

Soul Consciousness
The Love Story

By
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It is possible to feel truly happy and fulfilled every day of this life, but get ready for lots of unhappy unfulfilled people to tell you it is not.

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Amidst the chaos there is harmony, throughout these discordant sounds there is a note of concord; and he who is prepared to listen to it will catch the tone.
Swami Vivekananda

Unless a man first finds him self, finds his own essential nature and destiny, and begins from them, all his efforts and achievements will be built only on the sand of personality, and at the first serious shock the whole structure will crumble, perhaps destroying him in its fall.

Rodney Collins

What the soul is after is the highest feeling of love imaginable. This is the soul's desire. This is its purpose. The soul is after the feeling. Not the knowledge, but the feeling. It already has the knowledge, but knowledge is conceptual. Feeling is experiential. The soul wants to feel itself and thus to know itself in its own experience. The highest feeling is the experience of unity with All That Is. This is the great return to Truth for which the soul yearns. This is the feeling of perfect love.

Neale Donald Walsch. Conversations with God.

This small work represents a lifetime of adventure in Self-discovery. Within it's pages a rite of passage spanning a quarter century is described. It is a journey in love, through family, nature, woman, soul and Life.

The truth of it is that life is a story, an eternal tale woven from the invisible substance of creation by our very own hands, or more accurately our minds. What follows are stories. Ancient and modern.

Some of them mine. All of them ours. Enjoy. In joy. Breathe deep and know: All is well.

Nick Good Kauai October 2008

Authors Introduction

There is no deeper death than ignorance and disbelief.

Aquarian Gospel

'twas in the lonely years of flat Lincolnshire fields where as a boy I ran wild and free, that I dreamed the dreams of the man I wished so much to be. The wind blew cold and men grew old and talked of things that only their eyes could see. Frosty mornings would bite, rain poured day and night, but no other place did I wish to be. The fields my home, a river my teacher and my best friends were trees and dogs. My favorite music was the morning birds and the sound of burning logs. I felt so alive, full of joy, happy just to be; not even the bullies with kick and punch could knock that joy from me; but the most important thing a young lad needs, in his home to keep him growing... The River of Love, where this young fish swam, was slowly, slowly, slowing...

Fires of anger burned in the eyes of the man who called me his son; my mother was sad, their love was cold and froze in the years to come. His temper was short, his words were cruel and cut my heart with the ease of a knife; my pain and fear then turned to spite and 'twas my brother with whom I did fight. All were deafened by the words of things that never were said, they spoiled a love that hardly lived, the family life was dead. I was in a world I loved so much but with which I would not deal, and confused by things I did not know, yet inside of me could feel. The tears I struggled to keep inside watered the wish in me, to

find my Self, to be the man, someday I knew I could be; so I said goodbye to those I loved but never really knew and wandered far from the fields where a lonely boy had grew. Many a year I carried the pain and dreamed of feeling peace again and as I grew I understood, we only did the best we could; we can only teach what we've been shown and lessons of Love we'd hardly known. So I forgave us all and released the ghosts that haunted me from coast to coast. And I hope one day all will see a simple Truth plain to me:

Now is the time to teach old and young lessons of love, so the river can run.

*I have fought on the side of evil
done battle 'gainst all that is good
resisted this transformation
as much as ignorance could
but Life is not a question
of upon which side do I stand?
Life is about accepting
what in Truth I am.*

One day, while en route to the Findhorn Foundation in northeast Scotland, I had an experience which forever changed me as a man. While driving up a long slow climb, deeper and deeper and higher and higher into the mountains, I chanced upon a magnificent brown bird there on the verge by the side of the road. I stopped the truck and walked around to this wonderful creature. I had never seen a hawk as big as this one; it was more the size of a good turkey. As I picked it up and held it tenderly to my heart, I knew its spirit was with it still. It was warm and its neck was completely limp. I fully expected it to fly away as it was so warm and very alive. However, it did not. Soon I realized it was not about to leave, so I set off again, up the climb in the big white van. After a few miles of holding onto the bird and stroking it and loving it so, I was overcome with emotion and just allowed myself the freedom of tears. I grieved for my brother and father, whom I had very recently witnessed pass over. After some more miles of tears I very definitely felt the spirit of the bird enter my body through my sacral center. Then a voice came

from within me “I am the messenger of Love, take my wings, take my tail, and bury my body in the earth.”

I kept those wings for years and did incredible energy clearing work with them. The spirit of the bird may still reside within me.

The Messenger of Love: A Warrior of Light and Consciousness

When suffering comes in waves, one behind the other, be glad that the shore is near; bear them bravely, do not, like cowards, throw the blame on some outside power or develop dislike for The Lord. Welcome the test, the measure of progress.

Baba.

Some time ago I witnessed the deaths of first my father and then, eight weeks later, my younger brother. Emaciated with grief, Nature became even more of a best friend. During a grueling thirteen months, they were both greedily and aggressively consumed by cancer. It was a horrible thing. A bruising time that battered my fragile identity with a most terrible and unrelenting storm. Love’s biggest waves pound hardest, a wonderful, dreadful symphony to behold, and I was awash in an ocean of feelings of the deepest color and kind. Concept simply engulfed by the sobering flood of death, my mind was set free from its silly cage of ideas and I became the broken observer, wandering lonely

but not alone through a landscape that rained saddened faces.

Driven by the brutal waves of circumstance into a boiling cauldron of emotional insanity, and having studied and practiced natural healing for twelve years or more, it was exceedingly frustrating, not to mention heartbreaking, to stand by, powerless and ignored, as all my family's faith was invested in the modern approach to healing disease.

Well, the system gobbled up that investment with no return, and as I watched my brother's soul lift up and out of his poisoned shell, I saw very clearly the message from life for me. It was the same message I recognized in that modern day epic, *Titanic*: The system is sinking and unless we all want to go down with it, we have to find a better way, a way of being that does not destroy the planet and does not destroy ourselves.

The unnatural consequences of greed-oriented consumerism are becoming increasingly obvious to us all. Allowing unenlightened political businessmen to dictate how one should live has driven us too fast, too far, in a more than questionable direction and now, in an icy ocean of karma, the "unsinkable" machine creaks and groans a prophetic lament. This is not at all bad news and nothing that has not been prophesied from centuries before. For those of us who can, now is the time to change so that the casualties of these times need not be so great.

The resources required to successfully salvage our future lie within each and every one of us and it is the responsibility of us all, as captains of our destiny, to fuel our souls with that "Holy Spirit," that whole, complete entity waiting patiently, now, to be called and, with courage, accept the challenge of life's cry for change, because inside us is sufficient wisdom, love and power to bring humankind out of its nose dive into oblivion and, in the eleventh hour, simply by being *ourselves*, transform the place into what it is designed to be.

The future is in our hands, because reality manifests in harmony with human consciousness: change on the inside, uncover a peaceful mind and pure heart, have the courage to listen to that peace and follow your heart, no matter where it leads, and a world will only manifest in accord with the perfect miracle that is The Great Spirit of Life. For it can be no other way.

Both my father and my brother were surrounded by people who loved them very, very much. In the film, Titanic, the hero and heroine were very much in love. To me there is another question here: Can human love, in its present form of expression, save us from the dreadful suffering that is occurring even now in the lives of so many? It is predicted that half the population of the modern western world will have cancer by the end of this decade. One out of every two. Heart disease kills more people than all, the cancers combined. Could it be time to open our hearts and minds to a more natural and

enlightened way of being? A way which does not fuel disease, toxicity, internal and external conflict, a way that nurtures and nourishes us ALL.

Perhaps all those suffering people will be loved very dearly by their friends and family, but will it save them? Can love save the world? For me love is the motivating force, the thing we all need, not only to receive but, perhaps more importantly, if we are truly to blossom, also to give. From my experiences and studies there is a love in life that, when found, heals us emotionally and physically and inspires and enlightens our minds.

Someone once said that there are only two kinds of people in the whole world; the ones that know and the ones that don't know. I know about this love in life because I have found it. Like many others I have been so broken, so lost, so utterly devastated by the circumstances of my life and the consequences of my own behavior that the only thing, the only glue real enough to allow me to reform, was unquestionable knowing, pure faith, acceptance, surrender and trust in this Higher Love that is responsible for all of Natural Wonder.

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous? Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the

world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others.
Marianne Williamson

The love of life, so casually referred to as God, is present within us all. Our minds embrace the twinkling light of eternity's promise and our inheritance is nothing short of Godliness itself. Why are so many of us sickened and repulsed by this possibility? Frightened by Marianne Williamsons call? It is through our inner relationship with this all pervading force that we can become, quite naturally, and so simply, the fullness of who we are designed to be. There is nothing, absolutely nothing in this world that can heal and enlighten our bodies and minds nor stabilize our emotions in a real and lasting way other than this love. It is the very nature of life, the essence of who and what we are, and its discovery, acceptance, and expression is the very purpose of human existence.

It is a living, wonderful phenomenon whose perfection is reflected in the glory and wonder of Mother Nature. As part of nature, our true identity is a reflection of it, and it is through remembering and quietly accepting love's all-healing balm and then, through our loving

thoughts, feelings, words, and actions, allow it to flow into the world, transforming forever until perfect harmony is achieved. This is an unstoppable thing and a life spent resisting is a journey of pain with a miserable end. This is as true for an individual as it is for a nation.

Preface: Lessons of Love

As we observe the shifting appearance of modern civilization it soon becomes clear that something fundamental is very wrong and no one can deny it. There is too much stress-related suffering, too many unfulfilled souls lost in modern day living's over emphasis on the more superficial aspects of human reality.

Nowadays more and more individuals, disturbed perhaps by this lack of fulfillment, are embarking upon the intimate personal quest of self-discovery. Discovering the nature of self, it could be argued, is the very purpose of human existence, and just as the modern world, by imposing itself, destroys and covers so much of Mother Nature, modern day living does exactly the same to the relationship we could have with our true inner nature.

Because we are, in essence, an inseparable, integral part of nature, daily life for many is a frustrating, stressful experience, as in our living dream we continue to function out of harmony with the very force of life itself, playing out the roles of slaves by participating in a great disharmonious and destructive human drama which does little to satisfy the yearnings of our souls. We are created for so much more.

The truth of it is life, for many, is akin to that of a tiger in a cage. This cage, this prison, is

something we have inherited. We have been born into it and encouraged to love it, indeed such is our nature that many of us sincerely do, but all of the time, even in the least sensitive of our number, something deep inside us stirs, constantly ill at ease with the very way we are obliged to live. Like many, I believe the salvation of the world, the awakening from the dream, is dependent upon individuals shifting their perception of and attitude towards the magical mystery of life.

The human soul, that which is closest to the spirit of life, is the tiger born in a cage. The bars of the cage are made of miscomprehension, misdirected energy, misunderstanding, and false beliefs: ideas that in terms of harmony with The Great Spirit simply are not true. The bars are made of ignorance and lies and although an illusion, they are all the young tiger has seen with its eyes. When an individual becomes tired of living in the cage, wearied by pain and discontent, they are bound to seek, with mind and heart, solutions to the sufferings of their slavery and, in their quest, remember things unseen. In this remembering, quite magically, the bars of the cage begin to dissolve. One day, when the tiger has remembered enough, the bars are no longer there and the individual is now out of the cage.

As the tiger walks about, nature, which through the bars of the cage perhaps appeared somewhat distant, now blooms stronger, more beautiful, attractive and vibrant, as if singing with some

unheard joy. The tiger recognizes the joy and feels it in her own heart, as she walks about growing fuller, more complete, with each stride, she stops and simply is, recognizing the Oneness, her relationship to it all and, in so doing, in the stillness, becomes truly alive. Walking further still she sees other tigers in their cages, pacing restlessly, settling perhaps momentarily at feeding time, fed always by the invisible hand of life which, in its undying love, will always provide the food, no matter how dreadful the prison, no matter how dreadful the crime.

There is no difficulty that enough Love will not conquer; no disease that enough Love will not heal; no door that enough Love will not open; no gulf that enough Love will not bridge; no wall that enough Love will not throw down; no sin that enough Love will not redeem.

It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the troubles. How hopeless the outlook. How muddled the tangle; how great the mistake. A sufficient realization of Love will dissolve it all. If only you could Love enough you would be the happiest and most powerful being in the world.

Emmet Fox.

PART I

A Spiritual Love Story

The need to love and be loved is surely the thing that unites us all: the one thing we share in common, no matter what religious or political belief. Perhaps it is love alone that can save us from ourselves, but how do we differentiate between a clingy, dependent, possessive love, spoiled by petty jealousies and insecurities, and an enlightened, unconditional, compassionate Love that **does** will the best for all?

And if the presence of a **Higher Living Love** does exist within every particle of creation, **The Living One God, ever present everywhere** then how do we harmonize with it, how do we assimilate it?

The Rainbow Bridge is the secret bridge of knowledge the knowledge of True Love.

Tarot

The Adventures Of Nuckeagle Goodheart

The boy had climbed high upon the cliff and although his mind was deeply troubled, his concentration fixed on every footstep and every handhold, for he knew the sacred way of life; he knew the doorway to freedom swings open only in the Now and that The Force flows through Now and is available only in the now time and that is why, although his mind was greatly disturbed, he

made sure none of his movements escaped his most perfect attentions, and with his thoughts, he breathed a mighty battle indeed, letting go...letting go...letting go.

After a while he stopped to rest and sat silent and still in the grass; aligned, earthed, connected, enjoying the sensations of aliveness running like a mighty river within him. Expanded and aware, he looked out over the ocean, breathing deep the vision, fuelling himself with light, and then, in his mind, she came again and his brow grew heavy with clouds as the same stormy thoughts of her blew up another gale of madness.

Nuckeagle Goodheart, a Gentle Warrior, began to climb again, more hurriedly and lacking the self control and discipline he had possessed before. He was anxious to see the young master; only the master could help with this problem, and he needed guidance, for his heart was wounded, his emotions boiling like a sea, and his mind full of stormy weather the like of which he had never known.

At the porch of the young master's house, before ringing the small bell, he stood a while in meditative prayer and let the silence heal him somewhat. Presently, the master came and looked deeply into the eyes of the boy. "What troubles you, young friend?" The master softly inquired.

The boy replied slowly with some trembling emotion. "Good sir, I have loved a woman, and

now there is great pain all around my heart and much madness in my head, and I am all wild and stormy inside." The young master opened his arms for the boy to step forward, which he duly did, and wept upon his breast. The master said naught, and stood tall and strong as a tree and opened his heart to the boy, and the angel of compassion flowed from within him and the boy's deep sadness was set free, and how the boy did cry, Oh how the boy did cry. By and by, Nuckeagle stood away, breathing deep and strong. "'Tis a joy to breathe again, Sir, I do declare."

"Come," said the young master. "Let us to the trees go."

And so they walked, down to where trees embrace the waters of the lake and much nature whispers wisdom of love; and they opened their hearts and minds and listened to a long and glorious majestic moment, and their thoughts became as still as the lake, and they both absorbed much goodness, and were filled by the love that nature gives so freely, and they were glad to have grown together.

After a while, the young master slowly spoke, and this is what he said, "Young friend, you have drunk heavily from the waters of love, in which you have bathed with this woman, but because your understanding of love, and therefore of Life, is not yet ripe, you have not respected its power, which is no less than The Force of Creation itself. Your thirst for knowledge has given you

an unquenchable desire to know, and you have drunk far too much of this most potent and magical potion, and now you are poisoned in madness and heartache, is this not so?"

"It is, my good master," replied the boy. "I now know the madness of a lunatic, and the woman I have loved with enough force to create a world, lies in the arms of another, and my heart is all cut in pieces, and I find this sweet, sweet pain almost too much to endure."

Again there was silence before the master spoke once more. "The pain you have suffered is a consequence of ignorance, not necessarily only of this and your lifetime. The purpose of human life is the evolution of human consciousness, and consciousness evolves through experience. *As we experience, directly, through the heart, more of life's depth and subtlety, so we grow, awareness expands, sensitivity increases, and our recognition of life's eternal mystery becomes more and more acute, and our consciousness becomes more and more pure, and thus humanity evolves.*

"This is the slow process of human evolution which, today, appears to be in acceleration. Although the framework of creation's shifting, mystical, matrix-illusion remains the same, the experience for those of us awakening within it is intensifying dramatically; new energies are making themselves felt, a new age dawns, a well prophesied, preprogrammed phase of world history that heralds a new era of human expression is upon us. A universal change in

season, if you will, to stimulate the next phase of our development as an evolving race; a perfectly natural occurrence, one that is regularly mirrored on a much smaller scale throughout all creation. It is directly because we are so out of touch, so out of harmony, with the nature of existence and ignoring so much The Living Truth of Life, that we are experiencing so much unnecessary pain and suffering as energy shifts and the consequences of disharmony unfold."

The young master paused for a moment and then said, "We are like flowers growing in the meadow, and our springtime is here, and some of us are opening before others, and as we become more of who we actually can be, we are blessed as holders of the vision and wisdom born from these experiences and we are then, and only then, qualified to guide those many, many, frightened and confused souls who are emerging reluctantly from beneath the heavy stone of ignorance that The Forces of Goodness are lifting from humanity's tired and aching back.

"It is essential that truth may be recognized for what it is, and the ignorance that perpetuates this needless suffering be finally and eternally cured. You are one such flower, Nuckeagle Goodheart, and you must be the wholeness of who you are and stand tall in the meadow of life so that your brothers and sisters may be guided by your presence. You have a role to play in the unfolding plan of creation, as indeed do all, and life has sought only to awaken you so that you may better play your part. The moment is ripe

and the most fitting circumstances have manifested automatically to awaken you from your dream so that you may better assist The Plan of unfolding creation, this infinitely flexible and most glorious, natural revolution. This pain, as is all pain, is a call from life for change; what say you in answer to its cry? Do you accept the challenge of change?"

"I do indeed sir," replied Nuckeagle without hesitation.

"It is, in fact, the shell around your heart that has been broken, so that the love of God itself, as a rhythmic uninterrupted flow of natural goodness, may fill you with it's presence and power, for within our souls, we are one with The Creator and that infinite love would express through us constantly."

"The soul is a spiritual heart," continued the master. "An umbilical cord through which the unconditional love, wisdom, and power of The Great Spirit, The Source of all things manifest, may experience human life; 'tis when we become unaccepting, in forgetfulness, of this sacred bond, that the shell of our false ideas begins to form and life, through whatever means are most appropriate, must break that shell. You are indeed blessed, my young friend, to suffer such pain so young; life, the teacher, has great destiny for you and bids you pay attention in these early learning years. Life has willed that your heart be released from its shell so that you may become fuller and wiser with truth. The shell was born out of your ignorance, your

forgetfulness, your stubbornness, your insensitivity, and your lack of humility, for 'tis not our will that shall be done, but that of The Higher Will, and we can only truly know that Will by cultivating the sensitivity and awareness of our very own Higher Nature, The God Self, that wills to express through us all; pain is the result of the shattering of our creation, not God's, for the opening of the human heart flower may be as painless as it is for any flower before its sun; we have only to yield to the gentle stimulation of life's loving energy that flows from deep within and around us all, and we must love that place and never turn our backs upon it, not even for a moment, 'tis the most sacred place of all. Life has brought you pain to remind you of all this."

The boy was thoughtful for a long moment before he asked, "Sir, is it wrong to look for love in another person?"

"'Tis more than wrong if we look to anyone or anything outside of ourselves for our primary source of joy; 'tis a grave misunderstanding of life," replied the young master. "*Our first obligation as human beings is to love God within ourselves, and to love others as ourselves, to love all that lives, to pierce the enchantment of illusion and recognize our common oneness, so modern human reality may evolve through us and we may be born anew, constantly, out of that flowing, loving relationship.* It is our responsibility to give birth to our *True Self*, our Higher Self, for, in truth, we know not who we are, or more exactly, what

the I am is, only life knows, *and in the becoming* we receive the greatest gift of all.

“Our duty is to love Divine Oneness within and at the same time love all equally without, for life shines in all and our love affair is with all of life, this is our true love, we should adore the eternal mystery of Spirit equally in everyone and everything, and constantly within ourselves. We should strive to return the love of Spirit, in clarity, with the constancy in which it is given. God does not favor the rose over the pig; God loves the fish as much as the mountain, and so should we if we wish to be in harmony with Natural Will, and what are we here to do other than the Creator's will? This is our duty; but in all of this we must never let go of the inner relationship that we have with our spiritual hearts, not even for a moment, for life is love's constant business, and our fears must not interfere with that creative flow.

“Our desires, emotions, and thoughts move constantly, and draw our attention outward and, very often, away from ourselves, away from the peace in us, but this road does not lead home, it does not lead to Pure Love, only the inner road leads home, only true love of self inside can take you home. The wise desire only to be, the wise strive to love within themselves, as they love all equally without, this is where the wise direct their energies of creation; but when two with knowledge are united in common purpose and love, and their hearts are pure of intent, and their wills have the steadfastness of mountains, then

much progress along the Sacred Path may be made; *but if they lose the path of purity and balance and, by focusing excessively on the animal passions, use The Power of their love to carry them down into the depths of dishonest desire, then the magic will surely die, for the power of love is the power of Creation, and must be respected as such.* That is why The Divine must be adored in the one you love above all others. The Divine must be seen and thus brought forth and naught but the highest, most positive thoughts must enter the mind of they who are supercharged by the power of love, for their power to create and destroy is so increased.

"Energy follows thought," the master continued. "If a lover thinks only of his sexual desires, then he becomes not an animal, but a beast. He creates his fall from grace. To be in love is a blessed gift from life and should be treasured as such. *Young friend, do not hurry to find love in another until you have found it with your self, the place where all must find it one day. Love thy self and all will be revealed, make the bond with God in you, weld your outer self to your deeper Self, then and only then may you be strong enough to grow from the infinitely magnified intensity of two in love together.*"

When he recognized the mistakes he had made, Nuckeagle felt a wave of emotion rising from his depths and gentle tears spilled softly before it, and he excused himself for his lack of self-control.

"'Tis as natural for a man to cry as it is for a bird to fly in the sky," said the young master compassionately.

"Indeed, 'tis a most healthy sign of flowing with Spirit, and what are we born to do other than flow with Spirit? The man who cries freely throughout his Earthly years is a wise and blessed man indeed. 'Tis a necessary and natural part of being human. Life is a love affair, an eternal journey with many, many experiences to share and many, many tears to be shed. If we are not human enough to shed tears for life when she moves our hearts, then we are resisting The Will of God, and we are saying that we know better, and we are saying no to evolution, no to God's Plan, and we are saying no to growing, for we know that tears are part of growing: we see this so clearly in babes and young children; Resisting The Will of creation only creates suffering. They who deny their tears freedom as they grow old, grow not in spirit and thus only increase the burden their souls must carry through eternity until the tears that are owed have duly been shed. When we resist the will of our tears, we place a foot against the door of our opening hearts, and thus prevent the life force from flowing and feeding our being with it's all-healing love, wisdom, and power. 'Tis through this process that we grow an ever more pure expression of life's way, and it is fear, born out of ignorance, that prevents so many of us from allowing our heart flowers to open by giving our tears the freedom that they seek, the same tears that are the sweet, gentle heralds of new life, new

love, new adventure; 'tis always best to cry, my friend, 'tis always best to cry."

Nuckeagle saw the vision of a deeper Truth forming in his mind and recognized that life speaks to us all constantly through our spiritual hearts, and that we must cultivate the sensitivity to hear this often-silent voice. The young master then revealed to Nuckeagle secrets of creation:

"God speaks silently through the light and sound of nature, and the wise listen well; they listen with humility and they listen with knowing. God speaks silently through the waves and the way the sunlight moves upon the water; through the wind and the songs of birds, and the light of the setting sun; and through the clouds, the breeze, and the rain. Many people believe this is true, but one must know; because until one knows, one can never understand; one can never understand that through nature, God sings a silent song of magic, and that this musical vision is powerful enough to heal all the aching hearts in the world and to make us whole again if we only knew how to listen. Until one knows, one cannot appreciate that this music is the living song of Truth and the highest food for our whole being, ambrosia for our soul. And without knowing, one cannot accept a most important truth: *that part of us is also in the wave and in the sunlight and in the song of the bird, and that part of the bird and the wave and the sun is within us also;* but if we can know all this, as we listen to the voice of creation, then we can realize these things and much more.

"We must always know that the God Force illuminates every particle of creation, and that we are an inseparable part of nature. We must always know that our most nutritious food is in the light and sound of the power within natural creation, and that we grow truly from this food. This food is life, this food is wisdom; this food is power, and this food is love. This love surrounds us and flows from deep within to the shores of our souls, and we need only open our mind and heart to it's infinite possibility, and trust in it's constant presence, to allow it's magic to fill our lives and present us with our Truest Self, the self that only God knows. For this is The Love of God and a human being can only truly become whole from The Love of God, it is what we are born to do."

Nuckeagle contemplated all this for a long moment and felt the exhilaration of the growing process as he allowed The Truth of Life to flow into and from his deepest inner being.

"Good master," he began. "Are we not as the trees and the flowers, in that we grow from the energies of Earth and sky?"

"The natural forces are vital for our well being, young friend Nuckeagle, except that our roots and branches are invisible, yet as sure as the tree possesses both, so do we, and it is by these invisible veins that the nature spirits and angels of creation, the living life forces, flow into our being and blend in a living oneness with our

physicality. It is from this union in love, of divinity and physicality that pure human consciousness is born and constantly born again; the more we allow and breathe this divinely inspired synthesis into place, then the more, in consciousness, we evolve and thus humanity's landscape is bound to change.

