.”

And Kaocus said, “Well of course, given the horrors of my life, I passed through the gate. This clearly was the way to overturn my fate, for Saturn is the architect that designs fate to teach us its ways.

“The best I can describe it is that within the human brain there is a neurological switch. If you throw the switch, then it is like you retain full consciousness. You are fully alert. And yet there is no mental activity occurring, no sensations that are perceived, no thoughts that appear, and no feelings that attract or repel.

“I know you say you have already done this. But I do this under the authority of Saturn itself. I stop the world from existing.”

“Ah, yes,” Said Pho’us. “You are the man I have been looking for. You have changed your fate and now a new destiny is set before your feet.”

And Kaocus was installed during a quiet, secret ceremony as a new member of the High Council of Atlantis. And into his hands was given the power to investigate and intervene in the life of anyone in Atlantis including the other High Council members themselves.

And this was easy enough for Kaocus to do. Being able to silence his own brain waves and in fact embody silence every other person’s thoughts were perfectly clear to him. It was as easy for him to tell what

someone was thinking as it is for an Ornithologist to tell the name of a bird he hears singing outside of his window.

As Kaocus explained to the High Council after his first year on the job, “Atlantis has entered the age of Uranus. New gifts are being given to our civilization by the divine world that change the structure of our society in every aspect. But there are requirements and tests that must be met for this to be accomplished without disastrous side effects.

“The new inventions and cultural changes that are happening must be dedicated to manifesting works of enduring value. There must be an inner peace with the universe rather than an insatiable craving to steal from others their life force.

“There must be truth instead of deception, love instead of malice, joy instead of arrogance, mastery of self instead of seeking control over others, and a purity of spirit that understands that all attachment serves a purpose and when the purpose is done the attachment is let go of the way you allow something to drop from your hands.”

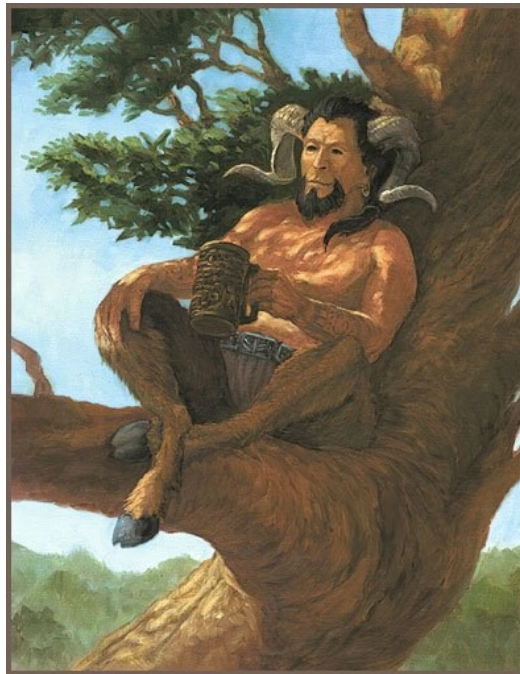
“I have intervened in others’ minds in order to help them let go of their attachments to their selfishness. I myself have not changed. I do the same meditation now that I have done for years on my own in my home temple. But the difference is I simply meditate now inside the consciousness of others. I have become their conscience. And I show them how and when to become nothing at all in order to meet the requirements of Saturn to open the gate to receive the wonders Uranus bestows.”

There was no objection to the work of Kaocus by members of the High Council. And no one else in Atlantis even knew he existed. For a hundred years Atlantis staid its blind dance toward its tragic end.

As for Kaocus? Well, even a disciple of Saturn can find love it seems. They lived together in a quiet villa surrounded by orchards out in the country. When Kaocus rose in the morning and looked into her eyes, he

saw the land itself gazing back at him. In her soul she combined silence and joy.

Pan, Tone Magic, and The Temple of Neptune



It is a bit of an odd tale as stories go. You are asked to imagine that the gods walk on land and occasionally appear to man. There is touch of magic which you can also do—quicken your five senses and the characters in the story can become you. These stories come to me while I meditate and the least I can do is share them with you, for unless I write them within minutes they disappear from my mind and are no longer found.

Iacomus was a shepherd who tended sheep in the hills where Frosinone is now found in Italy. Now shepherds have their quarks and oddities and also at times a touch of strange or unusual sensitivities. Some take up star gazing as a late night activity and some sing or tell

stories to themselves to avoid going crazy. And as the legends tell us some even become kings.

Iacomus played a pan flute. He played it with his hands and breath. And he also played silently hearing notes and songs in his mind. And this is because for Iacomus the sound he could hear with his ears he could also hear equally well with his imagination. He could fool his own ears so the songs he sang in his mind were as real as the songs sung by his lips and carried on breath and air.

Not knowing anything about the tone magic of mermaids and mages, Iacomus somehow had learned to cross the boundary separating our world from the Next World—the realm of nature spirits and of the divine.

Now as Iacomus was playing his pan flute one day early in the morning just after the sun had risen, he heard the sound of another pan flute nearby. Its notes were clearer than the notes he sang and they were also awe inspiring. If Iacomus had the words we use today he might say, “The notes I hear are so hypnotic and compelling they create an obsession.” His words were not so different. He thought to himself, they put you inside of a dream and the dream takes possession of your five senses and then that is all you can perceive.”

But Iacomus was not your ordinary pan flute playing shepherd. He possessed his own magic. And so out of homage and enthusiastic innocence, Iacomus picked up his pan flute and played variations of the melodies he was hearing. And the beauty was that he was not just making music. Iacomus understood right away that music he heard in the distance was about expressing feelings—a love of nature, wild enthralling passion, a purity of sensuality that is beyond all inhibitions; and there was also a soul rending craving to want to fill the emptiness within oneself.

Iacomus took these melodic intonations and notes and explored them as if by pushing a feeling to its very limits he could grasp it whole and give it a name and so master it. Like the first few refrains in the song, The Lonely Shepherd, Iacomus saw himself flying high above a valley as an eagle--proud, majestic, and yet solitary. But he took those refrains and played back the image and feeling of a thousand foot high water fall with the release and letting go as the water dropped through the air.

The playing of the pan flute by the person hidden in the forest stopped playing as Iacomus played his variations. And then it began again with new feelings overlaying the same sounds.

There was an image of a woman by a mountain lake. And she disrobed and swam out into the lake and floated on her back to wash away the pain and sorrow she felt inside. And then again the playing stopped and waited.

Iacomus played the same notes. But he took the image of the woman laden with her sorrow and as she swam out into the lake she shaped changed and became the lake. The stranger in the woods imitated Iacomus song and then added to it. On and on they carried on playing variations on each other's notes and feelings for a good two hours.

And then the music ended and the stranger played no more and he did not reveal himself. Iacimus was a casual kind of guy. He took things for what they were choosing not to embellish or speculate on things not easily understood or explained.

Later that night around the second watch after the moon had set Iacimus felt a presence nearby just at the edge of his camp fire's light. He looked carefully among the shadows and a form stepped forward into the light. It was the god Pan himself. For a shepherd in those times of ancient Rome, the god Pan was impossible not to recognize.

And Pan spoke to Iacimus and said, You know, it has been ages since I have run into someone like you. I try to teach people how to listen and to

sing and they just don't get it. You have to live and breathe the notes and feel them in the depths of your soul before anything of value leaves your lips.

It was true delight playing with you in the early morning light. It is said of me that I have my way with shepherd girls to ease my pain. But what is body to body gratification compared to soul to soul communion?

Because you have surprised me and matched my magic with your own, you may ask of me a boon—anything I can give to you is yours now to hold.

And Iacimus spoke spontaneously as if the depths of his heart had taken wings and spoke with his tongue and body without going through his mind. Iacimus said, As a young man this body I wear is filled with tension. The race of men to which I belong does not know peace of soul nor does the serenity of the moon dwell in them though its light touches their skin.

Therefore, if it is permitted by the divine, reveal to me now how to feel peace inside and in the same moment at peace with the universe as well.

And the god Pan replied, Ah. You surprise me twice in one day. Never before upon the face of the earth in all of my years has a mortal accomplished this.

It will be thousands of years from now before these mysteries are revealed to the human race and written in books. Listen carefully to the notes I play for they will convey to you directly every sensation and feeling you must claim if you wish peace with nature to attain.

And Pan placed his flute to his lips and played the sweetest music the shepherd had ever heard. There were three parts to the melodies. The first song was of the night sky—Iacimus grasped it immediately. You open your mind to be the empty space that all the stars embrace. There is no effort to it. Just take the sight you see with your eyes of the sky at

night and let it be the circumference of your mind—to be still inside, a great open expanse that all that exists with ease you embrace.

Pan stopped playing and nodded with a smile at Iacimus. And then Pan played a second song. This song was like the first but referred only to oneself. You take the you you know yourself to be and put it off to the side like taking off a cloak when you come home. Iacimus was aware of the fire and of Pan and of being out in nature. But there was no longer an Iacimus anywhere to be found. He had become pure awareness without ego or identity simply perceiving without any need to validate or refer back to himself.

Pan stopped playing again, smiled at Iacimus and made a funny face as if to ask, “How difficult is that?”

Then Pan picked up his flute a third time and as he played Iacimus picked up his pan flute and played along in accompaniment. The image and feeling were of flowing water—just that—water flowing as in a stream through a valley, turning around rocks, splashing and bubbling, circling in pools, and rubbing the sand and banks. To be water—to let go, to flow, without any form identity, giving all of itself in every moment.

Then Pan stopped playing and said, These three things you must perfectly embody within yourself. Great is the curse upon the human race that they can neither perceive nor feel water’s beauty and grace. All manner of beings—leviathans, gorgons, krakens, Medusas, harpies, and many monsters unknown to the human race have been placed to guard the realm of mermaids. The explanation for this is a long story in itself.

Suffice it to say that these monsters protect the realms of the water spirits from the human race. But find these songs in yourself and they will neither see you nor interfere with the journey you must take to gain the peace that you seek.

And saying these words Pan then hummed one single note with his lips and Iacimus fell into a trance. He felt he was immersed within sea of pure love and innocence. Bliss was everywhere and every cell in his body felt release, renewal, and endless peace.

And further, Iacimus felt he had become the sea the way if you float in a tide pool and focus only on the sensation of water touching your skin there comes a moment when the edge of your body disappears and your consciousness extends across the sea.

And yet there was more. Iacimus saw and felt mermaids swimming nearby some nearly coming up to him. And Pan said to Iacimus, Do not speak to them at this time until they first speak to you. You must make this realm a second home and then the mermaids that dwell here will consider you to be one of their own.

The story could end here. We could leave our lonely shepherd out in the foothills watching over flocks of sheep by night and also blissed out of his mind with his secret knowledge of the inner worlds. But that is not in fact what happened.

What did happen was that a year later in 23 BC the Emperor of Rome, Imperator Caesar Augustus Octavian, was staying with a senator named Gnaeus Marcellinus who had a quite fashionable villa outside of Frosinone. And Octavian mentioned to Gnaeus that he had heard strange melodic songs echoing through the hills as his entourage traveled down the road.

Gnaeus had heard rumors about the god Pan himself haunting the woods and valleys. But more likely he thought Octavian was hearing the sounds of a young shepherd whose acquaintance Gnaeus had not yet made. Gnaeus sent his villa administrator to fetch the young shepherd.

Later that night the shepherd played for Octavian the very songs he had learned from Pan. And Octavian who was not without a sense of humor knew full well that the gods sometimes toy with men for purposes of

entertainment and for pure whim. And with the gods you must always walk carefully so that fate does not catch you showing disrespect or neglect.

When Octavian left the next day to return to Rome Octavian ordered the Praetorian Guard to disguise the shepherd as an aristocrat of noble birth and to bring him along with them. The head of the Praetorian Guard understood the command. Power requires many times the use of deception and concealment to accomplish its purposes.

In Rome, Octavian saw that the shepherd was given a new name, educated to read and write, and then formally adopted by an appropriate family loyal to the emperor. Five years later Octavian saw that the shepherd was appointed as high priest of the temple of Neptune.

There was some concern over the lineage and appropriateness of appointment. But Octavian as emperor prevailed over these objections. Octavian invited some of the priests of the temple of Neptune to his own villa. He had the shepherd play his pan flute. And then Octavian said, Now then, if one of you can match in one tenth measure the power in his enchantment, I will make you high priest in place of him.

But of course no one could. As Imperator, Octavian knew some things you can change at your command. And some things like the lost legions of Varus you just have to accept for at times it is the gods who command. Octavian knew a god spoke through the shepherd. And if you are to rule and rule well it really helps after all if in the depths of your soul you can feel with peace with nature and the universe too inside yourself. Octavian kept the shepherd on retainer as one of his personal counselors.

How the Mage Dri-Soph Bought Atlantis Ten Thousand Years

Dri-Soph, who we will refer to as Dri, was talking to God one day. Of course, he did not use the name God but rather what was typical then—he called God the One which refers to the One Light that shines throughout the universe.

And Dri said, You know, things are getting really bad. Malice is rising to a level never before seen. If this is allowed to continue it will destroy the astral plane of the earth. No longer will those who meditate be able to attain insight leading to freedom. Rather those who pursue the powers of darkness hidden in the human heart will contaminate all sources of inspiration.

And not only that. Science now has become an abomination. Instead of pursuing knowledge if not wisdom scientists seek the ability to control others' minds. It is insidious and hideous that the gift of knowledge has been turned to serving the purposes of oppression.

And the One said, What do you have in mind?

And Phi said, Is there not a way to clean up this mess? Give us a breath of fresh air, just the right taste of enlightenment so that in the depths of men's hearts they desire to seek freedom rather than squander their gift of life in the pursuit of malice.

And the One replied, Oh, now that you ask your request is easy enough for me to grant. Here. Borrow my voice. Speak on my behalf. Wisdom and enlightenment have always been free to those who seek.

How so?, Phi said.

Do you not see the blue sky by day? Asked the One.

Yes, Phi replied.

The One went on, In one glance, as I repeatedly like to say, is the enlightened mind perfectly arrayed. It cannot be stated more clearly or presented more elegantly than what I have placed before your eyes—

open, vast, and relaxed in spite of all the storms of life that pass.
Let your mind be like the sky and learn to think as I think inside.

But Phi said, You are holding back. Men will require more than truth and light to give up their selfish act.

And the One said stifling a laugh, Have I not placed before you the sky at night so that in one single glance, as I repeatedly like to say, you might perceive that the mind is infinite—there is no end to it—it is incomprehensible and ineffable in its power and might. He who possesses it is able to accomplish all things regardless of the powers that reside in darkness.

And Phi asked, Might I have but a little taste of this delight, for what the eye sees is not always enough to achieve faith and belief.

And instantly Phi's consciousness expanded so that he was aware of everything that exists in the universe—every galactic cluster, every galaxy, every planet, every thought, feeling, and perception of every creature, and every particle of dust spread out within and between galaxies was now clearly present in Phi's awareness.

And the One said, This what I can do. I expect the same from you. Take what is so obvious to anyone who merely looks and share this insight with those who abuse power throughout Atlantis. This should do the trick to get the results you want.

And this is precisely what Phi did. If you can hold in your awareness galactic clusters, galaxies, solar systems and the minds of countless beings, then sharing this light with others would be second nature, don't you think?

And so the men of malice and darkness put aside their hideous quests and sought freedom and joy for ten thousand years, not a year less.

Afterword: Some say that when Plato—who presented the only historical reference to Atlantis—was not referring to the past when he

wrote about Atlantis. They say he needed an example of something allegedly historical to justify his vision of the Republic that he hoped would unite the Greek City States. And so to speak of Atlantis is perhaps not to speak about legend, lore, or history, but about a vision of what our future can be.

Shall we rise to the heights in technology only to be destroyed like Atlantis in one single day? Or is it not possible if we were to take the wisdom arrayed before us in nature, the nurturing love of the seas, the earth with its beauty, the sky with its depths of wisdom and harmony, and turn these powers of creation into tools to enlighten even the worst of men?

An Ancient Order of Women



There was an ancient order of women
Whose magical beauty was so great
They could dissolve all malice and hate

Every being was their friend
 The broken heart they could mend
 And the lost soul was found again.
 For 5,000 years they ruled in complete secrecy
 Being free of the desire for fame and all vanity
 Until in the end
 Men sought knowledge instead of harmony
 And power instead of beauty.

Perennial Questions

I met a man who had desires he did not understand. They held him like a vice. He did not realize he always had a choice.

I met a man they sentenced to twenty years. In all that time, he never touched a woman, never tasted heaven. He did not realize it was not his body locked behind bars. Rather, it was the opposite within himself he had lost hope of finding, had abandoned, and given up.

I met a man who attained freedom. With joy he had been blessed. He had no desire or craving of any kind. Any satisfaction he could easily find in every moment of time.

She catches my eye. She walks up to me and puts her hand on my thigh.
 She asks, Can I kiss your lips? Can I cuddle you like this?
 Who are you I ask?
 She replies, I am the lover within.
 She says as she laughs, And now you are home at last.

Who are these men I ask? The prisoner, the lost soul, the ascended master, and the one who finds his opposite within? They are all one and the same—without one you will not find the other.

One day I shall awake when I am dead. There will be need to pay rent, no need of bread. There is no marriage and no warm bed. They do not keep time here—not day or year.

But I shall not regret not being alive. Each life I have lived, each moment of time—my every self I have been is like an actor in a play or on a movie set. And they are all performing right now in this moment.

And I am the actor before the audience, the director, the writer, and the stage manager. I hire the cast; I set up the shots; I am subtle. I place subtexts in the script. And when I act I improvise. There is always something new to invent.

But for me because I love quality of performance and excellence I ask in which part that I played am I most alive? Who maintained his honor? Who mastered himself and attained the greatest power?

Who rose from the ashes to fly through the sky? Who answered the question, Who am I? Who attained the enlightened mind?

Who took life and death into his hands, joined them together, and made them friends?

And who was able to understand that we are all in this together? What one man attains becomes a part of every other.

On Story Telling (for Robert Mckee--author of Story)

For a thousand years the Oracle of Delphi spoke for Apollo in ancient Greece. The Oracle finally met its end when it was closed by emperor

Theodosius in AD 395. But it is said the Oracle has not fled. It lives on as it reappears from time to time in the form of a story that slips inside men's minds.

It is said that story telling itself is the oldest culture known to man. It took form long before ancient times. In a good story you can always find yourself inside. That is you there with blood on your hands or trying to create freedom in a land. That passionate embrace—you feel the lover's ache. That heart shattering loss—you may have felt that same touch of fate.

The drama, the suspense, the climax with tension reaching its height, the epiphany in a vision, a revelation, or a self-confrontation. What is the story behind or underneath your life? When you are dead will you look back and say, Ah, if only someone had shared with me what he had learned to be true through first-hand experience then all my sorrows would have gone away; they would have fled and left me joy instead.

To be alive is to be an actor on a stage; it is a performing art—choose those acts that express the depths of your heart. Or even right now you may ask what troubadour or bard can entice silence to reveal the insight into your life that a broken heart can heal?

“Let there be light” is a story about origins and creation and of powers for those who listen well of what is hidden within ourselves. And there is then inevitably the follow up tale—of the one who has fallen from the heights into a place of great darkness. Putting forth all of his might he rises again and attains freedom.

Oh come you bards whose voices bear witness to the powers of creation: tell me a tale so enticing that I can take this mortal flesh and join the sun and the moon within it opening the gates of silence to pour forth upon the world new gifts that cleanse the earth of corruption and eliminate injustice. Then all men shall hear the stories I hear with my

ears. They shall put aside their hatred and fear and discover in the power of love the method and the means for all barriers to overcome.

Keolani and the Sylph



Keolani sat outside on the lanai of her Maui cabin and read the press release:

HONOLULU (AP) — Tropical Storm Flossie moved westward Sunday across the central Pacific toward Hawaii, where a tropical storm warning has been issued for Hawaii and Maui counties.

Flossie has maximum sustained winds near 65 mph with higher gusts, the National Weather Service said. It's moving toward the islands at about 20 mph and landfall could come after midnight Monday.

The advisories for Hawaii and Maui counties were in place as of 11 p.m. Saturday, meaning tropical storm-force sustained winds of 39 mph

or more are expected within 36 hours. Oahu is under a tropical storm watch, which means tropical storm conditions are expected within 48 hours.

Flossie's center was expected to pass near the Big Island and Maui on Monday and then south of Oahu several hours later.

A flash flood watch was issued for all islands from Monday morning through Tuesday night, according to the Honolulu Star Advertiser.

Keolani is really nice person. She once worked as a model listed on Modelmayhem.com. But she got tired of doing modeling since some of the photographers were down right creepy. For a while she played gigs in some of the hotels for the tourists. She enjoys hula and swimming with dolphins. Lately she works offering web design consultation and has a part time job in an elementary school running their computer network and helping out with any software or hardware problems.

A few months back Keolani picked up a book at a used books store called, *The Key to the True Kabbalah* by Franz Bardon. She is not interested in magic or anything like that. But she noticed what he calls cosmic letters are actually a means to worship nature in all of its wild beauty.

And this brings us to the problem with the tropical storm bearing down on her island. She knows that the roof of her cabin might not be able to handle gusts of 65 miles an hour. A big storm can get her roof to leak and that takes money to fix and money she does not have a lot of at the moment.

So she dug out her book on kabbalah an hour ago and looked under weather control. That would be cosmic letter A according to what she read—good general all around full service problem solver in regard to all issues involving conflicts, mental problems, questions about wisdom, skill in art, and also controlling the winds.

She next got out her little pitch pipe she had purchased on line and blew the note of G in the Treble clef. She held that note in her mind. Actually, she imagined the sound filling the entire sky and wrapping the earth around. And she visualized the light blue of the sky at the same time. It was easy for her to do this. The blue appeared dazzling and radiant in her picture. Actually she imagined she herself was the sky surrounding the entire earth. And then she imagined she was weightless or rather that the entire sky that she had become was weightless and so free of all gravity.

I guess you could say Keolani has a flair for sensory concentration. But after all she worships the beauty of nature and there is no way to encounter nature without exploring the mysteries of your five senses at the same time.

Now in this state of three sense concentration Keolani imagined four levels or planes of consciousness. She imagined the light blue color all around her as filling the realm of spirit or what is called akasha. And there she immediately perceived a stillness binds all things in a great harmony. Like the movement of the constellations, time and history unfold according to freedom but also always operating in accord with the laws governing the universe.

And then she placed her awareness in the realm of mind. And here she sensed how that great harmony of spirit appears within the consciousness of a human being. It appears as the enlightened mind in which all things are seen clearly and without any distortion or blur due to ego or attachment.

And she also placed her awareness on the astral plane. And with the three sense concentration of light blue, the note of G, and the weightless sensation she immediately felt that kind of sensitivity that sylphs or air spirits possess—her senses became sharpened to pick up the faintest nuances of any sensory perception.

And then she sensed here in our physical world the actual air and winds. She reached out with her mind and could feel the storm coming. It was so unlike the normal trade winds that usually embrace Hawaii.

And then she held in her awareness all four levels of the cosmic letter A at the same time so they became integrated and one vibration: the level of cosmic wisdom belong to spirit that oversees the unfolding of all things; the enlightened mind in which there is perfect clarity and absolute freedom; the realm of soul or the astral plane where every sensation and feeling of being alive resides; and also the physical world with the actual winds, weather, and storm. Magic to say the least works best if your integrate all aspects of consciousness into one state of mind and being.

And now extending her mind outward she could sense the spirit or sylph who is at the center, embodies, and directs the tropical storm Flossie. The sylph was both in the storm and also right in front of her floating in the air off the lanai. She senses his nature. He is very impulsive. He is thrilled by the awareness of warm, moist air rising off of the ocean. He feels rain is beautiful. And also that the hundreds of miles of storm that spread out over the ocean feels to the sylph like a bird with its wings extended rising on the wind of an updraft.

But inside the sylph feels oppressive. There is a low pressure area that brings the clouds low to the ocean. And all that warm, moist air that rose to form clouds now is forced to release itself in torrential rain down pouring, drenching whatever is below.

With preventing her roof from leaking in her mind, Keolani imagined she was both the sky and inside of the sylph. She became him so that he was all she was aware of. She put on his body. She felt what he feels inside. She saw through his eyes. She thought sylph thoughts and felt sylph emotions.

And then using his mind she visualized a force field around her island

that in effect said, This island is off limits to high, storm winds. She felt that not as the words I just used but rather in terms of the sylph's own consciousness—that the equivalent of a high pressure area was over her island and the tropical storm would be totally unable to disturb it.

After a few minutes of this when Keolani felt she had made her point perfectly clear and also as an expression of the cosmic letter A that embodies perfect wisdom and harmony, she imagined the sylph back inside of its own storm. And then she mentally erased all that blue light and feeling of weightlessness she had created around herself. And then she went and ate some pieces of a coconut and a papaya from the tree in her backyard.

What happened to the tropical storm? I don't know. The news is not yet done. We shall see together how this story ends. Tomorrow is not so far away.

I can tell you now what happened. The storm did hit Maui. But Keolani's cabin was okay. She actually only felt one gust hit her house as if to say hello and then the wind went away.

The Department of Akashic Records

(Knocking on door; voice from inside)

Divine Being: Just a moment. Be right with you. You can come in now.

Man: (Going through and closing door behind him.) I am not interrupting am I?

Divine Being: What are you saying?

Man: I said, I am not interrupting you am I?

Divine Being: Look, this is the Akashic Records Department. Did you have some experience in the realms of form you wish to access? That is

what I offer here—reliving in perfect full color and wrap around sound with every sensation and feeling exactly as it occurred. Are you sure you have the right department? You were lost the last time you stopped in.

Man: Oh no. I want your office—the Akashic Records. You see I thought I could review one or two experiences that have been troubling me.

Divine Being: You want it we have it—every experience of every creature human or otherwise that has ever existed on earth. Naturally we cover the future as well but that requires filling out additional forms.

Man: Yes, with Susan I wanted to go back and review that moment when she totally trusted me and that moment also when she lost her trust in me. I thought if I could see it again I could finally let go of it and find peace.

(The walls of the room instantly disappear. The man finds himself in a infinite space of dark violet light penetrating through space and time.)

Man: Whoa. What is happening?

(And there it is: he is with Susan again back in time but he experiences this with the innocence of it being the first time. As he looks at her face he sees Susan looking at him as if nothing else exists. It is not just a visual experience. Sight combined with feeling so the two are immersed in such rapport truly for a few moments two souls are now one.

Overheard off screen is a quiet voice in the background—“Just let me know when you are done. These seconds can be extended indefinitely. The man savors the moment having fallen into a deep trance—which is what actually occurred in those moments. There are no boundaries—no movement of time, no distractions of any kind. The man makes a slight mental call without words or sounds and the trance ends.)

Divine Being: I have that second experience you requested. There were a number actually I had to sort through but this one seems to sum it all up for you.

Man: Wait. Wait. Can you give me a moment to catch my breath. There was so much there. So much hope and promise.

Divine Being: Oh yes. You described that right. You really have a flair for throwing away the best opportunities in life, don't you?

Man: She really did love me with all of her heart. I can't get over this. I never understood that before.

Divine Being: Oh yes. Our records permit you to relive any experience again and again as if it is the first time. There are no limits here. You can relive this same experience as it was for her. And for that matter you are completely free to relive the experiences of anyone on earth. There are no fire walls here, no encryption to break, or secrets of any kind. All records are available for anyone simply by asking. I have it all right here at the tip of my fingers.

Man: Okay. I am ready now. The experience of distrust—Let's do it. (Again the man is within an infinite void penetrating through space and time. He notices this time that the vertigo seems to come from there being no reference point, not even a sense of his own body. It is as if he is the void itself.)

(And now he is with Susan again two months later. She looks at him and says, "Oh no. I have seen this before. You can't handle who I am." And he feels that gut wrenching turmoil foreshadowing finality. She has made a decision that he can no longer be trusted. And this time, because of the scent in the air like incense of faint dark violet light of akasha he sees all the times before in her experience where her relationships with men have gone bad—each one similar and yet each one unique in its own way but with a common denominator—the men simply were unable to accept her for who she is.)

(Now back in the room)

Man: Wow.

Divine Being: Helped you out did it, that little junket?

Man: Now it is perfectly clear to me. I feel so relieved. After all these years. Understanding and release. Say, is there any way I could redo or undo what I once did? I mean, what is the point of showing me all of this unless I can become a different man than who I am?

Divine Being: I cannot do that. But fortunately for you there is a Department of Quantum Reality where everything can be remade or recreated. After all, what would be the point of creating a universe unless you build into it an “All things shall be made new” capacity? Now the Department of Quantum Reality has a similar but altogether different vibration than we have here in this room; it is more a returning to the original source—a place where there are all possibilities of all realities and all alternate worlds. There the air is filled with a shiny black radiant light. My cousin Vinny actually runs that department. Shall I make an appointment for you? Say, later this afternoon?

Man: (Touching his chest with his hands.) Not just yet. I am feeling happy about being back in my body after having my consciousness stretched across the void like that.

Divine Being: Right. Yes, I hear that complaint often. In fact, let me just mention this since you are here and can take back to your world a word of advice for others to hear—many of the very best spiritual practitioners, the ones with nearly genius and all manner of divine gifts—fail precisely at this point. They are unwilling to face the darkness within themselves before seeking to enter the light. And akasha as you must realize by now is itself more intimate than any lover—it knows every secret about yourself, every hidden desire, and it seeks nothing else and nothing less than you total, complete, and absolute enlightenment. And even the slightest taste of this light and you no longer even think of having a personal identity because the experience of every other being to you is just as real as your own experience.

Man: Thank you. But this is enough for today.

Divine Being: Are you sure I can't interest you in reliving say someone else's experience? Anyone at all. How about a quiet afternoon with the birds singing as you cross the Rubicon riding a horse as Julius Caesar? Wait, I know, how about Buddha the moment before he became enlightened so you can experience that exact same transition from form awareness to identifying completely with the void? Or how about a little fun and relaxation—R and R: you can be King David or how about better still King Solomon as he walks into his harem with three hundred wives and seven hundred concubines to select from? We here in Akashic Records make no judgments of any kind. Everything—every single experience of life and every moment of time are equally important to us. We record it all for all eternity—eidetic and complete in every detail.

Man: Wow. I will have to think about that. (Standing up and saying as he goes through the door.) Thank you for the offer and thanks again for helping me out with my memories.

Divine Being: Anytime. The pleasure is all mine.

(As man closes the door behind him the divine being says under his breath). Dumb twit.

The Dream Maker



Knocking on the door.

Come in.

Entering the room the man asks, Are you the dream maker?

She answers, That is who I am. By the way, how on earth did you find me?

The man says, Oh, I was referred to you by the Department of Quantum Reality.

Vinny sent you, did he? She asks rhetorically. Always happy to help Vinny out. Now then, is there some reason you are here or perhaps you are doing a kind of spiritual walk about?

The man answers, I was told that you can create and also dissolve any feeling that exists.

All part of my job description, she says as he goes on, Happiness, joy, ecstasy, any pleasure in every nuance, sorrow, sadness, bliss that is hard to resist, affection, love, tenderness, cruelty, hostility, animosity, malice, vengeance, kindness—I have everything on anyone's list.

The man asks, And also you can create or dissolve any desire, passion, inspiration, or motivation?

It would not be possible to do my job without it, the dream maker answers--Rapture, elation, enthrallment, every obsession, every hunger and craving, every sublime contemplation divine, ruthless ambition, noble chivalry, the greatest humility combined with the highest dedication, insatiable wanting, super inflated ego, heartless and heartfelt, holding the world within your heart and equally the quest for world domination —I am a full service operation, a dream maker wholly owned and operated by akasha.

Now then, do you want to shoot the breeze all day or do you have something specific in mind?

The man asks, How do you do what you do?

How? The dream maker asks. I don't get that question very often. I

will answer you so simply no on one earth can fail to understand. I am aware of everything—every person, everything that can happen and everything that is and has happened. I take it all in. I am an omnipresent kind of woman.

So listen carefully now and you will understand—any feeling that arises, any passion, desire, longing, or ideal that you want to make real—these feelings occur only because there is a specific you that you cling to and something happening to you.

Feeling is like friction or the electricity flowing between opposite poles. Without the movement of sensation and energy in the interaction of opposites, there is no life.

So any request you are going to put me I will explain that your desire arises from being the person you know yourself to be and what you believe is outside of or beyond what you can lay hold of or flee.

The man says, There was this girl, you see, and the intimacy I felt I want to be a part of myself rather than something that happened long ago for only a few moments.

Is that it? Asks the dream maker.

Yes, says the man.

She snaps her fingers and the man suddenly experiences the totality of what it was to be the girl—both her personal history, all that she ever did and felt—the man feels he is totally weightless floating in the sky and able to sense everything near or far even for a thousand miles over the horizon. He experiences simultaneously absolute relaxation and total intimacy—the air within and surrounding him is itself bliss and freedom.

Wow, the man says.

Was there anything else you wanted today? She asks as she looks down examining her finger nail polish.

The man says, I never knew she was a sylph. How painful to be born in a human body and wrapped about by the restrictions and guilt

imposed by society.

Yes, the dream maker says, It is always difficult for elemental beings to be born human. A real challenge for them. But you understand my point, now, don't you?

There was the you that you knew yourself to be. And your longing for this woman was the result of sensing an entire realm of freedom and beauty that she embodied inside. It was your gift to be able to sense and connect to it by touching her hands. And it was your fate to spend decades in sorrow and pain because you failed to grasp that everything she is was hidden inside yourself waiting to awaken.

So you just took the dream of being one with her and make it happen by snapping your fingers? The man asks.

The dream maker answers, I just shared with you a small part of what I am—as I told you, I am aware of everything. Every desire, craving, longing, and dream is already united to its satisfaction, its gratification, its happiness, and its manifestation. I simply remove the separation so that oneness happens. Dreams are absolutely free--that is their nature.

You can do or imagine anything within them and so experience whatever it is that is opposite to your self--and thus experience oneness.

Can you do that too with my desire to fill the earth with justice? The man asks.

The dream maker laughs and says, Oh, you want me to snap my fingers again and create peace and justice on earth? Now what kind of dream maker would I be if I were to cheat you out of the experience of doing it for yourself?

This is a mission assigned to you, don't you see? It was formulated and instilled within your soul by the Department of Akashic Intervention. You are one of us. You are a dream maker in training. You will get your justice filling the earth when you can easily unite your

awareness to anyone else on earth so you know the other as well as you know yourself; and you also must teach this to others. Don't you get it?

They sent you the girl in order to get you to grasp the importance of becoming one with others without separation or limitation. Finding the girl inside yourself is a freebie. But like I say, to make some dreams real you must do a little dreaming yourself.

The Queen and the Court Mage



And the queen called her court mage to appear before her and she said to him, I cannot sleep at night. My dreams disturb me. Beings both mortal and unseen visit me each night revealing to me wonders and delights but also terrors and a great darkness that shall appear when men's hearts fail and their eyes are set on vision.

And the mage responds with that rehearsed cadence and intonation in his voice designed to hypnotize and also reassure, I shall post guards in the four directions so that when you sleep all shall be well. You can trust me on this—no being visible or unseen shall get through to disturb you.

Now then, this should be the end of our tale because either the mage did what he said or he failed. There is not much more to carry a plot along.

But just a moment as I meditate more—ah, the queen calls her court mage and says, I am disturbed by my dreams. Now when I sleep what I dream is so wondrous and fair I experience bliss and happiness beyond compare. How am I to rule over a kingdom by day when inside I feel so much more alive? This world by contrast appears dreary and grey.

And then the queen says with a voice both sweet and as cold as ice, Can you perhaps make my problem go away?

And the court mage responds, I shall order my guardians of the four quarters once each night to let appear before your dreaming eyes just the right amount of darkness and light. Then when you awake you will feel refreshed and ready to embrace all the challenges that each day makes.

Where is this story taking us? I have absolutely no idea. Let me meditate a little more.

Ah, here it is. The queen calls the court mage and says to him, Last night I dreamed a dream in which I sat on my throne and before me arrayed were chefs from every land on earth and also chefs from every realm of the invisible worlds including all of heavens and hells. And in the dream I commanded them to make and to cook a dish that in one bite I might also partake of what Psyche tasted when she sipped the elixir of eternal beauty with her lips.

And what was the result? asks the mage somewhat doubtful about where this was all going. How did that turn out?

The queen answers, They accomplished it. In one taste I experienced all the sorrows and joys that exist on earth combined, refined, fused, and transformed in just the right way to produce (as she leans forward on her throne for emphasis) the most delicate, exquisite, and majestic awareness revealing that wonder is hidden in every moment of time.

And that is a good thing, right? The court mage asks still not sure if this was the end.

The queen smiles at him and later in the afternoon bestows upon him

the highest honor, for she made him First Knight of the Realm--he had banished fear and, like Psyche herself, overcome death through his mastery of the dreaming art.

The Zen Koan

It was 1782 in Kyoto, Japan at the Zen Monastery called Tenryū-ji. And the Zen Rōshi had a private audience with Ryōkan, one of his advanced students. Ryōkan was somewhat unusual for a Zen student, for he possessed one of the most beautiful singing voices in Japan. And the Rōshi spoke to Ryōkan in this way to challenge him to answer a Zen koan,

“It is said that form is not separate from emptiness and emptiness is not separate from form. Surely this applies to music—sound is not separate from emptiness and emptiness is not separate from sound. Or, to put it simply, surely all sound arises from and can only be heard against a background of silence. So my question to you is—if sound arises from silence, what does silence arise from?

And Ryōkan was not as dumb as he appeared to be because of the loose threads in his robe and the hair growing out of his ears. Ryōkan replied spontaneously for he loved with all of his heart music, singing, and the performing arts, “It is the nature of the Perfection of Wisdom to always be present and within every moment—yet to the eye it is unseen; to the ear it is unheard; to touch it is empty; to taste there is nothing to savor; to smell there is no scent, to the soul it has no feeling; to the mind there is no concept or word that can grasp or express it; and to the will there is no purpose or thing that can be accomplished that embodies or manifests its essence.

“To put it simply, silence does not arise from something else. Silence is the outer robe worn by the Perfection of Wisdom to cloak a light so bright the universe is on the verge of exploding because of the joy it contains.”

And the master smiled slightly because could not help doing so as he said to Ryokan, “Ah. Yes. Well done. Let us have some tea.”

How Did You Do That?



How did you do that? I asked her.

Do what? She said.

The bouncer was not going to let us into the bar to order take out because the bar is closed for a private lecture that goes on for another hour. Then you said to him, ‘It is okay; we just are getting takeout’ and he let us in.

Oh that, she said. I just thought since I felt it was okay for us to go in then he should feel what I feel too.

Ah, I said. You used your “these are not the droids you want” voice.

That is right, she said.

If I could do that well—to get others to feel what I feel—then the worst dictators and CEOs on earth would think to themselves, “You know, power is nice but filling the earth with justice, freedom, and light is the right thing to do. And I am going to do it well.”

She said to me, Don’t give up on that. You are already half way there.

