

**Lady Earth**  
**A Shaman's Love Story**

**By David Ward**

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## **Contents**

### **Introduction**

**Chapter 1 Nature Lady**

**Chapter 2 The Manuscript**

**Chapter 3 The Trees Were Dancing**

**Chapter 4 The Other Realms**

**Chapter 5 The Bloodline of Kings**

**Chapter 6 The Forces of Darkness**

**Chapter 7 The Country Fair**

**Chapter 8 A Narrow Escape**

**Chapter 9 Rumors of War**

**Chapter 10 The Chamber**

**Chapter 11 The Ring of Power**

**Chapter 12 The Crystal Orb**

**Chapter 13 Lady Earth**

**Chapter 14 The Broken Sword**

**Chapter 15 Heaven and Earth**

**Chapter 16 Hoping for a Second Chance**

**Chapter 17 The General**

**Chapter 18 The Hall of Records**

**Chapter 19 I Am All Women**

**Chapter 20 Life Force**

**Chapter 21 The Well of Darkness**

**Chapter 22 All is Not Lost**

**Chapter 23 Only the Power of the Ring**

**Chapter 24 A Hero in Our Midst**

**Chapter 25 The Woman in the Gazing Stone**

**Chapter 26 The Unveiling**

**Chapter 27 And That Is So You Don't Forget**

**Chapter 28 The History Channel**

**Chapter 29 Uncle Niles**

**Chapter 30 A Wall of Flame**

**Chapter 31 The Magical World of Tantra**

**Chapter 32 The Continent of Orgasm**

**Chapter 33 Mexico**

**Chapter 34 A Shattered Land**

**Chapter 35 "I Gave Him the Key!"**

**Chapter 36 The Mystery of Kara's Wounded Heart**

**Chapter 37 "My Babies!"**

**Chapter 38 A Science-Fiction Reality**

**Chapter 39 Devoted to the Queen**

**Chapter 40 The Reluctant King**

**Chapter 41 The Beast**

**Chapter 42 Another Planet, Another World**

**Chapter 43 The Would-Be Queen**

**Chapter 44 All Hell Broke Loose**

**Chapter 45 The Kingdom of Heaven**

**Chapter 46 The Big Bang**

**Chapter 47 Cosmos in Orgasm**

**Chapter 48 Crystalline Being**

**Chapter 49 A Conscious Sun**

**Chapter 50 The Crystal Statues**

**Chapter 51 A Bridge to a New Beginning**

**Chapter 52 By Dawn's Early Light**

**Epilogue**

## Introduction

Stories from out of the past have described occasions when men have known the Earth being, Gaia, as their lover.

The story of Isis and Osiris is perhaps the most well-known. "Osiris" was both an individual and the name of a cult founded by him. This cult was followed by many individuals who were schooled in the art of loving the Earth.

A more recent story is about a thirteenth century traveling minstrel named Thomas the Rhymer who disappeared into the hills of Scotland for seven years. Upon his return he told of his experience as the Elven Queen's lover. In this account Gaia plays the role of the Elven Queen.

There is an iconic image of Thomas as a curly haired young man riding behind a radiantly beautiful golden-haired woman, the Elven Queen, on the back of a big white horse. This image is more familiar to people than the story itself.

We will revisit both of these stories.

This book, *Lady Earth*, is the account of my love affair with the Earth Goddess. How it happened and what it was like. What it *is* like.

I wrote as close to fact as possible. I changed a few of the names and some details but not many. No doubt some will find the story impossible to believe. I hope you enjoy the book regardless.

Thank you for your interest.

This book started as a series of letters to Stephen King in response to his work, the Dark Tower series.

King's story is about a character named Roland who is the last of the line of Eld, the bloodline of kings.

The Dark Tower is the focal point for all worlds and the place from which all of creation is anchored. Something has gone amiss in the heart of worlds and Roland's task is to find the Tower and to set things to right.

There are numerous parallels between what happened to me during the time of getting to know Gaia and events that King writes about in the Dark Tower

series. For this reason, I wrote this book in the format of a conversation with Stephen. In order to create a conversational context, I've created a fictitious character and given that character the name Stephen King. This fictitious character acts as a stand-in for the real Stephen and is not the real Stephen. Nothing in this book was written by or said by Stephen King.

Many of you will have questions about the events described in the book. Please feel free to post your questions on my Facebook page or on the <http://www.gardenvillagecostarica.org/> website and I will do my best to answer them.

## About the title;

How my book title ***Lady Earth*** came about was a mystical event in itself. Jacqueline Sa (Jae), a close friend and a meditation companion of mine (the readers will see our common adventures woven through the book), received a profound transmission from the sentient spirit of Earth, synchronized with the 2010 Conscious Convergence timing--- a divine passage for humanity based on the Mayan Calendar calling us to awaken to a higher octave of consciousness. I cannot describe it better than how Earth herself conveyed it through Jacqueline's poem ***Earth's Revelations***:

*"Honor me as Lady Earth,  
Do no longer rely on me as Mother Earth.  
Yes, I am your mother lode of consciousness  
But not your co-dependent fear manifest.  
Reflect on your habits, your indulgence and your deeds,  
Free yourselves from your insatiable needs.  
Your hearts are wise with infinite capacity  
To live as rings of love fused with light and dignity."*

There you have it. May the title inspire you to greater communion with our beloved Earth!

Note: The full poem was published in Jacqueline Sa's book: ***Exultation-- Erotic Tales of Divine Union***, published in 2012 (available through Amazon and eBook venues). It is an entrancing companion to this book!



## Chapter 1 Nature Lady

Dear Stephen,

Hello, my name is David Ward. You heard of me years ago as one of the three David's who frequented the house on Long Lake in Bridgeton, Maine, before you bought it; the other two were the David who lived there and another David from the development to the north. My family owned a cabin a few lots south of yours, and you knew my parents, Bruce and Patricia.

I have a remarkable story to tell you, Stephen, one that begins along the shores of Long Lake. The story is about how I met Gaia as a spirit-being, and about how we became friends, coworkers, and eventually lovers. Together we spent years on a quest, finding our way through the tangled wilderness of humanity's troubled love affair with the Earth.

