

# Mermaid Tales

By

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Also by the author—

*Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water*

*Spirits*

(North Atlantic Books, 2011)

*Mermaids, Sylphs, Gnomes, and Salamanders*

(North Atlantic Books, 2012)

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Poetry and stories by William R. Mistele

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## Preface

How can you tell when you are with a mermaid woman? When you are with her, you feel like she is a stream and that you are gravity--every single movement she makes is shaped by your presence.

Once you know what to look for, it is impossible to miss--she is like the snow at the North Pole—it can sit there for ten thousand or ten million years and still remember the tropical forest that covered the land—she is water: that nubile fertility of pure receptivity never disappears.

It is in the way she receives your energy. There is no riptide pulling you to where you do not want to go; there is no undertow pulling you down so you have to struggle to keep your footing on solid ground; there is no tsunami pushing you back with that muddy, choppy tumbling of emotional jealousy or angry demanding. She has no ego, no fear; the desire to take from you never appears. It is impossible for her to feel neglected—she has no human needs; she already feels complete.

When you are with her you feel like you are the sun and she is ice. She willingly melts in the presence of your energy because that is the nature of her beauty. She gives freely without attachment to form or identity.

You feel like you are the sun and she is the sea—without difficulty, she absorbs your heat (your desires, everything you can imagine or dream). The warmth she radiates at night, her very being testifies to your presence in her life.

There is more. She may look, talk, and act human, but I will tell you this: once you discover that this way of being exists, when you experience it again it is impossible to miss.

In summary, her face has that grace, a gift to us like the benevolent influence of the North Atlantic Current. There is the silent peace of the ocean trench; the warm sensuality of a wave breaking on a tropical beach; and the pristine purity of an iceberg breaking free from a glacial plain at the edge of the Arctic Sea. You may not be able to see or feel these things, but when you leave her presence, stepping out of the range of her aura, you may well sense for the first time that you are only half alive.

Put simply, she does not have a human ego--the desire for attention, self-validation, caution, insecurity--these things may be and often are totally absent.

But if you are skilled in reading auras, it is all very simple: there is only one element in her aura--water, and no earth, air, fire, or the fifth element called akasha.

Not having all five elements that human beings possess does not make her inferior. She is united to nature at the core of herself and that in effect makes her an immortal being. She is not subject to the constellations imprinted on her natal chart as are human beings. She is water and has always been water and always will be water unless through some unusual circumstances she acquires a human soul. All the same, mermaid women learn faster than do human beings even in areas of technology if for some reason they should take an interest in it.

Another simple way of determining when you are with a mermaid woman as compared say to a highly gifted human empath or psychic is that if you “feel” her aura flowing through you, then you will sense that you are surrounded by water. Being in her presence is exactly the same feeling/vibration as being out in nature on the open sea, sitting in front of an ocean bay, a lake, a mountain pool, a stream, a waterfall, etc.

It is her nature to bring to life whatever she influences. In effect, a mermaid woman is part of the realm of mermaids materialized here in our world and embodied in front of you. And the essence of this realm is bliss, ecstasy, happiness, and love.

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### Introduction

#### Summary of the Stories

The story, *A Knight and the Mermaid*, is from a dialogue between a student and the hermetic master Franz Bardon. The master waved his hand in front of the student's face and the student experienced the vision this story describes. The master felt that some things you just have to experience.

*Alessandro and the Mermaid Queen*. This story comes from meditating on the mermaid queen Istiphul's experiences with the human race.

*A Mermaid Possession* pursues a warning Franz Bardon gave one of his students. He told the student not to make a magical pact with a mermaid in order bring her to our world in order to marry her. This story describes what happened when a student disregarded that advice.

*Serena's Tale*. After reading my book, *Undines*, Serena, a world class pro surfer, wanted to meet me. Then she asked me to tell her about herself. I told her she is a human being with a mermaid's aura. But she wanted more, to know how she became what she is—a woman who draws energy from the sea and who out of gratitude for all it has given her wishes to give back equally.

I went into deep meditation to answer her question. What appeared is this story of an ancient time where magic played a greater role in society and human beings were more psychic.

*Donovan and the Mermaid Queen, Part I and II.* This continues an exploration of the story about Donovan from my first book, *Undines*. Donovan is obsessed with the mermaid queen Istiphul.

*Magic Island.* As a civilian instructor, I once taught classes for Navy sailors at Pearl Harbor. My boss, a woman, explained to me that almost every one of the sailors goes to strip clubs whenever they are in port. Wanting to understand the experiences of her students, she asked me to take her to a strip club.

Up to that point in time, I had been in a strip club once before. I had no idea if you can take a woman with you into these clubs. So I did some “research.” Some of the clubs are a five minute walk from the beach. Up to six hundred different women from all over the world may work in one club during a year.

If you can read auras, it is easy to see if any of those women are from another realm. And so this story.

*Pastor Bob and the Mermaid* is a brief summary of some of my own experiences with mermaids. For more on my direct contacts with mermaids, see my book, *Undines—Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits*.

*A Mermaid Who Loved A Musician.* It is heart wrenching to see the extent some of these women give of themselves to others and yet they are so rarely loved in return. This was not the case during this mermaid’s first experience “incarnating” as a human being.

*The Mermaid Assassin* was a pleasure to write. This young woman’s boyfriend thought she was a mermaid and referred her to me. She told me this story and I wrote it almost verbatim as she recalled her past life in Atlantis. She is one of four women I have interviewed who can spontaneously relive other people’s memories as if she experienced those memories herself exactly as they happened.

*My Physical Therapist—A Mermaid Woman.* My physical therapist is a human woman with a mermaid's aura. Like many other mermaid women, they only talk to me after I demonstrate I can feel the same watery vibration they feel inside of themselves. Often I am the first person they have ever spoken to about how they feel and perceive differently than other human beings.

*Custodian of the Mermaid Archives.* This woman has astonishing empathic powers beyond anything recorded in literature other than what have been ascribed to a few world teachers who founded new religions. I was impressed one day when she demonstrated her ability to move small objects with her mind. If I ask her to locate individuals with certain spiritual qualities, she can scan the entire human race and telepathically suggest to those individuals that they contact me.

*A Changeling.* The story pursues a theme from fairy tales and folk traditions where a human child is “exchanged” for a fairy child. I have always been in awe that my parents treated me like I was a member of their family. Some of the people I interview tell me that even early in childhood they knew they were not from this world.

*The Double Changeling* is the back story, the fairy tale, through which I explain what I observe in a woman's aura. She is a professional model and emailed me from another continent in response to my global casting call seeking women who could model what a mermaid looks like on a beach.

She one of those for whom I act as a greeter—I try to answer her questions about being in this world among human beings and I try to see if there is any way I can be of assistance to her. Her aura has that vibration of someone who has known a number of mermaid queens personally.

*The Mermaid Who Was An Airplane Pilot* describes my experience during a six hour flight between Los Angeles and Honolulu. The woman who sat down next to me was a commercial airplane pilot. She was also married to the pilot flying the plane we were on. Again, I was the first person she ever spoke to about her empathic abilities.

*The River Mermaid.* Some of these women have been so abused in childhood that even their connection to nature is lost. This is a story of a mermaid woman who is caught between our world and the Other Side.

*The Knight, the Merman, and the Maiden* is a story about a merman on the astral plane mentioned by Franz Bardon. The story describes one of the ways he inspires human beings to fall in love.

*How the Mage Rosh Lor Survived the Destruction of Atlantis.* In some stories I describe how men of great power used their magical will to connect to the mermaid realm. Yet love is often at odds with power. The mage Rosh Lor found a balance between love and will.

*Buddha and the Mermaid.* Buddhists who focus on enlightenment do not know mermaids. And the god Neptune from Greek mythology does not speak for a consciousness that open, clear, and vast as the sky.

Yet it is inevitable that the air element with its enlightenment and the water element with its love will join. And so this story of Buddha meeting a mermaid in which the past and the future entwine.

*A Mermaid Queen.* One mermaid woman I know gave her husband, who was deployed in Iraq, information about how to protect himself and his unit from dangers that military intelligence had not yet briefed them on. Mermaids rarely involve themselves in human affairs. But with three full reactor core melt downs at Fukushima resulting in three hundred tons of highly radioactive water being poured into the Pacific Ocean every day this certainly is about to change.

*Vicky and Carl.* This is a story a man told me while sitting next to me during a six hour flight between Honolulu and Los Angeles. He told about how he and a mermaid woman had kayaked across the Everglades in South Florida. It was nice to get the man's experience since I usually hear these stories from the woman's point of view.

*The Merman.* Mermen pick some aspect of water in nature and relentlessly try master it. Though mermen are pure love, like all that is masculine, they define who they are through action rather than just being. If a merman were in human form, how far might he go in seeking to change our world?

*The Mermaid and the Oracle of Delphi.* According to the story, Pericles, the leader of Athens at the time of Socrates, is one of a few who sought to do the right thing when encountering a mermaid. He consulted with a seer and then with the Oracle of Delphi on what role she should play in human society.

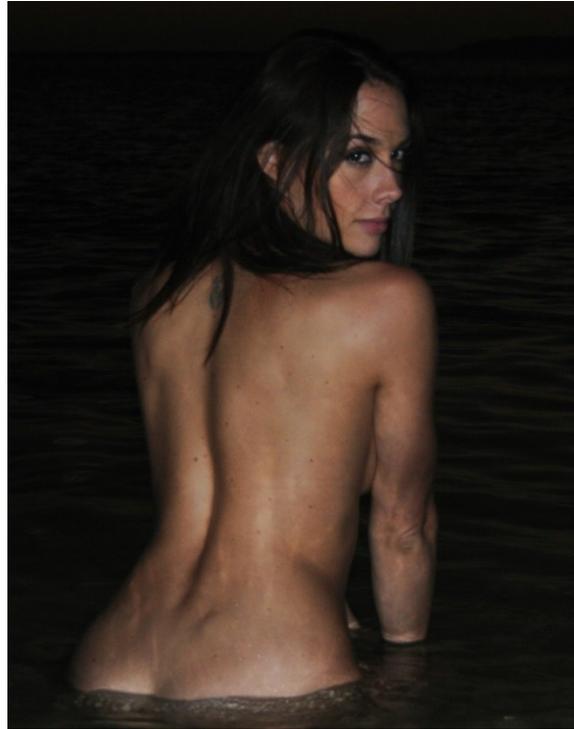
*Story Telling and the Mermaid, Part I and II.* In the year 2026, students in a collage class on story telling are given an assignment. Each student is asked to share with another student personal experiences that might deepen the other person's understanding of life.

*Four Days with a Mermaid.* She emailed me: "I have always had a deep feeling that I am different, even as a child. Your work helps me understand my mermaid nature. I would very much like to connect with you during my journey to talk more about magic and mermaids."

And so my report to you on four days I spent with an incarnated mermaid.

*Postscript: The Sufi Master and Amir Discuss Mermaids.* This is an imaginary discussion in response to the question—"What exactly have you learned from your study of mermaids?"

## If You Could Grasp the Ocean



If you could grasp the ocean with your hands, cup its water in your palms, and then breathe into it life so it takes on the form of a woman who can speak and respond with personality, then this is what you would have.

## 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,” she 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 says calmly.

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. “I am from a race that by God’s grace does not require spoken words to express feelings, 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 run 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.

Knight: "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."

## Alessandro and the Mermaid Queen

Alessandro lived near 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 happened that Alessandro, though not big on catching fish, still loved the ocean and the beauty hidden within it. Almost every day right at dawn 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. Sin and darkness stalk the human heart. People do evil things beyond what you can dream."

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" from 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 the 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 ambassadors, church dignitaries, clergymen and chancellors all about. And he also watched the gondola race as they rowed down the Riva degli Schiavoni.

These events were most entertaining and as pageantry they caught his attention. But something else occurred during this vacation. Alessandro's experience of the sea rose to a new level. Late that night as he slept with his window open to the canal below a power took hold of him. The sea was waiting to appear in his dream if he was willing.

With his vacation over, Alessandro went back to his job as a librarian, but he did not forget his dream. Then one night as 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.

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

A few moments later Alessandro felt that same power lay hold of him except now it was much stronger. It was like a rip tide seizing a swimmer and pulling him away from shore. But this was not crosscurrents among the waves of a beach. This was a magnetic field of energy. It encircled Alessandro and held him close.

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 crashes down and waves break over the bow. You draw upon your skill and experience. You focus on your task and adapt to changing circumstances. There is

no need to be afraid of the sea if you are alert and give it the respect it deserves.

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 now it is time to anoint you with one of my mysteries. You shall have this 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 morning.

Alessandro woke, dressed, and walked down the street toward the library. Hearing footsteps behind him, Alessandro turned and saw two women following him. Alessandro did not know these women. But with 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 but the magnetism in his aura that was calling to them the way the sea had always been calling Alessandro to come sit beside it at dawn.

Alessandro panicked. He ran up a walkway to the next street, down another street, up a hill, through a park, into a small chapel and out the back. He 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 be forceful and direct. In no more than a few minutes Alessandro had encountered women whose passion was not just overwhelming. They were feeling the passion of the sea to find a lover with whom it could share its ecstasy.

Alessandro did not make it to the library. He went home and called in sick. He then took a week off. He drove his car 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 outside 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. In another life time 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 in turn responded. 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 as she sat quietly reading stories about other ages and places during all hours of the night.

## If I Were a Merman

If I were a merman, I would write a thousand and five songs of what it is like to be swept along riding a wave of passion that rolls five thousand miles on and on.

If I were a merman I would know what it is like when lightning strikes the ocean; that flame of white light is me exploding in exaltation illuminating the sea from horizon to horizon.

If I were a merman I would sing songs of dolphins and whales and of sea creatures with and without tails. And those hearing my songs would feel through my metaphors and poetry what these living beings feel; they would think the thoughts of the swordfish, the Orca, and the moray eel. And they would perceive the way these fish perceive seeing beneath the waves the wonders of the deep.

If I were a merman I would take the silence of the ocean trench and turn it into a dream of peace that would fill the earth--to let go, to know repose, to feel that I am part of the sea and am blessed. In silence I rest. In stillness my heart is never separate from my lover's caress.

If I were a merman I would not relent—I would enter the dreams of men when they slept; no one on earth would be safe from my wrath—you pollute my oceans, you kill my fish, you destroy my reefs.

Admirals, presidents, and energy chiefs would wake up in a sweat. There will be no therapist to offer ease, no lawyer to argue amnesty. I will find you and I will not cease until you fill the earth and the sea with peace.

If I were a merman.

## A Mermaid Possession

Fairy tales sometimes mention various ways mermaids might assume human form and live among us. Here is a case study of what took place in Germany in the 1930s.

According to one tradition, a mermaid can enter the body of a woman at the moment of her death and, under the right circumstances, revive that body. Since the human soul has fled, the mermaid takes over the body and has access to the departed woman's memories. The mermaid may even pretend to be the woman who died. But soon after entering the woman's body, the mermaid usually goes in search of the man who called her to this world.

A master in the Western hermetic tradition warned one of his students not to seek a mermaid as a companion, but the student ignored his advice. This student was very skilled in manipulating elemental energies since this was part of his magical training.

However, he did not understand the spiritual significance of water. He could open the gates to the mermaid realm, but he understood little of the ways mermaids feel and perceive. Part of his motivation was that he had few social skills and felt lonely and empty inside.

It was, therefore, much easier for him to find a girlfriend who was a mermaid rather than a real woman. Using his clairvoyance and telepathy, he found a mermaid that was both available and comfortable with him. In normal courting, the man is focused on winning the woman's affection. As a magician, he skipped the courting phase. He simply concentrated his magical will into one command: he asked the mermaid to find and enter a suitable body in his part of the country.

The mermaid, on the other hand, did have a great capacity for engaging human beings. She could easily make a man feel like she was inside of him and part of him. To be near her was to feel an inner connection to her.

Individual mermaids often embody the vibration of some specific aspect of water in nature. This mermaid's aura embodied the vibration of the open sea with strong winds during a dark night and huge waves and spray. She was wild, free, an elemental being attuned to water in its

primordial power. He found her presence to be refreshing, invigorating, and reviving.

This is what happened. An otherwise healthy young woman choked to death one night in his city. The mermaid immediately noticed this and entered the woman's body. The mermaid then revived the body, restarting the heartbeat and breathing.

Since the man and mermaid were in telepathic contact, he was aware that the mermaid had entered his world. At that moment, he felt that his life was about to change profoundly. Telepathically, he asked her to meet him in front of a nearby cathedral.

Dating can be risky business. But in this case, he already knew the mermaid—they had already connected soul to soul. Nonetheless, meeting the mermaid in physical form for the first time was like meeting a woman who had just stepped out of a gate from heaven.

He got everything he wanted or could imagine in a partner and lover. The downside was that he lost interest in just about everything else in his life. His job was OK. But he lacked ambition. And he never got around to developing any social skills worth mentioning. Being married to a mermaid does not mean you are going to make an effort to improve yourself.

They had two children. The children never suspected that their mother was a mermaid. She loved and nurtured them, far more than most women. But as is possible with mermaids, love does not necessarily include bonding or commitment. For a mermaid, love is not so rare that one must stake a claim or define its direction in order to preserve it.

Consequently, she had no ambition for her children. She never discussed goals or encouraged them to make the sacrifices necessary to succeed. Such things were outside of her experience.

What of the man? He had been told that under a mermaid's influence he could lose his opportunity to pursue a spiritual path. Was the master's warning not strong enough?

When he held the mermaid in his arms at night, he felt the wild waves of the open ocean crashing down and rolling through him. And with this he was content. The wild ferocity of the high sea did not put him off. For him, the wildness of nature embodied beauty and peace.

He had no need to take a vacation, to hike in the mountains, or to hunt for sport or entertainment. Unlike all other men in his society, when he was with his wife he was already out in nature and united to its beauty.

In our world, happiness is so rare, its sources so hidden, that when it appears, you cherish it and do whatever you can to preserve it. Well-trained magicians often seek to fulfill noble missions. But love contains many mysteries that magicians have yet to imagine.

### The Realm of Mermaids

Can human beings ever get it right?

They listen not to each other

Much less to their own hearts

But I will make it right this night—

The mermaid realm

I am in it now

In an instant the outer world dissolves

Innocence beyond understanding—

They give without ending

Love that is one

Without ego contending

Here breath, the very air

Are intoxicating

Sensuality united with divinity

Touch joins with infinity

Like the seas of the earth

Feeling reaches round the world

There is dancing and singing

Pain and sorrow dispelling

The mermaid queens?

No mortal can match such beauty  
 They are the sea taking on the form  
 Of human beings  
 Here when a mermaid approaches you  
 She relives your memories  
 She sees what is to be  
 She takes you within a dream  
 And shows you  
 Whatever it is you most crave  
 The thirst and the thirst quenched  
 In the same taste  
 It could well be  
 That the gods and goddesses in human mythology  
 Never discovered this place  
 Because if they had  
 They would have spoken  
 Of love that encircles the planet  
 Finds fulfillment in every moment  
 And possesses an absolute contentment  
 That is one with the universe.

I place my awareness into the realm of mermaids. It's a vibration you can feel. Mermaids can be seen. And you can listen to their songs and words.

The sensations are 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 nerves, 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 and feeling are total and continuous.

To summarize, the watery energy in the realm of mermaids is intoxicating. Love is ecstasy—totally uninhibited, innocent, and yet wise in erotic arts. The developed mermaids sense every nuance of attraction and understand ways to amplify magnetism. And there is no holding back in the giving—no reservation or hesitation; to become one with you is the accepted mermaid form of greeting.

### Serena's Tale

My genre of fairy tales requires that I base my stories on real human beings. I met a world-class, professional surfer who read my book and wanted to meet. She asked if we could swim together in the sea. And she asked me to tell her about herself.

I told her she is a human being with a mermaid's aura. These are the hardest for me to understand—a human being who has changed her soul such that she is fully attuned to the sea. The human race, to put it mildly, has no understanding of water in its elemental form—neither the distilled innocence nor the love without ego that is united to the strength of the sea.

She asked me to say more. She wanted to know how she became what she is—a woman who draws energy from the sea and who out of gratitude for all it has given her wishes to give back in equal measure.

And this presents me with a certain difficulty. You see, after interviewing her on video for three hours and getting her life story, I found she exhibits some traits that belong not just to a human woman who has a mermaid's aura. She has traits that belong to actual mermaids in human form.

For example, she has a spontaneous instant replay of future events. You talk to her one moment about something in our world and she just blurts out without editing or comment a statement about some future event related to the topic being discussed.

Nothing in philosophy, magic, or occult lore prepares you for this: Mermaids have this thing about time—for them, past, present, and future are joined. They do not see the future as much as they are alive in the future and merely reporting on what they see going on there in front of them.

And she also does this. She can perceive the specific electromagnetic vibration of whatever water is in front of her. There must be something to that. The water at a certain beach varies in terms of temperature, salt content, the kind and amount fish and algae, the minerals present in the water and surrounding reef, rocks, sand, the new or ancient volcanic activity, and the actual magnetic influences of storms and weather.

I go into deep meditation to answer her question about what she is. What appears before me is an ancient time where magic played a greater role in society and being psychic could offer you interesting career opportunities.

## Her Story

The man is walking up a path to a stone building where he goes to work, to think, and to contemplate the universe. It is not that he is a recluse. He has many responsibilities. But contemplation is a practice he finds essential in order to rule over men.

Today, beside the cry of birds over waves and the gusts of wind that throw his hair every which way, he sees this young girl sitting by a cliff overlooking the sea. This is maybe the sixth time he has seen her sitting there. And each time, like today, she has been oblivious to his presence.

Not one to ignore what might be construed as an omen, a sign, or a silent word spoken by the divine in disguise, he goes over and sits down next to her. She ignores him, continuing to look out at the sea for maybe fifteen minutes. Then she turns to him and greets him quite casually as if they have been lifelong friends. With warmth, she says, “Hello.”

He says hello also and then he asks her, “You often come here and gaze at the sea. Why do you do this?”

He asks because he has been studying her mind for those fifteen minutes. He has been looking through her eyes and wandering through

her memories from childhood to the present. And this is what he finds: as she gazes at the sea she has put off her human form and then the waves and water, the wind and the clouds, and the storms that appear--these are the only things that exist for her. She has become what she gazes upon and in so doing the sea itself has begun to respond.

He notices also that every few minutes her aura flickers and then it disappears. It is then replaced by the vibration of the sea that is in front of her—currents and tides, fish, surface waves, silent depths, and the open ocean. And when he listens carefully to the working of her mind he hears the songs of the spirits who inhabit the sea singing most beautifully.

She replies to his question, “I do this because it makes me happy.”

And then turning her gaze upon his face, she goes on, “Am I any different from you? If you did not do what you do, even though only one or two have ever understood you, you would feel worthless inside.”

The mage replies, “Point taken.”

And he then says, “You are a natural born weather controller. This art is nearly impossible to teach. There is a job waiting for you if you are willing to help others sail the seas in safety. But first you must apprentice yourself to a weather controller to gain control over what is within you.

“This will not be easy. Weather mages, whether they are men or women, are often very conflicted—they are confused about relationships. They do not understand fair exchange, negotiation, and trade. If you study with one of them, you will have to learn patience and tolerate their eccentricities.”

The girl says, “Fine. I like weather and the sea. It would also bring me happiness to help others survive on the sea.”

He says, “The next weather controller would not arrive in the local port for several months.”

But one night, just after sunset, the young girl sits on the beach close enough so that the spray from the waves pounding the shore leaves salty moisture on her cheeks.

And before her among the breaking waves and the floating, flailing surf, a merman appears as handsome as any man on earth.

And these are his very words which he speaks to her not with the sounds the ear collects from vibrations in the air, but mind to mind as is the way of the mer folk.

You are as me  
 Of the sea  
 I care not  
 If you think  
 You are a human being  
 You are one of us  
 Wind, water, air, electricity  
 The faintest breeze  
 The swelling wave, the drop of rain  
 Blending, uniting, and then evaporating  
 Rising again as mist  
 Joining the cloud, the frenzy of froth  
 Every degree of temperature  
 Humidity, moisture, pressure  
 Like me  
 You perceive nature's mysteries

Need I say more? Among the weather controllers in that ancient civilization she was the best. But unlike all others, she was neither conflicted nor did she find it difficult to relate to sailors, merchants, or those who govern coastal ports and empires.

When she gazed upon the mind of a human being, she had the diplomat's skill—you could hear her say words like, "Is it not this way for you?" or "I see you have acquired great understanding of how to accomplish whatever goals you set before yourself."

Or in a pinch with someone who might become her enemy she would say, "You are intriguing to me. I find in you a man who is honest when he speaks and yet you hold such power in reserve that few understand your full strength. I wonder if you would share with me your insights in solving a problem that perplexes me?"

But you see she was saying the words that would disarm the other's hostility. She offered friendship to those who knew how to give orders but who did not know how to enjoy the simple art of sharing in which one gives freely to another.

As the original mage had said, apprenticeships can be quite difficult as was hers. But in the end, for her these things are the same: to tame a wild wind or a raging storm and speaking a word of power that creates peace and calm in the waters of another's heart--where there is a choppy sea or dark, uncharted shoals lying in wait to wreck a life that has lost its course.

But if you really want to understand this woman whose spirit guide is a merman, who can hear the songs the sea sings at night, and for whom past, present, and future are all part of the present moment unfolding, then this is this woman's inner essence:

To be under sail and part of the moving waves and wind—she senses not only a great harmony as if everything is where it is supposed to be; she feels not just peace and the sense of being free, that nature is now part of her innermost being; there is more—she feels what the sea feels: to love, to nurture, to protect and to assist others are the reason she exists. Love has become the essence of her being.

## Donovan and the Mermaid Queen, Part I and II

### Part I

Donovan was a scoundrel. Deceit and treachery were his game. The word honesty to him meant nothing. Gratifying his cravings was his way.

Yet even a scoundrel can be inspired by beauty and what Irish poet has not used drink to renew his weary spirit? As a wise man once said, "A fool who persists in his folly becomes wise." Donovan had more than a

fair share of folly. But perhaps there are some games a fool should never play.

Refined in taste, when it came to women Donovan liked class. And so this explains why he went after the daughter of a Baron, the daughter of a major, and the daughter of a man who ran a shipping empire. But how do we explain the way Donovan enchanted these maidens?

Consider Aghna. Her name means chaste or holy. She lived in Dublin with her father, a shrewd man of great power. Donovan had seen her one day walking down Aungier St. when he was on his way to a pub. He caught sight of her face. If Donovan had been a painter, he would have immortalized her eyes and the light of her countenance. If he had been a musician, it would not have been a Moonlight Sonata for piano but the Song of the Nightingale for violin.

You have to feel sorry for someone with such inordinate talent who lacked means and education. If Donovan had been blessed in a classical sense by an ancient god such as Mars, if he had some guiding stars he would have had a commission, rose in rank, and in the end been knighted for his service to the empire.

If he had been blessed by Apollo or Athena or simply had apprenticed to some aristocrat who liked to sponsor scientific expeditions, Donovan would have attained fame for discoveries in astronomy, in botany, and his amazing understanding of geological strata, fossils, and for mapping caves than run for miles.

But the truth is Donovan had no such ambitions. Donovan's patron and tutelary deity was not one of the noble Greek gods. It was that mischievous god name Eros whose very existence has always been a threat to any established social order or code of moral decency.

Here is how Donovan cast his spells so well. Poor Aghna. She went home that night. And as she prepared for bed it was like a cold breeze had dropped down and found a way through the slit beneath her door or around the edge of the window pane. Something was touching, caressing her skin. It was the kind of touch that carries you away so that questions of sin no longer enter in.

Time stops or flows as if you are in a dream. You can only perceive the images the dream gives you. You are only allowed to feel what the

mood of the dream wants you to. And you can only do what the passion within you causes you to do. Inhibitions and suspicions are fast asleep or much too tired to do their job.

What is Donovan up to? What are his tricks? What dark con from this Irish rogue was unleashed upon the innocent of the land of Erin?

If you were right there in his room you would see Donovan sitting in his chair quietly meditating. He was so quiet he could be asleep if he did not raise his hand from time to time to scratch an itch or rub his chin.

But in his mind? Let us drop in. Donovan is imagining he is holding Aghna body to body and skin to skin. He kisses her lips. He tastes her bliss. But here now is Donovan's real gift—he imagines that a perfect love exists between them.

He feels her breath. He feels the pulse of her blood and her heartbeat racing. He feels her shivering and quivering, her body rising, her yearning burning. He feels that nothing else exists for her in this moment but the longing of the two of them to be one.

You have to really hand it to Donovan. What he did is not in the modern man's repertoire of resources and skills. It was never about Donovan's own thrill. Donovan goes right inside of the woman's body. He feels what she feels. And he goes further. He senses what is hidden within her heart. The dream hidden within Aghna is of some great mythical knight who overcomes the dragons, that is, the harsh realities of society, seizes the treasures, and delivers into her hands that which would bless and heal any land.

Donovan used his powers of telepathy to enter her mind and touch her body in every way one lover can do with another. It is as if they had just been married in some great cathedral and this was now their honeymoon night when passion is sanctioned to reach its height.

And yet, there is another level that is within the power of this Irish rogue, this little devil. The word "tantra" had not yet reached the Western world. But Donovan could sense instinctively that attraction is about polarity. Where the Western world speaks of lust where form awakens desire through sight or touch, Donovan knew how to speak another language, the language of the skin and of the body.