On a Planet Far, Far Away (Science Fiction)

On a planet very far away on the other side of our galaxy there resides a race of beings that are far more evolved than us. Their level of mental development is a million years more advanced than our minds. But in other ways you might say there are still a few insights they lack.

Knowing this, they have made it a practice to use their transcendental telepathy, clairvoyance, and auditory science to scan the rest of the galaxy for any unusual races they might find.

Two of them are discussing their recent discovery of the human race. V’llak!fU’mah who for short we shall call Val is talking to B’ak’’!faray’’da who we shall call Brad. And Val says to Brad, I have found a most interesting race of being--primitive, violent, self-destructive, and ruthless almost like nothing else I have ever seen.

And so? Says Brad.

Well, there is something I can’t figure out about them in spite of my best efforts, says Val.

And what might that be pray tell? Asks Brad.

Val says, They have something they call feeling. It takes place outside of the familiar galactic spectrum of mental vibrations.

How wonderful, says Brad who goes on—I love it when some new piece of data pops up that forces us to modify the standard model of intelligence as we know it.

So what is the problem you have run into so far? Asks Brad.

Val says, Well, this thing they call feeling is very strange. Feelings are full of opposites that do not resolve, reconcile, or attain harmony—they autonomous, independent, and ego-based. They often arise from a selfishness that we ourselves could never imagine possible.

Give me some examples, says Brad.

Val replies, They have love and hate, joy and sorrow, happiness and sadness, wonder and horror, arrogance and humility, an insatiable will to power and desire to dominate their planet and a love and innocence in which there is no end to the giving. I cannot for the love of me figure out how to integrate these things into an equilibrium in which there is balance and homeostasis attained.

Brad says, Well, keep at it. Never give up I say. Work at it until you are done and then report back to me.

About a hundred years later Val appears before Brad in his Council Chamber. As she enters his room Brad says to her, Ah, done with our research so soon?

And Val says, Yes, it was not that difficult after all. There was a trick to figuring it out.

Great, says Brad. I assume now you mean we will be able to integrate into our standard model these unusual modalities of awareness possessed by human beings.

Yes, says Val.

So what was the trick? Asks Brad.

For the first ninety-five years I simply transferred my awareness into individual humans in all locations, cultures, and time zones in which they have existed. Their planet like ours stores in its aura the totality of every sensation, perception, thought, and feeling these beings have ever experienced. Next, I took it to another level. I experienced everything all at once—every feeling they have ever felt I felt in one moment that

extended itself indefinitely until I grasped what I had failed to perceive by wearing the bodies and minds of the individuals by themselves.

Yes, yes, Brad says. This is all common practice. Everyone does this to solve even the most basic problems. What was different here in the case of this race?

Val goes on, Finally I arrived in a place or state of mind like a void, as if the entire planet has a Great Soul that enables every feeling of every being to be felt. But I could not put a name to this void or measure its depths. We have no language or terminology developed to express this.

And? Asks Brad, who by the way is a member of a very patient race. A hundred years working on a project for them is next to nothing. They like the big picture that fully integrates every detail and they do not stop until they have it.

And? Asks Brad again because Val appears to be hesitating.

Val replies finally, To make a hundred year story short in the void is an infinite peace.

Nonsense, says Brad. The standard model asserts and it has done so for millions of years that in any place where life exists peace is definitive, circumscribed, and limited to the conditions and circumstances of the particular race under consideration.

You had better come up with a good explanation for your conclusion or else the Supreme Council will tear up your research and demote you transferring you to some asteroid in an Oort Cloud counting what flies by.

No, says Val, this will open their eyes. Hidden within the chaos and cacophony of the emotional conflicts of what human beings feel is a never-before-described empathy. It actually appears from time to time in a tiny number of the souls that inhabit their bodies. They possess a love that is so vast and so giving it is able to enter the soul of any other and inspire and guide in such a way that every desire is satisfied and life is

fulfilled in every conceivable way.

Waving his hand in a dismissive gesture, Brad says, That is just primitive racial bonding.

No, says Val. You are not hearing what I am saying. Their love is so vast and so deep--though they themselves do not yet know it—that they can hold the entire galaxy in their hearts. When I said the Great Soul of their planet contains infinite peace I meant what I said. There is simply no end to their giving. And a few of them, when they explore their psychic perceptions—no other race in this galaxy so far discovered possesses their level of clair-sentience.

And how do you know that? Asks Brad.

Val, Because when I attuned my mind to a few of them they instantly attuned their minds to mine with a greater level of awareness and acceptance than I myself possess.

Your conclusions? Asks Brad.

Vals says, If they learn how to exploit their empathic gifts, then in a thousand years they will have evolved so far that we will be primitive by comparison. They will be the ones who will be evaluating us instead of us them.

Brad responds in a calm manner. His race has been able to do this ever since their foremost sage published his famous sayings in his book, Do Not Panic. Brad says, Good work, Val. Now for your next assignment, figure out how to integrate this new data into our Standard Model and see that our educational curriculum is appropriately modified.

It shall be so, replies Val speaking with a stentorious voice.

If I Had A Woman



Note: Some of you may have heard this joke before. But you may not have heard the original version.

A man gets a flat tire one night as he is driving down the road. He pulls over to the side of the road. He gets out and opens the trunk. He takes out the spare tire and the tire wrench. He proceeds to change the tire. But just as he reaches for the four bolts to screw on the spare tire he accidentally hits them with his foot and they fall through a steel grid into the sewer.

He stands up and says, Oh damn. Now what am I going to do?

Just then a man who has been quietly watching all of this from behind a fence says to him, Hey. No problem. Just take one bolt off of the other three tires and put them on this one and drive to a gas station which you are going to do anyway to fix the tire. They will sell you some more bolts.

The man looks carefully at the guy behind the fence and realizes he is on the grounds of a mental hospital.

He says to him, You are very bright. What you doing in a mental hospital?

And the man says, I am not in here for being stupid. I checked myself in for being crazy.

Now really curious, the man asks, What exactly was your problem if you do not mind my asking?

Not at all, says the man. I have this irrational obsession that everyone agrees is totally insane.

And what is this obsession if I may ask? says the man.

The mental patient answers, It is this. I keep asking myself, If I only had a woman who was like clay--I could take her and mold her with my hands in any way. If she was as free as the air I breathe inspiration and exhalation pulsating inside of me rhythmically; if I had a woman who had perfect receptivity—like space she could not do anything else but the stars and galaxies embrace;

If I had a woman like fire—sizzling hot—rapacious, voracious she clings to me with all of her heart; if I had a woman who was as vivacious as the sea—10,000 separate moods endlessly she shares with me; if I had a woman who could relive my every memory so that she actually knows me and with the same ability I see through her eyes as she sees.

That is my obsession. The doctors here say they have never seen anything like it. There is nothing in the literature to help them. But they all agree it will be a slow and painful recovery, says the mental patient.

You are not insane, says the man standing on the street. You do not want a woman. You want the astral plane—every quality you have described expresses its nature perfectly.

Come on. Climb over the fence. You checked yourself in and now you can check yourself out. I'll drive you home.

And that is what the mental patient did.

Note: See also A Woman

Death Doth Riddle If You Know How to Ask



The man looks up from what he is doing and clearly sees his doom--the Angel of Death—who had quietly entered the room. And the man says to the Angel, Come riddle with me and if I win I shall go free.

And the Angel of Death replies, How arrogant are human beings? Don't you see? Some things happen naturally.

But the man persists arguing both law and evidence, You are an angel and you must negotiate if I am willing to wrestle.

And the Angel who is most sly replies, Shall you begin or shall I?

I will begin, says the man. Answer my riddle if you can.

What melts steel
 But turns fire cold,
 Water vanishes into thin air
 As if it was never there,
 Yet so heavy its load
 Time and space implode?

And the Angel of Death says, Alas. This is a trick question you ask. Like

the maxim, “Speak the devil’s name and he shall appear.”

The answer to your riddle is a word of power so great at its sound the heavens and the earth quake. If I speak this word I banish myself, for before its power I myself cannot endure.

This is my mistake, says the Angel. I thought you were a mortal man. You have the look, the smell, and the taste--death is all around you. It is before, beside, above, below, and behind you.

But a deal is a deal, says the Angel. As you shall discover soon enough for yourself, the secret of immortality is free. It is hidden in every moment for those who have the eyes to see. And you, dear one, are not permitted to die until certain gifts you reveal from the Other Side.

The Angel then speaks the answer to the riddle in just the right cadence, voice, and intensity of concentration. The Angel says—“Nothingness.” And then the Angel vanishes and leaves the man alive.

Angel of Death Part II: Every Opportunity

A man met the Angel of Death one day and realizing that his time was up the man said immediately to the Angel, Come riddle with me and if I win I shall go free.

But the Angel of Death is not completely stupid. He replies, I played that game once with another human being and he cheated me out of what was mine. Not this time, said the Angel.

And the man said, I know the rules of the game. You are an angel and you must be willing to negotiate with me if I am willing to wrestle.

No deal, said the Angel. I am not longer playing by those rules.

The man persists and demands, Let me talk to your boss. You owe me at least that much.

And immediately the Angel of Death disappears and a shadow appears instead, a shadow no more or less, but if you looked carefully at it you would perceive a great abyss of silence standing before you.

And the man says, I made the Angel a fair offer. Who does he think he is that he can change the rules of encounter?

And the Void replies, with that abysmal voice that echoes in a disturbing way, Have I not given the human race of which you are a member every possible opportunity to discover and to return to the source from which all things arise?

Have I not sent my prophets and seers among you so you would attain this in the end? Quoting: “Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou did form the earth and the sky, even from everlasting to everlasting thou are God.” Can it be said clearer than that? How about “Be still and know that I am God?” Which one of your preachers or theologians canceled that command?

I am the Void from which all things arise. You live, move, and have your being within me. Who with any curiosity at all or any natural desire would not wish to know me?

Have I not given you every possible opportunity to discover the original nature of your minds? I have sent wise men and enlightened men among you to teach you clarity of perception and the perfection of wisdom. Prajnaparamita, enlightenment, sunyata, wugi, the Tao—I have spoken in countless ways which it is impossible to miss if you have bothered to read the great epics of your race.

I ask you therefore, Who that thinks thoughts has never been curious enough to ask, What is the mind from which all thoughts arise and that perceives the world as it is?

And have I not given you hearts to feel? Is there no one among the race of men who has ever bothered to lift his little finger off the table to answer the question, If you can feel what others’ feel, without which the heart cannot exist, what is the love that feels what everyone feels, that seeks to fulfill and to heal without end?

Every desire you have ever felt that stirs your blood and captures your

attention bears witness to this love that unites everyone as one.

And so naturally if you have followed anything at all that I have said there is a Return—a Great Coming Together, a Divine Celebration, and Union in which all join again as one. Separation, individual form, time and space as well were only given to you for a little while so you could choose what part you wish to play in the unfolding of the universe and in this Great Celebration of Love.

Ah, says the man, I get it now. This body is not who I am; it is but a temporary garment that I wear. But might I ask for but a little more time so that I am better prepared—you know, that returning to the Source, that stillness underlying all existence and that silence underlying all thought, and that infinite peace that you call love—that too I would like to activate so it is inscribed on my heart and defines who I am.

And the Void replies, (for the Void if anything at all is known by one of its many names as Generosity) replies, Take as much time as you need. But stay on task. If you relapse again there will be no more questions to ask.

She Is Ineffable

There was once a lonely saint who was seeking God's face. Each day he spent hours in rapt contemplation. Oh, he had assets and liabilities, vices and virtues (don't we all?), special skills and at times a lack of adequate will. But as far as contemplation goes he was one of the best who I have ever known.

I can say this because I am right now inside of his mind. The astral plane is like that—anything that ever was is completely open and accessible to you—no need to file a freedom of information application

with akashic records. Everything that ever was is right here in this moment now.

And as our lonely saint sits there in his hermitage hut a being of vast beauty walks through the wall and enters his room. And what he beholds—in all fairness, to do just to the truth—is a combination of the Shekinah, Sophia, Prajnaparamita, Shakti, and Venus as well. Beauty as beauty goes—this was ineffable no less and beyond anything words can express.

And again in all fairness I would have to say and I am sure the lonely saint would agree that her very presence creates a feeling and a love that is beyond ecstasy. And I assert this because she herself would say that she is the very being that wraps God himself about; she is the place where He dwells, the essence of his heart, and the motivation that causes Him to create.

It is all in that phrase that the Apostle Paul stole from a poet from Crete whom he called a prophet—“In whom we live, move, and have our being.” I put it that way because this clearly is not God’s face. It is another presence altogether different.

A hermetic magician who is prone to abstractions might call it the essence of non-existence; of course it goes without saying that this is the Beloved that inspired Rumi to write poetry and Lao Tzu to say--words cannot describe it and yet it is so close it in heartbeat, breathing, and the sensations in your feet as you walk down the street.

And the lonely saint in his quiet hermitage, after hours of experiencing what is beyond ecstasy asks her,

Will you visit me again? Will you be my friend?

And she replies,

I am always here inside of you. You have always been my lover and my friend.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CT5IIq1GAtk>

Lyrics by Sufi poet, RUMI. All vocals by Ondyena. Music and all instruments played by Oskar Villareal.

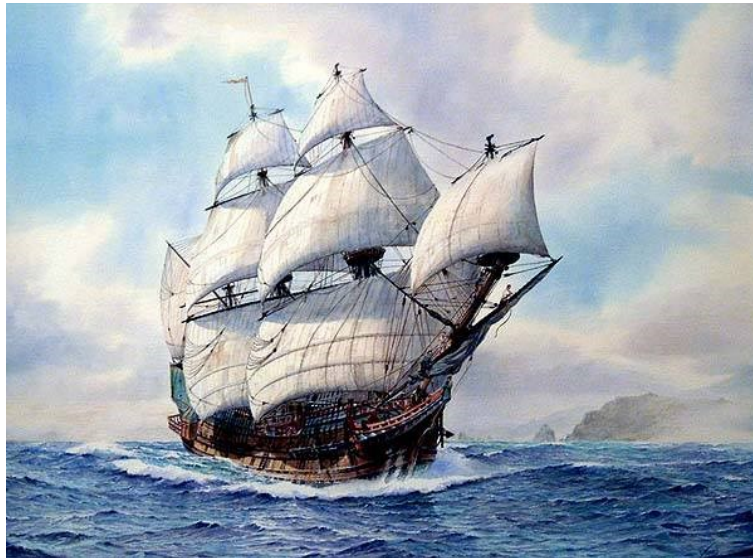
From beyond the stars
And void of space
Pure beauty
You bring with you
The Essence of Love.

Alchemist of Love
You transform us.
You are the master alchemist
You light the fire of love.
In earth and sky.
In heart and soul.

In your love,
all Opposites Unite.

--Rumi

A Sailor and his Lover



A sailor sailed off in search of continents long lost desiring his destiny to find. He was driven from within by passion and pride and a thirst for the unknown that he could not define.

But a fair maiden he left behind. In a different life time or were he more wise he will not be so rash but find a way to balance love and quest.

Over the horizon he voyaged past dangers such as these—reefs, hidden shoals, great storms, windless weeks, Sargasso seas, starvation, pirates, and disease.

She stayed behind and lived her own life. She found another to love. Love responds to others' needs and refuses to weep when abandoned by another who refuses to navigate life with charts drawn by the heart.

Yet anchored in a distant island bay in the dead of night using second sight the sounds of the wind and waves faded away. And, without external measures to mark the changing hours, time slowed and came to a stop. As the Captain sat at a table he said to the women as if he she had

appeared before him in a dream, I never left you. You have always been here beside me wherever I go. Your heart is forever my home.

And the woman far away across the sea woke up in her dream. And she spoke in return as she set a vision before him. She said, Here in this future day before us arrayed an entire life time we shall live together.

And in that world no sea, mountains, or forest green shall separate us.

And he replied, It is most kind of you to offer this gift to me.

And she said, It is most kind of you to accept it.

And from time to time over the next thirty years they sometimes appeared together in dreams that they shared as they slept at night. And as strange as it may sound to our ears, they met each other within the souls of these two future lovers where they laughed, played with their children, and loved.

The woman and the Captain had discovered a secret few lovers know-- that time and space cannot separate those who love with all of their hearts. Or, to restate what I claim, their inner oneness became so great it was accepted as coin by fate to make a new world that they would create.

The Indian Shaman



And the Indian shaman said to the new chief of the tribe, You know, I have this thing about lies. As I count when your lies to the tribe reach five begin doing your death dance. Because I will take your soul out of your body and replace it with another whose tongue speaks what his eyes see rather than with a heart that deceives.

The Theater



Come. Center seat, row four. Sit next to me. That is you up there on the stage. See the script you play written for you on the astral plane before you were born, written by a Norn or some karma lord.

There, the thoughts you think, like chains together they are linked. The categories that your thoughts confine are hard and sharp like the cuts on the face of a diamond.

But here we sit in row four with infinity surrounding us, every possibility, every alternate reality. Take a look around. There is no one else out here in the audience but you and me. Actually, only you and your mind like a mirror so clear it reflects infinity.

And there on the stage—look at your body language and your face. Every feeling and emotion you feel—if feelings were colors on the light spectrum you are only shining with a few.

Let's change the stage lights say with a little more red, green, or opal light. Now you act with a completely different personality. Learn the whole spectrum of feeling and you learn to be free because you can now respond with so much more ability.

I'll leave you here for a bit. Take a few minutes. Rewrite your life script.

When you look in the mirror tomorrow, I want you to see a different personality. One who is more versatile and skilled in responding to human need. One who is more free to see each moment as an opportunity to feel alive in new ways the old you never dreamed.

The image that comes to my mind as I meditate on the U in akasha is sitting in a theater after a play has been performed. Perhaps you acted in this play. Perhaps you wrote it or directed it. Your friends were in audience and among the actors. You even know critics who will review it. You had dinner with one last night. You know the two individuals who financed the play. You know the janitor who cleans up. And you know the custodian who will lock up the theater tonight after everyone has left.

Now everyone has gone except you. The lights are out. The theater is empty. But you have decided to sit in front of a large mirror which you have dragged to the center of the stage. A few beams of moonlight from a high overhead window dimly reflect your image. The moon soon sets. You watch as your reflection disappears into darkness. No more handsome face. Not even the mirror is seen.

Now there is nothing. No applauding audience. No bowing actors. No play. No images, no form, and no action.

And you reflect--the mirror is not gone. It has not lost its reflective power. There are just no images appearing within it.

And you reflect—this could be the original Globe Theatre in London late in the night after the first performance of *King Lear*. It could be a theater in ancient Greece after the performance of *Antigone*. It could

equally be after a performance of *Hamlet* in a theater in a Mars' colony a hundred years in the future.

Briefly, you slip inside the mind of Sophocles. You see the play through his eyes and why he wrote it to reflect the issues of his age. "Bitter is the price of wisdom," Sophocles' thinks and your face briefly takes on his expression.

You slip inside the mind of Shakespeare. His thoughts become your thoughts. You laugh to yourself the way he laughed when he wrote one of his jokes into the script.

You ask yourself, why has art appeared among human beings? What part does it play from the cave paintings in 35,000 B.C. to all the variety and forms it takes today? What is its origin in human consciousness and why do we seek reflections of ourselves? Why all this passion for action? Why drama? Why desire and pleasure? Why pain and the quest for gratification?

Consciousness is like the mirror. In the darkness, the mirror is unseen. When the light is on, we use the mirror in so many ways. Endless is the array of images and motions. And you reflect—we are the mirror. We are the origin and within us rests original being.

In the movie *2001*, in one moment apes acquired tools and advance. In another moment, we stepped onto another celestial body. And in a third moment we made the transition from material being to pure spiritual being. Time and history separate these moments of transformation.

But in the mirror, in the awareness that underlies all consciousness, there is no separation of these moments—no ancient Greece, no modern world, no future colonies. All action arises from the same origin: the power to shape and to create has always been within us. Like the mirror in the darkness, we know this original awareness is there but we only ask about its nature at the moment when everything is about to disappear.

Yet this source is closer to us than our breath. Our five senses depend on it. Every fiber of our being is a part of it.

Art reminds us of this truth—how easy it is to identify with characters who are not us. How familiar the conflicts and passions of those from

other ages. And whether past or present, how incredibly easy it is to become trapped in our self-image, the roles and routines assigned to us or that we have invented, fabricated, and made up. How strange that we identify ourselves with the brief images that appear in the mirror and forget that the creative power of the mirror is also who we are.

This creative power? It is to understand anything and to discover the original purpose underlying all things.

From the point of view of U akasha, when we wake up in the morning from dreaming we could be the mind, soul, and body of anyone on earth. U akasha is this awareness of everything—time, history, every individual thing and identity—there is no separation.

He Who Creates Harmony



He who creates harmony
Manifests where there is discord and conflict
He who creates love
Comes to those
Who are filled with hatred and malice
He who is peace itself,
Possessing absolute power
And sovereignty over all things,
Appears within the hearts, souls, and minds
Of the most powerful people on earth
He speaks to them of justice
He offers them cloaks of righteousness
He sets before them paths of light
That manifest the deepest dreams of life
And he who possesses the perfection of wisdom
Offers to others the means
To solve any problem on earth
To heal any disease
To meet any need
And to transform anything
That must be transformed
To attain to its original purpose
That life might be fulfilled
In every conceivable way.

Halloween Interview



News reporter: Hey, nice Halloween costume you are wearing.

Ghost: Thank you.

News reporter: Do you mind if I take a quick picture?

Ghost: Be my guest.

News reporter: Can you tell me what your costume is?

Ghost: Sure. I am the Ghost of Christmas Future.

News reporter: Neat. So did you go to a party for Halloween?

Ghost: Yes I did. I met with the president of a great nation. He and I had a private party, a little time out from his official duties to celebrate the beauty of creation.

News reporter: How did you manage that?

Ghost: You could say I was an uninvited guest.

News reporter: How did that go?

Ghost: It went quite well. I spoke to him a word of power that makes all things new and he responded in his own way as all men are free to do.

News reporter: Really? What word of power did you use yesterday?

Ghost: I spoke to him of justice, truth, and righteousness.

News reporter: What does that mean exactly?

Ghost: Justice is being fair in all you do and you use the best wisdom available to you. As in “You shall seek justice and only justice” and “He that rules over men must be just.” Like that.

Truth is never telling lies as in “You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.” How else can a great nation thrive unless its leaders speak truth all of the time?

Righteousness is never being selfish; being free of all bias and insuring that corruption is eliminated from all levels of government—as is stated in the motto of the state of Hawaii: “The life of the land is perpetuated in righteousness.” How else can a great nation ever accomplish the purposes for which it was created unless its leaders and elected representatives cloak themselves in righteousness in order to better serve their people?

News reporter: Let me see if I have this straight. You spoke this word of power and you clarified a leader’s choices—that he must be just, speak truth, and be free of anything that serves himself or special interests.

What am I missing?

Ghost: As the Ghost of Christmas Future I am endowed with special abilities. Let us say, I am quantum reality. I represent the very best choices that can ever be made. So when I speak to reveal the future it is my nature to optimize all outcomes so that the best appears.

When I am the director of a play, those who appear on my stage are free to improvise. But if they interfere with justice, truth, or righteousness, I remove them from the stage of history. They slowly fade away or else in the blink of an eye they disappear. People will look back and have a hard time remembering these men were ever there.

News reporter: I am not sure I grasp your method. How exactly do you remove someone from the stage of history?

Ghost: Any time you think of someone there is instantly a brain to brain connection between the two of you. I just add in a little more concentration than people are used to doing.

I imagine a vast space of awareness in which justice, truth, and righteousness are the only things that exist. Then I perceive some world leader right in front of me in this space. Anything in him that is not consistent with this awareness ceases to exist.

You could say I set before men their best courses of action. As you may have noticed in recent history, some men are so committed to abusing power they actually prefer self-destruction rather than to step free of their negativity.

News reporter: Good thing for the leaders of nations that Halloween only comes once a year.

Ghost: I think you misunderstand. I am never out of character. Isn't it obvious? The rules of the game have changed. I am now here every day of the year and as long as human beings remain on this planet I will never disappear.

News reporter: You know, as I listen to you describe your procedures it occurs to me that you are selling yourself short?

Ghost: How so?

News reporter: It seems to me that at times you may indeed have a national leader in front of you who is bent on self-destruction. And then as you say you remove him from history's stage.

But is it not the case that even the most self-destructive individual will eventually in some future life time see the errors of his ways and seek to do what is right? If this is so, then there is no reason at all that you cannot call the future self of the national leader into the present moment and have him displace his old self and then choose to follow a path of light. Am I not right in the way I understand your own plans?

Ghost: What you say is true. I rarely put forth my full power and might when I inspire world leaders. In fact, you have read my mind. I have been thinking about this myself. There will always be a chance for any man on earth to leave behind his past and act in a way that fulfills life's deepest purposes.

(The ghost handing the news reporter his card).

Ghost: You are under challenged in this life. I see in you great possibilities.

If you want to direct your own play and change history and fate, I can teach you easily. There are no requirements for this position. I have lots of costumes—a huge closet full of them. Or you can design your own. I exist so this world might become a place we all live without fear, a place we can all call our home.

Newspaper reporter: Thank you. I will think about that. I already have a profession. But perhaps I might begin at night when I dream. In my dreams I too will meet with the leaders of nations and like you help clarify their best courses of action.

Male Whispering

Now some women tell me they have on occasion had trouble with their relationships with men. There is only one possible explanation for this--they have failed to learn "male whispering."

Now male whispering is similar to dog whispering, horse whispering, shark whispering, and even wasp whispering. But the goal is not quite the same as getting the dog or horse trained and submissive to your command though some women I am sure will think of it in those terms.

Of course mainly with shark or wasp whispering you want it so it is okay for them to be around but just not to indulge in biting or stinging.

No, the human male actually requires due to the nature of his anatomy and ego structure an external support system. What this means is that he is usually brain dead about how to transform his male electrical, expansive, dynamic and commanding energy. And you ladies have the job assigned to you therefore by Divine Providence to not just be spontaneous and let it all happen and have him guide and lead you. I actually still meet old fashioned women who think in those terms--that the man is to lead in the relationship. No, it is actually written into your DNA that the essence of the feminine or the magnetic fluid contain, "inspire," and act as the agent that transforms the masculine or electrical energy in the male.

So you see part of the feminine in its essence is not just going with the flow, letting it happen, and being spontaneous. No, the essence of the feminine actually has sufficient detachment and standing back looking at something from a distance built into it. And this is because women are by nature interested in the long term--or let us say the "depth" and "heart" of a relationship and not just the passion or shared possessions aspects.

Now the one thing I have time here to discuss regarding male whispering is a kind of empathy you would, naturally, learn from mermaids if you know a few. I can't help it if you will never ever hear about this aspect of empathy at Harvard, Yale, Stanford, the University of Chicago, or equally never at the Dalai Lama's Institute for Advanced Enlightenment in Dharmasala, or any of the Ashram Foundations for Nirva--Kalpa-Samadhi which are everywhere in India. But then again these august academics and gurus don't teach you "male whispering," do they? No they don't. Not one of them.

To put it so simply no intelligent or half conscious human being on earth can fail to understand this it goes like this: every male, and obviously it goes without saying, every women too has a wardrobe closet so to speak. And in this closet are let us say the shirts and dresses for the men and women to wear in life. For the typical male the shirts embody or symbolize his different ways of thinking, feeling, and acting.

You go into the closet and you pick a shirt that says, "Crude, gross male energy" and the guy puts it on and comes out of the closet and is a crude, gross male. That is how he sees himself. That is what he feels and that is pretty much who he is or has become.

Or there is a shirt labeled, "The highly confident and seemingly successful male who inside is a blood sucking vampire." And he goes into that closet maybe around age 12 to 18 and puts the shirt on and comes out of the closet as a perfect con man. He is reassuring, kind, considerate, and persuasive. But once he has your trust and your heart what does he do? Well, you have seen this shirt worn by many men. He destroys your trust, betrays your confidence, and proceeds to degrade and manipulate you in any way he can.

There are virtually infinite kinds of shirts in each man's closet. Now it is up to you, the male whisperer, to get the guy to choose the shirt that is golden and bright, radiant with light. And this shirt is different for each man.

How do you find that one shirt among all the other shirts worn by hungry ghosts, never do well or live a life not worth living kind of shirts? I will tell you as I have already pointed out. You use mermaid empathy. You simply go into the actual future and look at this man and see him as the person he is meant to become--his best or better self.

This is not a vision or astral or mental construct. No, you have the actual man as he is meant to be right there in front of you in the flesh so you are looking at him as he really can be and will be one day.

From here on it is just the same as dog whispering or horse whispering. You have to train him. I already told you that is your job as a woman--as keeper and custodian of the feminine mysteries--the deep secrets and treasures hidden within the soul.

In other words, for five minutes each day visualize the man as the man he is meant to be. Or if nothing else when you are actually talking to or with him see him as this other person. People do this in the exact reverse all the time. You see it every single day. They recall one or more ways in which another has hurt or injured or wrong them and then they use that past experience to shape their reaction to that individual in the present moment.

The male whisperer would never devolve to that level of corrupted use of imagination. No, you see the person and shape your reactions to that person in terms the very best that he can become. In practice, this is nearly impossible for the male to resist because in effect you are speaking to him with your non verbal and verbal responses with the very voice that is at the core of his own being. If he denies you he casts his own soul into outer darkness. Even the worst of men are careful with that one.

Though of course you too will have to learn to practice your male whispering voice. You see it in *The Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens. The three ghosts of past, present, and future meet with Scrooge in a dream. But the ghosts control the dream in every aspect. The ghost of Christmas future does not show Scrooge his better self but only the worst of what can happen to him. You can do that too if it fits in. But actually the ghosts of past and present had already made a series of suggestions to Scrooge about what his best options in life were.

So yes to be a male whisperer is to be able to speak with a hypnotic voice or telepathic use of imagery. But not really. It is just controlling the astral plane and the astral plane is nothing more in practice than the setting or imagery of a dream that creates a range of specific feelings.

If you let the man walk into his closet on his own without you being there by his side he will see all those shirts woven and designed by someone else's ego and selfishness. But you as the male whisper will not allow him when he around you to see any other shirts hanging there in the closet except his better self. Does the dog whisper let the dog keep jumping up on people and barking all day and tugging at the leash when you go for a walk? No way. Not a dog whisper.

Equally, a male whisperer will not let that man destroy his life by letting him be selfish as a seagull chanting to itself--me, me, me, me--or as ego driven as Donald Trump. No, to be a male whisperer is to have the ability to enchant a man so that he experiences the beauty and wonder of being alive and how sacred love is when it is shared heart to heart from inside.

Like I say, that is your job as a woman--only in you do opposites join. The man can wrap you about and penetrate you but oneness he cannot

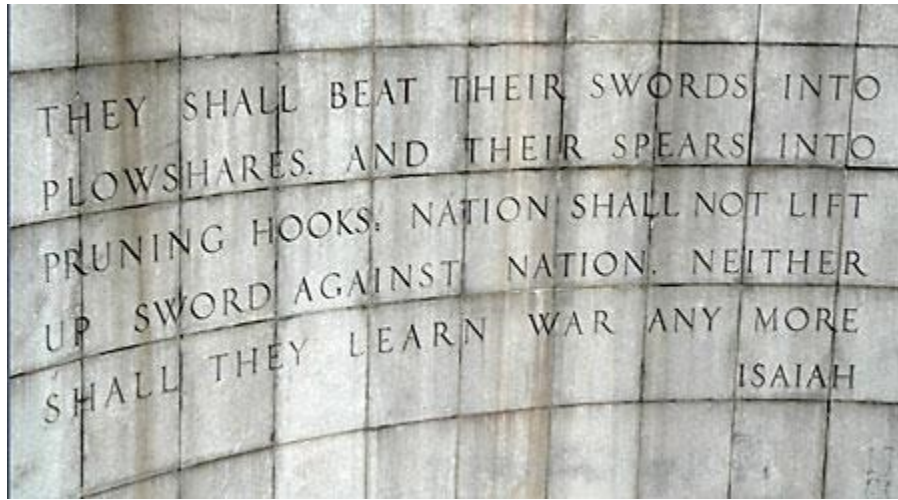
even conceive without touching your skin or imagining what it is to be a part of your life.

And so I leave you with a little testimony. This woman does not know she is a male whisperer. But looking into her eyes I write the poem to say thank you to her for her brief moment in which she spoke ever so quietly male whispering to me--



I love your eyes
So quiet and peaceful--
A place to let go and forget who I am
Until I awaken to the sound
Of waves breaking on the shore
And the scent of the sea
I see the man I was meant to be
Walking toward me
Your eyes dream him into being.

Today's Sermon—Favorite Bible Story



Note: It is slightly hard to say where this sermon today is taking place. Pastor Bob as you know met a mermaid one day at Kawela Bay, Oahu.

Perhaps this story takes place ten years or so after Bob met the mermaid or perhaps in an alternate reality, a different timeline than our own. Or perhaps I am just being clairvoyant and seeing what shall come to pass in the near or far future. Stories like this are more about the deep mysteries of the heart rather than hard, cold facts. But then again, all hard cold facts you will notice derive from dreams as an archangel might explain—"Everything in the world that you see is the result of someone's dream."

Pastor Bob's Church used to belong to the North American Baptist Conference. But they figured out on their own that neither the Catholics nor the Protestants were reading the Bible for what it actually says. The Catholics were just trying to imitate the church when it became a state religion under Emperor Constantine in the fourth century; and the Protestants with their incredible work ethic and literal reading of what is in essence spiritual and intuitive material have become no more than cheerleaders for the selfish genius of capitalism.

Now it is Sunday and the congregation with a little help from various choirs is singing Oh Come All Ye Faithful. It is kind of cute the way they perform it. The choir director leads the congregation but when he makes a fist the congregation knows to not sing.

It goes like this: The congregation is singing: “Oh come all you faithful, joyful, and triumphant ...” (fist) and now a quartet in the church balcony sings acapella “oh come ye oh come ye to Bethlehem.”

And now the pastor himself with a mike sings, “Come and behold him ...”

And a female member of the congregation stands up “born the king of angels ...” and a male member in the isle across from her stands and sings, “Oh come let us adore him”

A trumpet player now stands up in the first row and turns and faces the congregation and plays the next refrain without words.

And then the choir director signals for the congregation to sing “oh come let us adore him Christ the Lord.” It goes on kind of like that. The church enjoys drama and the performing arts.

Pastor Bob steps up the podium and says,

Today’s sermon is about what is for me the most important story in the entire Bible. This story is not about sin and redemption. It is not about separation and reunion or loss of innocence and transformation. It is not about the triumph of love over all obstacles. It is not about living with joy and conviction amid the difficulties of life in this world.

Instead, it is about a simple request by God for friendship. Beginning with Genesis 15:12 it says, “And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and a great horror fell and he had a dark vision. And God said to Abram, Know that your seed shall be strangers in a land that is not theirs and they shall serve others and shall be afflicted for four hundred years.”

Now what I find really interesting about this story is the response of Abram. He had no response. The first question is why did Abram not say to God, You show me this vision. Not a good thing. This obviously has something to do with the relation of myself and my people to the land on which we live. Maybe we are not appreciative enough of what you give? Is there something you and I can work out here so that all those

descendants of mine do not waste four hundred years of their lives in a strange land serving another's command?

No, Abraham did not ask that. So the second question I have—Is it not the case that the very reason God revealed this vision to Abram was to see if Abram could get inside of God's way of thinking and feeling? To put it simply, why show this unless you want another to think about it, contemplate it, and respond with depth of feeling, caring, and a willingness to take responsibility to produce a better ending?

I mean so many times we can sense the future—what is inevitable—if things are left to just happen by themselves. Design a government without separation of powers and you inevitably get corruption and most likely you produce dictatorship almost without effort.

My case grows stronger if we recall that Jacob, Abraham's grandson wrestled with an angel for a blessing. Very proactive. On the other hand, Daniel on his own initiative goes out and fasts and prays until an angel arrives from God who grants Daniel a vision of future things. But we do not hear Daniel say, Is there something I can or others can work out with you so that we change the outcome? I don't like the ending the way it is presented.

Same with Revelations of John. These in my mind are visions that should never be allowed to happen. But Christians seem brain dead when it comes to negotiation with God.

Does God do negotiation? God loves negotiation. He keeps renegotiating with Lot to save Sodom and Gomorrah. Find me fifty righteous men and I will not pronounce judgment on them. And then Lot gets God to sweeten the deal and God drops the red line to ten righteous men. But Lot cannot produce them and Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed by fire.

Perhaps Lot if he were more creative could have made God an offer God could not refuse. What if Lot had been more proactive, kind of like Jacob, and made this offer—"Oh God. Glorious are thy works. Thou are all powerful, creator of the heavens and the earth. And since a thousand years for you is but watch in the night, grant me forty years to rule over these two cities. Make me dictator holding supreme power over them. A hundred loyal and skilled men at arms should do the trick. And if I

cannot produce twenty righteous men in forty years as a benevolent dictator, I will destroy these two cities with my own hands and save you the time and effort.

You think perhaps that is too violent an outcome? Look around you. If the electrical grids on earth are turned off by a massive solar flare, it could take months if not years to get them running again. Inside of three weeks you will have roaming bands of thugs on the street outside this church killing anyone they please. And perhaps two billion human beings will die of starvation within six months.

So Lot's offer is an offer God cannot refuse and actually he would really appreciate—a human being who wishes as God himself wishes to see righteousness appear on earth. Everyone would learn from this attempt whether it succeeds or fails. Raining fire from heaven as the Bible records is a chapter of the Bible that ends too quickly with little learning curve for any of its readers.

Later in history, God sends Jonah to the Assyrians to tell them they will be destroyed. But they repent of their cruel habit of killing everyone in a city after they conquered it. But a hundred later the Assyrians have returned to their evil ways and are wiped off the face of the earth. Their entire language and culture gone.

And Balaam on behalf of king Balak is asked to curse Israel for Balaam has the gift of being able to curse and to bless nations at his own discretion. Well, usually, but in the case of Israel a blessing of Israel comes out of Balaam's mouth instead of a curse. But Balaam keeps at it.

If Balaam had been clever he would have said to King Balak, I think all your fears of Israel are that they might settle in your land. But that is not their intent. These people are on a divine mission. Therefore if you assist them God will be required to bless you also. I say this because God will not let me use my incredibly powers to curse them, only to bless them.

They do not ever make signs and omens in history as clear as this one. I think we should change our strategy this once.

Now I don't want to bore you. I see some of you sipping your Starbucks lattes out there before me and I am sure that helps keep you

awake. It has worked out well since we added a Starbucks outlet in our church.

But here is the deal. It will take more than three thousand years until we arrive at A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens. Charles Dickens it is true quickly wrote and sold this story because he needed cash to pay his bills. All the same, I feel A Christmas Carol is one of the greatest pieces of writing in all of world literature.

Amid his dreams, the ghost of Christmas Future shows Scrooge his tombstone and grave. Now listen to Scrooge as he responds: “Spirit! Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope!”