I'm sharing this story, with you, Stephen, because your story of Roland's quest, in the Dark Tower series, gave me the inspiration to persevere when all hope seemed lost.

~~~~~

In August of 1959, when I was seven years old, I was walking back from the house that would eventually become yours, to my house, when I stopped at the side of the road. Off to the right was a low area with tall trees growing in it. Summer storm runoff water had collected there and formed a bog. The place had always seemed a bit mysterious, even foreboding, but on this day it seemed bright with magic.

For months, I had been obsessed with the idea that I would meet "the Nature Lady," as I thought of Gaia at the time. I didn't dare tell anyone about my private obsession because I was constantly getting in trouble for not paying attention. "Stop daydreaming" was a phrase I heard regularly, and I was sure that

my fascination with the Nature Lady would be seen as nothing more than that.

On this particular day, a mist hung over the bog and drifted into the lower branches of the trees. A slight breeze stirred the leaves of the uppermost parts of the trees, causing tiny bits of sunlight to dance and play in the mist. I watched, mesmerized by the spectacle.

From the corner of my eye, I saw something move. A shiver raced up my spine, and I could feel the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. *It's her*, I thought. *I'm sure of it*. I tried to get to the spot where I saw the movement, but my way was blocked by the water, and eventually I moved on.

As I approached the entrance to our driveway I encountered my Uncle Earl coming up the drive. My uncle was an engineer and had a relaxed and confident way about him that made one think he could do anything he put his mind to.

He smiled in his usual affectionate manor and said, "Would you like to walk with me in the woods?"

"Sure," I answered. "Why are we walking in the woods?"

"I have to find a woman," he said.

"You mean the Nature Lady?" I asked, shocked by my openness about my secret obsession.

He chuckled and, with a hint of irony, said, "That's right, the Nature Lady."

I didn't know what was funny to him about finding the Nature Lady, but it didn't concern me. I was with my Uncle Earl, and we were going for a hike in the woods to look for her. What could be better than that?

Following him through the trees, my mind reeled with the possibility that my uncle also knew about the Nature Lady. I found it hard to believe that we would actually meet her, but he seemed confident that we would.

*What will she be like?* I wondered. *Will she know all the thoughts that I keep to myself? Will she be as beautiful as I imagine her to be?* Lady adults were the most difficult to be with, especially if they were beautiful. I never knew what to say to them, and when I didn't say anything they would sometimes make jokes with the other adults, and I would feel stupid. I would just stand there and pick my nose or something, and they would laugh.

*Would the Nature Lady make jokes with my uncle?* I wondered. *What will I say to her?* I was beginning to think that perhaps this wasn't such a good idea after all. My heart was racing so fast I was beginning to feel dizzy.

I had explored the woods with my father numerous times before, but the part of the forest that my uncle led me into was new to me. Open forest paths with overarching oak and birch gave way to dense pine trees. The day got darker

as the trees pressed in on us. Finally the trees became so dense we had to push our way through the last of them before we stumbled out into an idyllic little clearing. Fluffy grass covered the ground, dotted here and there with wild blueberry bushes. On one edge of the clearing grew a big old maple tree.

Standing by the tree with her back to us was a slender, shapely woman. Shafts of sunlight filtered through the branches of the maple, and one of them illuminated her shoulder where her light brown hair fell in a gentle wave.

I was beside myself with excitement. *It's her*, I thought, *it's really her!*

My uncle called to her. "Marilyn," he said.

*Does he know her so well that he can call her by name?*

"Marilyn, I've been looking all over for you."

She turned to face us.

She was beautiful, but not in the way I had imagined. *That's okay—but why is she wearing a frown?* Then she spoke, and I realized something was terribly wrong. She was talking just like the other adults. *How can this be?* My head began to spin. Then, as if I had been hit from behind by an ocean wave, the truth came to me: *she is not the Nature Lady*. With it came disappointment too big for a child to bear. My mind went blank and I collapsed to the ground.

The next thing I remember, I was lying curled up in the grass, sobbing. My uncle was kneeling beside me, running his hands over my body to see if I had injured myself or been stung by a bee. Coming out of my delirious state, I looked up at the adults. Grave concern was written across both of their faces.

Fear brought me back to my wits—fear that I had caused a scene, but more to the point, that my daydream world had once again upset the adults. I scrambled to my feet to face their questions, hoping to limit the damage done, and cringed to hear myself answering them truthfully. I was in no position to make up a story. But once I'd spoken, even I could hear the pathetic, even insulting, nature of my response: that I was overwhelmed with agony because my uncle's pretty friend wasn't the Nature Lady I'd imagined.

Marilyn stayed in the clearing as my uncle and I started back to the road, detouring around the thicket of pines. My body was shaking, but mostly it was my heart that was trembling uncontrollably.

As bad as it was, as much as I knew that anything I said would only make the situation worse, it was my desperate, lingering hope that my Uncle might still know something about the Nature Lady that caused me to ask, "Do you think that maybe sometime we might look for the Nature Lady again?"

"No," he said. "We are not going to look for the Nature Lady."

That was the last time I spoke of her for many years, but I never completely lost the hope that someday I would find her.

## Chapter 2 The Manuscript

Dear Stephen,

Three years later, in August 1962, I arrived with my family at our cabin on Long Lake. It was late in the afternoon but I still had enough time to visit my friend who lived in the house that would eventually become yours.

As I walked along the road I was reminded of the hike with my Uncle and my heart leapt at the thought that I was once again in the domain of the Nature Lady. Part of the reason why I was excited to visit the house was because there was a small lagoon on the property where we would sometimes tie up our boats. On the inland side of the lagoon there was a marshy area where a small grove of white birch trees grew on a tiny island. During the preceding school year, I had thought about the grove many times. The previous summer I had, on a number of occasions, sensed the presence of the Nature Lady in the grove. The recollections of the grove had built up within me into an obsession and I was determined to make a concerted effort to investigate the grove.

As I walked I pondered how such an investigation might be undertaken under the watchful eye of my friend. Of even more concern was his older brother. Not that he was a problem by himself, but he was friends with my older sister Carol. If he discovered what I was up to, and told my sister, I would have a serious problem as she would have had great fun chiding me and telling the whole story to other people.

By the time I was walking down the driveway toward the house my heart was pounding in anticipation.

As I approached the house, my friend burst out the door exclaiming that he had been waiting all week to show me something. "Come-on" he said in his thick Boston accent. "You've gotta see this, It's the coolest thing ever."

He led me over to a garage that his father had built just that spring. I helped him swing open the double doors.

Sitting on a pair of saw horses was a gleaming red, white, and varnished mahogany hydro-plane racing boat. I was not surprised since for as long as I had

known him, my friend had been possessed by a singular obsession, that of going as fast as possible across the surface of the lake. He had helped his father build it and they had just finished it the previous week.

I am not sure that I had ever seen him so excited. I, on the other hand, was struggling to be happy for him rather than expressing my true feelings. You see, in order to build the garage his father had cut down the birch trees, brought in truckloads of sand, and filled in the marsh at the edge of the lagoon.

I hadn't thought much about that day until I read your story about looking for the unfinished manuscript of the Gunslinger and then finding it moldering in the back corner of the garage. The back of the garage was just about where the grove of birch trees once stood. Was this just a coincidence? Perhaps, but this is not the only place where the Nature Lady crosses paths with the story of Roland. I believe she has been whispering in your ear all along, just as she has with me.