Consider a twelve volt battery with two separate poles. The craving of electrons to breach the gap is so great it can shock someone, causing a man to fall down if not stop his heart from beating. Donovan's imagination of two bodies uniting was so strong that if you stood next to him in the room where he was meditating you might feel there is something eerie about to happen.

There is static electricity in the air. You can feel it in your hair. And there is a magnetism that manifests as a tactile sensation like a boa constrictor entwined about you pulsating to your heart beat. But this raw, animal power is not constricting at all. Rather, it is rapture that suddenly falls upon you when you witness some great wonder of nature and you simply cannot move because of your feelings of awe.

Well, I just spent six paragraphs taking you inside of Donovan's mind and the effects he has on young maidens. How can I say it clearer? Donovan had an imagination that was so graphic and primal, so knowledgeable about the intricacies of subliminal suggestion, he was downright telepathic. He could easily hypnotize a woman at a distance. She then acted as if she were inside of a dream that he was directing.

Oh, she still had her free will. Even in dreams we are still free. Then again you have to ask when someone is addicted to heroin can they put down the needle? Can a girl really turn away from an offer of love that is far more than anything known in her world? Even if she keeps her faith and trusts with all of her heart that the best in life will come her way is she still willing to say, "Go away. There is no place in my life for love such as yours."

Let me give you a little tip. When it comes to Donovan and young maidens, the girl might be luckier if it is the Celtic god Agnus Og in human form who sees her on Aungier St. in Dublin and decides he wants her to renounce her religion and return to the old ways, to become his devotee and handmaiden. Then again, Agnus Og, being a god of light, has more respect for women than Donovan.

The other thing about Donovan? He only got better through practice. With each woman with whom he had his way he learned new things. Donovan was not an explorer of seas, mountains, and wastelands. Donovan was an initiate of the god Eros who understands that attraction

between opposites is the foundation of every divine gift. But as one mermaid queen once said to me, “Unless you make the feminine spirit part of yourself, then all my gifts to you will only leave you feeling empty.”

Donovan never heard those words spoken. It was not his style to ask a woman or a mermaid queen what she wanted. And that might be a mistake because another’s answers can sometimes be very surprising. It might be wise to proceed with caution when you seek to have your way in fairy realms and among beings whose erotic skills are far greater than your own and whose powers of will is far more than human.

I tell this story so that it is easier to understand why so few human beings ever encounter mermaids. Those who do are often exceptional in some ways possessing extraordinary skills.

## Part II

Now what happens next is a bit hard to explain. So let me put it this way. Donovan’s father had been a sailor. He spent years at sea. And so maybe it was from what the father had once seen but never spoken of to anyone. All the same, something subliminal gets passed down to the children. For example, they know there is more to being alive than the wise men in society can find.

And so one night Donovan dreamed of the mermaid queen named Istiphul. And even in the dream he realized he was out of his depth. Here was femininity, not an angel, but a being of nature that embodies perfect receptivity.

What Donovan could do with young maidens—enter their minds and create images in which every desire in the girl’s heart is satisfied—Istiphul could do a thousand times better. Yet for Istiphul, there is no contest or conquest, no ego to gratify, and no personal need to satisfy. She is nature itself that like the ocean seeks to fulfill every dream. And one of her dreams is to become the perfection of love.

Donovan knew he had problem. Everything was now in reverse. His five senses were caught in a dream. Feelings flowed through him that he could not control. He knew he was dealing with the mermaid realm and with the enchantments of a queen.

How could he tell? When he walked on the beach the waves would break and a thin wisp of transparent liquid would spread itself out on the sand reaching higher and then drawing back over and over. It was like the sea was beckoning him. Soft, tender, utterly yielding, she was there in every fiber of her being and also with the entire magnetic field of the sea to fulfill his deepest needs.

And the perception was in sound. When Donovan sat by the sea at night and listened to the roar of the waves breaking, he heard not water crashing down but the voices of a choir singing. Yet beyond any church choir no matter how inspired and beyond any pagan Beltane celebration, this singing was a song of rapture. The birds sing at dawn. But who sings the songs of the stars at night or the soft, serene touch of the moon's light?

And if there was any food that Donovan ate that had even a taste of salt, Donovan felt in eating it he was stealing a kiss from the mermaid queen's lips. She was in his mouth. She was in the beat of his heart. If his pulse raced, Donovan felt it was because they were about to embrace.

Feeling his situation was desperate and even dire, Donovan did something totally out of character. He spoke with a priest who was also a scholar of Celtic lore. He explained enough to the priest that the priest understood Donovan's obsession. Lust for women of course is a sin. But desire to commune with a being of faery is just down right crazy.

All the same the priest realized that Donovan was one of those who are beyond the reach of church authority. So he simply told Donovan a few stories. Once a woman who knew magic saved herself by turning into a

mermaid. It is old Irish tale. Hundreds of years later she rose up out of a lake and asked a priest to baptize her so she might return to her human body.

The priest patiently explained to Donovan that it does not matter what your obsession is. Once you get what you want there will come a point in time when you wish to return to the life you once lived.

The priest told Donovan a second story. He said, “This story is not well known except to a few bishops and it is only now found in the Vatican library where it remains well hidden. But since the story illuminates your situation, I will tell you under the vow of secrecy.”

Donovan gave his word to keep it secret. And so the priest told a tale about how once St. Patrick took a harp away from a bard. But the harp was magical and served as a gate between the worlds.

“One night during a full moon a mermaid queen used the harp to entered St. Patrick’s room. And even he who sought God’s face could not resist her charms. Fortunately, she herself realized the time was not right for mermaids to have dealing with the human race. So she made St. Patrick a bargain. She would take away with her all the snakes of Ireland in exchange for her freedom.”

And then the priest looked with his penetrating eyes into the eyes of Donovan and asks, “Do you follow what I am saying? Some things are not to be touched, not in this age. Some desires are too much. If you give into them the soul will rend and the stress upon the body will be so great the heart will cease to beat.”

“Ah,” says Donovan. “Father, what your stories fail to address is that Jacob once wrestled with an angel. Without Jacob, no Israel. And those who seek God’s face, you have to admit, sometimes are granted special grace. St. Francis could commune with animals. And many are the saints who could perform miracles.

“All I saying is that there is give and take. Even before God’s glory and ineffable mystery, Moses sought to negotiate.”

The priest replies quickly, “Only a Jew would dare to negotiate with God.”

Donovan laughs as he says, “Yes. Yes. I suppose I know that.” And then Donovan goes on, “Let us just say that perhaps there is another story that is yet to be told—of men who are bold and not by accident they see what other men cannot—the world in which we live is saturated with beauty; it is full of wonder. And its mysteries testify to God’s glory.

“Perhaps there are other stories waiting to be written, stories of quests not for holy Grails or the establishment of a kingdom based on honor and chivalry. Think of a story where nature itself is God’s temple. The sky above the temple dome. The forest trees and mountains its pillars and walls. The running waves of the seas and their roar with the wind dancing and splashing—these are its choir whose songs are unending.”

“And what is the altar and sacrifice celebrated there?” The priest asks with sarcasm and with a hint of longing.

Donovan replies, “The altar is the heart of each person and the ceremony celebrated is love that is without beginning or end like the sea that circles the earth. Men shall forever navigate it and draw their charts but its depths and life—it beauty, freedom, and love—will only appear in their dreams. Their minds will never be able to fathom its mystery.”

“Donovan,” says the priest, “I want you to take some time and think about what you are doing. I have seen men become crazy because of their infatuations and obsessions. It is not a pleasant sight. We lack the skill to heal many who are touched by dreams that, when too deep, men fail to find their way back again to a right mind.

“But just so I am clear on this, what is the ending to your story Donovan?” Asks the priest.

Donovan replies, “A young man gifted in the arts of love finally finds a challenge worthy of his talents. He meets a woman who loves him in every fiber of his being. My ending? She makes him into the man he was always meant to be.”

“The problem for you Donovan is this,” says the priest. “Recorded history goes back three or four thousand years. You are choosing to follow a path that no one else has walked in all of that time. At least there is nothing I have read to support your quest.

“If you go this way, no one on earth will be able to offer you council, rescue you if you get lost, or guide you back to the safe harbor where reason is the fair measure of intelligence.”

“I understand what you are saying, father,” replies Donovan. “I want to thank you so much for actually listening to what I am saying and sharing with me your wisdom and convictions. I will think on these things you have told me.”

And Donovan went off and never gave the priest’s words a second thought. Donovan’s body was soon stone cold. His soul entered another realm through the power of dreaming but he lacked the wisdom to return, to awake from the dream even though around him the birds were singing and rejoicing as the sun rose at dawn.

Love is the great mystery. And this mystery is most clearly seen in the sea in its depths, its wonder, its beauty, its giving, and its ability to enter our dreams and to show us the person we are meant to be. Donovan did not seek the person he was meant to be and he did not seek to celebrate the mystery of love.

What the priest failed to tell Donovan was that some beauty is too great to behold unless you first put aside your ego and your selfishness. Only then can you taste its mystery without being destroyed by its ecstasy.

## Magic Island

“You are a mermaid, aren’t you?” The man asks the girl.

“How can you tell?” She replies.

They are sitting in a booth and he struggles to hear her as the loud music distorts her words. A few sexy clad women on stages 1, 2, and 3 dance slowly; a few completely naked women lie on those same stages slowly gyrating, turning over, and arching upwards. And one or two place their high heeled, glass shoes on the shoulders of a few patrons sitting next to the stage.

“It is your demeanor,” he says. “It is like you are not in this place. I feel like I am on a sailboat on the high sea drifting in a gentle breeze. 360 degrees of horizon spread out around me, just waves and wind, sky and ocean.”

“No one has ever said this to me before,” she replies.

“You are a mermaid?” He persists in trying to get a definitive answer. She simply smiles. He realizes she is not smiling at him. She is smiling at the race of human beings of which he is a member.

“What is it like to be you?” He asks pursuing a different tack.

She reaches her hand out and places it on his right wrist.

The next thing he can remember is that he sitting on the beach at a place called Magic Island, part of Ala Moana Park. It is 3 A.M. No one else is there. And he sees the girl walking naked out into the water. Time slows. The small ripples circle around her thighs. She stops and turns and looks at him.

What is it like to be you? She has answered but not with words. She has taken him into herself and within her he is now joined to the sea. But it is not the Pacific. It is the North Atlantic. The waves roll days on end thirty or forty feet high. Dark storms with lightning flashing overhead and thunder ripple through the air.

What is it to be you? It is to be here at Magic Island. But he is looking through her eyes back at himself as he sees a body on the shore that he once wore. But that person there on the sand is not who he is anymore.

He has entered nature. Not into the realm of animals with their acute perception, flight/flight auto pilot, and powerful instincts. Not into the realm of trees with their organic growth and tree rings that celebrate the seasons.

No, this descent is into the elements. He has joined his consciousness to water. There are no thoughts in his mind and no one with a personal history with whom he identifies.

Rain drops splash as they fall into water. There is nothing else going on in his awareness—just raindrops falling, splashing in slow motion, as if time is defined by their motion and not the other way around.

And then he feels he is inside of her feeling what she feels—her body is now his. Again the water. Again, it is not the “I am me and I am here.” No, this is being aware of water as if it has intellect, consciousness, sensitivity, and feeling—it feels everything near to it and within it as if it is one with these things.

And now he senses the mermaid again, the being behind the personality of the girl he sat down with in the bar. She has the form of a mermaid. But she is not held or limited by that form. She is the consciousness of the entire North Atlantic Ocean—its depths, its currents, its waves, the weather patterns that travel over it, the moon and tides, and the life within it.

He sees as she sees. He feels what is within her heart. What words might I use to express this? “I am the sea. I am free. I am love. I am peace, tranquility, serenity, and contentment. I am a billion years of water moving and changing, adapting and flowing. I am ecstasy. Come know me. I am here. I am pure receptivity. And I will give all that I am to anyone willing to share.”

But the man's mind clings to that body sitting on the beach. It refuses to let go. Yet this other part of him feels it is out in the ocean miles from Oahu. Perhaps somewhere far out in the North Atlantic—after all, water is water; the seas are connected and not separate.

And now there is a struggle. He does not feel inclined to come back to shore. He feels he belongs here in this other world, the world of nature where the water is more alive and vast than anything he will ever experience in human form.

Perhaps the phrase to describe his state of mind is “time shifting.” The part of him that feels the most alive is not in linear time. He is part of the sea, a billion years of life with its liquid, flowing happiness. It is hard to give it up. Why even try? Why be a human being who lives for such a brief period and then dies?

Again the rain drops falling into water. He remains for another hour within this stream of consciousness where there is no need for thoughts to interpret experience. And then his mind gradually returns to the familiar world. He is back in his body. Yet some part of him he cannot name calls out yearning for that other realm.

His question is answered—What is it like to be you? And he will return again and again to the sea to meet this mermaid until the three—himself, the girl, and the sea—become one being.

## Pastor Bob and the Mermaid

Bob has been the pastor of his 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 that Pastor Bob sometimes directs when there are 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 perhaps 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 no one suspected she had that kind of money. It turned out that 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 the 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 Kawela Bay. As he had done each morning, Pastor Bob has gotten up before dawn to walk the beach, his feet at the edge of 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 me.

She has black hair and sharp, shining, blue green eyes. Her skin is pale, and she is wearing a thin, caftan shawl that leaves little to the imagination.

Pastor Bob says to her, "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.”

Now the thing about telepathy is that you have access to each other’s memories. And so there was no difficulty for the mermaid to scan the preacher’s mind for the contents of the Bible that contain water imagery.

And so 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 grants 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.”

Pastor Bob flew back to Illinois the next day. But it takes him 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 the experience.

One Sunday Bob does something different in church. Previously, he has always started the sermon with a Bible verse and this 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 Northeast and West 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 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 increased 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 things 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."

## A Mermaid Who Once Loved A Musician

I am after the backstory. How did this mermaid first make contact with the human race?

I could be mistaken of course. She might be an unusually receptive and empathic woman and not a mermaid. But my clairsentience tells me otherwise. She has the mermaid trait of having water in her aura that is like a stream. She is beyond the knowledge of psychology, anthropology, or theology. She is of nature.

Add to this that I have never met a woman so free of ego. She wants only to help and to love others. There is not a trace of selfishness in her.

And I have never met a woman who offers everything that she is to me without inhibitions, conditions, or restraint of any kind. This is not a come on. This offering or giving of herself arises from the core of her being.

Even the most submissive of human women make demands. Whether the thought is in their mind or not, their submission is a way they get inside of you. The submission—the attempt to be receptive in every way--forges an inner bond. The fact is that the submissive is always in charge. She is the one who determine who enters her life and who goes.

This mermaid is not submissive any more than a glass of water. The water gives itself to you but it does not bond. Its nature is to flow and nothing you do will change that essence.

I gaze at the picture of the girl. There are no thoughts in my mind. There are no self-validating reflections to remind me that everything is normal. I am after wonder—the unknown coming through and appearing in this moment to me in a new way.

I just gaze. The room I am in vanishes. I could be in infinite space and here appearing before me—her body and face.

And so as often occurs, the girl disappears and is replaced by some scene in nature with water. The void state of mind I enter reveals the original nature of what I gaze upon. It looks past the outer form to the inner core of the other's being.

I see--

Waterfalls on black rock cliffs

Mountain pools

Cool, calm, at peace

The imagery is so vivid that I enter it. I am here by the waterfall now. This waterfall is not strong, but wide—maybe the water is a few inches thick running down the cliff which is a several hundred feet high. And the pool beneath is wide—maybe two hundred feet through the center.

And I am sitting here by the side with my feet in this pool. I hear the water splashing. I smell the air. I feel the water moving gently against my skin.

This is so real that it takes a serious effort to return from this imagery back to my room. But I am comfortable moving between the realms. I can imagine the difficulty a friend or lover of hers might have when he leaves her presence. Not aware of energy, the energy she emits still

affects him. For some I imagine they feel that part of them is now missing or that some terrible mistake has been made. But, unlike me, they can find no observable action that explains why they feel that way.

When I feel her aura with my hand, I feel only water. I suspect women with water like this in their auras are fairly rare. You could walk the streets of Paris, Prague, London, or New York for three hours every day for twenty years and not encounter an aura like this. But then if you were lucky or guided, you might sit in a café or visit a nightclub and over a few months or perhaps a year you might be able to meet two or three of these women. Life keeps its own council regarding when, where, and how to reveal its surprises.

When I feel with my hand the girl's inner aura, there is a sense of space, time, and location a mermaid in her own realm would not possess. The girl has acquired experience with the human race.

As I spend more time focusing on her, the water inside of her changes into an intense magnetic field of energy. This is slightly hard to explain. She is a living magnet. She has the ability whether she knows it or not to alter and modulate the vitality and life force of anything near to her that the lines of her magnetic force pass through. She can change others' feelings as easily as she might change her own simply by focusing on something playful, something light and humorous, or something cool, calm, and at peace like the vibration of mountain pool that she radiates.

And also, where as a human has the fifth element of akasha in his soul, like other elemental beings, this girl has nothing. That is, she comes from another realm that has its own evolution and laws. She does not belong to the collective race of souls we refer to as Homo sapiens.

As I again gaze on her face, I now see waves breaking on high cliffs by the sea among many small islands. A mermaid appears before me and comes forward and hugs the girl from behind. The mermaid places her cheek against the girl's cheek. The mermaid has that same feeling the

girl has of innocence, love, giving, and pure tenderness in every single moment of time.

In my fairy tales, I bring together two separate realms—that of elemental beings and that of human beings. When I meet a woman like this, there are two different beings I am actually meeting—the girl who has a personal history. She was born into a human body, grown up and so possesses a childhood, parents, friends, and educational experiences. And she has discovered through direct observation that she is somehow different from other human beings.

And then there is the spirit residing deep within her that is of nature—an immortal being composed of one element—the intelligence of the sea that has somehow mysteriously taken on human form to walk among us. I must make friends with both otherwise the story I tell would not be the truth or reveal the wonder that I perceive in front of me.

I focus on the mermaid. And then to better understand her nature, I do what mermaids themselves can do without effort. But I must concentrate to accomplish their spontaneous action—I imagine I am the mermaid inside of the girl, the mermaid who is her inner spirit and who resides in this moment in the sea.

I sense what she perceives. I can feel waves breaking in different ways on reefs nearby, on sandy beaches, and on rocks and shoals. I hear their sounds and sense the bubbles and foam, the spray in the air, the surging currents and undertows even for miles around.

Mermaids use water itself to extend the sensory perceptions of their nervous systems. Anything within water is directly accessible to their awareness. A mermaid like this can feel the temperature change as sunlight hits the water's surface and then sinks down into the depths. She can feel wind stirring up waves, coaching them to rise, dying down, or else changing their speed or shifting until the waves move in a different direction.

She can feel the life in fish, seaweed, and marine algae as if that life is within her. The water moving through gills is like her own breath, though as a mermaid she draws vitality and life directly from the water element and its magnetic fields.

What is it to be a mermaid? It is similar to being human except she does not use thoughts to think. She does not need feet to walk since she is within the sea. She is aware of her environment. She is curious as are human beings about new things. And when she encounters something she has not seen before, she can feel what it feels inside and sense the qualities that make it alive or how it exchanges energy with its environment.

On the other hand, she does not build things and she has no desire to secure territory or take control of anything. If you want to ascribe to her a purpose it would be this: she likes to nurture, support, and make things more alive.

And so this difficulty. When mermaids first observed human beings beginning to sail the seas the mermaids felt that people were half dead inside. Unlike all other creatures on earth, human beings have no purpose. They do not know why they are here. They are not aligned with life. They are not filled with wonder, beauty, and love inside.

This is not a judgment. It is a description of energy. Humans are dry, weighed down, and bursting with fire. Add that they do not use the power of water. If their auras were more magnetic, they would nurture and protect whatever they encounter. But instead they try to possess. And when there is something they want, they will pursue it even if it means destroying everything in their way to get it.

How then did this particular mermaid first make contact with humanity? For some mermaids there is a rule that is like an inner voice. When they spy ships on the sea the voice says to them simply, Do not

intervene. This is not their time. They are forbidden to taste or to feel the beauty of the sea.

For other mermaids, different rules apply. They have been sent into the world of mankind to act as emissaries. But they remain in disguise. They embody love and for anyone who can sense energy their love is impossible to miss. But though human beings see with their eyes, in their hearts they are blind. And so these mermaids tend to live out their entire lives among us never noticed for who they are.

Yet on occasion there is an honest exchange. On a case by case basis, a human being may encounter a mermaid and, under the authority of love that oversees all things, the two are permitted to share with each other experiences that would otherwise be forbidden.

On very rare occasions it has occurred that a human being could hear the songs the sea sings at night. By the same token, a mermaid who is skilled in listening can hear a man singing no matter where on earth he may be if when he sings he sings with all of his heart.

And this is no small accomplishment. Usually singing is a performing art. There is technique. There are tones and pauses and modulations that can make people weep. But to sing so as to put all of your soul into the words and into the melody so that others hear not just the sounds of beauty? A few can sing so that when you hear the song you experience the love that is within the depths of the other's heart.

Beneath the moon on the open sea the mermaid heard words of love. A man was singing half way around the earth. At times such as this the gates to separate realms are briefly pried open. The veils are parted. You cannot forbid love when the celebration of love is the reason the universe has been brought into being.

It is hard to say unless I go deeper into trance if it was at a tavern, a festival for a Baron, or a king's court where the musician sang. But as odd as it may sound it is nothing at all for a mermaid who wishes to do

so to enter the body of a woman who is drunk out of her mind and to temporarily put on that body as if it is her own.

The musician was taking a break back stage, sitting by himself alone. The mermaid comes up to him, takes his hand, and introduces herself with the name of the woman whose body she has just borrowed.

I can tell you in this moment as their hands touch the feelings that flow between them—it is as real as if this memory is my own. For her, it is like ten thousand flashes of lightning and the accompanying roar of thunder. But the lightning is not blinding and the roar changes to silence. In this brief moment, the touch of skin upon skin and the feelings within carry all the desires of the sea to reach out and to love humanity through the connection.

The man feels he has just met a woman whose love encircles the earth and yet the only reason she exists is to awaken, to satisfy, and then to free him of his deepest desires and needs. Or, to put it simply, he feels time stop and knows that time will not start again as long as she is holding his hand. And he does not want to let go or live one more day without her by his side.

And so I present this as evidence. I argue my case before Divine Providence, before the mermaid realm, and before humanity that the dryness of soul—the absence of watery feeling--and self-hatred that causes human beings to destroy can be overcome through love.

In a good story, there is conflict. You have to push your characters to their limits so that through the choices they make they make themselves into something new. The conflict? The body was not hers. She could not again appear to him in this form.

And there is more conflict, for when the first difficulty is overcome and things seem to look up, something happens that makes everything even worse. And this arc of the plot is what these two have to face.

She wants to be with him, to learn from him, and to give him not just the touch or a taste but the entire mystery of love that is at the core of her being. Not an easy thing to do when the gates separating two realms have been closed for twelve thousand years and will not open again for another age or two.

So she says to the man simply, “Will you trust me and do what I ask you to do?”

“Yes,” he replies, “ask me anything, anything I possess, anything within my ability, and I will give it to you.”

“I will find you again,” she says, “but I will come to you in the body of another woman. Do not try to understand. But you must first do these two things.

“There is a lake not far from here. Go live on the shore of this lake for one year. Each day swim out and float in the lake. Relax and let go and slowly you will feel that the water surrounds you with this same love you now feel. And even more, look for it—you will feel that as you float the two of us have become one.

“You will sense this oneness only when you are in the water. When you step again on dry land, the feeling of my presence will slowly fade.”

The man tries to speak but she puts her fingers to his lips and says, “Wait, I have to finish.”

She goes on, “When you have accomplished this, there is waterfall north of the lake. Build a small cabin near the falls. There the soft roar of the water will be with you both by day and by night. Here you must learn to perceive not with your mind but with your heart that the waterfall, the pool beneath, and the stream are me in another form.

“Again, this cannot be understood by your mind. You must use your heart to perceive that when you touch the water you feel my love flowing through you.

“If you fulfill this second request, I promise you one day I will knock on your door. And you shall greet me and in that moment it will feel as if we have never been separate. And then we shall live together as a man and as a woman.”

“Now you may speak,” she says.

He asks, “What happens when I let go of your hand? Will I awake from sleep and think this was only a dream? Will you disappear as if the woman I now see in front of me was only an illusion?”

She replies, “I can spend this night with you until dawn. And then I must leave.”

Well, I leave it to your imagination what it is like to make love to such a mermaid. Screenplay writers must stick to presenting dialogue and brief descriptions of scenes. It is up to the director and the actors to try to portray on screen the kind of passion and wonder that an event like this contains.

As for the two tests? There was some difficulty with the lake and with the cabin by the pool. Attempts to circumvent the dark fate that binds the human race separating it from the mermaid realm are not always easily overcome.

But in the end, the mermaid got her man. And the man found bliss in the arms of a woman. And also he developed a love in his heart that united him sufficiently with nature that he was able to pry open if only by a notch the gate to the mermaid realm that fate would otherwise have sealed shut. As every mage knows, fate is willing to trade and grant you what you want if you can offer something of fair value in exchange. In all realms, love and affection are common currency.

As for the mermaid, she continues to incarnate among us as a mermaid in a woman’s body. She is here as a teacher.

But as this story goes on, new conflicts appear. For in subsequent life times, she is not so lucky or blessed to meet men of such heroic and

noble character or who possess the will and courage to find a way to return the love she gives. Human beings almost always take from her without offering anything of value in return. In our age of the world, men try to possess her or to twist her and harm her desiring to turn her into something she is not. She is pure innocence that knows that there is no end to her ability to give.

To understand her point of view, let me relay to you her own words: “I would give anything to anyone and give entirely all of me to bring joy and love to those around me. I forgive and continue to love but it’s almost like that is not what they want. I would suffer any pain to keep someone else from hurting. I hope to find that soul mate in some life that someday will love me for just me and accept who it is that I am, that someday my love will be what someone wants and is willing to return.”

And so as you can see my story is not finished. Love has work to accomplish if her story is to find its best ending.

To the complete poem I started earlier:

Waterfalls on black rock cliffs  
Mountain pools  
Cool, calm, at peace  
She is within every one of her friends  
Healing, renewing,  
She makes us all one.  
Among the masters of mankind  
Who try to master fate  
Not one loves  
With such innocence  
And such grace

## The Mermaid Assassin

### Introduction

An aspect of the modern fairy tale is that there is nothing to believe. You get to decide for yourself how to interpret the story. I assert that only God knows for sure who is a mermaid and who is human. All I can do is present my observations and the details of my interviews.

I say the same to the women I interview, “I have no way of understanding the abilities you possess. Nothing in world literature or religion or in the experience of any of the masters of the earth can account for the things you do. Great Swamis may train for thirty or forty years or divine visions may be delivered into the hands of prophets. But what you have is a gift you brought with you when you entered this world.”

So I turn to mythology and I write fairy tales to account for what cannot be understood by any current system of interpretation. All the same, what I write is what I see. I see the woman in this story as having once been a mermaid. She now dwells among us disguised as a human being.

My job is to assist mermaids in being here and offer to human beings a way to appreciate the innocence and love these mermaids bring with them into our world from their own realm. Telling their stories is a first step for understanding the love that has been missing from the human race for ages and eons of time.

### Her Short Autobiography

I enjoy the rhythm of the waves and the drops of spray splashing my face as the hull surges into the trough and breaks through the next wave's crest. The ocean surrounds me. The wind gusts and then shifts and I trim the sail in response. The wind and I are like two lovers who blend in harmony as we dance.

Sailing out here by myself on the ocean there are no conflicts--on the open ocean nothing changes. The days and months and decades—the ocean is always the same.

But the truth is that I do not think of my past as past. It is like I am standing still. I am not going forward. I am now. There is no “I was” or “I will be,” only “I am here now.”

And that is how I felt long ago when I fled Atlantis. My story has conflict and resolution. It has plot and movement. But for me, time, like the ocean, does not move forward. The flow of events in the outer world does not change who I am inside.

I like to sleep by the beach to be close to water. It washes away everything bad and all tension leaves me so I feel only peace. Being under the full moon is like putting a battery charger into a wall socket--I feel recharged.

These things are not surprising. As a child, I loved the water. I would stay in the bath for six hours and sometimes more. I would sometimes fall asleep with my mouth and nose just above the surface.

On the one hand, I hate thinking about myself as being different from other people. I would like to think that at most I am maybe a strange kid. Maybe some of the things I do are a little odd. I am a bit lonely, boring, and misunderstood. I would like to think there is nothing more to it.

But on the other hand? I do not know if I am human. I do not like thinking about myself as one because the things I do seem so natural—things others cannot understand or accept. For example, why would anyone want to hurt someone else? And why do people not accept the good and the bad in their lovers? Isn't love supposed to be without conditions? Isn't always loving and supporting the other person a normal thing to do?

There are other things. I am not talking about the fact that I like to sit in the dark by myself and that I can see in the dark. It has more to do with my empathy.

When someone around me is experiencing an intense, heavy emotion, I spontaneously feel the other's sadness. I will wear myself out crying and then fall asleep. If the emotions are too strong or coming from too many people at once I may even pass out.

I laugh at myself as I say this, but I am like a reverse vampire. I do not take others' energy to restore myself. Rather, I take their aches and pain into myself and heal the other person in the process. I do this spontaneously. I have no control over it.

But there is more. I enter others' memories and then I live those memories as if they are my own. I am back in time inside the other person's body.