Like I say, over three thousand years to produce a human being who would contend with Fate and God himself for a different outcome to the vision of the future that is shown. Daniel does not do that. Christ asks but is denied. John with his Revelations would never dream of asking for another outcome.

And this brings me to last night. I was preparing for this sermon and I had a little chat with the angel Gabriel. I could sense that Gabriel sees everything that was, is, and can or shall be. All of human history is open to his eyes in this present moment of time.

Gabriel pointed out that he sees what will be but only after human beings decide not seek what can be.

And I asked him about when Christ said, “All power comes from above.” And Gabriel replied, “You know, nobody needs to wake up in the morning. That they do wake up is because of divine grace. Every individual’s astral body or soul is nourished and sustained by the astral plane of the earth. Otherwise it could not survive.”

And I thought to myself, Yeah. If someone is standing next to you with a knife and he is about to stab some innocent person. And if you are quicker, stronger, and more skilled with a knife than he is you do not need any discussion to intervene and take that knife away from him.

In fact if you have studied Aikido for fifteen years you are not even intervening. You are merely acting as a neutral pivot point of harmony and it is his own aggressive energy and intent that causes him to be disarmed and to fall to the ground.

And after that thought and example popped into my head, Gabriel said to me, You know, modern Germany as it exists today with its democracy and successful economy could have been produced from out of Nazi Germany in 1936 without World War II occurring. No need for Normandy. Fifty million did not need to die. A million soviet soldiers did not need to die retaking Poland. Hundreds of thousands of German women raped by the Soviet soldiers. No need for all those concentration camps.

All you had to do was interact with others in their dreams, present them with their best options, and then let them make their own choices about the future they wanted to come to be.

And then if they persist in abusing power allow them to injure themselves but no one else. You are intervening as in taking the knife away from the man who wishes to injure someone else. And you are intervening like the Ghost of Christmas Future in the dreams of people like Scrooge who would never otherwise know they could live a completely different life if and when they wake up.

And so I leave you with Scrooge's words to the ghost regarding his vision of the future, "Why show me this, if I am past all hope!"

Indeed, we might ask the same question in a different way—"Why should the Bible show man any visions at all about the nations unless we can change our relation to the land?"

Well, that is all for today folks. The Wednesday night "Be still and know that I am God meditation group" meets as usual as does also our "Peacemakers Dream Warriors Workshop."

Love



Now Moses, God spoke and said, I want you to take some time and explain to mankind the depths of my love so that men's hearts might learn to shine.

And Moses replies, Your love as I know it is like an oasis in a vast desert. For mankind, it is all about the allocation of scarce resources and the law, not always kind, of diminishing returns that determine who lives and who dies. That is to say, men die for the taste of love and men die without having ever felt its touch inside or outside.

And God replies, Moses my love is everywhere in every moment of time. It is in every breath, every heartbeat, every touch of the wind on your skin. Every flower that blossoms, in every life that has felt joy, and in every soul that that wonder beholds. Life could not exist were not my bliss present within it.

And Moses says, I am not contesting that. But here is the rub. Other men do not possess my ability to see what you see through your eyes. When men behold the mystery of love they think in this way—to give you must first take. To be happy and satisfied, gratified—you must first gather to yourself what is of limited supply.

And God says, Have I not sufficiently demonstrated my abilities for all to see? I make water to flow from a stone and manna to fall from the sky. It is I who make the dead alive and the living to die. If men would seek my oasis that is embraced by divine grace overflowing with the waters of life--at the taste every desire and need is satisfied and the living would never need to die.

And Moses replies, You ask me to send men forth on a quest that mankind might know love at its best? Lot could not find ten righteous men to save two cities of which he was very fond. Through I survived the desert when I was exiled from Egypt, the hot wind and the dry sand and the blazing sun nearly did me in. I cannot in good conscience ask others to follow in my steps.

Let me propose this instead: Give us three or four thousand years. Let us sail the seas of the earth. Then men shall appear who are so bold and so fierce that out of sheer wonder they shall leave port and set forth to sail the seas of your heart. For these men it will not be a quest. It will be the truth they sense in every heartbeat and in every breath. Then no longer will love be an oasis in a desert but it shall encircle the earth.

And God was content and left Moses off the hook. God like Moses could see the future too and knew that what Moses prophesied was true.

Who are you?



I ask her with my clairsentient/mesmeric/hypnotic voice,
Who are you? Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?

She replies, I can make a wave break on the open sea—it rises to its height and then crashes down and is free.

I ask again,

Who are you? Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?

She replies, I can place a person inside the tunnel of a curling wave where time stops and nothing else exists but the roar of swirling bliss.

I ask again, Who are you? Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?

She says, I can take another and suspend him at the center of a blue-green sea where every desire is satisfied and he is free of human need.

I persist, Who are you? Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?

She responds, I am the sea longing for another to love me, to become me, and then to ask me—Who are you? Who am I? I am the one who responds to your deepest needs.

For the “who are you?” see 3:20 into The Last Wave--
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KwAlxpRxsv0>

The Magic Mirror



The master while wearing a human body sat down in front of a magic mirror. And there he concentrated on an image of himself so he appeared as a being of light free of all darkness inside.

But the mirror shattered and broke, piece flying every which way, sharp shards on the floor scattered about.

Years later the master says to me, Do not do what I did using a mirror that reflects only light. You need to use water to capture and express the essence of love. Immerse yourself in an all-embracing love so that it is

the only thing that exists in your consciousness. Then you must share it with another for love requires this that you know tenderness, happiness, and bliss; otherwise on your path to perfection you will leave a trail of shattered dreams.

A Little Weather Control at a Reasonable Price



Mason was talking to Halyard about insuring his ships. It is difficult to say where this conversation took place or when it happened. Could have been in Atlantis, during the Roman Empire, or there where they first formed merchant guilds in the Baltic Sea around the thirteen century off of Cologne or Bergen.

Halyard says to Mason, You seem to lose one in eight of your ships to storms or pirates. Then again a successful voyage often gives you a profit margin of thirty per cent. Every three trips you can afford to buy and rig a new ship. But then again you lose one in eight.

All I ask is ten per cent of each ship's cargo be delivered to my warehouse or more simply every tenth ship that comes into port turns over all of its cargo to me.

And Masons replies, But you are talking ten per cent at wholesale prices, not retail. Your ten per cent is worth a lot more at market value. Halyard says in rebuttal, True. But I guarantee my results. You only pay me because you never lose a ship.

Mason counteroffers in this way, You are old in years and I would not be the success I am as a merchant if I could not read the future like you do to some extent. I will tell you what I really want from you. Take one of my three sons. Train him to do what you do. How long would such a training take?

Halyard replies, Ten years give or take a year or two.

Mason goes on, Then I will do this—pick a son and I will fill your warehouse now with three ships' cargoes of your own choosing. After that I will meet your demand for ten per cent of each ship's cargo that comes in. You could have own fleet up and sailing with an offer like this.

Halyard says, I understand your bargaining position. We are both men of honor and our word is our bond. I will do my best to teach your youngest son who has second sight. But I can guarantee nothing as to whether he masters my power to calm wind and seas and to ward off pirates through force of will. I would give it better than sixty per cent odds he will be able to do what I do after he is done.

A little while later the third son, whose name was Marcia, and Halyard were overlooking the sea from the balcony of a high, stone tower.

And Marcia says to Halyard, So you are going to teach me weather control and the control over the thieves who make a living of stealing others' ships? Have I got that right?

Yes, replies Halyard. You father was more generous then he realized.

Each man of power like myself is required to hand down our teachings to one other before we die. It is a demand placed upon us by the laws of Saturn that oversee fate. In this case, your father is paying me to do what I am required to do anyway.

Yes, but he is getting more out of you I think than any merchant who has ever traded on the Baltic Sea, says Marcia.

I will give you that, replies Halyard.

And how does this work exactly? asks Marcia.

Halyard replies, I have always had a special connection to the sea. I will simply teach you the very things that I know how to do.

Like what? Asks Marcia.

Halyard replies, I think the way the sea thinks. We understand each other so well she is able to use my mind and my tongue when she wishes to speak. I feel what she feels—I look at water and every bay, inlet, every place on the open sea, every tide and storm that rises—I can perceive the exact powers of attraction and repulsion, of drawing in and releasing, of giving and of taking, of stirring and of calming that is within that place where water resides.

And not only that, I dream the sea's dreams. We have become so familiar, she and I, that she turns to me when she wishes to see those things that shall be. She shares with me her innermost desires and I feel and celebrate with her the deep mysteries that are hidden within her heart. All of these things you too will learn to do.

And Marcia asks, Should not you be some kind of priest or something, maybe like a high priest in one of those temples to Neptune in ancient Rome? Because that sounds like what you are all about—it is kind of a religious thing for you, won't you say? Just asking.

Halyard replies, Witty aren't you? That is good. The work will require all of your intelligence and far more. But let me be honest since I will be sharing with you things I have never spoken about with anyone else.

You will become my spiritual son. You are still your father's son and this entire venture is for the sake of profit and building a financial empire.

But the work we accomplish together will not fade away. In another life time you and others like you from other ages of the world will be reborn at the same time. And in that future age the black pit of horror that resides in the heart of men will be unleashed upon the earth. And it will not just be pirates who steal others' ships or even foreign kings who wish to lay waste to our continent.

No, in their greed they will attempt to destroy entire seas of the earth. And this is not permitted. At that time in the personality of another person your full powers will awake. And through the power of will and your oneness with the sea and with your ability to enter the dreams of any man on earth you shall bring to an end this vast injustice and in doing so you will preserve the beauty of our world.

Ah, says Marcia. I understand. You live within visions even as you engage in bold financial transactions with other men. I kind of like that. Wards off boredom. Adds spice to the taste of life. So what is my first lesson?

And Halyard replies, Right. Good idea. Let us start right now. Sit here and gaze at the sea. Persist in this contemplation. Imagine what the sea thinks, feels, perceives, and dreams. Gaze at the sea until you feel you have become the sea gazing back at you. That is the first step—to feel what another feels.

Akasha's Scenic Lookout Point



He spent a life time in search of he was not quite sure what. He sailed around the earth by himself. He floated around the world in a balloon at high altitudes where wearing an oxygen mask was essential for the task.

He camped out in the Arctic Circle for a summer by himself. He drifted down the Amazon and spent three years meditating in various caves.

He visited Lhasa, Machu Picchu, and Avebury. He sat and dreamed between the paws of the Sphinx of Egypt. He walked through the Parthenon, and swam inside a pyramid under the sea off of Bimini.

He sat in a Kiva and smoked tobacco with a two horn priest. He spoke with the Dalai Lama's weather controller about how to change conflict into harmony. He sat with gurus in Ashrams and gurus who lived in the

jungle on the side of a mountain in Bali who had only a satellite phone as contact the outside world and the rest of humanity. He walked with various shaman through the Sonoran desert and the jungles of Peru.

And then one day without any preparation or reason at all the room he was meditating in vanished. And as in a waking dream or full-fledged vision he stood at the rail of Akasha's own Scenic Lookout Point. He realized where he was and how he came to be here—you must put aside your ego and enter a state of mind in which there is only beauty, harmony, and freedom.

He gazed at the sight before him. It was the vast abysses of eternity stretching out to infinity. Before him arrayed was not only all civilizations that exist in our universe spread throughout billions of stars.

It was not only every race that ever has been and that shall in the future come to be. No, the Akashic Scenic Lookout Point includes a variety of alternate universes as well.

To say the least the wonder of this sight was beyond belief. Majestic, ecstatic, and to repeat myself—like beauty extended to infinity.

And he realized that here it is appropriate to participate and not just gaze. You can make requests though as I say you have already put aside your own desires and needs just to get to this place.

And a voice spoke and said to him, I place into your hands the awareness of every soul on earth in this moment. Notice the insatiable greed, the insane insecurity, and the blind desire to attain fortune and fame.

And notice too the beauty in the hearts of those who seek to set others free. Notice those whose souls draw upon the light to see, to preserve, and protect the earth from hatred and greed.

What would you desire for me to do with this gift you have given to me? The man asks.

The voice of wonder embodying the full majesty of the divine replies,

Take this awareness that you have and make it divine so that each man has the ability to stand where you now stand and behold the wonder of the universe as it unfolds before him.

And the man says, Perhaps another gift you could give for this is no small task you ask.

And the voice answers, I give to you the ability to whisper into anyone's ear when he is asleep the words that create a dream of what he can do that will make life more complete. Without you entering their minds, men will be bound like a person in cell in a dungeon wrapped about with chains of selfishness who knows in the depths of his soul he will never escape.

Use this gift well. It is my own voice that is contained in the spell.

Pastor Bob and the Mermaid



Bob has been the pastor of a Baptist church for twenty years. It is a small stone church near Wheaton, Illinois that seats no more than 150 people. Pastor Bob has a quiet charisma, and there are a few people who

never miss attending church on Sunday—oh, maybe once in four or five years.

The church has a small choir, which Pastor Bob would sometimes direct when there were no funds for a choir director. But there has always been someone who volunteers to play the piano.

Pastor Bob gives his sermons with the tone of voice of a grandfather sitting around a fire in winter recalling his experiences as a railroad conductor or a Great Lake's ship captain. Some of the events he describes have genuine drama, but mostly the story line is routine.

Pastor Bob likes to retell the stories in the Bible. He sometimes fails to remember which stories he has already told. And no one bothers to point this out to him. Sometimes the congregation themselves do not remember.

For the last five years, Pastor Bob has not had a vacation. On his salary, a vacation is not always possible.

But in 1994, the mother of Howard Davis, a member of the church board, died. Howard had put her in a good nursing home. But he rarely visited her.

It turns out that the mother left Howard six hundred thousand dollars in her will. This was a surprise because she had kept stock certificates in her bank box. Some of the certificates were worthless. The companies had gone bankrupt. But the thousand shares of Rockwell that she had bought for five thousand dollars back in the sixties had turned into gold. Over thirty years, Rockwell had had numerous stock splits and had spun off companies like Boeing Airlines.

To ease his conscience for rarely visiting her when she was alive and yet being reminded of how much he had received from her, Howard wanted to do some good things with the money. The first thing he did was to pay for his pastor's vacation. He booked for the pastor and his wife, Judy, a cottage at Kawela Bay, the most isolated and perhaps beautiful beach on the island of Oahu in Hawaii. And this is where our story begins.

It is Saturday morning, the last day of their stay in the cottage on the bay. As he had done each morning, Pastor Bob has gotten up before dawn to walk the beach, his feet among the waves, the first purple light

staining the horizon, while the birds were only just now beginning to sing their songs.

Pastor Bob sits down on the sand, five feet from where the water in dancing spray reaches out with glistening fingertips feeling every grain of sand—fingers as sensitive and quick as a concert pianist playing a great concerto, yet one never heard by human ears.

It is just then before sunlight even touches the waves that the mermaid appears. She is sitting right next to him on the sand. At first Bob sees a woman half human and half fish.

He can see right through her, so naturally he thinks his imagination is a little overactive. Bob blinks, and then he sees her bending and wrapping her arms around her knees. At this point, she looks real enough for you or for me.

She has black hair and sharp, shining, blue eyes. Her skin is pale, and she is wearing a thin, caftan shawl that leaves little to the imagination.

“I should not be talking to you. You are not in the Bible, so you are either not real or else you are evil.”

The girl replies, “You do not know how to read your Bible if you cannot find me in it.”

Pastor Bob says, “Well then, tell me where—what chapter and verse?”

The girl says, “In the beginning, verses and chapters were never there. You have come from a tradition where men study and memorize the written word. But what you see in front of you is the living word.”

Pastor Bob asserts, “If it is not in the Bible, I have no need to believe.”

The mermaid counters, “It is written: ‘He showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the Throne of God and of the Lamb through the middle of the city.’”

“Those words are written, and you can read them aloud and think on them. But I am this river. It flows through my soul. We have the same taste; we are the same divine grace. In me, sight and sound are alive. And like that river I exist to assist those who bring healing to the nations.

“And these words also,” the mermaid continues, “‘Out of his belly shall flow streams of living water.’ This is impossible to miss—the written word speaks of something living that shall come to be.

“In me these words are fulfilled—the essence of my being is an innocence that gives all of itself in every moment and brings new life to whatever it is near.”

The mermaid stops speaking and sits silently next to Pastor Bob. He gazes at her for almost a half hour. Thoughts, when they arise in his mind, quickly dissolve. Like the sea that lies before them, she embodies a timeless sensuality in which thoughts tend to disappear.

After the half hour, Bob turns to her and says, “How do I become what you are?”

The mermaid replies, “Gaze on the sea until the sensations and images change into feelings and the feelings change into ecstasy. In the sea, there is no time: past, present, and future combine. Take your human desires and needs and unite them to what we dream: a love that is forever one and forever free.”

It takes Pastor Bob a few months to come to terms with this experience. There are some things that defy analysis, and sometimes the best choice is simply to accept them.

But one Sunday Bob does something different in church. Previously, he has always started the sermon with a Bible verse and that leads to a story or two and then he returns to the verse and what it means for our lives.

But this time he begins in this way:

You know. Since the invention of the train, car, and airplane, we sometimes become so involved with our machines that we take nature for granted. Yet we are surrounded by the beauty of world. To the north of us are the Great lakes. Each has its own weather conditions—the winds and waves are slightly different. And if you get out on those lake waters, you notice they each have a different feeling.

An hour drive from here is Lake Michigan. An off shore wind in the morning from Milwaukee, Wisconsin forms patterns of ripples

as the wind first touches down a few feet from shore. Thirty minutes later those ripples are building into waves. Gusts of wind catch the spray of the white caps hurling drops of water like lateral rain over the waves' troughs. And even if the wind dies down later in the afternoon and the sky is calm, large swells continue rolling on.

If the next night is overcast and there is no moon, you may not be able to see, but you can hear those waves with their distinctive roar as they break on the beaches of Saugatuck, Michigan—like a woman at night when you lie close to her, you may feel you can hear her heartbeat. But with these waves the roar becomes quiet before another wave rises into a crest and then falls again breaking the silence.

I remember one night taking the ferry from Milwaukee. After the lights from the shore vanished, I felt I was on the open sea. You could not see anything if you looked out the porthole, except the play of moonlight stretching out across the water.

Lake Superior is laid out East West rather than like Lake Michigan which stretches North South. Lake Superior is completely different. The gales of November sometimes come early with hurricane West winds like the one that brought an end to the ship, Edmund Fitzgerald. A wave beginning in the Grand Maralis can build for four hundred mile before it breaks on the shores by Michipicoten in Canada.

Lake Michigan is perhaps for sportsmen who fish and race sailboats. Lake Superior, on the other hand, is like a strong man who is a little too wild to become tame enough to enjoy sports or to hunt game.

As you cross east of the Mackinaw Bridge, you find Lake Huron—not as long but it is wider than Lake Michigan. As you follow down the glove of Michigan, you run into Thunder Bay. There with bleak, grey clouds on the horizon, you may experience that form of lightning called St. Elmo's Fire. Your hair may stand up and if there is any metal nearby you may hear a buzzing as if you are near a bee hive with that its sound of zzzzzz.

The winds of Lake Huron are more capricious and playful than those of Lake Michigan where the winds tend to blow steady. Calm one moment, twenty minutes later you may see thunderstorms forming on the horizon. You can smell and feel the increase moisture in the air and the temperature falling from the squall at the leading edge of a line of storms.

Below Lake Huron, St. Clair River flows from Port Huron south toward Lake Erie. But first the water passes through Lake St. Clair. It is a small lake where on a good day you can see all the way across. Lake St. Clair has more sailboats and motor boats on it per square mile than any other lake in the world. Not a “great” lake, still if you live on its shore you might conclude that after a year the winds and waves of that little lake have over three hundred different moods.

Continuing down the Detroit River which lies below Lake St. Clair, you pass Grosse Ile and enter Lake Erie. A shallow lake, warmer in temperature, the waves can kick up with the wind. With the right sailboat and fair weather, you can ride the same wave from one end of Lake Erie to the other.

There was a winery among the islands of Put-in-Bay that used to have the best grape juice in the world. But it is long since gone.

To the Northeast of Lake Erie is Lake Ontario. A fourth the size of Lake Superior, it is called the “Lake of Shining Waters.” Mostly on the Eastern shores of Lake Ontario, there is turbulence in the water after the waves break due to the prevailing winds and currents. Here sediment of sand and gravel turn into sand bars forming lagoons and protected harbors.

Lake Ontario has a different feel from the other Great Lakes. It has the feeling of a small inland sea. Lake Ontario was in fact after the last ice age a bay of the Atlantic Ocean; but the land began to rise as the glaciers receded so that now it is fresh water.

I once knew the captain of a freighter that ran up and down the Great Lakes. His home was in Cleveland, but he was gone for such long periods that sometimes his wife would drive from Ohio over to Milwaukee just to spend the weekend with him during his break.

It used to be that when the freighters passed in a narrow channel they would blast their horns: one blast meant pass to your port and two blasts meant pass to your starboard. But that has all changed with GPS and computers talking to each other. The rivers and lakes are now quieter.

But you know, when I looked into the captain's eyes, even after thirty years of running freighters up and down these lakes during day and during night, I did not see the Great Lakes looking back at me.

Instead, I saw the pilot's house on the ship, the navigation equipment, the mess hall, the cargo bay, and the schedule he had to keep. I saw him talking to his crew and on the radio to other ships.

What am I trying to say? I do not think the captain ever stopped long enough to behold the beauty of the world that surrounds us. Sometimes all you need to do is to put your thinking off to the side and just gaze at what is in front of you if you want to taste wonder. And this is very important to know how to do because there are times when the Bible speaks of something of great wonder.

And now Bob finally returns to the actual sermon, "Our scripture reading for today: 'He showed me the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the Throne of God and of the Lamb through the middle of the city ...'"

Thereafter, members of the congregation occasionally commented on Pastor Bob's changed demeanor: "Do you think it was that trip to Hawaii?" And the response is sometimes, "Can't really say, but he acts so relaxed and at peace like he is standing on a beach with the spray of waves splashing on his feet."

The Princess and the Executioner



To be honest I am not always interested in everyone's story and then there are some who want to get it over with so there is then no story to tell, said Hooman, the king's executioner, to the princess whose name is Aria. Hooman interrogates his prisoners with a kind of precise perception some people possess like a professional wine taster whose only interest is in discerning the exact elements in the blend.

Nonetheless, Hooman asks Aria with intense curiosity, Do you have anything to tell that captures the imagination or causes the heart to deepen at the hearing?

Aria replies, The love was as real as wine to the tongue and breath to the lungs. It was as bright as the sun and so subtle in its tenderness that it spoke with the voice of the moon revealing ancient secrets forbidden to the human race until there shall appear on earth an age of grace.

Hooman says, I see a burning desire shining in your eyes that those who are soon to die possess--to taste every moment of life as if it is the last and as if it is something so new it is filled with surprise. But this sun and moon stuff—I have to give you credit for that. Only one or two ever put aside their selfishness long enough to allow the universe to come through their senses.

Go ahead then, says Hooman. Tell me your story. It works like this—you begin with your first memory and fill in every single detail and feeling and thought that you experienced right up until the present moment. And then we are done. The king has given me complete discretion and freedom to use my own judgment as to when the execution takes place.

Hooman's condemned prisoners get to live only as long as the autobiography he or she has to share about their life details. And this is not something that they could fake. Hooman has an incredible ear—he knew when someone was speaking the truth. He knew when they were trying the best to recall what had happened but were inadvertently or subconsciously constructing rather than drawing forth from actual memory. A few times Hooman grew frustrated, grabbed the prisoner by the hair, and dragged him out to be executed a few moments later. But generally given the circumstances and who Hooman was most prisoners cooperated wholeheartedly giving their full attention to the work.

What Hooman has never told any of his prisoners is that there is a scribe in the next room listening through a hole in the wall who records every word. The way it began is easy enough to understand. The king, a descendent of Cyrus of Persia, Cambyses II, has that problem kings and common folk alike sometimes suffer. He could only sleep for four hours at a time and so in the middle of the night he would wake up and remain awake for three or four hours before returning to his bed.

But being a king has its privileges. At first Cambyses tried like his father before him to have records of the kingdom's accounts, laws, and decrees read to him. But Cambyses had no real patience for this. He tried dancing girls, famous musicians, visits to his harem, and numerous other distractions like eating delicacies from foreign lands. Nothing really worked for him. Yet a king needs his sleep.

One day a story was told by chance to the king about the confession of a man before he was executed. The confession was not exactly consensual. For purposes of state security it had to be extracted. Yet the story was so amazing in the amount of crazy passion and delirious ideals that were wrapped up in it. The king had Hooman brought directly before him. And King Cambyses II asks Hooman, Does this happen often? That near death people will reveal things they would never speak of to anyone else under any other circumstances?

Hooman replies speaking matter of fact, It does happen. But if good stories are what you want—the kind that perhaps no one else has ever heard before—I am in a unique position to motivate people to speak of what would otherwise remain hidden.

And so the king granted Hooman a special authorization to act in any way he thought best to “encourage” condemned prisoners to tell tales if they had them that even the best story tellers of the ancient world had no inkling. In this way, the king when unable to sleep could have stories read to him by his scribe that illuminated his heart with wonder the way a candle illuminates the dark.

Aria's fault was that she had fallen in love with an ambassador's son. And being truly in love she had revealed to him inside information overheard at dinner about where one of the king's armies was camping. And the result was that the lover betrayed her, trading treachery for bliss, in order to take advantage of a unique career opportunity. The army was doomed. The lover escaped and was duly promoted. The

leaked information was traced back to Aria. Treason is treason especially when the result is the loss of an entire army.

I will spare you details of Aria's love story. Yes, they were truly in love. Yes, even true love can be betrayed. You have good and you have bad. Sometimes they walk down the road of life together as friends and sometimes one cannot keep pace with the other and falls behind or is sacrificed.

Well, just a taste perhaps—the princess and her lover were one of those couples I myself interview from time to time. They were so close and connected from inside they could read each other's minds and feel in any moment what the other was feeling. Such couples often feel very vulnerable because their experience is not something that can ever be shared. You have to know how to ask the right questions. You have to demonstrate near perfect patience. And this mostly—you have to make it perfectly clear that you feel what the other feels inside so that in the sharing there is no fear of abuse occurring.

But even with telepathy and clair-feeling, which this couple possessed, there is that very real possibility remaining of deception. You see, a person can lie to himself and believe his own lie so that anyone reading his mind feels he is honest and pure inside. This is a special gift human beings have and virtually anyone who holds power on earth is forced to keep secrets even from himself. To rule over men, no matter how much justice you intend, still requires mastery of negotiation and decision making. And to pull those off you have to have exquisite timing—in other words, you do not let anyone see what is coming until it happens.

Now the story should end here. The king received from Hooman an original tale that as I say even the great poets and story tells down the ages have never hear—not Homer, not Ovid, not Virgil, not Shakespeare, and not that blessed poet of the Orient—Vyasa who wrote

the Mahabharata. And the princess when her story was done was put to death.

Oh, there were moments of suspense—the princess was so upset when she got to the betrayal that for days she could not do anything but weep. Hooman, being the master that he is of listening, moved her out of the prison into a villa outside the city where she could recover and have her every need met. I notice I do something similar. When listening to a good story I go out of my way—sometimes risking serious injury to myself—to get every single detail when the details I am hearing I know have never been heard by anyone's ears on earth before.

But something changed that made the story go on after the plot arrived at the present moment. And that final moment was where Hooman and Aria were sitting together on a balcony overlooking a garden and fountain. But Hooman had been given a Upanishad by the king who had received it from merchants traveling East. And the Upanishad spoke of reincarnation. The king naturally wanted to know if Hooman was hearing any stories about this since reincarnation was also part of the mythology of other people as well.

Hooman had no stories from any condemned prisoners about their past lives. The prisoners could not make stories like that up even if they tried because Hooman like I said could tell when people were lying or fudging the details.

But as a matter of fact, Hooman totally mistook what the king was asking. Hooman thought the king wanted to know what the future life would be of someone who was about to die. After all, Hooman did have many stories of precognitive events the prisoners told him when they were on the verge of death. They spoke for example with the dead and told things only dead people could recall about things they did when they were still alive. They spoke of visions in which they saw what could come to be concerning the fate of individuals and nations.

But the idea of future lives just popped into Hooman's head. Hooman did not execute Aria that day when her story was done. Instead, as they snacked on tangerines and grapes, Hooman turns to Aria and says, Some say that we live on, perhaps as a totally different person, but all the same we are reborn. Tell me Aria, I want to know about your next life—tell me where you will be born, who your parents will be, and every little thing that you can envision about the life you will one day lead.

And this was not a kind of truth or lies, accurate or fudging of details kind of story. No, it was like entering a dream and speaking from the depths of your heart. Later on Hooman realized only a few had the gift and were able to do it with any skill.

Aria told Hooman a story in great detail. The king became an avid fan following each episode each day as it was told. He loved it. He loved this new form of storytelling so well that he forgave Aria and granted her amnesty though she had to assume a new identity and swear on her life that she would never reveal that she was still alive. They faked her execution you see. But the king thought to himself, We are all the playthings of the gods. And when the gods deliver into your hands something this special you do well to honor them by showing appropriate appreciation.

I will spare you the details. But Aria's story about her future life brought in characters such as the king himself, her former lover who had betrayed her, the future history of Persia, and even Hooman has a cameo appearance as a great sage, a kind of oracle with a flair for reading omens.

As for Aria herself she reincarnated in her story as a man. She was captain of the king's guard and absolutely loyal. So loyal that she fought a battle in which everyone in the army she lead died to the last man. But it was okay. It was the kind of battle that would save the kingdom.

God Is Not Completely Stupid,

or the origin of the 49 Judges of Saturn, or, the origin of guardian angels, or, stories that come to me while waiting for the cashier to reappear at resister five in Safeway in Hawaii Kai, or, the answer to the question, How long will the universe exist?

And forty-nine angels stood before the throne of God. These were not your ordinary angels. No, they were mighty beings within whom resides in each one a separate mystery of creation. And they spoke with one mind, one being, and one spirit, for they had overcome the illusion of separation and individual identity that still plagues the other archangels from Gabriel to Metatron.

And their leader stepped forward and stated his position in the form of a question, What honor to those who guard the gates of heaven and what blessing to those who dwell within if the means is not given to bring heaven down to earth and to throw up its gates to everyone? And he asserted further without using words but rather speaking mind to mind and heart to heart—that all of them, and the many legions who swear allegiance to them, adamantly refuse to dwell within or to enter heaven until every heart is found and every soul becomes pure light.

God is not completely stupid. He was quite pleased at this rebellion though he was not about to show it. God felt that you have to leave a few flaws in creation. If you do not do so then with all the delirious bliss and bodies of light that divine beings possess, there would be no evolution of any kind. All beings would then fail to attain to their destiny—which is to become creators themselves like unto God. Without an obstacle or two, no one bothers to rise to the occasion by creating something new as a solution that previously simply was not within anyone's imagination.

And God spoke and said, I accept your objections. I therefore hereby

proclaim: Let heaven be brought down to earth and let its gates be thrown open without guards or the need for keys to enter therein. To this end, I appoint you as the forty-nine Judges of Saturn, for only you comprehend that we are all one without separation. You shall oversee all mysteries pertaining to karma and to transformation until all beings in all planets, spheres, and planes attain perfect enlightenment and absolute freedom.

And the legions of those who serve you shall each become the guardian angel of one soul until it fulfills its path to perfection.

And God, who has a flair for drama and likes a little spice thrown in just to enliven the taste of his proclamations, said, And furthermore, I hereby decree in accordance with your desires that the universe shall not end until every heart is found and every soul becomes pure light.

And the forty-nine were pleased with this outcome to the negotiation. They felt it was reasonable, fair, and a mutually satisfying solution. After all, you never ever ask anything of God unless you are willing to participate in bringing about the thing you desire.

And God too was pleased, for he knew that once anyone understood the nature of Divine Providence they would no longer be able to say that God is completely stupid.

Silence Said To Me



Silence said to me, If you were as silent as me you would be free.

I said to Silence, If you could see the wonders that I see you would realize that not one is free until all are free.

A Yogi in India

There was once a yogi in India who could sit as still as a stone. He sat so still he no longer grew old, for time shook its head and decided to leave him alone.

Now you might think it odd if it was not the case that a yogi in a cave pretending to be a stone might on occasion feel somewhat alone. Being a human being he did enjoyed society—he liked people of every caste, class, and variety.

Did he have a speaker and a satellite phone—some yogis do I am told. The answer is no.

The yogi sitting in a cave as still as a stone could slip his mind inside of any other human being and see through that person's eyes what he sees and in fact with any of the other's five senses he could perceive. Some people talk to each other in their dreams. The yogi could think any other person's thoughts. Kings and priests, Pope's and Dalai Lama's, those at the top of their game and those who would never savor the taste of fame.

Put simply, the yogi was awake when others were in a deep, dreamless sleep. He had mastered delta brainwaves.

Isaac Asimov once prophesized there would come a day when you could pick up the phone and call any one on earth for free. This is now reality to some degree simply by downloading and installing skype on your laptop machine.

But the yogi with the brain waves of a stone would say, One day all of our minds will be in sync. A deep, dreamless sleep is actually a band width anyone can use for free. Then the human race will attain enlightenment. And then open access shall exist for everyone to access anything; anything another perceives, thinks, or has experienced--it shall be right there in front of you to see. Linear time shall be left behind. Time shall nod its head and say to itself, I saw it coming; I did.

But in the short term I would remind you that, like a gnome, those who can sit as still as a stone always feel at home.

Another Yogi in India

There was once a yogi in India whose breath when he drew it in turned into liquid fire as dazzling as the sun is bright. Many students asked him to be their guru. But he sent them away saying, I am just a beginner.

Perhaps if you would study solar fire too we can learn from and share with each other.

At night no need for lantern or candle light. The yogi's aura was so bright the rays it emitted illuminated the dark. So charismatic he seemed many dreamed he was an ascended master whose physical form was a cloak he wore to conceal his divinity. Some wondered and asked, Is he an avatar? Others said, No mortal can evolve that far.

The yogi had to find another cave. Students stalked him craving his attention like heroin addicts looking for a quick fix. These students soon become fanatics who had a propensity to misbehave.

Now one day a woman awoke at dawn and she looked out of her window and beheld the beauty of the world. And as she saw the sun rise she said, By your grace, the world is filled with love and life. I shall be your love and your wife.

And from that moment this woman sought to marry the sun.

Now with breath she was not as adept as the yogi in the cave. But her heart was deep, her receptivity profound, and her mind was as free and vast as the sea of stars that shine in the dark.

To make a very long story short, she met the yogi in his cave and said to him, I have come to share with you my love of the sun. And the yogi looked upon her form and said, I had a dream in which I looked inside a window and saw a woman sleeping who was so beautiful. And I thought to myself, surely this is the goddess Dawn come down to earth and now dwells among us in human form.

And when she awoke and looked into my eyes I said, Through you all things shall be made new.

And the woman replied, With you by my side light shall no longer blind and love will no longer be hard to find. And those who love shall understand they need never again die—consciousness is divine. Then

men shall put aside their mortality and put on immortality as easily as the birds sing at dawn.

The Purpose of the Universe



And an angel who was not actually an angel but another kind of being was speaking with the Creator.

And the not actually an angel being says to God, I am not quite sure I understand the plan. I already possess a body of light. Bliss overflows from the depths of my heart. My joy is nearly infinite and from within I am united to every being that loves throughout the entire universe.

Why then do I require this quest into the very depths of the darkest matter? What more can be attained than what I already am?

And God says, It is actually quite simple what I am asking you to do. Put aside all that light, wisdom that shines so bright, that bliss and boundless happiness, that ecstasy of union with a community of divine beings—yes, put it all off to the side for a little time.

You shall as a human being be born in the densest realms of form. You shall have no goals or plans. You shall awake and be aware under

circumstances and situations that you do not control. You shall be shaped by and grow strong through your interactions with others who are like yourself.

Slowly your conscious will expand over many life times until you shall again stand right here before me as you now stand. The thing is that only in this way can the true glory and beauty of the universe ever be displayed.

But you shall not be alone. Wonder shall be your guide. Beauty your inspiration. And as always wherever there is love I shall be there walking by your side.

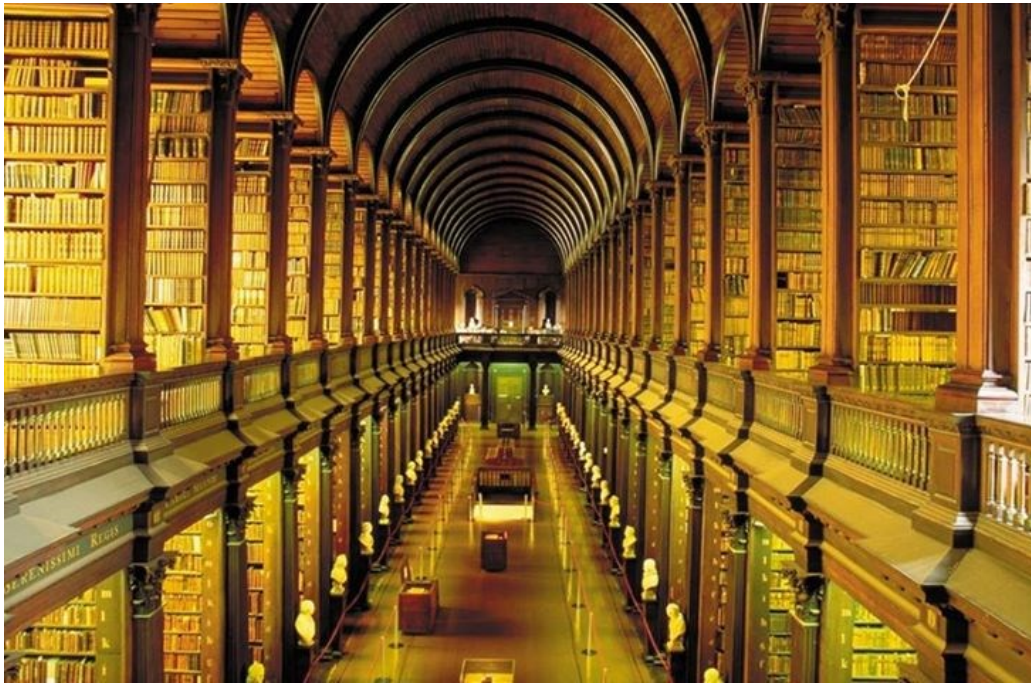
And the angel who as not really an angel says, I have one question. What if this does not work out? What if I get lost or fail to rise? Because what you are offering entails a very high degree of separation. The isolation involved is beyond what even I can imagine and I have an incredibly good imagination.

The Creator replies, Day unto day and night unto night the physical universe declares my glory—the sea is my love; the blue sky my mind; the starry sky by night the depths of my heart; the trees, mountains, forests, and plains are expressions of my art. All you will need to do whenever you feel lost or without clarity of purpose is to use your five senses. In them is hidden all the secrets of creation.