"We are a flux of electromagnetic life, in constant metamorphosis, with many facets, levels, frequencies, and shades, and it is where we choose to concentrate our awareness that dictates whether we grow in or out of harmony with creation's invisible flow. It is very easy to understand why so much disharmony exists throughout the world today, as so many individuals have no comprehension of these truths. One does not need to understand these matters to benefit from them, one simply needs to become aware, and merely by welcoming their contemplation into the rich grazing pastures of our deepest inner knowing, feed the yearning of our hungry souls."

Again silence settled and Nuckeagle sat with a broad, beaming, smile as he felt the stimulation of the moment flowing through his being.

"My awareness, therefore, should always be concentrated on God within myself, and at the same time in all that surrounds me."

"Exactly so!" Said the young master. "This is the fastest and most natural way to go, the direct route to love. *Concentrate on the pure point of life*

within you, the point that you are, and at the same time be at-one with the infinite field with which you interface.

“So many of us walk through life like candles, waiting for someone or something to set us aflame so we may burn bright with our purpose for being; but we are not those candles, young friend, we are The Light. The flame is our understanding, yet what use is the candle before the light of the midday sun? We are The Light I say, The Light that is always there, even in darkness. The flame merely allows us to see what was always there. The sun is knowing. When we know, we have no use for understanding, it is bypassed, redundant. The lighted candle is of little use when the sun is high. Know thyself as Light, as spirit ever-present, we are the eternal essence that is in the candle, the flame, the light, and the darkness, we are a part of The Great Spirit, clothed as human beings, and yet we are forever individualized, at-one, yet unique and free. Know this and do not seek to understand it. A bird does not seek to understand the dynamics of flight, the bird knows, it does not need to understand.”

The master breathed a long slow breath that seemed to draw for an age, and Nuckeagle noticed he had been speaking all the while in perfect harmony with his breathing, allowing pure Soul to flow from his deepest inner depths, and then transforming invisible Life Force into understandable wisdom, by the addition of perfectly crafted words. Nuckeagle felt that

somehow he would have understood even if the young master had stayed silent, such was his harmony with The Living Truth of Life.

"Human beings are like the waves," began the master once more. "Created by the storm, we are born from the ocean, yet never lose our oneness with it; we are part of the ocean of life, with a powerful sense of separate identity, a false idea of individuality, real in one sense, but not in Truth, and we ride upon the surface of the great sea of life in imagined separation, with a borrowed identity, a miraculous gift of nature; yet we are carried by the ocean and are the subjects of her changing moods and tides and she carries us to our waiting shore, which is our death time, and some of us make a grand splash before we die, but when we die, we find it is merely change, and we return to that which we never left, we only dreamed we had, and in time, perhaps, we are born again, wiser from experience, yet in our spiritual hearts ever One with God. We are the waves of life born by the grace of God from the storm of Creation. Life is the ocean and we belong to her forever."

All this was spoken slowly, from the soul of the young master, and Nuckeagle knew that these were the words of Truth itself and he gazed deep into the eyes of his friend, and their souls were one, yet never for a moment did he let go of God within himself and the awareness of the oneness of life all around them. Nuckeagle had listened well.

"We should not pretend," continued the master, "to be the candle or the wave, for we are more, much more, and this is the challenge of existence, the challenge before us all, to be. Simply to be. All our efforts to understand are the labors of the candle and the wave; a candle can never realize it is not a candle, and a wave can never realize it is not a wave. We must experience ourselves as we are. We can only know through being. Ideas may bring us to the doorway of freedom, but they can never open it. A bird must fly to know the secrets of flight, and a man must be, to know the secrets of life. Go and be, young friend, go and be."

Nuckeagle lifted himself smoothly from the floor, never once releasing his gaze from the eyes of the young master. A great love flowed between them, a Divine connection born out of this most profound interaction, and though Nuckeagle never once saw him again, they were together in God always.

Part II

A Classic Love Story

Enchanted moments shatter the mask of illusion and crack the lies of separation. Beyond the world's disguise, within an enchanted moment, there is Love so beautiful. This Love stretches beyond emotion and touches pure beauty and rare Truth. This Love so beautiful is at the heart of all creation, all manifestation and all right action. It is within the sparkle of all hopes, all dreams and all visions. It is the essence of Oneness.

Lazaris

Initiation Through Loves Sacred Fire

As a boy, not necessarily in years but certainly in attitude, I experienced a love affair destined to transform my life.

Before leaving home, the closest I came to a spiritual experience was catching a rugby ball deep in my own half and then setting off on some mad counter attack, zigzagging through the opposition defense, flailing my lanky legs, leaving a trail of unsuccessful defenders in my wake, before passing the ball on to one of my counterparts to score one of many wonderful tries.

While digesting the fruits of seven years of international traveling adventure, I returned, once again, to the rugby fields of England, a restless soul needing something more than the game was giving me and far more than the state of mind, the consciousness that graced it.

Behind me lay a collage of adventure: from young Lincolnshire farm hand to New Zealand surf lifeguard, from mischievous, timid child, growing in the elbow of two rivers, to international model and centerfold, my innate wildness sprouted in Lincolnshire earth, spiced with a sparkling effervescence that is the boiling hiss of powerful breaking waves. In defiance of the yapping doubts of fear, their teeth made sharper by bullies' barbs and the belittlement of so many, I was traversing a deep ocean of self doubt and somehow transformed from weakling

to rugby player in Auckland's first division, arguably the toughest and most intense competition on Earth.

Still suffering, somewhere deeply inside from the crippling disease that lack of self esteem, belief, and love is, I stood upon the peaks of my physical and mental achievements, yearning for something more to fulfill me. Little did I know that within a few short months I would blindly dive with boyish bravado into the pounding shore break of love's all transforming ocean. Fearless and naive was I, and driven by lust to know love's secrets; bursting with young manhood, I gorged myself on love's sensual and sexual form, and was burned alive in its awesome spiritual power.

Three and a half years later, spiritually on fire, I rode away, wounded, saturated, and very nearly drowned by the gluttony of it all. Thrashed upon the rocks of my redemption, pulverized by an ocean I was beginning to really know, perhaps I always foresaw the love story that I would one day tell. *The Adventures of Nuckeagle Goodheart* was the harvest of that experience. What follows is the experience itself.

The Angel and The Whore

Wearing the scars of yesterdays men
Like a matador in twilight years
Her teeth are stained by smoke and wine,
Her cheeks from a lifetimes tears.

She dances across tabletops,
With feet made to fit broken shoes,
She was my lover, always my friend
A deadly potent muse.

Dressed in red her thighs are flashing
Seductive flesh at the night;
Blackened eyes twinkle bright
With a starry heavenly light.

And when she dances pure mystique
Boys and men forget
She weaves her web with every step
Watching fish drift into her net.

She tastes of death
Resurrected by love
And aches sad of sexual remorse,
But riding her is to gallop the plains
In the wind on my favorite horse.

She moves like an ocean and needs to know
The depths of her inside
And is not afraid of the life
That burns between her thighs.

I was a boy, she a woman,
Who could suck life's youth from me.
Into the fires of wild romance
Whatever will be, will be.

Her name was Françoise; she lived a separate life from her husband and unbeknown to me at the time, was already a veteran of extramarital affairs, playing out her karma like some wild-hearted Spanish gypsy dancer. Born into a prison of poverty, the child of a violent man and a melancholy mother, snatching fleeting moments of illusive happiness and sensual freedom in love's seductive dream. Her former lovers were mostly bullfighters, proud and passionate, violent and tormented men. Her husband was the son of the president of France himself and when I met her she was ugly, sad, and beautiful, like a chrysalis, pupating, anxious to shed the skins of unhappiness that hung like old cobwebs all about her loveliness.

Like so many of us who yearn for happiness and fulfillment, she looked outside of herself for its source, and was, as the time, in another affair with one of her best and oldest friends. Her father had died very recently, but hope shone like

some angelic beacon from her crystal blue eyes, and we fell in love, in her tears, in the shade of Capbreton trees, the place of her birth, and a small fishing village on the Bay of Biscay.

I, blessed with the hands and heart to do it, busily set about dissolving those dead skins and began that day a journey of immense transformative magnitude, one that dragged me across the merciless rocks of self destruction, where I lay swamped and helpless, completely overwhelmed by a Force far beyond my control.

Francoise was 'assisted' by a strong band of professional bodyguards, ex-military men and the elite of the French secret police. Our intimacy began in Paris and one autumn evening I was picked up at the airport by one of them, only to be whisked away, sirens flashing, into the heart of the Parisian night. Now, when a Lincolnshire wild boy, with a passion for adventure and a better imagination than Billy Liar, and after years of loneliness working in fields fantasizing a swashbuckling life, finds himself in this kind of situation, one can be sure that he is going to make the best of it. So much of the imaginings that now shaped my psyche were fortified with boyhood heroes of James Bond and Batman, add to the equation now a fabulously sexy French woman, her seductive wine and hashish, my blossoming fearless bravado and athletic prowess, and it is no wonder that as my ego ran wild, my spirit burst out of its shell.

The secret police who constantly guarded the family were all assassins. Very well trained killers, handpicked for their expertise. They acted like guard dogs and had training centers where all of their fighting skills were honed. Francoise lived in an enclave in the woods about two miles or so from my camp. Her house and grounds and the surrounding woods were guarded 24 hours a day by regular soldiers, all armed to the teeth and equipped with night vision and radios.

The whole scenario was a fabulous challenge and, madly in love, I would sneak in and out of the place. Our rendezvous were always secret, and I would meet her all over France. Sometimes in the mountains, sometimes by the ocean, sometimes in the city, sometimes in the woods. Nothing could keep us apart, but soon enough the men who guarded her became only too aware of my presence.

Eventually, in response to much animosity, death threats, and warnings to stay away, I quickly set my sights on conquering their champion.

Frank was a giant of a man with piercing blue eyes and the President's most preferred *garde de corps*. My challenge was accepted, and one cold winter's night I arrived at their favorite training center. I will never forget the air of invincibility I breathed before we fought, as I laced up my brother's small red boxing gloves, my soul aflame, roaring in the fires of love.

There is a Force that fuels this world. It is a natural force, and when aligned with it, our hearts and minds pure in their intent, we harness it and our actions become supercharged with its power, and we become capable of the seemingly miraculous. It is the very Force of Life itself, and is reflected in everything natural that exists; it lies as pure potential within and around us all, and the only way to know it is to experience it and, once done, even for a moment, one's life is changed forever.

That night, strengthened by this Force, Frank was no match for me at all. It was the only time I ever beat him, and we were eventually to become as close friends as circumstance would allow.

Francoise and I lived a life of wild romance. I stayed in the woods, close to the ocean and not far from her home, becoming wilder by the day, often running naked, on the fullest of moons, howling like a wolf, waves cracking, dogs barking, whilst armed soldiers, guarding her house, wondered at the noise in the night. Francoise would come to me, bringing a basket of food and wine, and we would eat, drink, smoke hashish, and then intertwine, slowly but surely gorging ourselves on passion's hidden poison, and then she would be gone and I would be left in meditation of love's ecstatic peace. The silence of the forest broken only by the sound of falling raindrops, dripping from the trees, music for my poetry and company for my tears.

All the while, as I fell deeper in love with the enchanting form of this woman, I fell deeper in love with love Itself. And this is the great message of this tale. The poetry that follows is a celebration of love for love.

My Heart Is Crying Out

Past the stars,
on and on,
higher even higher,
is a place down deep inside you
where angels dance in Fire..

..and the wind blows
where a Tiger lies
and my heart is crying out.

The Fire burns
but far from hell
our Spirit flies together.

Thunder and lightning fill the sky
as we control the weather;
and day is night; and night is day;
while my heart is crying out.

I am lost in Love
and stars in your eyes
belong to The Heaven above

I want to sing, I want to laugh
and run naked through the woods;

with you My Lady;
with you My Love;
while my heart is crying out.

Dance With The Indian

If you would fly in that which is Free
then come dance with The Indian who Lives in
me
and if The Force of The Wild, you wish to
Know
come dance with The Spirit in me that grows.

Let Go and Forget
what your eyes have seen
Let Go , Set Free
All You have been.

Go Wild, Go Wild,
cry to the sky
Dive in the Stars,
fly Woman, fly.

Believe what You Feel
Remember, You Know
Set loose The Spirit,
grow Woman, grow.

Accept The Now, Let it burn the past.

See The Vision Let It Cleanse Your Heart

Be The Tiger, Feel The Force.
Be Your Self, The Force is Yours.

Dance with the Indian, Open Your Soul,
Live the Truth you've Never been told.
Lose the fear, let it die
Dance with the Indian, Fly woman, Fly.

Fields Of Dreams

Through Fields of Dreams I walk with You
My Strong and Gentle Queen
and hold your hand, while I kiss your lips
to the music of a stream.

Through Depths of Mine
do I dive
as I fall Deeper In Love with You,
an Ocean of Love,
Pure and Free
like a cloudless sky of blue.

Would that I could, My Gentle Queen
speak of The Power I feel inside
and how You are the brightest moon
that moves my deepest tides

but how, in words, can I hold
The Flames of Eternal Fire
when all the things my mouth could say
My Heart would call a liar.

The Eagle And The Wind

If this boy was once an Eagle
then You, My Love, were the wind
and for hours and hours, with you I would fly
in the oneness and stillness within.

And I would know what it is,
what it is To Be Alive,
Alive with Love, Alive with Life,
Alive with You in the sky.

Oh wild, wild wind who Loves me so
you give me freedom and my peace,
the sun is warm upon my back
as I make love with you beneath.

The wind and I, My Love, My Love,
my Love for You blows strong
and deep in I, as with You I fly
my Soul doth sing God's Song.

My Heart Is A Bird

I dip my face
in the beauty
of pure, wild, wild Spirit
and, taste the dew
of fresh Spring Lincolnshire mornings;
and my heart.... is a bird.

I hear my words,
and feel my tears

and silent beauty moves..
like.. flowers,
in.. rain;

By yellow moonlight
I see our Spirit fly,
In Love
and, in my arms,
this gentle creature weeps
while we sleep

and in the same land of our dreams
we make Love together

as we lie next to each other

in sleep's sweet mystery
and my heart... is a bird.

*Love lifts us up where we belong
where the eagles fly
in the mountains high...*

Joe Cocker.

My Spirit soared like an eagle from which vantage point I would catch fleeting glimpses of my future, one of great destiny and service to humankind. Was it my imagination, or truly a vision of things to come? Whatever the case, my mission is this work, the essence of which is to convey the import of this *inner* relationship that any of us can enjoy with the very Force of Life itself.

At first I thought it was Francoise. I mistakenly believed that she was the source of this amazing power that was energizing me and making me capable of hitherto impossible things. I had often been capable of fixing even the worst injuries of muscles and tendons, even ligaments, just with my hands and, as a professional masseur in the New Zealand early days, shortly after school, when first establishing myself in practice, I was nick-named Healing Hands Good by my friends, on account of the successes I enjoyed, even with the most painful of injuries: Achilles tendons, where the best physiotherapists in Auckland failed, would respond in just one or two treatments with my calming hands.

It was, however, during my relationship with Francoise, while relaxing after a secret rendezvous in Thailand, that I massaged a young man by the name of Jason Harmon. So uplifted was he by the transformational energies I was able to conduct, that we immediately became the best of friends, both holding each other in the highest esteem. Almost two years later, out of

the blue, he telephoned me, excitedly reporting his recurring dream that I should come to America, and that he was prepared to pay the fare. Waiving the latter but not the first, I gratefully accepted the opportunity for more adventure, and arrived in Boulder, Colorado, several weeks later after a grueling bus trip from New York. As soon as we were alone, he told me that his girlfriend had cancer, a 15cm ovarian cyst scheduled for surgical removal the coming Friday, the thing was the size of a pineapple, and could we do some hands-on healing together? Of course, we did it, and when she went along on the Friday for the surgery, the pre-op scan revealed it had completely dissolved. Think what you will, but in my book, what occurred is the purely natural consequence of open-minded acceptance and focus of purely natural energy, integrity and concentration. Three open minds and hearts, willing the Force to flow. As a Course in Miracles states: *if miracles aren't occurring then we're doing something wrong*. The nature of life is infinite love, if only we could all truly experience it.

During the six weeks in Colorado, I also experienced a most unusual phenomenon wherein, all of a sudden, a light was turned on inside of my head, a most brilliant egg-shaped crystal structure, situated in the middle of my forehead, that I could see perfectly clearly and while lying down on the grass one night for twenty minutes I enjoyed its presence, fascinated by what I beheld, the vision ending as it exploded into incalculable fragments, each one

an identical miniature of itself, all zooming off into the outer spaces of my open mind.

On my return to France and once again the sanctuary of the forest I found that in the dark I could actually see in clear detail the structure of the major energy centers, and one night while kneeling over the naked body of Françoise, my fingers dipped in her throat, I watched in awe as millions of tiny particles of light whizzed around a crystal blue whirlpool with which my hands were one. It was a deeply transformational time. Even more astonishing for me was my ability to stand at the water's edge where the waves were washing upon the sand and, with my mind determinedly set, prevent them from touching my feet. It was so wonderful to watch them splashing all around me but my toes would always stay dry.

Perhaps it was the beginning of the end for Françoise and I when, I began to focus excessively this seemingly amazing power I could direct by will into our sexual relationship. I would too often watch, with a growing ego pride that sullied both the sanctity of our love and my relationship with The Force, as she writhed on the bedroom floor, knocking things over, pulling down the shelves, tearing at the curtains, completely oblivious, in an epilepsy of orgasmic ecstasy that I could intensify without even touching her, merely with the power of my focused intent.

Yes, indeed, love is mighty, the full Force of which is incomprehensible to the human mind and even these first few drops, I was later to painfully learn, can in no way be wielded by an ignorant and selfish personality.

It was when I realized that the universally available Source of this wonder was actually within and, for me, most easily communed with alone in nature, that our relationship began to deteriorate. My focus shifted swiftly from the worship of her to self-discovery in nature's almighty womb. I took to spending hours alone in the waves and would, so often, with tears streaming down my cheeks, surrender myself to the mercy of the most angry looking seas. With lightning and thunder shattering the skies and the winds whipping the ocean into a frenzy, I would enter a cauldron of boiling mayhem offering my physicality as a sacrifice to my highest beliefs, proving time after time my connection to this inner Force that pervaded all things and loved me, so much so that an hour or so later in the pitch dark I would be washed gently up on the sand, my soul welded to it all, while Françoise, sure I had drowned in my madness, searched frantically all over the woods.

It was at this time that I began to write more seriously and became driven with the notion of translating somehow this amazing metamorphosis that was taking place. Ideas and concepts that I had never been told nor read, would present themselves in flashes of clarity in my mind and I would frantically scribble these

morsels of enlightenment lest they should be lost on the winds of the ethers, never to appear again.

Like the great philosophers and poets of yore, my close friend and brother in arms, Rob Rowley and I would sit and discuss all manner of fabulous notions and then, seemingly invincible in our imaginations, would charge about doing all manner of equally fabulous stunts, our faces dyed green with wheat grass, our bellies full of the elixir that is its powerful healing juice, and then with our hearts fair bursting with aliveness, go diving into the mightiest of seas, him paddling like a young titan upon his surf board, screaming, "Kick Goodacre! Kick!" towing me swimming behind, breaking through even the heaviest of Hossegor shorebreak while the many, unable or unwilling to run the gauntlet as we, sat wishing on the sand.

In those days we were like pioneers who had discovered a new world, a new world of freedom, we felt unstoppable, defiant, confident and bold, fortified by our beliefs, the living embodiment of our study and, like mad professors who time and again during their early experiments had blown up the garden shed, we had finally found the perfect mixture and the explosions were no more. Like the happiest of children we would sit for hours hypnotized by the beauty of nature and life, and watch in wonderment as sunset moments glowed living love, water dripping from our arms, the light and wetness and us a simple, obvious oneness as life shared with us timeless secrets, and then we would laugh and

laugh some more. In the evenings I would read poetry and when I read it to Francoise I would cry, sometimes really letting go, unable to complete my readings to her, uncontrollably releasing huge sobs of yesterday's pain, and then I would sleep in the bosom of her love, the sleep of the innocent.

Feed Me

I breathe sweet air
and waters of Love
lap gently 'gainst my shores
and I fly, like the butterfly,
lightly, in her garden.

And while the Tiger's eyes
burn with The Fire
I heal the wounds
of years gone past,
and there is magic all about

and all those hours of tears,
those bitter years,
are washed away
like tears.... in rain;

and all the while,
Love rages
An Ocean, in my heart
Crying:
feed me ... feed me ... feed me

To Be

Listening to the night creatures sing
while the candle, softly burns
there is music in my heart.

And You, My Love,
lie sleeping
in the gentle breath of dreams
and secrets you are keeping

And My Spirit flies
and My Spirit cries
for You, My Love, for You

And I give, My Love
I give My Love
to You, My Gentle Queen

And My Spirit flies
and My Spirit cries
and Together We Are Free

To Be, My Love
To Be, God's Love
Together, Just To Be.

*To every thing there is a season
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born and a time to die;
a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is
planted;
A time to kill and a time to heal;
a time to break down and a time to build up.
A time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn
and a time to dance.*

Ecclesiastes. The Preacher.

It was only a matter of time. To each thing there is a season and our relationship was almost ripe. The winds of change were stirring my restless nature and I could feel myself being pried by the hands of destiny from the warmth of yesterday's tender embrace. It doesn't do to get too dependent, and the wanderer in me was waking from his long and restful sleep. The writer I had always dreamed to be was now impatient for serenity, solitude's priceless gift.

One day, after a particularly arduous training session, I collapsed on the ground and for several days after could not stop vomiting and sweating. Two weeks later I was 30lbs lighter and a different consciousness had possessed me. It was an extraordinary purification, as close to death as I have been. The mind set of the old rugby player and fighter had been upgraded to something far more unlimited. Extra-ordinary concepts of transmutation, metamorphosis, transfiguration and such like flooded my mind. The light within me was driving me forward, visions were appearing of elsewhere, it was time to move on and, little did I know, time to face the darkness within.

Three and a half years after I met her she was no longer the frightened, saddened shell that she had been. The cobwebs had gone, her divorce was almost final, and the relationship with her long time best friend, clarified, ambiguous no more. She stood upon the threshold of true self-discovery and I had played my part. As I left *The Refuge* that day, Rowley by my side, twenty surf boards on the roof of our battered old bug, I

remembered the words of a once wise man: "Be careful mate, be careful."

They were words of advice offered to me as I was diving into this affair, words that I came to ignore and now it was an exhausted and shattered remnant of my former physical presence that drove away that day. A young man in his prime struck by the lightning of love. What followed was a two-year sojourn through the living hell of heartbreak's emotional insanity as I hacked my way through a jungle of self-pity, confusion and contempt, terrorized and wrestling all of the way with the frightening beast of self-destruction that the curse of ignorance is.

Behind me were the dizzy heights of human love from whose lofty peaks I had seen the vision of an even greater mountain that lay ahead, dwarfing the one I had fought so hard to climb. Not realizing the degree of purity one needs to fly and not for the first time in my life, I gamely leapt into an abyss of giddy fortune but, as the chains of misconception leadened my wings, I fell to my fate, landing with a dreadful, heartbreaking thump in a valley of darkness below.

Part III

Natural Love

For two years, in Hawaii, I licked clean the wounds of heartbreak, continuing a personal transformation process and subconsciously preparing for the final stage of an incredibly powerful seven year cycle of metamorphosis, the final test being the combined deaths of my father and brother. During this time I enjoyed the company of a native people, many of whom have a close relationship with their natural world.

These people know without any kind of doubt that they are an inseparable part of natural creation, an indivisible facet of nature. They feel and know that one central creative intelligence is responsible for all of this natural wonder and that this Force oversees the whole of creation. Nature is everywhere, indeed it could be said that nature is everything, but it is The Great Spirit, out of which ALL that is manifest has flowed, that is the primary cause of life. Is this not the principle of God that unites us all? The living, dynamic, super intelligent, all seeing, all knowing, ever present, everywhere, totally infinite power that is the ruler of all life and the invisible substance out of which nature takes its form. With this in mind, is it not in our very best interests to live life in harmony with the will of this incredible power, surely our most abundant natural resource?

Perhaps this is the only way of guaranteeing that we may enjoy a constant abundance of health and contentment; surely this is not a difficult thing to comprehend and, if we consider our unnatural world with all its trouble and strife, we can see clearly the consequences of living out of harmony with natural will manifesting every day in a multitude of ways, all of which are problems that face the human race.

The nature of life is wisdom, power, and love, an unconditional benevolent, all-powerful force that wills the best for all. In Hawaii, the most consciously aware, natural people seek to become one with that Great Natural Spirit, allowing themselves to breathe its free flowing goodness into all of their thoughts, words, and actions and they call it 'Aloha'.

When Strangers Came

Once upon a time ...

Against the shores of a vast and mighty ocean, lived a gentle, beautiful people. The people cared for each other and showed Aloha towards all. They lived a simple life and approached existence with deep reverence and respect. The people worked the land with loving care; they grew many fruits and vegetables and used herbs and flowers to make medicine and could heal any illness. These people knew they were an inseparable part of Nature and, like the trees and flowers, grew from the energies of heaven and earth but like the birds and animals they were free, their roots were invisible and did not bind them to any one place.

The people knew that nature knows everything. They did not worship nature, but recognized the living life force that shines and sings in every living thing as the principle that unites all life. They did not know why the sun was, nor why the ocean or the sky. They did not know from where their ancestors had come and they did not know to where their great-grandchildren, still to be born, were going. But they knew they did not need to know because nature is taking care of everything; so they said many prayers and everything they did was done with sensitivity, thoughtfulness and patience, in a sacred way, a way that helped them always to remember the eternal oneness of life. No one forgot that nature was ever present. No one ever forgot that nature contained the all powerful and all wise and wished to

flow through them at all times and that this knowledge was a wonderful responsibility.