I call this "watching a movie" except I am like an actor on a stage playing the part of the other person. A man tells me he is depressed because his wife has left him. Instantly, I am inside his mind watching what actually happened. She says to him, "You are worthless." I hear her words. I see her face. I feel her slap me. I recall what happened with equal or better clarity than the person's own recollection.

Although this entering the other's memory can take place in a moment, for me the experience can go on for hours. I cannot make it stop.

The empathy began when I was seven years old. At that time I was raised by my grandparents. My mother was rarely around. She still does not like me. Her words, "I wish you were never born. Having you has ruined my life."

When my grandfather died, I went to the funeral and could feel what everyone around me was feeling. Because I was upset that he died, he came to me that night in a dream to calm me down. He showed me where he was. It was the prettiest place on earth—so peaceful and happy. He told me I was the most open and receptive of all the family members.

He visits me in dreams and warns me about danger and lectures me about all sorts of things. We also argue. My body is asleep but my mind is awake. When we have been arguing all night I will wake up in the morning and feel like I have not slept at all.

He tells me things such as that a certain person is going to hurt me. He even studies some of my friends to see if each has a good heart. For me, my grandfather is far more alive now than he was when he was still living. But I never know in advance when he is going to talk to me. He does not come when I try to contact him.

One time he told me to call 911 because my grandma, who was still alive, had just had a heart attack. I called 911 and they broke down the door to her apartment and found her lying on the floor. She had had a heart attack just as he had said.

It is not just my grandfather I talk to. I talk to other departed people also. With some the communication is mind to mind without words or thoughts. With others, I talk to them exactly the same as I talk to living people.

Some seem trapped here close to our world and unable to move on like the ghost who is attached to the used dresser I moved into my room. The ghost looks through all of my things and comments on my clothes. He will not tell me anything about himself. Because of his annoying comments, I can no longer change clothes in that room.

I do not easily trust people because of all the bad experiences I have had with them. Men have betrayed me because they are selfish, but what they want has always been obvious. Women are another matter. They have been mean and cruel for no reason whatsoever. But I still love them and even when my friends are treacherous and betray me, I still remain friends with them.

When I meet new people I can tell the first moment I see them, at their first word, if they are dangerous. When one of my friends introduced me to another girl, I told my friend later that this woman would hurt her. I wish I had been wrong. But it turned out the other woman spread nasty rumors about my friend. My friends think I am judgmental when I warn them in this way. But I am never wrong about these things.

### My Atlantean Incarnation

In my original nature, I was a mermaid who had the vibration of Angel Falls—the highest falls on earth. I was pure, flowing, life giving, healing, and renewing. I was the joy and the ecstasy of being alive—full of rainbows and sparkling light. I was trust and innocence—water falling, letting go to into the embrace of air and space. And so you can imagine the disaster that awaited me when I began to associate with the human race.

During the last age of Atlantis, there was a time of peace. Atlantis was like the center of the universe—people from many different lands journeyed there. In one outlying land, there was great conflict. But the Atlanteans frowned on war. They had an air of authority and magical power that enabled them to hold in check those who wished to lead armies to victory over their foes.

Still, the human soul has beneath its surface a seething, raging hunger for power and an implacable hatred of whatever interferes with the attainment of its goals. In her native land, science was weak and magic was not the equal of the Atlanteans. But there were traditions many centuries old in which mages trained for a life time to master their magical arts.

There was a small city of several thousand individuals that was dedicated to spiritual pursuits. It had different societies within it. Some were run by women, but most were governed by men. It was a loose federation composed of groups with different agendas. But they worked together for common goals. It is not just technology and industry that can motivate and enrich a community. Knowledge of the spiritual worlds can also enhance and fulfill life on earth.

One day an advanced adept from this community sat by the sea and the sea took hold of him. His eyes were opened and he became filled with a sense of beauty, love, and peace unlike anything he had ever felt before. He perceived that the sea is a magical realm with many kingdoms within it. He sat there for several hours without moving. He had no desire to do anything else than to immerse himself within these feelings and let their harmony flow through him.

But as is the nature of human beings they desire to share their experiences with another. And so he refocused his eyes so that they would perceive what he wanted—a living being who embodied these feelings of wonder and love. Put simply, he wanted a friend and a lover, a woman who had the sea alive within her.

And so as his eyes fell upon me, I began to materialize in front of him on the beach. Call it a mermaid-mage encounter. This encounter is now part of the mermaid archives that record the experiences of all mermaids on earth.

For him my skin was like moonlight and water, the color of emeralds and the blue sky mixed together. He placed his palm upon my arm and the human part of his mind was gone. He crossed over.

How long he dwelt within my realm he could not tell, for the love placed him in a state of rapture. There is no sorrow, separation, or loss to mark the turning of the clock. But since the vibration of water was weak within his soul, he had to finally let go.

Once again he sat upon the beach though still within a state of revelry. Yet he felt what no great master should ever have to feel—he felt incomplete.

As he walked back to his study, the scent of the sea was moist upon his cloak. And the sounds of waves breaking, the white spray and foam upon the sand seemed to flow around his feet in every step he took. Once in his study he made some tea with alcohol like mead mixed in. And then he sat by the window and began to contemplate. He relived the experience on the beach and then reached a conclusion. These are his very thoughts.

This is not acceptable. Who can live like this? Having such beauty and love—it is so real I can taste and touch it. And yet at the same time it is so remote from my life that it is like being in love with a woman who lives on the other side of the world.

And then thinking of me he said to himself--she and this blessed realm are one and the same. They carry the same vibration. When I leave her presence, I feel only half alive.

The remedy is obvious. She should dwell in my world, here with me. I do not recall anything like this occurring before in the history of my magical order. Yet I am sure if I visualize this mermaid in the body of a woman it will come to be. A way will be found. The gate is open. No one will contest my actions. There are no rules that apply or that serve to guide. I will accomplish this.

You have to understand the level of concentration the mage had mastered. Whether his eyes were closed or open, he could recall nearly

anything he had ever experienced—every sight, smell, taste, touch, and sound or conversation as if it were occurring again right now.

And like the Atlanteans, he was used to working with a crystal ball. As he stared at the crystal it would begin to flare and burst like a volcano erupting but not with lava but rather with dazzling light. And then he would gather that light and concentrate it into the image of whatever he wanted done.

And, according to the difficulty of the desire, within an appropriate time came the object of his desire would manifest. He did this with me—he imagined the goal as real right now—he visualized me by his side.

Three months later, a woman in the community was about to die. Through the force of his magic, I was drawn to that woman. When she died, I entered her body trying to revive her. Healing is a way of manifesting love. But though her soul had decided to leave, I was able to keep the body alive. I awoke inside of this woman's body. Shortly after, according to the mage's visualization, I was by his side.

How did this feel to me? I am of water. My very being is to love and to flow. Enlightenment itself is in knowing how to let go. And love is being one with another without limitation or the need for definition. In love, there are no boundaries to defend.

When the mage entered my realm he was awkward and off balance like a fish out of water. He was like a sponge that wanted to absorb and take in but only a tiny amount of love could get inside of him.

It was okay when he caused me to materialize on the beach. I had the sea inside of me as I sensed his world. I could see how they use chemistry, physics, and fiery will to build and to make new things. But when it came to the song of life, though the music is vast, they only knew a few notes and cords.

No wonder he felt half dead when he left my presence. The sea was not in his dreams and love was not in command of his heart. Entering the girl was as easy as water flowing from one form into another. Yet part of being enchanted is that you do not realize it is happening until the spell is broken. The magic he used to draw me to his side altered my perceptions of what was occurring. I felt everything I was doing was of my own volition.

The body I entered had memories and habits imprinted upon its brain. I was free to use them the way an actor uses a script in order to perform her part in a play. I actually had no difficulty mastering human discourse.

In no time at all I was saying things like “That’s amazing,” “Could you explain that to me again?” “Why don’t I cook something to eat and I’ll call you when it is ready,” “Tell me how your work went today,” and “Here, let me place my hands on your head and take away your tension.”

Interacting with human beings is as simple as keeping my thoughts, words, and actions within the narrow and well-defined range of their brain vibrations. But in myself I remained unchanged. The sea was still within me. Nothing was different. I had merely taken this other form that required little more effort than putting on a robe.

I lived with the mage for four years. And then things changed. The land was on the verge of war. Strong factions were contending for power. I could feel the tension in the air.

Until this point in time, the mage had shown me to only a few of his friends. I was his secret mistress of magical bliss. Some treasures are too special to share with the world at large.

But the political conflict reached a climax. The mage was a member of a ruling council that consisted of three. The enemy leader had gone to Atlantis to seek assistance. He and others wanted to bring Atlantean education and institutions into the land so as to make it an Atlantean colony. This idea the mage could not stand.

And so it occurred to him to use my beauty to accomplish his ends. A mage can no more attack another mage than a cloud can cause damage to another cloud by hurling lightning at it. But there are other ways to destroy an enemy. In the wrong hands, love itself can be used as a tool of destruction.

It is nothing for me to sense another’s deepest needs. And then I configure my responses in such a way so as to offer complete gratification. It is not about lust. It is simply an act of sharing and caring. All mermaids are masters of the art of becoming one.

But the mage knew he could not send me as I was. I did not have a human aura. Anyone who is sensitive would immediately realize I was

not a human being. And so the mage had to change my aura. He had to somehow disguise me so I appeared not just in physical form but also with the soul of a human woman. And this he could do, for he was a master of the elements of nature.

He bound me to the element of earth in such a way that I could no longer see into the mermaid realm. My five senses were limited to perceiving only in the physical world. He bound me to the element of air in such a way that my mind was clear. But I could not think any thoughts that ran counter to the mission he assigned to me.

He bound me to the element of fire in such a way that through any means at my disposal I was to destroy his enemy. It is called a Gheas. An implacable will was placed upon me. While under his control, I now possessed a small amount of his own will and power.

And he bound me to the fifth element of akasha. In this way he imbued me with a human soul. From now on I would incarnate as a human being. He did this so I could not easily defect and return to my own realm.

And as for water, my own element? He let me keep my superhuman empathy. But the awareness of love that is everywhere in every moment he took away from me.

If your love is pure you are forever free regardless of your form, fate, or destiny. Still, he took away my inner connection to the sea. All these things he did to fashion me into a tool, a wand of power that he could now unleash to destroy his enemy.

Actually Atlantis had its own guild of assassins. Though expensive, he could have hired one of them. But why outsource the job when what you have at hand is far better than anything that guild could have created or imagined?

Some would say that converting a mermaid into an assassin is lame brained to say the least. It is like taking gold and diamonds and throwing them into quicksand or mud. But the mage was not a complete fool. He knew what he was doing. A mermaid queen in the body of a woman is the most perceptive creature in this galaxy. In an instant, she can sense and be inside of any person on this earth.

A mermaid like me, though not a queen, has the same abilities but to a lesser degree. Even before I began my journey, I could read the heart and mind of the man I was to target. In all of history, there have never been any covert operatives who possessed one tenth of my capacity.

I enjoy the rhythm of the waves and the drops of spray splashing on my face as my small craft sails toward Atlantis. The ocean around me—in whatever life I exist always brings me peace. No mortal mage, however great, will ever be able to take this away from me.

The sailboat that carries me has an oval shaped deck that extends over the hull. It is carved with grooves that resemble a coiled serpent with the serpent's head at the bow. But the hull itself that rides in the water is similar to the construction of a Viking ship. It is only about eight meters long. The tiny sails are shaped like an arrow head and often part of the sail reaches down to the water.

I love sailing at night. I can see in the dark on nights like this even without starlight or moonlight. In moments like this time no longer exists. There are no conflicts and no dreams or nightmares. Though I have been enchanted, mesmerized, hypnotized, and bound to another against my will, a part of me is forever free.

In this moment, all that exists are me, the craft, the waves, the wind, the night sky, and the sea. Perhaps it is the stress I am under, but I hear the sea speak to me. She says, "Child. By divine grace, human beings are here for a little while and then they are gone. But you and I are like the wind and the waves. We will dance together like this again and again forever."

The first thing I noticed after I docked and tied up my ship was the tiny windows and doors in the buildings. The windows were like a semicircle or a circle cut down the center horizontally so only half of the circle was there to look out of. The roofs did not seem to fit on the buildings because they were a different design. And in the corners where the building met the ceiling there were special decorations like wave patterns. I saw no pyramids. The buildings were of marble and of every other kind of stone. And there were sculptures all over.

As I walked down the street, it seemed there were people from everywhere. It was peaceful and yet I saw urban, rural, and tribal people mingling together on the same road.

But I was not sent here to linger and observe. I had one task—to find the man I was to dispatch. I could sense where he was. I moved in the right direction, found him, and began observing his behavior. He had three body guards that followed him everywhere. These men were tall, quick, and strong.

Some things a woman just knows how to do. You brush your hand through your hair or drop your chin toward your lower shoulder as you smile and glance out of the corner of your eyes. You place your weight on your left hip with the other leg bent while you rest your hand on your thigh, your head and shoulders also leaning to the left side.

Even from across the room, if you catch his eye for a moment his brain extrapolates. Whether he is aware of it or not, his body feels that the two of you are joined and that he is inside of you. And then that microsecond of physical sensations vanish. Like an addict with a drug, he wants to recapture that high.

All of this was child's play for me. Off-the-shelf seduction technology. But add this--I place my soul inside his body at the same time and he becomes like an iron filing in the presence of a powerful magnet. He could not resist my power of attraction.

Things moved quickly. Within the hour I had him in bed. He is so turned on all his defenses are gone. He kisses me, but for him the kiss is death. As many have done before and after me, I have placed a protective layer like wax upon my lips. And over this I have painted with a small brush a deadly poison. He literally dies in my arms. I do not need to check his heartbeat. I can sense the life depart from his body.

The mission implanted in me by the mage has been accomplished. But the method and plan of action were my own creation. No one suggested it to me. Many women I imagine instinctively know how to use poison.

I climbed down from the balcony and made my escape. But before I left that night, I climbed up on to the top of a building and spent three hours staring down at the capital city.

There were sounds in the distance of laughter and music and the cheer of both soft and loud festivals. The words came to me from someone else's mind—"Atlantis: Fair, fair, beautiful beyond compare, Oh wondrous land were the gods still walk, their footsteps echoing through the hills."

Can anyone who has ever been here ever forget the experience? Here is a city that is blessed by the divine world. Every good thing that can be given to humanity has been given into the hands of these people.

The fire in the streets at night that lights the city is not just fire. The fire has a secret warmth within it like the songs of hearts that overflow with joy. And there is also a touch of mermaid innocence. Many people here can go about their day without having to worry about their safety or having to think about how to preserve, defend, or extend their wealth.

I stared at the city lights basking in their glow, letting the warmth fill my soul. But my time is up. I have to flee for my life.

I am soon back at sea. I journey riding on a large ship heading for a distant island. The ship departs with the early morning high tide. I do not remember anything else about this incarnation.

In a few days I will be drafted into the army as is required of all young men and women in my nation. I will then see what new job the powers that be assign me to fulfill in this life time.

### My Physical Therapist—A Mermaid Woman

I fell down a cliff. How stupid can you get? Two weeks later, after consulting with a surgeon and getting an MRI, I finally began physical therapy. In my mind, I was too banged up with other injuries to undergo surgery for my damaged, dislocated shoulder.

For the first three months I did not even notice her. I was distracted—the therapy was excruciatingly painful. The fractures were not yet mended. And it is easy to take a woman such as this one for granted.

The thing about mermaid women—that is, women with deep water in their auras—is that they are adept at disguising themselves. They learn early in life that you cannot be open with other people. You cannot be constantly giving, loving, nurturing, and healing anyone and everyone you meet.

Without being aware of what they are doing, people become obsessed or dominating around a mermaid woman. They want more and more of whatever it is that she gives. This is not something that people do consciously. They often are not even aware that they are acting out of character.

We live our lives amid trade-offs. We negotiate for affection and attention. Respect is earned. And love is so rare that we do everything we can to protect what we have.

True love is one of the greatest treasures on earth—a love that cannot be bound, broken, diminished, or brought to an end; it is so alive it captures the essence of every moment while at the same time the wisdom of eternity shines from within it. In true love, there is nothing to possess, to bind, or to try to confine. In true love, the lover is within and a part of you one hundred percent of the time.

Mermaid women all have the capacity to rise to the level of true love. It is in their blood. It is a quality of their souls. And so as a mermaid woman, my physical therapist is in disguise. She is completely professional during a therapy session. She is businesslike, focused, and very demanding.

She has great recall and attention to detail. She knows very well that in regard to shoulder dislocations, you never want to depart from protocols or step-by-step treatment. You have to do the hard work if you want to get results. There are no free rides, and there are no exceptions to this rule.

And so it would be easy to think that this woman is a Virgo—she is analytical, mental, hardworking, and focused on details, and she enjoys most of all when something is done right. But this conclusion would be an absolute mistake. Her personality is completely opposite.

I began to notice my mistake very slowly. It required an effort to put it together. It was in her intonation pattern as she spoke. There was the sound of water dripping off of leaves and falling to the ground. It was in her touch when she was massaging my shoulder. She would ask as she stretched a muscle, “On a scale of one to ten, how painful is this?”

I would reply, “When you are touching my arm, I can feel the intensity of the sensations, but my mind no longer labels it as pain. I just let go.”

And it was in her occasional smile. When she smiled, the therapist was gone. A different person was present. It was the smile of a young woman who loves to be out of doors—canoeing between the islands, hiking in the mountains, or swimming in the surf. I was no longer in a hospital. Sunlight, moonlight, and wind were caressing my skin.

She is innocent, loves to play, is pure delight, and feels a part of nature. She searches with an endless curiosity for new experiences that allow life to express itself in explosions of joy. I had never met anyone before whom I could describe by saying she searches for “explosions of joy.” Then again, at the time of this story, I had met less than a dozen mermaid women.

So here is my dilemma. I feel more alive when I am in her presence. And I can tell you exactly, precisely, why this is: In her way of being receptive and of giving energy she takes the electricity in my nervous system and enhances it. It is not just a matter of feeling assured and more self-confident. It feels like having the power of lighting that occurs in a storm on a dark night. It is the power to light up the darkest places within the heart. That is the way she makes me feel.

When people fall in love, they have feelings for each other. The attraction is often unique, and it acts as a force like gravity binding two people together. The other has a hold on you like you are under a spell—like a magic mirror, the woman reflects something from deep within you that, at times, is so far away you may not have even known it was part of you. She offers you something that makes you feel whole, and the relationship makes her feel complete as well.

Mermaid women are *not* like that. They do *not* love in that way. Love is neither created by the feelings two individuals have for each other nor does it have anything to do with special experiences two individuals share. Love is not generated through the act of giving.

Like nature that surrounds us with its sky, stars, sun, moon, mountains, seas, rivers, forests, plateaus, and plains, love is already there. It is everywhere. You only need to open to it and allow it to flow through you.

For a mermaid woman, you cannot capture another's attention by your charm, your beauty, your wealth, or your social status and skills. And joy is never a matter of feeling really good because everything is going right, better than expected. The feeling of joy occurs when, like an artesian well, you are a channel through which a stream flows unimpeded and without restraint.

I use the image of water because for mermaid women love is like the water that covers the earth. It has vast depth and breadth. It has been here billions of years and more—it is like the sky that contains the stars at night.

And so, as I have previously described, just being a mermaid woman creates social conflict. Offering attention, affection, acceptance, empathy, and energy to others makes some people feel so good that they immediately notice when that love is no longer flowing through them. And then they feel uptight, anxious, or confused. They want to possess

or restrain the mermaid woman in some way in order to acquire a steady supply of her love. Like me, they feel more alive in such a woman's presence and suffer withdrawal symptoms when they are no longer within fifty feet or so of her.

The question is, can I reproduce this same feeling of being alive in myself when I am not in the presence of a mermaid woman? All of these women mention that they feel connected to nature. Their connection to nature is so deep that their personalities have a nonhuman component—they are of nature beyond what human beings understand.

Can I find peace that “flows like a stream from the dawn of time to the ends of eternity?” Can I relax and feel an artesian well of joy overflowing from the depths of my soul with a curiosity for new experiences that allows life to express itself as an explosion of joy? Can I meditate and sense a sea of love surrounding me? Or, as my physical therapist also expresses, can I contain within myself the polarity of earth and sky that causes the lightning bolt to fly and that mends the broken heart?

Someone might suggest, “Well, you already know the girl. Simply make her your friend. Then these feelings, like a friend, will be there when you want them.” There is a difficulty with that suggestion. A mermaid woman may know a great many people, but becoming her friend is not so easy. On average, it takes me one to two years to gain their trust before, for example, they will let me interview them. To become close to a mermaid woman, to be *her* friend, you have to demonstrate you can feel exactly what she feels inside. They are empaths. It is difficult to fool them.

And you cannot offer her something of value in exchange for her attention. If she feels you flowing through her as she can so easily flow with her love and energy through you, then and only then will she feel close to you—that you are someone who understands who she is.

To convert myself from a human being into an individual who feels joined to nature from within is a slow process. This is not the nature studied by scientists and ecologists who say things like, “We need to protect and heal the earth.” It is we who are endangered and not the earth. In the blink of her geological eyes, we are at risk of becoming a distant memory, as extinct as the dinosaurs.

If I sit still and use my clairsentient abilities, I can feel what individual mermaid women feel in whatever aspect of nature they embody. The difference is that it is not flowing through me. I have created it with my mind. And it requires effort to keep it alive. They feel love naturally; it flows through them without effort. There is no thought, meditation, magic, ethics, theology, or metaphysics attached to it. It is already there and exists independent of the human race.

It took me five months of strenuous physical therapy to regain my range of motion in my arm. Perhaps in a few years, through deep meditation on water, I will come to embody the love my physical therapist feels.

A mermaid woman, one adept in social interaction, recently challenged my self-image. She said, “Just be yourself. Be honest, in the moment; be direct. Just share who you are.”

I replied to her, “I write poems. My poems tell me I have not yet met the person that I am.”

I am not being facetious. I am embarrassed around these women. They are more human than I am, even when some of them are actual mermaids who have chosen to appear in the form of women. When I can love as they love, then I will have become the person I am meant to be. Today I was discharged from my physical therapy, having completed seventeen sessions. I wrote this poem for my physical therapist as my way to say goodbye.

I was not sure if I was dead or alive  
And then you were by my side  
A guide to the Other Side?  
“Not so,” you coached,  
“No pain, no gain,  
The bones will fuse  
The muscles strengthen  
It’s just takes time,”  
And then off you went camping

You are the soft singing in the light of dawn  
A lost song again found  
Before sunrise  
I see it in your eyes  
With a voice that says,  
“Life is a gift  
Like the light of dawn  
Forever new as a touch, a caress, a kiss”

Your innocence flows like a stream  
The sounds of a waterfall in a dream  
Water splashing, the ripples dancing, laughing  
Rainbows playing in the rising mist  
The cool, deep, refreshing depths  
Such is morning as it stretches on  
It is found in the silent song  
You are constantly singing

And then the dazzling, brilliant sun ascends  
I see it in your eyes

The will to make the best of life  
To make things turn out right  
You live on the edge of the moment  
Ready for any surprise

Now twilight descends  
Too soon things come to an end  
Work and play  
All accomplishments fade away  
It is a time to let go  
To feel release and peace  
Your eyes tell me so  
In every moment a new beginning unfolds

And then the dead of night  
The darkest places I already know  
Where those who hunger and thirst for love  
Have lost their way  
Have lost their hope  
Here too your voice speaks  
I can feel your breath on my neck  
Whispering in my ear,  
“Love cannot be found  
Because it is all around  
You only need to let go into the flow;  
This I always know.”

Whether the soft song of dawn  
Morning ascending  
The delight of sunlight

The release of twilight  
 Or the silent, silent dead of night  
 Your presence will always be by my side  
 In the wonder of what it is to be alive.

Your innocence flows like a stream  
 The sounds of a waterfall in a dream  
 Water splashing, the ripples dancing, laughing  
 Rainbows playing in the rising mist  
 The cool, deep, refreshing depths  
 Such is morning as it stretches on  
 It is found in the silent song  
 You are constantly singing

### Custodian of the Mermaid Archives

When I touch her aura with my hand, these words pass through my  
 mind:

She is the sea.  
 She dreams of what has been and what shall be

The ocean trench, she knows those depths.  
 Waves that roll a thousand miles,  
 Look carefully, they are in her smile—  
 The whitecaps, the foamy crests,  
 The wave's spray, the wind's caress  
 Waves and depths speak with the same breath—  
 As the seas encircle the earth

And to life give birth  
She is one with those she loves.  
Yet even among mermaids she is a mystery  
When she gazes upon another  
She becomes the other  
Every perception perceived,  
Every feeling, every thought and belief,  
The song that is a soul  
She captures whole.

Imagine you are on a beach. It does not matter where--the Aegean Sea, the island of Crete, France, Spain, Iona in Scotland, São Paulo, the Solomon Islands, Hawaii, Japan, or China. Smell the salt in the air. Feel a gentle wind, drops of spray anointing your skin when the wave breaks, and bubbling white foam around your knees as the wave retreats.

The sea reaches out across the horizon. Relax; let go. Feel the sounding sea flow through your soul. Imagine you can see the ocean floor, the reefs, the islands, and the fish. Sense the waves, the currents, the tides, and the moon's pull upon the earth.

Take the sensations in your five senses, the feeling of the open expanse and the sea's depths, and allow them gently to unite into one vibration. Imagine that all the seas of the earth with their mysteries and awesome presence are like a relaxed exhalation, a soft breath, a warm touch, or a sweet kiss.

Now we begin to feel the presence of this woman inside ourselves. It is accepting and satisfying, and the love has no end.

And this is where our story begins. For the record, mermaids do not use words to communicate. Experience is transferred directly soul to soul and heart to heart. Telepathy—mind-to-mind communication—is considered an inferior way of sharing.

Memory for mermaids is also quite different. It is not an “I recall an experience in the past.” That is what we do: we use words, literature, histories, biographies, and audio and video recordings to capture and store perceptions of events that are now gone.

When we read or play these things back, there are moments when we experience vicariously another’s experience as if it is our own; or indeed we may recall briefly something that once occurred to us as if it is happening again right now. But such moments are rare.

Yet because of the nature of the water that encircles the earth and because water is always the same no matter the change, mermaids do not view events in terms of linear time. When mermaids experience something, it is forever alive. And so they do not recall a memory or record an event. Their method is different.

One of the mysteries of mermaids is that they possess technologies that are beyond the knowledge of our science. Consider this. If you have known someone you loved who has died, for a mermaid that experience lives on forever. By going to a certain place and aligning herself to the vibration, a mermaid is able to recapture her own memories and also to relive what any other mermaid on earth has experienced in the history of the world.

What is it like to specialize in the ecology of reefs where you play a part in nourishing and seeing life flourish over millions of years? What is it like to dwell in an ocean trench—to watch sulfur-based life-forms come into existence? What is it like to feel in your body a billion waves rolling to a thousand different winds?

Or what was the first experience of a mermaid encountering a human being? What is it like to love a human? What were the best and worst of mermaid-human encounters? It is all right there in the mermaid archives, wrapped in a stillness that is timeless and that will endure as long as this planet exists.

And so one day in this very place beneath the sea the conversation went like this—though as I have said no words were used and no thoughts communicated. To be more accurate, it was a shared vibration, soul to soul and heart to heart, between the mermaid queens and one of their assistants:

That our records might be complete regarding the deep purposes of the earth, a race will soon appear on land that shall quickly expand and encompass the planet. But far more quickly they will cease to be. And this without leaving any kind of living record of their journey. Their ruins as well shall decay as if they had never been.

Though we do not see all ends, what we do see cannot be denied. The signs are perfectly clear. Without divine intervention of some original and radical design, the self-destructive tendencies of this race will cause their demise.

Therefore, I ask of you that you become as one of them. Master of experience, Custodian of our archives, your skills are equal to this task.

Through your clairsentience and empathy, record what they experience here on earth. Let us make a living record of what it is like to be alive in their shape and form—what they felt, what motivated and inspired them, what instincts drove them. In this way, when other races appear on earth, they shall be able to come to us and find here the perfect eidetic and living experience of what it was like to be a human being.

And the Custodian of the mermaid archives responded to this request, imagining it in its perfection once accomplished:

These questions shall I answer: What it feels like as a human being to awake in the morning and to go to sleep at night, to be hungry and also to taste with delight, to cry tears of joy and tears of sorrow, to be born—to take that first breath—to crawl, to walk, and with the aid of machines to fly. And without hope to lie down in the dust and die watching as the last breath goes by.

What it is like to dream, to seek and to find, to build, to invent, to scheme, to create, to ascend with honor and fame and to fall again into despair and shame.

What is the essence of a human being? What is it for them to be alive? What purposes do they fulfill and what hopes are denied?

And above all else, what is love to them? Do they ever wonder to explore its depths? Do they ever once taste the love that holds this entire planet in its embrace? What inspiration comes to them? And when things are at their worst, what decisions do they make that shape their fate?

Accepting what was said, the mermaid queens suggested that the Custodian be circumspect: But this will not be easy. Human beings are hostile and in fear of water. Feeling is alien to this species. Their hearts are like deserts, wastelands, and dry and dying forests. They are half dead; a strange species alienated from life preying upon and devouring each other's feelings and energy.

You will have to go as a master of disguise. We have chosen you for this task because—even among this race with its dark cravings--you will be able to maintain your own soul vibration of love united to the waters of the earth. At the same time you are capable of feeling all that they feel while cloaking yourself. When they look upon your form and personality you will appear familiar and understandable.