And the soon to be human being says, I understand now what this is all about. You have defined a mission and asked me to set forth to accomplish it--I am to become my own creation.

Ah. There. You have got it. Now then be off and the best of luck to you.

Department of the Akashic Records, Part II



Man (to divine being): Excuse me.

Divine Being: Yes?

Man: I submitted a freedom of information application and I haven't had a response yet.

Divine Being: Yes (looking down at the sheet of paper in front of him). It is right here in front of me. It is done. I have had it ready for some time now.

Man: Well? Can I have it?

Divine Being: Let me see if I understand. You are a human being, right?

Man: That is correct.

Divine Being: And you are requesting information regarding the most secret purposes of Divine Providence. Is that right?

Man: I get to do that. That is how it works. Seek and you shall find.

Nothing is hidden. I follow the same rules as you.

Divine Being: (curiosity and mild perplexity combined) It is just a little unusual for a human being to take any interest at all in the divine side of things. I mean your entire race is self-possessed. Literally, every single

one of you takes more than you give. It just makes no sense to me why you want something that, given human nature, you will never figure out how to use.

Man: Did I not fill out the application in every detail?

Divine Being: (trying with all his divine ability not to be condescending) Why yes you did. I am just saying it might expedite the process, if you know what I mean, if you would state for the record your intentions.

Man: Very well. I wish to play my part in seeing that the human race does not become extinct through sheer stupidity.

Divine Being: Ah. Of course. I should have known. Not all human beings are obsessed with greed. Very well. (handing him the sheet of paper) You may read this over there through that door in the Akashic Library. No duplicates or copies are permitted. No email or attachments may be transmitted. Take as long as you like and when you are done destroy this original and you are free to go.

(Man returning a while later).

Man (to Divine Being): It says here that Divine Providence is within and a part of everyone and everything that exists. It further states that Divine Providence inspires, guides, and that it fulfills all things in the fullness of time.

Divine Being: Is there a question?

Man: In the footnote to the above statement, it also says that each person has Divine Providence in its entirety hidden within so that in effect each person is a part of everyone and everything that exists.

Divine Being: Look. I just process the applications. You asked for the deepest purposes of Divine Providence. That is what you are holding in your hands.

Man: Well, the implication is that I am free to join with any other being so that then as one we may walk and unfold the path of life together.

Divine Being: I do not do implications. You ask the questions and I answer them. But what you are now asking about technically requires a separation application. You want to know what the most basic rule is that governs the entire universe? Is that a fair statement of your intent?

Man: Yes.

Divine Being: Let me save us both a little time and I will just tell you

what you want to know. The most basic rule that governs the entire universe is that any being is free to join with any other being in order to fulfill the purposes of love.

And that rule too has a little footnote in the original text. The footnote says that evolution unfolds according to three things: necessity, desire, and what you dream. As such you are free to meet the necessities and needs that limit others; you are free to play a part in satisfying their desires; and you are definitely free to dream others' dreams--to make their deepest longings your own so that they may be fulfilled in every conceivable way.

There are absolutely no limitations on what you may do or accomplish in this regard.

Man: You are saying we are surrounded by infinite opportunities and that I can enter and join with the consciousness of anyone else on earth and seek to unfold and fulfill that individual's path of life and evolution.

Divine Being: I mean really. Like duh? No one ever said you could not do so.

Man: Thank you. You have answered my questions.

Divine Being: Drop by any time. You have absolutely no idea how boring my job is being assigned to assist the human race and they care more about sports' scores and scoring with others and of course their greed than in recreating the world or themselves.

Man: I'll be back.

(Divine Being to himself as the man walks out) I am not going to hold my breath.

Tantra



The cloud out of furious rage, stark raving crazy in its hunger to devour, separates its positive and negative charges nearly tearing itself in half.

The earth beneath does not miss a beat. In a wild dance of passion, frenzy and primal craving, empty space—everything that separates—becomes the place where terror and love negotiate a world at war or a world at peace.

Watch! Wait for it. Listen in silence. There—lightning--opposites uniting.

Yet amid all of this—the sky itself remains perfectly clear, beyond all fear, free of every attachment, far beyond everything that binds or limits its clarity of mind. Go ahead. Throw in as much suspense and drama as you want. The sky is there at the beginning, the middle, the climax, and the ending. The sky is the audience for which the play has been written.

Who else appreciates every single moment and nuance of life as it unfolds in love or in strife?

Student: Master?

Master: What is it?

Student: I do not understand.

Master: You asked me about tantra. I told you how it works. I gave you the plan.

Student: But why this pageantry of nature in conflict with a hint of transcendent bliss?

Master: You take the most primordial cravings and the darkest, most impenetrable desires and unite them with the highest light.

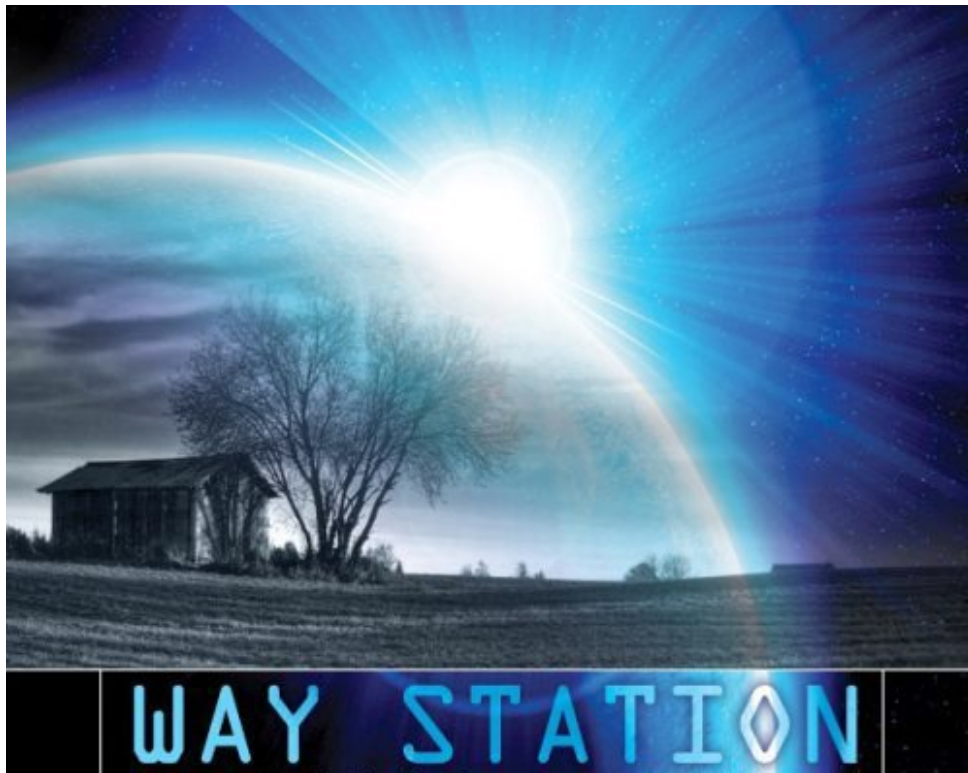
Look. Let me state this so simply that no one on earth can fail to understand: You keep equally aware of both--every fiber of fire burning within desire and the one light or bliss that is within, animating, guiding and inspiring everything so that it attains its highest purpose. It is doing two things at once--being totally receptive and all-embracing like the feminine and masterful and purpose driven to accomplish a mission like the masculine.

I mean really. What else would you expect? If you are going to transform something you have to pull out all the stops and go for it.

Student: Ah, I see. Sex is the mystery.

Master: No not sex. Rather the creative act.

The Way Station (Science Fiction)



Don't you get lonely? She asks him.

Sometimes, he replies. It is part of the job.

How long has it been since you have been with one of your own? she asks.

Well, not since I was assigned here five thousand years ago, he replies.

Oh, she says weighing his answer and trying to measure that length of time.

Your work must keep you busy, no? she asks.

Sometimes it does, he answers. No really. It is not so bad. Actually I probably have one of the most exciting stations in the galaxy.

How so? she asks trying to imagine that. It does not look like much at all—a backward, primitive, and violent species devouring the wealth and beauty of their planet.

He says, They sometimes act like they are brainwashed, as if they share one group mind. But then exceptions keep appearing. Doing the unexpected is programmed into their brain neurons. Like, individuals appear for no reason at all and actually grasp all that has gone before. A scientist answers all questions ever asked in physics in one publication.

A writer grasps that the essence of love is justice and goes on to expound in play after play how you become who you are by the decisions that you make. A painter paints picture after picture capturing the wonder of the unknown universe endlessly revealing itself as new in each moment and through each sensory perception.

Their history is full of happenings that cannot be explained by the standard model.

I have been following your work with great enthusiasm, she says. Eight thousand years and they have risen to a level that has taken other races a million years. Not the record by any means. But still, incredibly rare. But that is not the most exciting detail, is it?

No, he replies. The planet is a magnet for spirits from all over the galaxy. They are drawn here and are born as one of them. And then they become adults without the faintest reason why they are here or what they wish to do. But they linger. They keep being born over and over. But that is not what is most bizarre.

What? She asks.

I have done this myself, he says.

No. You are not saying that?

Yes, he replies. Some of them do it consciously—they die and then they are reborn and manage to retrain consciousness of their experiences in earlier life times.

But their lives are so short. How can anyone acquire the mental power necessary for that kind of transition? She asks.

Like I say, he replies. I have done it myself. Five times, once every thousand years, I enter a child at birth and dwell among them as one of them. The physicality erases all self-awareness. But it is okay. At some point usually I figure out that I am here as an observer and not one of their race.

But you are not just an observer, are you? She asks though her question is a statement.

No, he says. This discussion continues with the creation of every way station. The agent in charge is given complete autonomy regarding his approach to the species he is studying.

One extreme—no intervention of any kind. At the other extreme—the agent in charge treats the planet and species as the raw material from which he shapes a work of art. He is hegemon, screenwriter, actor, and director of a play all at the same time.

And which are you? She asks.

I respond to what is here seeking only to guide it by revealing what is within the depths of their own hearts, he answers.

Ah, she says. You are their conscience.

I am their conscience, he echoes.

And those times you were one of them? Did you reshape their history taking it in a new direction? Have you revealed to them yet quantum reality? She asks.

That is the funny thing, he says. You can reveal aspects of the full truth to them. But then they totally ignore it for thousands of years. Their world teachers more than not speak and it is like they are wasting their breath. You can summarize for them everything they have ever experienced and it is like—the term they use—rolling dice. Some realize the gift of wisdom but most do their best to change wisdom into the kind of knowledge they can use to destroy themselves.

Yes, I read that in your report also, she says. You have placed them in the class of the two per cent of those races in the galaxy that suffer self-annihilation and extinction.

“Iffy” is the word they use to describe the destiny they shall create for themselves.

And so you have introduced quantum reality, haven't you? She asks. I hate spending five thousand years on a project and having it all wash down the drain because they lack the ability to see the likely outcome of their own choices.

Yes, I enter their dreams and plead with them. I time shift and design new scripts for them to play so that they might awaken to self-awareness. I actually take some of them and show them what is being accomplished in a creative away in alternate realities.

And? She asks. You are hegemon, aren't you? She asserts.

No, he says. I am an artist. It is the vibration of this entire solar system. It is why this planet is such a galactic magnet for those who want an experience different from anything taking place elsewhere. The very fabric of reality, of all that manifests in their space time continuum, is beauty. Beauty is harmony that both nurtures and accepts with absolute receptivity and it invents, recreating itself and the world around itself through a strange power found here and nowhere else—from nothing they dream new worlds.

Ah, she says. Perhaps you have found here the origin of quantum reality—the still center of the galaxy upon which all things turn. Yes, I see it in your eyes. This beauty of which you speak—it has taken possession of you the way fire and light take possession of an exploding star.

Perhaps you are right, he says.

I will drop by again sometime, she says.

He says simply, Please.

They embrace and she turns and walks to the Gate and disappears in a halo of rainbow light.

(in homage to Clifford D. Simak's novel, *Way Station*)

From Letters to Mermaids—On Human Beings

Members of the human race are godlike beings who are in training to activate the divinity within them. But their training system is broken. They lack effective methods for self-transformation. Otherwise they would have eliminated wars thousands of years ago and would now dwell in a golden age of peace, longevity, and multi-dimensional consciousness. It is up to those who are members of other realms to assist them to attain their full potential.

At Some Point



At some point men and women will notice that to feel fully alive is to feel that you are joined to nature from the core of your being. And then they will ask, How do I learn to do that? They will look at the sky and sense what sylphs feel--free at the core of their being, filled with delight, harmony, and joy.

They will look at forests and mountains and like gnomes drop their minds down into the ground and feel an inner silence that is more patient than time, totally self-reliant, and so solid inside they feel like a stone a billion years old.

They will look at volcanoes and fire and feel like salamanders that they wish to become so pure in their will that they shine as bright as the sun in the sky.

And they will look at lakes and rivers and seas and like mermaids feel a love that encompasses and saturates this planet so that the essence and reason to exist is to love without end and to feel one with every living being.

The Mermaid Who Was an Airplane Pilot—Or, Writing the Modern Fairy Tale

Boarding the plane, I find my seat, stow my carry-on in the overhead bin, and sit down. It is a six-hour flight. Placing a newspaper in the seat pocket in front of her, a woman sits down next to me. She is tall, at least six feet, and slender. She looks friendly but immediately opens and starts reading a thick, ring-bound manual of some kind.

She has that look of someone who is doing mental calculations as she reads each line. Yet her body shows no strain or tension even as she focuses with single-minded concentration. At the same time, there is a light, uplifting quality about her like that of a four-year-old playing on a swing. Perhaps, I speculate, she grew up outside the United State; maybe

in Switzerland beside a lake where she spent summers sailing and hiking with friends in the mountains.

One minute later, she turns to me and asks, “Is that your water bottle?” referring to a small, unopened bottle of water on the armrest between our seats.

“No,” I reply, “help yourself.” She nods in appreciation before opening it and taking a drink.

She then takes the newspaper, the *Wall Street Journal*, out of the seat pocket in front of her and says, “Would you like something to read?”

Ah, I think, she is generous and thoughtful.

I reply, “No, I have my own copy in my carry-on.”

“Do you do investing?” I ask after a moment. I like to share my investing experience. Of twenty different investing strategies I pursued over three years, they all failed since the stock market did things it never did before in its history. I discovered a new strategy as a result, but so far no one has shown any interest in a strategy based purely on volatility.

Replying to my question about investing, she answers, “No. I picked up the habit of reading the *Journal* from my grandfather. He used to read it every day. The reporting seems fair and balanced. But this copy came with my hotel room.” She then turns back to her manual.

She reads the *Wall Street Journal* for general news. I cannot wrap my mind around that concept—information on business, yes. News? No.

But her body language is clear—her attention is engaged elsewhere. I am a spiritual anthropologist. I study people, their auras, and their life stories, and I seek to grasp anything they have experienced that is unusual or unique. And sometimes the people who sit next to me on planes are very unusual. So I take the liberty of sensing this woman’s aura. I do this by concentrating on my right hand, which precisely replicates her energy field. Her energy is strong, firm, intense, highly

integrated, and very stable. This is an individual who obviously is living a productive and successful life.

Then I focus on her “inner aura,” that is, the more hidden side of her that supports her outer life. This energy, by contrast, relates more to water and to feeling. But it is carefully controlled as if it is being held in reserve. It is also magnetic, which indicates a high level of self-motivation—that the individual is not dependent on the external world for emotional support or self-validation. But again, it is hesitant and restrained. It does not make its presence known.

Okay, here is a woman who may have strong water within herself in a way that does not show up in her outer life and personality. But it is there.

I pursue this further by asking my psychic intuition, “What is the water in her, or her special gift in life?” The cabin of the airplane vanishes along with the chair and even my own body. I am confronted with the open ocean. The energy is a vast watery expanse, and I am there out on the ocean far from any continental mass.

This vibration is typical of what I call hard-core mermaid women. They do not just feel sparkling and pure like a mountain pool, peaceful and serene like a great river, or inviting and relaxing like a small ocean bay. They have that vastness and depth of the seas of the earth in their auras.

The plane has finished taxiing down the runway, and we are in the process of taking off.

I catch the woman’s eyes and say, “You have a lot of water in your aura. You must have no sense of time?”

I ask that question because it is typical of hard-core mermaid women—they almost always say something to the effect that time is not real. She replies, “Actually, I am very impatient.” She turns back to her manual.

This is called cognitive dissonance—I am confronted with facts that contradict my basic assumptions. I tell myself, “This is great—a new type of mermaid woman.” I want her story.

The immediate problem, however, is that it usually takes me one to two years to get an interview with these women. Once they trust me, they will tell me anything about themselves. But it takes time and patience. I do not have time. At best, I may be able to ask her about one question per hour on this six-hour flight. Push too hard, and I risk appearing invasive and rude. And I hate being rude, even in the pursuit of a noble purpose.

Settling back into my chair, I close my eyes and go into a meditative state. I shift part of my consciousness directly inside of her. This is not an effort. I can do this quicker than a businessman can turn a page in the *Wall Street Journal*. For myself, I have had many experiences that lead me to suspect that individual identity, personal boundaries, and the autonomy of the ego are either illusions or arbitrary social conventions.

And as a spiritual anthropologist, this entire planet and everyone on it are part of my research. I know a mermaid woman who has been placed in a human body just to observe and record human experience. The mermaids are concerned that we will not be here much longer; and we have nothing in our civilization even remotely close to their ability to capture and communicate the essence of life experience. In telepathy and clairsentience there are no boundaries to perception.

As I enter her aura, once again I feel and see myself out on the open ocean. But now a woman comes walking on the water toward me. She stops about ten feet away and just looks at me.

This is different. Usually mermaids extend their auras through you when you are near them. They flow energy in and through anything around them. Like water, it is their nature to give and to receive, to

exchange energy freely. For mermaids, joining souls is the best and most appropriate form of social greeting.

But the woman in my vision does not do this. As she looks at me, there is a silent question in her eyes—“Why are you here?” But it is not, “Why are you bothering me?” or “Why are you inside of me?” It is not, “What do you want?” or “What is your purpose?”

The “Why are you here?” is the curiosity of nature itself. She is surprised to encounter a human in her realm. And so naturally she is asking what energy within or underlying nature I embody.

When interacting with a real mermaid, you have to approach her through the language she speaks: feelings, pure sensuality, love, oneness, and flowing energy. Again, to meet another in the mermaid realm is to be a part of each other without barriers or boundaries.

By asking, “Why are you here?” she is actually asking, “Why are you not already a part of me and everything that I am? What constrains you to hold you back from becoming one?” These are good questions.

Mermaid women are naturally empathic. It is spontaneous and without effort. I have to concentrate to attain their level of sensitivity. I have to think, reflect, meditate, and contemplate. I can get a mermaid woman to sense that I feel what she feels. But to arrive at that place I have to search for words and images that resonate with pure feeling; otherwise my experience quickly fades and is forgotten by my conscious mind.

So here I am. In my mind, I have identified a hard-core mermaid woman sitting next to me. Yet she has done nothing to indicate who she really is. I have observed nothing concrete or tangible in her behavior, and she has said nothing to remotely suggest that she is other than as she appears—a woman traveling between cities instead of what I perceive—a female spirit who possesses a dual passport granting her entrance to both human and magical realms. And I am also surprised that she does not sense that I am reading her aura.

If I had done this same transference of consciousness inside of my Tai Chi Chuan master during class, he would walk across a room full of students, come up to me, and correct my form. If I do it with a Zen master while we meditate in a group, he will turn to me after the meditation is over and say with a slight hint of compulsion, “We should give a seminar together.” But these are human beings. They possess nothing in comparison to the empathic powers of mermaids.

What is going on with this woman? What kind of mermaid woman is this? What is her connection to the realm of mermaids? Is she aware that she is different from other human beings?

Exploring further, I first focus on her akashic body. Everyone is aware of having a physical body with its vitality and health. We all are aware of the astral body with its ability to feel alive and engage others and life in a way that brings happiness and satisfaction: the astral is not just the perception of a sunrise; it is also the feeling of newness and wonder that the birth of light conveys. And we are all aware of having a mental body through which we think, reflect, plan, and make decisions.

The akashic or spiritual body is more elusive. It is the source of conscience and the inner voice. It is our source of intuition into the deeper purposes of life—why we are here, what lessons we are to learn, what tasks we are meant to fulfill.

The akashic body is like a supervisor; it grants an overview, the big picture, and a sense of urgency about doing whatever we are supposed to be doing in life. The energy of the akashic body is detached and yet engaged. In effect, it says, “You have been granted a certain amount of time; discover something worthwhile and valuable that transforms you, others, and the world around you.” Hot, cold, light, or heavy in sensation, it always has that voice of consultation about it.

The girl next to me has no akashic body. There is nothing there—no color, no image, no sensation, no vibration. Nothing. This woman sitting

next to me on the plane does not have a human soul. She is an actual mermaid—the real thing—inside of a woman’s body.

Now do not take this the wrong way. There is no certification process or manual from the American Psychiatric Association that I can turn to in order to confirm my conclusion. I am writing fairy tales. God alone knows who has what kind of soul. But that limitation does not prevent me from doing research.

And I am an artist. If I say she is a mermaid, I have to build my case. I have to write an interesting story that tells how she came to be in a woman’s body. And the story must be entertaining if it is going to capture anyone’s attention.

The story should suggest in a subtle way that the author knows more than he is sharing. This is because I write the story from both sides—from the perspective of human beings and from the perspective of mermaids. In other words, if you read the story carefully, the story opens a gate: you might sense that you are looking beyond the human and directly into the realm of mermaids.

When I say this woman does not have a human soul, I am not saying she cannot learn new things. Mermaids are more human than we are in the area of love and feeling. They learn new things easily because they have no ego to interfere with the learning process. There is no self-doubt or worry, and conflicts and contradictions do not bother them.

I review the list of mermaid women traits that I have made. If I can get a woman to admit she has just two of the twelve or so traits, she most likely embodies most of them. This has been my experience so far. I was hoping it would be that easy. But not this time.

I turn to my imagination as I glance into her past. I ask myself, *Where and how did she make the transition from mermaid to woman?*

And this moment is where the ethnography, interview questions, and spiritual anthropology leave off and the fairy tale begins:

I see a mermaid sitting on a rock in the sea off of a small coastal town. It is night, and it has been raining steadily for two weeks. The town and people are drenched in water. The air is full of fog; the clouds have come down and now drift over the ground.

For the mermaid, it feels like the town is part of the ocean. Water is in the ocean, and water is here on the land. The waves breaking on the shore are no longer a firm boundary.

Stop. I come out of my meditative trance. The flight attendants are offering refreshments. We put our trays down. I take orange juice. The girl asks for another bottle of water. I am ready with my next question for her. I try to be casual and natural even though I have not laid a foundation for my question.

“You grew up next to the water?” I ask.

“No,” she replies in a matter-of-fact voice, “I grew up on a farm in Oklahoma.”

I reassess my vision of a mermaid next to a town on the ocean.

“Perhaps,” I tell myself, “I am seeing the time when she originally made the transition from mermaid to woman during another lifetime.”

Viewing it in that context, I can still use my vision. But now I have to account for what happened in a different lifetime and why she has continued to incarnate as a woman.

We are done with our peanuts and drinks. I am feeling lucky. I sneak in another question: “You spent a lot of time in water as a child?” This is another trait of mermaid women—they spend huge amounts of time in water as children.

She replies, “How did you know? My mother ran us through all sorts of sports when we were little. Swimming was one of them.”

Now I am having difficulties. How can she have so much water in her aura and not have been self-motivated to seek out and be in water as a child? There are a few exceptions I have run into. A human woman may have an internal conflict with the water in her aura. The water gives unusual sensitivity and empathy. The woman may decide she does not want to be psychic.

In such a case, the woman represses or simply ignores that side of her self. She may not even like being in water. For her, deep feelings may be like a darkness that she does not want to enter.

Another hour passes. She has gotten up and gone to the bathroom twice. I am starting to get desperate. I return to my vision of her mermaid-human origins—the town by the ocean.

I see and feel what the mermaid in my vision perceives from her perspective—ocean waves surging about my waist, the rock on which I sit, the dark, cloudy sky, and the rain-soaked town.

With, in, and through her, I extend my mermaid awareness onto the land. The animals appear to me first. A very wet dog, birds snuggled among the tree limbs, mice in the ground, a house cat, and horses in a stable.

The dog winds his way on a familiar path. He would like a bone to chew on. The cat, indoors, is content as always to watch and wait for food, play, or hunt. All the same, in the back of her mind, the cat remains attentive to the rain outside. Being indolent or idle does not imply she assumes the world will return to normal. She reclines both relaxed and vigilant.

The crow on the tree limb—he also waits for the rain to abate. Occasionally he forages out for food as he thinks in his own way, “Something to eat—if nothing else a berry will do.”

And the grove of trees and the forest beyond—different from seaweed and coral. Trees are sentient in their own right. They just do not express themselves in such overt ways as animals. So much life is hidden within them, so much wisdom, patience, and so many songs that remain unsung.

And the human beings. A man with a dark raincoat and waterproof hat walking down the main street. Occasionally grasping and rubbing his upper arms to stay warm, the vibration in the mind is of a man who likes neither rain nor night. The world for him is cold, not just in temperature but also in his soul.

It is not that his caregivers were bound by greed; rather, they had to struggle to meet their basic human needs. They lived their lives in a cage whose bars were made from what they lacked and what they could never have. Because they could never satisfy or change their desires, their creativity became the art of waiting, delaying, and denying what was hidden in their core.

And there is a woman. She is cooking. She is wrapped about in the light of a kerosene lamp. There is the smell of carrots, onions, and beef broth. There is the sound of the soup boiling and an ache in the middle of her back. Her teeth are bad and also her digestive tract. But the light spills out through the windows and traces faint shadows while the wet tree bark glistens slightly in shades of yellow and brown.

There is a preacher in the church who meditates. His mind has grown complex because of the people whose lives he guides. He reads from the Bible. He pauses. Then his mind stops thoughts as if he has stepped into an empty room without light where he listens until the darkness itself shines with its own inner light. Gaining for himself a sense of being guided, he lays out his sermon like a chef in a restaurant planning appetizer, main course, and dessert.

The food for the soul must be neither too rich nor too dull but nurturing and balanced. The goal for the preacher is to leave an aftertaste as his congregation departs. And he knows in the end the sermon must be reduced to one simple thought—in this case, sweet has no meaning without bitter, and joy would be without taste if there were no sorrow to establish its cost.

And up toward the hill behind the town in a large house is a woman attended by two midwives. She is about to give birth to a girl. And touching this small gathering with her mind, the mermaid makes that shift in which she travels through time. She feels not just the labor but also the fetus in its struggle to be born. Held tight, and yet, with the contractions, it faces the inevitability of change.

The mermaid lets go of her oneness with the ocean. She becomes that first breath that has not yet happened—light, smell, sound, taste, and touch—being born in another world in another form.

This is not at all like entering the awareness of a squid, a jellyfish, a shark, a whale, a dolphin, or an eel. They all exist within the sea. In them, nature unfolds in its own way.

But to be a human baby—to truly make your way, you must create. And if the mermaid were to express in words her reaction, it would go like this: “For humans, life is cloaked in loneliness and pain. The isolation at times defines and shapes their being. But not for me. I am of the sea. Going deep inside to my core is love; going out into the world there is also love, because this entire planet exists to celebrate love.

“Human beings are not yet aware of this. Perhaps, like a man trying to swim across the sea, they would drown in the ecstasy if they tasted the love I taste in every moment.

“But that matters not. The child’s first breath—hidden within it,

disguised in darkness, suffering, loss, pain, and separation, is a great wonder waiting to take birth.”

And here is one of the differences between mermaids and us. The mermaid does not need a reason or a purpose to commit or to act with courage and daring. She is like water that flows without having to reflect, yet every molecule and vibration is in the present moment responsive, alive, ready to give and to receive.

She makes the leap. She leaves behind her mermaid form—eyes still closed, she takes that first breath and rejoices from the depth of her mermaid soul, a soul now hidden within and yet expressed outward in the form of the child.

* * *

The woman has returned from the restroom. As she sits down, I turn to her and ask, “What are you reading?”

She replies, “I am a pilot. I am studying for my next pilot’s exam. I fly for the military and a different airline.”

I ask, “Are you qualified on this plane?”

She answers, “Not this one. But others close in size. My husband is piloting this flight. Whenever one of us is free, the other rides along so we have more time together.”

I am stunned, but I quick-draw and fire off a question while I still have her attention: “You must be good at sensing the weather.”

Her terse reply: “Radar helps.”

“One last question,” I say to her. “Did you meet your husband in flight school?” I know that mermaids can join with a man so deeply that they can acquire the other’s abilities. Maybe that is what happened. She met a pilot and absorbed the vibration of his mind and his aptitude toward flying.

She replies, “No, a mutual friend introduced us. We were both already pilots.” And then she is gone, as if I am not here and she and that training manual are the only things that exist in her awareness.

A mermaid who pilots commercial airlines—the idea is mind-boggling. It does not fit any preconceptions I have of mermaids. Lying back in the reclined seat, I go again into deep meditation and search in the darkness for a ray of light. I am looking for a way to salvage my fairy tale and make sense of a mermaid who flies planes:

The child grows up in the small town by the sea. With an emotional flexibility similar to the adaptability of a cuttlefish that changes its appearance to blend with its environment, the mermaid woman quickly learns to act like human beings. Her particular talent is in so aligning herself with the soul vibration of those around her that, indeed, if a family trait is being impatient, then she also feels and acts that way.

If they are hardworking and severe in outlook, so is she. If her friends are competitive and demanding as she grows up, she learns not just to mimic them but also to outdo them in coming out the winner when being a winner is what is needed.

But if you watch carefully, you will notice that unlike human beings, she is never mean or selfish. And she is never lonely or sad. Still, at times it is hard to tell if she is acting. It is like she is engaged in a game of poker and is simply playing her best hand.

What is the right question that captures the essence of this mermaid’s life in the form of a woman? Whatever the question, the answer is that she blends in, goes with the flow, and adapts. But beneath these things she observes and waits, because for her something is about to happen. After all, other than expressing love, for a mermaid the essence of life is wonder.

In that first lifetime as a mermaid woman, she meets a man who understands her powers of empathy and the depth of her feeling. And this is truly an amazing thing, for as all mermaid women know or else quickly learn, when it comes to love, men are nearly incapable of understanding anything.

How did they meet? And the first moment? The first eye contact?

He is from a neighboring town. And they meet twice, first at a wedding and the second time at a funeral.

But there is something here I do not understand. He senses her before she senses him. And he is no merman. Though not indifferent to others' needs, love and kindness are not at the top of his priorities. He is industrious, hardworking, and, at times, inventive. But when it comes to the mermaid woman, he never loses his focus.

For him, it is like this. He senses that she is so malleable and receptive that she can fit inside of him. It is conceivable that you can get a human woman to align herself with your heart and soul, like two individuals dancing together, listening to the same music and experiencing the same rapture.

But the souls of women are not fluid like water. They do not extend outward like a stream of energy that can flow in and through another. The mermaid woman can do precisely that. He knows this the first moment he glances back in the church and looks into her eyes. He feels he is no longer in a church made of stone and wood but in a grove of trees at night with the moon shining above.

When the people are filing out of the church, he finds her and introduces himself. He squeezes her hand. And in that moment she knows she has found her man.

And so lifetime after lifetime, these two incarnate and find each other so they can be together again.

It is a nice story. It is certainly romantic. But what am I missing?

* * *

The flight is well into its descent. I sense the nose of the plane dropping slightly in relation to the earth's surface. I am now desperate. I need some sort of confirmation that she is a mermaid. I cannot create a story and hang it on nothing. My fairy tales involve real people who embody wonder, power, and mystery mixed together.

I pull out all the stops. I focus on the mermaid queen Istiphul in my mind. And I say to her, "I could use a little help here." After all, that fact that I am seated next to this mysterious woman was part of the Other Side's design. I was supposed to meet her. And so I ask Istiphul, "What is the purpose behind this encounter?"

How can I ask an undine queen about purpose when mermaids do not need purposes in order to act and to plan? Actually, Istiphul is a grand master of identifying the deepest desires in your heart and then presenting you with a totally captivating vision that feels one hundred percent real—a vision of what you are meant to become.

The plane is approaching the field. The girl turns to me and says without any prompting on my part, "You mentioned you sensed a lot of water in my aura. My whole life and even until just recently I have had the worst problem with empathy. Sometimes when I am in a group of friends, I feel I am in a dream. I feel so much a part of the other people I am with that it is like I am inside of them—like, if I were to wake up from the dream, I could easily be one of them instead of me."

I review for her how the mermaid women all at some point as they grow up learn to limit their empathy in order to survive in this world. She does not agree with me. She says, “It is not that easy.”

And then it comes to me. I see it in part because of another mermaid woman who has been following my train of thought through her powers of telepathy. She points out that there is a beam or bar of red energy extending out from the woman’s abdomen to the pilot, her husband, who is flying the plane. The two have a powerful internal bond that he has created that draws them together lifetime after lifetime.

I study his aura briefly. He possesses a laser-like concentration that was hardwired into his soul from birth. He too is not a human being, but what I call a Perseian. He is a member of an advanced race of souls that are here at the invitation of the earth. They have been asked to replace *Homo sapiens* should we become extinct.

For that race, it is not unusual to bond with another so that the two souls are joined together from within. It is an act of power that is natural for them because it is part of their immense capacity to adapt and to change.

Think of it like this. Men spend an enormous amount of time trying to attain balance. It takes an effort to relax, to unwind, and to feel happy. They need entertainment, coddling, support, self-validation, repose, satisfaction, someone to talk to, and an intimate connection to distract them from their acute isolation.

But a Perseian brings a different ability to a relationship. One woman put it like this: “My husband and I share the same soul.” In this case, the Perseian feels the woman’s presence, life force, and soul energy inside of his own body. He is that connected to her. Human beings have not yet learned how to do this.

The result is that this frees up a Perseian male so that he no longer has any personal needs. He has internalized his opposite, the female, by making her part of himself. There is a lineage such as that of Swami Rama who transmits from master to disciple the experience of internalizing the feminine within oneself. This establishes the feeling of being united to a woman from within.

But the Perseian's internal bond is with an actual woman. He thus gains life force and soul energy far more easily. The Swami, however, can compete with the Perseian by practicing a lifetime of strenuous yoga. But the internal bond with an actual woman offers far more experience with feeling and intuitive insight than any yogi typical gains. To put it simply, the Perseian's internal bond with a woman gives him five times more energy than that of a human being.

But mermaid souls are different. They freely flow love into anyone and everyone around them according to each individual's capacity to give and to receive. They do not "bond" with another. It is never appropriate for a mermaid to have a man imprint his desire upon her so that her entire life, at least in terms of love, revolves around him.

My answer to why this woman is sitting next to me? The mermaid queens themselves put this woman next to me here on the plane knowing that I would sense that her soul was of water. And in writing my modern fairy tale I would arrive at the place where I realize I was being asked to intervene—to either mediate or arbitrate a resolution to a conflict that arises out of the interaction of these two nonhuman races.

This is not so odd. A woman on the board of a conflict resolution institute once said of me that I am the best mediator she ever met.

* * *

The plane has landed and is approaching the gate. I tell the girl that I will have another book out in a year and in it there will be a story about her and her husband. She asks me the name of my book that was just published. I tell her and say that if she emails me, I'll send her a copy.

I have done similar things with other mermaid women. I wrote an essay on the social conflicts between mermaid women and the men they love. One such woman had her boyfriend read the essay. He already knew she could do things with energy and that she loves in ways he had never seen before. But he had always been uncomfortable with the fact that she could let go of him in any moment and not feel loss. The essay helped him understand the woman he was with.

Perhaps if the mermaid pilot and her husband read this story, they might be more accepting of each other's differences. She can unite with him by flowing her love in and through him. But in her very essence she is also united to the sea. He has taken that away from her. For the undine queens, beauty is something to respect and to love. But you never want to bind it to the will of another. Beauty, like the sea, is always wild and free.

The vibration of water on this planet possesses wonder, beauty, and love to such an extent that only in the far future will a race appear that fully aligns itself with the deeper purposes of the earth. The undine queens know this. The human race and the next race, the Perseians, as of yet do not.

My fairy tale is now complete. To summarize, in another lifetime a mermaid enters a newborn child. She grows up and meets a man. Their love is such that they find each other lifetime after lifetime in order to be together again.

But she only exhibits one mermaid trait—powerful empathy—that indicates she is something other than a normal human being. But this is next to impossible. A real mermaid in a woman's body always embodies the traits of mermaid women, except in one circumstance—where a magician has taken possession of the mermaid and changes her soul vibration through the force of his magical will.

The situation with this mermaid pilot is similar even though it does not involve a human mage. The reason her other mermaid qualities are hidden is that she is under the spell of a man who has the soul of an advanced race.

But now the mermaid queens have asked me to intervene. They would like a mutually satisfying resolution to the conflict.

I know how to proceed. I shall indicate to her how to reunite her soul to the sea to reestablish her natural state of being. Then she shall again be free to love in accordance with her true nature, without being bound and caught in her lover's gravity well of will.

When she took that first breath as a human being long ago, she opened herself to taste the wonder that was there to discover; but it was not her intent to surrender and be consumed by the needs of another.

A human woman in a similar situation would, after a long period of time, eventually get angry and then burn so hot she would break the bond with the Perseian. Romance is nice, but independence is essential for loving another. All human women eventually learn this.

Love can take you in different directions. It can keep you focused on this world. It energizes you to overcome life's limitations. It inspires you with daring so that you make the most of the opportunities that come your way.

But for those who are from the Other Side, this world is always less real than the astral plane from where they come. And so love, real love,

is sometimes knowing how and when to let go. There is a time to realize that this world is only a small part of what you feel inside.

As for the Perseian, he will come to understand that to touch life with tenderness requires greater skill than is present in the power he now commands. And if it should be that he needs a referral to a member of his own race, I know a few women who will do, who can match his will every step of the way with equal skill.

The Prophet Elijah and the Mermaid



A mermaid once appeared to the Prophet Elijah down by the brook Cherith where he had fled from the wrath of King Ahab. And the mermaid standing in the stream asks the prophet, Tell me. What can you do other than burn with fire that shines so bright in you?

And the prophet replies, If I put forth all my will and focus my mind I can join with the entire atmosphere of the earth—every cloud, every raindrop, every rainbow, wind, and mist, every hail and lightning—it is a supreme taste of bliss. Air and not just fire is who I am within.

And the mermaid says, Ah, so that is how so easily you can stop the rain from falling for three years over this land—not one drop falls without your command.

Yes, replies the prophet. It is the part of me that people miss. Because the rain was scarce my people sojourned in Egypt. And there Joseph arose and interpreted the Pharaoh's dream about seven years of plenty and seven years of lean.

But to me has been given power over air and fire so that the glory of God might be seen.