So they sang songs while they worked, danced a lot, and did every little thing with the patience and integrity that nature always shows and nature shone and flowed through them all and everyone constantly existed in a state of inner stoke and light and even when someone close died, their tears were always tears of joy, for they were one with nature's way.

One day a stranger came to the people in a machine that made a lot of noise and puffed out black smoke that made them feel quite sick. The stranger spoke with a very loud voice and did not look at all well. He also kept a burning stick in his mouth which smelled like the black smoke from the machine and also made the people feel sick. The stranger wanted to talk to the leader of the people.

"We have no leader," said someone.

"Well, who is the chief?" asked the stranger.

"We have no chief," said another.

"Well, I'm here to do some business. I have to talk to someone. Who wants to get rich?"

The people had heard of this idea before. They knew of a world where the whole population had become obsessed with their quest for material wealth. Over just a few short centuries, in a

great frenzy of ignorance and greed, these people had destroyed the forests and oxygen breathing micro-cultures of their world and, in so doing, asphyxiated themselves into insanity. Harangued by zealous politicians, the people of this world suffered greatly, struggling to create material wealth because they knew no better and, like many good people, they had faith in their leaders and did not realize that their minds were possessed by the dark angel of greed.

In the end, all the people of all the nations of this other world were subjugated into slavery, led there by the trickery of false prophets and warmongers. A mighty, shiny military machine ruled over the whole planet and the people became grey and depressed, not altogether lifeless but a form of the living dead, slaves to their evil-minded controllers. Everyone knew this story well and no one wanted to get "rich."

The good people believed that the universal challenge of life is to evolve spiritually and that the most advanced beings in existence have no material possessions. Neither do they need spaceships to travel through space and time. They are free because they have evolved to a level of consciousness that makes them free. The people dedicated their lives to this pursuit and thus their communities coexisted in peaceful harmony.

In the midst of the gathering stood a young brave and he boldly stepped out by the stranger

and said, "Good Sir, why should we desire to be 'rich' materially?"

"Why, so you can buy lots of things of course!" replied the stranger with a laugh.

"But we have no need to buy things," said the brave. "Everyone is peacefully content and if anyone needs anything at all, then we make it or grow it."

"But you don't have any action, this place is dead. There's nothing happening. No bars, no clubs; there's no action!" cried the smelly stranger.

"But Sir," replied the brave, "we are a people who have a close, loving relationship with nature. We are part of nature and all that is natural. The peace is to allow us to become more of nature, more natural, more how life wills us to be. We understand that for human beings to evolve takes many generations of patient knowing. We seek to evolve 'consciously,' that is our action. To discover through becoming what nature has in mind for human being. We seek to become more divine, more natural. Some of our wisest men and women are very old, yet skip around and are as full of joy as the youngest children. Some of those children are being born with psychic insight, clairaudient and telepathic abilities; many of them see and talk with angels. Even our animals are becoming highly intelligent and we can communicate with them. We strive to live ever more in harmony with nature. We

are in love with nature and nature's way, and we follow life's will, and we are rich in spirit. To follow life's will," he continued, "so much of what we do is done patiently, in a sensitive, graceful, powerful, sacred way; this requires great discipline, self-mastery, mindfulness, impeccability, awareness, and style. It has taken many generations of patient growing to bring our people to this point in our evolution. Do you think life would wish those who know they are God's children to change their ways and desire temporal material wealth, things that have been created out of greed and foolishness, things that hinder our evolution, things that we do not even need? Do you think that nature would wish us to become 'rich' enough to kill each other and destroy the sensitive harmony of our world, so twisted and blind, our souls corrupted by all manner of evil, so much so that we could slay each other and glory in it? This is not our way at all."

Eventually the stranger left and there was a meeting of all the people and after they had prayed in one great accord, from the silence of their united spirit a woman spoke and said, "I have dreamed of this day and I saw the stranger in my dream and I know he will return with more strangers and more machines and our land will be changed and covered with a hard, grey substance through which it cannot breathe, and the river will turn black, and so too the sky, and there will be sickness and disease and war and much killing of the animals, and the great forests will be gone. All this I have dreamed."

There was much rumbling talk around the gathering, when a young boy stood and said, "Surely, even though this sounds quite terrible, it must be nature's way, for are not the strangers created by life, as we? Are we not the same, in spirit?" He tentatively ventured. "Does not God's voice speak to the strangers' hearts as it does to ours? Could the only difference be that we know how to listen and the strangers do not?"

A great silence fell about the place and the multitudes of people were one in their concern for each other.

"My friends, does not autumn follow summer?" Continued the boy, "and the winter after that? We know we are part of nature and subject to life's seasons. Could this be one of life's seasons of which we know so little? Could this be our winter time approaching?"

Indeed our days of summer have been long and so much joy and happiness have we known. We must have faith in change and the sometimes oh so cruel challenges of life, for we know so well it is part of life's way."

Many people wept when the dreams were told, for many had dreamed of the strangers coming and indeed they saw their winter time approaching and were filled with a cold, cold dread.

"But how can the strangers not see that they are spiritual beings born of the Earth? How can they be so blind?" Asked one of the youngest girls, tears of growing rolling silently down her face.

"Because they are a lost tribe who know not what they are," replied another.

"They are blind with ignorance and mad with greed. There are many, many strangers of this tribe, many more than we, and they will poison our land with their ignorance and their greed, and there will be much suffering, for they come like a plague. These people live in winter always and will impose their cold season of lifelessness upon us all. I wonder what we shall become."

Over the following months, many strangers came and there were many dreams and meetings of the people. They all dreamed of much misery and unhappiness and of times when the sacred ways of awareness and compassion would be almost ignored. They saw that the strangers did not use medicine to heal; but used poison. This they did not understand at all. It was as if the strangers were blinded by their beliefs, slaves to an inherited system, an unnatural way of being created for them but perpetuated by the ignorance and greed of their controllers - sickened, weakened, and confused by their crippling misunderstandings and the poison that was inseminated into their unnatural food, their environment became a war torn toxic prison so much so that the wonder of nature shrank back,

watching with great concern as the strangers' lives became a gradual demise. They also saw that the strangers greedily murdered and ate their friends, the animals, in an unconcerned, inconsiderate way, and this troubled them deeply. There were many things the good people did not understand about the strangers but they did know that the Great Spirit breathed in the heart of them all. They saw that the strangers were not all evil, not all mad, but that their understanding of life was green and unripe and because they did not understand, they lived in fear. The strangers were frightened of life. The people also saw that the leaders of the strangers were the most blind, and possessed by the most greed, and this caused them great concern.

One day, at a large gathering of the good people, when they realized that soon they were to be completely flooded by the overwhelming presence of the strangers, another brave spoke, and this is what she said:

"Good people, our winter time is surely coming fast, the like of which we have never known. These strangers are humans like us, but are much greater in number and we know now that this world is not yet a world of light. Life's truth presses strong and clean and for us reality is a constant positive experience, a dynamic process of transformation. The power of creation flows through us all, we recognize this in each other and in the beauty we have created and the sublime feelings of joy that feed our souls and nourish our hearts. We know the power of inner

peace; and harmony is everywhere throughout our land."

"The strangers are Life's creation confused in ignorance and greed, they cannot speak the language of their hearts and use their power to destroy because they do not know any better. The strangers do not understand that their minds direct forces of creation; they are not consciously aware of the destructive power of negative thoughts, words, feelings and actions, and they cannot see that it is within their own power to change the miserable world in which they live. We must be mindful of our thoughts, my friends, during these changing times, for the air will be thick with fear and negativity and will possess the minds of any who tune in to it's deadly frequencies. Our atmosphere will be polluted by the thought forms of the strangers and there will be a great depression over the land, we must at all times think only the highest thoughts of Love for ourselves and the strangers and under no circumstances contribute to these deadly clouds."

A deeper, more poignant truth became clearer in the consciousness of the assembled folk as they began to appreciate the full significance of millions of strangers continually thinking, speaking, and performing in a disharmonious way. They recognized the painful struggle of the strangers' existence as the disharmony of their very own unenlightened thoughts, words, feelings, and actions became manifest. The people saw the importance of compassionate

feeling, thinking, speaking, and activity, and vowed to be extra mindful over the forthcoming period in their history. They recognized disharmony, as a consequence of ignorance, creates "friction" with the natural will of life and thus the strangers' world formed as a reality out of harmony with that natural will.

Disharmony within creation is always adjusted. This is the reason why the strangers experienced so much individual and collective pain and suffering; they simply were not in tune with life's universal song of love, they existed in a way that could not avoid pain and suffering. The girl continued, "We now know that there are many more strangers than good people and indeed we are few. Humanity is evolving and we see that it is still primitive in its collective consciousness. These strangers have misunderstood much, but we must have faith during winter for nothing may blossom in springtime without it. We must have faith in life and just as we do not know the answer to so many of nature's mysteries, we must believe in our way and not lose faith because of this plague. We know that God will be talking in the hearts of the strangers and we must help them to listen. We know that the powers of goodness will be working in the lives of the strangers to show them that there is a better way, and we must point to those signs. There will be much suffering and hardship and we must comfort the strangers; but above all else we must show the strangers what they can be. We must seek to be ever a better example of human being and continue to give compassionate, loving

service, with constant awareness, patience, and humility, and no matter what catastrophe befalls our land, we must seek 'to be' in nature and grow ever more natural and God-like.

Everyone agreed to cultivate saintliness in all ways and that the best way to help nature was to be natural, and that no matter what happened they would try to accept their fate and love all, for indeed this was the Highest Law and their chosen way. All the people agreed to love God within themselves, and show by example the qualities of Godliness and pray for strength in all adversity.

After more prayer, another great silence fell upon the assembled folk, before an old man with great integrity stood and said, "We may only survive this plague if we are pure and stay on our path, we must be like the oasis in the desert and never lose faith no matter how poisoned our waters become. We must recognize that all the strangers are not evil, and it is only ignorance that has blinded them to the ways of goodness, and that it is their leaders who are the most blind, and we must pray that their eyes be truly opened."

"We should not forget that nature is moving forward, and just because the strangers are not in harmony with the rest of creation does not mean nature stops to wait. The energy that stimulates human evolution is pouring in and increasing in intensity; we can all feel it and see ourselves evolving. We must go to nature as often as we

can and sit in harmony and peace and grow and learn and become more of God. Nature will do what needs to be done to bring the strangers back into balance and the only real way we can help is by demonstrating love by becoming more loving, more Godly, continuing to change, to 'grow' as intelligent, consciously aware, manifested spirit, to will to evolve. We know that many of the strangers seek God but they look everywhere except inside themselves. Is it so hard to see in a world of such natural wonder that God desires to be in us? We can only guide by actually becoming more of God, more of The Living Compassion. We know that nature's way is constant change, growing ever more in wonder and beauty; we see this in the light of the sky and that which shines from all that is pure, and no matter what the strangers believe, they are part of this process and subject to its irresistible laws. We know that The Law of Harmony rules supreme, and that one day, if it has to, nature will re-balance humankind, and many of the strangers will not survive, for harmony is nature's way, and we must show the strangers that way."

Part IV

An Ancient Love Story

There are many reasons why the modern world with all of its violence, greed, toxicity, and warfare is the way it is, but there is only one cause and there is only one solution and that is us. The sooner we accept this fact the better. With its acceptance come responsibility and the ability to respond.

Most people do not see, understand, or care very much about this catastrophe of the planet because they are overwhelmingly preoccupied with grave psychological problems. The environmental crisis is rooted in the psychological crisis of the modern individual. This makes the search for an eco-psychology crucial; we must understand better what terrible thing is happening to the modern human mind, why it is happening, and what can be done about it - Glenn Parton -The Machine in our Heads

When a human being realizes that indeed it is he/she to a greater or lesser degree, who is creating, sustaining, or destroying *every* aspect of human affairs, then that individual opens to their divine nature. It is when the very same being, moment to moment, chooses to respond to the outer world not with judgment and condemnation but with compassion while holding the vision of perfection that they become masters of their own minds and ultimately masters of nature. Nothing less than this radical shift in personal orientation is called for in these shocking times.

Till now man has been up against Nature. From now he will be up against his own nature - Dennis Gabor

The good news is that even as the forces of darkness wage their final battle and all manner of negativity threatens to engulf the world, a new world is actually already here; perhaps it always was. You can feel it, invisible and yet, oh so real. Don't believe me? Close your eyes now, take a breath, in love and gratitude, in sensitivity, and allow your awareness to reach out from your heart to an almighty invisible presence, look up within and say yes! Do it again, and again. See, I told you so, and so have so many others before me.

Thou shalt know; self-chosen are the woes that fall on men - how wretched, for they see not good so near, nor hearken to its voice - few only know the pathway of deliverance from ill - Pythagoras (Grecian Philosopher, 6th century BC)

The purpose of this short work is to communicate an essential message of not merely hope, but certainty, to you. To encourage you, yes you! To embrace a universal power, impersonal and yet deeply personal. It is the same power, the same Force, that David had when he slew Goliath. The same force that Luke had when he faced his dark father (Darth Vader), and the same spirit that Jesus and all the rest of them embodied to such a high degree. This almighty power is there for us all. Yet it is not enough merely to know of its existence, we must become one with it. To be at one with its nature, to be in harmony with its spirit, which is to be at one with our very selves, for indeed, as

spiritual beings, we are made in its image and likeness.

Once attuned through thought, word, and action and feelings states, we are lifted up, and our reality becomes a different reality. Our world a different world. To know this Force, truly is to truly know ourselves.

There is much great work being done in the world today and being communicated through the internet by noble-hearted researchers such as Michael Tsarion, Jordan Maxwell, David Icke, and to a lesser degree Alex Jones, Jeff Rense, and George Noory. All of these men have one thing in common. The emphasis of their work is mainly focused on exposing the problem and not the solution. This is a great service but now it is time for the next step. We need to become solution-oriented individuals and not just philosophically and intellectually but in every cell of our being and every vibration of our souls: the living embodiment of the solution!

Above all else in this work I wish to convey the simplicity of the solution-oriented individual. Become as little children said the great master. Referring, of course, to the simplicity, innocence (transparent, non judgmental attitudes), being fully present in the moment, breathing from the belly in a relaxed state, and seeing the world as a grand adventure to discover, which it surely is.

We must know why it is that we are condemned to live the kind of disempowered, confused and mediocre lives we live, and why it is that our world is plagued with

corruption. We must know why it is that in a mere 200 years over 160 million people have suffered violent deaths at the hands of other human beings, and why 50,000 species of plant and animal life are destroyed forever per one single year. It is our right to know why we experience inner psychic and moral commotion, and why we often experience constant mental and emotional turmoil. The reasons for social and existential conflict were known to our ancestors, who were, themselves, inheritors of the "bad genes." The time has come to heed their counsel and wisdom. Behind the poesy lies the profoundest wisdom.- Michael Tsarion

There are many reasons why we suffer but for the awakened being, there is only one cause and that is us. Perhaps the most sobering facet of maturing spiritually and psychologically is the acceptance of that fact. Developing mastery over our own selves is a fundamental pre-requisite if we are truly interested in affecting change in the world we perceive around us. Radiating compassion and good will to all, our very presence a living blessing, are the qualities of being of the innocent child and the master.

The gigantic catastrophes that threaten us today are not elemental happenings of a physical or biological order, but psychic events. To a quite terrifying degree we are threatened by wars and revolutions which are nothing other than psychic epidemics. At any moment several millions of human beings may be smitten with a new madness, and then we shall have another world war or devastating revolution. Instead of being at the mercy of wild beasts, earthquakes, landslides, and inundations, modern man is battered by the elemental forces of his

own psyche - Carl Gustav Jung (German Psychologist)

**Into The Fire:
An Ancient Love Story of Soul Initiation.**

There is a very great difference between the anxious attachments of egoistic love to the world of form and the Divine Love which the soul experiences for the invisible within. The Greatest Love Story Ever Told is a story. It is your story, my story, our story, the human story. It is the story of the soul shifting its allegiance from the outer to the inner, for indeed something extraordinary exists inside of us all, and being in love with that is the best way I know to allow its presence to bring magic and miracles to your world, and if ever there was a time in human history when magic and miracles were needed, surely this is the time.

The Great Call of the times is to stand in the light of your own unique truth and to live it. The nature of truth is light and the light is living information, intelligence. In order to experience this intelligence you must know yourself through gratitude and love and deep inner peace. The experience of peace through love is the essence of relationship. Relationship between feminine and masculine, within and outside of ourselves, is a metaphor for the dance between spiritual being and physicality.

There is no peace without love and no love without peace.

A Course In Miracles

In order to better appreciate the relationship between spiritual essence and physical being we can investigate various sources of information. The scriptures of the various religions are obviously one avenue. Poetry and philosophy can be another. There is also the world of mythology and ancient stories.

Legend says that many of the myths, stories, and fairy tales that have found their way through the ages were specifically structured to act as a guiding beacon for a lost humanity. Could it be that these enchanting tales have been carefully preserved and cherished in their telling, handed verbally from father to son, grandmother to granddaughter, to guide future generations? As the dawning age awakens to the sound of the destruction of the earth, surely there can be no doubt that modern man with his diabolical military industrial system is utterly lost.

The Transformation of The King

It is going to take everything you have to become all you can be

David Wolfe

Once upon a time there was a kingdom. In the centre of the kingdom, surrounded by a large forest was a castle, and in the middle of the castle, in the great hall, sat the king.

One day a young hunter was walking with his horse in the forest. This was no ordinary horse. We don't see horses like this in the world anymore. This was *a horse of power*. Its hooves were like iron

and when it galloped through the forest thunder sounded all around. Its life force was so strong that its eyes blazed with fire and its nostrils flared with great plumes of steaming mist. All these horses are dead now, buried in the graves alongside the men who rode them. Men of old. Heroes of great deed and valor.

Legend says that at the end of time these horses and men will rise from the graves that hold them, and the enemies of God will be driven from the face of the Earth forever.

As the hunter walked on he noticed that the forest was unusually quiet. Not a breath of wind stirred the leaves. There were no rabbits or squirrels or tiny creatures running about. Everything was just too quiet. Slowly he moved forward, awareness sharpening with each step, every sense diving wide open, reaching out into the woods for a clue as to the reason of the silence. As he walked on, leading the horse behind him, he came to a small rise and away down, ahead of him, burning there on the forest floor was a small, very enchanting fire.

As the hunter cautiously approached the flames of the fire golden light danced with orange and violet hues as it played it's magic, enchanting the hunter so, as he got closer and closer, until suddenly he realized that in fact it wasn't fire at all! It was a feather. A golden feather with sunlight bouncing off of it. The light of the sun shining through the trees was striking the feather in such a way that for all the world it looked to the hunter as if the feather was on fire. And all of a sudden the hunter knew why the forest was so silent. This was a feather

from the burning breast of the great firebird, the most magical and mystical creature in the land.

Closer and closer the hunter came to the feather until he stood next to it, and as he bent down to touch it, the horse of power spoke.

“Don’t pick up that feather! If you pick it up you *will* find trouble. If you pick it up you will come to know the meaning of fear.”

The hunter froze. What would you do? Have you ever seen a feather like that? Did you pick it up?

The hunter was deliberating. He definitely wasn’t looking for trouble and he had no desire to know the meaning of fear but no one, to his knowledge, had a feather from the burning breast of the great firebird. Not even the king! Then he thought to himself, “If I take this feather to the king, surely it will bring me in his favor and that could definitely make life a lot easier, he might even honor me and raise my station in life, after all this is a feather from the firebird itself, the most magical and mystical bird in all the land.”

And with those final thoughts, the words of the horse forgotten, he jumped onto the horse of power and galloped all the way to the king’s castle.

The king was sitting in the center of the great hall as the young hunter entered. He strode up to the throne confidently and graciously offered the king the feather.

“O King! Behold a feather of the firebird. No man in the land owns a feather from the burning breast of the great firebird and I offer it to you.” He stepped back, head bowed in anticipation of the king’s reply. The King picked up the feather from the foot of the throne where the hunter had laid it down and surveyed it carefully.

“Tis indeed a magnificent feather,” said the king, and then, with an evil glint in his eye
“But one feather, for a king? One feather! Rather the whole bird. And if you don’t bring me the whole bird, I guarantee you’ll hear the sound of the wind as my sword passes between your head and your shoulders.”

The hunter was white. Utterly shocked as he walked back to the horse.

“What trouble?” Inquired the horse.

The hunter recounted the episode with much emotion. “The King wasn’t satisfied with one feather and wants the whole bird, and said if I don’t fetch it he’s going to chop off my head, and I don’t know where the bird is, no-one knows where the firebird lives, and even if I did know I wouldn’t know how to catch it anyway, and I fear for my life,” he said with grief.

“Enough crying for now,” replied the horse. “Too much grief is not good for a man, and in any case, the trouble is not now, the trouble lies ahead. Go and tell the king you want maize, golden sweet corn, bags of maize, scattered all over the grass field

next to the castle with the giant old oak tree in the center. Tell him you want this done before first light, and we'll go along and see what happens." The hunter pulled himself together and went to find the king. He told the king what he needed. The king told the servants and the job was done.

Early in the morning, before the dawn, the hunter and the horse of power went to the field. The hunter took off the horse's bridle and blanket and took a rope and hid himself in the tree. The horse contented himself by nibbling on the maize. Soon enough, the birds started their chorus, heralding the coming of first light, and as the sun began to appear over the horizon, a perfect stillness descended on the scene and then, as if by magic, from the east, silhouetted by the rising sun, came flying the great firebird.

Once, twice, three times the great firebird circled the field, its golden feathers blazing a rainbow of fiery color, as the sunlight reflected upon its form. After the third pass the bird landed on the western side of the tree and in between looking around began to peck away at the maize. All was well. The bird and the horse nibbling away contentedly, and the rest of the creatures were going about their early morning business. Slowly the horse of power came closer and closer to the bird. Eventually he was almost by its side and very smoothly, without alarming the bird, he brought his hoof gently down on the wing of the bird and trapped it to the ground.

Immediately the hunter jumped down from the tree and galloped across towards the horse. He grabbed the bird and trussed its wings with the ropes. Then he jumped on the horse and galloped up to the castle. Everyone who wasn't awake at the time soon was. Such a noise, such excitement.

"The hunter has the firebird!" Quickly a dignified and somewhat sleepy assembly were organized to wait on the king. Presently the king arrived.

"Here's your bird," the hunter said, looking the king directly in his eyes.

The king was pleased. "Good lad!"

"Give him gold, plenty of it, raise his station," commanded the king to the courtiers.

"Now, any man that can bring me the firebird," continued the king, "the rarest, most mystical and magical bird in the land, can surely bring me the woman that I desire above all other women, Vasselisa the beautiful, who floats off the edge of the world in her little boat." Now the king was looking the hunter in the eyes with the same evil glint. "And if you don't bring me the woman," he added, "I guarantee you'll hear the sound of the wind, as my sword passes between your head and your shoulders. Now go and get her!"

By the time the hunter got back to the horse he was trembling. Tears were running down his face. Shocked and aggrieved he recounted the episode to the horse.

“Now he wants me to go to the edge of the world to fetch a woman who’s floating about in a boat, and I’ve never even been out of the forest, and I don’t know where the edge of the world is, and I definitely don’t want to go there, and I fear for my life!”

“I told you. Didn’t I tell you? Didn’t I say you’d find trouble? Anyway enough grief for now, for the trouble lies ahead. Now stop crying and go and tell the king you want one of the ceremonial tents with the pictures of the history of the kingdom painted on the sides. Tell him you want the finest liqueurs and choicest morsels of food. And tell him you want beautiful silk clothes.”

So the hunter went to tell the king what he needed and the king told the servants and the next morning they set out for the edge of the world.

The horse of power galloped along the forest paths, his great iron hooves pounding across the ground, the trees were shaking with the noise and all the tiny creatures in the forest came close to see the sight as the horse, with eyes blazing and nostrils steaming, thundered by. The young hunter gave him free reign and watched with wide eyes as the forest opened into countryside. They galloped across the hills and valleys of a long and memorable journey until eventually they arrived at the edge of the world.

They soon found a long-deserted beach, and there, away out from the shore, was a small boat, and in it,

floating in absolute peace, was the beautiful Vasselisa.

The hunter quickly erected the tent. He poured the potent wine and liqueurs. He arranged the tasty foods and then he dressed in his silken finery, and with the flaps of the tent open to the sea, he waited patiently for his prey.

Now Vasselisa, in her peaceful bliss, had noticed an unusual shape on the beach and had been wondering for a while what it might be. She decided to come a little closer to see. Eventually she was close enough to see the details of the tent, and she noticed the stories that were embroidered into its side. Vasselisa was enchanted by the detail, and inquisitive too. She could also see the young hunter sitting inside and she drew even closer to the shore. Vasselisa approached the open tent and saw the hunter's face for the first time.

“Please come in,” said the young hunter. “Don't be afraid. I mean you no harm.”

Vasselisa, unafraid, entered the tent. The hunter offered her some food and wine and she accepted. But so unaccustomed was she to strong drink, and this degree of excitement, she soon fell into a swoon, and as she fainted the hunter swept her up into his arms and threw her onto the horse of power and together they galloped back to the king's castle. What a commotion they made when they arrived in the courtyard. The horse's hooves clattering on the stone, snorting and blowing after the mammoth journey. The hunter strode immediately into the

great hall. He approached the king with a triumphant gait and said, "Here's your woman!"

"Good lad!" was the king's reply, and then equally as enthusiastically, "There's gonna be a wedding!"

The wedding plans were made. Instructions were given. The poets wrote new poetry and the musicians' composed new songs. The cooks began a most extravagant menu, and invitations were sent out across the whole of the land. The hunter was rewarded and was now famous across the whole kingdom. Everything was perfect, until one day in the middle of all the preparation, in the court, Vasselisa said:

"I will not be married! I will not be married! I'll never be married! Except maybe on one condition.