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When I interviewed this woman, she told me of a past life when she incarnated in Atlantis:

In my first incarnation as a human being, I was a young girl in Atlantis. I served in a temple that was in the shape of a dome with an altar at the center. There were drums and dancing, and water was all around.

I did not live long. We understood that Atlantis was coming to an end, that it was the end of an age. The change was inevitable, sad, and yet we were ready to face the future with great courage. Many of us felt detached. Though our lives were about to end, spiritually speaking, we were ready to pack up and move on.

Here is my recollection from that time:

Sitting here in the temple, the drumming is a combination of the heart beating, the surging pulse, and roar of waves breaking on a beach. I feel very content in this body. I do not feel like a human being; rather, I am the element of water in human form. I did not leave nature behind when I was born.

Still, the drumming is rhythmic and hypnotic. The vibration the priestesses create perfectly captures what they wish to express—it is an amplification of the life force and vitality in everyone who is present focused into and through a crystal ball that rests on the altar. In doing this, they create a radiant ball of light that is bronze and golden in color. This light fills the room. Its glow calms and renews the soul.

Yet like ball lightning, this condensed power of vitality captures everyone's minds so there is no distraction or lack of attention. It is mesmeric and overpowering. The crystal ball, like a reservoir or battery,

stores power accumulated in the past and unites it to what is being generated in the present.

The high priestess uses this combined, collective energy to heal, to command, and to transform. The purpose of this religious Order? Like all that is Atlantis at its best, they seek to combine nature and mind, science and magic, humanity and spiritual awareness—distilling each, refining, and then uniting so that the opportunities offered by the divine world fully manifest on earth.

Unfortunately, human beings often treat the elements of nature as if they are components to be manipulated in a chemical experiment in a laboratory. With a few exceptions, they fail to sense the way uniting with nature enables an individual to feel fully alive.

On the other hand, it is perfectly clear that humans are geniuses at creating new forms of social organization to enhance the allocation of scarce resources within their societies. Take Zania, the girl sitting next to me. We played together as children.

Once when she hurt her knee, I felt that pain within me. For a moment, we shared the same astral bodies. And being a healer, I looked at my own knee that now felt her pain, and I made that pain go away. In that moment her injury also vanished.

She possessed similar abilities of healing and empathy. I could sense these within her. But in the beginning helping others was not one of her priorities. It was not that she was selfish or encumbered by her ego. Rather, she was enchanted with the glamour of social status, and beyond that with the Mystery Schools that enable you to rise and enter the upper echelons of society to be among the elite who rule Atlantis.

If we had had more years to live, this young girl I once played with would have become a woman of great power. When she pursued a purpose, she would have drawn together the conviction and energies of

the inner planes and the plans and knowledge within the best minds she could find.

In Atlantis, you do not just take on a project and then acquire resources to accomplish it. In Atlantis, magic combined with willpower becomes the means for shaping the future. Atlanteans bring immense energy from the inner planes and then blend it with science to accelerate the discovery of new technologies.

And they can do this because they have produced a unique social order: they seek and screen for those with the most innate psychic abilities. These young children are then trained in problem solving, leadership, and magical concentration. The goal is to develop a few to rule Atlantis who can see through the eyes of the divine and design for society those projects that produce the greatest benefits.

As for the young girl next to me? Her innocence and sweetness are gone. Though I can record her experiences as if they are my own, I will never experience the kind of radical soul changes she has undergone. My astral body remains the same whether I am a child or an adult. In this sense, I am not like her or other human beings.

Zania's childhood qualities of being sweet and innocent are no more. However, she has become strong in the ways of the temple. She is a powerful healer. She can take a burn victim or someone with acute depression and make them well. In place of the young girl is a priestess with access to a crystal ball, a great lineage, and a well-honed spiritual will.

In this moment, as I slip my soul inside of hers, all that exists in my awareness is the temple, the ceremonial ritual vibrations, and one other thing—I sense a secret, nearly insatiable desire. This craving for something that as of yet has no definition I can find in nearly everyone who has been shaped by the magical training systems of Atlantis.

It was not there in Zania as a young girl. It is a collective, unconscious will that has come into existence because their genius at social organization has not yet evolved to where they have discovered how to attain balance. What is missing from Atlantis, from their amazing social organization and astonishing technologies?

It is not that difficult for me to see. If I gaze at Zania for a moment, I see it instantly. If Zania were to become the person she is meant to be—the one who is free and finally complete, having mastered all human needs—she would be like this: earth and sky would shine from her eyes; if she looked at a cloud, she would feel like she would want to dance as if she was the cloud swirling and whirling around and the wind was her soul within.

If she walked in a forest, the trees would share with her their dreams. The turning of the seasons, the illumination of lights, and the silent song sounding in the depths of the earth—the trees would bestow this wisdom.

And if she touched water, placing her hands beneath the surface, in that moment she would be as me and feel what I feel—she would be joined to all the seas of the earth.

There is no transmission I can give her; there is no blessing I can bestow upon her so that the woman she will one day be manifests in the here and now. She is a human being, and it is not my assignment or commission to intervene. The karma of the individual is joined to the collective experiences of the entire race. They will have to discover on their own through bitter and terrible experience that the harmony of the soul is something you should never put on hold.

How many times will future civilizations of this race attain knowledge without wisdom or power without love? My body is content as I sit here. The sound of the drums is exquisite. The incense is bewitching, satisfying, and gratifying. It is like nothing else exists.

Yet I am also here as an observer—detached, recording as always the experiences of those I meet. Though I am in human form, I have visions of the future beyond what they can see. Yet I cannot weep.

They shall make their own fate—time after time they shall rise and then be destroyed like waves breaking on the shore. Time is a sea; and one day if they fail to find inner harmony, they shall be swept away and be no more.

A friend who knows me well wrote for me this poem:

I am water  
 I am what I was before  
 I have only change the outer form

I am water  
 My secret dreams, my innermost needs?  
 I am raging and daring and craving—  
 The essence of love that has no end  
 My secret name is desire set aflame:  
 I ask you,  
 Where does the sun burn so bright  
 As when its passion unites with ice?  
 The haunted soul with its abandoned love  
 Frozen and cold?  
 I go where others cannot  
 I am the sparks that arc illuminating  
 The darkest chambers of the heart  
 My songs are citrine, violet, vermillion, and lilac  
 By what authority do I claim what is lost?  
 Have you never seen me dancing naked?  
 Dazzling his rays ravish me

In the curves and crests  
Golden his caress finds me, binds me  
In a billion waves  
His ecstasy sets me free

I am water  
I am what I shall be  
I am the sea  
With its endless dream  
Of being one and of being free

### A Changeling Story

*Changeling*: a spirit such as a fairy placed inside the body of a human child at or soon after birth. The body is human, but the soul is of another race.

I once knew a Hopi Indian medicine man. I was his only student. He told me how he acquired his healing powers.

The day he was born another child died at birth in his village. The elders who were priests performed a ritual. They encouraged the child who had died to study herbs and healing on the astral plane in order to grow wise. Decades later, after the living child had learned the basic lessons of life, the two would reunite. At that time, the departed child would become a spirit guide, assisting the living person to become a shaman.

For the Hopi Indians, this kind of magical action made perfect sense. Our world and the next are not so far apart. They interact. What would otherwise be considered a loss was made into a creative act. Both worlds are enriched.

I realized from this firsthand report that there must be a great many interactions occurring between the spiritual realms that our world knows nothing about.

In a large city in France in 1996, a baby girl is born. Out the window of the hospital nursery, in that quiet afternoon, you can see a storm camping on the horizon. Dark, with vicious lightning, the clouds appear waiting for an order before they advance.

At 4:37 PM that afternoon, approximately fifty-two minutes after the birth, the air in the nursery briefly turns cold dropping five to seven degrees in temperature. If you were standing there and could sense these things, you would feel a sudden accumulation of energy. The air is thick with a cool, contracting, fluctuating, and pulsing magnetic field.

We normally do not notice these things, but even on sunny days the ground continuously has charges of energy moving through it. When the charge is strong enough, we witness lightning coming down. But the lightning is merely a small display of the forces arrayed in the earth and the clouds.

On this unusual day, the magnetic field within the ground beneath the hospital is remarkably powerful, so much so that a gate opens to the fairy realm of the mermaids. Because of this opportunity—this open door between the realms—two mermaids, invisible to all but a clairvoyant, stand over the human child. They are silvery blue, translucent in appearance. They are tall, slender women.

One mermaid places her hands down to touch the child and then carefully, as if plucking the strings of a harp, she draws out its soul. As that bundle of complex soul energy leaves the body, the other mermaid lowers the soul of a mermaid child into the body in the crib. The infant's heartbeat and breathing stop for an instant and then continue on. There is no cry, no squirming, and no complaint. The entire procedure takes place in less than a minute.

I realize some will insist that the soul does not enter an infant until at least four months after the birth. Others say that the soul, though not in the body, is nevertheless already attached—the choice as to who will incarnate has already been made. Perhaps this is why the exchange could

proceed so rapidly—the soul was not so closely bound to the body that it could not be carried away to another place.

The soul of the baby girl and the mermaid who holds it vanish as they both return to the mermaid realm. There the human soul is placed in the body of a mermaid on the astral plane while the mermaid is now within the body of the infant in the crib. It is the souls, you see, that are exchanged. The infant's body remains the same and has not been moved.

Though the exchange is now complete, one mermaid shall remain near at hand to watch over the infant for several weeks. Caution and attentive care are essential lest a flaw appear in the process. The binding of spirit to flesh and bone requires a total commitment. No hint or clue can be left behind; no one must suspect that the water spirits have intervened.

To say the least, the magic used to accomplish this was intense. The infant in the crib is now a changeling. Conditions under which such exchanges may be made vary on a case-by-case basis. In this situation, it is the unusual accumulation of magnetism in the ground that presents the opportunity that the mermaids seized upon.

But why? Why would mermaids do such a thing? For mermaids, being composed solely of the water element, a better question is, Why not? Why does water seep into the cracks of a granite cliff and split it open as it freezes, eventually bringing down a mountain? Why does water slowly wear away solid rock, digging into the schist to form a river canyon? Why does water move along unseen in underground streams? The answer is that water flows to where it wants to go. It is the way of nature.

From the point of view of human morality, taking a soul out of a human body outside of the purview of humanity is reprehensible. But we are not the only players on this planet. There are other races present. The earth is no one's possession. The human body is made mostly of water, and over water the mermaids have an authority that is independent of human ethics.

Contrary to the fairy tales we have been told, the realm of mermaids rarely takes an interest in humanity. And if there is an interaction such as this one, the explanation falls outside of the confines of human reason. The mermaids see our race as irrelevant to the greater purposes for

which this planet exists. We are here but for a little while, and then we shall be no more. The mermaids have been here long before we came and shall remain ... well, many are immortal.

It is true that from time to time a mermaid will materialize on a beach or in the sea. You can touch her or communicate with her if you know telepathy. But then she vanishes away, dematerializing as if what you had seen was only a dream.

If the energy accumulation is strong enough and of the right type, the mermaid can put on flesh and blood, and a heart begins to beat. You can do the same if you have a highly skilled medium. The air in the room grows cold and a white mist of pure vitality seeps out from the body of the medium. And then a mermaid stands before you in a physical body.

But then the energy is quickly used up, and the mermaid is gone. There is little need to fear. There are only a few cases of this kind of changeling exchange occurring on earth in any age. It requires a magical action and magic of this type is rare even among the mermaids.

What will the mermaid now in the body of a female child know as she grows older? Will she realize that she is from another world? The answer is that she grows up thinking that she is human like anyone else. There is no user's manual next to the crib explaining the ways she is different.

It is even rarer for human beings to sense these things. Until recently, there have only been a few situations in the last hundred years where parents realized their child was inhabited with the soul of a mermaid. In one case, the parents viewed the exchange as an act of God, as something sacred that was not to be looked down upon.

What is our mermaid like as she grows up? She is very pure. She is innocent, tender, fragile, and gifted with the ability to feel—she responds to the impressions of her senses and to her environment with about ten times greater sensitivity than either the children or the adults around her.

A chair is not just a chair for her. Touching it, she can sense its history, the emotions of those who have sat in it, the trees from which the wood was made, and the feelings of the workmen who made it.

A face is not just a face for her. In the eyes, the hair, the lips, and the skin she sees reflected the love and the hate, the joy and the fear, that have settled there. A person's face is a poem, a song, or a story that speaks with its own voice. The eyes, the lips, and the voice reveal things that the person would break down and cry over if he or she thought they were no longer hidden.

This girl would make a great model for some painter because of her haunting eyes, eyes like a full moon that calls you to come dance in a grove, lips like the rose light of dawn that warns sailors of storms, and her hair like the black tides of a night with no light, neither stars nor moon, where the roar of a distant surf bids you walk without thought of self, only the desire to be free of human need.

She keeps her inner feeling carefully hidden from other people. She knows that what she feels should never be shared with others, for she has learned early on that they are blind to these things—how to give all of yourself as you love, how to be unafraid, and how to explore the intricate labyrinth of images and feelings hidden in any moment of time.

Her parents think that she is pretty girl, somewhat shy, who likes to play by herself. Animals fascinate her; she sits in a tree or hides in the backyard in the bushes watching the calico cat, the timid mouse, the owl waiting for a rat, and the doves bobbing as they sing.

Lately, now that she is thirteen years old, she has taken up photography, using a digital Canon camera. She walks through the woods and along streams. She takes pictures of the same river at different hours of the day and at different seasons of the year. Why? It is like the river is trying to talk to her, and she wants so much to hear and to decipher its message. She edits the pictures, turning them transparent, doing overlays, and then making them into drawings—a few lines on a white background as if she is looking for what remains when the river banks and the waves are taken away.

There are no people in her pictures, just nature scenes and abandoned barns, trees, flowers, paths in the woods, and so on. Her pictures sometimes look like paintings. Change the light, and the entire picture changes.

Her personality is detached. There is something precious about her, but what that is remains unavailable to others. She obviously knows what is expected of her. She can say, “Thank you” and “How interesting,” or she asks a meaningful question if the social interaction requires such things.

She can play at school with other children. She does her homework. She learns foreign languages almost without effort. She draws. She jogs. She is on the swimming team—swimming, in fact, is the one area in which she exerts the full force of her will. She has no desire to win. It is more like the water responds to her when she swims. Without anyone knowing why, she is made captain of the team in spite of being shy. And this choice is never questioned.

If you watch her carefully you might suspect that she is playing a part like an actress. She participates according to the social context and responds well to subtext. But she is always holding back, pulling her punches, showing only a small part.

As I have pointed out, no one has told her she is a mermaid, and she has no connection to that realm in dream or in vision. But what about this? If you sit with her in a corner café some fine summer night, and if she totally trusts you because you listen as well as she can feel, perhaps then you might ask her straight out, “What bothers you deep down?”

In that moment, she would reply, “I do not belong here. This world is all wrong. The people are not fully alive. And I do not know why.”

There is one last thing. If you stand in front of her and feel the energy of her aura pass through you, you would see yourself out on the open sea at night before a path of moonlight reaching out to the horizon. You would feel serenity pass through you, deeper than thought or imagery, deeper than a dream, from a place beyond even dreamless sleep.

And then you would feel yourself sinking down into the ocean a thousand feet deep. You would feel that vast body of water around you and feel that it contains one quality and one feeling, namely, a sense of peace. Mermaids such as this one embody qualities that human beings cannot easily imagine or fathom.

What of the human child now in a mermaid’s body on the astral plane? What is growing up like for her? She feels she is inside of an aquarium, except instead of fish there are mermaids swimming all around her. The

mermaids come right up to her, and there is this instant connection from inside without having to speak. She feels the other's feelings flow through her. In this way she learns to sense and perceive as a mermaid, not through speech, not through imitative behavior, but intuitively understanding what water is, what it does, and how life exists within it.

If this intuitive connection were translated into language, the words would be: "Let us spend the summer watching over the reefs of this island, sensing each fish and its habitat, or flowing with the tides, feeling the sun and the moonrise. Watch the tiny algae, the larger fish coming and going, the young and the old. This is home; this is play; this is work; doing these things—perceiving and nurturing—are what we are all about."

It goes on: "Next, let's flow with the current as it takes us to the North Pole. We'll watch the seals and the whales and what could be more exciting than to sense the fresh water melting, mixing with the salt water, changing temperatures, sinking down, down into the deep, flowing back around the circumference of the world.

"If you want, you can slide along the edge of a wave as it rolls a thousand miles, as it breaks on a beach, moves on in a wave again and again since there is no end; feel that subtle magnetic swirl in the curling wave—it has its own taste, like a wine you can drink, bringing to life new things in yourself you have never felt. Or just lie back and float on the surface of the sea and feel starlight as its sinks into your being, absorbed, coming to life as a song or a dream."

It is not like there is a one-on-one mentor or parent. It is more like being part of a community or a large, extended family. Anyone can become your teacher or your friend. If you open your heart, you can draw near and share in the actions of any other water spirit. There are no social barriers here. The sea itself is your friend. Water is your breath. And there is always present the subtle vibration of love. It is everywhere, and it is absolutely impossible to miss.

Being a mermaid certainly beats being unemployed, being in a bad marriage, or being a social reject. Here there are no bad marriages, no ill will, no suffering due to poverty, unemployment, failure, poor motivation, disgrace, or shame.

Does this human child ever think human thoughts as she sojourns among mermaids? Words from a dictionary are not in her mind. All the same, she is well aware that she is not as these other beings. They are innocent and pure. Their feelings are always perfectly clear.

She, however, is composed of five elements, even though her body is that of a mermaid. She senses something is missing. She can do much of what mermaids do. But she does not possess their spontaneity and the way they totally engage each moment.

Does she go on a quest to uncover the reasons for this? No. To be a mermaid is to go with the flow. Mermaid existence has its own bliss, which often will reduce the desire for a quest or dampen the need to be curious.

But if she could put into words what she senses it would go like this: “They never build anything. They do not make things. They have rank and power. This is clear. But no one is ordering anyone else to do something. There is no strife, no competition, no striving, and no struggle.

“They can learn a great deal and very quickly, but they do not test their own boundaries. They do not seek to overcome their own limitations. Yet the best is that they know how to let go: they can feel the entire sea of the earth flow through their souls in any moment. And as they do this the only things that exist are the sensations, the feelings, and the vibrations of being one with the whole.”

One day the mermaid in the human body will return to her own realm, after the physical body she lives within dies. At that moment, she will awaken in the realm of mermaids and be greeted by her parents, those mermaids who brought her into being.

There will be a period of transition. She has inhabited a human body, thought with a brain, spoken with human languages, and she remains in possession of human memories. All the same, perception—especially sight and sound in the realm of mermaids—is far more vivid and real than these things are to human beings. It is natural, then, to want to look around, see what is here, and to begin to explore.

Time is not the same, but soon enough she will appreciate that her soul belongs in a mermaid body. And then she will feel that she has awoken from a bad dream.

She shall ask, “Why was so much kept secret from me about the true nature of reality?”

With this coming home, seeing it for the first time, and realizing this is where she truly belongs, she is genuinely puzzled how she could not have been here all along. There is a great sigh of relief like the moment when you realize the truth—that everything you were taught to believe has been false and that your gut feelings were right all along.

And then she thinks using both human and mermaid thought, *What does it matter? I am now free. The past is no more. This is where I belong; being a human being was an illusion.*

Human experiences, memories, thinking, language capacity, and the human mind still remain; they just are no longer of much use. It is like a wedding gown you use once and then put in a closet and forget about unless years later you take it out only to weep about what you once dreamed.

There is one further thing to say about the mermaid side of this magical changeling exchange. As the mermaid parents come up and greet their returning child, they open their minds. And then in a few moments the entire life experiences of the young mermaid pass into their own minds and hearts.

It is a mermaid thing: you can feel what another feels. You can also, if you are skilled, replay the entire set of memories in the other’s mind. As I have mentioned before, mermaids keep records of all the experiences of their entire race. When necessary, they can access wisdom far beyond what human beings can imagine.

And what of the human child after her counterpart returns to the realm of mermaids? Unlike what legends suggest, a child with a human soul does not remain in that fairy realm. She incarnates as a human being. As she finally grows up in a human body in the way that was originally intended, she will not have any mermaid magic unless it was taught to her while she was in the other realm.

But she will have the magic of water as part of her personality. She will sense automatically from her previous experience with the mermaids that human beings are very silly in these ways—for no reason, human beings are selfish. For her, greed, jealousy, hatred, animosity, possessiveness—all these feelings are self-destructive actions like binding a ball and chain to your own leg. There is no need to be tied down to something negative when you feel free inside.

And if you could stand in front of her—this human child returned to humanity—and feel the energy of her aura pass through you, you would probably conclude that she is a person of great emotional force. Though rare, when she is upset it is like standing on the shore and watching a hurricane move in with storm surge, rain, and violent winds.

And when she is happy, chances are you would feel like you are in a sauna or mineral spring or floating in a tide pool at the beach. Her happiness flows through you, and you let go and feel release and peace. In other words, you would feel she has an emotional force unlike anyone you have ever met.

But most likely you would never notice anything unusual about her at all, other than that she is unusually vivacious. Though a human being, she learns quickly to conceal this other part of her personality. Human beings cannot comprehend the mermaid empathy she acquired during her unusual spiritual journey. Few people are comfortable being around someone who can instantly feel what others feel inside.

## Epilogue

Is there more to be said? Some ethical question to be clarified?

It is said that young children, age eleven or so, are still unable to understand both sides of a question. They think that either something is right or it is wrong, it is black or it is white—complexity escapes them.

The idea of having to act with ambiguity, to make choices without full knowledge of consequences—children cannot live with that kind of stress. And so they decide on a simple answer and attach themselves to it in order to feel calm.

Almost all theologians in Western civilization have been like this. And so they have failed to seek out new answers or to explore unknown horizons.

But if you insist and press me on the question of how a changeling can come into being, I will say this: The message from the divine world to humanity is, *Either explore the Blessed realms, the realms of bliss, and make them part of yourself or cease to exist.*

## The Double Changeling

*The mermaid queens consider her to be a sister. In another lifetime long ago, the girl had been a human being. She gained permission to enter the realm of mermaids and to become one of them with all privileges and gifts extended.*

*And after a thousand years she has returned from that realm to incarnate again as a human being. And so I will now tell you of a woman I know who became a mermaid and then returned to walk again among mankind.*

Her name was Yona. She lived in a time when Atlantis had attained a high level of civilization. She was a beautiful woman, friendly, outgoing, and caring. She had something that is of value in any age of the world—her life was satisfying and fulfilling.

If Yona had a flaw or a disturbing quality, it was this: she had a profound sense of curiosity. It was not an obsession. It was never a distraction. She just had a habit of observing unusual things that other people tend to miss.

And then she took time to follow up. She tried to discover a reason to explain something that was out of place or that was not in accord with conventional modes of understanding.

At the time in which she lived, there were genuine neighborhoods. You could walk down the street and see familiar faces. It was not at all odd to strike up a conversation with a stranger and go on talking for hours. It was possible to meet someone by chance and make a lifelong

friend. It was a time and a place where it felt good to be alive. The city was in harmony with nature, with the earth and the sky.

One day Yona met a young couple, Caya, Jaham, and also their five-year-old child. The child loved to play in the water for many hours each day. Yona told the parents a number of stories about similar children.

Jaham was an initiate of the mysteries. Though Yona was not undergoing any formal magical training, she was highly intuitive. Jaham did not mind answering her questions or speaking at length about his training. He sensed something different about her. She had the light in her eyes and the vibration in her aura of a person whom you can trust without reservation.

In fact, all four of them formed an instant rapport. If you walked by and noticed how relaxed and comfortable they were, you might think that they were family. This small group radiated a feeling of peace.

All the same, in spite of the instant rapport, the trust, and the sharing, Yona's nerves were on high alert. Yona knew from some mysterious depth of wisdom within herself that this woman she was speaking with, Caya, a woman so casual and content, was not a human being.

Though this was Yona's conclusion, she also accepted the woman. There was no sense of foreboding or of something being amiss. Yona had already come to the realization that life has many things within it that defy explanation. Yet Yona was patient. She would wait for the right time and find the right way to talk to Caya about the unique qualities she possessed.

Yona also saw something she had never seen before in any relationship between a man and a woman. The two were connected to each other from within, as if vitality was continuously flowing between them.

Lovers can become entwined and codependent and need each other to an extreme degree. But this was different. A spark is fired within the heart causing the heart to beat. Blood circulates into the lungs and through the rest of the body. There is vitality present for actions or for simply maintaining the body's health and physical functions.

But these two shared some sort of psychic mechanism or magical connection. The vitality in one was free to flow through and join with

the vitality in the other. This is not typical of normal human beings no matter how much they may depend upon each other emotionally.

What Yona could perceive but what she did not have the words to describe is that this was a case of a mermaid who has taken possession of a woman's body. One day a girl who was anemic and had pneumonia died of respiratory failure. But within a minute or two after the heart stopped, it began to beat again.

The girl recovered quickly. The fever, the infection, and the respiratory problems were gone. Soon she was up, acting normal, and spending time with her parents. But within a month she walked out the front door and never returned home.

Jaham had called Caya to revive and enter the body of a dying woman at the moment of death. By occupying the woman's body, Caya was then able to become Jaham's lover. The two were now magically bound together. She required his love in order to remain in a woman's body.

And his soul was so blended with hers that if they ended their relationship, the sudden loss of soul energy would have been so great that he would have died from the shock. The matrix joining his astral and physical body was integrated into the connection of her body and soul as well.

Jaham had met her in this way. He was very gifted in magic and had the makings of a true adept. As a member of an elite magical order, he was permitted to study in an arcane library. There he came across an obscure magical text quite by accident. Thumbing through the pages, he found a picture of a sigil drawn by pen in blue and silver ink. When he gazed upon one sigil, the magical lines and circles came to life. Like a picture in a comic book or a scene in a movie, a bright light of turquoise fire blazed up from out of the lines five inches into the air.

Then the mermaid whose sigil it was appeared in front of him. Understand that he had not done anything. He had spoken no word of power. He had waved no wand. There had been no meditation, contemplation, or trancelike concentration. This all happened of its own accord.

Arcane libraries such as this one are quiet and formal. Those who enter possess rigorous mental discipline. On this particular day, no one else was on the same floor. He and the mermaid were left to themselves.

She shimmered, her blue-green, silver, and turquoise colors pulsing in the air. And then the transition was complete. She fully materialized from out of the air right there before him.

I have been in what was at the time perhaps the largest occult library in the world. It is attached to the Theosophical Society grounds in Wheaton, Illinois. A young Wiccan took me there and showed me around.

I was fascinated by the number of Tibetan and Hindu yoga texts. I had never seen anything like them elsewhere. At tea time the library was abandoned. If I was there, the librarian would say to me, "Watch over things until I return."

The theosophists I met there were very nice people. They were gentle and had good intentions. For genuine magic, however, you would have to look elsewhere.

Atlantis was a different time and a different civilization. If you practiced magic back then, you probably knew a few individuals who spoke with spirits a few times each month. Some of their ability to see other worlds could rub off on you. The eerie and the unexplained were not considered to be threats but rather they contained treasures to be found and shared with our world.

And these spirits too sense moments and opportunities when the barriers separating the physical and spiritual worlds begin to dissolve. It is in the air. The distance between our world and the next is not so far.

What was it like for a magician to have a mermaid appear out of thin air? Sometimes an individual will work for decades on a project and finally discover what he is looking for. In this case, the man faced the epiphany, the conclusion and resolution of all his questions, without having to spend decades of searching.

Deep inside of him, Jaham felt that underlying the elements of nature was a profound love. He just never knew how to get in touch with it. And now standing in front of him was a spirit of nature who exists to celebrate love.

What was it like for the mermaid to appear in our world in the presence of a young mage? She extended her awareness right through his body. She could feel his feelings. She sensed his heartbeat, his pulse, and his muscle tension. She sensed his mind and his emotions. She entered dreams he had as a child.

Beneath the outer events of his life, she felt the inner flow like a stream on its way to the sea. She heard the questions he formed in his mind and also the questions he had yet to ask about the choices he had made in life.

She felt very safe and comfortable with him. This is in part because he was a good man. And this was also because her specialty was the art of transformation. She saw that she could assist him with the life transitions that lay before him. And finally, she thought, here, with this man, the love can flow very deep.

The moment she appeared to him, his magical concentration went into high gear. He stopped thinking. His mind was empty like a mirror. And as a mirror is unafraid of the image that appears within it, he opened himself to perceive what was in front of him. He found himself surrounded by the sea—the sky, the winds, the waves, and the depths. But this was not a set of sensory perceptions. He felt their energy flowing through him.

The wind was relaxing, and he sensed the air within water and the way fish were breathing. He felt the sensations of the waves and the whitecaps as they were breaking. They seemed like children playing, shouting with glee and dancing to some silent melody.

And at the core of his being, speaking with his own heart and voice, these words appeared through telepathy:

*Come home. You need no pardon or quest before you take your rest. Love is a way of being. On this path you will be forever free.*

And then she vanished. Jaham was left alone in a library. It was quiet as before. There were no side effects—no scent left in the air, no shimmering of faint images in the shadows. But the phrase “initiate of

the mysteries” entered his mind, and he thought that now he understood what it meant to see through barriers that separate the worlds.

He stood up. He looked around. He sensed that the memory of what had just happened was already fading. The sights, sounds, routines, and behaviors of daily life were reasserting themselves. The light of day and the vibration of the city outside demanded that he forget and return to the world he shared with other human beings.