A couple of months after this realization, I read, (with great delight), your story about how Eddy and Roland, (characters from the Dark Tower series) paid you a visit to the house on Long Lake to get you off your ass and back to writing the story about Roland.

I said to myself, but speaking to you, "Someone paid you a visit alright but I don't think it was Eddy and Rolland, I think it was her."

Over time I have become aware that she has been working to influence millions of individuals far and wide---people who have a sensitivity to her and a love for her. She has a plan and we are players in her grand scheme. Her basic agenda is obvious enough, to restore balance and harmony to the earth realm, but her deeper, more subtle goal of weaving a tapestry of exotic beauty between herself and the whole cosmos remains a mystery.

Those of us who are involved in the process are not yet aware of the profound nature of her project. Many of us feel alone and isolated facing a problem of seeming insurmountable proportions, but as her design emerges the fellowship and support of our fellow participants will become apparent. The potency, wisdom, and genius of her plan will become apparent as well. If we release our doubts and follow her guidance the problems will melt away.

Doubters will say "If she really is a sentient being then why doesn't she talk to us? Make herself known?" The answer is that she has been trying to get our attention for some time. Her voice will become more and more obvious as we lend her our ear and our heart.

### Chapter 3

#### The Trees Were Dancing

*Seven years later, Meriden, Connecticut*

In the summer of 1969, my friends and I grew some marijuana plants. We had tried to purchase pot on several occasions but had been unsuccessful. Then Frank got some seeds from his older brother so we decided to grow our own.

We created our illegal garden in a field that lay a few miles outside of town. With extreme caution we went on late-night excursions, first to plant, then to water and fertilize those seeds. We would stage diversions so we'd always have a reason for being out late at night. The usual ploy was drinking beer which we knew we wouldn't get in serious trouble for since nearly all the kids in my high school drank beer.

One night my friend Don invited me to join him in a trip to the garden. Nothing new there, but on this night we were planning something much more exciting than weeding and watering. The plants were big enough for us to pick a few leaves. Little did we know that we were about to encounter something far more exciting than our first puff of pot.

Don picked me up in his VW bug a little after eight o'clock. My house was not far from the edge of town, and soon we were driving through rolling hills of apple orchards.

Moonlight filtered through low-hanging clouds and the orchards were shrouded in mist. Past the orchards were some empty fields. One of them contained our precious plants.

Our plan was to park the car in a field adjacent to the one where the plants were growing. From there we would be able to follow a hidden path that would lead us to the garden. We parked the car, got out, and found our way to the place where the path started: a few stones in the grass, leading to a fallen tree that protruded into the field. We stepped from stone to stone, then onto the tree. We walked the length of the tree, then stepped from it onto an old stone wall that ran between the fields.

We walked on top of the wall for several hundred feet until we came to a

giant old oak tree growing in the path of the wall. The tree had huge, low-hanging branches. We climbed onto one of them and walked along the top of it until we came to a place where it was low enough for us to jump to the ground. Our plants were about twenty feet from where we landed. We made our way over to the plants, picked a few leaves and headed back towards the car by way of the wall.

Once back at the car, we rolled a joint with the damp leaves and managed to get a few puffs out of it. We had our first experience of getting very slightly high. As we sat there enjoying the evening and sipping our beers, distant lightning began to send subtle flashes through the misty night.

Before long we noticed that the trees that bordered the field had started to move. I rolled down the window to see if a breeze had come up.

"That's weird," I said. "There seems to be wind at the tree-tops but none on the ground."

We sat for about five minutes watching the trees.

Don spoke first. "It's not wind moving the trees, is it?"

"No," I replied. "It's not the wind."

"Then what is it? Why are the trees moving?"

"I don't know."

"But the trees are moving, right?" His voice was becoming strained.

"Yes," I said. "The trees are moving."

By this time the trees were swaying much more than they were when they first started.

I stared at a tree by the edge of the field close to the car to make sure my eyes weren't deceiving me. The tree wasn't just swaying its branches the way it would in a wind—even the thicker limbs and the trunk were bending and moving, as if the whole tree were flexible.

The trees were dancing.

"We have to get out of here!" Don said, clearly agitated now.

"No, let's stay and watch."

"Are you crazy? Look out there! The trees are moving all over the place!" he said.

"I know, but it's pretty cool."

The giant old oak was making huge arcing movements that were almost clown-like. Its massive limbs were swinging with gleeful abandonment, almost as if it were saying by its movements, "We're not just playing around here. We're going to rock out!"

"Jesus, look at those trees! We have to go right now!"



Don started the car and began to turn around. In his distress he ground the gears and stalled the car a couple of times. In another situation it would have been funny, the way his urgency made it take twice as long as it should have for us to get out of there.

Whether the trees were reaching a crescendo on their own or whether they increased their dancing in response to our departure, I couldn't tell, but by the time we were turned around and starting out of the field, I too was anxious to be away from there.

On our way home we didn't talk much. Don was upset, and I didn't know what to say.

Although it was late June, we'd had a lot of snow days that year and still had school the next day. When we got there, Don wanted to tell our friend Brian about the trees. Brian was really smart and knew about this sort of thing. I wasn't inclined to tell anyone, because a story like that could go through school like wildfire and we would be the butt of jokes for months, but I thought Brian was okay.

We caught up with him in the lunch room and quietly told him our story. He started to laugh.

I looked at Don. His eyebrows were bunched into a worried question mark. As for me, I couldn't imagine what Brian thought was so funny, except perhaps because he was going to tell us that we were a couple of nut cases.

Finally, Brian got control of his glee.

"I can't believe how dumb you guys are," he said, still laughing. "Didn't you know that last night was Midsummer Night? The night when the forest comes alive and the elves and fairies come out to play? You are very lucky that you left when you did."

"Why? What would have happened if we had stayed?" I asked.

"The elves and fairies might have taken you away."

"Taken us... Taken us where?"

"Back to their kingdom."

Each of his replies catapulted me further into the wonder of the event.

"You're full of it. I don't believe a word," Don said, clearly wishing for a more mundane and rational explanation.

"Doubt if you like, but it has happened before. In thirteenth-century Scotland a man named Thomas the Rhymer disappeared into the hills for seven years. He claimed to have been the Elven Queen's lover."

"Really?" I said. "I can think of worse ways to spend seven years."

“Yeah, right—you wish,” said Don. “You should have stayed there. Maybe you could’ve had a date.”

We laughed and went about our day, but the event had left an impression on me. We had witnessed something that was truly supernatural.

## Chapter 4 The Other Realms

*Eleven years later, Glenwood Springs, Colorado*

In May of 1980 I was standing in front of the sink, washing dishes, in my home in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. The house was old and drafty and had an ancient coal-fired furnace in the basement. Warmer weather was slow in coming that year, even for Glenwood, and the house was chilly. The warm water felt good on my hands.

I was married at the time, and my wife Ann and I were having challenges with our marriage.

I closed my eyes and leaned forward until my forehead rested on the cabinet above the sink. In my mind was the floating sense of the unknown that accompanies the instabilities of relationship.