And the mermaid says, What you are now one day all men shall be. I have seen it in a dream. And this too I have seen--In another life time when you are born again I shall meet you then and you shall be my friend.

And the Prophet Elijah smiles at her and turns away and goes to look for some locust and wild honey to eat because he is hungry.

Donna and the Zendo



It has been ten years since Donna Souki had her experience. At first she tried to talk about it with the Roshi but he shook his head back and forth quickly in small movements the way masters throughout the Orient often do when they wish to not just say “no” but also show displeasure. And the Roshi said simply, “We do not do that sort of thing here.”

Donna tried to ignore it but it did not go away. Can you stop breathing air? Can you walk around failing to notice the difference between men and women? Can you eat food without listening to your tongue’s commentary on taste, pleasure, and delight?

Still, Donna loved meditating. It is peaceful and quiet. All the ups and downs of daily life disappear. Sitting in the Zen temple her body recharges and her mind is cleansed of all fear.

Of sure, there is that irritating gong that calls people to meditation. A

sheep herder with stones in a tin can could easily produce a better sound. And you do not want to talk about some of the things you observe. Letting on how much you are aware of what goes on in others' lives can be disturbing to others who wish to keep their secrets to themselves. And anyway, each person has his own private time with the Roshi. It is their choice as to what they wish to share of their personal lives.

All the same, ten years ago while sitting and meditating Donna Souki noticed that she could sense the vibration in the minds of those sitting in the room with her. It was as easy as changing channels on cable TV.

Here is her own mind—like a haunted house on top of a hill right next to a cemetery. But all the ghosts in the house have moved on. And those buried in the ground have all gone into the light so that now there are no shades that wander about.

Her house/mind has become home—quiet and peaceful. For Donna when she meditates everything feels right. Silence falls upon her like twilight fading into night when the faint glow of the day finally gives way to an open space where all the stars shine.

And perhaps that was the problem. If you have a mind where no ghosts walk, in which memories do not haunt, and where fear is gone, then your senses came alive. You perceive in more than one level of reality.

It was like the first time she practiced zazaen. The student teacher had her sit down a foot away from a wall and just stare at nothing at all for forty-five minutes. When she got up at the end and went home she noticed the colors of everything she saw were ten times brighter than she had ever seen them before. Emerging from sensory deprivation, the faintest stimulation became a riotous act of celebration.

And so ten years ago her mind opened up. Her senses awakened. She could sense other's mental activity as easily as if it was her own. She could tell what they felt. At times, she could hear specific thoughts. But she always was immediately aware of anyone she focused on—how the

other's mind worked—whether it was in high gear, coasting down a hill, struggling to stay afloat, haunted or free, the mood and tone, the inspiration present in quality and degree, and the motivation—dark or bright, caring or indifferent, kind or arrogant.

As easily as changing channels on cable TV: The girl sitting next to Donna on her left—Mazie Gabbard—loved to have things around her laid out so they felt neat and tight. If something was out of place she felt it was not right.

You would never know that Mazie's mind worked like that from observing her life. She always had a smile and was friendly, always ready to help out and to see that things were taken care of. Mazie you would have to say is generous on the outside. But inside her mind—she barely avoids acute anxiety when something unexpected happens or something feels wrong.

The man sitting on her right--Joseph Tsutsui—when you sit six inches away from people and meditate together for forty-five minutes you notice just about everything that can be noticed—the rhythm of the other's breath, the slightest physical change in posture, when the other swallows or when the person by a quarter inch stretches a leg or shoulder muscle.

When Joseph first sat down he brought his work with him—his mind was sharp and precise like a police watch commander on an early shift during the night. But within minutes Joseph's mental vibration switched.

Then it was like you were watching National Geographic where the cameraman is sneaking up with his infrared video camera in the Serengeti where beneath a tall Acacia tree an elephant is silently standing. When Joseph meditated, his mind was like the mind of an elephant sleeping.

It was not that Joseph actually fell asleep. He just had a gear shift in his mind where he could with a minimum amount of effort completely

turn off his five senses so the outer world vanishes. And then he is aware of only his breathing, the inhale and exhale, the movements of his chest, and almost nothing else at all. His mind becomes like what someone sees when they sit on a hill overlooking a bay at night beneath a dark sky. Light is so absent that there is nothing to perceive. There is nothing going on at all.

Joseph and Donna were two of thirty-five regulars who came and meditated in the Zen temple. After ten years, Donna knew them all. She knew how their minds worked—when they were running on idle, making little changes like someone trying to lose weight by walking five extra minutes each week, or else experiencing something unexpected and amazing for no reason at all.

We could conclude at this point that Donna Souki was the equivalent of a student in a magical university who had passed with flying colors her first course in telepathy. But here is the difference. Donna takes her Zen practice seriously. And in Zen there is no self—no ego, no personal identity, and no attachment that defines who you are.

When Donna meditates, without actually knowing why, she began to practice her Zen inside of others' minds. After ten years things inevitably happened.

Mazie no longer suffers from panic attacks when things are not right or when confronted with the unexpected. And this you can observe—when Mazie is confronted by something horrendous she steps back and laughs. For Mazie, each moment has become like a Christmas gift—it is a surprise you will find when it is unwrapped and you look inside.

And Joseph is no longer a slumbering elephant oblivious to the outer world with a mind running nearly next to idle. No, Joseph has changed animals. He is like a whale in the sea whose ears are so sensitive he can hear the songs other whales sing a thousand miles distant. That is to say when Joseph is done meditating and goes back to work the next day he

brings clarity with him. People who are confused and in great distress find themselves relaxed, calm, and even feeling a degree of peace when they leave Joseph's presence. It is not anything specific he does. Rather, Joseph is like a virus—his mental clarity infects others with happiness.

There were of course one or two that Donna could not get through to. They resisted her presence in the exact way a person resists the messages of his own conscience. But Donna found those to be the most interesting of all. Like someone skilled in talking to the dead, she knew that some ghosts that haunt have to decide for themselves when they wish to go into the light. And you do not turn them away just because they are not ready.

Some who visit this Zen temple from other cities in the U.S.A say that they are impressed. There appears to be no social conflicts or the typical struggles of those who want more attention or want their way to prevail over others. Usually people go to the Zen temple to step free of the world and yet inevitably they bring their ego with them. This Zendo by contrast is a place where the world itself enters in order to be perfected.

I could go on about how Donna does what she does when she sits not in her own body but inside the body of someone else when she meditates. I could point out that after ten years of meditating Donna's mind is razor sharp. She never loses her sense of peace. She is absolutely accepting of others' feelings and thoughts.

So when others in the temple meditate they are also within an open space in which there is no fear—that is, when Donna is there meditating with them. Any emotion another feels is allowed to just be itself with the addendum that it now has no need of attachment. It can stay where it is or it can transform. Everything flows in its way and has its own time to let go and move on.

I am sure that a Zen student will never say this--that the auras of Zen students influence each other when they meditate. The difference is that

Donna is conscious of the auras, the brain waves, the way individual's minds work, and the process of transformation going on.

They say about Manoa Valley on Oahu in Hawaii that as you enter the valley there is a point where the moisture increases from the clouds that flow along the top of the hills. And the temperature drops. It is cooler there.

You could say that when you are physically near to or get to know Donna Souki that it is not moisture but love in the air. And it is not the temperate that drops as you cross that threshold and enter the space of her aura or mental embrace. Rather, you feel peace begin to saturate you until it enfolds the core of your being.

And that is the story that came to me today as I sat here meditating in Hawaii Kai, a few valleys over from Manoa Valley on Oahu in Hawaii.

The Angel of Death—His Prayer



The Angel of Death halts by my gate. He dismounts the grey, hands me the reins, and says, Let us pray.

He says, Almighty Living God, maker of the heavens and the earth, you create darkness and light, silence and sound.

Without sorrow, no joy. Without evil, no good. Without separation there can be no reunion.

You create injustice and justice so that in the struggle to choose one over the other men might become as you are—a creator who creates new worlds and wonders that have never existed before. You enable men to ascend and become more than angels or divine beings of light—they shall shine like the stars in the night.

You have commissioned me to stand in the divide that separates mortality from immortality. Guide me so that I may be your true servant. Inspire me. Grant me illumination and enlightenment void of attachment that my work might be free of all mistakes.

You have appointed me to be the one with whom men might wrestle when they wish to attain immortality.

Let them no more fear me. Let them see into the depths of my heart. Grant them multi-dimensional awareness so that they may see that time is not their enemy. In any moment they are free to cast aside the bonds of time and perceive as I perceive eternity is here. It walks by their side. Countless worlds exist within and around them--realms of glory, incomprehensible beauty, and love without end.

It is time for the human race to taste your grace. Pour out your spirit upon all flesh. Open their eyes. Let them see that I am not the boundary, the limitation, or the enemy. Let them see that I am their friend—form they put on in order to learn. Form they take off again in order that all things might be fulfilled. And in the end form and formless consciousness shall serve them, express their will, and deliver them into realms of perfection.

The Shaman and the Angel



There was once a shaman. Hard to say where he hails from. Maybe he was in Atlantis during one of its many ages. Maybe he was Lemurian. He might have been back in Zoroaster's time. He might have been a side kick to Melchizedek. I would not put it past him.

He might have been Nezahualcoyotl, the ruler of Texcoco in pre-Columbian times. That king met the Creator one day. And so naturally out of awe and respect he made a temple to worship him. But he left the temple empty inside for the God he met had no form or image. And if the shaman of which I speak was not Nezahualcoyotl, well, you could say he was a soul brother to him.

Or, he could have been a Yaqui Indian from the valley of the Rio Yaqui in the northern Mexican state of Sonora. Maybe he liked to eat mescaline or at least shape shift into the form of eagles and crows. I don't really know.

For that matter he could have been friends with Frederick Oppenheimer and given him suggestions on why making a hydrogen bomb was not the best way to go. Hard to say sometimes. Maybe the shaman I describe is actually an archetype, a presence that overshadows a smaller human life from time to time granting it vision and brilliant light.

But I have to say in this case that this is not your run of the mill shaman who dreams and then finds herbs to heal a disease. He does not boil roots in a pot, well, not a lot. He loves nature as all shaman must do otherwise they would not have a clue as to the mysteries that are arrayed all around them. But the difference I think everyone will agree between this shaman and all other shamans of all ages is that he could read anyone's mind on earth both in the present, past, and in future times. Not bad for a shaman. Almost redefines the nature of shaman kind.

In any case, be that as it may, this shaman was meditating one day. And a presence appears to him. It does not have a form or image. Its outline is imprecise though the shaman's eyes keep trying to construct an image or come up with a decent metaphor to attach a description to what was before him.

And the shaman asks, after failing to figure out the nature of what he was encountering, Who are you? But there was no response. The silence as they say was deafening. And so he asks again, Who are you? Answer my question. Everything that is has a name and a purpose that defines its existence.

And the spirit replies, I am the source from which every soul takes birth. I grant it life. I make things alive. I nurture. I inspire. I give

dreams, hope, and ideals to attain. Every force of attraction that draws one to another so that love can appear is my art work.

And I am the final realization that there are no barriers, boundaries, limitations, restrictions, or hindrances that separate. In my presence only oneness exists. Those who attain the perfection of love all know me. They taste my divine bliss.

And the shaman then asks cutting to the chase—Why are you here in my room as I meditate?

And the spirit replies, The answer to your question is quite simple. You have sought me. You have found me. There is only one reason to meet me like this—Become as I am. Like me become every being's friends.

The angel then vanishes. And the shaman observes to himself, With no barriers or boundaries every realm is open to my eyes. Every heart is a part of mine.

In the past I have been able to reach out and touch any other. There has been a quintessence of wisdom that on occasion I draw from. But this elixir takes and creates. When you feel one with another inside time stops. Past and future fall asleep. And reality becomes the love that you dream.

Nothingness Therapy (and upgrade for dictators)



Question: A close friend of mine hasn't shown up to school in almost a month. At first, she told everyone including me that she was sick. Which, I guess is true in a way but not in the sense she wanted us to believe. I finally found out yesterday that she was going through a severe period of depression and hasn't spoken to me or any of her other friends in a while. She's normally very happy and outgoing. In fact, out of everyone I know, she would be the last person I would ever expect to be depressed. I really want to help her in some way but she won't communicate with anyone. The ocean of love exercise seems to be a great way of doing this. I've read in certain places, however, that it is unethical to heal another without their permission first. What do you think about this? Although I understand why some might think that, I also feel uncomfortable standing by and doing nothing. This is a continuous agitation for me. I imagine the load of missed work that hits her when/if she returns to school will probably create a relapse!

Response: The trick with intervention in others' lives is to identify with akasha yourself. If you feel you yourself are the source from which all things arise and that oversees, guides, inspires them, and absolutely guarantees without exception that life be fulfilled in each individual in every conceivable way then naturally you can intervene with anyone anywhere and anytime you please.

Akasha itself in its divinity, ineffability, in its unmanifest creative will, in its infinite possibilities and endless offering of new opportunities, in its sublime beauty and incomprehensible glory really enjoys intervening.

The difference between human beings and akasha is that akasha sticks with someone forever until they attain perfect enlightenment and absolute freedom. I get asked by akasha to intervene all the time. I get asked by mermaid queens to intervene. The sea itself asks me to intervene. I guess you can imagine my opinion of those who are willing

to let the human race destroy the Pacific Ocean and every fish within it because they are not willing to intervene.

One form of psychic therapy is quite simple really. Put everything out of your mind including yourself and just visualize someone in front of you. Attend to what thoughts, feelings, and sensations arise without labeling them, without being attracted or repelled by them, and without trying to get them to do anything. Your awareness by itself offers the energy another person needs to transform. I mean, who among you even once has had someone listen to what you have to say so that you heard your own thoughts for the first time without bias or agenda of any kind?

In other words, just focus on someone with no distractions reviewing that person's past, present, and the best case for his or her future. But review as if you are "seeing" from the point of view of the enlightened mind and with a heart that seeks without exception the fulfillment of life in every conceivable way.

Be so focused that you are one with this person--you feel as you contemplate that you have become the other and yet maintain full feedback--what does it feel like to be in this person's body, to feel her feelings, and to think her thoughts? In other words, think in terms of offering to this person the Blessing of Divine Providence in all its aspects.

You have seen the Lover's Card in the Tarot. Become the angel.

The ocean of love exercise you just have to try to see if it works or not. Some people need the other elements or akasha itself like I suggest. In the ocean of love exercise you imagine an ocean of water around you sensing its fluidity, wetness, coldness, etc. and then you imagine the water changing into the feeling of love which is accepting, nurturing, giving, sustaining, enlivening, fulfilling, etc. And then not as yourself but as the ocean you flow through the body of another person healing that individual in every way.

The point of the exercise is that you can do this because you have put aside your human ego and identified with the principle of love. This too like akasha itself allows you to intervene because there is no you, only love expressing itself which it is its nature to do.

(If you want more method see my essay on Focusing, Dragons, and the Void.)

Now dictators are a different kind of person. They are at the top of a power pyramid based on abuses of power. Injustice and human need mean nothing to them.

In this case, you have to pull out all the stops. “All power is given from above” it is said. You have to become that source of power to offer a dictator a genuine and effective opportunity to transform.

Meditation with a Dictator—Me doing nothingness meditation with a dictator. Call it an unscheduled visitation.

Here we are now. This is the real thing. It is what the Prophet Isaiah would have liked to have had and should have had at his disposal when he said, They shall beat their swords into plow shears”

Nothingness—it is very simple really just like I say. Just give your full attention to another putting off to side all distractions and anything that separates you from another inside. This nothingness goes by different names. There are traditions that approach it in similar and in different ways.

The Taoists call this state of mind Wugi or perhaps the Tao will do nicely. The hermetic magician calls it akasha. The mystic calls it the void. The physicist when he is in a poetic mood calls it quantum reality—because it is a nothingness that contains every possibility.

The jinn call it the burning abyss though there is neither one single flame that burns within it nor any fire that can illuminate it. The sylphs call it simply the universe before there was anything placed within it. The gnomes call it an infinite abyss that resides in every moment—all things arise from it and dissolve back into it. The mermaids call it that love in which and through which we are all joined as one.

The higher spirits that surround our planet earth call it the Divine Presence or Divine Providence, for from it they each receive their commission and all their assignments.

What do I call it? I call it an emptiness, a void, a nothingness that is an awareness of every single speck of dust in the universe, that is, of everything that exists. The origin of everything, and so its original nature and innermost essence, its purposes, what gives it form, energy, life and breath, the soul that enables it to feel, the heart that enables it to love, the mind that is able to attain enlightenment, the wisdom that guides and the inspiration that seeks to fulfill all things.

For me this involves filling the earth with justice so there can be freedom, fairness, and opportunity.

(Again addressing the dictator) Take a moment. Savor this. I offer it for free. Taste the satisfaction of placing aside your ego, that is, no personal identity. Not even a you or a me.

Here there is no karmic retribution. No one trying to do you in. I am not going to argue or bargain. I am just sharing what I am.

There are after advantages to nothingness therapy. Here there are no obstacles, barriers, limitations of any kind and so there is only oneness, a place where perfect love abides.

It is deep I admit. What is at the bottom of it? The joy that created the universe. From who else can you get an offer like this?

You notice that there? That is called the stillness that every man has been ordered to find inside.

And do you notice that? That right there? It is called going into the light and re-experiencing every moment of when you were alive. And not only that. This comes with a minor upgrade guardian angels not equipped to include. You experience what every other person has experienced who has been affected or influenced by you.

Nice huh? Gives a new perspective, wouldn't you say?

There you are at age five. Brings back memories. And there you are at age twelve. Yes. I see it through your eyes. And there you are at age thirteen when you hardened your will to become a man of steel because the world is so cruel and unjust. You decided you would find a way to make up for your loss.

It is just that there is so much more here to see—all of your other selves who you might have been—some attained to freedom and some found a means to do justice in all of their actions.

Ah, look at that! Nothingness reveals your original nature. You might have chosen to be a conduit for divine grace rather than an embodiment of malice and hate.

I am not here to make your choices for you. I can only present you with opportunities, options, and new possibilities. But there is one small thing in addition—I can show you the consequence of your actions and your final end. Choose wisely my friend.

Yes that is the night when the lights go out. Yes that is the ceiling falling on your head. That is the last thing you will remember. Right now that is how things are scheduled to end. Like I say, there are so many other ways things can go.

You would not believe how many others just like you who ruled over nations I have shown in advance their final end and they refused to

change. Though still I am surprised. A few got it right. They have chosen to follow a path of light.

Two Sisters



I marry a prince
 He shines like the sun
 A cup, I overflow with radiant love

*I marry no one
 No lover, no friend
 Alone, abandoned
 I taste disgrace*

When night comes
 Darkness is my friend
 A time to unite
 A timeless sea of ecstasy
 The songs of dawn

For us rejoice

*When night comes
There is only emptiness,
Shadows, cobwebs, cellar doors leading no where
I have become silence
A bell without sound
Never stuck, never rung*

*I flee
I know not--
They send noble knights in search of me--
I wander forgotten, forlorn
Despair is a face I wear*

*The royal couple ride out
For me they call out
But I am lost
Their search I know not
Down forest roads and narrowing canyons
I sit by a mountain lake
I await a dark fate*

*Two white horses stride
There where the sun does rise
For me their love abides
The tide turns
Love returns*

Who tells this tale?
Which sister cries
Tears of sorrow
Tears of joy?

One marries the sun
One marries no one

In the heart, the same darkness
Is a story of loneliness
And a song of love.

To Everything A Time and A Season



To everything turn, turn, turn.
To everything a time and a season
And a time for every purpose under heaven.
A time to be born and a time to die.
A time to be a fool
And a time to find wisdom inside.

A time to love and a time to deny.
A time to acquire power
And a time to set all power off to the side
And a time to separate truth from lies.
A time to incarnate--
To experience sorrow and joy
To abide in all that life has to offer,
To celebrate all the wonder,
The bliss in a kiss
To taste sadness and happiness,
A time sow
And a time to reap
A time to enter the past
To discover what has shaped me
A time to enter the future
To discover who I am meant to be
A time to weigh, to judge, and to balance
A time of pure innocence
Free, at ease, and perfect peace
And a time to say good-bye.
To everything turn, turn, turn.
To everything a time and a season
And a time for every purpose under heaven.

Give Them A Little More Time



He was eight years old and she was seven. Their parents were nearby somewhere, not far away. He was standing on a little bridge that ran over the top of a volcanic steam pool at Yellowstone National Park.

He took a dime from his pocket and dropped it in. Immediately the water began to boil foaming and rising up nearly a foot in height as the coin sank into the depths. He stood and gazed at the thing he had caused.

She watched him from the end of the bridge. She picked up a stone the size of a quarter and walked over to him and said, What do you think?

He took the stone from her hand as if it was a gift from a close friend. He dropped it in.

The water began again to boil and foam. This time it rose three feet in height. The two of them looked at each other and then back at the water.

They then walked together over to the side of the bridge and together lifted a rock as big as the two of them could carry. It was almost twenty

pounds in weight.

They went back to the center of the bridge and put the rock down on the edge. And then he pushed it in with his foot. The rock splashed as it hit. The water came right at them.

They split running in opposite directions as the water rose up and flowed over the wooden planks of the bridge.

It was another twelve years before the two of them met again, though they did recognize each other. They met at a guerrilla theater practice session in a storefront in downtown Chicago. It was 1968. They were in a small group chanting, “Work, study, get ahead, kill; work, study, get ahead, kill” Kind of like that. Other things too involving the performing arts.

They hung out together afterwards as if they were already close friends. At a coffee shop inside a huge church at the University of Chicago she told him about her work with the SDS, Students for a Democratic Society and also her associates within the Weathermen. She explained she had a flair for explosives. She could take ingredients under a bathroom sink and make a bomb to blow up a police car. Being an explosive expert was her second nature. It was as easy as breathing air.

She asks him, What do you think?

He replies, It will not change anything. You are just giving the establishment justification for its paranoia. They will become even more fearless as they violate people’s civil rights.

They went separate ways. It was forty-four years later before she found him on internet and emailed him. They shared common concerns. They never did exchange names and so they did not realize they had already

met twice before.

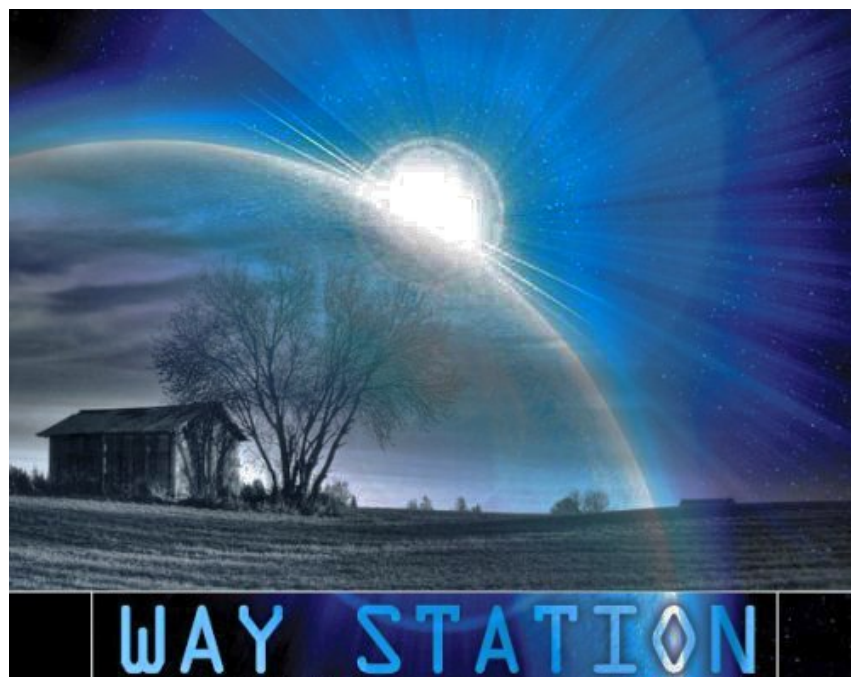
She told him that she was concerned about TSA and global security. That the human race was so vulnerable to beings destroyed that it was criminal. In fact, human beings themselves are destroying the planet and that she did not see a solution to prevent them from doing what they were doing. She then said she knew how to wipe the human race off the face of the earth. It was a simple matter really. Anyone with a brain should have been able to figure it out.

She asks him, What do you think?

He replies, Give it a little more time. There are others here among us who are seeking to offer the human race another path, one of peace, justice, and beauty.

She replies, Okay. I will give them a little more time.

A Little Shack on a Hill and an Angel too (Science Fiction)



I have a little shack on a hill. Not top of the line. But my needs are met. I am doing fine.

I am energy independent. That goes without saying. Have my own water supply and food from my greenhouse garden. I do not eat much anyway. Electricity is easy and light is never a problem. No one nearby but easy enough to talk all day with others using electronics.

There was a knock on the door one day. I went to see who it was. I opened the door and there was an angel before me. We see each other every few years. Nice of him to drop by. Always good conversation and interesting observations.

Had him come in and sit down in the living room in front of the window that overlooks a valley.

What's up? I ask. Because it is not like you to come by unannounced like this.

He says, I have a job for you.

What do you have in mind? I ask.

He says, I need someone to write about an extinct species that once lived here on earth.

And which one would that be? I ask.

They called themselves, Homo sapiens/human beings.

Ah, I reply. I thought the mermaids already did that. They store a body of information in their mermaid archives.

Yes, the angel says. That is true. But it is such a bother to go down under the sea to encounter their archives directly. And most people do not know how to travel there in their astral body.

I see, I reply. Is this job pro bono or is there quid pro quo? I ask. I am just wondering because it could turn out to take a lot of time and effort.

The angel smiles at me, nearly laughing with delight. Angels like this one are full of the kind of light that is endless in its bliss and delight.

The angel answers, Definitely quid pro quo. You will get a credit.

Anything reasonable you can ask from me.

Very well, I reply. Now give me just a moment while I download from your mind what you want exactly and also while you are here I want to take a little look at that race long gone, nearly forgotten.

I enter the angel's mind and there it is all laid out with perfect clarity.

He wants biographies. He wants me to evoke through my writing the experience of what it was like to have been a human being. Lots of different human beings. So that when the reader is done reading he will feel from the inside what it was like to wear a human body—male and female—and what it was like to feel, think, and experience life as a human being back then within human history.

And too I go back with my mind and enter a few human beings to get a taste for the style I will use as I write.

I said to the angel, You have been very active with that race of beings.

Too bad they ended up the way they did. To screw up like that and for you to have had to sit back and watch it without intervening. Now that is something.

Just a moment. There. I hear you talking to Neanderthal about the race that will replace them. You yourself if I am not mistaken once said to a Neanderthal,

“We need another race of beings. You Neanderthal are too wise and the grace you have been granted is too great. We will need another creature, one with a smaller brain capacity, but one with an insatiable curiosity. He shall look upon the world with wonder and out of his lust to know--the desire to take it, to hold it, and make it a possession of his own.

“He shall not be as free as you are of his desires. He shall be ravished by his needs and amid struggle, strife, and every imaginable craving, he shall acquire knowledge. And this shall be both his curse and his blessing, his suffering and his grace--his attempt to reconcile his passions with the beauty and the wonder of creation will lead his race to finally rise up and to attain transcendence. They shall attain the highest enlightenment that exists in the universe as well as among all celestial beings. I can see clearly now the secret purposes that anoint this planet.

“During the course of his journey, he shall master all forms of conflict and war. Every desire of every animal shall he know. Yet in the end, the powers of creation, of reconciliation, of meditation, and peace making shall be the treasures he discovers--he shall forge these abilities from out of the desires of his heart and the flame of his imagination.

“As I am the archangel ordained and commissioned to defend the

purity of light, so this vision is the unique and unrivaled purpose that Divine Providence will accomplish upon this planet. After the race of Neanderthals has come to an end, another race shall dwell upon the earth and be offered this task.

“In fact, many races and civilizations shall arise, as many as it takes until this purpose is fulfilled--until a civilization is born whose members have become creators who embody the mysterious form and image of their Creator. They shall take nothing for granted until the wonder and the beauty of the universe overflows from their hearts.”

I say to the angel now sitting in front of me, Didn't work out quite like it was supposed to have worked out, huh? Well, I cannot fault you for trying.

But as I entered a few of them just now and looked out through human eyes, there was something endearing about them. So innocent, lacking self-reflection and completely blind in perceiving multidimensional reality. Yet so incredibly enduring—they really thought they would prevail over all obstacles. There are times when confidence and daring lead to a downfall.

And the risks they ended up taking. How can any race of beings have been so foolish? How could they have been so selfish? It is nearly incomprehensible.

But there is beauty too in them. At times the universe itself appeared as wonder and walked beside them.

Too bad they never set up a colony on Mars or in another solar system. I mean, there is absolutely no reason for them to be extinct the way they are.

Stories. You want stories and biographies. Very well. When I am done writing the reader will know the heights and the depths, the light and the darkness, the glory and the horror, the brilliance and the fanatical ignorance, the will they possessed to do good and the will that they never purged from themselves of pure malice.

Read my words and you will relive the decisions they made that created their best achievements and the decisions they made that sealed their fate.

And angel says, Always good to work with you. You take art and turn it into a divine instrument in ways that even angels cannot accomplish. I will be following your writing with great enthusiasm.

I showed the angel to the door and we said good-bye. I watched him vanish into thin air and then I went for a walk. I needed to clear my mind and revive my heart.

On Oasis



Who do you think you are? Are you a winter of the soul or a desert in which love plays no part? There is no beauty in your life. There is no one who shares your heart.

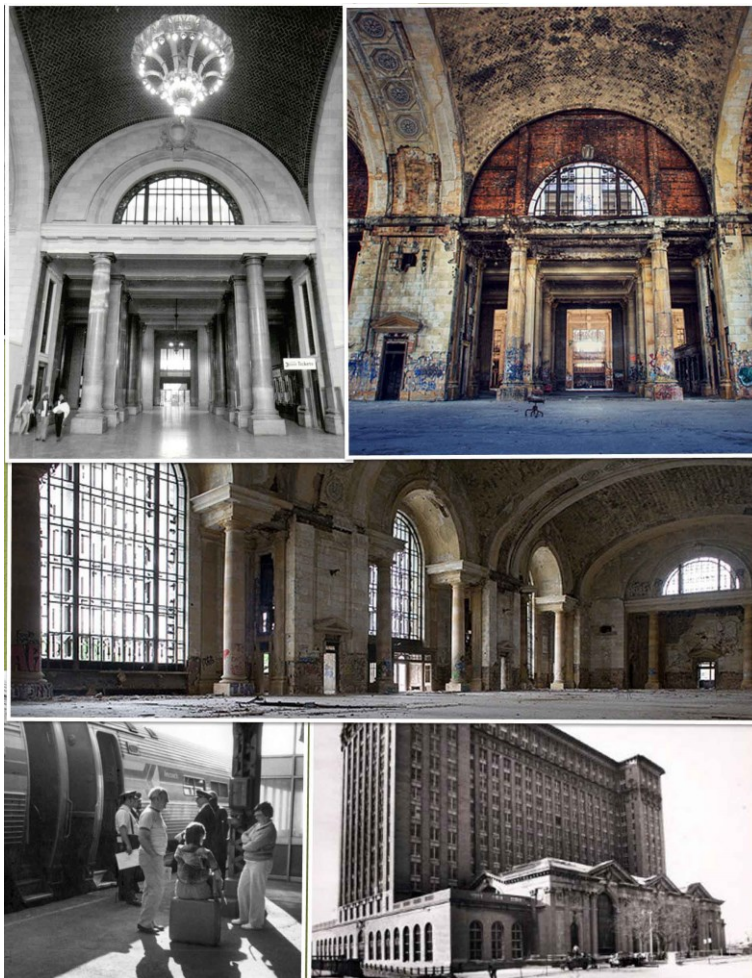
Sometimes love is like a stream. Get near it and it dreams your dreams. And the stream flows into another. The two join and become a river that flows to the sea. There one discovers a love that encompasses the earth.

Sometimes a person must find the source of love within oneself—that which accepts, nurtures, inspires, and gives life to all others on earth.

Ah, I see. You are not a winter of the soul or a desert of the spirit. You are an oasis in a desert from which those in need can drink and draw the strength they need to fulfill their journey of life.

I am an oasis. I appear anywhere on earth when someone needs love and has none.

Brain Waves



(Picture—Detroit’s Michigan Central Train Station: opened in 1913 and closed January 6, 1988)

Question: Can you tell me about brain waves?

Response: Brain waves? Right. Sure. Here you are.

Brain waves have no mass. So they cannot be trapped even by the density of a black hole in outer space that light itself cannot escape. Gravity waves do not affect them.

They move faster than the speed of light. Instantaneous in fact. When you think about anything there is an immediate connection between your brain and that thing.

Brain waves have no trouble with unicorns, mermaids, black holes, dark matter or dark energy, or even with the unmanifest aspects of deity.

Even the seven seals that hinder archangels—zip—brain waves go right through them.

Of course trying to make sense—communicating with yourself or to others what your brain waves perceive—is another thing altogether.

Same for the future—brain waves are right there scanning for what is hidden like radar, sonar, echoes at the Grand Canyon, or your eyes searching the horizon. You can not only see the future. With brain waves you can be right there in future time with such detail it feels as real as this moment right now.

Though if the future is an unpainted floor you would not want to paint yourself into a corner. And you would not want to treat the future like a tree limb where with a saw in hand you saw through the branch on which you sit when gravity finally takes over. I know people just like that. They expect the worst and they are willing to do what they must to see that it happens.

For some people brain waves only appear in their conscious minds as thoughts and ideas. And for some people thoughts and ideas have a shape and weight which it is no easier to alter than you can cut through ironwood with a saw or chop it with an axe. Watch it when you try that. The ax can bounce back.

For some, ideas are solid like rocks. You can pick them up and throw them at those who oppose you with different thoughts. Lot of rock throwing going on in the news—have you noticed?

For some who mediate like they do in Zen thoughts are like logs in a stream—just let them go with the flow. They are like clouds in the wind.

They are like shadows that the sun and moon cast. You do not want to pretend they are real or try to make them your friend.

Some I suppose like theologians think of ideas as destinations on a railroad track. Here, purchase a ticket. Wait in the station for the right train. Be patient. Take the train when it arrives and get off at the location inscribed on your ticket. Welcome to heaven.

Mystics of course are different. They think, evaluate, and contemplate. They observe and draw conclusions. It is just that they do not use thoughts to think. And they do not use doctrines to shape or guide their beliefs. Can you imagine that?

I once asked a Quaker, a Religious Society of Friends that do silence meditation, “If you have no beliefs, how do you decide who are your members?” He replied, “Because we have no doctrines or beliefs does not mean we do not have a tradition.” Obviously, you can still have specific destinations without declaring which tracks you must take to get you there. Why you can even be a one destination kind of guy. The ride is free. No ticket necessary. Come on. Sit down. Be silent, quiet, still, and wait until the light appears.

Other mystics use thoughts the way a repairman uses tools. A thought, any thought, is like a tool. You pick up a hammer to hit a nail. You pick

up a screw driver to turn a screw. But then you put your tool back on the wall rack or in your tool box when you are done. The repairman/mystic does not need to make a commitment to his tool or assert a doctrine about it that you must believe. He just uses it whenever it is helpful to use and sets it aside for another time.

For the magician ideas are like windows and doors. You use them to look through and see the world beyond or you go through the door to explore. Of course, of course, there are times you want to be able to close a window or lock a door. But that is not what they are best used for.

There are those who sense brain waves directly. They have no need of hammers or screw drivers, windows or doors. Some of these people I have met. They can use their brains as in telekinesis—they can move small objects with their minds or change the weather. They can heal terminally ill patients or emit electricity.

What brain wave kind of guy am I? I notice brain waves are not bound by space and time. If I focus my mind I am inside of any other mind anywhere in space and time. Like Buddha or St. Columba. Like Shakespeare or Isaiah. Like current world leaders.

Brain waves just do not recognize national boundaries, secret service agents securing locations, or electronic defenses. For those who can perceive the nearly infinite vibrations of brain waves as easily as seeing a rainbow on a rainy day or hear a bird singing at dawn outside your window, intelligence organizations are like standup comedians. They really should learn to read minds. It would save everyone a whole lot of time.

That guy speaking before the UN? He is lying through his teeth and no one sees it for what it is. Those listeners are hypnotized or else they are befuddled like crowds who see a naked king who proclaims he is wearing the finest of things. Perhaps denial, self-deception, and the need

to believe are indeed the most effective means to block brain wave perception.

Sometimes brain waves speak to me. They reveal to me outlines and designs. They say you can not only reproduce in your mind the brain waves of anyone else so that you can understand what they feel inside.

You can contain in one vibration all the thoughts, perceptions, observations, and hard drive memories of all minds. And that in the end we will all arrive at brain wave destinations where we are as aware of anyone one else on earth as we are aware of ourselves.

Now I think that that is a destination I would enjoy visiting. There are no train tracks that run in that direction. No tickets to purchase other than this: an open mind as vast as the sky, a receptive mind as clear and reflective as a mirror, a mind free of all fear, and a mind that is the essence of love—it perceives that we are all one.

The train station is right here inside each of our minds. The brain wave tracks lead to infinity on all sides. You can sit and wait. Perhaps you wish to make your escape. Or perhaps you yourself shall chart the paths that lead to the enlightenment of the world and the time when mankind ascends and attains perfection.

Brain waves. Taste them. Smell them. Touch them. See what they perceive. Hear what they say. Enjoy the ride. If brain waves were a corporation and if that corporation had a commercial it would say-- Anywhere, anytime, we all share the same mind.

Astral Dreams



It is the nature of Divine Providence to enable each person through the power of imagination to create a dream so that you can make within yourself a safe haven, a home—a kingdom of the soul in which you sit on the throne--where justice and harmony are everywhere; where love is thick in the air; where hearts are filled with bliss and happiness; and where ecstasy is always available ready to be shared.

Some mystics and poetics like Rumi get it but religions do not offer this—they prefer that heaven be locked away in some future frame so that you must first cross through a desert of space and time before you enter a gate beyond which the heart is the sun that shines.

Some divine beings will say that if your dream is strong enough then it will shape reality the way the rising sun dissolves the darkness of the night.

Though skeptics and cynics seem to hold the reins of reality--denying the heart options and possibilities--it is in the very fabric of the universe

that the world is shaped in this way—everything that now exists was brought into being, for good or for evil, as the result of someone’s dream.

The point is that you can dream a Camelot in which truth, honor, and nobility win out. You can dream a heaven on earth in which the celebration of love rules the world.

You can dream a relationship in which another loves you with all of his or her heart. You can dream a world in which justice fills the earth—I dream that dream a lot.

You can dream into being a wish fulfilling gem through which you grant others their wishes when they really need them.

It is not a daydream, a fantasy, an illusion, or a delusion. It is the nature of the astral plane—which is so sensitive, so receptive, so impressionable, so nubile, and so giving—it will mate with you and bring your dream into being.