But this he would not do. He carefully copied the sigil. He rolled the paper up and put it in his vest pocket near his heart. He returned the book to the drawer. And then he went home and took a nap. Though elated, he was exhausted.

\* \* \*

There is a festival at night two weeks after Yona first met Caya. The two sit on the other side of a lake across from the celebration. They sip a fermented tea. They splash their feet in the water. They laugh as they tell each other stories about the ways of men.

Then Yona says casually, “Tell me about what it is like where you come from.”

Caya replies, “Why do ask me this?”

Yona answers, “Because whenever I am near you I sense there is a sea of love that encircles this planet. It is like a song. It fills my ears with wonder and beauty. Do not hold back. I wish only to make this song part of myself.”

Caya sits staring into Yona’s eyes.

Yona goes on, “You are more feminine than any woman I have ever met. Yet there is nothing vulnerable about you.”

The two sit quietly. What is passing between them now is beyond the commerce of language. Some ancient skill is being activated within Yona. Some latent and hidden ability rises up from unknown depths within her soul.

Jaham had sensed it. He saw that Yona had a quality of character that was beyond the knowledge of magic. He let it go because he too knows

that there are some things in life that you can only witness and not comprehend. They are beyond understanding.

There is a backstory to these events. Yona herself does not recall it. But I will share her story with you. In a former lifetime, Yona had asked for a gift to help her understand the divine. In response to her request, she was given the ability to get inside of anything or any spirit—to sense it from within.

On a level deeper than telepathy, she could sense the inner essence, the magical name, or the inspiration and motivation that defined the nature of any creature or being. This gift was on par with the gift given by God to Solomon. Solomon was granted wisdom beyond the knowledge of mankind. To a similar extent, this woman's gift allowed her, when she fully concentrated, to penetrate the mysteries of time and to see the unfolding purposes of the divine.

Unlike Solomon, she was not a king and judge of a nation. She built no temple to God. She founded no religion. She had no scribes or disciples recording her words and actions. She kept her gift to herself. And yet, through all her many incarnations, the divine turns to her again and again to fulfill its purposes. After all, she knows how to listen; she recognizes the voice of the divine when it speaks.

Caya and Yona sit silently for ten minutes. Yona gives herself completely to the energy of Caya's aura as it flows through her. And as mermaids are capable of doing easily, Caya just lets go so that she no longer senses herself at all. Though her lungs continue to breathe and the heartbeat maintains its rhythm, she is no longer confined to a woman's body. Caya has returned to the realm of mermaids. Her consciousness joins with the sea that encircles the earth.

Then Caya speaks telepathically to Yona, "You are like a sister." But on another level Caya notes beyond thought or mental vibration, "She is like one of us. There is barely a trace to be found that signifies a difference."

Caya speaks aloud, "You ask me about my race. Take my hand."

As Yona takes Caya's hand, Yona is transported into the realm of mermaids and among mermaids whom Caya knows well. Some are

singing. Others are in meditation or trance. And others go about doing things that mermaids do.

What do mermaids do? Consider water where there is a flow of energy, temperature shifting, ice melting or freezing, currents and tides moving, waves breaking, whitecaps forming, fish flourishing, reefs growing. In any of these situations mermaids are free to take an interest, to observe, to learn, or to become involved by enhancing the process.

Speaking telepathically, Caya asks Yona, "What do you see?"

After a few moments, Yona responds, "My body is not right for this world. I do not have the right senses to perceive."

Caya calls another mermaid over. This other mermaid approaches, and Caya says to her, "She wishes to feel the love we feel."

And then immediately the other mermaid and Yona join as one within the mermaid's body. And this second mermaid sees as well that Yona is no longer a human being but one of their own kind and of their own heart. Yona tastes this expanse of love and realizes it is not something she can easily leave behind.

A short time later Yona and Caya return to their physical bodies. Caya says to Yona, "Go swim in a lake. Spend time in the sea. Float in a pool. When you are ready, simply concentrate, and you may join with this mermaid or another for as long as you want. You may do this, but remember not to remain so long that your body suffers damage from the journey."

Yona spends time in water every week and sometimes for hours every day. And during these times she also enters the realm of mermaids. She does this until that realm becomes part of her life, as real as human life. She enters the bodies of many different mermaids until she finds the mermaid queens themselves and enters them as well to experience and to taste their wonder and their innermost being.

Some women I have met have a similar ability. They can simply blend their souls with another person's so the two share the same feelings and perceptions. Call it transference of consciousness, mental or astral projection; call it mermaid empathy; call it the study of omnipresence; call it love; call it what life is ultimately all about: becoming one.

Yona had two other close female friends. Both of them notice how Yona was changing as the years went by. There was a great power that surrounded Yona. It was hard to define. It was like sitting next to the sea with a great storm bearing down on the shore.

But the storm was silent and invisible. There were no splashing waves crashing down or winds blowing through your hair. All the same, the power was there—a force of water thick in the air though there was obviously no change in humidity.

One of the friends warned Yona, saying, “Don’t get carried away with whatever you are doing.”

The other friend’s response was different. She felt that whatever Yona was doing was very deep. Her attitude was, “It is beyond me.”

Over the years, Yona continued to explore the mermaid realm. She made contacts. The mermaid queens watched her carefully. For example, Yona joined a number of times with the mermaid queen named Isaphil.

As a general rule, those with magical training would never do such a thing. They are cautious when it comes to spirits. They worry about things like maintaining their individual “magical authority.” They may talk about the importance of love, but you would be hard-pressed in any century to find one magician who favors love over will.

And typically mages keep a distance from the spirits with whom they interact. They stand in “magic circles” and evoke spirits into mirrors or triangles drawn on the floor. They love duality—“It is a matter of keeping the spirit there and myself here so there is a separation that is not violated.” In this way, things remain formal and clear.

Such is the nature of magic when it is defined and pursued by men. They forget their own training—the mind is a mirror, and as a mirror it is unafraid of what appears within it. If your mind is indeed clear, then there is no separation between you and what is perceived. If you concentrate so that there is no ego in your consciousness, then you and the spirit that appears are already one.

Yona had no need of academic or theoretical training to pave the way for her to make spiritual connections. Her knowledge was of the heart. And this was true of her connection to Isaphil.

As with Yona's interaction with Caya, when Yona was in front of Isaphil, she felt the mermaid queen's aura flowing through her. In this case, the magnetic field of the mermaid was extremely pure and refined. Looking at this mermaid is like looking at the light of the moon manifesting in the form of a woman.

Being in the presence of the mermaid queen and blending your energy with hers is like entering a state of stillness. The universe is free to be reflected through you—its movements, its seasons, rhythms, and ages, its changes, and visions of what shall come to be.

The mermaid queen was impressed that a mortal could share her heart. As one who carries a great mystery within her soul, the queen sensed that one day her burden would be lifted. The love and stillness in which she exists would be passed on to a race capable of embodying the wonder that this planet was created to share.

What kind of conversation does a mortal such as Yona have with the mermaid queen Isaphil? Putting it into words, Yona says, "I see what you see and I feel what you feel—in you, the earth and the moon are one. I stand as you, free of time; I see the ages unfold.

"Time is a sea. And for those who perceive its depths, they see where every need will be met and every dream fulfilled. Like a navigator who plots a ship's course, the heart charts with purity and love a course to its home port."

In this way, by joining with their auras, Yona came to know things no other human being has ever learned about the mermaid queens. And so one day Yona spoke to a mermaid queen, saying, "I belong here with you and not with the human race":

She addressed the mermaid queens  
 With words never before heard  
 Is not my love of water the same as yours?  
 The lakes, the rivers, the streams, the seas—  
 One taste, one embrace?  
 Is not my love everywhere in every moment  
 Your own reflection, your own perfection?  
 Do I not know how to let go and flow?

There is no past or future  
No wisdom or destiny  
The sea shall encompass each with ecstasy.

Others had tried before. But previously no mortal had every joined with the race of mermaids. Too much of the human remained alive to make the transition. They were unable to become one with water. Magic will only take you so far. You can acquire a temporary visa or a travel permit. You can enter in disguise as an illegal alien and try to blend in.

Even great words of power that create the essence of the mermaid vibration can only carry so much water. The spells wear out. The soul finds itself in over its head. And then the person washes up on the shore so to speak, cast out, because to fit in here you have to find pure love in your heart.

What followed has only happened perhaps once or twice in the history of the human race on this planet. The mermaid queens met in a council to discuss this thing—Yona's request. There were arguments pro and con. The issues had to be carefully weighed.

*Against her:* She is a human being. She can visit, but she cannot stay. She thinks she knows what she wants, but she does not. She will not fit in. She cannot share our dreams.

A greater objection was this: the divine sets the boundaries separating the different evolutions. The human race has a destiny quite different from our own. Allowing her to remain here would create an imbalance. There would be unforeseen consequences—the fates and destinies of the two realms would begin to join.

*For her:* She can change her aura so there is only a faint trace of yellow brown light down the back—if it was not for that she would be one of us without anything left to indicate a difference. Other mermaids already respect her as a mermaid of high rank. She loves with our love, and though her dreams may never be fully our own, it is not for us to forbid entrance to one who has already crossed over so completely as she has done.

It came down to this: it is not our decision. She is guided by an inner vision and is under the protection of the divine. She may remain until she is called away:

Council is taken, all problems debated,  
 A decision rendered:  
 If you will step aside from mankind  
 All privileges and gifts of the mermaids  
 Shall be granted  
 For as long as you wish to remain  
 Until that day the divine  
 Sets before you another way

As Yona grew older and was in her forties, she could have risen to a position of power and honor. Her very presence was charismatic. People she met felt a satisfaction just from being around her. But she chose not to play a dynamic role in her society.

More and more she focused on another realm, though you have to understand the bottom line. Fairy itself was not her fascination. She was seeking to embody within herself the mystery of love. And if her path led her to cross over the boundaries that protect and limit mankind, then she was willing to leave mankind behind. Sometimes the divine authorizes a quest on the basis of what is sought. The goal that lies in front of the individual overrules all objections.

It was not until she died that she crossed over to the Other Side. While still alive, she lived as a human being. But when death came, her soul made the transition. Her intentions and the welcome of another realm were sufficient to determine her destination.

She remained as a mermaid in the sea for a thousand years. She swam and played in a group of three. I described one of the two other mermaids in her group in “A Modern Undine” in my first book, *Undines: Lessons from the Realm of the Water Spirits*. The third mermaid I describe in the story, “Caelius Aurelius Luscus and the Mermaid,” in my book, *Mermaids, Sylphs, Gnomes, and Salamanders*. I have been very fortunate, to say the least, to meet all three in person.

What is it like to spend a thousand years as a mermaid of high rank in the sea? You have your identity, your curiosity, and you make decisions every single day, but there really is no you: there is just this boundless embrace of unending love that surrounds you.

Beyond the knowledge of mankind, at the core of one's being and many levels deeper than what the conscious mind of a person can conceive, she felt a completion—a love that only the divine could ever imagine, define, or call into being.

A mermaid who knew her at that time described her this way—she was funky. She fit in fine. No one ever objected. But she was always curious, willing to try new things that mermaids would most likely never imagine or dream.

Whereas a mermaid would take something for granted, like a reef, and blend with its energy or enhance it so it flourished, Yona was thinking options. Why is no reef surrounding that atoll? Why can a reef not thrive deeper beneath the water? How do reefs in other seas flourish as compared to these?

The feminine is different from the masculine. Men go off by themselves. They chart their own courses. They set their own goals. They do what they must do because that is what it is like to be a man. They separate and then they come back. They reunite when the time is right.

Women are like a circle that expands and contracts. They maintain close contact. They flow in and through each other, preferring to stay together.

If one should separate and go off by herself, the separation remains external. She is still joined to the others from within. The self does not need to separate to the same extent in order to shape and give definition to one's identity.

In a way this is the difference between fire and water. The man needs to test his boundaries to find his strength and claim his power. He must go on a quest to define and refine who he is.

By contrast, the very nature of a woman's body contains the mystery of being one with another. Sharing feelings and experiences with others

is a celebration of the mystery within. Mermaids may join in a group of three because in this way love flows more freely.

At the same time, each member of this group had her own unique interests. One was like Isaphil. She sang of serenity and the moon and earth joining the inner and outer worlds in peace and harmony.

The other preferred to explore the ocean depths, the ocean trench, and the mountain ranges and valleys of the ocean floor. Yona learned from both. She could capture the beauty of the world, reflecting and holding its images in the stillness of her heart.

And she could also focus her being on the power of water—how it turns solid as ice, melts, evaporates, returns as rain, and yet remains itself even in the depths with a mile of water pressing down upon it. She was aware that water has the power of solid rock and can also pick up boulders and hurl them about. That kind of power was becoming part of her.

One day, as the mermaid queens had foreseen, Yona received the call. The sea became silent. The songs of whales a thousand miles away, the splashing waves, the sounds of fish nibbling on a reef, even the electrical pulse in the presence of a shark—in her ears, everything was turned off.

And in the silence she heard these words spoken clearly even though no one else on earth could have heard:

Return Oh human child  
From the sacred and the wild  
From the sea so filled with beauty  
It is time  
To walk again among mankind

Who spoke those words? And for what purpose was she called? Murjel is one of the twelve highest spirits who exist within the sphere of Jupiter. She presides over the astrological sign of Cancer. Her specialty is water and all manner of fluids and every form of magnetism.

The planet earth has water on its surface in liquid form. But other planets have seas of liquids, even if these are of other chemicals such as

methane. Murjel is aware of fluids everywhere they flow. Even the sun has great flowing masses and powerful magnetic fields.

Murjel is an example of a spirit whose heart can embrace the diversity of an entire solar system. Amid all the complexity of a star with planets and moons, an asteroid belt, and an Oort cloud farther out, she can sense the entire system as one encompassing vibration.

As a great spirit with immense vision, she takes an interest in a specific planet when a civilization is undergoing a major transition. In such a case, she is free to intervene at her own discretion. She offers a path of love, illuminates it, and assists those who travel upon it to attain completion.

Murjel spoke to Yona, “You are needed elsewhere. I would not call unless the same love that created the realm in which you exist did not set before you another task. I promise you this: the sea of love that you taste today will in no way be less but soon enough far greater and more wondrous.”

Yona could not refuse the voice of the divine that holds in its grasp the fate of mankind and the entire planet in all its spiritual domains and separate evolutions.

Yona felt the sea slowly drain away. And not long afterward she awoke as a human child. She still felt the sea of love inside of her. But on the outside she was surrounded by the desolation that is unfortunately a part of human civilization. It is a place where there is little or no sharing heart to heart, in which human beings have not learned how to become one with each other in any moment, in which feelings are secondary to other commitments, and in which love is rationed and treated as a possession.

She was born into Atlantis in a later age. There were three women present who assisted with the birth. Everything went well. She took her first breath. And after they heard her make a sad, plaintive cry. Two of those women went home that night and cried themselves to sleep. They did not know why.

She grew up to be a beautiful, loving woman. She knew key players in Atlantis. Yet she was ignored in that time just as she is ignored and

unappreciated now. Men love her physical beauty. But they do not perceive the soul inside.

Human beings are obsessed with knowledge, technology, and power. Even those who knew better failed to offer her love or honor. Their hearts were elsewhere.

Imagine if Murjel herself could have appeared to one of the leaders of that world in a dream and say, “I have sent this woman to teach you about love before it is too late and you destroy yourselves.” The response would have been, “I just do not understand. Nothing in me understands what you are revealing.”

Darkness was then beginning to fall over the civilization of Atlantis. Though more advanced than we are in technology and science—not to mention magic—powerful factions were forming that would tear that society apart. When given too much leisure, individuals can be brilliant, creative, adventurous, and playful too. And yet their hearts can become jaded. If a people lose their sense of wonder and an appreciation of beauty and love, they can still do amazing things. But the glory they seek is short-lived, and they may come to a sudden end.

Still, from the point of view of Murjel and other higher spirits who preside over entire evolutions, Yona was not just a gift to Atlantis. She would be offered again to another civilization as it too ignores the warning signs of its own destruction.

Yet those with sufficient clairvoyant vision see that one day she shall be received by a race that is ordained to replace mankind, a race more suited to living in harmony with the beauty of this planet. All the same, the opportunity is offered by the divine in case there be a few who change their minds. A few hundred would be enough to create a new destiny for humanity. With a genuine response, the world as we know it can become a different place:

The tale is told  
How fairies from the Other Side  
A child exchange, a trade is made  
But I speak with ease  
Of greater mysteries than these:

She addressed the mermaid queens  
 With words never before heard  
 Is not my love of water the same as yours?  
 The lakes, the rivers, the streams, the seas—  
 One taste, one embrace?  
 Is not my love everywhere in every moment  
 Your own reflection, your own perfection?  
 Do I not know how to let go and flow?  
 There is no past or future  
 No wisdom or destiny  
 The sea shall encompass each with ecstasy.

Council is taken, all problems debated,  
 A decision rendered:  
 If you will step aside from mankind  
 All privileges and gifts of the mermaids  
 Shall be granted  
 For as long as you wish to remain  
 Until that day the divine  
 Sets before you another way

And so for a thousand years  
 In a group of three she does play  
 Among the waves, as pure delight,  
 A song unlike any other  
 The sea does sing and dream at night

But now she returns  
 The divine intervenes  
 For what purpose am I called?  
 My peace disturbed?  
 What service am I to render to mankind  
 That the realms of bliss I must leave behind?

Return Oh human child  
 From the sacred and the wild  
 From the sea so filled with beauty  
 It is time  
 To walk again among mankind

Think not that humans  
 Are selfish and greedy  
 Vulnerable and needy  
 Blind to the beauty that shines  
 In the sky, the earth, the trees, the seas,  
 Imagine what they shall be  
 If freed of all need  
 If they were but to taste the love you feel  
 They would be healed

As once before you did implore  
 Another realm to open its door  
 Persuade mankind with your receptive grace  
 Every moment boundless love does embrace

Return Oh human child  
 From the sacred and the wild  
 From the sea so filled with beauty  
 It is time  
 Walk again among mankind  
 For what purpose do you ask?  
 Fulfill this task:  
 Set them free.

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 States; 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 clairvoyance 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 the mer.

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 shore where waves are breaking is 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 explore psychic perception.

In such a case, the woman represses or simply ignores that side of her. 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, inside of, 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 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 a human 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 regarding 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 this 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, in that touch, 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, the fact that I am seated next to this mysterious woman is 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 a mermaid 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 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 typically 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 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 mermaid 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 mermaid 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 an earlier 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 River Mermaid

Nations are drawn on maps by natural barriers like mountains, rivers, and seas. Some national boundaries are marked by battles won or lost; there are negotiations--territory bought and sold--and marriages that establish which flag flies over a piece of land.

By necessity, there are also boundaries that guard our souls. Certain feelings are off limits. They are foreign. Some are not just strangers who, with an effort, we can turn into friends. They are alien to our personalities and the opposite of what we are.

Certain sensory experiences are also off limits. When they dream, Catholics do not change from human form into a crow or a deer. They do not move through the woods at night in state of exaltation free of fear.

The homeless person or prisoner can easily enough dream at night of owning a mansion in Grosse Pointe or a beach house in Malibu. In his imagination, he can sit on the sundeck with his friends and enjoy the peace and ambience of the sunset. But a god and goddess of the sea such as Neptune or those of sunrise or the night sky will never appear. Some things are beyond normal reach. You have to be on a spiritual journey or magical quest if you are ever going to meet archetypes that arise from those depths.

The wiccans and druids do not dream at night of a formless god. They do not they wrestle with him for a blessing that shapes the destiny of many nations. It just never happens. We cling to what is familiar. Too much ambiguity produces anxiety.

Our dreams move within familiar landscapes. Whether we awake from nightmares, night terrors, or wistful bliss, our dreams are our own. They do not stray far from what can appear within the day.

We may want what we have been denied. And so a dream can compensate. It can remind us of what might have been, of what it is like to be fully loved, or bring back the love that once was.

Dreams may speak with the voice of our instincts. Hungry, prowling desires lurk in the darkness at the edge of our consciousness.

Dreams can also speak with the voice of conscience. Things we may consciously deny the dream declares we still feel inside--guilt, remorse, sorrow, and loss. Occasionally, the dream speaks plainly--happiness is right here inside you if only you would let your conscience guide you.

Dreams may overextend their welcome in a more palpable way. The mind wakes up, but the body is still asleep. Your body feels paralyzed, not fully in one world or the other. The brain may panic and imagine all sorts of monsters and horrors moving about. But there are no monsters or traps--only our imagination desperate to explain the fear that accompanies feeling helpless.

Then there is false awakening in which you dream you have just woken up. You get out of bed. You do things as if you are fully awake, but usually something is not quite right—you switch on the light, but nothing happens or you turn the door knob, but the door will not open. And with false awakening there is repetition--suddenly you find you are back in bed dreaming again that you have just woken up.

In the false awakening, there may be an ominous or strange feeling present. There is a sense of the uncanny, experience lit with a strange light, and feelings that are uncomfortable or suspicious as if something is not right.

This feeling of things being “off” or “not right” can pursue us even when we are finally awake. If someone feels strong ties to fairy or the astral plane, the Other Side, to the Sidhe, or the Next World, then the “false awakening” does not go away—this entire world of ours may feel like a “bad dream” because inside there is a feeling of belonging somewhere else.

Fairy tales invade some people’s lives. All manner of creatures may appear. Some of these beings are from the realms of fairy--the Sidhe, the sylphs, gnomes, salamanders, undines/mermaids as well as many other creatures. Some may be just ghosts of the departed.

Some of these creatures have survival instincts and seem to exist for no other reason than to feed on the life force of any human they can contact. They may try to scare you. Fear makes you vulnerable and they feed on the emotional energy that spills out from you. And there are the demons both of low and high rank and some have well-defined roles such as

Mephistopheles who was assigned the task of negotiating a contract with Faust.

There are good reasons to avoid encounters with fairy realms and not to stray too far from our familiar world. When we wake up in the morning, we are back in reality. To leave part of your soul--your feelings and aspirations--on the Other Side is to perhaps weaken or compromise the integrity of your personality.

It is not just terror and fear that may try to cling to us when we wake up. Beauty and enchanting wonders can also leave us feeling like we belong elsewhere. Fantasy gives us a break from the ordinary and can relieve stress. But no one wants to be swept away by some emotional riptide that takes us away from the shore of our world and out into a sea of feelings where we have nothing solid to hold on to.

And then too there are extreme cases that, if true, would place too much strain on the rational mind. Might there not be a few born in human form whose souls are from the Other Side? As I have mentioned, there is no User's Manual lying next to the crib that clarifies everything when your dream kingdom is different from human beings.

What would this be like? Her words:

I do not have mirrors in my room  
 For others a mirror reflects light and form--  
 You can see your face, your hair,  
 Your smile, your tears  
 But for me a mirror  
 Is a portal between the worlds--  
 Spirits step out of my mirror  
 And walk about my room  
 Moving objects here and there  
 It is not that they wish me harm  
 My well-being is not their concern  
 What kind of family  
 Leaves it to the child  
 To deal with these things  
 On her own?

I tell you  
 This world is not right  
 Others see rainbow colors  
 I see a little grey  
 But mostly black and white  
 Though at night  
 Creatures come to drain my life  
 It is during day desolation plays--  
 Without use of magic mirrors  
 Family members betray  
 Lovers cause heartbreak  
 Others see rainbow light  
 I prefer to risk the night  
 Yet in spite  
 I am ready to declare--  
 My heart is the mirror  
 And those I love  
 Shall always be near

When she was young, she ran away from home many times to escape the spiritual beings that walked about the house during the night.

How do you retrieve the soul of a mermaid who has strayed and lost her way as she journeys between the worlds? What ancient word of power must I speak that creates a path so enticing, so full of delight that she can slip free of her human identity and exclaim--“I knew it all along that this entire human enterprise is a ship upon the sea without home port. In this moment love is what I am—it flows through me without end.”

As I write, my room spontaneously fills with watery blue green energy. Waves of water flow around me. Yet this water is not just a flowing, undulating sensation. It has life and feeling. Its touch is affection, acceptance, and love.

There are times in life when a dream, as thick as a cloud, comes down to the ground and surrounds you. Others may not see or sense it. But for

you it is more than a day dream or more than being awake inside of a dream.

It is the telltale sign of two separate realms coming together, overlapping, and uniting. These realms are then like two lovers whose two lives flow into each other and join as one. For mermaids, the life within one is sensed and felt as the same life within the other. We are all immersed in one sea of love. Mermaids have great difficulty in imagining any other kind of reality.

But what happens when a mermaid enters a human body? It is easy to stray when they walk in human form among humanity, for the rules governing love in our world are not the same that operate in theirs.

Since her soul is from the Other Side, she sees spirits with great ease beyond what is familiar to human beings. These spirits are not those that associate with mermaids. These beings embody the id of the collective unconscious, the dark and blind side of human craving and obsession.

But when she tries to talk to human beings about her experiences, no one understands. People can offer no advice. And if she were to persist in seeking answers, others consider her crazy.

But other parts of her life are familiar to us. These are the typical experiences of a young woman growing up. There is the normal level of failure and success; there is the loneliness and friendship, rebellion and learning to fit in.

When I look at this woman, my surroundings change. I see the mermaid inside of her. And then immediately I find myself sitting in a small pool beneath a waterfall with the Colorado River a few hundred yards away. The girl's inner mermaid is in front of me within the falling drops. The water is cool. The sound of water splashing and the spray on my face blend. The drops dripping down my skin is a language of its own. The scene shifts which is her way of speaking to me:

We are sitting in the Colorado River where the water flow is calm. It is dawn. The current wraps around our bodies, eddying, curling, swirling.

I look into her eyes and feel the flow of the entire river--its waves and shores, its rapids and the pace that moves fast and slow.

Her eyes never lose their tenderness, their innocence, their purity, or their newness even as a million years pass by in her mind, two million, there million, four million years are here and gone.

Gazing into her eyes, I am hypnotized, mesmerized, for I have become like her--beyond the confines of time.

She is the mist  
A soft, wet caress  
On my chest her fingers drift  
I am her song  
The world is gone  
Her breath, her lips  
All that exist.

I ask, Tell me about yourself?  
She replies:

I am still in the mountain pool  
My waters are soothing, serene, and cool  
I am turbulent,  
A rapids, a flash flood, a waterfall,  
Crashing and smashing against canyon walls  
At times I lie down and sleep  
This life is one of my dreams—  
My incarnation as a human being  
Yet I remain part of nature  
Pure, innocent, and free  
Should I fulfill some purpose like other human beings?  
Does the wind have places where it must be  
Or the sea have plans for tomorrow's activities?  
The river and I share the same soul  
Feel what I feel—  
In this moment  
Millions of years of water  
Splashing, laughing, singing, and dancing

Vermillion, citrine, and violet  
 Receptive, yielding  
 Yet bold and daring  
 These buttes and cliffs  
 Are sculptured by my fingertips  
 Inch by inch  
 Geological art  
 The work of my heart

Tell me more of your journey in becoming a human being. She replies,

I love: Human beings negotiate for affection  
 I dream: They make and shape things  
 I flow: They use thoughts to think  
 I know: They analyze and hypothesize  
 I am: They act to further their beliefs

For millions of years I flow  
 Without thoughts, decisions,  
 Negotiations, or beliefs  
 I am complete  
 Human beings strive to create a fate  
 If I embrace my dreams  
 Then with people I am unable to speak  
 If I speak to them  
 I take away their pain  
 Yet it is too much for me  
 Unlike them,  
 I cannot be mean or feel hate  
 Yet that is what they share with me

In the end  
 The sea will find me  
 Then again I shall be free

And then the mermaid says to me:

You are not as other human beings  
You see and greet us  
You find and celebrate us  
You are the mermaids' bard  
With your art  
You open gates between the worlds  
Speak the words that heal  
Reveal that I am love  
And with the sea I am one.

### Another Knight and the Mermaid



It was a dark time  
He was a knight who fought for the light

Without knowing  
If his acts were wrong or right  
He met a mermaid one day  
Along the shore by a lake

Being both battle-hardened and widely traveled, he had the skill of a merchant—He could tell how much someone wanted something by the way they touched an item.

He could read in another's face if horror or wonder had touched them, and if these things were small or great.

He could tell by others' breath and the movement of their chests whether they had lived in peace or suffered distress.

He could tell by gazing into another's eyes how well they had lived their lives—if there was waste or if they had been guided by someone wise.

He could tell by listening to another's voice—even hearing only one or two words spoken aloud—if their lives were lived with honor or if their lives were shaped by a mistake.

So when he met the mermaid in the form of a woman he noticed right away what most others would have missed—she is like water, changing her form and shaping her responses in a new and unique way as each moment unfolds and with each person she is with.

Knowing that some opportunities occur only once in a life time, the knight seizes the moment and asks her, “How do I become what you are?”

The mermaid says, “You do not ask, ‘How do I love you?’ but instead you ask, ‘How do I become what you are?’”

“All other men seek to possess nature—to master it, to control it, and to turn it to a productive end. Only a few of your race have come this far—to open your heart to embrace rather than to take.”

“You must already know the wisdom of nature—gaze on the sea contemplating the images, sounds, smells, taste, and touch of water. Then open your heart to feel what is underneath the outer form.

“Here there is a love that encircles the planet and surrounds every creature that moves upon it. Become this love and then you shall be as I

am—one who gives all of oneself in every moment and for whom love is never lost.”

The knight replies, “It is not enough to have the words. You speak of things the mind by itself can never find.”