"Name it my dear," said The King.

"That the wedding gown I am destined to wear is brought. It is kept in a chest in the deepest part of the sea."

The king just said, "Fetch the hunter."

The hunter came and was told what he had to do.

"You are to return," said the king, "to the edge of the world, and there you will find the wedding gown of Vasselisa the beautiful, which is kept in a chest in the deepest part of the sea. You shall find the gown and bring it here, for without it there can be no wedding. And if you don't," added the king.

“You shall hear the sound of the wind...” as he said these last words he made a silent gesture of a sword passing across his throat. “Now go and fetch it!”

The hunter was used to shocks by now but he still didn't look well when he found the horse and told him what was the matter. The horse just said, “Let's go.”

And off they went, once again, to the edge of the world.

Again the hunter and the horse were walking down the beach when they saw in the distance an old king crab. When they were close enough, the horse lifted up his great hoof of iron and pressed it firmly onto the back of the crab. “O don't give me death,” cried the crab. “Rather give me life!”

“We'll give you life,” said the hunter, “On one condition.”

“Name it,” said the crab.

“Have you heard of the wedding gown that belongs to Vasselisa the beautiful which is kept in a chest in the deepest part of the sea?”

“I have,” replied the crab.

“Then you must fetch it for us,” said the hunter.

“It's a deal!” Said the crab.

With that the horse lifted his foot from the crab's back and the old fellow scuttled over to a rock and climbed up onto it. Then he began to whistle a shrill high-pitched call to his brethren of the sea. Soon enough the calm, still waters began to move, and in a short while the shore had become a bubbling, hissing cauldron of activity, as all of the crustaceans and creatures of the sea that scuttle about came out of the water and surrounded the big old crab. Eventually there was silence, and the king crab spoke. "You all know of the wedding gown that belongs to Vasselisa the beautiful, which is kept in the old chest at the deepest part of the sea."

"Yes," they replied, "We know the one"

"Well the time has come to fetch it out," said the crab. "The time has come for Vasselisa to marry and it is our destiny to bring the gown."

There was great excitement amongst all the creatures of the sea and together they returned to the water. Again the still shore became a heaving mass as all the creatures with shells and pincers scuttled back into the water.

"Let's ave it!" They cried "Let's ave it!" As they disappeared from sight.

Eventually the water was still once more. The hunter and the horse waited with the crab. Not a word was spoken. The sun set and the moon rose. A full golden white orb slowly climbed the sky until it reached its zenith, and then the sea began to move once more.

Soon enough amidst a great bubbling, foaming noise, and the creatures of the sea bore the chest over to the king crab who nudged it towards the hunter and the horse. The young hunter broke open the chest with a triumphant yell and pulled out the golden gown of Vasselisa, and with that he jumped onto the horse of power and was carried as swift as the wind back to the palace of the king.

A tremendous thunderous clattering of hooves shattered the morning silence as the horse and the hunter returned once again from the edge of the world.

Into the great hall strode the hunter, and again he walked victoriously towards the king, this time sure his trials were over. "Here's your dress." The King took the gown and presented it to Vasselisa, then said he, "Let the wedding commence!"

A great shout went up around the court as the musicians began to play. The people were in joyful and jubilant mood until Vasselisa stood and shouted out at the top of her voice: "I will not be married! I will never be married!... except on one condition! "I have one last desire before I am married. I desire that a great fire be built in the center of the hall, and that a large cauldron of water be brought to a disturbing boil, and that the man who brought me here be placed in that pot and boiled alive. This is my desire and I shall not be married unless it is fulfilled."

The king looked into the hunter's eyes and then into the eyes of Vasselisa and said
"Certainly my dove." And then to the servants,
"Prepare the fire!"

This time the hunter was definitely in a state of shock. How could she do this? He thought. How could the king? He then began to wish that he'd never picked up that feather, and that he had listened to the horse in the first place. As he thought about the horse, he approached the king.
"Sire, as a man who is about to die I have one last request"

"Go ahead" said the king.

"I'd like to say good-bye to my horse."

"It won't cost me anything," replied the king.

With that the young hunter removed himself from the scene and went to visit the horse. The horse watched him slowly approach. His head was hanging down; shoulders slumped, walking slowly, almost clumsily, his whole demeanor the design of a well-beaten man. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he recounted his fate to his friend.

"Now she wont be married until a great cauldron of water is brought to a disturbing boil and I am cast into it, and this time I see nothing but the end." His tears were flowing now as he looked into the horse's eyes.

“Didn’t I tell you? Didn’t I say don’t pick up that feather? So now you know the meaning of fear. Look! Listen to me now. When they come to take you and throw you into the water, don’t let them throw you in. You must run and jump into that pot unaided and all will be well.”

The hunter stared at the horse in disbelief. “Is that it?”

“That’s it,” said the horse.

The hunter walked numbly back to the great hall. The fire was blazing and the cauldron full of troubled water.

The king gave the word to the guards. As they came near, the hunter began to run. Everyone in the court was watching the scene. He approached the pot and then with a great leap he dived, head first, into the boiling cauldron and disappeared from sight. The water boiled and heaved and up came the hunter. Everyone saw him and some cried out, and then just as quickly he disappeared. The water bubbled and hissed, spilling on the fire, some of the women fainted, this was all too much, and then suddenly the hunter came up again for a third time. This time he came up with such force that he was thrown out of the pot and landed on his feet on the floor in front of them all.

No one could believe their eyes, because it was plainly clear to all assembled that the hunter looked far better than he had when he entered the pot. His skin was shinier and he looked much younger and

somehow more regal. The king of course had seen it all and was busily listening to his thoughts. “If he jumps into that pot and comes out looking younger and healthier and more regal than he did before, then if I jump in I’ll come out looking younger and healthier than before, and if anyone’s going to be looking regal around here, it’s me. And with that the king was off the throne and ran and jumped into the boiling water and was never seen again. That is until they fished out his boiled body and buried it.

Shock and astonishment in the assembled throng soon turned to silence as one by one they realized the king was not coming out.

A huge silence reigned in the great hall. Hundreds of wedding guests were looking at the hunter. He hadn’t moved. He just stood there looking up at Vasselisa looking so beautiful in her wedding dress. It soon became pretty obvious to all assembled that these two belonged together, and as everybody knows, if you’re going to have a wedding then you’ve got to have a wedding. And so they did, that very day. The hunter and Vasselisa the beautiful were married and became the king and queen and together they lived happily ever after.

Afterword.

Consider a moment now the tale which has just been told. Within it is the story of a journey, not just the hunter’s journey but also your journey, my journey, our journey. The journey of souls in the world through life. No matter what we make of

this, we can rest assured it is so. Story is the nature of life and now, in our world, the Greatest Love Story Ever Told unfolds. What this tale is saying is that before you can sit on the throne of your highest destiny a great testing awaits. The big question is, *“are you ready?”*

Part V

Purpose and Meaning.

The question is, of course, what does it all mean?

The main theme of this story is one of destiny involving challenge and a journey toward marriage. This is a love story, and there is no greater love story than the return to innocence and wholeness that is the spiritual path. The whole story is an archetypal symbolic illustration of an inner journey. This journey is part of being human. It is the challenge with which we all are faced. The question is not *if* we shall accept this challenge but *how*. The greatest love story that has ever been told is the human drama, and we are all starring in it. The inner purification process is necessary because it is through our inner stories, the beliefs and ideals in which we invest our spirits, that define the world we see as it appears around us.

The central characters in the story and indeed all stories with deep hidden meaning, represent elements of the human psyche often referred to as archetypes. Modern day stories such as Harry Potter, The Matrix, and Lord of The Rings are also rich with archetypal symbology. The common theme in many of these stories is the need for the Hero to overcome all obstacles and challenges and to triumph over his own fears to fulfill his destiny. This is the call from life illustrated in these tales. The message is simple: YOU are The One you have been waiting for. Your enemies, demons, monsters, wicked witches, ugly sisters, and false kings are all

inside of you. It is time to turn and face them. This story says there is one main element that has to be overcome. *It is your own ego who rules as a false king.*

Archetypes are parts of the human psychological jigsaw puzzle. This puzzle is a fragmented thing, like a broken mirror or a shattered crystal. Archetypes form specific structures within the energy matrix of the collective human psyche. They exist in the subconscious realm of the totality of human thought, in a great ocean of mental energy that has been accumulating throughout our history.

Archetypal energy forms strongly affect the behavior of human minds that tune into the same frequencies. Recognizing the individual archetypal elemental beings and sensing the influence they have on our behavior is a key factor in being able to take control of our lives.

The fascinating thing about these stories, and this one is a perfect example, is that the characters in the tale are all representative of parts of ourselves. In other words, everyone has the king within them, everyone has the hunter, everyone has the horse of power, etc.

There are an unlimited number of archetypes, and certain individuals would be able to identify with some more readily than others depending on how much influence they have. These archetypes are not our true identity. They are separate from who we truly are. They have formed during the unfolding of humanity because of certain behavioral

tendencies and the repetition of these behaviors has produced crystallizations within the collective unconscious of human kind that possess definite characteristics and generate specific patterns of behavior.

The soul, acting through the character we call “I,” has projected these invisible archetypal forces into the ether through the power of thought. As individual souls are born into this collective consciousness, they are bound to be affected by these energetic blueprints. These invisible energy fields have a massive influence on our attitude and behavior. The challenge is how to break free or transcend their influence and this is what the story describes.

Dr. Carolyn Myss has done a lot of work on this subject. During many years of research she has concluded that just about everyone is influenced by four major archetypes. These four comprise the major aspects of the human ego.

1.The Prostitute i.e. someone who gives their power away. As an individual responsible for your own destiny, the challenge is to accept that responsibility and not to give authority over it to anyone else. A good example of this is the structure of the modern medical system. We experience ill health and go and see a doctor, who may or may not be healthy, and do what they suggest without thoroughly investigating the case ourselves. This is a good example of how power is given away every day within our society. This is the prostitute archetype in action. Another relevant example is

how organized religion has established the clergy as the mediators between the individual and God. This is like someone in the garden telling the flowers how to drink rain. The fact that the flowers have forgotten is an indication of just how far off track we are. The journey to health begins with taking responsibility for all aspects of our lives. Recognizing the influence of the prostitute assists in this movement. All addictions are forms of prostitution. Abusive relationships, where one partner tolerates violence or intimidation but refuses to leave because of fear-based motives, or the fact that they cannot imagine a positive alternative future, are clear forms of prostitution. Take the time to consider where you are giving power away in your life. The positive aspects of the prostitute are exquisite sensitivity, beauty, and the tenderness of holiness. Each archetype has its perfect harmonic structure. As we evolve spiritually, in the sense that we develop the sensitivity and internal orientation to the infinite potential of life within us, we begin to display the qualities of being which belong to the pure archetypal structure within us. This is nothing less than being natural, transparent, innocent, pure hearted and egoless. The great journey of life is the *conscious* return to innocence. In other words, we choose to be that in tune and harmony with the Life within.

2. The Wounded Child. Almost all of us to varying degrees can relate to the wounded child. The part of us that was wounded emotionally and psychologically during our infancy or early years and has never recovered from it. This wound to the psyche then creates behaviors and attitudes that one

would associate with a child. The child obviously also has many positive qualities essential to the holistic process. Innocence, enthusiasm, purity, and playfulness are all natural attributes of the pure soul. However the ego child is a distorted version. For example the idea that we are being cared for by our governments is an example of the naiveté of the child archetype. Someone who will not take responsibility for their own lives is acting out the child archetype. The child is very often driving the bus and getting his or her own way. The wounded child is one of the ego's most successful disguises. Even if we grew up in a healthy family there exists within the collective consciousness a remarkable phenomena. Because in our imaginations we feel separate from our Source, even abandoned by a paternal God and possibly facing an eternity in Hell, an even deeper wounded child archetype exists within the collective modern Western mind. This imagined separation from and even worse condemnation by Life itself is a complete fabrication of organized religion instigated by the controlling agencies of the material world. The ego an insane shadow, forever wandering in imagined separation from life. As we become more attuned to our inner being where we are forever at one with our Source and we dissolve the distortions that exist within this archetypal layer surrounding the pure energy of the core of the soul, we experience the shining qualities of the Divine ascending child. Eternally youthful in our spiritual joy, life becomes, as it is, a grand adventure of discovery and the whole cosmos is seen as our playground. Every moment an opportunity to discover more about ourselves and the never-ending nature of being.

3.The Victim; someone who will not take responsibility for their lives and holds outer forces or individuals to *blame* for their lack of progress or success. Of course external elements conspire to create particular circumstances that we are challenged to face but the victim cannot see the opportunity in the challenge. Instead he or she will blame and assume a posture of helplessness. There are many inspiring stories of personal misfortune of the most extreme kind where the unfortunate individual involved has not capitulated to the victim archetype and their lives have become a living testimony of inspiration to us all. The victim will not take responsibility for the imagined ills or bad luck that have come their way. A typical ego construct draws power from identifying with its own plight. The typical victim has a, “poor me, why won’t anyone help, it’s not my fault,” etc. attitude that they use to reinforce their own false sense of identity.

4.The Saboteur. This is the aspect of oneself who secretly undermines all forward progress and encouragement. The negative inner voice that whispers discomfoting thoughts that undermine confidence. It is the saboteur who drives self-destructive behaviors, such as addiction. Do you recognize any of these structures? They all influence us all to a greater or lesser degree. They are the part of the matrix program that guarantees the destruction of a disharmonious humanity. At the same time they provide the soul with resistance and challenge us to become sufficiently empowered to overcome them. Like Jacob, who wrestled the

angel all night, these forces always appear slightly stronger than our selves. That is why we grow stronger. It has been said that to name something correctly is to have power over that thing. When we recognize the inner voices and urges of these archetypes, and can dissociate our true selves from their energetic influence, we take a significant forward step on the journey toward completion.

The Saboteur, when healed, is a tremendous ally, lending focus, determination, tenacity and unstoppable conviction to any mission you choose to undertake.

If any of the four are present and active, the others are also functioning in a supportive role. There are many archetypal energies but these four are the main ones to which all the rest are connected.

The main emotions associated with dysfunctional archetypal configuration are:

- Fear
- Shame
- Guilt
- Viciousness
- Sorrow

The Success Ultra Now Personal Optimization Program (SUNPOP) is the optimal tool for restoring harmony to the archetypal realm.

Archetypes. The False Gods of Thought Patterns

Energy flows throughout creation. The soul, as sculptor and shaper of its world, directs creative energy through thought, word, and action. The soul attracts its future by resonance. Archetypes, “the false gods of thought patterns,” exist in the subconscious mind. Their abode is the first sphere of influence beyond the visible world. They are thought-generated beings that have been created largely unconsciously. Their influence magnetizes the corresponding behavior patterns of individual characters in the Earth plane drama. The more we behave according to their influence, the stronger they become.

Astrological shifts also affect the potency of their influence. *The challenge for the individual soul is to consciously transcend that influence.* That means the soul learns how to resist the hypnotic magnetism of their energy. This is the original purpose of Yoga. Yoga means union with The Source.

Union or communion with The Source allows the soul to directly tap into its most valuable resource and the only force capable of fuelling it with sufficient natural goodness (i.e. pure light and love) in order to become immune to the pull of the archetypes.

All thought and feeling has frequency, wavelength and magnetism, by shifting our awareness and attitude we can tune into the highest frequencies and can absorb the natural and constant vibrations of love and light that are being emanated for this

very purpose. The task of evading possession by these gigantic archetypal forces is impossible without orientation towards The Source. Herein is inserted the purpose of life. The whole game of existence, the theme of the great drama of creation, is to give up this hopeless attitude and to align consciously with the internal force of salvation.

The ethers have become so polluted with energetic structures formed by centuries of negative habitual tendencies that the atmosphere of the earthly plane has fallen into a state of almost total degradation. Repetitive behavior within a confined space leaves an energetic imprint of that behavior. Anyone coming into that space thereafter is bound to be affected by the etheric blueprint and, to a greater or lesser degree, depending on the individual, will follow the exact same behavioral patterns. We know that our external reality is a manifestation of the inner human condition. Nothing on the outside will change for us until the inner shift has occurred. These are important points to appreciate.

By constantly, consciously connecting and re-connecting with The Source, we can charge the soul sufficiently to become immune to the influence of etheric stuckness and archetypal influence. Again, this all depends on the individual, and the degree of commitment and effort they have in *yoga* (communion with The Source through loving meditative awareness). The cultivation of internal resources sufficient to offset the influence of these false gods is a journey of personal completion and a return to one's original nature.

The Journey

All life is a journey. Many of the old stories illustrate the life journey of personal completion with a journey that takes place within the tale. This one describes the adventures of the hunter and his eventual union with the powerful, significant female element of the tale. Herein lies much wisdom.

The coming together of the hunter and Vasselisa is symbolic of *the coming together of the grounded active, seeking, masculine element of our psyche and a receptive, curious, feeling, floaty feminine part*. Remember, we are not talking about anything outside of ourselves here. Every element and aspect described within the story illustrates a part of our own being. Perhaps the shattered modern world we witness with all of its divisiveness is a reflection of shattered human souls that are destined to return to wholeness. How this occurs, according to the story, involves the coming together of two seemingly very distant elements of our being.

For many living in the modern world today, the point of life seems to be a complete mystery, but for some of us it is not. Whether we are capable of accepting the challenge that the story outlines is another question, but just as the hunter has no choice, neither do we. And it is a well-known fact that courage is the primary requirement upon the spiritual path.

I find this very fascinating. I have been driven for years to travel and learn, and through reading and meeting with many wise people, absorb as much as

I can to help me see the purpose of my existence. This has all been going on for a very long time. According to the Aquarian Gospel, there was never a time when man was not.

If we consider the age of the world, then we can imagine just how long things have been revolving, especially as we know that time is cyclic and not linear. That means history is bound to repeat itself, just like the seasons. If we consider the possibility of the soul constantly incarnating into existence, experiencing and reincarnating as it does, throughout cycles, we begin to see a very different picture of life than the conventional viewpoint affords us.

It is a scientifically established fact that almost all of our genetic material has no known function in what is termed *the normal waking state*. The key to activating it lies in changing the state and experiencing reality from another level of awareness. This is what the best mystical stories help us do. So rich are they with archetypal significance that seeds are planted into our subconscious as we listen to them and, unnoticed by us, a great and natural desire is stimulated to live out the significance of the tale.

The hunter's tale is our tale, and should be seen as such. But has it always been this way? Why would nature birth us with something like only 2% of our available capacity fully functional? Or have we somehow shrunk? What sort of a being would you be with fifty times as much capacity to love?

This possibility of fall from Grace, whether by spiritual influence, material seduction or even genetic manipulation by ETs, is a subject that is receiving much attention in the world today as many investigators attempt to discover *the origins of evil*.

There is no doubt, as we look around the modern world today with all of its toxicity and violence that things definitely could be better and that the cause of all disharmony in the world is definitely us. What this tale and all of my work and all of the work of any enlightened individual exists to do is to inspire YOU to take responsibility for the reality you behold.

In this tale and the story I like to tell, the soul is embedded in creation, things are as they appear to be and yet another version of reality exists, an impossible dream if you will, where you, yes you, overcome, against all odds, the fears and inhibitions that are held within you and rise to your highest potential. In order to do this you need to re-orient your relationship with essential parts of your own being and to discover aspects of yourself that you may never have known even existed.

Perhaps ignoring our inner natures is the reason the soul is stuck in cycles of creation and destruction, it is certainly the reason why any individual is stuck in limitation, disempowerment and experience of lack. Perhaps it is this ignorance that is the root cause of a fall from Grace.

That something wonderful in life has fallen is illustrated by the capture of the firebird.

The theme of a fallen humanity, somehow removed from its divine status to a mortal fate, is one that recurs constantly throughout much mythology, philosophy, and religion.

The repatriation of human being with divinity, then, could be a likely purpose of existence, and therefore the motivation of creation, and the hidden reason behind all events. This aspect of our contemplation is illustrated in the story by the young hunter's impulse to pick up the feather, despite the warnings of his talking horse.

This urge to win favor with the king, to meet the king, is something we all share in our youth. Do you recall those dreams of being a star? Perhaps a famous singer or actor or some other star status. According to Robert Bly, one of the great modern mythological visionaries, all these dreams represent an archetypal pull to rise to being one with the True King. This desire to meet the king, to be the King, is the impulse of the human soul to strive for the highest. As individual personalities expressing in the material world, our aspirations are defined by what we are conditioned to believe we are capable of. This, of course, is based upon who we believe we are.

*All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;*

*They have their exits and their entrances; and one man
in his time plays many parts.*

William Shakespeare

So we begin to sense the richness of these stories. The depth of the characters played on the stage of cyclic existence that is made of nature. These vast expanses of time, out of which the tapestry of world history is woven, barely make a dent compared to eternity. For me, these contemplations always stretch my ability to grasp them. I always feel somehow as if they remain just beyond my abilities to comprehend, and this is how it should be. As a part of life rediscovering itself, massive archetypal forces driving me this way and that across a landscape of eternity, one can be forgiven for feeling slightly awed by the task of completion of any chapter in the great Book of Life. This, of course, is illustrated clearly by the hunter's frequent emotional breakdowns, bless him!

It is no coincidence that the hunter is young. This is symbolic of the importance of getting in touch with the part of our awareness that is bursting with youthfulness. The child within. The fact that the child archetype figures so strongly within the findings of Dr. Myss is no coincidence, and the "healing" of this element is critical to our success.

A healthy child is not a wounded child. One may have experienced trauma within one's life but a true sign of spiritual progress is the capacity to look back on these times and experience no sense of sorrow or remorse. Forgiveness is the all-healing balm that dissolves the glue that keeps us stuck in old attitudes. Compassion is full of forgiveness and

innocence full of compassion. A healthy child looks forward with a definite sense of wonder at the journey that lies ahead. This childlike perspective is full of innocence, trust, and purity. Purity born from the silence of Yoga. Union with Source. One in Life, At-one-ment. The perfect balance of the feminine and masculine within us.

Wasn't it Jesus who said that unless ye become as children ye can in no way enter the kingdom of heaven? This youthful element is the central part of our identity. The body may grow old, but the ever young in spirit have a definite sparkle in the eye that is unaffected by the passage of one short lifetime. What we are talking about here is an eternal journey. The journey of the human spirit, and the requirement in order for that journey to be successful, is to get in touch with the young hunter and prepare for an odyssey. This journey, the story clearly states, will take us to the absolute limits of our ability to cope with our reality. Remember courage is the primary requisite of the spiritual warrior.

The King

What about some of the other characters? What does the king represent to you? He's ruthless, full of desire, and the ruler. Recognize that in your self? Ever listen to any voices inside that were ruthless, desirous, and wanting to be the boss? Let's call the king the ego.

The ego is the false king. As the story suggests, at the moment he rules, but this is not how the story

ends. So we begin to fill out the story and recognize some of these characters as elements of our own psyche. There's the ruler who dictates and dominates, and whether we consider it so or not, he is absolutely ruthless, especially when it comes to doing business with the young hunter. Isn't it fascinating? All these elements of our psyche, powered by thought, have come to life and achieved a huge influence over our lives.

We are born into a creation with this archetypal structure, just as children are born into the modern world and inherit a political system that they have no choice about, and they simply accept its constraints and dictates, and mold their way of being accordingly. There is an invisible structure within the human psyche that is strongly influenced by archetypal energy forms, and that absolutely defines our outer world. It has been going on for a very long time and has repeated itself countless times. However, this system is the precise reason why we are driven to destroy ourselves in such an appalling way. The challenge is to escape this net, to get out of this matrix and, according to the story; there is only one way to do it.

Transforming the King

The transformation of the young hunter and the death of the false king is a critical element of the story. It is utterly symbolic of the purification of the soul. Our original, natural sense of I is centered in soul. As mind extends outward into the world of form, the five senses donate their input. The conclusions one draws consciously from this

experience are largely colored by the programming of the conscious mind. In fact, it is scientifically validated that our five sensory apparatus are only capable of registering something like 0.01% of the quantifiable energy spectrum. On top of this, the *normal waking state* only allows us to access 2% of our available genetic potential. Transforming the king involves the shamanic death of the ego and a purification of awareness and attitude.

Being boiled alive in one's ideas occurs during and after death. If we choose consciously, it may occur before. Die before you die and then you won't have to die, as the old saying goes. What the tale is helping us with is preparation for this moment.

The jump of the hunter into the pot is symbolic of a conscious, willing act. The fact that he chose to take this last step in the way he did calls to the hero within us all. The story says you don't have any choice about where this is all going, but you do have the choice of in which style you go there. If the servants had thrown him in, it would be like being dragged into death kicking and screaming, with an air of the victim about you. This is what disease makes us do. The servants of the king are things like addiction to destructive habits and negative emotionalized internal attitudes. Ignorance is the cause of disease. Ignorance, or lack of knowing who we truly are, births disharmonious behaviors and attitudes which always manifest in the physiology as disease.

Any sense of lack, any compulsive drive, addiction, neurosis, or fear is a coded signal that we are

centered in an egoic identity and as such we have separated ourselves from our source, which is love, light and unshakeable will power. With the 'help' of archetypal forces, we are trapped in the repetition of this great error. The extraction of our spirits from the sticky mess our misconceptions have spawned is the great challenge of life, and the essence of the free will experiment, so to speak.

The return to this love, the love that we eternally are, is the spiritual journey.