I drifted in a dreamy state for a few moments, when suddenly I felt my whole body immersed in a pool of water. I swam to the surface and shook my head to clear the water from my face.

Prior to this day, I had experienced visions in meditations and dreams that had a sense of being real, but nothing like this. The sensation of being submerged in the water was what made it so shockingly real, like waking up to a splash in the face.

The experience became stranger still when I realized that the edge of the pool was lined with my deceased relatives—my grandfather and grandmother, aunts and uncles, as well as others who had a familiar family resemblance. They were all waving to me and calling me by name. Joy and love shone in all their faces. I wanted to climb out of the water and share that joy and to hug every one of them. At the same time my rational mind was reeling with the impossible paradox. Back and forth from ecstasy to panic I went as I tried to make sense of what I was experiencing.

My grandmother put her hands on her cheeks; tears were streaming down her face. They were all feeling it, but she was nearly overtaken with joy. My visit seemed nearly as fantastic to them as it was to me.

*How can this be? I wondered. Something must be wrong with me! This is not possible!*

Panic got the best of me and I drew back, away from the cabinet and out of

the vision.

I stood there, dazed—I wanted to go back, yet I was afraid to.

*What just happened?* I asked myself, but I knew. I had stuck my head into Heaven and had seen my beloved relatives there.

I was already in a destabilized state because of my marriage difficulties, but this event sent me over the edge. I had experienced the other realms in a way that was just as real as my experience of this world. My view of life changed in a fundamental way. The immediate presence of Heaven meant that things were not as I had thought them to be. The other realms were *real*. Beings that I could not see were around me all the time.

Piece by piece, my reality needed to be reconstructed. This took time and effort. It was a time that was both terrifying and ecstatic. For several months I heard the voices of people outside the physical realm. Sometimes complete strangers like attendants at gas stations or women at a grocery checkout counter would talk to me not as their normal selves but as their higher selves, telling me things specific to my life and what I was going through.

As fascinated as I was with the invisible world opening up in front of me, the most interesting thing to me was the possibility that I might finally come in contact with the Nature Lady.

I tried to initiate some sort of encounter with her and even entertained the fantasy that I might become her lover. How crazy is it that a man could hope to be the Earth Queen's lover? But that is where the fantasy took me.

I sensed her presence in the natural world and in the hot springs that were common in the Glenwood Springs area, but I wanted to meet her face to face. I told myself that if I could just believe completely then I would encounter her. If I could take myself far enough into that other world, then I would find her. I would lose myself in the possibility that something would come of my efforts.

The only problem was that I was removing myself from the physical world and the people in it. I went down that path much further than my friends and family were comfortable with.

In the end, though, my path seemed to lead nowhere and eventually I became disenchanted. What I did not realize at the time was that the Queen did hear me as I wandered in the hills of western Colorado talking to her, and that years later she would make her presence known.

## Chapter 5 The Bloodline of Kings

Dear Stephen,

For decades your books have been an inspiration to me, but the saga of Roland's quest for the Dark Tower has had a profound effect on my life.

In your story Roland is the last in the line of Eld, the bloodline of Arthurian kings. This was my story as well. From my earliest childhood I was aware that I, too, had a king's destiny, but I had no way to express this awareness to others. Sharing it with anyone, even friends and loved ones, seemed unthinkable. I was a goofy, nerdy kid who couldn't remember the simplest instructions. I couldn't remember that I needed to be somewhere or do something at a certain time. Even the most basic stuff like showing up for dinner on time was beyond me. It was all I could do to keep from getting into trouble for the dumbest things. Claiming any degree of specialness about myself would have been seen as ridiculous. Instead I hid this awareness from others with stark terror. In my teenage years I did my best to dismiss it as egotistical nonsense.

Then there was the question of how a king should manifest his sovereignty. Models from the past were of no relevance. Even the term has no place of acceptance in today's world: king of what? With a mandate to do what?

There are captains of industry who at times play a kingly role, but I had ADD and was dyslexic. I didn't learn to read until I was in high school. There was no way that I could rise to a place of prominence in the corporate arena.

Throughout my life I'd had an unusual connection to the Earth Goddess, who acted as my muse, inspiring my creative thinking. Our thoughts wove together in a way that made it difficult to know where my thoughts ended and hers began. In my earliest years I had some awareness that it was the Nature Lady who was my muse, but in later years I dismissed this notion as silly, and my awareness of her faded. In my adolescence, this creative thinking manifested as daydreaming, especially during school. Most often the dreams were of a city of exquisite beauty that I referred to then as "The Emerald City." It had soaring towers, sweeping lines, lush gardens, trees and animals of all kinds. People in the

city were whisked about in sleek monorail vehicles. The city would appear in different settings and climates and, like different works of art done by the same artist, each had a similar quality, and each was more beautiful than the last.

My natural talent is more inclined toward machines than buildings, so it was the monorail that captured my imagination.

There were times when I talked to others about these ideas, but no one took me seriously. Worse yet, the school bullies relished the opportunity to make fun of me and my crazy ideas.

The dreams of my adolescence gave way to the dreams of a teenager. Throughout this time, I abandoned my passion for the monorail, only to have it surface again and again. Only much later did I realize that it was the Nature Lady all along who was reminding me of the dream—and, even later, that it was *her* dream and she was hoping that someday I would build it. This cycle of dream and denial persisted throughout my adult years and only now, in my early sixties, am I confident to openly pursue this work.

Since I did not know that I was dreaming with the Earth Goddess, my conscious awareness of her faded as I got older. It might have been lost for good if not for a bizarre sequence of events that brought us together in a mutual struggle for survival.

In my forties, I was discovered by forces of darkness. They did not attempt to cause me physical harm; rather, they used an extraordinary array of psychic attacks designed to co-opt my heart and mind, and turn me into one of their pawns.

At the time, I was not aware that an invitation to discover my destiny was at hand. I just wanted them to leave me alone.

The ensuing sixteen-year struggle with them came to a dramatic and successful conclusion in December of 2009.

The experience was challenging in the extreme, and strange to the point where relevant guidance from books or other references was virtually nonexistent. Your story of Roland's quest soothed my soul during times when I had nowhere else to turn. Thank you!

## Chapter 6 The Forces of Darkness

In October of 1995 a friend of mine and I went to a meeting in Boulder, Colorado where video footage of UFOs was going to be shown. The meeting was held in one of the rooms at the university. We arrived just moments before the presenter started, and found a couple of seats about half way to the front on the right. I looked around and guessed that there were about thirty-five people present.

From the beginning there was something peculiar about the event. The presenter acted as if he was inviting the audience into an important and revolutionary story—a story of other worlds and other races. But when he started showing the videos, it was apparent that he was either nuts or was involved in some sort of sham. The videos were nonsense. He went on and on, telling his ridiculous story, and I was growing more restless by the minute. Finally, I leaned over and whispered to my friend, “Let’s get out of here.”

I stood up to leave, and the presenter immediately focused his attention on me. Until this point he had been boring and deadpan, but when he addressed me he was sharp and collected. He asked, “Where are you going? We are just getting to the important part.”