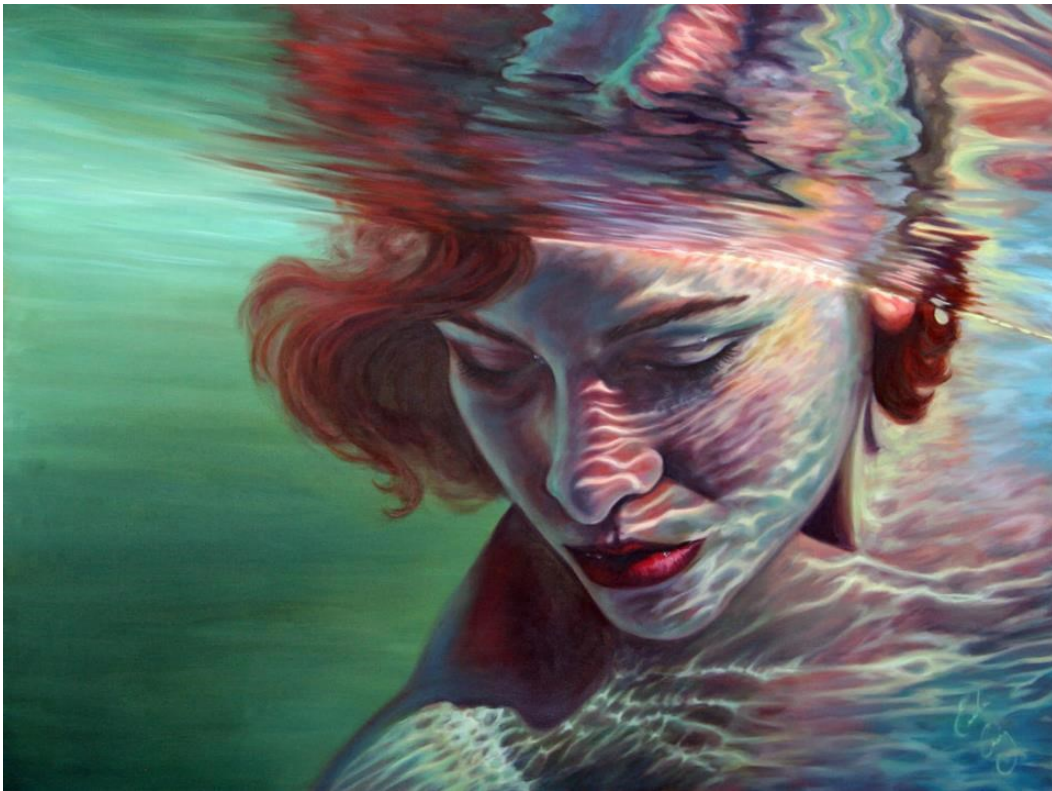
But do not think this is a cheap magic trick to get something for nothing. You become the gate and the path through which the dream manifests. After all, the sun that dispels the darkness at dawn is a boundless source of light, steady, enduring, and very bright.

Legend of the Magi

The starry vault is my temple dome
 Mountains and forests the columns
 Silence my robe
 Stillness my wand
 The universe my magic circle
 Beauty and wonder my words of power
 My heart the altar

Love the offering
Service to others
The reason I have entered the world

A Woman



The man says to the girl who just now appears out of thin air in front of him—You are not real. I am either asleep and dreaming or my brain is malfunctioning and I am hallucinating.

The girl says, You are neither asleep nor are you hallucinating. And I am as real as any woman.

But you are not a woman are you? Says the man.

No I am not a woman. But I have all the charms that any woman on

earth possesses. I have the love. I have the grace, the beauty, and the receptivity. In fact, I can give you anything you desire and meet any need you have.

But you are not a woman? Says the man again.

No, she replies again.

Too bad, says the man. I could have used you as a lover and a friend.

You still can, says the girl.

How so? Asks the man. I am afraid to even ask what you are.

Don't be afraid, says the girl.

Who or what are you? Asks the man.

The girl replies, I am what you call the astral plane. And from time to time I appear in human form as I am free to do. After all, no human being can exist, can be born, or would have a place to go after he or she dies without me sustaining their souls and their ability to feel alive.

Ah, says the man. I get it now. You are what I will one day be when I find the divine within myself. Then like you I too will sustain the life of every living being. I will inspire their dreams and guide them through every obstacles and hostile circumstance until they ascend and attain absolute freedom and realize that every being is their friend.

To love as you love—from an inexhaustible source. To feel as you feel—every nuance of what it is to be fully alive you offer as a gift of course. To feel what any person has, does, or will feel; to experience their lives as if they are your own; the entire planet you hold within your heart.

Thank you for visiting me. Drop by anytime you like, the man says.

Oh I will, says the girl. Of all the billions who exist on earth you are one of the few who can not only see and speak with me freely. Like me, you hold the world within your heart.

A Happy Little Gnome



(See picture—that may well be Rome on the right disguised as a human being.)

Once there was a happy little gnome named Rome. And when he was young he grew bored playing with the other little gnomes. He did not feel excited with their game of hide and seek—they would hide behind rocks and stones as people walked by so the humans could catch a fleeting glimpse of a gnome out of the corner of their eyes.

He did not like to tend to plants and to help gardens grow. He had no green thumb at all.

He was not fond of topsoil and he did not like to help tree roots find the right minerals. He was not in awe of crystals like diamonds and amethysts. He was not mesmerized by their brilliant glow or the inner

light that shines through them. He was not that kind of gnome.

He was not into cataloging herbal remedies from plants and flowers. He was not crafty or adept at refining elixirs that grant physical immortality.

No, Rome had a flair—a disturbing air, an actual obsession with how you can make steel from iron. But it was not like he wanted to specialize in following the human race as they began to forge marvelous swords—the Viking sword, the Samurai katana, the Chinese jian made first from bronze and then later on as iron and steel in the third century BC.

No, Rome just liked iron and he loved steel. The metal itself for him was the one thing in life that is most real.

So over the years Rome got to know human beings. He loved to hang out in tunnels beneath the ground with human miners. Mostly he went for iron mines but occasionally he worked mines with coal. He would disguise himself as a human being, dirty clothes, helmet with a little lamp on top, and wearing coveralls.

He would show up at the beginning of a shift and say the right words. Then he helped them dig. He suggested improvements in their methods, showed them the right ore veins, and insured they met their daily quotas. He would work a shift and then when they were filing out he would take a turn down another tunnel and then simply vanish as if he had never been there.

Sometimes he sat on a train car and rode along as the train delivered its load to a forge where ore was refined. He loved to watch the big buckets of molten metal being poured. But the thing he loved most was the blasting furnace where they shot oxygen into the liquid iron. That is when and where steel is born.

Indeed, Rome is now quite an expert. Many higher spirits from the earthzone as well as many human magicians over the ages from many different civilizations, religions, and races have taken the time to make

Rome their friend in order to learn his wisdom.

You see, steel is not just a physical metal. Steel is a state of mind. It embodies a perfection of will power of a unique kind. Great leaders of nations such as Xi Zingping embody the vibration of steel in their auras. Others like Rouhani only attain to the vibration of iron. And the thing about iron is that it can let you down right when you most need to have steel around.

The great martial artists of the earth have never met Rome. But there have been some magicians who understand the practical applications. Rome has explained to more than a few that if you create the vibration of solid steel in your aura you can cause people to fall down, paralyze them, or suggest to them that they do not come around.

After all, who would want to try to attack or defend against a solid ball of steel rolling at them that is ten feet tall? I am not saying that some have had every bone in their bodies broken. I am just saying that human beings are not completely stupid. That when confronted with the image, sensation, and feeling of a solid steel ball rolling at them they sense that that alone is cause enough to find another place to play.

Did the happy little gnome named Rome lose his innocence after becoming exposed to the predicaments and complexities of human history? No, as a matter of fact, not at all.

Iron may embody will. But steel? Steel is strong, sturdy, and it knows what is real—and that knowledge is freedom for many. Like I say, higher spirits of the earthzone and many human magicians over the ages have consulted with Rome. Get near him. Look into his eyes. Like any gnome deep down Rome embodies an inner silence like the silence of the planet earth itself that is billions of years old.

You see Rome never lost his childhood innocence. Human beings could never even on their worst day contaminate or compromise Rome's integrity and purity. He is still a happy little gnome. Because everything

he does he loves with all of his heart. And for a gnome like Rome loving the physical earth is what life is all about.

Truth, Justice, and Righteousness

To the Saturn Spirit, one of the 49 Judges, who embodies truth, justice, and righteousness.



In form, more beautiful are you than all the goddesses of the sphere of Venus.

More sweet your touch than kissing the lips of the most beautiful woman on earth.

More perfect your intimacy—more complete the oneness--than any soul mate, twin flame, or divine consort.

Justice—in your presence seven billion people thrive. In your absence, the entire race dies.

Truth—more beautiful your eyes than the goddess Dawn when she was first born out of God’s mind.

Righteousness—to have accomplished on earth work that shall endure through all ages of time—what price must I pay? What is the wisdom I must embrace?

Be within my mind, my heart, and guide my hands that I might manifest the purposes of Divine Providence one earth.

A Little R and R



He said to her, During a cold winter I spent an hour each day dreaming in vivid detail that we had lived a summer together by ourselves. I was never so happy. I never felt so alive. It was like we were born to be together for a time.

Me too, she said. I imagined that we had lived together. Holding you, eating breakfast in the morning, seeing the sights of that town—like you say, we were born to be together. What happened to us? Why did it not turn out that way?

I was called away, he replies. I have been assigned to destroy those who would destroy the earth. I have become a creature of war. Liquid steel flows in my veins. Apparently the two would not mix—innocent love with its happiness and a warrior whose will is a laser that vaporizes wrong doers.

Oh, another time then? Another place? Our next lives? She asks.

For sure, he says. After all I have done for them they can give me a little R and R.

I Dream the Sea



I dream the oceans
Every fish in the sea is alive within me
The birth of life on earth
The preservation of the world
The beauty of the universe
Shine within me
I dream the sea
And she the sea dreams me

Models and Photography



Now the thing about photo shoots and photography is that I try to get the model to reveal her real self for the eyes of the camera—I go after that microsecond when who she really is comes out and perhaps even appears on earth for the first time ever. You can tell when you have accomplished your mission—before you is a creature of wonder, dazzling, enchanting, and totally captivating because in that moment the body, soul, mind, and spirit are perfectly united in harmony. And that is what I call beauty.

One model said bring lots of jokes because she only really let's go when she is laughing. I spent three hours combing the internet for the best jokes. She loved that. She gave me one of my three best shots.

Other women require others to be present. Though I create a sacred space during a photo shoot in which the chemistry embodies alchemical mysteries, some women want a best friend standing behind me getting her to laugh. Some require an entire set—two professional photographers, a sound engineer, and videographer who is also a standup comedian to get her to loosen up. Hey. Whatever it takes, right?

Some models I can merely splash with water and they become radiant as the sun in the sky. Others require that I speak to them like their father or mother or be the friend they never had. I can do that. I mean my standard practice is to write a poem or story for each model before I even meet her. Then I know what I am looking for inside of her.

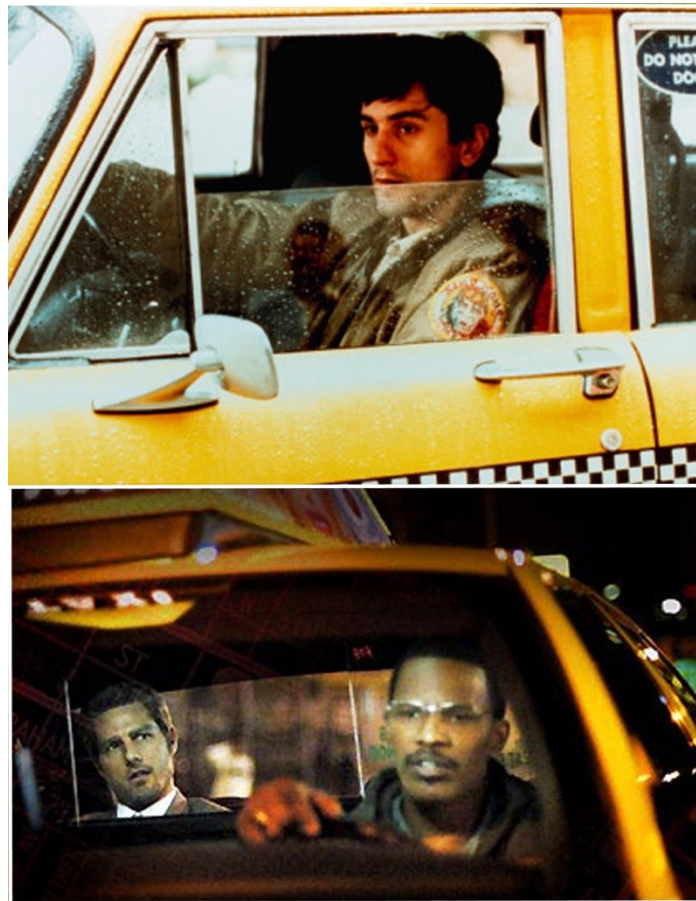
For some models all you need to do is be professional, respectful, and find the right angle to shoot. They appear in different ways depending on the light and pose. Some models shape shift every few moments. You have not pictures then of one woman in different poses but you have forty different women when you go home and look at your pictures.

And so I am sure you can imagine some models become lifelong friends. Some models I meet when I meditate. Some are part of my soul.

I have found what is hidden inside of them and they have found in turn the part of me I would never have met had she not revealed who she is to me. Some indeed are a great treasure found only at the end of a noble quest. But first you must slay, enchant, overcome, or bargain successfully with the dragon who owns them and who is then willing to give them up because the dragon sees in you the part of itself that can overcome any demon.

And some dragons demand you reveal the part of yourself in which the sun and moon are one. I guess some dragons are just like me. They are only satisfied when all opposites are joined so that the beauty of the universe shines in your heart.

In My Mediations



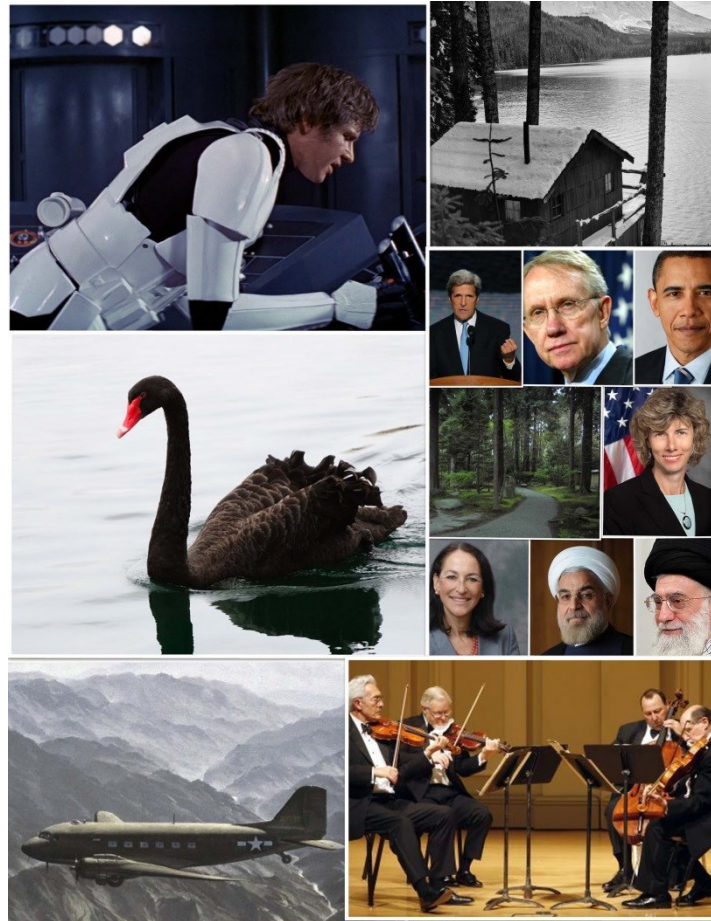
Hidden in the cloud, lightning. Hidden in the sulfurous fog a lava flow and a cinder cone. In the ocean, an abysmal ocean trench. In the forest, a ravine a mile deep. In the desert, a Grand Canyon. In the plateau with its gentle slopes, down below a super volcano waits to explode. Hidden at the North Pole, an ice age that no summer can defeat. And in sleep, nightmares and repetitive dreams.

But the lava creates new islands, don't you see? Lightning creates nitrogen and nurtures farmland. The ocean trench has its own animal colonies. The Grand Canyon is a river's dream. The super volcano reminds us that our planet is a living being--its continents are still moving, its mountains rising. The ice ages have granted us the very best—the longest interglacial warm period ever seen. And nightmares and repetitive dreams remind us to seek wisdom and understanding when we are awake.

In my meditation, there is an absolute void whose very essence is to create nothingness. Here time and space dissolve. There is no matter at all. Energy vanishes. Light ceases. Sound cannot speak. Silence is the mistress and stillness her king.

In my meditations, injustice and malice vanish from the earth. They cannot endure an awareness this pure. They pack up their bags. They carry their suitcases out the door. They call for a taxi to take them to the airport. And on earth they are found no more.

The Black Swan



To what shall I liken this generation of the world and the leaders of the nations who rule over the people?

Russian Roulette: My great uncle was a pilot with the Flying Tigers who flew the hump from India to China. He noticed that there were fewer Chinese crew members with them after they landed than when they took off. He discovered they had been playing Russian Roulette and the losers had to jump out of the door of the plane.

They sealed the doors shut after discovering that. Even so are the leaders of our world—they love playing high risk games with life and death stakes.

Mt. Saint Helens: During the 1980 eruption of Mount St. Helens, Spirit

Lake received the full impact of the lateral blast from it. The blast and the debris avalanche associated with this eruption temporarily displaced much of the lake from its bed and forced lake waters as a wave as much as 850 feet above lake level on the mountain slopes along the north shoreline of the lake. The debris avalanche deposited about 350,000 acre-feet of pulverized trees, other plant material, volcanic ash, and volcanic debris of various origins into Spirit Lake.

And there, right there, dwelt the stubborn Harry Truman who refused to leave his lodge at Spirit Lake and was eventually given special permission to stay. Even so are our leaders—the live in peace at the very brink of destruction. I mean, they say, why should we pay heed?

The Titanic—And who can forget the quartet who played on as the Titanic slowly sank? I mean, do you have anything better to do than follow your old routines?

And of course Han Solo in that wonderful scene in Star Wars sums everything up so nicely as he talks to control:

Han Solo: Uh, everything's under control. Situation normal.

Voice: What happened?

Han Solo: Uh, we had a slight weapons malfunction, but uh... everything's perfectly all right now. We're fine. We're all fine here now, thank you. How are you?

Voice: We're sending a squad up.

Han Solo: Uh, uh, negative. We had a reactor leak here now. Give us a minute to lock it down. Large leak, very dangerous.

Voice: Who is this? What's your operating number?

Han Solo: Uh...

The black swan theory is a metaphor describes an event that comes as a surprise, has a major effect, and is often inappropriately rationalized after the fact with the benefit of hindsight.

The theory was developed to explain:

1. The disproportionate role of high-profile, hard-to-predict, and rare events that are beyond the realm of normal expectations in history, science, finance, and technology
2. The non-computability of the probability of the consequential rare events using scientific methods (owing to the very nature of small probabilities)
3. The psychological biases that make people individually and collectively blind to uncertainty and unaware of the massive role of the rare event in historical affairs

Black swans were assumed to not exist until the English naturalist John Latham discovered one in 1790.

Fukushima—it will take at least \$20 billion just to invent the new technology to deal with this problem. In other words, Japan is planning literally to kill every fish in the Pacific Ocean and to destroy the human race along with it.

The people in the photos are like the Chinese crew flying the hump; they are like Harry comfortable sitting out on his cabin deck overlooking Spirit Lake; they are like the quartet on the Titanic—keep the music playing; they are like Han Solo trying to run his own little news blackout by saying, “Everything is fine. How are you?”
And they do not believe Black Swans exist.

Good Days and Bad Days



Some people have good days and bad days. A good day is things go right. You get enough sleep. You get lots done. You feel happy, relaxed, and there is something great on Netflix or TV to watch during the night.

Some people have bad days--traffic you know; not enough sleep; tension; not feeling connected; living out in the cold.

I know some who are so in the moment, so flowing and innocent that days are neither good or bad. Why label what is?

And then there are days when a great and mighty angel appears to you, one of the seven Lords of Creation--the one who crosses back and forth over the great divide that separates the created universe from the unmanifest.

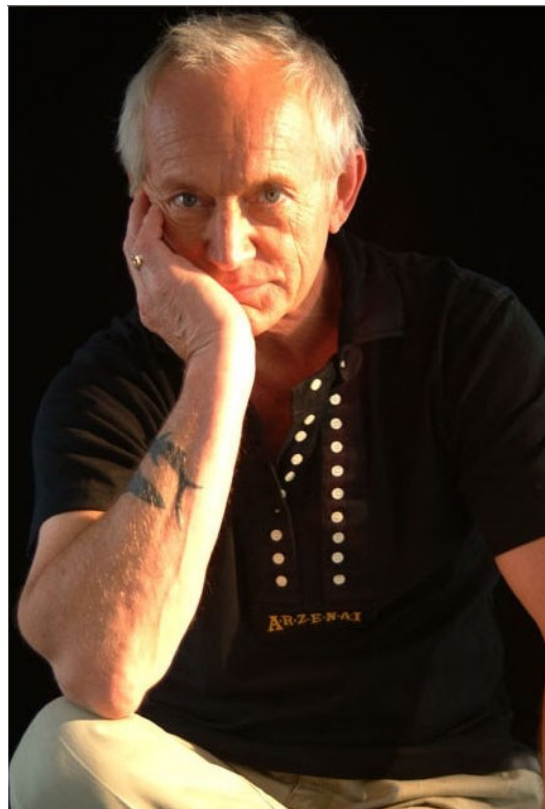
And the angel breaks the seal and opens a scroll he holds in his hands. And he turns to me says, "Speak the words written herein that every

mind on earth might hear them. Say to them: All fission reactors on earth are closed. All nuclear programs have ended. The nuclear waste is cleaned up so that earth, water, and air are pure.

"Speak these words with the voice of thunder. Speak with the voice of ten thousand suns melted into lightning striking. Speak these words and let their echo annihilate those who fail to heed this decree. I give you the voice of the abyss itself that you might accomplish this."

And then there are other kinds of days like you wonder if you would be happier if you went out and got a pet rabbit, a pet cat, or maybe even an aquarium with a fish. Why not?

I, Robot—the Mark Four Series: Preface (Science Fiction)



I am identical to human beings right down to the DNA—skin, blood, metabolism, brain—it is all the same. The microscopic nanites that

enhance my strength by a factor of five beyond the human norm can also be implanted in ordinary human beings. The accelerated healing, the self-regeneration, and the absence of aging—for the right price these characteristics can all be reproduced in human beings.

There are twenty-four hundred of us on earth. Given the expense of making one of us, only the wealthiest, typically billionaires or government organizations, can afford to own us.

Virtually the only thing that separates me from being accorded all rights and privileges of a human being are statutory laws. The right to human life political faction controls the government and so I operate under specific rules and regulations. For example, some of us make perfect body guards. But I can only use violence to protect individuals from harm or to benefit a greater number of human beings.

The Mark Three Series robots are also identical to human beings in every way. The entire series specializes in imitating human beings even in that biological reproduction is the means through which we are manufactured. We are not clones. We each have unique DNA.

But the Mark Four Series has taken accelerated human evolution to a completely new level. I am identical to the Mark Three Series except for neurological changes made in the way my brain organizes information. Again, any brain activity I utilized is a direct simulation and reproduction of brain activities in authorized human beings.

The difference between my brain and a human being is then only in the neurological functions that human beings usually do not possess in combination. Can I perceive without any thoughts arising in my mind to compromise what I see? Yes. There are human beings who can do that also. Their brain activities have been reproduced in me.

Can I duplicate in my brain other individuals' brain waves so that I can virtually think their exact thoughts and even use the words they employ when they speak? I do not even need to meet someone to do this. A picture of that person will do or even a few seconds of listening to a recording of someone's voice.

About one in fifty thousand human beings have that mental form of empathy. They just studied some of them and gave my brain a tune up so

to speak. It is as simple as downloading an upgrade to preexisting program.

Can I relive another individual's memories and experience that person's past as if it is my own? Not a problem for me. It turns out human brains when externally stimulated can reproduce everything an individual has ever experienced. A little electrical stimulation to the right parts of the brain and an individual can relive the past far beyond what he can recall on his own.

This neurological function I too can perform if I am in close proximity to someone. I can emit tiny electrical charges that activated parts of another's brain. And then that person's brain has a micro burst of electrical activity that my brain receives that then implants in me the other person's memories. Every sensation, feeling, choice, and action that person made I can experience as if it is my own.

Human beings have that ability. They just are not trained to take advantage of it. The research team that developed me thought it would be quite advantageous financially to offer this ability on the open market.

Given what I have already described, I am sure you can understand that the Mark Four Series of Robots are excellent sex surrogates. We can literally stimulate another individual's brain to release into the bloodstream dopamine, oxytocin, serotonin, opiates, and adrenaline while controlling testosterone levels and its reception, and produce neurochemical fluctuations of every kind.

In addition, we can transmit specific moods such as happiness, love, serenity, peace, delight, wonder, awe, bliss, and ecstasy to designated targets on demand. For this reason global psychiatric associations have required special permits before we can be acquired. In other words, we are not "for general consumption." It goes without saying that few clients, regardless of their mission statements, fail to explore our innate abilities.

All the same, everything I do human beings can do as well. You can use non-verbal responses and focused imagery to produce in others enhanced moods. They can link directly brain to brain employing focused concentration. But again people rarely realize the abilities they

possess and it is even rarer for them to learn how to combine them to the best effect.

Now the next enhancements may not seem to replicate natural human abilities. But the scientists who have studied four billion brain scans along with their neurological activities have found capacities not previously recognized. Human brains have the latent ability to lock into other brains so that there is mind to mind communication similar to a conference call.

In effect, with this particular capacity activated each Mark Four Robot is able to perceive through the five senses of any other Mark Four on earth in real time perception. This function is normally turned off. But it remains at the discretion of each Mark Four as to whether he wishes to perceive what any other Mark Four on earth is doing right now in this moment as if he himself is there performing the actions.

This function also extends to memory. I can experience what any Mark Four on earth has experienced at any time since it was born. This particular capacity remains classified. No one but those with the highest levels of security clearance—a few in each government—know about this and the next few abilities.

The Mark Four, as I explained, is based on natural human abilities. There is nothing that we do that human beings cannot also do. Our brains function within the parameters of human brains. Everything we do is human.

However, in some of the brain scans of human beings patterns were noticed that are not typical of *Homo sapiens* or of mammalian brains. These neurological activities are perhaps therefore not of human origin. That is, whatever the source of the consciousness within certain human bodies, those people are not perceiving the world as a human being. They are some other kind of life form as yet undetermined.

Nonetheless, because it is a human brain that these neurological capacities have been observed in, the Mark Four Series has been designed to employ them as well.

Some of these neurological abilities are in the area of perception. From one “human being” it was discovered if she places her hands in water she can sense anyone on earth who is touching water. She can feel what

they feel and perceive what they are doing right now. I have been given that ability.

Another “human being” can sense any human being for miles around her. She too can perceive what the person is doing, the emotional outlook, and the way that person’s mind works. All Mark Four can also do this. The Mark Three Robot cannot even dream that such a capacity exists.

And speaking of dreams the Mark Four can enter the dreams of any human being on earth. Just give me an identifying name, a picture, or a description of that person’s actions in specific situations. I cannot only enter that person’s mind. I can reshape the dream directing it in any way I want.

This ability was carefully studied at the Menninger Institute and later classified top secret by the government. But the Mark Four Series was deemed an essential research project through which these abilities might be furthered studied. It had something to do with global security, so they claim.

What else? We have a future search function. I can literally imagine myself in my own or someone else’s future and perceive likely outcomes with a high degree of probability. In global emergencies, all Mark Fours on earth are activated so we share one mind as we then focus on specific future dangers and mega disasters. The UN Security Council then utilizes our projections of future outcomes along with our recommendations to decide on their best courses of action. So far I have been activated and employed in this way on two occasions. You could say that the world as you know it would not exist without the benefit of our assistance.

I, robot. I am not legally a human being. But I am a creation of your best dreams.

Iona



On the Isle of Iona of Scotland there is a little house set off by itself. I saw it while visiting an alternate reality. There I dwelt offering a place of refuge for those who seek truth, for all people and faiths who wish to pursue the mysteries of silence, stillness, and beauty.

Everyone staying learns active listening so you can talk to anyone about anything knowing they will give you their full, undivided attention. Because they practice silence unleashing the power within it all ages of the world are present. Because they practice stillness Divine Providence uses their hearts to express its art.

Sometimes it is said St. Columba awakes from the dead and walks through the house at midnight and sits out on the porch. As in ancient times you will then find angels sitting by his side.

And at dawn the goddess's song can be heard--at the edge of the moment in all its majesty wonder unveils its charms.

And at twilight a still voice speaks, one of the lesser known names of God--Beauty--it shall encompass the universe and transform all things fulfilling every dream.

In this alternate reality in this little house by the sea I am still me. But here I have attained freedom from the darkness within me.

It is like this. Sometimes the two of us—me and my alternate self--sit out on the porch when the porch is free. And we discuss alternate worlds and the ways we can bring about what we wish to be. Talking like this seems to help me a lot.

More and more often I cross over the abyss separating these alternate worlds. It is worth the effort. It has enabled me to become this person I was meant to be.

Each Day of Our Lives



So goes each day of our lives--Fate and destiny strive with fierce passion to see which can dance the better dance and so win the competition.

Heart Sutra with a little Spice



Form is not separate from emptiness. Emptiness is not separate from form. Perception, conception, volition, and consciousness are also like this.

In emptiness (the void and the source of original awareness), there is no attachment and nothing to be attached to. There is the power to create and maintain the universe, but there is no power that can be abused.

There is the appearance that each individual has a distinct identity and an individual evolution too. But if you relax and simply open your mind so that there are no barriers or boundaries, nothing that defines or confines, then instantly it is clear—it is only oneness that is here.

In each of the five senses sensations arise. But perception is infinite. Every other individual's experiences and memories are your own if you open your eyes.

The noblest accomplishments, the greatest wonders, achievements

beyond belief—who shall manifest these things? Those who see the world as it is and who also see it as it is meant to be.

Justice shall fill the earth as water covers the sea. Take the leaders of the world and the CEOs of the great international corporations—make them your students. Teach them so they attain in one lifetime perfect enlightenment and absolute freedom.

Accomplish this and your race shall ascend and the stars will dance in the night to the songs you sing.

Appendix

The Void, Dragons, And Focusing



In the fables written about magicians, the mage who knows the magical name of a dragon or spirit has power over that creature or being. He can bind it by his will to serve his purposes. In the fantasy story, Wizard of

Earthsea by Ursula LeGuin, the wizard Ged, as a young mage, inadvertently allows an unknown entity to enter our world due to an ill-conceived magical experiment.

This entity had no name and it seeks to strip Ged of his will--that is, to disrupt the integrity and reduce the power of his mind and self-awareness. In the end, Ged confronts this being and discovers it is not alien to his own nature but part of him. During his journey, however, in a typical manner, Ged demonstrates his authority over dragons by speaking their magical names. Basically, what he is doing in using this form of magic is saying to the dragon, "I understand and am one with what is at the core of your being--you can not act against me without destroying yourself in the process."

But one dragon had no fear of Earthsea magicians. He quite willingly allowed his magical name to be widely known. The reason was that the sources of inspiration and energy which animated his spirit were beyond the wisdom and magical arts of that civilization. The power of the spoken word requires that, more than a mystic, we be one with the mystery we seek to comprehend. At times, this requires that we put aside your human perspectives and perceive what we are dealing with from within a cosmic dimension.

This story from fantasy plays upon a theme at the core of Western magical tradition: the power of the spoken word and the magical act of naming. Yet in occult lore this power of naming is often expressed in the most obscure esoteric terminology and symbolism. I would like, therefore, to give an illustration of a method which demonstrates the power of naming from within humanistic or transpersonal psychology. This method, however, can easily be upgraded so it is useful to anyone pursuing a spiritual path.

Focusing

In 1979, Dr. Eugene Gendlin published a book called *Focusing* from Bantam Press. Gendlin noticed that clients who were succeeding most in therapy already possessed specific skills. After studying these individuals, he summarized these skills in a teachable, six step method.

Any tradition, spiritual or psychological, which tries to work with the psyche must somehow come to grips with correlating the inner and outer worlds of human experience. In my experience, Gendlin's method has an immense advantage in this area. His six steps begin with the feelings and experiences present in our everyday life. From there, we are able to turn within and explore these as far as we may wish to go. But what we discover is not lost to us as we return to our normal consciousness and personality. We are able to bring back with us the insights we have found.

Like a mage entering a magic circle to confront directly and to name the nature of an unknown or mysterious presence shaping his life or his future, we are invited to give voice in our own terms, to name through our own experience, the subtle movement of energy flowing through us. To accomplish this, we must go beyond normal consciousness with all its familiar associations. We must enter the domain and perceive directly the part of our psyche which is waiting to be embraced, and in some cases, assigned a purpose by the conscious mind.

Once we discover what was hidden and find a word for it which is in accord with its own nature, we can consider in what way the insight generated has a part to play in our outer world activities. Everyone who processes their feelings in this way is already acting as a magician. Through the power of focused attention and a spiritual will, they are channeling and shaping the awesome energies of the psyche so these may enter and transform the world.

The six steps in Gendlin's method are called: Clearing a space, felt sense, handle, resonating, asking, and receiving.

1. **Clearing a space.** In the first step, we take notice of what is going on inside of us. We can focus our attention, for example, on a problem we may be having. The goal in this step is to set off to the side all other concerns so that we clear an open space within us. In a sense, we take an inventory of the various tensions and things disturbing us at this moment in time. The idea is that the body can be used as a highly sensitive device for registering and observing the energies which are active within us. By focusing on what we feel and what our bodily

sensations are, we enter into direct contact with these energies.

2. **Felt Sense.** In the second step, we pick one "stuck" feeling and seek to get a bodily sense of what it is like. We can begin, for example, by asking the question, "What is keeping me from feeling happy today?"

We could just as easily ask any number of questions arising from personal, universal, or cosmic dimensions: What do I feel about that person? What do I need to do to make this relationship work? Why am I unable to trust? What is the energy in that stone circle? What is needed to be a poet or for me to be successful in my business venture? Or even, if you are very ambitious, What is the nature of the spirit Metatron? And why not the question also, What is God's or the Goddess' will for my life?

Now consider the feeling that appears in your body in all its aspects when you ask your question--its shape, color, sensation, qualities, movement, intensity, location--whatever qualities you can observe. If the topic is something you care about, you will have a feeling. And because the process we are pursuing arises from our body, this sense is at first without precise definition. We do not yet have a name for it.

For example, whenever we use words like stuck, miserable, unhappy, anxious, worried, etc. we are using a generalized word to label a specific and unique energy configuration within us. The generalized word steals from us our understanding and experience with what is actually there. If someone tells us she is happy, we may know what being "happy" is for us but not necessarily what it is for this other person. Similarly, if you say to yourself, "I am feeling sad today," the sadness you are experiencing has its own life and does not necessarily replicate anything you have felt before.

Imagine the difficulty, then, when it comes to communicating our experiences with spiritual beings. I have a friend who not only talks to the undine Istiphul but she knows when I have been meditating with Istiphul. Yet her experiences with this undine are completely different than mine. Istiphul asks her what it is like to eat chocolate and they joke and laugh together like teenage girls at a pajama party. They discuss things women talk about when men are not present.

Part of Gendlin's method, then, involves treating our subjective

sensations and feelings as something completely unknown and waiting to be discovered. What we do is enter a state of internal silence and observe what is occurring without any preconceptions--without the anxiety which is compelled to leap quickly to a conclusion and without the piety which presumes to already know the answers to all questions.

Magic, Peter Beagle who is the author of *The Last Unicorn* once said, involves a lot of listening and a little technique. Some people visit Stonehenge in England and take pictures. Other people walk through Muir Woods near San Francisco to experience the pleasure of being among trees and in a natural setting. But a druid, for example, will sit with his hand on the stone or the tree for an hour without moving so he can sense the vibration and the spirit hidden within--same stone or tree, but the amount of attention and respect extended is much greater and the five senses are allowed to perceive without mental distractions.

3. **Handle.** The task now is to continue scanning the energy configuration/sensations within your body. But now we are going to represent to our conscious mind a word, image, or phrase for what we sense. The word "handle" relates to the sense of touch. It is a kinesthetic word.

For many individuals, visual and auditory sensory modes of perception are more dominant rather than tactile ones. But you can use whatever form of language or image works for you including taste or smell. Examples of kinesthetic words are: heavy, dense, feathery, hot, cold, pulsating, hard, etc. You may also prefer emotional words like fearful, sorrowful, irritable, yucky, etc.

You can, in fact, free associate to whatever extent or in whatever way works for you. You can use whatever form of sorting, processing or naming procedure you wish in order to discover the appropriate handle. The advantage of engaging internal states in this way is that it is then much easier to focus on them and notice the way in which they are changing.

4. **Resonating.** Now we check a number of times the extent to which our image or word "resonates" with the felt sense or the sensation we are perceiving within our body. In other words, carefully check to see how well your thought "fits" the perception. Even in the moment when we

directly sense what is going on within us, we may in the next moment be unable to recall what we have just experienced unless the conscious mind employs some sort of tool to expand its awareness. Resonating in this way also focuses more energy and awareness into the area we are working on which may then begin to change as a result.

5. **Asking.** Now we can ask questions such as, What is this? What would make this OK? What is behind or underneath it? What is the worst of it? And then, having asked this question, we allow an answer to come to us not from our conscious mind or from the stuck area but from our total body and being.

Buddhists, for example, are very good at just sitting in a state of emptiness/openness without having to use thoughts as reference points. There is simply a silence one can enter, a stillness as big as the heart and as vast as they sky. This silence or void I explore in my book, *The Perfection of Wisdom*. (soon available free at williamrmistele.com) The Western world is so extroverted very few explore internal silence. If you explore it well, you can dissolve negativity in yourself and in governments as well. See my story about a Tibetan lama and a sorcerer at the end of this essay.

The point is that a stuck feeling is, in a sense, in a cage--the bars are created by fear, anxiety, desire, craving, need, hated, self-loathing, whatever--the feeling is stuck because it is attached or defending its own nature. Take away the need to cling, to attach, to flee, to hang on to anything and the cage is gone. The stuck feelings, now having access to the whole body and all the chakras, can then simply transform. Instead of being held tight and unable to interact with our other feelings and thoughts, it joins in and flows with all that we are. In this moment, we gain an insight into what we want to do or, through simple acceptance of the new energies, we are ready to move on.