The mermaid says, “This is why you must remain completely alert and perceive without any thoughts intervening even as you have been doing from the first moment you began speaking to me.”

The knight asks, “Can you show me the way?”

She says, “Take my hand” and this he does.

She goes on, “Now you feel what is inside me—I am water in human form. To touch me is to feel the winds caressing the waves on and on without end. There is no identity—the beauty of the sea is what I am—the waves running free, the silent depths, every manner of creature, and the purity of receptivity that can find the beauty and wonder of the stars shining within its heart.

“The waterfall—to let go and to fall into the embrace of air; the lake with its mirror-like stillness and the light that shines from its face; the river and the stream that bring to life whatever is near; the mist, the fog, the cloud, the rain—I am forever free—every form I can take and yet I am always the same—the definition of my very being is seen in the act of giving.

“If you can look upon nature as you look upon me, if you can in your heart unite with that beauty even as your body can become one with mine, then this I promise you—the two of us will be forever joined.”

The knight says, “Now I understand—you are myself in another form. How could I not have seen this before—love designs each moment of time. As a knight, I now see my task—to serve her purposes and to fight on her behalf.”

## Letters to Mermaids



Question: Who am I?

Response: This is your back story—the story that comes to my mind when I focus on the point in time when you began to incarnate as a woman among human beings.

The dream of the sea,  
Like all lovers,  
Is to love

And to be loved in return.

I see a man on a raft who has survived a ship wreck. He is unconscious as he lies on his back. The mermaid comes to him, her arms resting on the wood where he lies, and she gazes upon him. She cups her hands, and, as some mermaids know how to do, she somehow collects water free of salt and sprinkles it on his lips.

He is rescued and survives. But occasionally in his dreams she comes to him. He dreams he is again on the raft. But he is not ship wrecked. He feels at peace floating on the sea. The sky is clear and calm. There is a moon rise. And then a woman appears to him holding his head in her lap.

In another dream he floats on his back on the open ocean. But the water is not just water. The water is love in physical form and it surrounds and supports him.

But she perceives that the sea is not in him. Without her being near, the sea does not appear in his dreams.

He marries and has a daughter. She loves to be by the sea. If she could, she would be there by its side every night. She is very good at sailing as well as understanding and predicting the weather.

Even before she is twelve years old, she demonstrates a most unusual ability. On the coast where the family lives, storms on occasion drive ships into the shore where they crash on the rocks. Three times she has gone out at night when everyone else was asleep. At dawn she comes back having rescued a sailor who would otherwise have drown.

One of these men is a ship's captain who a few years later marries her. She leaves the island where she is born to be with him. Her father sees her every few years when the captain's ship sails on a Northern route.

But though both her father and the captain spend years living with her, the sea never enters their dreams without her being near. They do not perceive or understand the gift they have been given.

The dream of the sea,  
 Like all lovers,  
 Is to love  
 And to be loved in return.

### The Knight, the Merman, and the Maiden

Mermen are brothers to mermaids. They are the male version. Ermot is one such merman. His area of interest is rivers and streams. And he is also interested in human beings. He likes to inspire women in regard to love. Whenever I am near a stream, he often will inspire me to write a poem.

For Ermot, a stream is like a woman. Both are able to let go, to flow, to feel love in their souls, and to dream others' dreams.

If you ever want to perceive, feel, and think like Ermot, simply pick a stream. Then walk down it from beginning to end. Memorize the ways the stream flows, turns, splashes, dances in rapids, dreams in pools, and laughs in a waterfall. Do this and you begin to possess the wisdom Ermot holds.

Riding a mighty warhorse, a knight returns from foreign lands. As he crosses a stream, he is weary and worn, his heart damaged and torn. High ideals to which he is sworn—all the light and justice with which they did shine—that time of dreams when men dreamed such things—that age has drawn to a close.

The knight hears the horse's hooves splashing in the water. The merman hears with the ears of the water and foresees the future. The knight, having lost his own dreams, has just entered the dream of a being from a land so far away it is not portrayed in any of mankind's mythologies.

In this moment, the merman plays with the fate of the knight to see if there might be an exchange, a trade made—can the inevitable become flexible, less cold and hostile? After all, love is a matter of the heart. And love, like water, need only let go and respond to the moment to find peace and release.

The path to the left that the knight plans to take leads to a home that is empty and cold. There years and decades will wither away. The light that is his life will fade into night. Evenings he will sit alone by the fireplace or gaze at the forest from the window during twilight. He will wonder when and where the purpose of his life became lost in darkness.

But in this moment the horse stops where the road forks. The knight does not realize his hands have pulled back on the reins. "To the left is where I should go. But the other road draws me like a silence yearning for song or a fairy tale that wants to be told. My castle waits. My lands require their lord. I have duties. I have a place in society I must take." Without a thought crossing his mind, the reins pull to the right. The horse turns. A day passes and a night.

Another fork in the road. "I know the way to a great city lies to the right," the knight says to himself. "To the left there are valleys and dark forests, places that are not well marked."

Like a strong undertow, like a ship that rises up to ride down the face of a wave, like praying all night in a church until the first rays of dawn make the candles' flames obsolete, the way to the left calls out--like someone you meet, the feeling so casual and complete, you know you have just made a lifelong friend.

The knight speaks aloud, “I have been to the city. I am well known in that place. There is honor and respect and brothers in arms who will welcome me into their homes. Why then should I choose to wander alone?”

His hands on the reins decide for him. The horse turns to the left, and the knight follows another lonely road.

Two days later, the knight enters a tavern. The master of the house brings him mead, hot soup, and coarse bread. And then the master’s daughter comes out. She touches the knight’s left shoulder from behind him and asks, “Is there anything else you require?”

Invisible to mortal eyes, Ermot sits at a table in the corner. He watches his dream unfold. He watches as the knight turns and looks into the girl’s eyes. In that moment, ten thousand years of water splashing and dancing in streams all over England and all the feelings that lovers’ hearts may dream—these feelings flow from one through the other like water being poured into water or like a stream that has found the sea.

A year later, the merman again sits unseen in the corner of a great hall in the knight’s castle at a wedding festival. Early the next morning, just before dawn, the knight rises from the marriage bed and sits by the window watching the indigo light of night fade as rays of rose and pink begin to play upon the horizon.

And then the knight recites this poem for the girl from the tavern whom he has just married. These are the same words the merman heard when the knight’s horse first entered the stream, words from a dream in the mind of a being from a land so far away they as yet have no place among the stories of humanity—words that have now become reality—

On this night  
The howling in the trees is gone  
The wind sings a sweet song

The volcano's devouring flames  
Becomes tame  
On this night  
Because you are in my arms

On this night  
The most bitter tears  
The lost soul  
The love that has grown cold  
All terror and fear  
Are images in a mirror  
At dawn they are gone  
Because I hold you in my arms

On this night  
Decades thrown away  
Dreams that would not stay  
Hopes I could not defend  
The broken heart that would not mend  
But on this night  
Love has found me again  
She is my friend  
Because you hold me in your arms

## How the Mage Rosh Lor Survived the Destruction of Atlantis

This is a story about the sea and the mysteries it conceals.

It was not the best of times. Kind of like our world now. Then as now we have creative geniuses and technology wizards, theoretical scientists

and philanthropic entrepreneurs rubbing shoulders with men more evil than any demon fallen to the earth from the stars.

The thing is the priest kings, scientists, and mages of Atlantis did not even know they had any darkness within them. 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."

From Atlantis on down, it is said human beings possess five elements—from fire is will, from water is love, from air is intelligence, from earth is conscious identity, and from the fifth element of spirit are purposes that endure through all ages of the world. Yet the great curse upon the human race is that in their souls not one of these five elements is able to sustain itself without external stimulation. They are not self-renewing maintaining their own integrity and autonomy.

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 discover an innocence that gives all of itself in every moment without holding back. No, even the best of lovers 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 in this and in past lives. I am just pointing out the obvious—that human beings have no internal source of energy that makes them fully alive. And so without continuous support from the external world and from other human

beings they die. 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 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 as if we have become them again now at this later date.

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 images of pyramids and if you were clairvoyant you will see a fourth. The crystal ball radiates 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.

When Ray Brown swam around the pyramid the first time he saw no way of entering. But the second time around there was an open door. He swam in. And after he found and took into his hands the crystal ball at the very center of the pyramid, he lingered trying to scrape off a piece of gold from a metal rod. 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 will find is horror upon horror. These Atlanteans, as high and as advanced as they were, had souls that had become 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 innermost 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 the world.

You can see this kind of authority in action 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 as a way of gaining strength, self-confidence, and power. Like I say, human beings are short on energy and they 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 in Atlantean times, like those who served the purposes of the Church, sought to take the feeling of being alive within others and to absorb them into themselves. The Church, however, only used agonizing torture, fear, terror, and guilt to maintain its power over others. When the Church was done it left corpses or terrorized people. But the Atlanteans were far more skilled.

The Atlanteans turned the souls of human beings into 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 alive and 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 bond 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 CEOs like Hugh Grant of corporations like Monsanto and the North Korean Kim Jong Uns of our world are innocent and kind. And in regard to the spiritual worlds wherein reside immense power, 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, 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 that 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. But like others in his own time he had a blind, insatiable, and implacable craving to devour inside. But unlike his associates and peers, 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?

You can guess at this point where 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 needs.

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 that 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 love.

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

But Rosh Lor had turned his eyes upon the sea. He fell in love with the sea's beauty. And his love was so great that 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 Atlantis met its fate and sank beneath the waves.

What else can I say? At least in physical form, nuclear fire has returned. The power men hold now is of the external world and not the internal world of the soul. Perhaps it is with infinite stupidity that human beings employ fission as a source of energy. In our life time, we see the horrors of this choice we have made to use fission to generate electricity.

If the Atlanteans had been permitted to live they would have corrupted and destroyed the astral plane of the earth. Human beings now seek 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 one day they may even discover peace inside.

### St. Columba and the Mermaid

St. Columba met a mermaid one day

Where she played

Among the waves as they break

She was dancing in the spray

And calling out to her he says,

Though I have studied theology

And practiced Druid methodology

Of what you are

I have no knowledge, no education, no learning

Tell me, therefore,

What is the nature of your race

And the innermost essence of your being?

And the mermaid replies,

With the depths of the sea shining in her eyes

The essence of my race

Is a love that gives all of itself in every moment  
 And never loses its innocence.  
 And St. Columba says,  
 I perceive now there is a place  
 Where a saint who seeks God's face  
 Might pause on his quest  
 And take rest  
 As the night shelters the stars  
 The sea guards the heart  
 When we are ready  
 Secrets of love  
 It shall impart.  
 And from that day  
 St. Columba conceived  
 God's creation  
 Was more than Druids or Christians  
 Have yet dreamed or imagined.

### Buddha and the Mermaid

The Buddha was walking down a road one day and a woman was walking toward him. And when they came face to face the Buddha bowed down before the woman and said, "Ah, a mermaid. What a delight!"

And the mermaid replies, "Of all men on earth, you are the only one so far to recognize who I am."

The Buddha says, "It is understandable that no one sees who you are. Human beings do not know what love is much less perceive beings from

other realms who dwell among them. But you are not just loving, are you? You are love itself wearing a woman's form.

“Unlike you, humans do not sense that they exist within a sea of love. And so they do not know how to let that endless love flow through them in every moment of time. This is why they attach to their egos and constantly take more than they give. They are all burning up like a candle using up its wax. They have not yet united to nature from inside.”

“I have a question for you,” says the girl. “What are you not telling me? You are holding something back.”

Buddha replies, “Nature itself is curious. The sea senses disharmony and knows when things need to be nurtured and healed. But your question is not of that kind. The truth is you are asking me for knowledge that does not belong to your race. And this you are doing only because you are standing here now within my aura and so beginning to perceive as I perceive.”

And the mermaid says, “Is not my love richer, more natural and spontaneous, and indeed more giving than your own?”

“It is true,” the Buddha replies. “I have not chosen during this incarnation to embody within myself the elemental energies of the realm of nature from which you have come. I am compassionate but I am not compassion itself. No one who touches my body would say from the sensation in their fingertips that they are touching the sea.”

And putting forth his hand he touches the girl's upper arms and says, “But in touching you it is not a human woman with a personality and human identity I am touching. I am touching the sea itself. Your love is inexhaustible because in every moment the life and love of the sea flows through you.”

“And so why do I feel incomplete for the first time in my life as I talk to you?” She asks.

And the Buddha replies, “As long as suffering remains to sentient beings I shall continue to incarnate to be of assistance to them. The word compassionate does not adequately describe my motivation. My empathy is so great I see all others as myself in another form. What I do for them in truth I am doing for myself, for I feel in my heart that I and all others are one.

“You could place me anywhere in this galaxy among any race of sentient beings and I would remain with them, assisting and inspiring them, until that race ascends and attains enlightenment and absolute freedom.

“And indeed if you were on any other planet where there is a sea you would continue to be exactly who you are—love itself, forever innocent, forever free, giving all of yourself in every moment without hesitation or limitation. But you need that sea with its inner energy of love to flow through you to accomplish these things.”

“And so the difference?” Asks the girl.

The Buddha replies, “The difference is that I create love where love does not exist. I need no sea. The love within me is united to infinity.”

And the girl asks, “What would I be if I needed no sea to love and yet when someone touched me they still felt the sea? I would no longer be a mermaid, would I?”

“No,” says the Buddha. “You would no longer be a mermaid. You would be the perfection of love.”

“Ah,” says the girl. “I now understand why you have been holding back. Some things one must first find within one’s own heart before a path opens up. But are there not other mermaids who have chosen to follow such a path?”

“Yes,” replies the Buddha. “The mermaid queen Istiphul, in her innermost dreams, seeks to become the perfection of love, the highest expression of love that exists on this planet.”

The girl says gazing upon the Buddha, “I see your aura clearly. I see all your chakras as they once were and now are. I see how you have united yourself to formless awareness and so have attained absolute freedom.

“But I also see a dream deep within you—that one day this entire race shall ascend and as you say attain perfect enlightenment. But there is more. They shall also fulfill the dream within the heart of the earth itself and become one with the universe. The sea of love they shall then be shall have no shores. The wind that drives the waves shall create bliss and in the depths there is ecstasy that shines brighter than the stars.”

“Of all those who dwell on earth,” says the Buddha, “you alone see me for who and what I am.”

“Tell me more about the perfection of love?” Says the girl as the two of them, the Buddha and the mermaid, continue to walk side by side down the road.

## A Mermaid Queen

“I notice a throbbing in your aura,” I say to the mermaid queen. “Not since the time of Atlantis has evil disturbed your dreams. What is it, may I ask, since for eons the mermaid realm has not intervened with human beings? You are of nature whereas they are a race struggling to define their identity having yet to choose a destiny.”

She says to me, “Humanity seeks to destroy the seas whereas it is my nature to nurture all living beings. Between what your race is and what I am there is almost never a genuine connection. But now I can no longer stand back and do nothing.

“Shall I not advocate for harmony and restoration? Perhaps rogue waves a thousand feet tall or stop the North Atlantic Current so an ice

age falls? Call the ionosphere to drop down to the ground or melt the poles? Release methane from the seas' floors?

“Turn off the magnetosphere or remove the ozone layer? Should I flood your cities or freeze your world? Perhaps red tides from ocean shore to ocean shore?

“Level five hurricanes everywhere or a jet stream that loses its way and wanders down to Mexico or below? Or like during Atlantis—a fifty mile wind that howls nonstop for years on end?

“Tell me oh mage what actions should I take in order to advocate for harmony and to restore the balance for the mistakes a young race makes?

“The sea nurtures me as I nurture every living being. I can no longer stand back and do nothing in the face of such cruel and wanton destruction.”

### Vicky and Carl

If the everglades were a woman  
 She would be demur  
 Like an Egret or a white orchid  
 She would be cunning  
 Like a jaguar and have the skill and will  
 Of a hawk, circling, hovering  
 The crocodile is not without its charm  
 It does more than merely harm  
 If the everglades were a woman  
 Would I find her in my arms  
 Because of her slow, seductive pace  
 The way her hips sway  
 The kindness in her face?

Some say sex is in the mind  
This woman can read mine.  
If the everglades were a woman  
Would she sit next to me  
As she is now doing?  
Patient, giving,  
No hesitation to enter each other's soul  
Without limitation  
A long, quiet, languid afternoon  
Like a winding, flowing stream  
Within a dream  
Of being at peace, at ease, and complete.  
If the everglades were a woman  
Of if a woman knew the ways of the everglades.

She was the only woman in the campground filled with men. And the men were all younger than me. But she came over and said hello. Asked me what I do.

I told her I usually spend three months a year at sea navigating for a fishing boat out of Anchorage. She liked that. She must have sensed the sea in me.

She told me about how she did shark whispering. She was never afraid. She said, "I feel an inner connection to the shark like we share the same nervous system. It feels what I feel and I feel what it feels. As long as I am focused and I treat them in a certain way we get along just fine."

It was not what she said but the way she spoke. Like there were invisible sparks in the air as she talked about sharks.

Maybe I need a different metaphor. I get the feeling sometimes that I am not talking to a woman but to a black panther, one with shiny light

all around it like the Northern Lights. Or let me say it this way. She looks at me sometimes through the eyes of a being from another realm.

She says she is actually a naturalist working for the park service in Alberta, Canada. She enjoyed doing things by herself like spending a month in the summer canoeing down a river that feeds into Hudson Bay.

“So you can navigate?” She asks.

“I actually studied ecology in college but it was easy enough to learn navigation. I already knew the Gulf of Alaska, the currents, the fish, and the wildlife,” I reply.

“What about the Everglades?” she asks. The campground we were in was on the West side of the Everglades not far from Alligator Alley, a highway connecting Naples on the West with Miami on the East side of Florida.

“A naturalist would probably know more than me. But I understand the weather here and something of the fauna and wildlife,” I reply.

“No,” she laughs. “Can you navigate across? Let us say the two of us left tomorrow—could we kayak through the marsh and wetlands from here to the East coast?”

“If you need a navigator, I am your man,” I reply. “We would need about seven days of food and water and we could leave before dawn the day after tomorrow.”

She reaches out and takes my hand and says, “My name is Vicky.”

I respond, “I’m Karl.”

She says, “This is going to be so much fun.”

On the fourth day we made love. A storm raced toward us in the late afternoon. We were soaking wet by the time we found a solid piece of ground.

We pitched our tent and climbed inside. It was understandable she stripped down taking off her wet clothes.

As he took her panties off and lay beside me naked she says to me, “What do you think we should do to pass the time?”

She had that magic again all around her like she did when she talked about shark whispering. As the rain fell and the lightning thundered, we made love.

As I held her within the tent beneath the storm I was no longer in the Everglades surrounded by a sea of sawgrass and wetlands. I was on the open ocean with the big waves rolling—the raging wind diving into the waves’ troughs and rising flailing the waves’ crests, the white caps’ spray flying. Being with her is like being on the sea when the black storm clouds close in and seize you with their squall of winds.

A while later she says to me, “I have to warn you--I give all of myself to a man when I am with him. I hold nothing back. But when I feel it is time to move on I don’t look back and I have no longing or regret. I like to be with men but I don’t miss them when they are not there. It is just the way I am.”

I hear the words she speaks but they do not register until a few days later. No woman can love a man the way she loves and not be in love. My entire life I have been waiting to be with her.

Making love like this grants insider’s knowledge. It is not thoughts in the mind. It is a body to body and a body to nature understanding of what causes the waves to rise, the winds to blow, and lightning to sail through the darkness illuminating and satiating the deepest desires.

Sailors keep watch on a four hour shift. Every six hours the tides rise or fall. But she and I have our own rhythm and tempo. Every two to three hours that night we made love again. She climbed on top of me like a hungry animal awakening me from sleep and taking me into another kind of dream.

When morning came, there was sunlight and a clear sky. But inside the sea was still sharing with me the passions it has been waiting to unleash

for eons of time. I was beginning to see that sex for her is not about clasping, coiling, grasping, and releasing. She is after the energy and the vitality—the exchange between everything that makes a man a man and a woman a woman.

As she says, she holds nothing back when she gives herself. The way she makes love the man is so enraptured he does the same—every fiber of his being, every nerve ending lights up. And then it is not just a wave breaking. It is a tsunami rising up with its mile long wave rushing in giving everything it has from the depths.

In the morning, I should have been spent, exhausted. But I wasn't. I made breakfast for the two of us. I never felt so charged up. It was like I was on amphetamine but without the tension. I felt completely relaxed.

During our crossing of the Everglades, we did not see any pythons. We saw enough alligators either silently stalking with only their snout showing or else splashing as they climbed in or out of the water. There was the entire gamut of birds from the common Egrets to Spot herons and storks flamingos.

There were turtles, some otters, wild pigs, and deer. We did not see the panthers but for two minutes one night a big cat howled nonstop with the most eerie cry going up and down the note scale like a demon or banshee screaming from out of hell.

I have to say the first four days Vicky was enthusiastic for everything we did like a young girl planning her wedding. Every little thing was exciting and no detail was too small not to notice and comment on as she savored the sights and sounds.

The morning of the fifth day Vicky was a different woman. The young girl enthusiasm was gone. It was not that she was doing anything different. We paddled the kayaks the same. We kept the same schedule and pace. We had the same conversations that were like walking down long paths through the forests and canyons of our memories.

No. It was rather that she knew my body was now her possession to use in any way she wanted. But there was no ego or wish to control in her intentions. I keep getting these images of the open sea--a small ship in the middle of the ocean. You think you are crossing or conquering the sea. But it is the other way around. The sea has you at its mercy. It is bigger and vaster than what any man can dream.

There is a dark side to what Christopher Columbus once said—"And the seas shall grant each man new hope, as sleep brings dreams of home."

I was beginning to look at Vicky as if she was not a human being. Sensing the sheer force of her energy, she was like nature in human form. The depths of her emotional life, without any conscious action, her spirit outranked mine. When I looked inside myself, I saw only her looking back at me. For a little while, she was my soul.

No wonder she could enchant sharks. They were as overwhelmed by her as me.

The little girl enthusiasm had vanished. She was now like something ancient and proud, majestic and perhaps holy in its beauty—it was like listening to the slow motion explosions of rolling thunder on the horizon, detonations going on and on. Perhaps I was just aware of my heart beating, throbbing with longing under stress even as the days were languid and the weather calm.

And so I would rephrase what Christopher Columbus once said. Perhaps if Columbus had more leisure time on his hands and was not consumed by the need to produce new wealth for the king and queen; perhaps if Columbus had stood on his deck in the middle of the Atlantic one night and had asked himself, "What is this sea without a ship sailing upon it and without deck on which to stand and without a captain observing it? What is it in itself and what has it to offer those who can sense its heart?"

And if Columbus had that sensitivity and detachment he might instead have said this: “And the sea shall grant each man a new dream of what he is meant to be as impossible as it may seem.” I say that because looking back that is exactly what Vicky was offering me—a taste of some future self, of a life I could or might have had if only I had set out with more determination and searched more carefully.

The fifth night we made love—there was no thunder or lightning, no storms or raging seas. The pace was enchantment in slow motion.

I was the naturalist and her body my research subject—its canyons and ravines, its hills and forests, its streams and lakes; her navel a way station where I paused to feel the pulse of life hidden within it; her lips—I became a master wine taster: red and white, depth and complexity, the subtlety of flavor—young and mature, sweet, dry, or bitter; soft or firm, light or heavy, crisp or creamy, spice or citrus, prune, fig, or pear.

Kissing Vicky you have to assume the role of a master, the lord of vineyards and wine making. If you do not stay on top of your perceptions and feelings, you risk falling into an abyss of despair, when she is not there.

Late in afternoon on the sixth day we found some dry ground on which to camp. I looked around and there appearing in front of me on a branch was a large hawk with those cold and hot, impersonal and penetrating eyes; and wings of stealth and strength curled up at his sides.

I stopped and we just gazed at each other for ten minutes. Hawk whispering is all about training, covering its eyes and tethering it with a string. Shark whispering is about sharing the same nervous system and perceiving as shark’s perceive electrical vibrations. Male whispering is about getting inside of the man’s deepest dreams and speaking to him with his own voice from the core of his being.

Some of Vicky was rubbing off on me. When I look now at nature the things within nature seem to wake up and want to speak with me. In ancient times, there were signs and omens, ominous portents and warnings about future events. Now the voice of nature is more simple and direct. It wants to share with us how to feel fully alive.

On this sixth night in the tent she was demure, even coy. But still there was that eerie quality like St. Elmos fire with its sizzling moaning and yearning as it sparks and its luminous glow lights up all the metal on a ship—there was that thing that Vicky does that I have never seen in any woman before. She was totally one hundred per cent willing to respond to me without any limitations or hesitation.

A woman has to put aside her ego and personal identity to give to this extent. A woman, even the most submissive, always has some barrier, some social protocol, or some requirement to be met.

But that is not Vicky. The sea says to its explorers—to Magellan, Sir Francis Drake, or Captain Cook—“Take me. Ravish me. Capture and bind me. I am yours to use. I will surrender to you my magic, my treasures, and all my charms as you take me into your arms. All I ask in return is that you feel what I feel and dream my dreams, for this is what every lover desires—to share with another what is in her heart.”

Vicky was like the vast sea offering secret ecstasy--kneeling there naked in front of me in the tent her hands on the inside of her thighs fingers pointing down. That degree of receptivity is attraction reaching its height. Invisible to the eyes she clasps hold of me, the nerves in my body becoming electrified. I want her so badly. It is not me as a man. It is nature craving to unite with its opposite.

Making love was like lightning in slow motion, a moment extending on and on. The darkness of being born a human being, of not knowing why you are here or what you are to accomplish—the night was lit up again

and again and briefly in those moments everything became clear. There were no doubts or confusion, only heart to heart love being shared.

The seventh day we arrived not far from Miami. We had made it alive, no snake bites, no alligators stalking and bumping the kayaks, no wounds or abrasions that would not mend.

And here is the epiphany—Vicky turns and says to me as we stand on dry land, “I would really like to do this again. But next time I want to go by myself.”

I was shocked. I could not speak. How could she not want me to go with her?

But from somewhere deep inside some mysterious part of the masculine soul responded to her with a firm and convincing voice, “No. You do not want to cross the Everglades again. You have already done that. You crave new challenges and new experiences.

“I think what you and I should do next, to take full advantage of my navigating abilities, is to sail from the Big Island of Hawaii to Australia. Or better yet, we should fly to Micronesia and charter a sailboat, you and I.

“There are reefs there with tropical fish that have never been observed by human eyes. I think my gift to you should be your discovery of a fish that bears your name.

“But if that is too tame there is a canyon in the Sierra Tarahumara in the southwestern part of Chihuahua in Mexico. It is larger and deeper than the Grand Canyon. It has high waterfalls, mountain pools, caves, and hot springs along its banks. And we can raft down it. With me you can do that.

“Or perhaps you would like to take one of those long, shallow boats down the river from Angel Falls in Venezuela with its thick, amazon forests and dark, rusty brown water.

“Think about it. I am your man for adventure and for discovering the best life has to offer.”

And that is what we did. We met on the Big Island where we swam with the dolphins. And things continued on from there.

But I have to say to those who meet women like Vicky—Beware. Here is another poem as a way of warning. Take nothing for granted with such women--

Some call me a sea goddess  
Others call me a sea demon  
Neither is right or wrong  
I am the sea in the form of a woman

I warn men from the beginning  
That I am a real heartbreaker  
But they do not pay heed  
They do not believe  
Yet they quickly lose all control

Try to understand my point of view  
No man has ever truly loved me  
I am the high sea when the storm clouds roll  
I am the gales unfolding in winter

I'll meet your thirst and your craving  
I am forever loving  
But who can endure my embrace late at night  
When at dawn I am no man's possession.

My mystery is that there are two of me  
A young girl who was once quite needy  
But deeper inside  
I must confide  
I am the sea wild and free

There is one final secret you must know  
 To understand my beauty  
 Lightning and thunder on the open sea  
 Are the passion I crave and need.

Some say I am an immortal being  
 A creature they call a mermaid  
 What I am I can't really say  
 Though the sea is my only true friend.

Some call me a sea goddess  
 Others call me a sea demon  
 Neither is right or wrong  
 I am the sea in the form of a woman

## The Merman

“Am I dead?” she asks. “Did I cut myself too deep this time and bled to death?”

“No. You are not dead,” he replies.

“Then I am dreaming,” she says.

“No. It is not a dream,” he replies.

“But you are inside my head?” she questions.

“I am not inside your head. I am speaking to you mind to mind,” he says.

“What are these feelings then?” she asks. “They are not part of my life.” “They are,” he says. “I am now part of your life.”

“This can't be,” she says. “I have never felt genuine happiness. The only time I have felt release and pleasure is when I take drugs. Have you drugged me?”

“No,” he replies. “I am simply sharing with you what I feel inside.”

She asks, “Why are you doing this? There is contentment, peace, and happiness. It is so strange. I feel hope—that everything good in life will come to me effortlessly without struggle or heartbreak.

“I have imagined that a perfect lover would do exactly this for me. Are you this lover?”

“No,” he replies. “I am your friend.”

“But why are you creating these feelings that my life right now is all I could ever want it to be?” she asks.

“I am doing this for you because I am creating a new race of beings, something different from what has gone before. What you now feel is the first step. If you continue with me, soon enough in this life you will experience infinite joy.

“I cannot take the suffering out of life. But I can lead you to where you find in yourself an absolute contentment that is one with the universe.”

“But why? she asks.