I could tell that he was playing me, but I didn’t know what he was up to. Perhaps I should have just walked out, but my sense of civility compelled me to say, “Thanks, but we have to go.”

He took a step closer to the edge of the stage and asked, “Why did you come if you were not going to watch the show?”

A flash of fear passed through me as I realized that this person that I took for a harmless hillbilly was a highly skilled black magician, and I was his prey.

With practiced mastery he focused the attention of the audience on me and went on about how hard it was for him to take the footage, and then to put all this effort into his presentation, just to have people like me walk out on him.

I knew that he was trying to draw me into a deeper confrontation, so I did my best to ignore him. With every eye in the room on us, my friend and I made our way out. Back in the car, we talked about how strange the experience had

been, but we couldn't figure out what he was up to. I was relieved that we were out of the room, but the sense that something was amiss remained with me.

That night, I was in bed and ready to go to sleep when the harsh reality of what had happened became apparent: I was not alone. A visitor was in my mind and in my body, and he was not human.

I had heard stories about Reptilian spirit beings that were purported to take over human bodies as part of some nefarious conspiracy, but I had dismissed these stories as paranoid delusions. However, my situation was no delusion, and as the realization sank in, I could feel fear and panic start to rise in me. At the same time, I recognized that my fear was exactly what the visitor needed in order to build his roads into the center of my being.

Days of intense anguish followed. I told myself that I would find a way to be free of him. I did my best to fight off the thought that I would be subject to his imposition for the rest of my life. The terror that accompanied this thought was more than I could face. I looked away. I told myself that everything would be okay. I asked myself who I could tell. There was no one. I was desperate.

Four days passed—four days of panic. On the fourth day, I realized that I knew a way that might solve my problem.

Years earlier I had learned a technique called the House of Being meditation. The House of Being is the place where people who have near-death experiences wake up and find themselves in a tunnel, with the Light of God at the end. This is the place where the spirit resides when it enters the world of physical form and, in most cases, stays for the duration of the visit to Earth. It is an interface zone between the physical world and the Realm of Light, aka Heaven.

The meditation allowed me to experience my body as if it was a house, a house where I could walk around, look into closets and see what was hiding in them.

On this occasion, I went into the meditation more optimistic than I had been since the fiasco started. I wanted to believe that I had finally found a way to get rid of him.

When I entered my House of Being I didn't have to look in the closet for him—he was standing there, looking at me.

I watched him for a moment. He was about my size and height, and similar to alien beings that we have seen in science fiction movies, but not so sinister looking. He was dressed in what looked like a uniform of some sort, also like we might see in a movie but subdued in cut and color. The expression in his eyes was emotionless and detached.



Then I spoke: "What are you doing here?"

He made no reply.

"What are you doing here?" I repeated, more insistently.

The rules of the game, as I had learned them, were that if I confronted someone in my House of Being, I had the right to demand that they leave.

I pressed my case. "I don't know why you are here, but you need to leave."

No response.

I was starting to worry. I tried not to think about the fact that I had placed all my faith in this technique and was not aware of any other recourse.

I had been told that the House of Being was a sovereign realm under the absolute authority of the owner—in this case, me. I did my best to assume as much sovereign authority as I could. I stood straighter and focused on a sense of indignation. I spoke again: "This is my space and you are not welcome. Do you understand?"

Still no response. He just looked at me as if he were observing a phenomenon that required no input from him.

"Do you understand me?" I was getting angry. "You need to leave now!" I took a step toward him. "Get out!"

A moment passed. There was no change in his expression. Then, in the blink of an eye, he was gone.

I came out of the meditation in sweet relief. I had my life back. The nightmare was over.

I told myself that it would never happen again. That this was a one-time occurrence, and that there was no need to worry.

As it happened, I didn't worry, but that didn't change the fact that my association with these strange beings was not yet over.

## Chapter 7

### The Country Fair

Dear Stephen,

I hope you are enjoying these letters.

I have an idea that might be fun. Since I am not expecting you to respond, perhaps I can respond for you, sort of like your interview with yourself on your website.

**SK: *I suppose that will be okay, but what if you have me say something that I don't like?***

Don't worry, you can change or delete anything you want.

**SK: *Fair enough.***

In the years that followed, I suffered repeated attacks from Reptilians. Each time, they used a new and clever technique to trip me up. They used implants to control me even when there were no Reptilians present. They created doorways in my House of Being that they could use to come and go.

With each attack I met the challenge by studying what was happening and experimenting with my own ideas about how to counter them.

All of these attacks were conducted by spirit beings, rather than beings in physical form. Then there came a time when I was attending the Country Fair near Eugene, Oregon, when I experienced an attack of an entirely different nature.

At the fair the public is required to leave the grounds at the end of each day. Those who have booths or are performers at one of the many venues are allowed to stay after hours. People like to stay to attend the quiet, intimate scene that takes place in the evening. Sometimes people make arrangements with the proprietor of a booth to be in the booth at the end of the day, so they can remain on the grounds after the fair closes.

To remove the reluctant public that remains at the end of the day, the police conduct what is called The Sweep.

On this occasion, my partner Carol and I made arrangements to stay in a friend's booth during The Sweep. The booth was a geodesic dome covered with

white canvas with clear plastic windows. By the time we got there the dome was nearly full, and the only place to sit was at the far edge of the dome with our backs against the canvas wall. A man entered the dome and was the last to enter before the door was closed for The Sweep. The woman at the entrance, who was acting as a door keeper, had given me a strange look when I entered, and I was trying to figure out why when the man entered. He spoke to her briefly before starting in our direction. *He has strange tattoos on the sides of his face, I thought, like the woman at the door.* Then the truth hit me like a brick: *Those aren't tattoos—they're scales!*

The man walked over to where we were seated and sat right in front of me, facing me. I had to press back against the canvas in order to make room for him. I glanced at him just long enough to confirm that my suspicions were correct. While he was human it was obvious that a Reptilian was present in him as well. *Why can I see that part of him, and no one else can?* I wondered. *Perhaps it's because they have lived in me as well.*

I closed my eyes to wait out The Sweep, which was likely to last for an hour. I was scared. I knew something was up but I didn't know what, nor what to do about it. I thought I was safer where I was, surrounded by people, than off by myself, so I stayed. But as the moments passed, the sense of dread came in wave after wave.

When The Sweep came, it was in stark contrast to the playful and whimsical fair. There were harsh voices and radios crackling all around us. People were trying to evade the police by hiding in the bushes that surrounded the dome, but all of them were discovered and dragged out. The scene outside the dome got intense and confrontational, escalating from one moment to the next. A helicopter flew low over head, then loud reports rang out. *Surely those are just firecrackers and not pistol shots,* I thought.

At the height of the consternation I realized that there were three people sitting outside the dome right behind me. That's when I figured out what the plan was for me. The guy sitting in front of me and his buddies outside were going to psyche me out and trap me once and for all.