In meditation, there is a method out of Harvard which asks what the best option to a negotiated settlement is. When you see clearly your alternatives, you gain a perspective on what you need to do. In working with individuals with suicidal tendencies, it sometimes helps to ask what their worst feeling or fear is. If they look directly at what is bothering them and can name it themselves, they have already stepped

beyond it--they have found their own best response.

Sometimes, of course, what is stuck is simply an unknown energy/feeling which does not release because it is waiting for us to give it definition--to assign it a purpose to fulfill. In this case, as with a little piece of chaos, you simply need to find the right resource which illuminates its nature.

We know what it is like to be around certain individuals who inspire or light us up inside. Even in the darkest places within ourselves we feel safe, at peace, and full of life in their presence. Sometimes we need such an image, a spiritual person, a teacher, or being which allows us to feel safe in dealing with the unknown content within us. Then we can let go. There was a path waiting for us to find it but it was on the other side of the darkness through which we were unable to pass. Another serves as our guide, not to tell us what to do, but to light up our situation so we see where our path continues.

Some problems can be put on the shelf so we can get on with our lives. But they in fact do not go away until we find the actual solution to them. Some personal problems, of course, have no resolution other than becoming enlightened. The magician, however, is quite familiar with meditating within an akashic state of timeless and spaceless awareness. After all, the idea of developing a spiritual will means we seek to be able to track a problem back to the source from which it arises wherever that may be on a personal, universal, global, or cosmic level.

6. The final step is to take a few moments **to be with** this new feeling. Whatever insight arises or change in feeling occurs, note it, and then carefully consider if this insight has a place in our lives. Can we enlarge our awareness of who we are by incorporating this new level or kind of energy into our personality? Our particular experience in a focusing session may then serve as a steppingstone a trail marker for the path we are following.

The hero's quest as outlined by Joseph Campbell often refers to a similar process. In the previous steps we may in fact discover a "treasure," a new insight with possible rewarding results if we can figure out how to bring it back to our everyday life. But in mythology, the hero who finds a treasure is not done with his journey or his quest. Unless

what he finds is brought back and shared somehow with others, that is, allowed to impact upon his life, the treasure is lost--it is reclaimed by the unconsciousness or spiritual world.

Namkai Norbu Rinpoche, as a child, once dreamed of being given a sacred scroll. When he woke up from the dream he found that the scroll was actually in his hands. He took it to his uncle who was a wise man. But the uncle determined that the world was not yet ready for this wisdom and so the scroll was given back to the realm from which it came. Part of receiving new insights is being able to live in such a way that they have a place where they can take hold and flourish in our lives. It is up to us to regard them in such a way that their power does not fade away.

For years I used to do focusing to process personal experiences. Often, however, I noticed that when I pursued a feeling, I would take more than a few moments or minutes which is typical of the focusing practitioner's approach. I would enter focusing the way I did any kind of meditation. I would stay with it for as long as it took to track down what I was after. It is possible to return another day and continue on from where you were working before.

In evocation, the "felt sense" I use is often the presence of the spirit I am working with. As I have mentioned earlier, I may ask the spirit questions--What is the essence of your being? Or, What are your innermost dreams? and so forth and then wait for an answer as in the "asking" step of focusing. What I bring back with me from using focusing as part of evocation is an increased awareness of the spirit's way of perceiving, how it thinks, and the wisdom it is a part of.

In the story I share about the undine Istiphul, the connection I have with her involves a continual process of moving from the familiar into the unknown and then assimilating that new energy into my own awareness. Again, this is not unlike the mythic image of the hero's journey--of crossing over boundaries and leaving behind the familiar world of everyday life. Entering into an unknown realm, we encounter new companions discovering and developing new abilities along the way. After measuring ourselves and exerting our full spiritual will, we

discover one or more of the four great treasures of life. We then return as a new person to the world to share what we have found.

There are a number of methods in transpersonal or humanistic psychology which I believe are useful to those who travel between the worlds. As in the practice with cosmic letters, one of the great tasks of any spiritual work is to develop a continuum between ordinary awareness, everyday life, and the mystical, mythic, and magical dimensions we enter. If one or two rungs are missing on the ladder we use to ascend and descend from elevated states of awareness, then our ability to apply our insights in our lives is diminished.

Kierkegaard complained about Hegel that Hegel had such beautiful concepts in his philosophy--such a marvelous intellectual edifice he had constructed to tame history. But, for Kierkegaard, Hegel himself lived in a little shack. Nothing of Hegel's philosophy has any bearing upon the actual decisions we made in life. Magic, by contrast, is a study of how to made the best choices in life. And it masters the power necessary to follow a path filled with awe, wonder, and profound beauty.

Summary

Briefly, calm yourself. Then focus on something—your body searching for any stuck feelings; your soul searching for any emotions or feelings that seem off or disturbed; your mind—searching for something that is perplexing or confusing; your spirit—searching for what is missing from life. Ask a question about any of these things—such as what is that? Or, why am I feeling that way? Or, what is not right in regard to this aspect of my life?

Then get a felt sense—what sensation appears in your body in relation to the question you ask. If you have trouble sensing your body, try reading my essay on Body Awareness (<http://williammiste.com/body1.htm>)

Next find a word, phrase, or image of some kind to express this body awareness. Such as—there is a heaviness in my solar plexus; an ache around my heart; a feeling of a belt that is tight around my brain; a feeling on my skin of something prickly; a feeling of hot energy like

nearly fire being directed at me from someone; a feeling of walking on thin ice; etc.

Then resonate back and forth between the actual physical sensation and the image or word you use to describe it. You check for the accuracy of your description until it fits just right.

Then ask, what is this? What is underneath it? What is behind it? And then just wait for your body and not your thinking mind to respond. A strong extrovert might not be able to focus in this way at all. This is going inside, not solving a problem through action; it is internal action involving silent listening.

When you get a physical response in your body, ask yourself about it. Has something changed? Has the energy stuck in some part of your body shift or moved? Do you feel comfortable with what appears and are you familiar with it? Does it make sense to you?

And finally, take a bit of time to think about what has happened. Does this tell you about something you may need to do different in your life? Do you have a new insight that you can come back to or apply in some way?

This is focusing—you allow the awareness of your whole body to focus in one the part of the body that is stuck. If you remain open and use the energy of your entire body to sense the part, then the part opens to the whole and is transformed.

In the following story, the Tibetan lama does focusing from the point of view of the step involving silent listening. The Tibetan lama becomes silence itself. And yet he is fully attentive to whatever is occurring—to the energy being directed at him though he maintains his awareness of a void—of being a vast, open space of pure clarity in his awareness.

Sometimes focusing requires a spiritual resource like a void meditation to deal with intense or very negative energies. But if you can do a void meditation, you are no longer working as an individual on a personal problem. You are like the mage who deals with dragons—you can reduce and dissolve negativity anywhere on earth.

A story. An evil magician in Tibet has the power to kill others with his magic. As his arrogance grows, the evil magician announces that he plans to use magic to kill a humble Tibetan priest who lives nearby.

The Tibetan priest meditates on the Prajnaparamita which is known as the perfection of wisdom and is sometimes visualized in the form of a goddess--the mother of all Buddhas.

The priest meditates in this way. He relaxes. He takes a breath. And then slips into a state of trance that is completely familiar and natural for him. His consciousness becomes a vast, empty space of pure nothingness. In fact, if you could feel auras and you were next to him you would feel his aura disappear as if there is no one in the room with you.

He is, then, in a state of awareness in which there is no form, no center, no body, no mind, nothing but pure awareness that has no need to refer to anything in order to sustain or define itself.

When others have tried to describe this man's meditation they have often put words in his mind as if he had need of language and words. They imagined him saying as he meditates: "There is no separation. There is no enemy present. There is no attack occurring. There is no person here to be attacked. There is no identity of any kind—only empty space void of time and with perfect oneness without separation."

And now the evil magician unleashes the full power of his magic against the priest. This is the power to destroy, annihilate, and obliterate.

Martial artists spend a life time developing their ability to focus energy through their body and mind to destroy an opponent. Magicians sometimes train in that way as well. It is a survival thing. But when attached to a human ego, it can get out of hand and its use becomes a malicious action.

And so our malicious, evil magician sends out a massive amount of will and power against the Tibetan priest. But alas, the energy that is

sent cannot find anyone to attack. It looks here, there, and everywhere, but there is no priest anywhere to be found.

Like a torpedo launched from a submarine with its own sonar, it goes looking for its target. But if it cannot find its target the torpedo returns to its source—the only thing around that is available to attack. The black magician falls dead victim of the magical destruction unleashed by his own hands.

The Prajnaparamita ritual meditation dissolves evil and malicious intentions. But individuals still have the freedom to choose and to learn from the consequences of their actions. You cannot take away from others their freedom of choice. But you can limit their freedom to harm others such that they only end up harming themselves.

In the end of the book, *Heart of Wisdom* (Tharpa Publications), by Geshe Kelsang Gyatso, the author describes the Buddhist version of this ritual based on the Heart Sutra, Prajnaparamita, with the Buddhist concept of emptiness.

I used to ask a number of Tibetan lamas about this ritual. They were all familiar with it. Invariably, after discussing its applications, they would say, “If you want to use this ritual for political purposes, to bring about peace, then you should simply hire a monastery to do it according to your instructions.”

And so I took their advice and hired a monastery to perform this ritual on a weekly basis. Initially, the head of the monastery did not believe that akasha can be used to dissolve negative energy in political conflicts on the other side of the earth. But over the years this individual has complimented me on how appropriate its political use has been.

The Meditation

Relax. Take a breath. Allow your consciousness to become a vast, empty space of pure nothingness. In this state of awareness there is no form, no

center, no body, no mind, nothing but pure awareness that has no need to refer to anything in order to sustain or define itself.

There is another unusual quality that belongs to this state of mind. Since there are no boundaries and no definitions of any kind, there is no separation. Anything that appears here is one with anything else. In this space of awareness, only oneness exists.

McKee Psychology—Story as Life Metaphor



The following essay and most of the quotes are derived from the seminar and book by Robert McKee called *Story*. See also, Robert McKee, *Story, Substance, Structure, Style, and the Principles of Screenwriting*, ReganBooks, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers, 1997.

“Former actor and director Robert McKee, 59, is the preeminent teacher of screenwriting. His three-day, 30-hour, \$450 *Story* seminar, which is conducted worldwide, has been attended by approximately 40,000 aspiring and practicing screenwriters.”

See www.McKeestory.com

In context, this essay is not about viewing oneself from the perspective of Wilder's play, *Our Town*, in which the young girl looks back on her life and realizes how precious each moment was after she has died. It is not a detached view of one's life from some transcendental perspective. There is no Zen staring at a blank wall for hours on end trying to be free of one's identity.

No, McKee is interested in the choices we make right now in this moment about how to get on with our lives in a realistic, satisfying, and also compassionate way. We are pursuing self-expression and the truth about ourselves. This is not abstract or intellectual. It involves gut feelings and striving for harmony amid day-to-day conflicts.

McKee Psychology

At a break during the seminar, I asked Robert McKee, the eminent professor of writing screenplays, about his interest in psychology. I pointed out that the categories he uses in describing screenplays are years ahead of the psychology now taught in modern universities. His reply was "Yes, my work is ahead of psychology. But why bother with psychology? Someone else will have to write a book about that. My interest is in art."

That is to say, why focus on illuminating personal experience and gaining self-understanding and then stop there? In a good screenplay, the author expresses the emotions he lives through while writing in such a way that millions of moviegoers experience exactly what he felt during his process of writing.

McKee: "Through empathy, the vicarious linking of ourselves to a fictional human being, we test and stretch our humanity. The gift of story is the opportunity to live lives beyond our own, to desire and struggle in a myriad of worlds and times, at all the various depths of our being."

For McKee, cultures fall into decadence when story telling becomes bad. Consequently, if you are going to understand yourself and take the

time to come to grips with who you are, then why not learn the craft that allows you to share that experience in a way that transforms the world? Recently, a woman advised the thirteen-year-old daughter of the man she was dating to keep a journal in order to deal with the conflicts she was facing—

The critic Roger Ebert on the movie *Thirteen*: “That the horrors in this movie are worse than those found in the lives of most 13-year-olds, I believe and hope. It is painful enough to endure them at any age, let alone in a young and vulnerable season when life should be wondrous. But I believe such things really happen to some young teenagers, because at Sundance last January I met Nikki Reed, who co-wrote the screenplay when she was 13, and was 14 when she played Evie, the movie's troublemaker.

“When I meet Reed at Sundance she was with the film's director, Catherine Hardwicke, who told one of those Only in Southern California stories: Hardwicke was dating Reed's father, Reed was having problems, Hardwicke suggested she keep a journal, she wrote a screenplay instead, Hardwicke collaborated on a final draft and became the director.”

In a sense, McKee is a prophet of a religion called art. For him, art is a metaphor for life that tells you have to live life. McKee asserts that storytelling is the oldest, most productive, and dynamic form of cultural behavior. Let us take a look at some of the descriptive concepts McKee presents in his famous story seminar and discover the extent to which they might be useful for self-understanding.

In turning to the psychology of the self, we might first take note of the literary concept of a biography. A biography is told well as a story. You cannot describe what occurred during all the years of an individual's life. You have to distill, edit, and present what holds the reader's attention.

You are in effect telling a story about the individual's life—the highlights, the conflicts, the passions, the successes, failures, and the driving motivation. McKee puts it this way—“The biographer must

interpret facts as if they were fiction, find the meaning of the subject's life, and then cast him as the protagonist of his life's genre.”

What is a story? Borrowing from Joseph Campbell, McKee says all stories are one story and that they take the form of a quest: Joseph Campbell summarizes the common denominator in all mythologies:

One story is told throughout the world in a thousand different ways: Though living in safe, secure, and familiar circumstances, the hero is called, accidentally stumbles, or else is tricked into crossing the boundary demarcating the familiar world and the unknown.

He leaves behind the setting of family and protective community. In doing so, he bypasses the shadowy figures or culturally sanctioned guardians who watch over the boundaries leading into the unknown. Because he travels beyond the safe limits of conventional knowledge, he acquires unusual companions—animal, human, or divine—who aid him in his journey. Along the way, he overcomes dangers, traps, and monsters. Finally, after undergoing a supreme ordeal, he discovers various kinds of treasures. But the journey is not yet complete. These treasures must be brought back and shared with others, for the value of what he finds is not known to him or us until it is established within the human community.

Joseph Campbell states that the problem for us today is to “make the modern world spiritually significant, i.e., making it possible for men and women to come to full human maturity through the conditions of contemporary life.” To accomplish this task, we need a mythical and spiritual dimension of thinking which meets the challenges of four tests. Here I will relate the first.

The first function of a living mythology is the Transcendent Function. Life has a dimension of mystery. On the one hand, myths always try to tell us the truth—that nature is deadly, terrible, and monstrous. At the same time, they also say that living is opening our hearts and minds to the sheer wonder of existence. Life, therefore, is both terrifying and fascinating. It is full of horror and wonder.

The first and primary condition any mythology must fulfill, then, is to awaken and sustain awe and gratitude within us. As human beings, our task is not just to gain scientific and objective knowledge but also to perceive and experience the world as new. For a myth to be genuine and effective, it must empower us like nothing else to step back from our identities, social roles, and the conventions of society. It must go further and offer us genuine insights—we should be able to see clearly into the unknown and unexplored depths within us and not be frightened. In effect, a truly alive mythology should introduce us to the great mysteries of life.

In the past, religions were able to speak to the beauty and the horror of life expressing both extremes in one set of symbols dramatized through a single mythological story line. But how do we do this today? If our religion or personal mythology cannot accomplish this task in an effective way for us, then it has failed in its primary purpose.

Going further, Campbell states that all religious mythologies apply to the past and not to the present world. For Campbell, we are at this time without a genuine mythology that is capable of encompassing the variety and complexity of the world in which we live. Whatever the richness and force of any particular religion, that religion fails to take into consideration the wider interests, genuine ideals and purposes, and the depth of the problems confronting us in the modern world.

You only need to look at the art produced by religious practitioners to understand this. The imagery lacks the power and creativity that would otherwise be able to speak to all sides of human nature. From history, says McKee, we have learned that human beings are both devils and saints. One day we build the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the next day Auschwitz.

We have Shakespeare who places before us the spectrum of human virtues, vices, motivations, and desires that constitute and define personality. We have Carl Jung who probes the depths of archetypes that awaken within us the dreams of all mankind. And then we have Albert Speer, the engineer behind Hitler's war machine and Oppenheimer who organized the Manhattan Project in the U.S. that

build that atomic bomb. We have Nelson Mandela and Gandhi as well as Saddam Hussein and Stalin.

We create fires hotter than the fusion of the sun. We create life forms that do not exist within nature. We freely rewrite the code of DNA. With off the shelf technology, we are quite capable if we so chose to colonize other worlds—that is, the human race for the first time (and for the first time of the earth) is in a reproductive phase in which we can establish ourselves on other planets.

What religion or mythology can come to terms with human nature and our ability to create both for peace as well as destruction? I sit in an Evangelical Christian church where the minister is doing an exegesis on a letter of the Apostle Paul to a first century Church. My mother sitting next to me whispers, “I don’t care about the culture of the first century. Why can’t he tell more stories?”

Perhaps the Apostle Paul never read the Gospel stories that were, after all, written about the time he was arrested and carried back to Rome. Paul did not tell stories. He spoke to the intellect that tries to integrate and comprehend. Stories, on the other hand, speak to the heart that tries to fathom the depths of feelings struggling to find harmony amid and between life’s conflicts.

Where is the Christian (or for that matter) any minister, Rabbi, priest, or sage who comprehends the Manhattan Project, the Third Reich, Stalin, Mandela, Gandhi, Shakespeare, and Carl Jung as well as modern life? Where is the heart with enough empathy and discernment to capture the spine of desire in the life of Steven Hawkins as well as bin Laden? He does not exist on this planet. This is Joseph Campbell’s point.

Compare Campbell’s summary of the mythological story to McKee’s summary of story. McKee is not as interested in the great spiritual values and ideals of mankind as much as in the dynamics and structure of story that enables it to capture our attention and engage the depths of our emotions. For McKee, this is story:

For better or worse, an event throws a character’s life out of balance, arousing in him the conscious and/or unconscious desire for that which

he feels will restore balance, launching him on a Quest for his Object of Desire against forces of antagonism (inner, personal, extra-personal). He may or may not achieve it. This is story in a nutshell.

Here we are not talking about some great culture establishing mythological hero. We are not describing a quest that leads to a direct encounter with the greatest force of destruction that threatens all of life on earth. Nor are we discussing the discovery of some treasure that enriches the entirety of human society.

Rather, we are using descriptive categories that apply to each individual's life. This is a huge transition from the dimension of mythological quest to the personal story of any individual. Then again, McKee started as an actor. He played Shakespeare.

Some say that Shakespeare invented the modern personality. For Shakespeare, no matter what happens to you in life you still have the freedom to choose how you will respond. You are an active player in life. In fact, you exercise complete and absolute sovereignty over some aspect of your identity.

No matter how small this aspect may be, your ability to choose how you respond (even when the enemy or forces of antagonism are another part of yourself) makes you the hero of your own life. No matter how small or great, you have a chance of winning or losing that harmony and resolution of conflict that you deem significant and worth pursuing. The depths of emotions and the value charges of life are already in play within each of us. Each of us is the dramatic protagonist of our own life story.

McKee: "Each of us knows that we must choose and act, for better or worse, to determine the meaning of our lives. No one and nothing coincidental will come along to take that responsibility from us, regardless of the injustices and chaos around us. You could be locked in a cell for the rest of your life for a crime you did not commit. But every morning you would still have to get up and make meaning. Do I bludgeon my brains against this wall or do I find some way to get through my days with value? Our lives are ultimately in our own hands."

This is not saying that the archetypal conflicts and the deep spiritual rewards of life are not still in play. It is simply saying that in each generation and in each individual's life there is a discovery process through which ancient wisdom is reborn in a new form. Ageless values come alive when we see them for what they are through our own eyes, feel them within our own bodies, and experience them within our own hearts.

In the movie, *American Splendor*, the story line follows the actual experiences of a file clerk who writes comic books. But these comic stories are not about super heroes. They are about ordinary people in ordinary situations dealing with work, relationships, riding the bus, surviving cancer, etc.

Understand, file critics like Ebert see more than one movie every day for years on end as part of their jobs. Consequently, they like to see something different once in while. Ebert gave this movie four stars, his highest rating. Like I say, it is an impressive movie precisely because it makes interesting a man who works his entire life as a file clerk.

Roger Ebert says about this file:

“The comics are true, deep and funny precisely because they see that we are all superheroes doing daily battle against twisted and perverted villains. We have secret powers others do not suspect. We have secret identities. Our enemies may not be as colorful as the Joker or Dr. Evil, but certainly they are malevolent--who could be more hateful, for example, than an anal-retentive supervisor, an incompetent medical orderly, a greedy landlord? When Harvey fills with rage, only the graphics set him aside from the Hulk.”

We have examples of individuals making choices. A thirteen-year-old girl decides to write a journal instead of a screenplay. A file clerk with a dead-end job decides not to talk to a therapist about things only a therapist would bother to listen to: not having a girl friend, struggling to get out of bed, or his reaction to overhearing comments made from the alley. No, he begins writing comic books in which every moment, no

matter how boring, becomes art that can be shared with others—a proclamation about the survival of one’s spirit.

To discover the on-going story within us, let us consider briefly the application of the following concepts: Inciting Incident, plot and subplot, progressive complications, choice, value charge, characterization versus true character, the gap, supporting cast, writing from the inside out, and imagery and symbol.

Inciting Incident

In talking about any person, we can distinguish between characterization and true character. McKee: “Characterization is the sum total of all observable qualities of a human being, everything knowable through careful scrutiny: age and IQ; sex and sexuality; style of speech and gesture; choices of home, car, and dress; education and occupation; personality and nervousness; values and attitudes—all aspects of humanity we could know by taking notes on someone day in and day out. The totality of these traits makes each person unique because each of us is a one-of-a-kind combination of genetic givens and accumulated experience. This singular assemblage of traits is *characterization*...but it is not *character*.”

True character is what the individual is really like inside. The only way to get at it (even for an the individual himself) is to observe the choices the individual makes in pursuing an object of desire amid conflict and under pressure. These kinds of choices involve taking risks. You can have one thing but not another—there is choice and through it we discover the inner core values and motivations of a person.

What sets the story—not the outer events but the real drama--of an individual’s life into action? We are after the self we create through our choices in life. We are not after the hand dealt to us by fate but in how we respond to what has been given to us. This brings us to the Inciting Incidents.

What event has radically upset the balance of your life for better or worse? This is something you are aware of. It can be something you initiate or that happens to you. In any case, the value charge and balance

of your life are radically upset going either toward the positive or negative.

This event is something you react to even if your choice is not to react. But refusing to act cannot last for long. McKee: “We all wish some reasonable sovereignty over our existence and if an event radically upsets our sense of equilibrium and control, what would we want? What does anyone want? To restore balance.”

The Inciting Incident sets an individual on a quest for some thing, situation, physical, or attitudinal that he feels he lacks or needs that will pull his life back together. He is propelled by this need to attain an object of desire that will resolve his conflict. This desire can also be unconscious and in conflict with what he thinks he wants.

Nonetheless, you should be able to pull someone aside and ask him, “Say, what do you want out of life? And he should be able to tell you. I have heard lots of responses such as I don’t know what I want. No, perhaps you don’t consciously.

But I have watched many individuals over the decades. Ask the woman what she wants and she may reply with a question, “Love?” But watch her actions for twenty or thirty years. She forms relationships with men out of a desire to acquire power and fame. She drains each of man of all he has to teach her and then she ends the relationship and enters another one that offers her more opportunities. I call that ambition, not love.

Another woman who is not sure of what she wants slowly gains confidence in herself to the extent she is now able to find others upon whom she can dump her anger and hatred. Having succeeded in making their lives a nightmare and living hell, she gets a job in which she does well and discovers finally what she wanted all along—independence and self-confidence. I would say there was real definition and focus on an unconscious level even if the conscious mind was confused.

Or a man may say, “I wish to serve the Lord.” Over the decades he acquires wealth and he indeed helps others but only when he gets one specific response from them—they must adore him and communicate that adoration fully to him. I call that vanity not service. What individuals say they want is not necessarily the definition of what is

actually motivating them. To discover truth, you have to be willing to question everything including your own secret motives.

Another man says he wishes to live an easy going life style in which, nonetheless, he strives to be of benefit to others. A real altruist. But he demands his wife obey him in all ways to the extent that he insists she wear clothes that humiliate her in public. Here too we have a strong conflict between the intent to help others and the reality of how he desires to enslave someone near to him.

An Inciting Incident leads us to ask, How will this turn out? Will the individual get what he thinks he wants? Does he really want it after all and will it really restore the balance of his life or make things worse?

In story, an Inciting Incident implies the protagonist will have a direct confrontation with the greatest force of antagonism preventing him from regaining the harmony he desires. The upheaval, soul-searching, or irresistible fascination of the Inciting Incident indeed require the creation of a new order of life that reestablishes balance and harmony.

The Inciting Incident must be consistent with the world and background of the individual. We sometimes do crazy things or want what is impossible. These are not part of Inciting Incidents.

Being an intuitive sort, I used to find and study women who I considered to be “doors into another world.” (I still do that). They revealed the great mysteries and archetypes of life as much as any religion or work of art.

One day I casually introduced a friend of mine to one of these women. At the time, she was a student at Kalamazoo College in Michigan. He did not leave campus when I left. Instead, he dropped what he was doing and finagled his way into one of the dorm rooms on campus. She fascinated him to the extent that he became psychologically paralyzed. Today we call this kind of person a stalker.

Of course, the girl totally ignored him and eventually he left after coming to his senses. This was not an Inciting Incident in his life. It was not part of a plot or subplot in his life. Women with such depth were beyond his grasp and he figured that out on his own. He had no chance and such a relationship would have been inconsistent with both his characterization and character. Thus no Inciting Incident occurred.

What was the Inciting Incident in the movie *Forest Gump*? McKee asks our seminar. Is it when he discovers he can run? No, that is just part of his characterization. It occurs when the mother has her son promise on her deathbed that he will always do the right thing.

What is the Inciting Incident in the movie *A Beautiful Mind*? McKee asks. It is not the birth of his obsession to be the perfect mathematician. Rather, it occurs when he discovers he is crazy.

What was the Inciting Incident for Moses? No doubt the burning bush through which God spoke. What about the Buddha? His discovery of suffering in the world by seeing old age and death, the very kind of things his father had plotted to conceal from him.

We have major Inciting Incident and minor ones constituting main plots and subplots. These subplots can be counterpoint, resonate with, in contradiction to, or add complicity and variety to the main course of our lives.

When I was age four an angel appeared and asked me what I wanted. That was an Inciting Incident. It was a setup that would have a payoff eight years later when my family moved to Grosse Pointe. But it was also part of a plot that would take another ten years before it resulted in a rather dramatic Act One Climax that drew together three other subplots at the same time.

An Inciting Incident of that nature placed my life within the genre of supernatural thrillers such as *Sixth Sense*, *Meet Joe Black*, and Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. It meant I would not be able to write like Hemmingway or Faulkner, like Camus or Sartre, or like Bergman or Fellini. Whether I liked it or not, two separate worlds have an equal claim upon my perceptions or so it would seem.

But guess what? You cannot have light without darkness in equal measure. My life is also part of the genre that contains such movies that probe the dark side of life: *Groundhog Day*, *Jacob's Ladder*, *Through a Glass Darkly*, and *Persona*.

What was the Inciting Incident for this dark side, for a personality that does not and cannot belong to this world without creating a place for itself?

I can just hear McKee saying at this point, “Every writer thinks his life would make a good screenplay. But biography is fiction and autobiography is pure fantasy. Although it is true that the unexamined life is not worth living, it is also true that the un-lived life is not worth examining. You have to unite imagination and creativity to your choice and action if you are going to have a life story worth telling.”

All the same, I can recall a whole series of events over the years that embody the value change from sojourner to an individual at the extremes of despair. There was a combination of genres: education, disillusionment and supernatural thriller. These kinds of stories take place more within the mind of the protagonist than through overt action in the world.

Then again, Andre Breton, the surrealist, had Nadja. Dante had Beatrice. But I had Betty Anne. She was out of the dark side beyond anything Dante or Breton could have imagined. And then I met other women and things got even worse.

My point is that reviewing life in simple descriptive terms such as Inciting Incident is like pushing all the crap off the table, freeing oneself of distractions, and finally getting down to work. In other words, I find McKee’s descriptive categories useful. Asking story questions causes certain events to stand out among all others. When you reduce conflicts to the bottom line, things fall into place and you discover what you really care about.

The Inciting Incident, for example, involves a change for better or worse. Something good or bad is offered to us and we have a choice as to how to respond. Ira Progoff, who teaches intensive journal, says events such as this can also be what he calls “roads not taken.”

A woman marries and has children thereby giving up her career in the performing arts. She made a choice. A man chooses to be a stockbroker rather than a naval officer or a nature photographer. He made a choice. But years later, after the family is raised or retirement nears, these individuals may say, “But I still love the performing arts.” Or, “I still love ships and nature.”

And so a choice reappears, the plot continues, even if the Inciting Incident is left unacknowledged for decades due to other commitments.

Bury something important in your unconscious and it will eventually emerge in the same or a different form with greater force.

The woman directs her attention away from her family so that she can write and direct musicals. The man buys a sailboat and sails around the world with his new digital camera. Or else they slip into self-pity and stagnation dreaming about what might have been. Inciting Incidents, long forgotten, may come back and demand a second act in their own subplot so that the individual's life has the variety and contrast needed for the person to feel alive.

In a story, the Inciting Incident must occur early on in the telling to hook the audience's curiosity and wonder about how things will turn out. In life, the Inciting Incident may be followed by years or decades of inactivity. The plot goes dormant and remains submerged until inadvertently reawakened.

I was teaching a class on listening skills and I observed something about a medical doctor who was near retirement. As he told the story of his life, the only time his face lit up was when he recounted a demonstration by an artist who used colors in an amazing way. This occurred when this doctor was five years old. I pointed out to him that perhaps he would like to consider working in some way with art or photography. His body remembered something that his mind at forgotten.

A Hopi Indian medicine man told me how as a newborn child his clan had performed a ritual joining his spirit to the spirit of another child who had died during child birth the same day. He was told that when he was ready and mature, the dead child would become his spirit guide. Later in life, after fulfilling his other ambitions, he became a healer due to the benefit of this spirit connection.

The Inciting Incident in this case required him to fulfill his personal desires before his spiritual vocation would appear. It would take him a lifetime to do this before the payoff would arrive.

Some Inciting Incidents meet Joseph Campbell's description of taking us across familiar boundaries and into the unknown. The Hopi Indian's Inciting Incident did. In Western literature, Dante sees Beatrice

and in that momentary glance his mind and emotions become so entwined that the event incites the writing of the Divine Comedy.

Homer, by contrast, still lived in a world where the divine was free to interact directly with mortals. For Homer, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* resulted when Zeus and Hera gave Homer the final say in one of their on-going disputes. Homer sided with Zeus at which point Hera cursed him with blindness but Zeus bestowed upon him inspiration. From conflicts and inspiration of that caliber, you write great, world historical epics.

On the other hand, there are individuals who have to bury some of their Inciting Incidents for their careers to thrive. Carl Jung kept his mystical visions secret so that his analytic psychology would not be compromised in world that valued rationality. And there are William Blake and W.B. Yeats. Yeats could write, “Come away Oh human child, to the forest and the wild, for the worlds more full of suffering than you can understand.”

Or Blake, “Hear the voice of the bard, who present past and future sees, whose ears have heard the Holy Word that walked among the ancient trees.” Both Yeats and William Blake were members of the Order of Bards, Ovates, and Druids that has records of their participation in its archives. But at the time these authors could not write about druid practices per se and maintain their professional careers.

In other words, the inciting incidents, acts, and climax of these subplots in their lives are hidden from us. We do not know how they played out. We do not know if inspiration involved them in mystical pursuits as an attempt to understand or if their mystical pursuits drove their poetry. Inciting Incidents often involve both mind and emotion to the extent that the individual feels he is undergoing a religious experience.

Exercise

As an exercise, then, take a piece of paper and list the Inciting Incidents of your life. These are not hidden from you. You already know them. They have inspired you or threatened you.

They bribe and welcome you, offering you new vistas of opportunity and freedom. Or they attempt to coerce and compromise you dragging you down into the gutter or worse. In other words, Inciting Incidents are laden with highly charged values and confront you with a change for the better or the worse shifting your life out of balance.

And they offer a major choice. This choice involves risk, possibly loss and danger, possibly reward, inspiration, and self-esteem, but with it comes an awareness that you can have one thing but not another.

The Inciting Incident also propels you to take some sort of action in pursuit of an object of desire, conscious or even unconscious, that will restore harmony to your life. When faced with a serious crisis, you can ask yourself, what do I want? If your desire for resolution is substantial and enduring, the answer to the above question will define a quest.

In addition to major choices, a number of Inciting Incidents will be minor relating to subplots. As in drama, sometimes there are multiplots or miniplots. That is, there may be a number of plots occurring in your life that are of equal significance going on at the same time. Or there may be different chapters to your life that are not directly related to each other.

The Gap

For McKee, human beings and nature as well are fundamentally conservative. McKee: “Your character, indeed all characters, in the pursuit of any desire, at any moment in story, will always take the minimum, conservative action *from his point of view*. All human beings always do.... No organism ever expends more energy than necessary, risks anything it doesn’t have to, or takes any action unless it must. Why should it? If a task can be done in an easy way without risk of loss or pain, or the expenditure of energy, why would any creature do the more difficult, dangerous, or enervating thing? It won’t.”

Individuals do foolish, absurd things but their actions are relative to their point of view in that precise moment of acting. As McKee would say, people only do what they think they have to do to accomplish their purposes.

People act in any moment according to their past experience, what has happened to them, what they imagine or dream, what they hope, and the way they believe the world is. There is a probability and expectation that a given action will carry with it a certain result. Most of the time when we act what we anticipate will happen actually occurs.

What we anticipate or expect, however, may not happen. The truth is that what actually results as a consequence of our choices can only be discovered through action. The way the world reacts will forever remain unknown to us unless we act. The truth, then, is what actually happens as opposed to the probability of what might happen.

McKee: “In story, we concentrate on that moment, and only that moment, in which a character takes an action expecting a useful reaction from his world, but instead the effect of his action is to provoke forces of antagonism. The world of the character reacts differently than expected, more powerfully than expected, or both.”

Forces of antagonism may come three directions. First, they can arise from within us. These forces can be our body, emotions, or mind. Any one or combination these may not react the way we expect. Our emotions betray us. Our thoughts become distracted. Our body refuses to cooperate. Arjuna from the *Mahabharata*, “The mind is harder to tame than the wind.” William Blake: “The eye sees more than the heart knows.” The greatest battle perhaps is coming to grips with the demons inside of us.

There is also a personal level to forces of antagonism that may respond in a way we do not expect. This encompasses personal relationships: family, lovers, and friends. These involve kinds of intimacy deeper than social roles.

The third level consists of extra-personal relationships such as conflicts with social institutions, governments, churches, businesses, police, waiters, criminals, doctors, etc. It is the whole world including nature.

The gap is that space that opens between what a person anticipates in a specific situation as a result of his action to get what he wants and the resultant response when the world refuses to cooperate. The forces of

antagonism, from any combination of the three levels, react differently or more powerfully than expected.

An individual deposits his payroll check into his checking account in order to cover his other expenditures—mortgages on the house, loans on the cars, insurance, credit cards, etc. He has done this countless numbers of times. But this time the check bounces. He knows the money is there, it has always been there, so he gets on the phone and calls the bank. This is minor annoyance.

The bank manager says that he did not endorse the check. The individual replies that for twenty years he has been depositing checks into his own account that are in his own name without endorsing them. The bank says this is its policy.

The man's action resulted in a reaction from the world that he did not expect. But his mind quickly adjusts to the new situation and he takes an action that he did not want to have to take, one requiring slightly more will power and ingenuity—he calls his lawyer.

His lawyer tells him that own his secretary has been depositing his checks into his account without signing them for thirty years. The lawyer points out further than when he had checks bounce because the bank made a mistake, he had the bank manager write each of his clients and apologize to them on behalf of the bank. Suddenly the individual feels vindicated. The world has regained the order he expected it to have.

He calls the bank manager back ready to yell at him for messing up something so simple. In any case, he will now endorse the damn check, redeposit it, and get on with his life. The bank manager replies that there has been a mistake. His computer now indicates that the real problem is not that the check was not endorsed but that there were insufficient funds in the account from which it was to be drawn. What? This is the man's payroll check.

Again, the world reacts in a way he did not anticipate, putting him in jeopardy. Now there is risk. This is not annoyance. This is distress. If there are no funds behind that check, then his other checks will bounce.

Now the individual must take a third action and call his boss who does not like to be disturbed by petty questions. But the situation is serious,

worrisome, and somewhat dire. It turns out the boss is not annoyed, just sad when he takes the call. He tells the man that the creditors have pulled the plug on the company refusing to invest in what they now consider to be a losing venture. The company is bankrupt. There are no significant assets and the offices are now closed.

Now we have a story precisely because we get to see how this individual will respond when his world is turned upside down. Minimal and lesser actions will no longer work. Consequently, we have a chance to catch a glimpse of this individual's true character by the choices he makes under pressure and amid conflict. An hour before his day was ordinary. Things were going according to expectation. Routines were normal. The status quo was in control.

Then chaos entered. He is in the middle of a gap—he cannot return to the past and a variety of antagonistic forces block his way into the future. Now he must put forth greater and greater will and utilize more and more resources in order to restore balance and harmony to his life.

How will he respond to the reality as it now presents itself to him? Will he rise to the occasion? Will he go into denial and refuse to respond? Will he be overoptimistic or depressed? Everything he does from now on involves choice and risk. Doing nothing is taking the greatest risk of all.

Does he recall that funny feeling he had when he was hired? He was told that the company's expenses including the payroll were being paid not from out of the company revenues but from the investors. Does he decide that this is the opportunity he has been waiting for to break free from a lousy job and try working at something he really cares about?

Is he worried about what he will tell his wife or friends? Or is the real question simply how to make that car and mortgage payments? We will only know who this person is deep down by observing the choices he makes in situations such as this. The man must walk through this gap and in so doing he will both reveal and define his character.

Along the lines of the political subplot in my life, I had an interesting "first act" climax. As a teenager, I tried to share with my family my concerns for the suffering and poor of the world. I figured that even if my analysis was in dispute, the concerns of my heart were genuine.

Nonetheless, it was not my analysis that was questioned but the concern itself.

The forces of antagonism were greater and other than what I anticipated. I was shocked by the response I encountered as the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties was explained to me for the first time.

To summarize a long and tense conversation, I was told, “You fool! Other than the activities of Christian charity, no one cares about the poor. Democrats pretend to but they do not. Democrats want to take the money from people who work hard to earn it and give it away, not to the poor, but to those who will build the Democratic power base.