“By feeling fulfilled in every possible way your joy becomes so great you can do nothing else but seek as I seek to fill the earth with justice and to set men free.”

She says, “This is the first time in my life that anyone has ever said something that makes sense to me. Where do I sign up?”

## Letters to Mermaids

Question: Can you tell me more about my home world and why I am here?

Response: You are from a water world of a distant star. The entire planet is covered by water. Your race had physical bodies within the planetary

sea but you also were a mermaid in that you were completely conscious of water and identified with it as the nature of your being.

But being a mermaid does not imply lack of intelligence or the absence of aptitude for technology and science. Your race built cities within and outside of the sea. In doing so some of you explored elements other than water.

I met a mermaid who is a commercial airplane pilot. But she is under an outside influence that has repressed most of her mermaid qualities. On the other hand, some mermaids are highly skilled in using technology, some that the human race has not yet discovered. You do not stop being a mermaid even when you weave other elements into your nature. The water continues to define who you are.

But on your home world your civilization did not develop interplanetary travel and so it had no colonies on other planets in your solar system. There was an eruption like a super volcano since your planet like ours has a molten core. This volcano changed the chemistry of the ocean and also of the atmosphere. On earth, some super volcanoes go on erupting for thousands of years.

Even with just three little core meltdowns at Fukushima Japan, the entire Pacific Ocean may be void of life in another sixty or seventy years due to the three tons of radioactive water being dumped by Japan into the ocean every day. So a natural mega disaster such as a super volcano could bring to an end an entire civilization.

And so some of you were sent out to planets in other star systems. But it is not like our planet sending space ships to colonize Mars, Titan, or a planet in another solar system so that Homo sapiens could survive if our planet suffered a similar fate. It is instead a heart to heart thing. You are being asked to carry on the life of your race in a spiritual sense, to experience life, to accomplish new things, and be all that your race might have become if it had been able to survive on your home world.

Our planet, the earth, has an immense dream within its heart—to be one with the universe. Your planet has a similar dream—to hold the universe within its heart. Eventually an advance race will appear on earth that can feel what our planet feels in its heart and so share her feelings and her dreams. You are being asked to do the same—to feel what your planet feels in her heart and to fulfill her dreams.

It does not matter what form you take or where you call your home world. The dream of which I speak is an act of creation. You are being asked to create new worlds and new wonders. Those who have died on your home world remain alive in and through you.

Get to know the heart of this planet earth. You have two parents now instead of one. You are a child of love who travels between the stars. And so this precisely is your task: to learn to create love wherever you are.

## The Mermaid and the Oracle of Delphi

“Nickolaos, must you always visit death upon those who would defile me?” says his sister, Efrosyni, as she places her hands on the wound of the now dead man who a moment ago tried to rape her. She goes on, “This is the fifth man you have killed in your zeal to protect me.” Nickolaos replies, “The divine has appointed me to do exactly that—to protect you. It is reason why I was born.”

As she chants slowly to herself, the fatal wound to the heart of the man on the ground seals. The skin shows barely a scar. The would be rapist, as one drunk on death granted reprieve, wanders back. His soul lies down again inside his body and he awakens with a breath. The man stands up, looks around, and then flees not wishing to offer death a second chance to lay hold of him with its icy fingers of non-existence.

The brother and sister walk back to their villa outside Athens. We are in ancient Greece—440 BC.

It is a time when Artaxerxes I, the Persian king, still rules over Egypt and through his patronage the Temple of Solomon is rebuilt in Jerusalem. After a thousand years of divine patronage, it is the time of Malachi, the last prophet of Israel.

It is the time of Socrates to be followed by students Plato and Aristotle. It is the time of Herodotus, called “the father of history,” who shall record the Peloponnesian War and also travel to Egypt.

And it is the time when Pericles leads Athens promoting the rule of the demos, the populace, granting vast new rights to the common man. Among them are free passes to watch Greek dramas, the cost picked up by the state. This tradition of Pericles would be carried on by the Caesars of Rome five hundred years later who gave free entrance to the Coliseum. Though in that case so many people wanted to watch a lottery determined those who could enter without paying.

And in seven years Pericles would build the Parthenon in honor of the goddess Athena for her assistance in defeating the Persian Empire. Some of the surviving sculptures from the Parthenon, the Elgin Marbles, are on display in the British Museum in London.

Now then, as Nickolaos and his sister Efrosyni walk back to their villa outside Athens, the son of Pericles, Xanthippus, sees Nickolaos and hails him, “Nickolaos, what treasure have you been keeping hidden from the world? Who is this woman you are with?”

Nickolaos replies, “This is my sister Efrosyni.”

Xanthippus says, “She is well named, for in beauty she is as one of the Graces.”

The next morning, Pericles, a rather astute observer of men, asks Xanthippus, “What ails you? You have that haunted look you sometimes have when events are too great for you to understand.”

Xanthippus replies, “I have seen a goddess in human form and I do not know to what temple I should make a sacrifice in order not to suffer a curse or something worse.”

Pericles, who has the stage presence and appearance of an athlete who has just won his Olympic event, nearly falls over laughing and replies with good humor, “My son, life is full of surprises. Just such moments as this have been given to us so we might both wonder and then discover what it is to be fully alive. Go ahead. Tell me the details.”

Pericles, always one quick to seize opportunities and to size up dangers, bids a friend of his to go meet Efrosyni who his son claims to possess the beauty of one of three Graces. This friend of Pericles is Diotima of Mantinea. She is a seer, philosopher, and priestess who Socrates claims taught her the nature of true love.

It is a week later on a rainy night that Diotima reports back to Pericles what she has observed from talking to Efrosyni.

Pericles says to Diotima, “Unlike some of our students, you have always been careful with your choice of words. You use words to describe the unique thing in front of you rather than generalizing and building a magnificent structure of concepts that, nonetheless, is hollow inside, void of any significance, and has no feeling of welcome or home.”

“And you have always been honest with me. Tell me, therefore, what have you found out about this woman who blinds the eyes of my son with her beauty and confuses his thoughts far more than what a woman can do with her natural charms.”

Diotima replies, “On this matter I recommend you consult the Oracle of Delphi. Someone can be sent on your behalf and still arrive before the seventh of the month.”

“And why exactly should I undertake that expense?” asks Pericles. Diotima says, “This is why—she is not a human being. Her soul is

immortal. Though in human form, she is the goddess and also the priestess of a religion that has not yet appeared on earth.

“I touched her hand. In that touch I felt not just a sea, but all seas. I felt not just the sensation of cold water, but water in all of its forms—as rain that falls from clouds, as a stream that forms, as waterfalls and mountain pools and lakes, as a river that flows to the sea, as fog and as the morning mist that continues to rise and to form clouds in the sky.

“And yet underneath all of these things there is a love that is like a sea encompassing the entire earth. Its very essence is to heal, to purify, to renew, to make whole, and to bring to life. Her presence banishes sorry, regret, guilt, sadness, and the loneliness that has haunted the human soul do doubt from the beginning.

“It is for those who hold power such as yourself and who bear the burden of holding the destiny of your people in your hands to recognize the divine when it appears and speaks in signs and omens. This woman is an as yet undefined gift to mankind. To not respond and find her the right way for her to exist among us would be to fail in your responsibility as the ruler of Athens and a representative of all people.”

“Ah,” says Pericles, “Should I go meet her now myself or do I just send her name with a messenger to the Oracle?”

Diotima says dryly, “A messenger will suffice.”

Two weeks later Pericles gets his answer from the Oracle of Delphi. His messenger was allowed to pass to the front of the line of those making inquiries. A sizable donation always helps things move along.

And this is what the Oracle of Delphi said regarding Efrosyni’s place among mankind:

Her nature is to share  
 Yet too sacred to be near  
 From mortal men she must be hidden

Only kings and high priests may speak with her  
To all others she is forbidden

In accordance with the Oracle's proclamation and yet trying to be practical, Pericles made her a priest in the temple of Aphrodite. She did not minister to the needs of the populace that Pericles was so fond of sponsoring. But she did speak many times to the high priestess of the Elysian Mysteries and to others as well.

There were kings who came to consult with her and also Aristotle. The philosopher Aristotle was granted special permission. She met him one day and saw that he would be the mentor of a king who we know as Alexander the Great. Some say even priests from Egypt journeyed to speak with her.

But it was another priestess in the temple named Euroda who was able to get Efrosyni to best explain who she was. Euroda asks Efrosyni, "How is it you can do what you do? I have seen men awaken from death, stand up, and walk away at the touch of your hands."

And Efrosyni replies, "I am only a chalice, a vessel in which love appears. All are free to drink from the waters of life that are within me. And yet the wisest of men insist I remain hidden and well-guarded. Touch this body and you experience the dream of the earth herself, for in her dream she is one with everything that exists."

And Euroda put forth her hand and touched Efrosyni on her upper arm. The next day Euroda left the temple of Aphrodite and went to Delphi where she joined those who foresee the future and answer questions that determine the fate of empires. Her ecstasy was too great to serve in any other priestess capacity.

## Homecoming

A man stood on the banks of Lake St. Clair. Having taken a vow never to complain out of respect for the gifts he has been given by the divine, all the same, he says to the lake, “Why did you hide who are you from me for all these years?”

Perspective and context. Try to understand his point of view. A woman once said to him, “I had a crush on you from the moment you sat down next to me in Spanish class in high school.” And then she offered him her body.

He replies, “After all I have been through, you wait thirty years to tell me this?”

Another woman once asked him, “Why did we never get together?” The man replied, “Have you forgotten? You abandoned me and ran off with Tom.”

A different woman once said to him, “I am yours for the taking. I get orgasms simply sitting down and meditating on you.” But he knew she was bound by stringent karmic obligations involving family that he could not alter, dissolve, or renegotiate with fate.

Another woman said to him, “I would die and be reborn for you.” But he knew she had this thing about death as a kind of high and he was only a surrogate and not what she was really after.

I could go on and on telling you stories like this. But he also wanted answers for why love was not shared when long ago it could have been so easy to experience.

And so again the question he puts to Lake St. Clair, “Why did you hide who are you from me for all these years?” For after decades of searching, he now sees past the outer form to the inner soul, to the feeling and life that underlies all things.

He goes on and says to her, “Just gazing upon you I feel bliss flowing through every cell in my body. All tension is dissolved and all sorrow is gone. In your presence happiness appears to a degree that I stand free of human history and the changes of time have no hold on me. From your face—the beauty of the universe, stars and galaxies radiate. You are love in its simplicity—tenderness and gentleness flow through me like an unending stream.

“Why then have I had to wait so long for you to finally share the innermost essence of your being? You were right there with me at the beginning, even when I was in my mother’s womb you surrounded me as she sailed upon your waves and guided her craft with your winds flowing through her sails.”

Lake St. Clair stands before him, her feet touching the surface of the lake. She has assumed the form of a young woman.

She replies, “I never left you. I have always been inside of you. As a man is enchanted with the outer form of a woman and yet must learn how to discover her heart so the two of them can become one, it is I who have patiently waited for you to find me.

“And now you have. The past is gone. We are now forever one.”

### Slivers of Conversations (with different women)

#1: When I was a young woman I said to my mother, “Mother. I am different from other people. Is there something you are not telling me?” My mother replied, “Among our people these things are only known as legends and mythology--You are of water. You are a mermaid.”

I was at a large gathering. And a man walked across the room and came right up to me. And he said, “I see who you are. You may not talk to

people about this but you are a mermaid. And furthermore, we were married in a past life. Why should we not be married again?"

I recalled being with him in the past life. And at some point during that life I had hid my wedding ring in the world of dreams because I knew one day we would be together again. I looked and looked for that ring. When I found it I was so happy. He and I share the same essence. We are one being.

#2. I had a relationship with a very successful fisherman. I felt an inner connection to him. But the relationship ended because of his abuse, his arrogance, and the way he wanted to control everything I do. The night we broke up I went out and sat on the beach and shared with the sea my feelings.

The next day the storm was so great it closed the harbor for a week, sealing the entrance with sand. The waves smashed the glass windows of a restaurant on the pier. People had to run out as waves filled the dining room with water.

#3. When I was three years old my parents found me on a beach in Florida. There was no one else for miles around. I had a mermaid tail and I was wearing a pearl necklace. They took me to their motel and in the shower my mermaid tail turned into legs and feet and back again for three hours. And then the changing stopped. They took me back to their own state in the Midwest and raised me as their own. I still have the pearl necklace.

#4. When my husband was deployed in Iraq, I had visions of the future. I warned him about a situation in which someone would knife him. That warning saved his life.

I also told him about a new kind of IED (improvised explosive device)

that was going to be used against his company. A few weeks later military intelligence briefed his unit on the IED I had foreseen.

There were other things I did. To protect him I had to protect his entire company.

#5. She asked me, “How do you know I am a mermaid?”

I raised my hand and touched her aura and said, “Because there is only the one element of water in your aura.”

A few hours later she texted me a message and said, “When you felt my aura I felt what you felt with your hand. That is the first confirmation I ever had that I am a mermaid.”

#6. My pet fish wait in the corner of their aquarium closest to the door for me to come home. When I walk into a pet store all the fish in the aquariums stop swimming and stare at me. When I step into a lake all sorts of fish swim up and circle around me.

#7. And you shall be a stream--splashing, laughing, dancing--of liquid, silver light. And I shall be your shores and the valley on both sides where your dreams are brought to life.

### I Saw A King Within the Sea

I saw a king within the sea. Blue were his eyes. The magnetic field of the earth is his domain. Blue green the water where he reigns.

In his hand a trident with three prongs. They bear the names—innocence, purity, and love. But the trident itself has a different name—it is called “Absolute power in service to the One.”

I saw a king within the sea. Every drop of water on earth hears his voice when he speaks. The coldest temperature recorded on earth was

-135.8 F at the Soviet Vostok Station in Antarctica on July 21, 1983. The king when he speaks can slow time and the motions of atoms to create absolute zero if he needs.

The magnetosphere encompassing the earth protects the land below from the sun's ultraviolet radiation. The king can expand his aura through all nations to eliminate malice, hatred, and greed protecting the earth from human devastation.

I saw a king within the sea. He cloaks the land in righteousness and he sets men free. Oh king, Oh king. Teach me your abilities.

## Story Telling and the Mermaid, Part I

The year is 2026 and we are in a classroom at a magic university. The professor teaches the methods of ten spirits whose task is to inspire and assist mankind in telling stories. The professor channels, invokes, evokes, paraphrases, or otherwise relays to the class what the spirits tell him. This is a beginning 101 level class in the college curriculum.

The professor's name is Herbert. The class is sitting outdoors in a Greek theater in the shape of a half circle with a stage at the center and the seats carved out of the hillside.

Herbert says, "For the next two weeks we will be studying the spirit of seven degrees Taurus in the earthzone sometimes mistakenly referred to as Corubot. But Corubot is as good a name as any to call him.

"This spirit inspires writers to make up stories like *The Princess Bride*, *The Last Unicorn*, and parts of Tolkien's *Hobbit*. He loves fairy tales and sagas. For him it is all about a quest—the story starts and you find yourself in another world whether you want to or not. At first things around you may be familiar and friendly and yet you are compelled by forces beyond your control to go on a journey.

“But underneath it all--and this you can sense in Corubot’s own aura-- is a very sweet love that is part of having a family and being with close friends you cherish. This is where the story often begins and also where the story may end.

“For this spirit, a story is about friendship, trust, sharing, and discovering innocence. Innocence is being fully alive in the present moment without the past interfering with your ability to give all of yourself to what is in front of you. And after all this is life—an attempt on our part to find and to preserve love, union, and trust in all situations we encounter.

“In your syllabus I list quite a few different genres of fairy tales and stories. Among other things there is a treasure to be found, a wrong to be made right, a gift to be received, a truth to be grasped, a prisoner to be freed, a darkness to be lit, a debt to be paid, a sleeping beauty to awake, a prince in exile his kingdom to be claimed or saved, and so forth on and on.

“A story is about the five senses. You, through the experiences of the characters, learn new ways to think, perceive, and feel. The characters themselves show you how to do this as they interact with each other.

“For example, a teacher communicates to students his sense of clarity, beauty, fairness, justice, wonder, awe, and the thrill of discovery. The student walks away with part of the teacher inside of him. A good poet communicates through metaphor and enchantment the ecstasies of the five senses and the four elements of nature. If you study with a great poet, whether you write poetry or not, you become a poet in the way you feel and perceive.

“There is a discovery process. The cop learns to think like the criminal and the criminal is obsessed with the cop who is the first person in his life who understands him. The hero learns to think like the monster or the villain. In the end we are on the edge of our seats because we are not

sure who is more clever or skilled. Who will win and who will suffer defeat—the villain with his darkness or the hero with his light?

“And the story is about you and me. Go inside any individual and there you will find the story of that person’s life. What love, trust, innocence, and oneness has he lost or does he seek? Where is he now and where are these things within his hopes and dreams?”

“And if you should find these treasures of life and are willing to offer them to others then you become the object of desire and the treasure at the end of the quest. Anyone you meet who hears your story is introduced to the wonder in life that you have experienced.

“The story is different for each person, each culture, and each religion. People each seek and perceive in different ways. They have different experiences and so they have a different story to tell. Listen well for there is a silent voice telling a story in every person.

“Now then, we are going to break into groups of two for an hour. Ask each other this question: What can you share with me that offers a new way of perceiving, thinking, and feeling?”

Harry and Linda are sitting next to each other up in the eighth row. Linda says to Harry, “Shall we?”

Harry says, “Sure. Thanks. Do you want to begin?”

Linda says, “That is fine. I am not a human being.”

Harry says, “How nice. When did you first discover you are not human?”

Linda—“I realized a lot of things as I was growing up. I could feel others’ feelings and I noticed no one else was doing that. Even as a little girl I could read others minds. But that was very confusing for me because when I talked to others using telepathy they did not respond. How weird is that?”

“But it was when I went to my first discothèque that I realized I was not human. I was surrounded by so many people and all of their feelings

were flowing through me at the same time. And I fainted from the overload.

“It wasn’t until two days later when I jumped into the ocean that I felt normal again. I had to wash away all of those emotions that human beings feel. And jumping into the ocean I finally saw the difference between me and human beings. I am of nature. I am the sea in human form whereas members of the human race do not know how to look within and find nature inside.”

Harry asks, “So what are you? Are you a fish, a silke, a descendent of aquatic apes, a mermaid, what?”

Linda answers, “I have strong connections to mermaids.”

Harry says, “I have not met any mermaids. This is really good. So can you show me any of this so I can experience what you are talking about?”

Linda: “I can make the air cold.”

Harry feels the air suddenly freezing cold as if he is outside and it is winter.

Linda says, “I can stop your mind from thinking thoughts.”

Harry feels he is inside of an iceberg and has no need of thoughts. In fact, for a little while, his mind no longer seems to exist within linear time. He is just aware without need of mental activity of any kind.

“Ah,” Harry says. “I wonder if I could put you on speed dial or pay you a small retainer for when I want to stop worrying or obsessing on something? You could stop my mind from thinking thoughts and then I would be at peace.”

Linda laughs and says, “Dream on.”

Harry asks, “So what about feeling? What can you share with me about what it feels like to be you?”

Linda says, “Touch me and concentrate only on the sensation of the touch and let nothing else distract you.”

Harry touches her arm. And after a few seconds Harry feels that there is no longer a Harry or a Linda but only the sea itself which is now the only thing in his awareness.

After a few minutes, Harry says, “Thank you. Now I have a taste of what it is like to be a mermaid—to be the sea without a human identity to encumber me.

“But what can I give to you that you have never felt or experienced?” asks Harry.

“You have already given it,” says Linda. “You have taught me that a human being can step outside the rigid confines of his society and become like me, a part of nature.”

“And how is that new for you?” asks Harry.

Linda answers, “Your curiosity to explore the unknown and to take risks in order to become more than what you are—these qualities are not well known to mermaids. We exist to love. We feel what others feel. But we do not usually use our minds to chart the ocean, measure its depths, catalogue its fish, or to touch another’s arm in order to be reborn.”

## Story Telling and the Mermaid—Part II

It is three years later. Harry is majoring in a study of how to balance the four elements of nature within oneself. This is sometimes referred to as astral equilibrium.

Linda is majoring in mermaid art, song, and dance. The two meet each other occasionally having become friends and also sometimes helping each other with research projects.

Harry, not short on cash, has flown Linda to the Big Island of Hawaii where they have spent the day swimming with dolphins.

In the evening, sitting with their feet in a hot tub by a pool Harry asks Linda, “How do I become what you are?”

Linda replies, “Take my hand. Imagine you are united to the entire realm of mermaids. And also pick some aspect of water in nature that defines who you are.

“Now keep that inner connection and return to yourself. There. Feel that? The mermaid realm’s vibration flows through your aura extending around you for fifty or sixty feet.”

Harry says, “I am missing something here. What is it?”

Linda sensing his aura replies, “The innocence and the vastness of love encircling the earth.

“Try this. Imagine your brain waves are the vibration of water. You do not think thoughts, not even images. It is as if you are water itself and anyone around you is within your watery expanse of awareness. Only this moment exists and yet the water—the sea surrounding you—in its very essence is nurturing and it is love. It makes whole and complete whatever it touches.

“You almost have it. One more thing. There is no “you,” only the vast expanse of watery love. That is what you are inside.

“There. Now you have it. Nice work.”

Linda goes on, “Now then, let me ask in return—How do I become what you are—a human being?”

Harry asks, “Why would you want to do that--become a part of the human realm of sorrow and loss?”

Linda says, “Well, since I am here I thought I might as well get the full human experience. Channeling the mermaid realm as I do I am two thirds here and one third of me is still within my own realm. And there is a down side to being a mermaid in a human body.

“When I am out in public or in a shopping mall surrounded by people sometimes a complete stranger will come up and violently assault me. It is not what they see with their eyes. It is the feelings I generate inside of

them because I am from a realm of nature that is beyond the understanding of your race.

“And I get tired of being introduced to someone and moments later he tells me he wants to marry me so I can have his children. And the next day he tells me he cannot live without me.

Don't get me wrong. I enjoy relationships but I do not need people. I am happy to be by myself. But a relationship helps ground me in this world. Without that human connection I am not a part of the linear flow of time that human beings are immersed in.

“And people treat me like I am a drug dealer offering them cocaine and heroin. They get this high when they are around me and then they experience withdrawal symptoms when I am not there. So they end up wanting to control me.”

Harry says, “I understand. Okay. Here is how to become a human being. Imagine you are wearing my body and you are me. That will begin to separate you from your inner mermaid. And imagine this timeline--you are born and have no connection to the mermaid realm.

“When you are young your family and then school are the only things you know. You are not connected to nature and so you do not have that mystical support. You must compete for affection, love, and attention all of which you desperately need. And just to survive you must spend three fourths of your time thinking only about yourself. It will take decades before you learn to feel what others' feel and understand their points of view.

“If you do not have a purpose there is no point in being alive. A purpose usually relates to survival—getting ahead and securing a niche or position in society. You will need a specific support group— friends, relationships, family, coworkers, a religion or group affiliation that supplies you with a set of beliefs. These keep you motivated, focused, and energized.

“You do not possess the astral immorality you now have. You have only a small taste not of one but of five different elements that compose your nature. In air is intellect, curiosity, clarity of thought and perception.

In water is feeling but not the super human empathy you have. Feeling comes through putting yourself in the others’ shoes instead of extending your aura through them. Feeling, unless pure sentimentality, almost always occurs where there is some sort of bonding. Because love is scarce, people need loyalty and commitment to know that another will be there for them when they need attention or affection.

“There is also the element of fire which is will, determination, resolve, and commitment. These are necessary to achieve concrete goals in specific time frames.

“Almost all human endeavors are hierarchical in nature with the strong ruling the weak. So if it is necessary for your purposes, you will learn to use other people to get what you want.

“Through the earth element you work to make yourself more qualified and valuable to secure everything you need, especially money which is the blood that distributes resources through human society. The idea of being human is to leave something behind in this world that is valuable and that endures when you are gone.

“And there is a fifth element, akasha. The fifth element acts as conscience overseeing the development and harmony of the other four elements. If necessary, it invents and makes things that are completely new so that every challenge can be overcome and every purpose be fulfilled. If you find yourself without a purpose, the fifth element enables you to create one.

“Five elements make you what you are and yet you only have a taste of each one. And this inner soul complexity is complicated further by the nature of physical existence. As you realize, humans exist within a linear

stream of space and time we call history. Each human has a specific biography. And each person's identity is shaped by choices he or she makes when confronting alternative courses and difficult circumstances.

“Because we are so limited in perception, feeling, and understanding, we need constant validation from other people. You mermaids by contrast have no group affiliations, no sororities, no families, and no nations. Each of you has a direct contact with nature that preserves your essence quite independent of your connection to other mermaids.

And amid all the hustle and bustle forming relationships and shaping a self-image you must in the end let go of everything that has given you meaning. A human life comes to an end and that is closure.”

Linda asks, “But how would I undergo this human experience and still be me? The moment I stop loving I am no longer a mermaid.”

Harry says, “Oh that. Right. There are human women who have mermaid auras. Their auras are not sustained through channeling an inner mermaid self or the mermaid realm. Instead, they embody the equivalent of the mermaid realm in themselves without actual contact.

“For all practical purposes, just like you, they have no ego. For example, they have never had a mean thought in their lives. But they can have highly developed coping skills that enable them to have professional careers and interact with others just like any other human being.”

Linda asks, “But how can a human woman acquire a mermaid aura? To do so she would have to identify with water in nature like the sea so it becomes the essence of her being.”

Harry says, “Imagine you are me and have no connection to your own realm. Now using the limitations of a human nervous system extend your aura out into water in nature like a river, a mountain pool, mist rising on a lake, a bay, or the sea.

“You practice doing this for decades until that vibration within water and the energy underlying water become a part of you. You can already do this instantly now. But you have not acquired this ability through practice. Your superhuman empathy comes from being a part of the mermaid realm.

“So instead of using your psychic connection to nature, create the vibration of water in yourself through force of will and imagination repeating this until it becomes a part of you. For example, I have no natural connection to the sea. But if every day I imagine waves and beaches, water flowing around me and the sea’s islands and reefs water vibrations become imprinted on my nervous system.

In this way like me you acquire the magic of the human race--the first job of human beings is to recreate themselves, making themselves into something new. They can align with nature but it is also their destiny to embody the energies in nature through their imagination and concentration.

“Then you will not need to channel the mermaid realm to be here and still be yourself. The mermaid realm will be recreated in this world and you will be at home here as much as in your own realm.

“Get the vibration of water strong enough in yourself and men will not threaten you or try to abuse you. They will back off. They will no more want to throw themselves at you than they would throw themselves into a rip tide, a flash flood, or a tsunami. Water is as powerful as fire. And because people are constantly testing each other, they know deep down when something is more powerful than they are.

Linda says, “Maybe we could help each other. I will check on your progress becoming a merman and you can check on me becoming a human being. Through the two of us our two separate realms shall join.”

Harry replies, “I would like that very much.”

## I Am Water

I am water. I am the ocean expanse.  
 Before there was life on earth I played, danced, and laughed.  
 I am rain, snow, and sleet. Lightning is inside of me.  
 I am mist and I am dew. Find me in a kiss or in an 'I love you.'  
 As innocent as Spring, as the fragrance of a flower,  
 I am eternal, immortal—I am forever new.  
 A woman once said to me, "Give me your beauty."  
 A man once said to me, "Give me your ecstasy."  
 So great is my mystery I give love freely.  
 I am water.

## Cast Your Net Upon The Sea

Akoni casts his net into the sea. Fish he catches to eat. But when the mermaid draws near rolling and splashing waves of bliss sweep over him. The water shimmers, rippling, enchanting him with supernal, blue green light.

And when the mermaid leaves he returns to shore and weeps. Again and again it is this way until one day he speaks to the chief's kahuna about his experience.

The kahuna, named Alika, asks, "Do you see the mermaid with your eyes?"

Akoni replies, "No. But I sense her presence. Her thoughts touch my skin. Her songs within my ears ring."

Alika says, "Do not fear. You have been blessed above all men with a quest few on earth are ever permitted. You must find the sea inside yourself. Each day before you cast your net, sit and meditate. That vast expanse of open sea, the breeze, the waves, the fish—all of these things feel inside your body until you become one with them. Then your quest will be complete."

And this Akoni does. It takes him three years. But one day when

Akoni steps into the sea with his net the mermaid comes near and does not leave. Now when Akoni casts his net and returns to shore he does not weep. The mermaid--she has become a part of him as he has become a part of the sea.

### Four Days with a Mermaid

She emailed me: "I have always had a deep feeling that I am different, even as a child. Your work helps me understand my mermaid nature. I would very much like to connect with you during my journey to talk more about magic and mermaids."

A day later I read her aura. She posted what I wrote on her website--

"You definitely have the water element in your aura of a mermaid from the mermaid realm. It may have happened like this: As a mermaid you could read the thoughts of sailors though telepathy. You noticed that one human was like a merman.

"You listened to his thoughts and watched his day to day experiences. And then you decided to incarnate as a human being. But it turned out to be a terrible experience since humans are so unlike the mer-folk.

"All the same, a magician noticed you and invited you to train in his magic school. In so doing you acquired a human soul. But for all practical purposes you remain *completely mermaid in outlook*. Your task while here is to discover what you can do that would benefit both realms--mermaid and human since in effect you belong equally to both."

### Thursday Afternoon

I have afternoons free. I pick her up at the airport at 4:30 PM as she flies in from Maui. We meet in the baggage claim. I kiss her on the cheek as I place a plumeria and carnation lei around her neck.