I knew what their game was; they were going to attempt a break-in of my mind. The first step was to get me into a struggle with them. If I resisted them, or expressed fear, they would be on their way to accomplishing their goal.

I closed my eyes and went into a deep meditation. I focused on being a channel of Love and Light. *Okay, I thought, I can stay in this state for an hour. I will wait them out.*

I was just starting to feel confident, when there was a bright flash in the center of the dome. A second flash followed an instant later. In my mind's eye, I looked around, and I was no longer in the dome. I was still surrounded by people, but most of them were dead. We were in some sort of bunker, and the two bright flashes were grenades that had gone off in our midst.

Just then the door to the bunker burst inward. Three Reptilians rushed in with guns blazing. All the rest of the people in the room were killed, except me. The Reptilians came after me, dragged me to my feet, and forced me toward the door.

We walked out into the aftermath of a battle. There were bodies everywhere. The survivors were being executed where they were found: Reptilians killing humans. For some time, we walked through the battle zone, weaving our way around blast craters, and heaps of burnt and mangled bodies. It was the executions that were getting to me. It felt wrong to just walk by and not do anything.

***SK: But you must have known that it was just a vision of some sort. Why didn't you just open your eyes?***

At some level I did know that it was a vision, but it didn't seem that way. At one point I did open my eyes, but it was no help. The man in front of me had become fully reptilian, and the rest of the people in the dome were moaning and swooning as if they too were under some sort of trance. But the real problem was that even with my eyes open I could still see that other world, as if it were the real world and this world was just a thin veneer over it.

I assumed that the vision was all part of the strategy to trap me, but the idea that the Reptilians had such a profound ability to influence my mind was little comfort. All this time I was able to stay out of fear and keep them out of my mind. I would have escaped into the light the way I had when I visited my grandparents at the pool, but I didn't know how to repeat that experience. Instead I caused a bubble to form in the veil and I placed myself inside it. This is not something that I would recommend for others to try—I don't even know how I did it. It was something along the lines of the stories you hear about grandmothers lifting cars off their grandsons. I knew that what I was doing was harmful to me and that I would pay the price later, but in the heat of the moment that didn't matter.

The Sweep seemed to go on for days, but eventually came to an end. The man in front of me regained his human visage and left without incident. I could feel the superman stance inside me beginning to crumble, and tentacles of fear creeping into my heart.

I was nearly delirious with the aftereffect of the event so there was no point in staying on the fairgrounds. I was still fully immersed in the other world, so during the time that Carol and I were walking out of the fairgrounds, I was also being escorted through the horrors of the battlefield.

Back at our camp with my friends, things were no better. I was convinced that the Reptilians were looking for me, and the thought of what would happen if they found me caused my fear to grow and build upon itself. I had denied my fear during the attack and now it was returning with a vengeance. Along with the fear came the awareness that if they trapped me again I would be helpless to resist them. This thought fueled my fear as it raged out of control.

I couldn't tell my friends what was happening. What was I going to say—that I was being chased by Reptilians, and that I was their prisoner in another world? I was trying to manage the situation, not make it worse.

I stayed in the camp for the night, hoping that a few hours of sleep would help to relieve my distressed state. But by morning I was no better. My duress was progressing at a rapid pace and it was becoming impossible to hide it from my friends.

They were preparing to leave on a four-hour drive to return home, and I knew that I couldn't restrain myself for that long. My fear had grown to the point where it had usurped any remaining sense of normalcy. I knew that I could only deal with the situation if I were on my own and didn't have to explain my actions to others. I was consumed with the urge to escape, to run, to do whatever it took to rescue that part of me that was trapped in the other world. Finally, I couldn't contain myself any longer. I told my friends that I was leaving.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"I don't know—I just have to go," I replied.

They argued strenuously for me to stay with them, and pleaded with me to be reasonable. I had no answers for them, and by the time I left, they were all mad at me.

## Chapter 8

### A Narrow Escape

As soon as I was on my own I plunged headlong into an all-out effort to get away from anyone who might be pursuing me. I decided to surround myself with as many people as possible until I saw my chance to disappear.

I volunteered to wash pots for a traveling food vender who had set up an outdoor restaurant at the campground. It was Sunday, the last day of the fair, and he and his crew were in the process of breaking down the operation so they could go to the fair for the afternoon. They said they had an extra ticket that I could have if I wanted to go. I was letting the Ka provide me with each next step, so I said yes.

I had no interest in attending the fair, and I planned to leave it as soon as I got the chance, but I saw the move as the perfect ruse to confuse the Reptilians if they were still pursuing me. If they were following me I could make them think that I had gone back to the fair.

When it was time to go, the only seat that was available to me was on the floor behind the driver's seat of an extended-cab pickup truck. Aside from me, the truck was occupied by two gorgeous young women sitting up front. Whether this was part of the ruse orchestrated by the Ka or just happenstance, the young man at the gate was so mesmerized by the women he never noticed me nor asked for my ticket. *That's good, I thought. If there was surveillance at the gate, I just gave them the slip.*

We parked at the edge of a big field among hundreds of other cars and trucks. I let the women go on their way and stayed with the truck for about five minutes, then walked casually to the edge of the field as if to relieve myself. From there I ducked into the forest and bolted. I didn't think I was being followed, but I wasn't taking any chances. I ran as if the devil himself was on my tail.

I didn't know if the Reptilians had taken advantage of a chance opportunity at the fair or whether they were working on a strategic plan to capture me. I was pretty sure they knew I was vulnerable to them after the work-over they'd given me the previous day. In any case, I was intent on making it very difficult to find

me.

As I ran, I visualized myself running away from the Reptilians in the other world as well. With each step I saw myself streaming out of their world and back into this world.

I ran for about a half mile and came to some railroad tracks which I followed for several miles. The tracks crossed a narrow paved road, and at the crossing was a large steel tank with a ladder at one end. I climbed the ladder and looked into the open hatch. The tank was empty and there was another ladder inside. I climbed into the tank.

Several times, while running along the railroad tracks, I had ducked behind a tree and watched to see if I was being followed. There was no one. I was convinced that I had made it to the tank unobserved.

*Now I'll wait until dusk and hitch a ride out of here.*

Dusk came and I climbed out of the tank and started walking up the road. A car approached and I held out my thumb. The car passed. Before long an old pick-up truck came around a bend in the road. Once again I held out my thumb and the truck rumbled to a stop. When I opened the door I was greeted by a man named Wayne and his dog Rot. Wayne and Rot lived way up in the mountains where I was sure no one could find me. I stayed there for a few days until my fear subsided to a manageable level and until I was convinced that the Reptilians had given up looking for me.

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Whenever I have told this story, the first question that people ask is, "Were you using drugs?" The answer is yes, although I am always reluctant to say so because people then assume that the experience was merely a hallucination.

At the time I was part of an entheogenic spiritual community. *Entheogenic* describes a practice where drugs, referred to as *sacrament*, or sacred medicine, are used as a means to delve deeper into the mystery of life. This is radically different from the party scene where drugs are used indiscriminately for fun. While this may be difficult for people to imagine in our age of rampant drug abuse, shamans of old have used medicines derived from plants in this fashion for ages.