The love of God, the Great Spirit of Life, to live consciously, knowingly, experientially in that relationship, this is the purpose of existence. A life lived away from this spiritual fire is simply hell. Unless we take active steps toward healing our ignorance, the servants of the merciless king shall drag us to our fate. The story is saying that if you want a healthy transition through a shamanic death into a "Golden Age" of purified awareness then, sooner or later, you have to take charge and deny the king's servants. The servants of the ego are all the mad desires that prostitute, or victimize, or sabotage, or enhance the wounded child. They are worldly attachments based on over-identification with form, negative emotions, greed, shame, guilt, viciousness, lust, fear and all of the rest of the distortions of energy that are the consequence of disharmony.

Because these aspects of our psyche, or soul mind, are interfaced with physiology, it helps to purify the cellular structure. The soul/body/mind interface undergoes a massive purification at death. It's a

very good idea to get a head start on this process. Transforming the king involves biological transmutation. This type of metamorphosis is illustrated in many myths and legends and fairy tales. It is also the central theme of the story of Jesus. His journey from a child growing up close to nature, his 18 years of travel throughout the Far East, and his subsequent empowerment, crucifixion, and then resurrection, are a perfect example of what is required. However, organized religion has done what organized religion will always do, and the significance of his inspirational journey has, for many, been utterly misconstrued.

As we mentioned earlier the king, let us call him the *false king*, represents the ego. By ego I am referring to a false sense of I. An I-identity that has been born from a world out of sorts with the highest manifestation of creation, a world out of harmony with life's keynote of love. This false king defines himself according to his possessions, status, career, and habits. I, the false king rule over my subjects, which are all considered lesser thoughts and identities. Remember in the Cinderella story, where our heroine, who is to be transformed, begins doing the dirty work, and is held in low esteem by her three ugly sisters? This represents the ego's relationship with the youthful awareness that is bound by nature's course to be joined with his or her royal counterpart. Of course she is held in disdain. These are opposing elements within the psyche and one is bound to die.

Incidentally the three ugly sisters are symbolic of the ego's three main characteristics: ignorance, fear,

and ego-pride, or arrogance. In Greek mythology, the three-headed dog that guards the underworld represents the ego. Fear is the central head of Cerberus the dog, and is the strongest aspect of ego. Isn't it interesting that love is the antidote for fear? However love alone is not enough. Without wisdom (light) and will power to direct it, love is wild. After all we are talking about the very force of life itself. These qualities are born from experience that can only be gleaned from the inner journey. It is simply not enough to think about this stuff. As spiritual warriors we have to be prepared to fully engage our feelings and go into the dark labyrinth of the body conscious psyche and meet the half man, half beast that lives there.

Theseus and The Minotaur, again, represent this meeting, in Greek mythology. The Minotaur is a half man, half bull, and the son of the queen. Notwithstanding the possibility that this story actually occurred, perhaps through alien genetic experiments, a definite archetypal message resonates from its core. Here again we recognize the symbolism of a royal child's descent into matter, and the consequent mutation into a beast. We see this clearly in the world today. Spiritual beings, fulfilled unto themselves, when they descend into the lowest realms of matter and, enchanted by its effect, become desirous, do not become animals, they become beasts.

This is an interactive natural drama which requires full commitment if we are to play our hero part. We know that the antidote for fear is love, and for ignorance it is knowledge via wisdom and

experience. The fact that the third head of the ego is arrogance, or pride, allows us to recognize the quality of will power required to direct the love-wisdom in order to finally transcend the influence of the ego. Here again the child reappears. The opposite of arrogance is humility and true humility is born from innocence and purity. The qualities of the virgin child. This purity can only be achieved through the purification process.

As our awareness shifts away from body consciousness, the domain of the ego and the false king, toward union, or yoga, with our highest state of inner being, then the required purification occurs and with it the return to innocence.

As I focus my heart-mind on the point within me, the center of my being, where God and I are One, I absorb God's nature. I literally merge and take on the nature of that which I adore. This point contains the whole. The ocean is in the drop and the drop is the ocean. The nature of life is holographic. The part is contained in the whole and the whole contains the part. This centering of awareness in the zero point of our gyrosopic consciousness, a vortex containing eternity, is an essential factor in the process of becoming masters of the self.

So, we see now that the false king's identity or sense of self is based on material elements whereas the true king's identity is based on much, deeper and more subtle considerations. The young hunter or youthful awareness is the part of us that sees the world keenly and sharply with a sense of hunger and

awe. This spiritual hunger, however, cannot be satisfied by material food. Only union with the source will satisfy it. Only when my mind is one with God's mind can, the soul, be satiated. Only when my heart is centered on the infinite love within me do I receive the love for which I yearn. Only when I have returned to the awareness of my inner nature, the ocean, will I be free. In Hindi this is called *Manmanabhav*.

For many of us, this part of ourselves is a distant memory, and we have become numb or insensitive to its call. So many of the chemical concoctions present in our food, drink, and atmosphere, ruin the sensitivity of the young hunter within us and generate confusion within the mind. The toxic consequences of overeating poor quality, unnatural, and improperly combined foods are a major factor in preventing us from experiencing the natural underlying state of peace that our loving natures eternally are. Modern society itself, in its relentless pursuit of material gain and consumption, plays havoc with the internal environment required for the journey to even begin.

We shall consider these initial requirements in greater detail now, but remember the false king is bound to die. In this there is no choice.

The Silence after The Firebird

Every aspect of this tale has significance. Before the hunter goes anywhere he must find the feather and before the feather, silence. There is no coincidence here. What the whole story illustrates, and what

this whole matter of personal transformation involves is an inner journey. This is all inner work and these are accurate, specific instructions to employ along the way. Some people, like myself, are suited to adventure and travel; others prefer to stay at home. If the whole thing depended upon one's willingness to travel to the edge of the world then not many of us would get there. No. What we are dealing with here is an inner experience and a journey, a journey to the shores of our inner world. The characters are all representative of invisible energetic influences that form major parts of the human psyche, the collective subconscious that influences us all. We are constantly receiving impulses from this part of life, and we are constantly contributing to it. The more we allow ourselves to be influenced by archetypal energy, the more we become like them, and the stronger they get as a result. This is the basis of relationship. Feed the relationship and it grows.

The story is illustrating an inner journey, the reorganization of one's psyche into a more harmonious space. This is an internal process that for some elements of the psyche is simply excruciating. The various facets of the story represent the various inner experiences we can expect to feel as life reconnects us with its central will. This internal process is constantly active whether we are aware of it or not. Rather like the bubbling away of the molten fires underneath the solid crust of the earth. These internal processes can only intensify as time moves on. The whole of human destiny is decided upon by its internal state. What we believe, our philosophy, our sense of

identity, our values, our dreams. All of these inner perspectives direct our creative energies and thus we carve our futures. Life will do whatever is necessary to bring our forward momentum into harmony with its will. Remember there is no choice in terms of what will be. The only choice is in where you as an internal identity are situated for the experience. This "I" sits on the throne and rules the kingdom of self, until this critical journey is undertaken, the subsequent purification and the fusion of these two distinct elements has occurred, then the false king rules. We know this part of us is destined to die. The throne upon which the king sits is the heart throne. Jesus once said: *As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.* The story is saying that the ego mind will be removed from the ruler-ship of the heart and love will reign in its place.

The forest in the story symbolizes the wilderness part of our minds. The natural part of our minds. If we close our eyes momentarily and find the center of our mind, this is the position of the castle, again no coincidence that the castle is in the center of the kingdom. Now, all around the castle from where the king rules, from the great hall, is the forest. This is the domain of the hunter. The territory of our awareness. By turning the senses inwards we can begin our journey into the silence and wait to find the feather. The feather of the firebird is a subtle element.

With one's eyes closed (or open) but the senses directed within after locating the center of one's mind and expanding the awareness from there, enter the silence. There are many distractions

within the mind, but we must be confident that we are master of all these phantom forms. What we are looking for is genuine spirituality. The feather that has fallen from this rare and mystical creature is a light and subtle thing radiating fire. This is part of something important. Very important.

There is a part of life that cannot be verbalized. The poet or a sensitive intelligent orator, with sufficient humility, sometimes senses how uncomfortable and inappropriate words are when attempting to express the sublime. This is reflective of an inner invisible condition that crystallizes when the mind attempts to grasp what cannot be held. The feather that has fallen from the breast of this mystical creature represents the subtlest and lightest, brightest aspect of our psyche, which we find somewhere in the silence of that forest.

The fact that it has fallen from the breast indicates that this is *sacred heart space*. It is part of the human spirit, a fragment of the Divine, glowing within us, and before we can become what we are destined to be we must touch this part of ourselves, but first we must approach it in the silence. If we are not experiencing inner quietude then the necessary elements have not formed in the appropriate way within us, and the alchemical process of transformation cannot begin. Without inner peace there can be no communion with the soul.

Without inner peace there can be no journey toward the completion of our destiny. This is what the story tells us. Remember there is no peace without love. In order to find the point of light within our

psyche that is the center of who we are, we must approach with a lot of love, in silence. Take the time to practice this soul conscious attitude. Wake up very early in the morning with the dawn and practice this attitude, for with it miraculous progress can be made.

The Significance of the Old Crab

Every character in the story holds significance and communicates an accurate message. This part of our tale is rich with clues as to how and where we must travel within ourselves in order to enjoy the marriage that is our destiny, the union that the forces of nature are pushing for. Water is symbolic of feeling and emotion. At this point in the story we are being advised to get in touch with the deepest feelings. The all-important wedding gown is found at the deepest part of the sea.

The old saying goes that you have to go deep to get high. However there are a great number of, so-called, spiritually orientated people who are out of touch with their feelings, instead preferring the sometimes-crusty haven of intellectual pursuit. Before any of this can happen, of course, a meeting with the crab is required. The old king crab is symbolic of perhaps the oldest part of us that feels. This ancient part of our being however has formed a protective shell and pincers and is the king of all the creatures within this feeling element. This is neither good nor bad, simply the way things are. One of the things that the story teaches us is that our current perception of reality will be challenged.

The notion of life perhaps being unfair, for example, as represented by the constant demands upon the hunter, is only fully understood at the end. One can bleat and ask “Why?” as much as one likes, but the simple truth of the matter is that life envelops us all. Just like the hunter in the boiling pot, there is nowhere to hide. Every atomic particle is filled with and surrounded by life, including every molecule of our physical form. Something amazing is being played out, and this persona reading these words is bound to act in that unique way that defines you.

Remember the bit half way in “Hero,” that great modern martial arts epic when the assassin is fighting the king. When it came to the kill, he saw to his amazement that the king’s neck was only scratched. In that moment he realized that the king was meant to live. Life did not want him dead. This assassin was a master, he was one with Tao. When he struck to kill, he did not scratch he killed. The fact that the king was still alive, meant that life wanted it that way. The assassin was so at one with life. Previous to that moment the only mission he had was to kill the king. He then must dissuade others from killing him. The point is that, from a certain perspective it seems life is unfolding according to a predestined plan for the benefit of the soul.

We know that there are certain physical restrictions from within whose parameters we are bound to express. For example we cannot fly like the birds. The only thing that defies these restrictions is the soul. Bending these boundaries is the goal of the

spiritual warrior and shaman. The old Indian word for soul is Atman. Much smaller than an atom, the soul, an epicenter of individual conscious intelligence, a fragment of life, containing life, commands the five-element world. It is upon the shores of I, where waves of feeling gently lap against the eternal presence, that we meet the ocean of God.

The old crab guards the threshold of our deepest, most intimate feelings. The part of us in which the treasure chest lies. He's also scared of death. This is another clue as to the aspect of psyche we must develop a relationship with if we are to succeed on our quest. All of these elements are like sign posts along the way. When we get in touch with this aspect of ourselves we know that an end is nigh. The crab is part of the ego. He rules the feeling world; the false king rules the conscious, thinking mind. The fear he holds for death tells us about his insecurity. This insecurity within the psyche will not be healed until the marriage is done.

The fact that the hunter is obliged to visit the edge of the world and therefore the ocean not once but twice is indicative, in my opinion, of the emphasis on feelings upon the real life path. It is no coincidence that the same scientists who established that only 2% of our genetic material is active in the normal waking state also identified the importance of feelings in the activation of this latent potential. The story clearly states that if this is to be a journey with a happy ending then the visit to the ocean has to be a successful one. Meeting and recognizing the part of ourselves that wears a shell and scuttles

about close to the feeling ocean is another significant moment in our personal unfoldment.

The Horse of Power

Now we come to a fascinating part of the tale, the horse of power. So wise, so capable. One is tempted to conclude that this aspect surely represents some form of overseeing guardian angel and perhaps rightly so. In many traditional mythological tales, the horse represents heart space and courage. The message is, “listen to the heart,” but the story also illustrates that the horse of power is the most integrated physical aspect of our tale. An immense power emanates from the horse and one is reminded of the illustration of Hanuman the great monkey king in Indian mythology who served Rama with such devotion. Both Hanuman and the horse represent warrior energy.

The true warrior serves the King and, as we know, the hunter becomes the king. This ascension of warrior to king is also often portrayed as the return of the exiled king. Hanuman is almost always portrayed with an immensely powerful physique. Hanuman, however, represents the power of the heart-mind devoted to God. Hanuman was the only one to defeat Ravan, the devil, when he kidnapped Sita, the wife of Rama. When his devotion to Rama was questioned Hanuman tore open his own chest and there filling his heart space was an image of his king. The devotion and power of the horse is akin to that of Hanuman. There is nothing that the horse does not have an answer for, nothing that he cannot achieve. This aspect of the

story illustrates that part of our world which is in touch with both the mortal and immortal kingdoms and it is heart space.

The horse serves in the world of ignorance but has access to all wisdom. The horse of power is representative of nothing less than what Jeshua refers to as the Holy Spirit. The super-conductive whole or holy mind which is in touch with God's mind and to which we can turn to, in loving surrender, at any time for advice, knowing, that the advice we receive from this element will always be of the nature of saving grace. The feeling state, which allows us access to this amazing natural resource, is found in heart space. The Holy Spirit is the whole spirit or whole complete energy with which we can interface through our DNA. It is no coincidence that high frequency feeling states such as compassion, activate optimal genetic coding sequences. This is verified by plenty of research into DNA from Stanford University. This subject is covered in depth in **SUNPOP**.

It is worth noting that the trouble begins as soon as the guiding voice of the Holy Spirit, representing the presence of the highest, is ignored. Even so, no matter the trouble, the horse has an answer for it all, and indeed the trouble is all part of the journey. If the hunter had not ignored the horse then no movement would have occurred. This the mystery and wonder of life. If life is a journey to the kingdom we are destined to inherit, then getting lost is all part of the journey. In the greatest love story that has ever been told, the children of God

have fallen into a dream, enchanted by their own vain imaginings.

The horse of power is definitely here to wake us up, and he relates through the heart. The hunter and he have a close, inseparable bond. This is symbolic of the heart space and awareness. The Native American Indians used to say, “the white man needs to learn to see with his heart.” In the language of our story: listen to the horse!

There is never a protest from the horse, catching the Firebird, visiting the edge of the world. None of this is a problem for the horse. These movements for the hunter are significant. They represent massive shifts in consciousness for our awareness. What the story is saying is that if you truly wish to embrace your divinity then your whole world is going to change.

There is an intimate part of your being who can smoothly assist you in this transformation and we are well advised to listen to its council. A Shamanic death preceded by radically impactful events is on the agenda. The horse of power has been ignored by us all, the Firebird has fallen and life, through our destiny, will carry us through the required experiences in order to re-attune our awareness to the level of purity and awe required to rule our kingdom. The story is very clear about how we will be carried through this experience. The Holy Spirit is our most powerful ally. This powerful servant is devoted to relationship with our awareness, and infuses our physiology with its committed presence.

The nature of this relationship, the story says, is totally committed. We are in heart space here.

Human awareness and the Holy Spirit communicate through heart space. The communication, no matter where it emanates from, because of the physical power of the horse, lands in the body. Every single cell of the human body has within it not only the blueprint for the whole body but also of life itself. Every atom has a black hole in its nucleus. All power comes from within. Within the body is unlimited power and knowledge, look after it and trust its voice, communicate with it through the heart. The relationship between hunter and horse, between awareness and heart wisdom is a feeling relationship.

Modern Russian scientists are telling us that our DNA (the most important component of our cellular structure) is a biological internet. It is through our DNA that we interface organically with creation. Not just the world around us but the whole of life. The first radical movement in the story occurs when The Horse of Power is ignored. Consequences unfold from there. The horse is a source of wisdom and propulsion. It “carries” awareness and at “the end of time” rises again ridden by heroes. The implication for me is that the horse represents the energy body or light body, the empowered part of our being which interfaces utterly with the physiology. The aspect of our vehicle that is super-powered but yet under the control of the awareness. The fact that the horse is ignored at the beginning of the tale is further evidence of the “fall of man,” a testimony to his

arrogant pride, one of the three pillars of ego. However the whole story evolves out of this act of proud and ignorant defiance suggesting that, no matter what, life has sufficient magic within it to turn any decision into a miraculous consequence.

Within the highest teachings of Yoga we are constantly reminded that this whole natural world is not what it seems. As we know, the popular misconception of life is that we are the physical body. In fact, as spiritual beings, we are non-physical entities residing in form. Could it be, and from this point of view it seems very likely, that the whole great drama of material nature unfolds for the benefit of the individualized consciousness or spirit in soul. Lost, as we are in our ignorant misconceptions of identity, which is all part of the fabulous plot, we stand teetering on the brink of imagined auto-destruction. The story tells us that the only movement is forward. This, for the hunter and Vasselisa, is a tale of union through purification; for the false king it is death.

The only thing that dies is falsehood. Within the contemplation of the possibility that the horse of power represents an energy utterly interfaced with the physical body lies the window to the transcendental truth contained within this brilliant story. Accepting this fact allows us to realize that our true identity is not the body. The true sense of I, our authentic self, is this blend of awareness and feeling. Although this may sound odd, let us consider a few points. The story illustrates the marriage of awareness and feeling. Remember we are talking about aspects of ourselves. We could say

mind and soul are joining even though they are already one. This joining symbolized in the story is a re-harmonization of the actions of the personality and the will of soul. The key union is a non-physical one. As we know, the physical body is destined to be shed but the essential part of us is not. As we step onto this ground, it's difficult to be fully confident. Rather like the hunter's jump into the boiling water. This is illustrative of the fact that more than once during this, what is very definitely a spiritual journey, you will need unshakeable faith. We are entering a realm that is beyond belief.

Faith is often defined as a form of inner certainty even with evidence to the contrary. Conviction is even a better word than faith. Intuitive conviction, on this journey, is more than once a primary requisite. You will also notice how that conviction is required to become stronger as the story goes on, culminating in the jump into the boiling pot. This is symbolic of the necessity of increased faith along the life path. Perhaps the crucifixion is a very good example of this. So let's try something. Imagine you are not the body. Get in touch with that primal awareness, the young hunter's sense of being, which is wholly different to the king.

To sense the difference between false king and hunter awareness try feeling the difference while using the senses inside your house and then outside in some neutral natural environment where you don't own anything. That's the difference. You can feel it. What we are looking for here is an expanded and yet incredibly focused attitude. This sense of awareness has a definite attitude about it. *What the*

story is gifting us with is the request from life for the correct attitude. The appropriate attitude, so that we can enjoy harmony with our destiny. So that we can survive a transformational process akin to being boiled alive. So the creation can enjoy a full relationship with The Creator. So the hunter can become the True King.

The Return of The King was the title of the last film in the Lord of The Rings trilogy. This movie is another example of archetypal interaction and there are many parallels between our story and Tolkeins'. Let us now consider, in a little more detail, this question of attitude. The following exercise can be practiced outside in natural surroundings.

So here we are, outside in nature knowing we are not the body. We are not denying our physicality; simply making a distinction between who we are and how we relate to the physical body, realigning our sense of identity to a more accurate and therefore harmonious perspective. Get in touch with the hunter's awareness, sharpen the senses and walk in the way you imagine you would if you had just been married to Vasselisa after the whole journey. You are now the king in love with your wife, are you feeling complete? Yes you are aren't you? Now recall the episode in the boiling water. How is your ego? If you enter this meditation with sincerity and integrity you will experience the optimum attitude for life.

You will actually feel how life wants you to be, who life wants you to be, and what your true identity

feels like, because that is what this story is for. For me, walking around in this state is so rich. I've been running personal development workshops for years, but nothing compares to this for authenticity. The adventure of these characters shifts the archetypal positioning like a game of chess and suddenly and subtly the whole game changes.

Feeling complete, humble, and regal is our birthright; it is a natural state of being. The True King is full of gratitude and love for life. His confidence is born from his intimate relationship with wonder. His own life experience has left him in awe of the secrets of life. The fact that he is the king, born through the purification of his body feeling/mind, guarantees he is the embodiment of peace.

The Boiling Water

At this point the story is telling us that nothing less than a living death is required. The boiling and whole journey towards union suggests a supernatural experience pointing away from the mundane to something extraordinary. This bridge of purification through ordeal is the final step after the journey through challenge and the confrontation and exploration of oneself through the forest of the mind.

This is obviously the ultimate challenge of the tale and, interestingly, one that the hunter must face alone. This infers that even the energy body cannot come along here, emphasizing even more the inner experience. It's as if life is saying to the essence of

your awareness, your very core of identity, “the *you* your senses have told you you are, will be boiled alive”. It is during and from this process that your *true self* will be forged. This purified, more regal version of who you are has nothing to do with wearing a physical crown. What we are talking about here is claiming the inheritance of being sons and daughters of God.

The crown is a crown of light. A crown of wisdom. A crown of peace. A crown of purity. This sequence in the tale is all about purification. Imagine the massive shift in belief system that would occur during this process. The difference before and after the experience in the pot. As I mentioned earlier, the crucifixion of Jesus and his subsequent resurrection are illustrative of the same point here. What does this suggest to you?

An interesting point to consider: If we accept that the outer world, including our physical form, manifests according to our inner condition, and that, at present, we are only able to experience 2% of our nature-intended capacity, then we can clearly see there is a major problem with the inner condition. This inner situation, our attitude towards and awareness of life, is the cause of all the trouble. We can speculate how this has come to pass and in so doing realign ourselves somewhat with the forces of goodness that power the world. This concept forms the basis of the oldest religions and purest philosophy.

What we are talking about here is a spiritual being in a physical world. An earthly paradise that it

sculpts and shapes. The fact that we are responsible for the creation of our futures is now widely accepted. Much evidence from the archaeological investigations into antiquity points to the fact that civilizations begin at their peak and then gradually decline. This, of course, is completely at odds with the evolutionists' theories. Yogic thought, particularly the Raja Yoga model, champions the idea of reincarnating souls constantly cycling through the world. The Buddhists actively seek liberation from this ever-turning cycle.

The cycle begins in perfection. According to yogic philosophy, souls descend in a state of perfection and eventually, through interaction with the creation they sculpt, become completely degraded. This is the movement of life. In Chinese terminology extreme yin becomes yang. At some point a false sense of I develops. A material identity. How could it not? Then follows the subsequent polarization of the two essential aspects of self to "opposite ends of the kingdom." Active awareness, the hunter, serving the false king (ego) in the forest of the mind, and the receptive feminine aspect of our being, floating peacefully off the shores of the material world.

The secret to the return to wholeness lies in our ability to recognize our essential self and to detach from the current prevailing attitude. This world of form is about to be challenged; the keynote of the challenge is purification. This old world and everything in it is the creation of the false king. The story is telling us that if we wish to survive this experience then our conviction, attitude, and

commitment need to be akin to the young hunter as he enters and exits the boiling pot. The wonder of this story is the wonder of life. It didn't begin at the beginning, but it will end there. Our responsibility is to prepare the hunter and Vasselisa for their wedding.

Vasselisa and The Wedding Gown

Vasselisa, the woman the king desires above all other women, and the destined queen. Quite a powerful and mystical archetype. Who is she? Well we know that she has to be married to our active awareness in order for us to rule as king of our inner realm as opposed to being the slave of a merciless tyrant. The ego wants her but he cannot have her, this is clear as she floats in peace in a little boat off the edge of the world. Mmmm. The part of our being who floats in peace off the shores of I. Again we are directed by the story to get in touch with feelings, this time floaty, out of the world, feelings. This is all accurate stuff. Exquisite detail for the spiritual aspirant. This sense of lightness is an essential ingredient in the alchemical mix. Floating in peace with love to find the point of light that allows you to experience who you are.

The position of Vasselisa in the story has a double significance for me. One being that this woman is representative of the sacred feminine energy with which modern society seems to be undergoing some form of exile. The fact that she is floating off the edge of the world confirms this somewhat. The journey of Vasselisa in the hands of the hunter, is

representative of the return to power for the divine feminine element of our being.

Vasselisa's journey from the wilderness onto the throne of power is illustrating that to become whole, our receptive femininity, The Holy Grail of our being, needs to be brought right onto the throne to rule with our awareness. The fact that awareness journeys to the edge of the world is a suggestion that we need to go to the outer reaches of our imagination in order to meet this force truly. In The Mayan Tzolkin calendar, the *yellow human* is encouraged to be an ever-expanding grail. This is the energy this movement in the story suggests. It is a wonderful internal attitude which we need to get in touch with on our journey within to wholeness.

Vasselisa is a receptive, inquisitive, feminine element. One that can only be married in her golden gown that is locked in a chest at the deepest part of the sea. The golden gown of compassion, the deepest and highest form of love. Vasselisa represents a critical aspect of our spiritual being. Something just out of this world who can only truly come into it through marriage to the active awareness, in her special gown of compassion. She is also certain about what she wants and what she does not want and will not compromise "except on one condition." The keynote here is relationship. *The story is saying; if you want success then commit to this relationship. Marry soul awareness and communicate within in a loving and compassionate way.*

The Deeper Significance of The Story

The story tells of a kingdom that already has a king. This kingdom is your world. Your own personal private kingdom. Your kingdom has a ruler, his name is ego. Ego's nature is fear, ignorance, and pride. Because our ruler is frightened, he wants something or someone to hold onto. His sense of lack automatically generates desire. Going back to the concept of souls incarnating in a perfect paradise where they create automatically, as soon as a sense of separateness from The Source occurs, a false sense of identity, an impure, inaccurate sense of who I am, the ego, has begun to form. This is part of life's way. The soul has no problem with this. Note how Vasselisa stipulates that *she will not be married without her gown and the boiling of the hunter*. The soul knows its destiny, or rather the means to live it.