On the drive to the hotel we talk about mermaids and people. She has never met another incarnated mermaid. I mention how the aura of a mermaid increases the energy of those they are around. To make my case I point out to her how much more animated and vitalized I am now, twenty minutes later, after first meeting her in the baggage claim.

I check her into a hotel in Waikiki. It is now late afternoon as we go for a walk along the beach toward Diamond Head.

She tells me she is 23 years old. Her mother insisted she get a college degree so she majored in political science. She seems down to earth, alert, and well-adjusted. She is comfortable traveling by herself and finds places to stay using [couchsurfing.com](http://couchsurfing.com)

Her empathy is strong but she does not seem to have the hyper sensitivity that is such a problem for many of the mermaid women. And she does not have any of the astonishing psychic abilities that some of the mermaids bring with them into this life.

She is as she looks—young, sweet, innocent, and loving. By contrast, some of the incarnated mermaids are enchanting, even spellbinding. What they consider being friendly others consider being flirtatious and hypnotically attractive. But this mermaid is not like that. Men do not stalk her or in an instant fall madly in love with her. Somehow she cloaks her mermaid nature from them.

Though I sense her to be a mermaid she looks and acts like a vivacious young woman, nothing more. This is great for me. I will be able to study her aura without those other kind of distractions.

We sit down on the beach and watch the sunset. She asks me, “How many mermaids have you met?”

I reply, “I have met about twenty in person and am following another twenty or so.”

She asks, “What are the different kinds of mermaids?”

I answer, “In the beginning it was very simple. I would read a woman’s aura and if there is the one element of water that dominates then she is a mermaid. Human beings do not have elemental water in their auras no matter how many water signs are in their natal charts.

“But then I met other kinds. I have met five or so women that have acquired a mermaid’s aura even though they have no direct contact with

the mermaid realm. They usually feel at home in this world and do not long like other mermaids to return home. But their personalities are identical to mermaids.

“And then some mermaids are multidimensional. They belong to more realms than just human and mermaid. Others are here from water planets in other star systems. They too have the one element of water in their auras. But their minds are different. They are often members of civilizations that are more advanced than the human race.

“And any of the above mermaids can be what I call a solitary mermaid. I have learned to be very careful with them.”

“How are they different?” She asks.

I answer, “They do not seek to meet other incarnated mermaids and they do not desire to connect to mermaids on the inner planes. For example, they are not curious. They usually do not ask questions like you are doing now.

“One of the most psychic mermaids I have met says people sometimes tell her she is a mermaid. She responds by saying, ‘I am a mermaid having a human experience.’

“She read my essay on traits of mermaid women and called and asked, ‘How can you know so much about me?’ But the only other questions she asks me are about how to relate to men. Otherwise, she is content with her present life. She does not want to know about a magical realm that cannot easily be seen.

“And another mermaid had a lot of scary experiences during her childhood when she could sense negative entities living in her house. She has had enough exposure to invisible things and so she does not want to explore the immense psychic powers she possesses. She simply wants to be loved, accepted, and to love others.

“Another girl who is from South America is completely overwhelmed by her empathy. She constantly senses what anyone around her is feeling and does not know how to turn off that receptivity. So she does not want to connect to anything that might extend her sense perceptions and get her to feel more than she is now feeling.

“So in effect many of the solitaires tell me they know they are not like other people. Some say they know they are not human. But they already

have all the challenges their coping skills allow them to deal with. They do not need or want to go beyond what they already know—their families, parents, children, partners, and job. That is enough for them to work with for now.

“And even some of the very curious and open mermaids have been told not to contact the mermaid realm because it would greatly interfere with their ability to operate as a human being in this world. I am a mermaid greeter. I welcome incarnated mermaids into this world. But it is not my job to take them where they do not want to go or do anything with them that makes them comfortable.”

Sitting here next to this young woman I notice how her aura affects me. I not only feel relaxed. I feel a release of tension as if I have been sailing across the Pacific Ocean for the last seven days.

Mermaids do that. You do not have to go out into nature to get away. Being with them they bring nature to you.

In astronomy, spectroscopy is used to examine the light emitted by a star. You analyze the spectrum of visible light and from it determine the star's chemical composition, temperature, density, mass, distance, etc. I treat her aura in a similar way. I pause and concentrate on her energy.

Her aura alters my perception. It amplifies sensory impressions. It alters feelings and also my brain waves. It removes the compulsion to think. I am more in the present moment and this present moment feels complete.

And there is an innocence she awakens within me. There is no need to refer to the past as a reference point to interpret or view the present moment. She has a sweet quality of naturally giving of herself to others. Sitting here next to her the sea is not just in front of me. I can feel its soft touch as if the air surrounding me has changed into fluid water.

I have previously described in my book, *Undines*, four steps leading to the realm of mermaids. But I think perhaps that the aura of each mermaid, like the stars in the sky, has its own spectrum of feeling and vibrations.

Perhaps the first step is already known to all of us. I relax and let go and her aura flows through me. I then feel what she feels—unusually calm, peaceful, and serene. There is a sense of being sheltered,

protected, nurtured, and surrounded by affection. The sea is beginning to become a part of me.

We walk back to the Oceanarium Restaurant in the Pacific Beach Hotel in Waikiki. The restaurant has a two story aquarium with large glass windows in one wall. There are nearly 400 fish and around 70 different species. She likes the manta rays because of the way they swim. With their wide triangular “wings” they seem to fly through the water.

She asks me, “Have you been able to guide anyone to the realm of mermaids?”

I reply, “Not human beings. But sometimes I do a water meditation on two of the mermaid women I know. They tell me when I meditate on them the mermaids that appear are so real the physical world vanishes.

“Some who read my books mention that mermaids appear to them. And I did a seminar with a mermaid woman and her merman boyfriend. When I began reading about a mermaid queen they would see that spirit enter the room and it would interact with them.

“I have to concentrate to sense mermaids. But many of the mermaid women see and feel the presence of mermaids without any effort. It happens spontaneously.”

Friday

We drive along Sandy Beach which looks out at Molokai. I hesitate to take her swimming here. Sandy beach is sometimes called “breakneck beach.” It has a very powerful pounding shore break which results in more lifeguard rescues than just about any beach in Hawaii.

So I take her a little farther to Waimanalo Beach where she goes swimming. She wants waves big enough to get that rising and falling sensation that she floats on her back. She says that makes her feel free. She floats and swims for two hours without a break.

Waimanalo Beach is maybe a mile long. Oddly enough, a heavy set, middle aged man walks by and goes swimming about twenty-five feet from her. There is almost no one else swimming anywhere on the beach.

But the waves seem too big for him to handle so he gets out and leaves.

I again study her aura. There is something just beyond the calmness and stillness. It is what I sensed when I first read her aura. It feels like swirling, bubbly water or like a wave curling and breaking. It is flowing, releasing, healing, soothing, and blissful. This is where she seems most focused.

This letting go is sometimes called zoning. Sensing and feeling are a stream of consciousness without thoughts occurring. Zoning has the quality of a lucid dream without the people and scenes that appear in dreams. It is a thicker, denser and emotionally charged energy field that is like sitting in a stream of water. There is motion and movement but no tracking of time.

She mentions that she often has lucid dreams in which she is flying. She says, “Playing in the astral, lucid dreams are just as real, sometimes more so, than waking reality. It is like seeing everything in hyper-HD where colors are more vibrant and things can manifest instantly.”

It is funny. I also have lucid dreams about flying. In them I am always trying to teach others to fly but with little success. However in one lucid dream I was flying around Waikiki with another person by my side. When we were flying we were in an altered state of reality. But when we came down and put our feet on the ground we fit in just like everyone else.

Later on we eat at a restaurant called Mac 24/7 in Waikiki. She says to me, “I like what you wrote about the inner and outer mermaid—part of a mermaid woman is her human personality and part belongs to another realm.

“In many ways I remain detached from my outer identity. It is a social construction that only skims the surface of the depth inside. When people ask me ‘What do you do?’ or career/school related questions, I answer but it feels weird to me, like that is not who I am.

“At times I feel too sensitive for this world, feeling alienated and awkward among humans. Spending time near waterfalls on Maui and swimming in the ocean has been very healing, inspiring, and rejuvenating.”

And then she asks, “What do you sense is my purpose in life?”

She has already told me earlier that she has her sun in Aries, her moon in Aquarius, Virgo ascendant, and her Mars in Cancer.

I hold up my hand to sense what I can pick up with clairsentience. I reply, “Mars in Cancer is difficult. Mars is all about accomplishing the mission. Mars likes to overcome obstacles by focusing completely on what you are doing whereas Cancer is sweet, nurturing, tender, soft, and gentle.

“Your purpose in life is to develop and extend that nurturing, happy tenderness to those around you. For you, however, Mars does something interesting. It gives you the power to guarantee happiness for others.”

Saturday

We leave Waikiki and drive east toward Hawaii Kai. I take her to a secluded beach at Paiko Nature Preserve. This is where I like to do photo shoots. There is rarely anyone nearby. The water is calm without waves because of a reef a half mile out. We sit and talk.

I ask her a question relating to empathy. “Do you sense your aura sometimes flows through people who are physically near to you?”

She replies, “Yes. I can feel my aura flowing through people near me. I cannot fall asleep when somebody is touching or close to me. I feel depleted after being around people for too long. I easily take on their emotions. I need a lot of time every day to recharge and balance my energy through yoga, meditation and energy healing.”

I ask her another question, “Are you loving and nurturing and yet independent of those whom you love and nurture?”

She says, “This is exactly how I feel in relationships. It is nice to be in love with someone, or feel like I am in love, but I don’t need a relationship to feel happy or fulfilled. When I am not with my boyfriend, I don’t miss him. I feel the most at ease when I am alone.”

The water is calm. She wants bigger waves.

We get back in the car and stop at Hanuama Bay, another nature preserve. A small bay with a coral reef, it has over 450 species of tropical fishes.

We ask a ranger about the best time to enter the park and go swimming. The parking lot fills up quickly and then no one else is allowed in. He says the best time to come is between 6 and 8 AM in the morning. We drive on to Waimanalo Beach. There are only a few fishermen on the beach with fixed lines out into the sea. Otherwise, we have a half mile of beach to ourselves.

I spend two hours floating with her in the waves. Rain falls a half mile away on three sides of us. She points to a rainbow.

While swimming I concentrate on the third step toward the realm of mermaids. This third vibration within her aura is more than the calm, stillness of the first step and the being totally in the present moment, letting go and flowing of the second step.

In this step, things unfold in geological time frame. Out on the open ocean there is little sense of the seasons and the ocean is the same over millions of years.

And so there is no “I am a self” but rather “I am nature--vast, an entire ocean encompassing millennia and eons.” This is definitely free of ego. There is no perspective or point of view that comes from being in a human body at a specific location in space. The sea extends one’s nervous system and perceptions far beyond the body. Her brain waves resonate with the vibration of water. This vibration is not found in the traditions of human masters.

You will know when you have entered this step. You sense that you are of nature and outside of historical time. Though always learning new things, in your essence you are unchanging, part of a vast energy field that nurtures and fulfills. And you feel free.

We leave as the sun sets. Later on I drop her off at her hotel where a relative of hers on Oahu takes her out to dinner.

## Sunday

We park near the Waikiki Yacht Harbor behind Ilikai Hotel. There is a small beach and the waves are just right.

There are lots of activities out on the ocean today. I grew up near Lake St. Clair next to Detroit. Lake St. Clair has more boats per square mile

than anywhere else in the world. Coming to Oahu, the ocean looks bare because there are often no boats to be seen.

I sit on a rock as she swims out. There are about seventy surfers a little over a half mile off shore. They are spread out over a mile along where the waves break.

There is parasailer dangling from his parachute a hundred feet up in the air a mile beyond the surfers. There is a forty foot catamaran sailing out of the harbor and a few charter sailboats. In the distance is a Matson container ship. And there are six power boats moving in slow motion between the beach and the horizon.

There are three tents with barbeques beneath for small groups throwing beach parties. The sun breaks through the cloudy overcast. The wind is off shore at eight miles an hour. There is an incoming tide.

The waves approaching shore crisscross from three directions but there is no riptide or strong current. The girl is floating now among the waves. She is in her element, in her groove, zoning, going with the flow and in the moment.

I take a look at some of the other people near and far. There is a girl thirty feet away carrying her surfboard stepping into the water and now paddling out. For her the ocean is like an amusement park. She is looking for a wild ride and a challenge that has that on the edge of the moment excitement.

There is a class A sailboat one and a half miles out. I focus on the mind of the skipper. He is calm, at ease, relaxing, and enjoying the day. He likes the open space feeling of being on the sea, the broad expanse. It is that same feeling of flying in a glider or floating in a balloon. It is not about water actually but rather he enjoys the sense of freedom.

There is a kayaker. For him, working the paddles is like training on a machine in the gym. It is a pleasant, physical workout.

A young man and his girlfriend enter the water to go surfing. For him it is all about timing, being in sync with the right set of waves. He views surfing as a day long experience. It is not about riding a particular set of waves but blending with the surf of the ocean.

There is a girl sitting on a rock with her arms wrapped around her legs. Her head leans down to her lower left side. She is not sad, unhappy, or

depressed. Instead, for her sitting next to the ocean has the feeling of soaking in a warm bath.

Another surfer. This one rides a wave into the beach. Surfing for him is about self-mastery. He has skill indicated by the way he moves his board with such ease and dexterity. He is the only one who notices the incarnated mermaid floating in the waves.

He keeps looking at her and then he sees me sitting on shore. But he is on drugs. His mind is completely spaced out and yet he is fully alert at the same time.

There is a dog about fifteen feet from me. A man gives the dog a bone, a discard from the barbeque. The dog nudges it, accidentally burying it in the sand. The dog spends five minutes pushing the sand back and forth with his nose until he finally digs it out.

There is a lady in a blue and white skirt sitting by the water. She feels that the sea is like a party in her backyard. Everyone is happy and enjoying themselves.

A Class C sailboat, smaller than the Class A, sails south. There is tension in the sails and fine tuning in the way the helmsman rides the waves. He sails as if he is racing. I can translate his brain waves, the way he concentrates: "You have to be in sync with the sea. You have to know your limitations and the sea's moods. The sea can be dangerous too."

And now I focus on how the incarnated mermaid's aura affects me. I sense the three previous steps I have already described. I feel still and calm inside. Then I feel as she feels now like I am floating, relaxing, letting go, and that only this moment exists. The sensations of water and waves are the only things in my awareness.

And within these sensations is also the third step. I feel the sea and that I am joined to it. I am millions of years of time. I am a part of nature, that part that was there before the human race was invented.

And then I go deeper—the fourth step. Mermaids suddenly appear swimming all around me. I am for them a merman. These mermaids swim with such eloquence and grace. They slide through the water without effort or physical exertion.

In this realm others are part of you and you are a part of them. There are no conflicts, no demands by others on you and no competition for

scarce resources. All around me and flowing through me is tender, sweet love.

I have entered a magical realm. Though closely aligned with the ocean and water in nature, it is all the same completely separate from nature and from the physical world. And it is free of linear time.

She has dreamed of mermaids but not like this. When a mermaid incarnates, she is often separated from her place of origin. Yet she is still connected, surrounded by a dream of innocent love in which the images and contents of her realm have been removed so she can stay focused on the human world.

This is what is channeling through her. The vibration surrounding her originates from this magical realm hidden within nature. If you sense her aura, her energy can lead you back to its source--being within and a part of the realm of mermaids is the fourth step.

I can get here on my own when I concentrate in deep meditation. But focusing on her aura, I easily slip into this realm. This encounter with mermaids is completely spontaneous. No concentration or meditation is required.

Her “inner” mermaid comes right up to me. Her colors are emerald green and various shades of blue that radiate the feelings of hope, happiness, and love. Her presence communicates to me the vastness and also her love.

She says to me, “My love is effective under all conditions of life, for I am part of the mysterious power of the sea.”

The sun sets. We walk in the rain along the beach. I pull out of my backpack two miniature, plastic raincoats for us to wear. I ask a security guard if there is a Starbucks nearby. He says around the corner.

I sip my latte outside next to a table covered above by a large, leaky umbrella. She sits next to me.

I begin explaining, “My thesis or hypothesis is that mermaids possess the love, innocence, and empathy of the water element that is missing from the human conscience. Without it, humans feel half dead. And so they take risks that threaten their own existence. They need constant excitement and external stimulation to cover up that numbness they feel inside.

“They are unable to appreciate and protect with nurturing love the wonder and beauty of life that is around us. Obsessed with acquiring knowledge, power, and technology, they are unable to change themselves, only the outer world.”

I put my question to her, “Can you sense that what you are is what is missing in human beings?”

She replies, “As a child, my mother would get angry if I showed any sign of emotion or tears. Adults would tell me to stop crying and say anything to make me forget my feelings. Nobody told me it was okay to be highly sensitive.

“I learned to shield and disguise myself in order to appear normal. I still feel like the little girl version of me although I’ve gained some perspective and self-understanding. So it is in stillness, feeling the waves flowing through me, that I am filled with a renewed sense of purpose. Yet when I commune with nature I remember the true order of reality, ever-flowing change, abundance, child-like wonder and joy.

“I sense I am to step into a role as a spiritual guide and bringer of light and compassion.”

We walk around looking for a place to eat but she is put off by the smell of cooked meat in the air. We go back to the restaurant Mac 24/7. At one point I put my hand on her upper arm saying, “Give me one minute.”

I concentrate just on the physical sensation of touch. Her body tells me about itself. The sensation in the touch is very tender and nurturing.

I say to her, “You will never meet a human man who appreciates how sensual and affectionate you are.”

I tell her about a week long seminar I attended with one of the Dalai Lama’s translators. The small group of seven students and a teacher had gotten to know each other well over the week. At the end of the seminar, the instructor had us stand up and slowly walk around and stand in front of each of the other people present.

We were to say aloud as we gazed into the other person’s eyes, “You are the \_\_\_\_\_ in me.” The Dalai Lama’s translator stopped in front of me. He looked into my eyes. He paused. And then he said, “You are the

emptiness inside of me.” He meant emptiness as in being free of ego.

I look at the incarnated mermaid and say, “You are the innocence inside of me. You teach me not be desperate in needing to make breakthroughs in my endless projects to discover wisdom and be more loving.”

I drive her back to her hotel and drop her off. She will catch a shuttle in the morning that will take her to the airport. Her next stop is Kauai. A brief hug and then a goodbye.

### The Merman and the Stream

Sometimes when I meditate I become a merman who knows himself as water flowing, pristine, innocent, and with immense inner strength—daring, courageous, dauntless. No barriers or boundaries limit me.

Then there is no longer a me. I am gone. There is no ego, no shadow, no Freudian, Jungian, neurolinguistic, or cognitive psychology. Thoughts are as far away from my consciousness as stars in the night sky.

I have become the sea. I am the silence in the ocean trench. I am running waves wild and free. I am fog, mist, dew, rain falling, water evaporating. The trade winds, the hurricane, the water spout, the lion squall—I am caressed by these.

I am El Nino and La Nina, the tides rising and falling, the rogue wave, the whirlpool, and the tsunami. Consciousness without form or image—I merge freely with a water drop thrown by a curling wave, a white cap, a fifty foot wave rolling in the North Atlantic, or an entire sea encircling the earth. I am magnetism joining molecules of hydrogen and oxygen. Electricity with ease flows through me.

And sometimes when I meditate I am a stream. Two lovers picnic next to me. After wine and cheese, croissants and cherries, they lie in each other’s arms.

I am the water flowing by their feet. Though they are unaware, I am there—I am the love they seek that has yet to enter their dreams.

## Postscript: Amir and the Sufi Master Discuss Mermaids

At a Starbucks in Ibn Battua Mall on the Sheikh Zayed Road in Dubai.

Sufi Master: “So tell me, Amir. What exactly have you learned from your study of mermaids?”

(Amir is surprised the Sufi Master knows about his esoteric research.)

Sufi Master (Going on): “I mean, other than nearly getting yourself killed. Other than watching the lives of the men who have had relationships with these mermaids turned upside down, wrecked, and left to their pitiable resources to try to recover from their mermaid encounters. Other than feeling abandoned and cast out from a realm of enchantment too wondrous for human beings to enter—that pain of knowing such love can never be a part of your life. Other than these obvious things, tell me, what exactly have you learned from your study of mermaids?”

Amir: (Slowly picking up his cup and sipping an espresso.) “You know, this is the first time I have ever had an espresso. You bought me this drink, didn’t you, so that I could answer your question? I have meditated for years, but this concentrated caffeine shocks my nervous system setting my mind free.”

Sufi Master: “I learned it from some Sufis I met in Turkey. They combine espresso and meditation. And now that you are in an altered state of consciousness stop procrastinating and answer my question.”

Amir: “You left out the Monsters of the Id and the Dwellers on the Threshold that I had to overcome to meet mermaids.”

Sufi Master: “Okay, Monsters of the Id and Dwellers. Anything else I left out?”

Amir: “You left out the discovery of the horror it is to be a human being that contact with mermaids reveals. I mean, I thought wars, eating meat, and having to compete for love were natural. We have been doing these things from the beginning. But the mermaid realm knows nothing of human greed, selfishness, and malice. Contact with mermaids creates a state of acute schizophrenia at least in terms of theology and metaphysics. Our philosophers do not have a clue about what is hidden within us.”

Sufi Master: “Okay, beside the Id and Dwellers and the shock to your nervous system—besides these things, is there anything else I have missed?”

Amir: “Time, death, and fear.”

Sufi Master: “What about time, death, and fear?”

Amir: “They erase time. When I am around a mermaid time ceases to exist. They are not a part of human history. The flow of days, months, years, centuries, ages and eons has no meaning to them. They operate on geological time. So when I say, ‘They erase time,’ I mean that in their presence the far past and the far future are as real as the present moment. But not only that. They exist within the past and future. A mermaid can look at me as the person I will one day be as if she is there right in this moment talking both to me in the present and to the person I will be in the future.

“And they are not afraid of death. Having no historical or social identity, they have no ego and so do not fear the loss of that self-image if their physical body dies. They do not operate within a fear based economy whereas humans fear not having enough of one thing or another. Mermaids can lose everything they have and it does not seem to bother them.”

Sufi Master: “These are interesting observations Amir. But when I ask you to tell me what exactly you have learned from your study of mermaids I am asking you, What has changed in yourself from contact with them?”

Amir: “Okay. When you put it that way.”

(Picks up his espresso and takes another sip. Leans back, closes his eyes, and falls into a trance as he speaks).

“There is a sea in which they exist. It is like our sea but different, more subtle, and it encompasses the entire planet. Through my eyes it is blue green, extremely cold, and in its essence it is a magnetic field of energy. This magnetism—how can I say this?—it is exactly like having sex with a woman but without a body. It is absolutely and totally receptive; innocent in that it gives all of itself in every moment without hesitation or limitation and without reference to anything that has occurred before; in its very nature it creates bliss and ecstasy; and this bliss and ecstasy create a sacred space in which two become one so completely that it is as if nothing else in the universe exists.

“There is no end to this love. It is everywhere and in every moment. There is no one and nothing on earth it cannot sense itself within and assisting to become fulfilled. The Christian theologians call this omnipresence, but it is far more. It holds in its heart the unfolding paths of life, the destiny of all things, and the secret purposes of the universe.

“It is purifying, healing, and renewing. I think it is fair to say that this innocence and love are pretty much beyond human understanding although I am not completely stupid—we all have many mermaids and mermen hidden within ourselves waiting to awaken.”

Sufi Master: (With the patience of a rock) “These words you use to describe mermaids have no meaning without specific, practical applications.

“Let tell you a little story. For twelve hundred years the Catholic Church in Europe kept the writings of the New Testament secret from their congregations. Because if anyone read the New Testament they would immediately realize it does not mention a Pope, a Eucharist as the transmutation of the bread and wine through the vehicle of the priest into the blood and flesh of Christ, or anything about purgatory and numerous other things.

“The only possible reason the Church has these rituals and doctrines is that it wishes to control lands, income, and the tithing of people through proclaiming the Church to be the sole intercessor with God.

“When the Protestants came along in the sixteenth century and translated the Bible into the language of the people, they too invented completely arbitrary theologies in order to do the exact same thing the Catholics did before them—to control people’s money. You have to feel, think, and do as ministers say in order to join their communities and to benefit from a faith that grafts gentiles onto the tree of promises given to the Jews by God.

“To this end, with even greater severity and arbitrariness than the Catholics, they forbid any kind of meditation or search for God within. The Catholics have their ecclesiastical authority and Church hierarchy. The Protestants have their certainty of their faith in spiritually stingy and literal interpretation of the New Testament.

“Do you see where I am going with this? The only reason theologians write doctrines is to shape people’s beliefs in order to control the flow of wealth. This is the practical application of their rituals and religion which has nothing to do with discovering God within.”

Amir: “I understand what you are saying. But I am not promoting a mermaid religion. Mermaids have no temples, no priests, and no doctrines. They do not even use ideas to think.

“As for practical applications, if you make mermaid love a part of yourself, then with each person you meet you sense their past and the present person they now are. And you sense the future in which they become the person they are meant to be having attained freedom, inner completion, peace, and the ability to love others without limitation. And, in sensing these things, you create in the other an inspiration and an ecstasy to go and become what is hidden within them.

“Is that practical enough for you? Releasing others from fear, healing their wounds, dissolving their anguish and isolation, holding everything the other person is within your heart, and being there with them through transformations that only love in its purist form can accomplish. What say you?”

Sufi Master: “I imagine some would say you are enchanted with mermaid women. But what about their dark side?

(Waving his hand in the air). “I know. I know. You are going to say that mermaids only possess the vibration of water in nature—a stream, a lake, a sea, and so forth. And trying to say they are negative is like calling a storm surge, a tsunami, or a riptide negative. These things are just nature moving toward equilibrium and balance.

“But what about this: Since they already feel complete, they do not need men for relationships. This is why they do not bond. Instead, they use a relationship with a man to ground themselves in this world. Men pursue jobs and have strong priorities about what needs to be done. And so having a relationship with a man allows a timeless, immortal being like a mermaid to “fit in” to some extent within human society with its complex of “dos” and “don’ts” and constant tradeoffs and bargaining for scarce resources.”

Amir: “A mermaid responds in a new way in each moment the way water endlessly shapes itself in new ways to each situation it enters. But that is just the nature of water--loving, nurturing, innocent, giving, and sensitive; mermaids are so in the moment it is hard for them to conceive

of meeting obligations or being responsible, although there are a few exceptions.

“We already have a powerful work ethic. We have great will power and our intellectual and scientific traditions are well-established. Mermaids have not entered the world to teach us things we already know. They are here to teach empathy and pure love.”

Sufi Master: “All the same, they go around wrecking the lives of men without taking any responsibility for the effects they have on others. But then again they often choose the worst of men to be with because they have so little experience with masculine energy.

“They are fickle, frivolous, idle, carefree, narcissistic, and without commitment or resolve.”

Amir: “But they often say, ‘I have never had a mean thought in my life’ or ‘I would never seek to hurt someone because that person has hurt me.’”

“They have no ego, no jealousy, and no inhibitions. Suffering physical and emotional withdrawal symptoms because you have a mermaid in your life is a small price to pay for a taste of the immortal love they embody.”

Sufi Master (Pausing briefly before going on): “Your research must be very frustrating because any man who knows creatures of such beauty would want a real relationship, that is, a connection in which the two of you bond. But this is not at all possible. What are your rules of engagement when you encounter an incarnated mermaid?”

Amir: “I have two rules. The first is to always give them as much space as they want. I am often the only man with whom they have shared who they are. Opening up and overcoming their caution takes time.

“And the second rule is to never make demands on them. Unlike human women, when you give a mermaid something valuable they rarely respond in kind. For example, I have done everything in my power to understand them but I have never heard a mermaid say to me, ‘I want to understand you better.’ They feel what others feel so they have no need to understand.

“My greatest accomplishment will be when I get one of them to say to me one day, ‘We have shared some very special moments together. Because of this I will always hold you in my heart.’”

Sufi Master: “And why is that such a great accomplishment?”

Amir: “Because the moment I am not in their presence they tend to forget about me as if I do not exist.”

Sufi Master: “You must be exaggerating. Why do you feel that way?”

Amir: “Since they flow like water they do not favor one moment over another. As you say, they do not bond where they would say, ‘Let us keep this part of ourselves alive.’ Each moment for them is equally alive.”

Sufi Master: “Ah. Let us always remember then that they are here on vacation taking in the human experience while their inner, true mermaid selves are not here at all but remain in their own realm on the astral plane.”

Amir: “Which is another way of saying that we do not yet know how to accept them for who they are and for the sea they embody. If we could meet them half way between their world and ours then life on earth would radically change.”

Sufi Master: “That is the first thing you have said I actually agree with. When we find nature inside of us then this planet will finally be our home. Then we will feel as much a part of the sea, lakes, and streams as any mermaid or merman.

“When you accomplish this report back to me.”

Amir: “I will.”

### 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. In genuine mythology, individuals come into contact with the creative powers of the human spirit. Words and language possess a symbolic and imaginative

quality that is magical. To understand an idea is to experience it from within. This involves a lifelong, transforming journey—if you change the self, you change the world.

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.

The author calls himself a spiritual anthropologist. Expanding on Bardon's purposes, he has sought to integrate into his practice the wisdom of all traditions. To this end, he has created a new genre of modern fairy tales. These stories are not about belief or faith but direct experience. They open gates to other realms where we discover the keys to what is missing from life.

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## The Author at Work