On this particular occasion a friend of mine had given me some psilocybin mushrooms. There is no doubt that they influenced my experience, but I don't believe that they were the sole cause of the event.

This occasion is an exception to most of the adventures I'm going to share with you, in that it involves the use of mushrooms. Magic mushrooms do play a role in my story, but only on four or five occasions.

Cannabis plays a much larger role. In the story that follows, I become involved with the Earth Queen in a way that would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible, without the use of cannabis. Her reality is very different than ours, and for me to enter it on a regular basis, particularly at the end of a busy work day when I was distracted and fatigued, would have been nearly impossible without cannabis. One day I asked her, "What would we do without cannabis?" In one of her classic one-line answers she said, "We have cannabis."

The other relevant point about the entheogenic use of sacrament is that the amount used is normally a small fraction of the amount used in the party environment. In the stories that follow, cannabis is used on a regular basis but in amounts to heighten awareness rather than dull the senses.



## Chapter 9

### Rumors of War

Several months of recovery were required for me to return to a normal connection to the world around me.

I was changed though. I began to see the struggle with the Reptilians in the context of a planet-wide war between the Reptilians and the humans—a war that had gone on for ages. Although most people have been unaware of it, the war has had a huge impact on the course of human history.

I realized that I had been swept into this war and was a part of it now whether I liked it or not. This awareness helped me to assume a new stance toward the Reptilians. No longer did I think, *Poor me. Why are they chasing and bothering me?* I was determined to stand up to them and tell them that I wasn't going to put up with their nonsense. By now I recognized that I had latent abilities with regards to the spirit realms—abilities that I had denied and suppressed most of my life. I needed to embrace those skills now as if my life depended on them.

I was determined that I would never again be as vulnerable as I'd been at the fair. The next time I encountered the Reptilians, I would be an entirely different person.

There are numerous examples where men at war discover a heroic nature within themselves that they hadn't been aware of. The essence of the hero is commitment and service to something larger than oneself. While I had aspired to these virtues all my life, I'd always viewed them as something that I would be doing someday in the future. More to the point, I'd thought of them only within the context of my personal life. When I recovered from the Reptilian attack, I no longer cared about my personal life. The only thing that meant anything to me was working to shift the balance of the war toward resolution a little bit every day.

The war was clandestine and to that extent was unfair to mankind. My passion around this sense of injustice burned in me like a fever. *How much of the turmoil that plagues humanity is the result of their meddling? Don't we have enough problems without them? Why don't they just come out and show themselves? Then see how well their campaign goes.*

The other realization that angered me was the awareness that the Earth Goddess had not only been forced to endure the abuses of our greedy and warring nature, but had to suffer the consequences of this war as well.

My next confrontation with the Reptilians happened a few months later. It was an attack by a spirit being, rather than a Reptilian in physical form.

On this occasion the Reptilian invaded my House of Being, as the first one had. I knew almost immediately that he was there. I went into a meditation and entered my House of Being to confront him. I presented myself not just as an individual, but as a champion for all humanity. By taking that stance, I *became* that champion. No one needed to give me a mandate. I found that I had no trouble assuming a stance of authority, and I viewed him not as a scary, powerful being but rather as simply a soldier. I told him that I was losing my patience and that he would be wise to inform his superiors that I would not put up with their meddling any longer.

This was the moment when I stepped into my destiny. With respect to my relationship with the invisible realms, I had “come out.” There was still a huge impediment to overcome with regards to “coming out” in the outer world, but from this moment on, everyone that I encountered in the inner realms regarded me as a champion for humanity.

I made no effort to disguise my assumed position. Quite the contrary: I worked it for all it was worth. The Reptilian’s response told me that he understood that I was who I was presenting myself to be. He wasn’t responsive in the way that a human would be—he didn’t speak or acknowledge me in any way—but I could tell that he was paying close attention to what I was saying.

The amazing thing about this encounter was that my new sense of myself changed me: I was not afraid.

They left me alone for nearly a year. The next attack came at a dance when a woman shape-shifted into a Reptilian right in front of me. Then she took some spark of life from me, which made me feel heavy and depressed. I walked off the dance floor, sat down, and closed my eyes. I focused my attention inward, on the spirit aspect of myself, and willed my spirit presence to become very large. From that position I silently addressed the being and demanded that she give back what she had taken.

I was learning that not only were those realms real, but *I* was real in those other realms and not just an observer. That may sound obvious, but there is a process involved in becoming effective in that environment. There is the necessity to become forthright in relating to people and situations there, in order to bring to bear the power of one’s will.

## Chapter 10 The Chamber

About four years after the episode at the Country Fair I was hiking along a river that ran near my house in Ashland, Oregon. The area had been quarried for rock years before to build a nearby highway, so all of the ground had been disturbed.

As I walked, I meditated on how I longed to meet the Earth Queen. I had no idea how to go about doing that, so I did the only thing I could think of: I moved stones. I would pick up a stone, then find a place where it looked like it belonged. Not in the way that people stack one stone on top of another to make a monument—rather, I moved stones so they looked as if they were in a natural setting.

By this time my yearning to know her was a mixture of love and sorrow. Sorrow, both for the fact that I had come no closer to knowing her than I had that day with my uncle long ago, and for the fact that in the span of my life I had seen environmental degradation go from bad to worse.

As I walked I listened to National Public Radio with some ear buds. One of the *“Lord of the Rings”* movies had just come out. Two announcers were bantering back and forth. One of them said, “I could wear the Ring of Power.” The other one replied, “You’re too selfish and immature. I am far more capable of dealing with that sort of responsibility. I could wear the Ring of Power.”

I turned off the radio and sat down under a tree, and said to myself, “I could wear the Ring of Power.” I closed my eyes and went into a meditation, as I often did on my afternoon walks. The meditation this day, however, would be far different than any previous occasion.

In my mind’s eye I saw a bar of steel growing hotter and hotter until it glowed bright red. Then it cooled off to a dull brown. Once again it started heating up. This happened over and over.

After about five or six times, I looked around with my mind’s eye and realized I was in a very different place than where I had started out. I was standing in a chamber that I took to be deep in the Earth. The chamber was about 60 feet long and about 40 feet wide. It had a high ceiling of maybe 18 feet. It was made of what looked like flat steel sectioned off into panels 8 or 10 feet on a side. Steel framing ran between the panels. The floor was a metal grate, and looking through it I could see a similar sized room down below. Steps made of the same metal grating connected the floor I was on to the floor below. Both rooms were

virtually empty with the exception of a few pieces of junk strewn about. The whole place was glowing with the same red-hot color as the steel bar. The air shimmered with heat.

*What is this place?... What am I doing here?* I asked myself.

Then I noticed a sword lying on the metal grate floor a few feet in front of me, and a scabbard to the left of it. Both were old and beat-up. The sword was small and its blade was black with corrosion. Not knowing what else to do, I picked them up, turned around, and ran out of the chamber through a doorway in the back of the room.