Compassion and the purification of awareness are the fundamental requisites for this destiny to unfold. The hunter, on the other hand, is constantly at odds with the way his future unfolds. This part of our psyche has been serving a false king in an unjust kingdom and has become identified with that falsehood, so of course he will be disturbed. Before the journey of purification occurs, the awareness is serving the ego. With ego comes desire, attachment, and anger, etc. when the king can't have what he desires. All of this because of ego. Body-conscious ego. The cure for this condition is the quintessential purpose of religion, philosophy, and yoga. How to purify the ego? Not an easy task, especially as it responds to the

information presented by the senses in an automatic and conditioned way. It is not that the false ego is the enemy. There are no enemies here in this tale. We are not at war but we are on a mystical journey. How does the story suggest we should go about it?

Well if we can recognize them, there are some very practical instructions. What we need above all else is conviction. Solid faith. Unshakeable knowing. In what? In who we truly are. This conviction is born out of an ever-deepening experience. We are not the body. We are non-physical beings on an eternal journey, and the keys to arriving safely are to listen to the deep wisdom within us and to differentiate between the voice of the horse of power and the voice of a false king.

We are told by the story to marry our masculine awareness to our feminine sensitivity and to sharpen that awareness to the level of a young hunter. To do this we need to spend time in the inner wilderness and find the bright magical subtle tiny light (represented by the feather) within our psyches that will trigger this whole process.

There is no doubt that an internal selection process has to be undertaken, one that develops sufficient sensitivity in order to truly differentiate between the false and the true king. This requires a lot of vigilance because the false ego will always command until it is absolutely dead. This is why we need the young hunter's awareness. The fact that the king is prepared to remove the hunter's head if he does not succeed with his quest indicates the urgency of this mission.

The four archetypes we mentioned earlier from the work of Dr Myss will exert their influence until the very end or the very beginning, depending on your point of view. Has your false ego died? Has the tyrant been replaced by the hunter born out of those intense trials?

Awaken early, early in the morning and stay in the consciousness of your own angelic form and you will dance in happiness – no matter what situation may come to disturb you, your happiness will finish this off.

Avyakt Murli

Another clue the story gives us is the time in which to *capture The Great Firebird*. Remember this most magical and mystical creature represents the highest spiritual presence of ourselves. It is not that the bird is God. However the feather came from the bird and the bird is caught at dawn. Again the highest teachings of Yoga stipulate that the early morning hours are the time to practice our yoga. This act of communion, or union, with The Source through soul-conscious meditation should occur as or just before the sun rises. In the stillness of the small hours, the magical communion occurs. The Great Firebird is not caught in the evening or afternoon. That is not to say that one cannot practice soul consciousness at any time but the early morning hours are the sweet magical time.

The purification of identity and soul is through experience, and only the purest experiences set us free. That's why the keynote of this tale is relationship. Love.

So go on, have a go, pick up that feather and love the inner world adventure. The purification of the ego involves the death of the old ruler. You know those old recordings and reactive behavior patterns that your dad or grandfather maybe used to express. You know the way your mother used to respond to things, possibly you respond in the same way. What about the patterns of behavior that you have been playing out all your life? Maybe you don't realize. This is subconscious conditioning. It's reactive. A recording in the psyche. An imprint that creates a behavioral tendency, a habit supported by an archetypal framework. We dissolve those habits by bringing the soul onto the throne. Get in touch with those sharp senses, the instinct. The story tells us that by getting in touch with instinct we can progress to soul communion or yoga.

Modern society and its conditioning influence has dulled our senses and numbed our instinctual awareness, replacing it with confusing radiations. Disharmony of an unnatural form. Get out of the house into the woods or by the ocean or a river. Look, listen, smell, feel, taste, like a hunter, be keen. Get in touch with that youthful zest you once had for life, and explore it. Reconnect with instinct, for even this modern world can't destroy that. Once reconnected, use it to go in and explore the inner wilderness. Walk in peace, with love. Find the feather, the reflection of mystical light that will lead you to who you truly are. It burns inside you, as an eternal fire and no amount of ignorance can ever put it out.

After The Wedding

The story ends at the wedding. We do know that they live happily ever after. Why and how is this so?

Herein lies the responsibility of the storyteller. What we are discussing here is a journey in personal transformation. Something that is experienced. Remember, these stories are centuries old. Inspired by life perhaps because it was foreseen that humanity would lose the path of happiness and oneness with creation and become vicious.

This realignment with natural will is no small thing. Separation has occurred and a false king has been born. This king is destined to die. Remember, all of these characters are part of our identity. This story illustrates the human condition. No one can be blind to the deep sadness that exists within, especially the masses of modern society. The consequence of over emphasized material-orientated behavior to the exclusion of soul consciousness. Through this story and many others like it, we are being shown a way out of the madness. Can anyone honestly say that the purpose of life is to be unhappy? Oh, dear, let's hope not. But, unconsciously or not, so many of us choose a path that not only generates sorrow, but also is accompanied by a deep underlying discontent. This occurs whether we are aware of it or not, and whether we admit it or not. We are all cells in the body of humankind, all connected to the collective consciousness.

As Kahlil Gibrain says, *“and as a single leaf turns not yellow without the silent knowledge of the whole tree.”* What is required is a shift in perspective. The modern day point of view is the old king’s way of looking at the world. This is destined to die. This has to be clearly understood. The modern world we are witnessing now will be destroyed. Like an old body ruined. Discarded in the purification process. A skin that has to be shed. Life is patient and its will is irresistible. This old world is like a rotten fruit within which is contained a seed. From out of this seed the new world is born. This is the wonder of nature, the wonder of life. Too many of us now are picking up the feather, the initiations have begun and the false king is bound to die.

The Eternal Soul

Consider the fact of the soul. Incarnation after incarnation it has experienced life in the material world. A non-physical entity in a world of form. However, the spirit of life, the child of God, expressing through soul, as soul, is not bound by any cycles or material laws. If, as so many religious schools of thought and pure philosophy believe, the world was once a perfect place, then we can imagine how souls came down from their land of peace into a land of happiness and began to create through being. So in tune, so perfectly married were the masculine and feminine elements of soul-awareness that the interaction with the material physical world was perfectly harmonious. That this world will come again is echoed by the story and of many of those schools of thought. Remember time is cyclic. This is also Einstein’s conclusion. It is also stated

in The Bible that God requires the past to come again in the future. What goes around comes around. Perhaps a perfect world exists even now and all we have to do is harmonize within in order to manifest it. The challenge is how to transition. If we accept the eternal nature of the soul, then what is unfolding is the harvest of what has been. What we are doing today therefore decrees what will be. The inheritance to come. The impression of an existence is recorded in the seed.

The Bible tells us that the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children for several generations. The recordings of perfection are carried in the soul seed, but so are the imperfections. What to do? The story calls for change. It calls for death of the old way and the birth of the new. Consider the nature of the journey and the intensity of the purification process. As Siv Baba likes to say, "This is not like a visit to your aunty's house." This is a very powerful experience. It suggests that something is coming that will wrench your grip of reality from out of the hands of ego and at the same time purify the awareness in a way that will shatter all previously held belief structures. Better watch out! The story tells us there is a way of achieving this consciously. Good questions to ask yourself are: Do you have the courage to walk that path, and will you embrace the certainty of what will be consciously or unconsciously?

The seeds of man were scattered by a wise and powerful hand, now harvest time draws near and The Farmer looks across the land.

Changes

Look around the world and nothing could be more obvious than the fact that a major shift is necessary. The amazing thing is that the changes we are all yearning for are actually occurring. Where do you think the real inspiration for this change is coming from? Politicians? A radical transformation is required, a transformation that, consciously or unconsciously, we are *all* participating in. The healthy choice is to undertake this transformation consciously. By *consciously choosing* to walk this path we can move towards our destiny gracefully. By choosing to act out your hero part by living your optimal destiny through consciously polishing the soul through your love of purity and love. This is *The Silent Revolution*. By resisting or ignoring the inevitable, we shall be dragged, kicking and screaming, torn from the illusions to which, in the ignorance of the eternal magnificence of ourselves, we cling. Do you have the courage to go through the boiling water experience willingly? Without being dragged there by the servants of your ego?

The fact that the Western modern world is being driven by capitalistic egomaniacs who have sufficient power to pull the strings of global politicians according to a predetermined business plan is hard to deny. Any amateur researcher who has spent a bit of time cruising the net couldn't help but realize that. If this is news to you or you want to check out a different point of view, try *The Protocols of The Learned Elders of Zion*. It seems that the great global monopoly game is being won by a

select few individuals whose ambition is greater than any pretended tribal loyalty.

The political has nothing in common with the moral. The ruler who is governed by the moral is not a skilled politician, and is therefore unstable on his throne. He who wishes to rule must have recourse both to cunning and to make-believe. Great national qualities, like frankness and honesty, are vices in politics, for they bring down rulers from their thrones more effectively and more certainly than the most powerful enemy. Such qualities must be the attributes of the kingdoms of the goyim, but we must in no wise be guided by them.

The abstraction of freedom has enabled us to persuade the mob in all countries that their government is nothing but the steward of the people who are the owners of the country, and that the steward may be replaced like a worn-out glove. It is this possibility of replacing the representatives of the people which has placed them at our disposal, and, as it were, given us the power of appointment.

Extracts from The Protocols of The Learned Elders of Zion

We hear much these days of all manner of so-called conspiracy theories. Various schools of thought offer their own unique insight and, based on their interpretation of reality, point the accusing finger at a colorful variety of villains, embracing the whole spectrum of imagination. Having invested many hours in this research myself, let me offer a word of advice. The nature of holographic reality is such that any individualized fragment of the holographic whole can only see things from its own point of

view and is incapable of defining the whole without being absolutely at peace with it all and looking within.

No matter how well meaning some of these visionaries are, the simple facts of universal life define the limitations of any individual perspective. Any attempt therefore to present the mystery of life in a tidy way with evil on this side and good on the other is oversimplifying the matter to a dangerous degree. I say dangerous because the polarization of self-opinionated right and wrong can, and very often does, lead to an intense crystallization of ego, which is exactly the root cause of all our problems in the first place. The only safe and healthy perspective is to align oneself internally with the essence of life, that aspect of being which is common to all individualized fragments of the whole.

This is an intimate relationship discovered within the silences of the soul and nowhere else at all. The drop cannot see the ocean but it can know its essence at any time. The keynote of this relationship is purity. Once enchanted by the love affair with essence, all other contemplative pursuits lose their allure. This is not where the crusader relinquishes his quest. It is at this point that he finds his grail. Without the magic of the presence of essence, there is no empowerment. The challenge is to become a suitable vessel for that essence. Here an attitude of innocent perception, of wonder, of compassion, of receptivity holds the empowerment. Without empowerment there is only theory. A wooden sign can be just as useful to

point the way. What is required in the world of human affairs today are revolutionaries who are living embodiments of the light and love that will attract a world of similar design. It is not enough anymore to be problem-focused, now is the time to embody the solution. The fuel for the required transformation from signpost to embodiment of a higher way is found within and is born only from intimate communion with the Highest on High.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most high shall abide under the canopy of protection of The Almighty.

Psalm 91

It is only by being truly rooted in this dynamic that one can maintain a sufficiently detached and enlightened perspective from which it may be safe to consider what follows. I absolutely discourage anyone from wading through reams of prose describing the manifestations of evil without first being established in a highly effective spiritual practice.

The conspiracy theories take on a darker twist when we approach the research of Mr. David Icke who contends, along with many others, and presents a very impressive argument for the fact, that the aforementioned learned Zionists are in bed with a lot of shape shifting aliens. It is at this point, according to the Icke school of thought, where horror story sci-fi merges with the politics of Satanism. If we then consult the point of view contained with *The Handbook For A New Paradigm* we are advised that this neat little plan orchestrated

by government lackeys, the forces of evil masquerading as aliens and such, is all designed to coincide with a cosmic universal event, reckoned to be around December time 2012. Word has it that a definite shift in universal seasons is about to occur. A window of cosmic opportunity is about to open so to speak.

As consciousness defines reality, it seems these dark forces are rather looking forward to an eternal picnic by generating sufficient chaos and fear within the collective consciousness of the human psyche at a very specific moment in time. The premise being that, when the energy shifts, if critical thresholds of terror and confusion are induced somehow, there will be an opportunity for them to herd millions of lost souls in such a way as to create a specific reality using human soul power as the raw materials for their rather depressing cosmic real estate venture. Terrified, fragmented soul seeds being used to plant a new world as the cosmic energy window of unlimited opportunity opens.

The controllers of humanity have done a pretty good job thus far of orchestrating events virtually unchallenged by the masses. Tearing down the walls of the bastions of political power is not what is called for here. However taking responsibility for one's inner vision most definitely is. No matter the degree of control being exercised by our programmers the fact still remains, we are generating this reality. Even if we are not directly responsible in terms of actions, the human sponsoring thought is magnetizing it all.

A twisted world, and we don't even have to embrace the Icke perspective to see it is a twisted world, has been born from the twisted psyche of its creator souls. The answer is simple, purify the psyche, enlighten the vision, and behold a pure world. Simple maybe, but easy? The great temptation when investigating this subject is to get stuck in its analysis. This is no way to solve the situation. What follows however, is.

Be Still and Know That I Am God

The spiritual path can be likened to climbing a large mountain. The first part of the journey ends at the top. Too many individuals, especially in spiritual institutions and organizations, content themselves by establishing a good base camp and from there directing others with the imagined authority of the masters of the peaks. Each one should look to themselves and see where they are camped.

The simple truth is that few will consciously choose to walk this path of initiation through complete purification. However, as we have mentioned before, the only choice we truly have is how we face this challenge. Death, the great initiator, waits just around the corner for all who do not ascend consciously the magnetism of materialism.

This great drama of life has us absolutely convinced that we are physical beings that have to do this or that. But matter is not the deeper truth of it. A spiritual being is a spiritual being, made in the likeness of God. The soul is a seed planted in the five-element kingdom. War is the consequence of

greed; greed the consequence of ignorance; ignorance an attribute of ego; ego a distorted sense of I. This false I is purified by life according to a deep and natural will. This is a natural failsafe mechanism. The children of God have gone out to play and become tangled up in the web of their own Karma. This is part of the game of life, and cycles are turning.

The light and love of God is like an unimaginable fire. It is from this fire that pure souls are forged. The hands of life are charged with the duty of bringing us to this place. Let us be ready for our time, feet shod with the gospel of peace.

Consciousness

The shifting sense of I is critical in determining how we perceive the world and our relation to it. It is from this perspective that our sphere of expression is determined. From the hub of I at the center of this spiraling sphere we create, and in doing so strike chords with life that are immediately recognized as harmonious or otherwise.

This sphere of expression is divided into clear arenas of identity within which we define ourselves and interface with other individual points of awareness spiraling out from their centers. It is in this way that the karmic web is formed. Consider the concept of reincarnation, and what a tangled affair it all must be. What or who is going to sort all this out? Are you?

Pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses our understanding.

Gibrain

All pain is a communication from life, a response to a situation. If we listen to the pain we can make the appropriate adjustments, if we ignore it then calamity is sure to follow. That this calamity is just around the corner there can be little doubt. Recent scientific predictions consider it a matter of a little more than a handful of years before our ecology has collapsed, the economic empire with its credit-based foundation is as fragile as a house of cards, every prophecy from Native American to Mayan to the Book of Revelations says the same thing. The writing is on the wall. The iron-aged ship of over consumptive greedy materialism is going down.

Like an old skin, nature is shedding the burden of modern civilization's disharmony. It seems we have gotten things back to front. Live spelled backwards is evil. Dancing to the tune of evil, the archetypal, devilish kingdom is playing its last waltz and, like the Titanic, the unsinkable is going down. The physical form is part of the physical world and body consciousness drags the soul's focus outward into a world that has had its chips. The challenge is to resist this magnetism and surrender to the pull from within. The only escape route from the destruction of material form is within oneself. The only way out is through oneself. Coming to know oneself and to act accordingly is the best medicine, not only for body and soul, but also for the whole world and every soul in it. Awakening to the truth of one's eternal, imperishable nature is the most powerful

contribution one can make to a silent revolution that is now sweeping the world.

The great news is that as hell on Earth becomes all the more tangible for many, simultaneously Heaven on Earth also appears. The only thing that defines which version of reality you experience is *the law of harmony*. Many of us today are experiencing an ascension in every aspect of our lives, and if the truth be told, the reason why the toxic war-driven corporate world is crumbling is because many of us are awakening to the deeper truths of who we truly are and the nature of the reality in which we are embedded. As more and more of us as individuals let in the light of our own illuminated consciousness, the more that light shows up in the world around us, and the sooner the darkness disappears.

The Source

So what is this Source and where is it? It says in The Bible that we are made the image of God, does that mean God has a physical body? No. It means we have a spiritual nature that is our true identity. When people talk of God, and say God is this, that, or the other, what they are really saying is, “my concept of God is this, that, or the other.” If we don’t even know our own true identity then how can we know God? If we are not immersed in the experience of who we truly are, then how can we experience this ultimate relationship in life?

Know thyself and presume not God to scan, the proper study of mankind is man. -Alexander Pope

The physical form is the instrument through which we express. In its original form, the soul mind is pure and at one with the mind of source; this is reflected in perfectly harmonious feelings, thoughts, words, and actions. Consider the levels of health a human being would experience if this were the case. What sort of a world would it be if everyone in it was like this? What sort of a world was it? What sort of a world will it be again after the destruction of the veil (another anagram of live and evil) and its entangled creation? William Shakespeare once wrote that *all the world's a stage and we are the players who merely play their parts*. These matters warrant the deepest consideration. Could the soul be an eternal entity incarnating continuously in a cyclic drama? An actor projecting a physical form onto the stage of life? The challenge of life is to awaken from the dream that we are the character the soul is playing.

We emanated from Supreme Grace.

From the powerful ocean that descended from the sun.

We came from Heaven.

Distributed in waves we surfed here from the sun.

In flight from above.

Ancient Hawaiian chant

As we become increasingly convinced that we are physical beings in a physical world, then we become increasingly entangled in that world. Every thought, word, and action has a consequence, an energetic effect. This is how the concept of Karma is fuelled. It means what you sow you shall reap. It means that if I harbor negative emotions, then I will attract negative situations and people, and not only

that but I will scar the soul and carry that with me as I go forward through the cycle. Everything has to become pure. So what will purify the soul? Will healthy food? Of course not. Will positive thoughts? Well, what are these thoughts based upon? Are thoughts like, "I am a happy, healthy, super successful man/woman," based upon body consciousness or soul consciousness? The only thing ego body consciousness generates is sorrow. There is temporary happiness, but along with that is fear and worry of loss.

The ego is attached to all sorts of things and worries, subconsciously, that these will be taken away. The only attitude that purifies the soul and permits a firm foundation for peace and happiness is purity in thought. This is a one-pointed attitude with a single focus: the relationship of soul to source, of child to parent. The source is the only energy with sufficient light and love to purify the child. So take a deep breath and look up within and open your heart to your source. There is simply nothing better for your health.

Throw off Your Chains, from the sayings of White Eagle:

"The Great Spirit, the Golden One will not fail to lift you up if you will allow it. You keep yourselves in bondage, in chains. Throw off the chains of this earthly darkness and see your self as you truly are, a son/daughter of the spiritual sun. However difficult your pathway is, daily seek the glory of the God-life. Soar in your higher mind and know that the light is the re-creative force which will flow through you, causing

every ill to fade out of your body and crooked places to be made straight”

This is the deep healing work. Not only does this inner activity have a profound effect on one’s physiology, more importantly it heals the wounds of the soul. It says in The Bible that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children for generations to follow. This explains why the seeds of those trees bent over in the storm will still grow as twisted trunks even if you change their environment. It also explains why so many children are born into disease. What have they done to “deserve” such suffering we ask, innocent as they are? The soul-conscious perspective sheds great light on these questions. It isn’t necessarily that these individuals are being “punished” for previous bad actions; it is simply an indication of how rotten the whole thing is. Our internal culture is poisoned and therefore so is our world.

As we draw back and have the courage to see things from an eternal perspective, we can see that, in these kinds of circumstance life is communicating to us through starving children and war torn communities, and we can rest assured that the souls of our loved ones are being purified for happier times to come. This applies to all events in life. Instead of bothering so much with their details, if we truly wish to be of service, then we should attend to this inner condition, for in doing so we not only help our eternal-selves, but the whole of humanity.

The disease of false ego body consciousness is at epidemic proportions, and that is the root cause of

all this suffering. The powerful medicine of Godly orientation from soul consciousness is the only known antidote. Take as much as you like daily and enjoy.

All disease is a consequence of disharmony between the actions of the personality and the will of the soul.

Dr. Edward Bach 1941

By embracing humility concentrated with certainty, the knowingness of deservability, and surety of the connection or communion in love, and above all commitment to this relationship, guarantees results. We are the God of our internal universe and we need to take responsibility for the fact that we wield the power of creation through our thoughts, words, and actions. We literally sculpt reality from the substance of creation. Our very feeling states magnetize the life experience that appears to be around us.

Distance to Source

Path presupposes distance; If He be near, no path needest thou at all.

Verily it maketh me smile to hear of a fish in water athirst.

Kabir

Paramahansa Yogananda tells us that Kabir was a great 16th-Century saint whose large following included Hindus and Moslems. At the time of Kabir's death the disciples quarreled over the manner of conducting the funeral ceremonies. The exasperated master rose from his final sleep and

gave his instructions: “Half of my remains should be buried with the Moslem rites,” he said. “Let the other half be cremated with a Hindu sacrament.” He then vanished. When the disciples removed the shroud that had covered his body, nothing was found but a beautiful array of flowers.

We often here talk of the spiritual path to enlightenment and yet the wisest teachings tell us that what we seek we already are. It is our experience that counts: that which we are aware of. The only thing that undergoes a journey of change is the awareness. Like a tiny seed opening underground and journeying upward towards the light, as we discover the subtle truth of our eternal inner nature, our experience of life shifts accordingly. In truth there is no distance to source and yet the great divide between a false sense of identity and our eternal home may seem impossible to traverse.

Attitude

Whether we are aware of it or not our sense of identity defines our attitude. Attitude is the thing that magnetizes life experience. What then is the optimum attitude to nurture, the primary feeling state to embody that allows the free flow of our internal goodness to extend out into the world of form? It can be summed up in one word: forgiveness. Try this experiment. Look at any human being. Someone you know or someone you don't. Take a good look and then immediately begin to extend forgiveness towards them. Even if you have nothing to forgive them for, pretend you

have, just to find the feeling, the attitude of forgiveness. What does it feel like? How is it different from the previous attitude you engaged or projected with? You see, this is a very deep secret; there is nothing more critical than attitude. Compassion is the highest attitude. Forgiveness is the core of compassion. The hunter was obliged by the outcome of the story to forgive Vasselisa and we are obliged to forgive everything and everyone.

The reasoning faculties cannot shed light on man's ultimate being. The human mind like the phenomenal world that it cognizes, is in perpetual flux and can yield no finalities. Intellectual satisfaction is not the highest goal. The seeker of God is the real lover of vidya, unchangeable truth; all else is avidya, relative knowledge.

Paramahansa Yogananda

The great mystical poet, Rumi, talks about the necessity on the spiritual path of being a lover. Only a lover is welcome in the secret garden, and the highest expression of love is compassion.

Through the continued practice of a soul conscious attitude, our compassion becomes enlightened. Along with the extension of forgiveness comes the blessing of illuminated consciousness. If compassion is the attitude that flows out into the world of form, what then is the internal attitude?

Lotus Consciousness Attitude

Very often upon the spiritual path we here reference made to a lotus flower. In Hatha yogic systems the

crown chakra is sometimes called the thousand petalled lotus. Let us consider this useful analogy and see if we can recognize the value of this attitude, and how best we can apply it. The lotus is a very beautiful flower which floats on the surface of water. The flower is connected by a long shoot to roots in the mud of the lake or pond etc. Within this image we have a very accurate representation of what becoming soul conscious is all about. Above and below the surface of the water are two very distinct worlds. This represents the two contrasting modes of consciousness between which we oscillate. The one below the surface of the water is the material, physical world, the other, above the surface, is the spiritual world or soul consciousness.

The image of the lotus flower floating in serenity on the surface of the world tells us where to position our awareness. If we can establish ourselves on the higher side of that very thin yet critical dividing line then we are well positioned to receive the warmth of the light of the sun, symbolic of our spiritual source. We can practice this now. Simply close your eyes and allow your awareness to drift up within. Feel for that higher world. Break the surface of the conscious mind and float there a while. Feel for the warmth of your spiritual sun and look for its light. This is the internal orientation to return to constantly if we sincerely desire to fulfill our destinies.

As spiritual beings we have become trapped in the web of over-identification with our physicality. No matter the considerations relating to physical health, if we are contemplating them from the false

perspective of the false identity, we are doing ourselves a disservice and not really acknowledging the root cause of our restlessness and disease. Practicing a lotus-conscious internal attitude is a means of liberating ourselves from this trap. It is also the place to receive the best insight into what strategies to apply to our daily lives for the betterment of not only our own existence but also the world as a whole. On the higher side of that subtle line is the inspiration, illumination, and super sensuous joy that cannot be found below it. This is a fascinating process. This is The Silent Revolution.