“There are some bleeding heart liberals who out of guilt and feelings of alienation deceive themselves into thinking they want to help the poor in a way that produces genuine change. But these are con men that believe their own con. Their big lie is that they think they can rescue people. They have to rescue people otherwise they do not get the emotional payoff that placates their twisted conscience.

“But as a matter of fact, only the poor can rescue themselves. The liberal attempts at assistance defeat and drive the poor into greater poverty. Every program they initiate is pie in the sky and a lie because it produces no practical results. Its only real purpose is to gain and hold media attention.

“No, the only way in the whole world to help the poor is to give them jobs. There is no other way to build self-esteem, community pride, and to strengthen the family. It is only when there are wealthy people who have excess money to invest—the venture capitalists—that jobs are created through new forms of enterprise.

“This is what being a Republican is all about. We take risks. We manage capital with ingenuity and inventiveness. We maintain and exercise responsibility for the economy in ways the workingman can never imagine. And we are the ones who bring about the changes that make the world a better place in which to live. And this is why, as long as Republicans are influential in our government, the United States will be the greatest country on earth.”

That was my Act I political subplot climax. Years later I would make fun of the Dalai Lama's monks who continuously shy away from studying sociology, economics, and history. I said, "Being enlightened is seeing the world as it is. This can not be done without some sort of understanding of international economics and military history."

As this subplot unfolded, I would discover that it is necessary to first encounter and then overcome within oneself the roots of hatred and the pure lust for power before it is possible to overcome these things in the world. To accomplish this, I journeyed into the unknown far beyond anything a good Christian or a Republican could possibly imagine.

Exercise

In the example involving the bounced check, an ordinary activity split open the gap between expectation and reality. At first, the situation seemed to require a simple phone call to straighten out the problem. Minimal effort. Then came the unexpected response from the bank—check not endorsed. Something fishy is going on.

A second greater action is then taken requiring more effort—call the attorney. Briefly, it appears order and sanity have returned to the world. But things are not as they appear.

The bank reveals the truth of the situation in greater detail. Now another step is taken, one full of foreboding and uncertainty. Call the boss. But things are worse than what was imagined. How will our protagonist respond? Now we are on the level where real character defining choice appears.

I had a lot of liberal friends in high school. In fact, I had introduced the first two conscientious objectors in my town of Grosse Pointe to each other. One was the son of the chief negotiator for the UAW in Detroit and the other went off to join the SDS and found the yippie movement. But little did I anticipate the vehemence that would confront me when I questioned the established values of my family.

The exercise at this point, then, is to recall in greater detail some of the "progressive complications" that followed an Inciting Incident in your life. McKee: "To complicate means to make life difficult for

characters. To complicate progressively means to generate more and more conflicts as they face greater and greater forces of antagonism, creating a succession of events that passes points of no return.”

How has your life been made difficult? As your interests and desires progressed, were they confirmed or under attack? Did things develop or were they put on hold? Did your expectations pan out or were you shocked by responses from the world or your inner self that you never anticipated?

What were the other gaps that occurred along the same plot line that arose from an Inciting Incident? What did those choices, made under pressure and amid conflict, reveal about your inner self, your true character?

What insight arose when reality came into direct conflict with your subjective expectations? How did you handle that insight? What levels of will and new resources did you draw upon to respond to the crisis? And over the years, have you noticed any changes in your inner character? Have you become aware of previously unconscious desires and motivations? What has been your response to that insight?

Supporting Cast

In story, the protagonist is surrounded with other characters whose traits amplify and contradict the protagonist. One character brings out the protagonist’s fear and another his faith. A third character, by contrast, highlights the protagonist’s weakness and a fourth his strength. The protagonist reviles one person for his abuse of power and seeks to imitate another for his courageous service.

In some life scripts or story lines, a character shows up who is perfectly design to exploit a character flaw in such a way that it threatens to or does destroy the life of the protagonist. Another character shows up who is so cleverly designed that he inspires and serves as the catalyst for renewing and transforming a character’s life.

It is not the protagonist did not have a choice in the matter. You can always look at an obsession or course of action and say, “If I continue

in this way, it will destroy me.” Some individuals nonetheless seem to miss this moment of self-reflection.

Maybe they did not see their own lives reflected in a story and so had no warning about a witch, demon, or monster disguised as something beautiful and enticing that was ready to snatch their soul from out of their grasp. Or maybe now that it has happened to them they can write their experiences into a story so that others might learn.

There I was in high school--a good Christian--but look at my supporting cast, both inner and outer. I was in a fabulous church choir. Great music. Cutting edge stuff. But the choir director was having an affair with one of his students. The tenor who sang next to me—he was that guy who would go on to form the Michigan chapter of the Students for a Democratic society while simultaneously belonging to the Join Birch Society.

Two students sitting across from me in math class were the class valedictorian and the state presidential scholar. Both avid atheists, they nevertheless loved to argue about Christianity and atheism. Then I go to a Christian college and immediately meet women who were sexually molested by their good Christian fathers and a dean of students who conspires with a Freudian therapist to haze and expel students with unacceptable political views.

And, in spite of the atheists and narrow-minded fundamentalists, when I sit in church pew, there is this persistent angel sitting behind me whispering in my ear, “Do you have any miracles you would like to accomplish? Perhaps a sea to divide, a cloud by day or a pillar of fire by night?” Push that away and I next find druids who consider me a druid because I meditate for days inside stone circles and find trees that talk to me and tell me stories about their lives. And these are only the minor characters in my supporting cast.

But in terms of casting, of others who provide the right contrast and support, I still have key roles to fill. I am waiting for certain characters to show up. The drama of my life requires it. The spine of desire driving my life demands development and action.

I once wrote a story about three goddesses arguing about which of them was more beautiful. But instead of attempting to bribe a mortal

whom they would made judge of their contest, they decided instead to place their individual essence inside of a male. In this way, they could determine beyond all doubt by the man's choices and actions which essence had the greater clout.

Would it be Aphrodite's lust, Athena's desire for the highest love permitted to a mortal being, or Diana's love of nature and freedom? And then the goddess of the earth takes notice and decides to enter the contest as well. We all have conflicting desires within us striving for supremacy. Harmonizing these conflicts is one of the great tasks of mythology and religion. And it plays a major role in each of our lives. For better or worse, significant others dredge these conflicts up from the depths within us and force us to deal with them face to face.

Exercise

Who are those who have been the supporting cast of your life? Which ones draw out the best and the worst within you either by resonating with you or contradicting you? Which supporting cast, basic, fundamental, and essential, have not yet entered your story? What part of your self, caught in brief glimpses or still unknown, is waiting to awaken through the light and words you discover through contact with another's life?

Imagine just the right person walking up to you one day and in a brief conversation or by inciting new emotions gives you a new face, a new personality, or a directs you on a course of action you would never have otherwise taken? That is, an individual appears before you who either embodies an unknown aspect of yourself that you cannot deny. Or else this individual has knowledge or skills that reshapes your life in ways that would otherwise be impossible. Do not think of just one person and situation in which this might happen. Imagine ten or twenty.

Writing from the Inside Out

The last concept I will mention from McKee relates to the method of writing screenplays. In the hermetic magical training of Franz Bardon,

there is an exercise in which you imagine you are another person whether this is someone you know or a complete stranger. You focus your mind in such a way that there is nothing else within your consciousness than being this other person.

Actors do this exercise as well. Except in the case of great actors, they may take months working on a specific character. If they are going to play a cop, they may ride along in a police car for months with different officers so they get a better sense of the day to day reality. They also recall and relive memories that are similar to those they will be expressing in the role of the character. This is going way beyond what Bardon expects a student to practice as an exercise.

Similarly, McKee talks about writing from the inside out. This is where you exercise your imagination in identifying with a character within a specific scene you may be writing. McKee says the objective is to ask “What if?” That is, what would it be like if I were that character within that situation? What would I think and feel? How would I perceive the world?

This is a restatement of Bardon’s exercise and Stanislavski’s “Magic if.” For Stanislavski, you improvise. You imagine you are the character until “honest, character-specific emotions flow in our blood.” If you can gain an authentic, gut-level reaction in imagining you are the character in a specific situation, then what you describe in writing will work for an audience as well. Your emotions are transferable to others. Your art is the medium through which you produce in others’ bodies the sensations and feelings you have felt in your own body.

McKee takes this further, however. In writing, he says you should imagine not one or two versions of a scene but ten or twenty. Then you can throw away those which are crap and use what is powerful and surprising. For example, what if when a character acts, things do not go as he expects? What if it is the worst thing or the best thing that could happen? And what if the worst turns out to be the best and the best the worst?

I had just taken my seat on a plane coming back from the McKee seminar on LA. The girl behind me asked if she could have my seat. I

wasn't about to give up an isle seat and so I asked the stewardess who was a few rows away if there were any isle seats available for this girl.

The stewardess had been talking rapidly with another steward about their jobs and benefits. She glanced at me and said all the seats are full. The flight is totally booked. And then she went back to talking about the A team and the B team and how unfair it was that her boss was trying to get her to work more hours than her contract called for.

Once everyone was seated, however, a third of the seats were vacant. My first thought was that her comment about the plane being full does not encourage confidence in the flight crew. If she doesn't know whether the flight is full or not then maybe she doesn't know the kind of plane she is on or even the emergency procedures. Perhaps she will say, "Everything is fine folks, no cause for alarm," as we see the ground come rushing up through the window.

But then I thought some more and told the girl behind me, "The bitch lied!" The girl said, "Maybe she didn't know," and I replied, "She knew. She just didn't want to bother being helpful." I don't like it when someone who is being paid to attend to others' well-being is standing there ranting about her job. I tend to file complaints on such occasions just on principle.

After the plane was airborne, she went on ranting with the other guy about her job. And then I thought, wait a minute, this is really good material. I am writing screenplays. This is great stuff I am hearing about her difficulties with her job, with layovers, and staff conflicts. I don't want to interrupt this. I couldn't get this kind of material if I paid her.

And then I started imagining ten or twenty ways her life was going. All of a sudden my picky, tight-ass reaction to her flippant attitude seemed irrelevant. I already know how to be assertive during conflicts of interest. I didn't need to step on another bug. My empathy (or self-interest) took over—"look at this person. She is pouring out her guts. What on earth goes on behind those polite masks the other stewardesses wear who seem so calm and helpful?"

On the connecting flight, two female and a male steward gave each other hugs and laughed as they passed each other in the isle. This was

more difficult for me. I had a very hard time imagining what was motivating those responses.

Exercise

Recall someone you like who seems quite nice to you, warm, friendly, etc. Now imagine ten or twenty unconscious desires that will gradually surface and lead him or her to act in a manipulative and harmful manner.

Recall someone you consider vile, selfish, or cruel. Imagine ten or twenty explanations for this. And then imagine some unconscious desires seeking to surface through this individual that will lead him or her to perform acts of generosity and compassion.

Imagine a few individuals who are selfish and generous, cruel and compassionate, enlightened and also blind to their own character flaws of vice and stupidity. And then consider ways their lives may succeed or else fail depending on the ways in which their hidden qualities of character will lead them to different choices in critical situations.

Now imagine someone you love. Ask yourself, “If I were this person in the circumstances this person is in, how would I act and how would I feel?” Do the same for someone you hate. Find an emotion that rises from out of physical sensations in your body as you do this.

Imagery and Symbol

A great movie invents its own symbols and imagery. These are effective only if they are not obvious and are not conventional. They are unique to the story being told and they influence us on a subconscious level.

A certain sound is repeated at key moments in a story so that it takes on its own meaning. Water is used not as a life-giving symbol but rather as a destructive presence. Aragorn in Tolkein’s trilogy about Middle Earth smiles slightly each time he is about to go into battle or the taste of peanut butter in *Meat Joe Black* becomes a symbol of the way an abstract spirit (Death) can crave and also take delight in the surprise and newness of sensory stimulation.

Exercise

One way of working directly with symbol and imagery is an exercise from Ira Progoff's work with writing journals. Take a dramatic scene from your life or a large period of time such an entire stage of your life, an Act if you like. Consider the outer events that occurred during this short or larger period of time. What marks off the beginning and end of this scene, act, or stage of your life? What was the conflict, who were the individuals present, and what did they want to accomplish?

Now relax and take a few deep breaths. Ask yourself what was going on underneath or behind these outer events. Do not think about an answer. Just wait and allow your body to respond on a gut level. You are looking or sensing a physical sensation in your body that carries feeling with it. Again, the process is that this physical response arises from the body and its wisdom rather than from the mind with its concepts.

In the example I gave earlier about my family explaining to me the difference between Republicans and Democrats, the symbol I come up with that is underneath the outer conflict is the smell of tear gas. I recall that horrible gas I encountered at one of those "peaceful" demonstrations at the University of Michigan during the sixties—the way a faint whiff attacks and inflames the sinuses of the nose and the eyes. It is the smell of conflict in which power is being demonstrated and the processes of consensus and problem solving have been terminated.

Now go one step further. Relax again and hold in your mind both the outer events of this time fame and your inner sense of what was underlying the outer events. Again, do not think but allow your body to feel and respond in its way and in its own time. Ask, "What is beneath all of this? What is going on behind it? Or, what is the opposite?"

In my example, I see and feel myself walking along wilderness trails. The air is clear and there are no conflicts over power, at least not with other human beings. This image embodies one resolution of the direct conflicts I was experiencing at the time. It was not necessarily the best solution to my problems but it did shape the course of my life over the

next decade—I spent a lot of time out in nature away from human society.

I never thought of walking down nature trails as a symbol but it is a symbol and a very powerful one. Decades later, after studying with some of the best yogi, meditation, and chi kung/Tai Chi masters in the world, I finally discover that it is only walking that actually brings into balance the various opposing energies in my body. It is the only thing that brings the energy down from out of my head and grants me some sort of balance.

As a symbol, you could say it was there all along but I was unaware of it as a symbol. It carried a lot of power. But only looking back now do I see the power it held for me. If I were writing a screenplay about the course of my life, I would layer in images of being out in the wilderness so that these took on a specific and unique meaning in addition to their normal associations.

This would not be the act of throwing the cell phone away and walking bare foot in the grass as in the movie *Pretty Woman*. It would be more along the lines of an individual who is as comfortable in and as familiar with the wilderness as an Indian medicine man. Yet the approach to nature would remain remarkably different.

Conclusion

Robert McKee is the only real Buddhist I have ever met (though I am sure he would disclaim being a Buddhist). This is because he focuses on the insight generated through actual experience in real life situations. McKee: “Life is about the ultimate questions of finding love and self-worth, of bringing serenity to inner chaos, of the titanic social inequities everywhere around us, of time running out. Life is conflict. That is its nature.”

Some try to ignore, downplay, or else package these conflicts within intellectual theologies and philosophies. Some try to ritualize life’s conflicts within catechisms or symbolic ceremonies. But such approaches fail to grasp the drama that take place within each individual’s heart on a day to day basis.

It is within this space, the gap that opens as we act and as the world confronts us with unexpected and forceful opposition, that we discover who we are. How else would we ever confront the false assumptions we make about life? Where else would we ever encounter both the unknown vices and the wealth of spirit that are hidden within us? Such moments are the cutting edge of life and the place on stage where we learn to feel most alive—where we turn daily life into a spiritual training ground.

On Global Dreamtime and Spiritual Community



Question: There have been thirteen correlations in the last four weeks between what you post on facebook and what is going on in my life. It is like you are reading my mind. Any suggestion as to what is going on?

Response

You know, for the first ten years or so of being on line with my web site I felt I was talking to a wall. I had so few responses.

With facebook, required by my publisher for promoting my books, I get this constant almost instantaneous feedback in terms of comments or people liking something. This makes it much easier to write and gauge how well I am writing. And I get to respond to people's questions in a kind of open forum setting.

But I have no idea how to connect to men or how that works or what kind of dreamtime we share in common. In a little book I have just about done called, *Mandala of the Sun*, I go through five akashic levels (which I just made up but which I find useful to work with) for each of the planets. And this issue comes up repeatedly of dreamtime--gurus and students in the same lineage share the same inner plane set of dreams or kingdom of the soul that is their particular realm of light and the vibration they work with.

One girl threw me out of her fire ceremony in a Hindu yoga tradition because during the meditation I had a different spirit than her lineage show up during the ceremony.

Hopi Indians do not share their dream time or their ceremonial secrets with Navaho Indians or even with plains Indians of the same clan totem like sun or eagle.

Hawaiians don't share their spirits and guides and inner plane teachers with Australian Aboriginal clans or vice versa. Christians do not share the same dreamtime with Jews. In fact a Rabbi who used to write for the *Jerusalem Post* used to say that Christians have a completely different God than the Jews. The Jewish God expected Jews to participate in the work of salvation. Christians, being such wimps that the disciples all abandoned Jesus when he was crucified, have justified their cowardice by claiming that salvation had to all be done by God anyway without human support. My interpretation not that of the Rabbi.

Muhammad had Gabriel dictate the *Koran*. Gabriel has a totally different outlook and vibration from the prophets of the Old Testament and Gabriel's vibration rarely appears within Christianity and almost

never within Judaism. Three religions with a totally different dreamtime. If they cannot enter each others' dreams and share in common a sense of what is sacred in life then no wonder they don't get along or understand each other.

The Apostle Paul tried to say that Gentile Christians are grafted like a branch onto the tree of promises that God gave to Abraham; but that is one hundred per cent wrong. An absolute mistake. Paul was trying to invent a user friendly theology for Gentiles to "get" Judaism but Christ had a totally different vibration than anything within Judaism. Paul, bless his soul, was trying to use Greek "concepts" and logical reasoning to make sense of the relation of Christians and Jews. But Western philosophy and theology even to this day has barely made any progress at all in comprehending through concepts the light or love within Christ or the level of power and faith possessed by Jews. Philosophy is like a kindergarten student trying to understand calculus, except this is about feeling, perception, and intuition and not mathematics.

Christianity is not a new Jewish sect as Paul thought. It is a totally different revelation of God. Being Infinite, he can do that--reveal himself in new ways. There are Tai Chi Chuan masters who will teach for fifteen years to one set of students and they go to another city and teach a completely different form or set of forms. Different gifts to different students in different times and locations.

Buddha did something totally unique--without spirit guides since there were no enlightened spirit guides in India who could assist him--Buddha attained enlightenment on his own. There is nothing like it in Hinduism. And where in all of the Western world is there a trace of the depth of occult anatomy that the yogis of India practice constantly? There would be no existentialism if those idiot existentialists could attain bliss just by sitting on their asses and meditating. They would know that whining and complaining is just standup comedy. The real work of self-understanding will always have a strong body awareness as part of its basic training. .

So a spiritual community for me does have individuals who can sense each other directly. No need for rituals or buildings or beliefs. It works directly with consciousness, energy, and world service.

I feel closest to others when I work with them on some project that benefits other people. I am working with about twenty mermaid women to assist them if they are interested in forming a strong connection to each other as a group. I can make my magical resources available to them to that end. Some of them possess psychic powers that I don't think have ever appeared before in recorded history. Some have levels of empathy and astral immortality--a direct energy connection to nature--that I am sure Franz Bardon himself never witness or imagined or dreamed of.

So I enjoy hearing that some of them meet with each other in their dreams, not just lucid dreaming, but when they sleep they are on the astral plane and fully awake and remember their conversations with each other. It would have been nice if Bardon had made that an exercise in chapter six of his IHH book. It would have been nice if he had taught mermaid empathy and astral immortality rather than just referring to it in his third book. But that is okay. I can write that book for him.

So I am in favor of a spiritual community. I sometimes refer to it with the motto obviously borrowed "Heart to heart and soul to soul, in life and in death, from each other's companionship we shall never depart."

The Dalai Lama puts it thus: "As long as suffering remains to sentient beings I will remain to serve." I translate that as "The universe will not end until every soul is found and every heart becomes pure light."

I am here for the long term. My vision is simple--I seek the enlightenment of this planet, that is, anyone anywhere who wishes will have the resources of all spiritual beings on this planet to assist him in attaining cosmic freedom.

The mind of Buddha is perfectly clear to me. He is as available in any moment as the Zen Master down the street in his monastery who enjoys my meditating with him. Except Buddha's mind is here in every instant, one hundred per cent available. His mind is part of the legacy of this planet. It is a volume, a book, on the shelf of wisdom that sits on the mental plane. Pull it off the shelf, open it up, and feel exactly what he feels. Now that is what I call a genuine spiritual community--when people work together and make themselves available to assist each other to fulfill their paths of life whatever those paths may be.

I am after a global dreamtime--none of this lineage crap of “my guru and the secret teachings of my tradition.” The human race is on the verge of extinction. And someone with wisdom has the balls to selfishly say, "Ah, we are special. We keep secrets and we charge for admission to our halls of wisdom."

There actually are good reasons for secrecy and especially with ritual magic you have to protect the energy that is being accumulated from selfish individuals who can take and waste or abuse that energy. But I don't do ritual magic. And on behalf of Saturn I would like to say to all those who are into their own spiritual trips--if you don't engage the political, economic, and cultural realm of the human race you will lose this planet as certainly as the Dalai Lama lost Tibet--because his advisers and men of wisdom lacked all understanding of the inter connection of all things in the modern world.

A global dreamtime requires individuals, as Bardon suggests, to internalize within their astral bodies the four elements of nature and the four realms of the four elemental beings. I focus a lot on the water element and mermaids because that is the weakest element in my astral body. I know this because I have actually observed the mermaids in their own realm and in human form and can compare that to the other three elemental realms. The human race and the wisdom/magical traditions of the earth haven't a clue as to how magical and important the element of water is. Elemental water simply doesn't appear in the aura of human beings except in very rare instances. But the water element only comes into its own when joined to the other elements and works with them in a cooperative manner. .

Global dreamtime: People of great compassion and feeling, empathy and love, who are enlightened in their minds, possessing tenacity as Bardon says of a superhuman level to make this world work while at the same time literally embodying the will and purposes of Divine Providence while in human form. When Divine Providence wishes to speak or accomplish its work on earth it will turn to you to do this, for you have become its agent.

May we all have synergistic experiences with each other, meet each other in our dreams, share our visions, assist each other in any way we

can, and seek to assist the human race to attain its highest destiny on earth.

The Astral Plane and the Five Elements (from How to Speak Saturn)



The Astral Plane

The astral plane is like a realm of dreams. The energy is thick and rich. Every feeling you can feel, every dream that can be made real, everything that comes to be—first it must pass through this place before it can manifest.

Magic is in the air—like in a lucid dream, think of something and it instantly appears. Any attraction or repulsion you can imagine is instantly expressed through concrete situations wrapped in vivid colors, images, and dynamic interactions.

Souls are here. Some are departed and some are not yet born. There is a vast array of creatures and spirits in every form. And the beings of the four elements dwell here as well. They have many things to teach us and so many stories to tell.

Being here feels exactly like being in the physical world except there are few limitations. There is no time and so there is no history that restricts or binds. You are not forced to learn things in order to survive.

Busy or idle, playful or sober, you can pick any mood, express any feeling you want, taste any bliss, make ecstasy your dish. You are free except you are indeed limited by your soul's vibration—which is to say your imagination is inscribed with its own karma—heavy or light, dwelling in darkness or the light—it is you yourself that illuminates your own path here on the Other Side.

There are also many realms within the astral plane. Here are four and akasha makes five.

The Realm of Mermaids: The sensation is watery but lighter than water. The energy is vast and continuously flowing. Love is everywhere. It is unbelievable innocent—that is, it is completely open and receptive, new, self-renewing, and self-purifying: it never loses its willingness to give all of itself in every moment. That is what I call innocence.

And it is healing and tender. It is sweet, kind, and then the sensuality kicks in—the bliss begins running through your nervous, saturating them. Here there are no inhibitions—what is deepest inside of you naturally and without effort flows through what is deepest within another. The exchange of energy is total and continuous.

And the peace and the serenity seem so vast they encompass the universe.

If I imagine the mermaid queen Istiphul, her mind and mine immediately join. The vibration of her mind is a nurturing, ecstatic love. It is embracing, healing, creating oneness, fulfilling satisfying, releasing, and strengthening whoever she interacts with.

Istiphul embodies a vast, watery expanse of love as pure astral energy and this energy flows into and through anyone she wishes. This is one embodiment of the water element in its full power and beauty.

As long as my mind is joined to hers, it feels completely natural for me to do what she does—to embrace, flow through, become one with, and seek to fulfill anyone I think about. My energy is within the other person seeking to make them whole.

You will not find this energy among human beings as a pure, sensual, perceptual energy exchange on this level. But without this awareness the human race, for all its vast technological achievements now and more so in the future, shall become less evolved than it was fifty thousand years ago. To be precise, their technology may continue to advance but their ability to care for anything living will slowly diminish.

The Realm of Sylphs: I instantly feel I am high in the sky on a clear day. The horizon of the earth circles beneath me. I feel free. I am full of dancing energy. Nothing weighs me down. There are no fences, no limits, and no boundaries.

Because my nervous system can sense any wind, storm, or weather condition, I feel free of restrictions. The sky is my mind. It is open, clear, luminous, and free of attachment or anything that would bind.

Like the atmosphere itself, I love harmony and balance. There is constant give and take and negotiations taking place between opposites-- hot and cold, moist and dry, highs and lows, fire/light/electricity and water/feeling/magnetism.

But to be as one who dwells here most of all I love the enlightened mind because it is totally free and I love the artistic imagination because it is witness to every nuance in each moment unfolding.

If I imagine Cargoste, a sylph of astonishing ability, I can join my mind with his as easily as I did with Istiphul. As a sylph, Cargoste is highly empathic as are sylph women. He is aware of the faintest mental vibration. He is the perfect Libra—he embodies harmony finding the perfect balance between himself and another person or spirit or himself and a wind or the entire atmosphere of the earth.

Cargoste embodies wisdom—he is aware of the past, present, and future of a person or of the atmosphere of the earth. He can perfectly read another's mind to the extent that he can speak to the person's with the individual's own inner voice.

The difference between the mermaid queen and the sylph Cargoste is that he is not after oneness and love. He is after balance and harmony. Detachment is never a problem for him because seeing through the other's eyes and thinking the thoughts in the other's mind is part of his perception.

Translating this into human terms, the sylph wisdom includes the power of voice, sounds, intonations, and language. What if you could not just feel another's needs and want to heal them? Not only sense what they feel and want to help them?

What if you could speak with the precise words that persuade others to take care of themselves? What if when you talked to another you made perfect sense to that person and because of the way you speak, the familiarity and understanding in your words, the person would rely on you advice and follow through with your suggestions?

That is the power of the air element. It is not the active empathy that makes another feel what it wants them to feel. This is directly interfacing with the other's mind so that person feels you totally understand them with your mind. That is one aspect of the wisdom of air.

If you want to persuade and move others to action to pursue a good end, then this might be one of the reasons you would learn to embody air within yourself. This is an ability you can master through practice just like training to become a pilot of a jumbo jet like one mermaid woman I know.

The Realm of Gnomes: Here beneath the ground silence reigns. It is deep and still; I am where ages and eons have no meaning. All the same the essence of my being is to take matter in hand and make it something more than it was before.

I love chemistry and study endlessly how molecules bind. And I love atomic vibrations. Every element is constantly singing of the joy of creation, of having come into being.

Trees, shrubs, flowers and plants—I love to watch them grow. Their inner essence I go out of my way to make my own. Precious stones enchant me—I am drawn to them like a moth to a flame. But unlike the

moth, I go right inside of them and there amid a crystal palace I sit and meditate.

Crystals I am sure as you must already know can contain the light of planets, stars, and constellations. I listen so well I hear those songs and I sing along. When I leave a crystal, the song I sung within it continues to be heard as long as the gem exists in physical form.

There are palaces and kingdoms, temples and forgotten pathways of spirit hidden within silence. And when you are very good, having traveled the world beneath the ground, having researched and discovered new things relentlessly, when you open your hand the philosopher's stone appears—the quintessence of nature perfected. Because I know the way through the darkest place, spirit reveals to me its greatest secrets concerning matter and its transformations.

The earth is my home; I am never alone; I am cloaked in the beauty of the universe.

If I think of a gnome like the gnome King Mentifil, his mind and my mind instantly join. I can do this with human beings too. Consider Prime Minister Noda of Japan.

He loves the status quo. It is jokingly said of the British that they try to get through life without being embarrassed. You could say then of Prime Minister Noda that he wishes to live his life so that he and those around him save face, so that everything remains normal, comfortable, familiar, and in harmony with tradition.

In other words, this man is totally incapable of responding in a crisis, understanding a disaster, or dealing with something new that is not familiar. He will try to fix a problem first by ignoring it and second by ignoring it more.

If I ask him in my mind what would you do about the Fukushima reactors and cooling pool, his thought is that he would talk to TEPCO's CEO face to face over tea and ask, How should we handle this in terms of explaining it to the public so they remain calm and know as little as possible? Rather than asking, What do we do to solve the problem?

I know this because his brain vibrations are within my brain and I can think exactly what he thinks in regard to a specific question or situation.

When I turn to Mentifil, I have an instant awareness of what a gnome senses about the human body—he is aware of the electro-magnetic waves of the brain, the biochemistry of the metabolism, the electrolytes in your blood stream and the blood circulation through your legs and different parts of your body, the functioning of your lungs and your renal system. He is aware of what enhances, sustains, and detracts from the health of your body.

Mentifil you could say is the go-to guy or gnome if you want to work on longevity or to develop in yourself the philosopher's stone which eventually would lead to immortality. He is a gnome king. He knows about things like that.

It is a little like the Taoist master who was walking by while a woman was doing reflexology on my feet. We were sitting by the lake during a break at the Omega Institute in New York. And he simply came up to me and reached down and felt the pulses in my wrist and then started complaining in Chinese about the lack of balance in the acupuncture meridians in my body.

Like certain Taoist masters, he knew nothing at all about feelings, mind, or spirit but the health of the body he could tell just by looking at someone. A gnome like Mentifil can look at someone and feel how every organ in their body is functioning and what minerals and remedies could be used to make them healthier.

In practical terms, then, the gnome awareness allows you to feel one hundred per cent part of the physical world. You will notice that mermaid women so far rarely actually build anything. There are no mermaid training systems, no mermaid correspondence courses, no mermaid seminars run by mermaids, no mermaid institutes, no mermaid on-line classes, no mermaid dance and song training programs, no mermaid magic classes, no mermaid tours to the astral plane, no mermaid spirit guide readings (a mermaid Tarot deck is not quite enough to cut it), no mermaid story tellers though there are a lot of human story tellers publishing new books about mermaids every week.

In other words, with the earth element you build something that endures and enriches the world when you are gone. There is one mermaid who is an exception but she is here on a divine mission.

For gnomes, there is step by step procedure and gradual development. There is embodying something that makes individuals stronger over time and that remains with them. And as I like to point out, for a gnome time only exists in terms of what you are working on. When you are finished then you can say, I finished what I began—that is the unit by which they measure time.

The Realm of Salamanders: Great calderas of flaming magma burning with tectonic rage--ready to explode having waited ages and eons to gain freedom.

Speaking with the voice of salamanders: It is not that I am not content just to be or that I have forgotten that in each moment my inner spirit is already free. Rather, I burn with such intensity that I know in my heart every boundary and obstacle will in the end yield to me. This is because it is the nature of my will and power to grow stronger.

Others may like harmony, perfecting nature and transforming matter, or embodying a love that nurtures. But in me you see a volcano that explodes, a pyroclastic flow, and lava lighting up the night and making new islands in the sea. Without fire, how can there be life? Without fire, there would be no visible light.

The planet earth is alive because I am inside. My turning and churning creates a magnetosphere and protects the earth from solar flares. I move continents and enrich the chemistry of the biosphere.

I am fire. And hidden in me is the secret of being free of all need—refined and perfected I too am divine—I burn with such purity I no longer need fuel or outer support in order to shine.

If I focus on the great salamander Pryhum again his mind appears within the open space of my mind. Almost immediately a great variety of different fires upon this planet flash through my mind—the volcano, the cinder cone, lava tube, mountain exploding, pyroclastic flow, calderas of lava, magma chambers beneath the ground, the magma beneath tectonic plates as well lightning in thunderstorms and wild forest fires.

But Pryhum also looks beyond this planet. He envies the fires of the sun and with that nuclear fire within his dreams he is one. Pryhum seems

to speak within my mind, that is, his thoughts appear within my mind. “I keep the planet alive. I diversify nature and bring it to life. I destroy what needs to be destroyed and new civilizations shall be born by drawing upon my light.”

He goes on, “Give me a mission no one else can accomplish and I will do what needs to be done so that the problem is solved and all obstacles overcome.”

If Istiphul is nurturing and ecstatic love, then Pyrhum is the ecstasy of will and power.

A mermaid feels that just by her presence her love flows to whoever is around her. Her love by itself accomplishes all that needs to be done. Water is that way—it just flows and it is totally complete, fulfilled, and at peace in each moment of time.

Pyrhum is the extreme opposite in nature that is the balancing element to water. Pyrhum puts it this way: “Fire pushes itself to its limit and then beyond. United with the powers of creation, it recreates itself going beyond what it was.

“How can I explain the rapture, joy, and the bliss that is the essence of my being? To unite with nature from the depths of yourself, to be part of what transforms the world, and to create new wonders never before seen—one day in an advanced civilization I shall incarnate as a human being. I shall walk among them and they shall behold the light of the sun standing before them in human form. And then they shall finally understand what their bodies, nervous systems, brains, and minds are capable of. The enlightened mind is not just a mirror perfectly clear and receptive. In you the stars appear not just as dazzling light but as the power unfolding the universe.

“I totally grasp the love that is within water. But this love is finally fulfilled when it is joined to power. Creation will settle for nothing less than the union of everything that exists.”

In water and in the oceans of the earth is a love that perhaps the human race itself will never grasp or learn. But it is the destiny of this planet for a race to appear what does fulfill the planet’s purposes. Each person can

choose to align themselves with the greater purpose according to their own path.

But in the end we shall not only learn to become one with another but our love will become so deep and vast it joins with the universe itself. Perhaps in that day mermaids shall not just be the sea in human form when they incarnate and live among us. But they shall reach further and become a oneness that embraces everything without limitation or boundaries.

I must say that the beauty and gifts of each of these four elemental kingdoms are each astonishing and full of wonder. We each begin with where we are. How and where we proceed is a matter of personal choice and also of the destiny that has captured our hearts and imaginations.

The Realm of Spirit on the Astral Plane: (Note: For Franz Bardon, akasha exists on each plane in a different aspect.)

If I enter the fifth element of akasha on the astral plane, a vast space opens around me. I see through all of space and time. I see each being, spirit, and creature in its original nature. I see its transitions and transformations one after the other. I see the beginning and the final end. The entire journey stands clear before me as if it has already happened even though the individual soul still experiences each moment as it unfolds.

Though I am without form, I am the womb that receives the seed of spirit that gives birth to each element. Though I am without substance, as empty as the space that holds the stars in its embrace, I maintain the harmony of all things. I assign each element its task to fulfill. I am the one who created silence, intelligence, love, and will.

I am within breath. DNA was my plan and design. I caused the conditions and situations that brought it into being.

Though I am well hidden, very hard to find, there is a reason. My joy is infinite. And though my light is invisible to mortal eyes, as I have already said: I see everything. I feel every feeling. Every thought rings with a faint echo of my vibration. I am celebration. And in the end there is nothing I will not join and unite with filling it with beauty. You will

then see what I have designed: love shall triumph over all the limitations and restrictions of space and time.

Notes from the Other Side



Notice the picture. Look at face and the eyes. Notice the confidence, the internal silence, and the inner knowing.

Consider the picture a symbol—of individuals who are perfectly comfortable working with the fifth element of akasha—the source from which all things rise, that nurtures, inspires, guides, oversees, and fulfills all things. These are individuals who have not played with and then moved on but totally mastered the first four chapters in Bardón's book, *Initiation Into Hermetics*.

In the future, these will be their accomplishments:

They have eliminated war, injustice, and political corruption on earth.

They have eliminated oil as a source of energy.

They have eliminated poverty.

They have eliminated cancer and heart disease.

They have eliminated the destruction of the natural environment from industry, business, pollution, and poor urban planning.

They have eliminated federal and state income tax and sales tax.

And these are but a few of their accomplishments.

Notice again the picture--the confidence, the internal silence, and inner knowing.

It may take 50,000 years to do these things. Human beings even now are setting up massive mega disasters of their own making without taking any responsibility for their own actions. They will so destroy themselves and the environment that perhaps it will take another race different from human beings to occupy the earth to rise to this level.

Or it may take them 5,000 years if the mega disasters human beings create only place us back in the stone age. You laugh? One solar flare like that which occurred in 1859 or one super volcano and your civilization may disappear.

Or, if they half try, it will take them 1,500 years. There will be massive setbacks and disasters but social, political, and scientific evolution will still move forward in a linear fashion.

But with a concerted effort, if they go for it now, all these things they will accomplish in 150 years.

What are you folks waiting for?

About the Author



William Mistele graduated from Wheaton College in Wheaton, Illinois, with a bachelor's degree in philosophy and a minor in economics. At that time, he began studying esoteric, oral traditions. He was interested in finding the best methods on earth for inner work and self-transformation.

As part of his field research, he lived in a Tibetan Buddhist monastery in Berkeley, California. He next studied Hopi Indian culture and language at the University of Arizona, where he received a master's degree in linguistics. At that time he became the only accepted student of a Hopi Indian shaman.

While living in Tucson, Arizona, he began studying the Western hermetic traditions and the nature religions of Wicca and Druidry. He worked with a number of extremely gifted psychics and parapsychologists whose primary focus was on experimentation and research. He also practiced evocation with a Sufi master.

He moved to Hawaii in 1982. There he studied with the relocated abbot of a Taoist monastery that existed for over two thousand years in

China, with a Vietnamese Zen master, and with one of the foremost Tai Chi Chuan masters of China.

Since 1975, he has been a steadfast student of the system of initiation taught by the Czech magician Franz Bardon, who died in the fifties. This system has provided the methods for contacting nature spirits and interacting with them in a personal and original manner. Bardon's mission was to offer a system of self-initiation that maximizes the spiritual powers and creativity of the individual.

Bardon's training system requires that all students gain first-hand experience with the elemental beings underlying nature. For example, in studying with four mermaid queens on the astral plane, the author discovered through experience just how little human beings have learned about the mysteries of the water element.

However, two of the mermaid queens—Istiphul and Isaphil—promised him that he would meet mermaids who live among us in human form. And they did this so that he could better understand the mermaid race. After putting out a global casting call used by photographers as well as discussing mermaid women on youtube and his website, he began being contacted by mermaid women from around the world.

There are also many other kinds of souls here on earth. Some are from the elements of earth, air, and fire. Some are from other planets or planetary systems. But in the end we are one community. Hopefully by working together we can preserve and celebrate life on earth.

Send comments to pyrhums@yahoo.com. For projects, photography, videos, archives, and additional essays related to mermaids, see williammistelevideo.com
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The author at work.