Another example worth considering which illustrates the same point is that of a candle. Consider the image of a burning candle. You may like to light one and settle in to this contemplation. Look at the flame and compare it to the body of the candle. Here again, two distinctly different aspects of the same thing. This is symbolic of the two distinct realities available to a human being. If we stray below the surface of the water i.e. within the realm of physical consciousness of our own minds then we are like candles without flames, however, if we rise and position our awareness above that surface then we become illuminated in varying degrees, proportionate to the quality of surrender within our attitude. The heat, energy and light of the burning candle are, by comparison to the body of the candle, a magical element when active i.e. lit. It is the purpose of the candle fulfilled.

What is required in the world today is not a new materially oriented system or political strategy but

the lighting of these candles. It is when we are burning with the purpose of our true identity and on the mission that life wants us to fulfill that we become truly happy and therefore healthy. The Ayurvedic medicinal model shines a bright light on the connection between negative thoughts and feelings and physical toxicity. A soul living out of tune with its internal purpose is bound to suffer. The purpose of the seed is to become the tree and to bear the fruit of that. Without this establishment in soul consciousness, the lotus attitude, the seed cannot fulfill its potential and disease is an automatic and entirely predictable consequence.

The whole of matter is affected by consciousness. The whole drama of manifest creation is for the benefit of the spiritual beings that give it life. When the consciousness is lotus-like, the soul seed is purified and the impurities within the mind that distract us and confuse us from our purpose become cleared. As this process occurs we automatically grow into our natural state of being. It should be clearly understood that this is an act of cleansing. During any purging, depending on the degree of impurity buried within its structure, any entity will go through a metamorphosis, a form of death and renewal. The thing our sense of I is most strongly identified with will dictate whether this process is joyful or excruciating.

The concept that a shift can be made from worldly misery into heavenly bliss without the destruction of the outward manifestations of the former belief systems is not true. As consciousness shifts within

individual souls and more and more individuals begin to embrace a more accurate sense of their own nature, relationship to source and relationship with the outer world, then the quicker we shall witness the utter transformation of all things physical. By adjusting our internal attitudes and allowing the light to shine in we develop powerful natural consciousness, this is yoga power and it transforms the world.

Judgment and denial create ruptures in the flow of Life. The universe immediately fills those ruptures with the very thing your objections denied.

Love Without End – Jesus Speaks

Judgment and Love are opposites. From one comes all the sorrows of the world and the other the Peace of God.

A Course In Miracles

The nature of spirit and enlightened spiritual beings is neutral, loving, wanting, and supportive. It is the disruption of this outflow of our inner being, primarily by our egoic judgments that causes discordant patterns in the psyche. Pure spirit then flows through these patterns, and what we get is discord manifest. This may be in the form of disease, war, toxicity, or whatever.

This present life experience is the sum total of the ones that have preceded it. The personality is driven by attitudes that have scarred the soul like grooves on a record and around these grooves our major issues revolve. The things that define us are ingrained into who we are. Like it or not we are bound by these sanskaras and they form the

absolute foundation of the character we play in this drama. We may say, oh, my father influenced me, or it was where I grew up, but all of these are external factors that manifest in accordance with the law of karma so that we will become exactly who we need to be in order to play our predestined role on the stage. This is the drama of karma. What we are watching is a film. The screen is life, and the body I function through is on the screen. It is the ultimate virtual reality show. A perfect interactive experience that I, the soul, can sense. Life on the physical plane is a movie with a predestined script that we are bound to play. It is predestined because what is occurring now is the consequence of what has gone before. What has gone before will be again. When does it start? It starts, now.

There must be some way outta here said the joker to the thief. There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.

Hendrix

Now consider this: every groove in the soul has been created by my thoughts, words, and actions. These thoughts, words, and actions revolve around the hub of I, my sense of identity. Here the web of karma spins, trapping me in its magnetic pull. As soon as I become overly identified with the physical, material world I am pulled into it. I lose my true sense of I and begin to define myself by things around me and my relationship to them. The only way out of this is to reorient and become introspective instead of extroverted. As soon as one begins the exploration within, things start to change. However the only really effective way to remove oneself from the web is to return to the

source. Bringing God or the G- factor into the equation really starts things shifting, and this is where most individuals fail.

There are so many so-called spiritual paths, but real spiritual practice is the exact science of liberating the soul from the tangle of the karmic web. It is a precise surgical operation requiring a degree of precision that only a master surgeon has the capacity to employ. These things are not easy to write about. Consider the soul to be like an exquisite spiritual diamond so tiny that it is smaller than an atom. Herein is a great wonder. Because of its interaction with matter, this tiny diamond like point of light, this star, has gathered within it impurities. These flaws in this priceless spiritual diamond are manifesting as dysfunctional behavior on the Earth plane. Now, how are we to purify those impurities? The truth of it is no one in this world can. There are no positive thinking courses or doctors to help with this project, but there is the yoga of pure meditation. By practicing Yoga, we are consciously returning the soul to the source for purification in the sacred fires of accurate introspection. *Tapasya* is a Hindi word for this method which we shall explore later on. Do we see how simple this model is? There is the world outside and there is the inner world. Somewhere in the inner world is the point of I, this point of I can consciously “return” to the source for regeneration, rejuvenation, and purification. The only choice one has to make is to do it consciously, because there is no choice about having to go there. All souls will become pure because all souls are essentially pure. The choice is, do we do it willingly and in bliss, or

do we experience it through pain and suffering as one by one everything we hold dear and that supports a false sense of identity, is torn away. This great return to innocence is an internal attitude of surrender to the love above in gratitude and total trust.

Meditate unceasingly that you quickly behold yourself as the infinite essence, free from every form of misery.

Lahiri Mahasaya

The Age of Confluence

*For you shall go out in joy and be led forth in peace
The mountains and the hills before you shall break forth
into singing*

And all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands

Isaiah 55:12

Confluence refers to a coming together of various energies. If we consider several rivers converging at the same point to form one, we have an accurate illustration of confluence. Energetically we are in a time of unquestionable flux. Two great rivers of unimaginable power are running into each other now, one is the past and the other the immediate future. In truth, however, they are but one.

We understand from the clearest schools of scientific thought that time is cyclic and not linear. That means great cycles are turning and our history lies not only behind us but also in before us. In the Bhagavad-Gita, the sacred Hindu text, a battle unfolds; at the end of the battle weapons of fire are used. It seems as if the story is relating to the use of

nuclear weapons. How could this be so, nearly 5,000 years ago? A scientific study was carried out once to investigate this question, and core samples of the Earth were taken near Delhi, the scene of this supposed war. Sure enough, deep down in the ground, high levels of radioactivity were found that one would associate with nuclear activity. What does this mean? Within the Raja Yoga model, we understand that the ages turn, and that the cycle has nearly turned full circle. The Confluence Age is the time where the last age, the Iron Age, the age of gross materialism, merges with The Golden Age, the beginning again of the cycle, and the return to innocence. The reference to nuclear weapons in ancient texts appears many times throughout history and Michael Tsarion (Taroscopes.com) has done great work in collating it all.

The Confluence Age is a time of unique opportunity. It is the moment in the cycle where the wayward soul is brought to its senses and becomes aware of its real identity. This can be an exceedingly blissful and rapturous experience, or immensely distressing, as ones sense of identity, the very hub of my existence, is, by the hands of nature, prized away from all that I previously identified with. As the new literally replaces the old, immense chaos is felt. Chaos is the underlying pattern of nature. It is a perfectly natural phenomenon out of which perfect order flows. We see this in ocean waves generated by a storm. The atmospheric pressure upon the ocean's surface is at first chaotic, but once away from the epicenter of the storm, these patterns naturally become organized and regular. Even to the extent that oceanographers can

predict, thousands of miles away, the frequency and wavelength of the approaching swell. As surfers, we can prepare in advance of the forthcoming waves. As soul surfers riding the waves of change, we can do the same.

The Golden Age is the age of Heaven upon Earth. Make of it what you will, the opportunity is unlimited, bound only by what you dare to dream and then live. At this time, the time of confluence, massive shifts are occurring. Natural calamities are increasing in intensity as the elements begin to purify themselves. A definite sense of eruption is in the air, as if any moment soon the festering boil of human poison will burst. Political leaders and thinly disguised dictators do as they please, fulfilling a hidden agenda with devilish undertones. The war for oil continues at the expense of countless lives as the battle for materialistic domination reaches its crescendo. Scientists tell us that it is only a handful of years before our ecology collapses. When viewed from the inside, this is all very depressing, however, within the chaos of destruction is a place of deep peace. It is a place found within, and the only place to go to escape the inevitable. The key to unlock the door of this silent room within is knowledge. This is a cycle. The cycle has to turn. We are not the body, we never were. We are not even truly the soul. We are the spirit of life, individualized, conscious feeling, awake and aware.

The construction of a grossly materialistic civilization is the end result of perceptions based on misconception. It is the natural consequence of the evolution of ignorance, and its destruction is

guaranteed. The secret to riding these waves is inner vision. Through the fires of destruction, and from beneath the shifting plates, another world is born. The energetic template, the blueprint for the new world, is already being created, and waits just behind the veil of illusion we have drawn over our eyes. As the confluence of ages intensifies, so too, on the battlefield of our minds, will the polarization of two distinctly opposite sides. On the one will be the way of the modern world based upon the outdated laws of materialism, on the other will be the way of soul and The Source. Over identification, emotional attachment with the level of reality that is being restructured will generate immense sorrow. Alignment with our true, eternal, indestructible self will guarantee a ride of incomparable wonder. The fruit of all our yearnings sits swollen inside the soul and The Confluence Age is the harvest of it all. Why is it the harvest? Because it is happening now.

History repeats itself generation after generation because of judgment and denial which creates ruptures in the flow of life. The universe fills the ruptures quickly with the very thing your objections denied.

Your immortality is not imprisoned within a wheel of life, or pathway of cause and effect. Neither are you the product of linear evolution. You were created in perfection and perfect love.

Jesus Speaks, by Glenda Green

For me the most amazing gift of life is that of free will. As one becomes more soul conscious, more aware, then one becomes more at one with the

eternal nature of one's essence. This Godly quality of spiritual freedom is in no way bound by a mechanical, churning universe. Liberation is a natural state of being. The only thing that shackles us to an eternally repeating cycle is our own identification with it. If you want to leave the jail then let go of your identification with being a prisoner.

The Body-Soul Connection

The illness of name and form is the disease of the soul
Baba

We should be pretty clear now, at least in theory, how these two relate. What I would like to do here is to emphasize how important a pure diet is in this process. When I do my weekly fasting days either 24 or 36 hours once a week, only taking pure water, I experience such clarity of mind. Everything we ingest, drink, and breathe passes into the bloodstream in some digested form. The whole body is a biochemical miracle. All foods break down into biochemicals which affect the internal stasis in some way or another. Pure internal fluids (blood and lymph) give great clarity. One only has to have a shot of wheatgrass juice to realize this. Inner stability and peace is directly related to this biochemical stasis. All thought activity generates neuropeptides, which are chemical messengers. When the brain is vibrating in a delta wave frequency, as experienced in deep yoga, then the optimal hormonal stasis is produced. There are so many chemicals in the atmosphere and unnatural foods. Some of these chemicals create chaos within

by blocking neural pathways of communication and destroying brain synapses.

All of the approximately 100 trillion cells in the body communicate with the brain constantly. If they are vibrating in chaos then what is the feedback to the soul? How can a depressed physiology communicate anything else other than depression? Everything digested goes into the blood, and the blood flows eventually through the brain. If we are sincere in our quest for the experience of who we are, then purity in bodily fluids greatly enhances this experience. Within the ancient Indian Ayurvedic medicinal model, all of the toxicity within us gives a physical form to the totality of the negative energies that we harbor inside. This is a dreadful thought and a clear fact, from my point of view. We are all familiar with the symbology of the devil and angel within who wrestle for possession of the soul. According to Ayurveda, by allowing toxicity and filth to accumulate within the bodily temple we give substance to the devil's form. From here physicality is most easily influenced as a very definite form of biological possession occurs. In the Raja Yoga model this poisonous influence is called Ravan. As soon as the spiritual child, the soul, begins the shift into body consciousness, ego Ravan is born. Ravan is an archetypal energy, the blend of the vices born from the spiritual child's over identification with the world of form.

The components of ego are insecurity (fear), ignorance, and arrogance (pride). The ego is proud of its achievements. Attachment follows. More

desires, and soon anger, when the arrogant child cannot have what it wants. Greed, gluttony, lust, all combine. Can you imagine the power that these archetypal forces have over us as the vibrations of these internal conditions anchor themselves in the world of form? Situations in the world, like the German Holocaust, ethnic cleansing, pedophiles, and every manifestation of evil, are this internal condition manifesting on the physical plane. The outer world is the level of effect, but it is not the level of causation. The reason why these situations manifest and will continue to do so is because this is “the devil’s world”. This is Ravan’s kingdom. Every single one of us, every soul on Earth at this time is, to one degree or another, contributing energetically to this archetypal dilemma. We are all feeding Ravan through our fears, greed, anger, attachments, and all aspects of the ego. The word from God is to recognize this situation and to withdraw our co-operation.

Now God was ordering His children to conquer lust, to destroy all their weaknesses, bad habits, and body-consciousness and to become his angels once again .The battle was on.

Extracts from Adi Dev

The first commandment of the Christian path is to love the Lord thy God with all your heart and mind and soul. The same as Raja Yoga’s fundamental principle. Staying in Godly remembrance allows us to withdraw our emotional energies from the outside world and to imbibe the only energy capable of dissolving the impurities in our minds. These impurities are nothing less than evil spirits. They

are a form of energetic possession in the sense that they drive our actions and blind us to the simple truth of who we actually are. These energetic demons are anchored in impurity. The result of a blocked bowel or long-term inappropriate food combining is filthy blood, and this is the perfect atmosphere for Ravan's affairs. One should realize that the whole world of form and everything in it at the end of the Iron Age is in a degraded state.

It isn't that by eating raw foods I become pure. The vices i.e. ego, lust, anger, attachment, and greed, etc. can be fully manifest in a super healthy looking individual. What we are considering here is a spiritual situation. Remember the words of St. Paul: *we wrestle not with flesh and blood*. However there is no doubt about it that toxic biology is a definite factor in the equation. All food and substance has its own vibrations, and absorbs vibrations from the atmosphere that we create. When we gorge ourselves on mass produced foods from the system, we absorb the vibrations of the very qualities from which the system has formed. We know that these vibrations are violent, aggressive, and greedy. This is a far cry from the spirit we wish to embody. These are powerful notions to consider. The pure awareness of soul consciousness is master of mind and form, however, until we are well along in our journey, it lends great assistance to our quest when we look to these simple matters of health.

We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the

darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. – Ephesians 6:12

The Nature of Soul

There is no doubt that the soul contains our true identity and that by becoming soul conscious and developing the sensitivity to love within and discover the unlimited riches of Oneself is the method of self realization.

This soul then, what is it? Remember the hunter marries Vasselisa, not the horse. The oldest teachings that form the basis of the Deity religion which predates the origins of Christianity by three thousand years tells us that the soul is a point of light made in the image of God. If I am made in the image of God, and I am a soul, then is God also a soul, The Ultimate Soul? The main difference, according to yoga, is that I, the soul, come out of the soul world dimension and enter the world of matter and form, whereas God just stays at home or, in other words, my Source energy never changes it's frequency, wavelength or configuration. It is always vibrating, within me, singing its perfect keynote and offering me a total haven of peace, a sanctuary of love and an unlimited supply of light.

We know how kids like to get out and about and discover things, don't we? This point of light is what descends into the five-element world. Originally, the soul is full of virtues and powers, but gradually, as the ego evolves, the sense of self loses touch with these inner riches. The soul never loses its connection with its source but "I" becomes

unaware of that connection. The key to successful living is to nurture a soul conscious *attitude*, in order to restore that conscious connection and fill the soul with the light and love of God, and therefore restore itself to pristine purity. Sounds fun doesn't it?

Would you like to try it?

Part VI

The Experience

The Law of Karma

“Do unto others that which you would have done unto yourselves”

J.C.

The law of karma is a simple law of cause and effect. As creator souls we have a sphere of influence that affects the world of form. Our belief system, which turns on the hub of our sense of identity, generates reality constantly. Thoughts, words, actions creating feelings, sculpt the outer world drama so that through our resonant being we constantly design our futures through nothing more than our vibrational presence. The law of karma is balance and harmony. Every action has a consequence. Accounts are kept, and over time, through incarnations, these accounts are settled. As eternal souls incarnating into this web we are bound by our own previous actions to balance the accounts of karma and the characters we play and mistakenly consider to be ourselves, are predestined by the previous consequences to play out the roles in the drama that balance those accounts. As awakening souls, then, we should accept the responsibility of karmic law and look ahead. What we are living today is the consequence of time gone by. What we will live in the future will be dictated by how we behave today. But how far into the future does our

behavior today have an effect, and just how long can this discord continue?

The Consequences of “Not Getting Married”

“The Wedding,” as we have previously discussed, is symbolic of our sense of I merging with soul consciousness. If we choose not to do this consciously, what can we expect will be the consequences?

The brilliant study of personality types conducted by the Enneagram Institute clearly demonstrates how personal issues revolve around a powerful and largely unconscious emotional response to the loss of contact with *the core of self*.

Very briefly, the Enneagram teachings show us that personalities fall into nine fundamental categories and that each one of us functions through a dominant type. Each type has nine levels of expression, ranging from healthy through average to unhealthy. Various factors combine to produce the challenge of ascending through the levels to the healthy area of expression. Regardless of these factors, the fundamental issue is proximity to core self. As soon as contact is lost then the shift into disharmonious expression has begun. We could conclude, therefore, that the healthiest and highest expressions of our personality denote contact with our essence. This may even be a subconscious state of being rather than through any conscious personal development strategy, a “natural” so to speak. However for many of us, we experience the fluctuations through the different levels, and indeed

the frustration of constant stress born out of this core problem of dissociation from the core self. How beautiful that in the Enneagram context the word is “contact.” Obviously this denotes feeling, and supports our previous ideas that feelings activate human potential.

Know thyself was a well-worn maxim of yesteryear and never more important than today. In a society which literally obliges its citizens to define themselves in an extremely unnatural way it is easy to see why so many of us experience the stress that results as soon as personality and soul consciousness divorce.

The fact that the nine personality types and their sub-types can be perfectly mathematically expressed is further evidence of the way life is geometrically organized. Similar to the way an accurate astrologer will be able to predict events, and how they are responded to, the Enneagram system indicates the absolute precision with which life works. Each soul is bound to a particular dominant personality type, which guarantees through emotional response the specific feeling experience necessary for the completion of that particular soul. There are more than six billion souls currently interrelating on the world drama stage and this experience involves a precise energetic relationship with the five-element creation that has to unfold in an exact way in order to provide each soul with the exact experience required. Merely contemplating this momentarily, especially considering the depth and substance of the feeling element alone, gives us more than a little

insight into the exquisite precision involved in what appears to many to be a chaotic scenario.

The eternal world drama is the wonder of nature itself. Like an epic story of unimaginable content, its script unfolds for the benefit of the children of The Creator.

The characters in the drama are playing out their parts according to the unfolding of karmic law. The drama can only unfold in the way it *is* unfolding. Every thought, word, and action has a consequence. The field upon which these consequences are experienced is the world drama. Extremely impure actions are the extreme externalization of inner impurity. The psyche becomes twisted and gross as soon as the soul loses its innocence.

The consequences of this inner condition have to be played out on the stage, and the different characters we, the souls, choose to play behave according to the script our inner stage has defined. All of the discord and disharmony in our reality is accurate biofeedback screaming at the soul to become pure once again. The wonderful thing is that the power to purify the soul is an x-factor of unlimited potential. Bringing this juice into the mix guarantees that things are going to change. It is interesting to note that atomic energy is released in nuclear explosions only when the frequencies of energy, that had been disturbed during the creation of the bomb, are allowed to *return* to their original nature. Do not underestimate the power of your own love filled inner peace.

This shift in consciousness, as illustrated by the tale, is only the beginning of the journey. After the wedding comes the celebration, and then the honeymoon. The “life lived happily ever after” is the experience we discover through our own inner relationship with God. This is a personal love affair to be experienced. It is the result of the marriage. From my experiences the consequences of refusing this movement toward completion are demonstrated by the fate of the false king. What the story is telling us is that salvation of the spirit from slavery to the ego is available and depends on becoming soul conscious. However this move is an act of love. It is not enough to simply have a theoretical relationship with The Source. The Yoga of accurate knowledge of one’s authentic identity has to be fuelled by the heart. The contemplation of this knowledge through the experience of this yoga has to be felt and explored as a loving relationship. It is the consequential feelings of real union with The True Self that brings genuine health to the soul and body.

Within every cell there is a light. There is also an environment which is directly affected by how we think and feel. The degree of brightness within the cell is related to our consciousness, our spark, our inner fire. This fire burns with the light of knowledge. Soul conscious yoga stokes this fire. It says in The Bible that when vision is lost the people perish. Why is this so? Well, vision illuminates or dulls our brain according to its nature. In industrial society we have to consider what is the vision we are harboring and how illuminated is it?

The so-called Golden Brain experience is a foundation of Eastern martial arts healing practices such as Tai Chi and Chi Kung. Without The Golden Brain experience, i.e. a bright inner vision, the energy system within the body doesn't flow, that is why these Orientals advise the inner smile. However, as we know only too well, if you are tuned exclusively into life in modern industrial society it's sometimes impossible to smile. The inner smile activates certain energy centers within the brain that enhance energy flow through and around the being. This flow, which is generated by a peaceful brain, is the natural consequence of a being at peace with itself and its world. If one's inner vision is distorted or fearful, a subtle and not so subtle form of neurosis sets in which is detrimental to the general health. Combining simple exercises, such as yoga and Chi Kung, is an efficient way to enhance energy flow. Maintaining a golden inner vision is simply the foundation of health.

Vision.

Where there is no vision, the people perish.

Proverbs

The preceding quote from The Bible carries with it a poignant reminder of just how critical a factor vision is within the health equation. The reason why this is so can be attributed to the fact that our inner vision is the basis upon which we construct our lives. It is our vision that drives all thought, word, and action. At the hub of our vision, the epicenter of our creative vortex, is our sense of identity. Who we perceive ourselves to be, how in

touch I am with my true inner nature, is the axis around which my sphere of expression revolves.

Let us consider the vision of an *average* member of modern society in the Western world. He or she is looking at global warming, the planet dying, national crises, war, pedophiles, maybe she or he has their own health problems, work is hectic, maybe they're in debt, the neighbor has just been diagnosed with cancer, perhaps the car has recently broken down and the politicians cannot be trusted, etc. Get the picture? What's the vision? Where is that person going? What is the inner state like? And how does that affect cellular health? Vision is critical to health, and yet no matter how physically healthy we become, one day the body will be shed, and then what? Consciousness interfaces with every cell in the body, when our vision is unenlightened and depressed, it is not possible to experience health on any level.

A soul conscious vision includes eternity. We see the soul as an eternal part of life. Something indestructible, truly a child of God. This soul is on a journey. This journey is cyclic. Where we are now is the result of previous actions that have generated karma and that karma has to be lived out in this great world drama. Feelings play such an important part in this.

Consider the fact that every thought, word, and action creates a biochemical response in the body. Thoughts affect physiology and physiology affects thoughts. Thoughts are electrochemical events. What we think affects the way we feel and the way

we feel affects the way think. It is said that we are something like 70-90% water; it is not pure water but a biochemical solution. Bodily fluids with a biochemical stasis.

Holding the highest vision is vital to our health. Being in real contact with our true essence, our core nature, that which we truly are, not how the world has defined us or we have allowed ourselves to be molded to by the dictates of a society out of touch with its soul. The basis of this higher vision is founded upon feeling relationship through yoga. Only reunion with what we have imagined we have become separate from can provide the inner vision that will lift the awareness far above the distressing manifestations of the world of form. The vehicle for this ascent is your own sense of I, and the fuel is nothing less than one's yearning for the peace and bliss of the love and light of God.

The highest teachings of yoga tell us that we are a soul, and that the soul is a bodiless point of light infinitesimally small. Within this light is Life. The essence of life contained within a microdot of consciousness. We are living in a holographic universe, each particle of creation is a miniature version of the whole. Every part of a hologram has an individualized perspective on the whole picture but only from its own point of view. This is a fascinating and relevant point. We all have the whole truth within us and looking for it outside of ourselves guarantees that we can never find it. Just like a cell contains the blueprint for the whole body, the soul contains the essence of the lives it will live, the future incarnations.

As a child of God, the soul contains the nature of God, this is our original nature. Shifting one's perspective in life, becoming more detached from the role we are playing, is adopting the point of view of The Source. This individual point is on a journey and this is the gift of life, the precious gift of individuality. We, as souls, are light, intelligence, power which is will or freedom to choose and love, universal love, the substance out of which all things manifest. Holding this vision is very good for the health. There is no anxiety here, no shame, and no anger. The soul has its own eternal qualities that are inherent within it. These qualities are love and peace, security. The soul also has virtues and powers.

Because we have fallen out of touch with our essence, it is necessary to practice getting back in touch. This requires moments of stillness and introspection. Feelings show the way, this is an inner journey. The keynote is love; remember this is a love story. The Yoga of Love is a feeling experience. We are talking about the most intimate relationship here. This is our own personal and private love affair, and there is nothing more important, nothing more necessary, and nothing better for one's health.

Individuals are called to this path when they become disenchanted with the way the world is going, very often after some shocking event occurs. Anything to do with death almost always promotes interest in this direction as well. The trick is to do it consciously without the need of too much shocking encouragement; after all it's the answer to

all our problems, and from the eternal viewpoint, the best way to invest in our future. This is what Jesus meant by “Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall I add unto thee.”

This is soul work. In the Bhagavad-Gita, the hero, the archer Arjuna, is in his chariot on the battlefield. The Lord Krishna, symbolic of the presence of God, is driving his chariot, this tells us that we cannot do it ourselves; we need to reconnect with our Source and humbly develop a relationship with The Creator. This is the creation, that is The Creator. Can the creation tell The Creator what to do? Becoming soul conscious is the first step in allowing the light and love of God to penetrate the soul. The soul is exhausted. Confused. Lost after lifetimes of interaction with the material world. It's time to surrender. The philosophical foundations of this material orientated society are crumbling away because they are not accurate. What we are all consciously or subconsciously seeking is not found in this world. We have to make an effort to shift our awareness away from the physical, towards the spiritual, through the subtle processes of introspection. The path to God is not outside of us but within.

The stress that is generated by a soul believing it is physical is the main factor in the disease of the human condition. Every symptom manifest in the biology has its roots in that schizophrenia. This is the illness of humanity perpetuated through the ages into its most extreme manifestations of today. Modern civilization is about to be purified for the purpose of the individual souls. This grand

awakening is a process of purification and, like bodily purification, requires the removal of certain blockages which prevent a natural flow. Having the courage to embrace the vision of this future is a very sensible, conscious, move by the soul. If one stays stuck in the negative polarity of body consciousness with all its worldly attachments then what could, should, and eventually will be an exquisite process of ascension will be preceded by a guided tour through the depths of Hell. This is as true for a diseased body as it is for a diseased world. That something extra-ordinary is fast approaching that will obliterate all previous parameters and boundaries of thought is the main message of the tale.

The sky will cease to be and the sky above it will cease to be.

The words of Jesus from The Gospel of Thomas.

Dysfunctional behavior creates disease. Trying to heal the symptoms of disease without attending to the underlying causes is an impotent strategy, and it is the reason why the modern medical profession has such an unimpressive success rate in healing so-called terminal disorders. It is by bringing the light of The Source, The Creator, The Mother/Father soul into one's being, through specific accurate Yogic attitude and awareness, that sufficient energy is grounded into the soul to neutralize destructive compulsions. This is an act of pure prayer. When Jesus went to the wilderness for forty days, it was this act of communion that he practiced. Denying the body food, challenging all of its desires, is literally facing the devil itself. If ever there was a

time in the world where this challenge needs to be accepted by other brave souls than that time is now. The combination of effective meditation practice with natural foods is a simple, effective way of experiencing holistic health. This can be super charged by an internal dialogue of total positivity fuelling Self-belief, realization and wonderment.

During its adventures in the material world the soul has lost its original innocence, and through the consequential thoughts has created archetypal beings that now govern its inner world. This is not necessarily a mistake. Perhaps it is all part of the drama of life. Raja Yoga certainly teaches us so. After the souls, the children of God, incarnate into a perfect world for the first time, it all goes down hill from there. Thankfully this is cyclic and the return to perfection is guaranteed. This, however, can only be achieved through the purification of the atmosphere and the physical creation. What we are witnessing in the world today is the final scenes of the last act of this cycle. Revelations, according to St. John. What is being revealed is the truth of life. This is very illuminating stuff. That's what brings light into the cells. Through the practice of Raja Yoga, which we could call pure prayer, an accurate, feeling, communion is established between awareness, sense of I, and Source. This is a direct union between Mother/Father and child, between creation and Creator, and the emphasis is on feeling love in this relationship.

Pure prayer is not an intellectual consideration of thought processes to the exclusion of feelings. What we are talking about is the experience of love.

Of being love. *Union through yoga is achieved when the active and receptive male and female elements of soul consciousness are united and concentrated upwards and inwards in loving communion with The Source.* This not only has a marvelous effect on the physiology, but also allows the soul to become drenched with the qualities of God. Although knowledge is a vital part of this process, theory is benign. What we are looking for is the authentic feeling experience as well.

The motivation to reorient ourselves away from the consumer driven materialistic mode to this subtle, more angelic way is coming in the form of suffering. Pain mechanisms in the form of Vinash forces, ensure that any false, impure, unnatural construction, be it identity, thought, or form, is broken down. This is the natural failsafe mechanism that guarantees the harmonious expression of life in accordance with the keynotes of God's eternal vision.

Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven.

The antidote for the poison of a grossly materialistic vision has to be imbibed deeply. The nonsense of ego is buried deep. We witness this in situations where, no matter what we want, wish, or imagine, something else occurs. How can this be so? In one of the earlier, "Conversations with God," books by Neale Donald Walsch, God tells us about something called "the sponsoring thought." What is being described here is best illustrated by an iceberg. As we know 9/10 of the berg are below the

surface of the water. The 1/10 above the surface represents our conscious mind, superficial ego desires, wishes, and hopes. The hidden body of the berg is symbolic of the deeper part of our being that has been formed in the depths of our psyche, largely unconsciously. At this level of being, we are driven by powerful hidden currents. The same way the currents of the ocean influence the directional flow of an iceberg, no matter which way the wind is blowing. It is the influence of these hidden forces impacting upon the bulk of our sub-conscious that often leaves the surface identity feeling as if it is a victim of circumstances beyond its control.

Vision is more than just our ideas. As vision spins around the hub of I, a false identity will only attract calamity. It is interesting to consider, although not essential to the healing process, how the powers that shape the world of material affairs, influence our individual, and therefore collective, vision. Remember the human being is like a cell in the body of humankind, and the vision of one affects, most definitely, the vision of another.

Before we get into the experience, let us clarify exactly what we are doing here. The soul has been around for a long time, and according to wise council, has been interacting with what it creates in an increasingly selfish way. As souls first enter manifest creation the sense of oneness with life is complete. As the nature drama begins, this sense of oneness begins to become a sense of separateness, and identity, or ego, is born. From then on there are consequences of thoughts, words, and actions being generated, and the karmic web of creation is

created. By consciously becoming soul conscious once more we can realign ourselves with our Source, and in so doing dissolve the consequences of karma and purify the soul in preparation for the next birth.

As we can see, this world is rapidly deteriorating, and as time is cyclic, the end could well be the beginning again and so the necessary qualities required for harmonious interaction with creation need to be acquired, now! Mastery occurs through practice. Imagine dropping into creation and every felt word and thought manifesting something or other immediately. This is how souls create. Soul conscious meditation means bringing God in to purify the instrument of creation. The Bhagavad-Gita, the sacred Hindu text, has a central story which unfolds on a battlefield. Arjuna, the central character, has Krishna driving his chariot during the battle. Krishna represents the Divine Presence within. Horses pull the chariot. These horses represent the senses. The story tells us that we cannot drive the chariot on the battlefield of mind; only the Divine Identity can drive the chariot. Let's have a go.

Ignorance of the Fact of the Soul. The Cause of All Stress?

The soul is the vehicle for the love and light of God, the instrument through which The Creator's qualities, as embodied by His/Her children, interact with creation. The joy of it all, though, and the greatest gift, is this fact of individual identity. Within this eternal framework there is little old I driving the bus! A popular misnomer on the

spiritual journey is that we are like raindrops returning to the sea, but the Raja Yoga model does not entertain the notion of dissolution. Individuality is maintained and purified to the degree that God's nature becomes my nature once again. I, the soul, resonate with the same virtues and qualities and powers, but I am still the child and The Source is still The Source. The only thing dissolved in this process is the false identity. However entrenched the ego is in physiology decrees how much of the body dies. To what degree the awareness is identified with body consciousness decrees the amount of death the sense of I will undergo. The whole message of the story and the fundamental point of Raja Yoga is to become centered in soul conscious awareness. Consider yourself a soul and remember The Mother/Father with a lot of love.

Practice

What follows is a basic fundamental structure which can be practiced daily.

The first meditation begins before the sun rises. If this is impossible, then do the best you can. Between 2a.m. and 5a.m., a window of silence and mystique opens to the world. As is the case of the nutritional program, understand the basic principles and apply them to the best of your ability.

Unless sitting for long periods of time is very comfortable for you 15 minutes is long enough. This is not a battle with your thoughts; it is a delicious experience of surrender in love. If you

open your heart to this mission and get closer to your inner nature, the rest will take care of itself.

Meditation Structure

Take three long slow deep breaths. This is otherwise known as The Three Breath Life Transformation System. The secret is to associate these three breaths with your internal source of total empowerment and inspiration. The whole practice is founded upon your inner conviction. Jesus said *according to your faith so shall it be*. If the sense of certainty that what you are doing is indeed connecting consciously to The Source of the natural world, then your conviction will be strong. If you are wavering in doubt, then the effect of this process will be diluted proportionately. Do you understand this point? Read it again while breathing slowly and deeply. Remember, *according to your faith so shall it be*.

What is required is a definite sense of knowing. In Sanskrit the word is *nizchay*. No matter how the mind is disturbed, no matter the actions you, the soul, witness your character in the drama act out, are you still convinced? These three breaths are your anchors. During the morning meditation, sit comfortably with a straight back and a relaxed body. As you do the first three breaths, take the time to adjust any tension within the body. Get in touch with your feelings as you breathe. We want the breath to be charged with the presence of the feeling nature. Fill the whole body with this breath.

Close your eyes. Your eyes can open and close at will during the practice. Soften the face. The best way to soften the face is with a subtle smile. This can be an inner smile but smile as you look upward and within. Keep breathing. Keep smiling and keep looking up and within. The smile is vital to the process. It is difficult for the face to carry a natural smile when the guts are sad. The face hangs down at the jowls and gives the impression the person is sad or fierce or depressed when relaxed because the guts are sagging. This condition is caused by overeating cooked and unnatural foods and poor food combining. Anyone in genuine yoga cannot help but smile as the currents of blessings from above course into the soul. This is not to say that you have to have healthy physiology to enjoy Raja Yoga meditation, but it does mean that the health of one's physiology is a definite factor in the feel-good experience. The enjoyment of the meditation experience is directly proportionate to the degree of body consciousness relative to soul conscious awareness within the individual.

Let's Recap

Three breaths. Deep, soft, and slow. Relax the body. Breathe with conviction. What you allow to flow into your being will come. Breathe with love. Connect your feeling nature to the process. The soul is exquisitely sensitive. Look up within. Smile in gratitude. Be patient and wait.

Attitude

Can you remember ever being in love? Are you in love now? For this process to work, for the energy to flow, love is required. There is no alchemy without love. Can your love meet God's love?

Look up within, smile. Have a sense of wonder, gratitude, and love. This is the most important relationship to nurture. There is nothing more important in your life than nurturing this internal connection. As you do, *every aspect of your life experience will change*. This is because you are tapping into the power that fuels every particle of creation. Everything.

As your nature becomes more attuned to your inner nature, you become more at-one and in tune with the nature of Life. As this occurs, an optimal harmony is achieved. This harmony yields a maximal return from the law of attraction. Your being becomes super charged with the power to create because that is what life wants us to do; it is the purpose for which we are born. We can get so in tune that only our intent is needed to magnetize and define reality. This is what it means to live in natural magic, to walk in Grace.

You, the spirit of Life, are born to express, soulfully, your perfect nature. The falsehood of the ego you have served for long enough has prevented this natural urge. You have now found the means to dissolve the chains of misconception. This is alchemy. Your presence is required in the crucible of yoga, and love will burn away the alloy that has

dirtied the soul. Bring love to this gathering as best you can.

Now allow yourself to be lifted and let go. The direction is upwards and within. Look for the Light. Have an attitude of surrender. Die to who you were in this moment. Just die. Die alive. Let go of all of your ideas and breathe in the blessings of God. Take these treasures. This is what you have been looking for all your life. Welcome it. It is like a huge waterfall of golden light pouring love into your heart as you gaze up within, breathing softly and gently.

Eventually things will become very still. As soon as you can, settle into a deep peace and just be in that stillness. Be an embodiment of peace. If you want to, experience power then learn to be silent. Allow yourself to observe the stillness. Lose yourself in this process. There is no rigidity in yoga.

Remember

The breath is an anchor. If thoughts interfere too much, then breathe. Breathe with conviction. Breathe as deeply and as softly as you can in rounds of three. Let go of the breath any time you find the feeling of peace. The breath is a support. A means of focusing the mind and fusing the feelings. Once union has occurred, just let go.

Yoga is a lifelong practice. A journey that gets richer and deeper as it unfolds. There is no right or wrong. It's a question of attitude, of purity in yearning.

This is the morning ritual. Repeat this as often as you like during the day and make sure you get a good 20 minutes in the evening before sleep.

The Three-Breath Life Transformation System

The Three Breath Life Transformation System is founded upon the early morning practice. It is a means of fast tracking success in stabilizing in a more empowered attitude and awareness. After early morning practice, set the alarm on your watch or computer to go off in one hour. When the watch beeps, simply take three breaths in loving remembrance. Engage conviction. Ask yourself if you maintained a conscious connection of love with your Source during the past hour. Ask yourself if you were body conscious or soul conscious. Reset the watch and repeat throughout the whole day. If you do this correctly, eventually great changes will be felt. It is possible to do everything with a sense of connection to the Divine and the breath is the key. Breathe consciously the loving connection with your own Divinity.

Resistance

A false king is being boiled alive in the feeling experience of the fires of yoga. Do you think the ego will enjoy this process? Do you think it will die quietly? There will be a lot of resistance coming in the form of mental storms. As long as your conviction is strong, all will be well. It is wise to appreciate that the more ego centered you have been in this lifetime, the more you will be identified with what is dying. Similarly, the more entrenched

your awareness is in body consciousness, the more distress you will experience as the body degenerates and dies.

Integration: Putting it all together.

Past the stars, on and on, higher even higher, is a place of light inside you where angels dance in fire.

There is a battle going on. It is the consequence of what has gone before and what must be again. I, the soul, am required to fight in this battle, in that there is no choice. My enemy is my own mental construct and has completely infiltrated my mind. It is no coincidence that when we examine the accounts of individuals who have survived near death experiences we note that everyone had an experience according to their belief system. In other words Jesus is not waiting for the Buddhist on the other side of the veil and Buddha is not waiting for the Moslems. God, apparently, does not say, "I told you so." This suggests that the soul continues to generate its reality according to its belief structures. There is a responsibility here. What do you believe? Life certainly has a gentleness about it that seems to allow the necessary time required for a soul to come to terms with the fact that the transmigration from body to body and personality to personality is all part of the process. Letting go of who we believe we exclusively are is called detachment and may not be the easiest thing for any of us. Perhaps this contemplation will help.

The world I see around myself is not my world. I am a spiritual being with a spiritual home. I am a

soul. A soul is a point of light, a child of God. The child is now lost in a nightmare which appears as a material creation. The monster I have created drives me and every other soul in the world, and this generates sorrow. The only way to come out of this nightmare is to wake up to the truth of who I am. This requires a journey. The starting point is I. As my personality is infected with the inherited notions spawned by a false creation I must have the awareness of a hunter to find a subtle and mystical element within my own mind. This soft eternal light is my connection to God. As I open my heart more to this relationship with accurate commitment, the more I experience the benefits and the more capable I am of facing life's challenges.

I am a pioneer. My inner exploration is that of an adventure. Like a dragon slayer, I go forth into the labyrinth of my own psyche with all its dark corridors connected to the human psyche, which is where this monster lives, and I slay it. My most powerful weapon is compassion. Every moment of my life is spent on this battlefield, whether I know it or not. The outcome of this action will affect the destiny of humankind. This is a hero part I am called to play upon the stage of life.

I can maximize my enjoyment of this experience by having a healthy body. I can maintain a healthy body by combining a healthy diet with exercise. I know that very probably death is waiting to test me, and centered in my true identity, I am ready for that test.

Death

Death is not the terrible foe you imagine him to be, my son, like a faithful worker in the garden of Life he gathers the autumn leaves, picks clean the bones of time and grants future's eternal promise.

Those words came to me once and I have never forgotten them. Have you ever read, "You Cannot Die?" Ian Currie ISBN 1-85230-615-7 or "Nothing Better Than Death," by Kevin R. Williams (free downloadable e-book). They are both an enlightening read, particularly the last, if you have any reservations about the fact of life after death. I know a good doctor who was visited by patients he treated after they had left the body. Can we talk frankly? The story is telling us the boiling water awaits, there may not be much time left for you or any of us. Even so, it is not my intention to frighten you into action. The simple message of this work is take responsibility. The thoughts we think form our beliefs, and it is the nature of these beliefs that determine our future. A scattered, shattered mind is easily influenced by malevolent powers that have a deeper understanding of occult matters.

The fact that these powers exist within the world cannot easily be denied. It is wise to recall that the way we behave is largely the result of unconscious urges that exist within the realm of our subconscious minds. The purification of this area is a significant factor in my quest for sanity and health. Personally, I see the future as a realm of infinite possibility sculpted by ourselves. If 2012

carries with it the possibility of being herded by dark forces into some depressing hell of their design, then it also carries with it the opportunity of experiencing a world of utter wonder.

The Raja Yoga model leads us to understand that a great cycle is turning, one that we are bound to repeat if we haven't learned the lessons it is here to teach us. I see this, however, as only one cycle within infinite possibilities. I love how Deepak Chopra sees it all, and especially his tongue in cheek advice of keeping the company of those who are seeking truth, and to avoid at all costs those who have found it. Whatever the case, this modern world with all its falsehood is going soon. It's time to wake up. We are eternal souls in an eternal drama called life. This thing never began and it will never end, all it does is change. As a soul over-identified with the physical form, it is in my interests to awaken to my spiritual nature and prepare for the next stage of the journey. But let's get one thing clear. If we are driven by our demons today, why should it be any different when we have left the body? Attachment attaches.

Coming to terms with an eternal nature, the fact of the soul and reincarnation may not be the easiest thing for many of us in the West. However, no matter what we believe in, the truth remains the same. One of the worst things that can happen to a soul is that it passes over with unresolved issues. Things like resentment, hatred, and bitterness are dark, scarring impurities for the soul, and these have to be purified. That is why all of the great world teachers have emphasized forgiveness. Forgiveness

is simply the best medicine for us all. And so, as the picture begins to become clearer, we can see that we basically have a choice. It is the simple choice of being the true or the false king. That purification awaits there can be no doubt. The style in which one goes through the process is entirely up to us.

And could you keep your heart in wonder at the daily miracles of your life, your pain would seem no less wondrous than your joy; and you would accept the seasons of your heart, even as you have always accepted the seasons that pass over your fields and you would watch with serenity through the winters of your grief. Therefore trust the physician, and drink his remedy in silence and tranquility:

For his hand, though heavy and hard, is guided by the tender hand of the unseen,

And the cup he brings, though it burn your lips, has been fashioned of the clay which The Potter has moistened with His own sacred tears.

Kahlil Gibrain

Salvation

We stand upon the very cliffs of our redemption. The river of life is cascading over the falls, and we are all whirling eddies of infinite possibility flowing in the current. The whole game, this incomparable masterpiece of ingenuity, has been engineered for one specific purpose: for the soul to awaken to its true identity. In the perfect garden of life, every weed of suffering that is, was, and will be, is rooted in the fertile soil of ignorance. The recognition of that which has been ignored is our salvation. As we begin to see, feel, and experience who we truly are,

we are lifted, and it is through this process of ascension that we can actually enjoy the ride. This is a conscious process of separation.

The separation of our identification with a false persona that we are joined to like a Siamese twin. It requires a surgical operation that only *The Master Surgeon* is capable of undertaking. The degree of precision necessary to remove the impurities from the soul defies comprehension. It is these impurities, the residue of recordings, that distort the external world of creation. The soul projects creative energy onto the screen of life. The light comes from The Source. The whole of manifest creation is a giant movie screen. The soul stars in the movie. We are actors, and each soul plays many parts. The biggest star is The Source. It is also the director of the whole production. Our minds are the film that runs through the projector and the light of creation shines through our minds. Whatever distortions there are in the mind will be reflected on the screen. How can it be any other way? The only way we can sit back and enjoy the movie is by volunteering for this operation. No need to worry here, for the hands that perform it have planted the garden of life.

Relax in peace-filled certainty, look up within, surrender in love and gratitude to the Light of your own Higher consciousness and allow yourself to vision, over and over, the world you wish to be a part of. So many thousands of individuals are awakening to the powerful possibility of a future they consciously define. All of the power you will

ever need is inside of you, never more than a breath away. Enjoy in joy.

Consider yourself a soul and remember the Father/Mother with a lot of love.

Siv Baba

The future is in our hands, constantly being born from our thoughts, feelings, actions, and words, now, today, and the bars that enslave us are an illusion made from ignorance of the amazing truth of life.

These are indeed exciting times. We seem to be in a period of great and constant revelation, an unstoppable revolution of higher awareness is occurring in the collective consciousness of the human mind. It is a revolution inspired by nature's Source, and responsible for a dramatic and definite shift in what we perceive as reality, but it is when the hearts and minds of every single one of us have opened, allowing the very Force of Life itself to illuminate without from within, that the bars, which in truth, do not and cannot exist, will dissolve and humankind will be free to fulfill its obligation and purpose in life.

All of this, in perfect harmony with the wonder and glory of life's unfolding, free forming, perfectly flexible and most natural plan.

No matter where, no matter when, there is something so powerful just waiting for you to tap into it. Call it forth, surrender to its presence, imbibe its essence and use its power to SHINE.

It's what you are born to do.

The Silent River

There is a Silent River in our lives
we must surely follow
with courage and knowing
all is well
on and to tomorrow.

Carried we are, never alone
by Its perfect Force and tide
try we must
to have the strength
to let go and flow with the ride.

Born we are, One and All,
into and from Its Nature
Boundless and free
like The River are we
if we go to where It would take us.

Sisters and brothers
we have but lost
all sight of the invisible Force
and sit on the banks of our dry souls
wishing for something to direct our course.
But all the while we live and breathe
in the waters of eternal knowing
The Silent River runs wild and free,

Unknown... It feeds our growing.

If we all live in this mad world
unaware we are part of The Source
what new world shall we create
when we open to Its beauty filled Force?

Sisters and brothers open mind and heart
let The River flood without from within,
arid the valley old ones have left
young fish now have to live in.

And we, no better than their like,
if we wait to be shown The Way,
now is the time to join the many
learning of Truth today.

The River is Life, the essence of all,
never ending and natural change
that is our Nature
baptized in the waters,
all become The Saved.

Acknowledge The Spirit,
The Source of Life,
the only thing that will All ways exist,
no one can discover
The Force of Life

if Its current they try to resist.

Just sit in peace
by the banks of Self,
listen to thy waters run
calm the flow of your thoughts,
let a Silent River come.

Breathe and know
trust that you are,
all a Great River should be;
alive and pure,
clean and strong,
wild and truly free.

The Mystery of Life's Love

The mystery of Life's Love
is proven by the flowers.
A song of Truth proclaimed
in rainbow's falling showers.

To those who cannot see
who seek and do not find
Nature is the place
Wisdom waits behind.

Life is made so perfect
as every petal shows;
The Truth remains forever
remember because you know.

So far down a road
Humanity's frustrated soul,
lies and poisoned minds
the most precious gift have stole.

Shackled to illusion,
the chains of fear and doubt
simply being our Self
lets Life's Spirit out.

Few passages of literature provide a better compass for navigating the great ocean of life better than 1 Corinthians 13. *Charity* is the translation of the ancient Aramaic word for compassion. It communicates the giving nature of true love. To be truly alive is to be so at one with the Spirit of Life that we naturally give freely of its nature through our very thoughts, words and actions. Our being, one with the being of life

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

This life is a game. It is an illusion. All of it is. But you the players have come to believe that it is the only reality. Yet the only reality that has ever existed and ever will exist is life, a free, ongoing essence of being that allows you to create your games however you wish to play them.

Ramtha. The White Book.

This life you are living is a dream, a great dream, a façade if you will. It is thought playing with matter and it creates deep realities that bind your emotions to this plane until you, the dreamer, wake up.

Ramtha.

You are a free soul and spirit. You are free to create and experience in the moment whatever truth, whatever reality, whatever illusion you so choose. And in any moment you wish you can re-create this dream, for you have the unlimited power to do so.

Ramtha. The White Book.

*So live your life that the fear of death can never
enter your heart..*

*Love your life, perfect your life, beautify all things
in your life.*

*Seek to make your life long and its purpose in the
service of your people.*

*Prepare a noble death song for the day when you go
over the great divide....*

*When it comes your time to die, be not like those
whose hearts are filled with the fear of death, so that
when their time comes they weep and pray for a
little more time to live their lives over again in a
different way.*

Sing your death song and die like a hero going home.

Chief Tecumseh (Crouching Tiger)

You have been telling people that this is the Eleventh Hour, now you must go back and tell the people that this is the Hour.

And there are things to be considered. . . .

Where are you living?

What are you doing?

What are your relationships?

Are you in right relation?

Where is your water?

Know your garden.

It is time to speak your truth.

Create your community.

Be good to each other.

And do not look outside yourself for your leader.

Then he clasped his hands together, smiled, and said, "This could be a good time! There is a river flowing now very fast. It is so great and swift that there are those who will be afraid. They will try to hold on to the shore. They will feel they are being torn apart and will suffer greatly. Know the river has its destination. The elders say we must let go of the shore, push off into the middle of the river, keep our eyes open, and our heads above the water.

And I say, see who is in there with you and celebrate. At this time in history, we are to take nothing personally, least of all ourselves. For the moment that we do, our spiritual growth and journey come to a halt.

*The time of the one wolf is over. Gather yourselves!
Banish the word 'struggle' from your attitude and your*

vocabulary. All that we do now must be done in a sacred manner and in celebration.

We are the ones we've been waiting for.

-Hopi Elders' Prophecy
Oraibi, Arizona, June 8, 2000

*No eye hath seen
No ear hath heard
No mind hath conceived
What God has made
For those who Love Him.*

Bible

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