The doorway opened to a large hallway. I ran down the hallway until I came to a set of stairs, and I started to climb. I climbed for a long time that afternoon before I got back to my body sitting under the tree.

I assumed that the journey had taken me deep under the Earth and that I had gotten there by way of shamanic journey. I was familiar with the phenomenon because when I was in the fifth grade I used to journey, or “eye-travel” as I thought of it then, out of the classroom and into the forest across the street, where I could sit at the edge of a marshy pond and watch dragonflies catch insects. Sometimes when I was on one of these adventures, the teacher, Mr. DeAngelo, would stand over my desk and call my name four or five times before I realized that he was there. Invariably I would awaken from my placid daydream to a room full of children laughing at me.

This should have caused me to change my ways, but that’s not what happened. It was the other realms that I had to skirt past on my way to the pond that finally cured me of my early journey practice, when an inadvertent venture into the unseen realms terrified me to the point where I promised myself, “No more eye-travel!”

I sat under the tree after my return from the chamber and reflected on what had happened. I had no idea where these sort of adventures might lead, and I felt equal measures of fear and fascination about them.

A few days later my fascination won out, and once again I journeyed to that other world.

## Chapter 11

### The Ring of Power

There are those who may assume that shamanic journey is just a fantasy. How can someone travel outside his or her body? There is, however, a rational explanation for this phenomenon.

Consciousness is malleable, expandable, and stretchy. The only thing keeping it within the confines of our physical forms is our intention. We can also use our intention to cause it to stretch out to the other side of the room or even the other side of the planet. It is this stretchy quality that shamans use to “journey.”

Perhaps the greatest journeyer of recent times is the late Itzhak Bentov, who said: “If you can visualize yourself traveling someplace, visualize yourself there, and believe that you are there, then you *are* there.”

On my second shamanic journey I used the same technique of the metal bar growing hotter and then cooling. However, on this occasion I ended up in a maze of dusty old corridors made of rough stone blocks. I had walked no more than a hundred yards through one of the corridors when I encountered a spirit standing motionless against the wall on the right. I approached him cautiously. When I got to within a couple feet of him, I could see that although his eyes were open he seemed to be asleep or in a trance.

I held up my hand in front of his face and, as if light were coming from my hand, his face began to lose its wispy ghostlike appearance and color filled his countenance. He woke up.

“Say,” he said, “where did you come from? I’ve been trying to find my way out of here. Do you know the way?”

He was chipper, even a bit comical, the last thing I expected to encounter.

“No,” I said. “I’m new here. Do you know where we are? Is there a name for this place?”

“Why yes, of course—I mean, I used to know. It’s called...hmm... I can’t remember, but if you could show me the way out of here I’m sure I’ll remember soon enough.”

When I moved my hand back away from him, the color drained from his face and he drifted off into the trance once again. I didn’t see any point in conversing any further, so I moved on.

Soon I encountered two more spirits, dormant like the first one. One was a tall man who was stooped over to the point where he was nearly a hunchback. His long narrow face hung down like that of a vulture. The other, also a man, was short, a bit chubby, with a round face to match. They were standing close together in an alcove on the left side of the corridor.

I held my hand in front of them like a torch illuminating their faces. Slowly they too came to life. They looked at each other, then back at me. I asked them if they knew the name of the place.

The short one spoke: "We are not sure it has a name. It is the place where those who tarry come to live out their days. Some call it the Land of the Dead, but we are not dead. We are lost. We are the Lost Souls.

"Perhaps you could help us find our way home," he continued. "We could follow you on your journey."

I couldn't bring home a parade of ghosts, like the Pied Piper. Instead I backed slowly away from them and watched as they faded back into sleep.

I walked only a bit further before I decided that this was enough of an adventure for one day. Instead of looking for a flight of steps, I closed my eyes and imagined myself zooming up through the ground and into my body sitting by the tree.

After the meditation, I reflected on what had happened and realized that each time I went to that ghostly realm, I dropped into a body that was a part of me, a version of myself that *lived* there—apparently a part of my spirit left over from an earlier life. When I joined with it, that other part of me became animated—like the spirits that I met there, only much more so. My presence imbued that other body with life—and I was alive in it, living as that self in that other world.

A few days later I was sitting on a hill near the river, not far from the place where I'd made the first two journeys. I thought about the reference to the Ring of Power that had precipitated the first journey, and wondered if there really was such a ring.

*Perhaps this is the reason for the journeys. I thought. Maybe I could find this ring. Perhaps I should look for it today.*

An image of that strange land I'd visited the last time came to mind, creepy and foreboding—quite a contrast to the bright spring day around me. I wasn't sure I was up to the task. I thought, *maybe another day would be better.*

Immediately a voice spoke to me, as loud and clear as if someone was standing behind me, someone with a big resonant voice, saying, "You have to look for the ring today."

*Whoa, who was that?* I thought. But it hardly mattered. The voice spoke with the authority of truth; a truth I could not deny. So off I went to that land of perpetual twilight.

On this occasion I found myself walking down long hallways and through a few large rooms. There were spirit beings here and there but I ignored them. The place was old and dusty; chairs were overturned and there was litter on the floors.

I wandered through more hallways and rooms until I came to a bedroom. Inside it, on the left, was a bed with a skeleton lying on it. Shreds of clothing hung from the bones. On the right was a table and chair. Everything was covered with thick dust. I was repulsed by the surroundings and wanted to run out of there, but I compelled myself to stay.

I walked over to the table, and I could see from the impression in the dust that there was indeed a ring there. I pushed the dust aside and picked up the ring. Like the sword, it was black with corrosion.

For a moment, the two parts of me struggled with whether to put the ring on. The part of me that was visiting that realm hesitated, fearful, unsure that I was doing the right thing. I wasn't certain I was ready to wear the ring or to accept the responsibilities that would come with it. Finally, I surrendered and watched myself put the ring on my hand. With that, I left to return to my body.

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Several days later I lay on the bank of the river near my house. I went again to meet with that other part of myself.

Upon my arrival, I found myself going down spiral steps of the same rough stone as in the two previous journeys. Down and down I went. As I descended, a faint yellow glow began to fill the stairwell. After a few minutes, I reached the bottom of the steps.

I found myself in a small room cut from solid rock. Off to the left was a tunnel, also cut from rock. The glow was coming from within the tunnel.

By the time I had reached the bottom of the steps I was nearly running, but as I ventured into the tunnel, my pace had slowed to a crawl. The tunnel turned

slightly to the right so I couldn't see very far. I could not imagine what was causing the light and I wasn't sure I wanted to find out.

As I walked around the bend, I was surprised to discover that the tunnel opened onto an enormous space and the path I was walking on ended on a rocky ledge. Gingerly, I approached the edge and looked down.

The view was breathtaking. I was standing on a precipice of mind-boggling height. Below me was what looked like hundreds of miles of open space. In the center of the space, far below, was a huge, softly glowing sphere, like a moon within the Earth. The last light of the sun just before sunset is brighter than the glow of that sphere. Some sort of mist filled the space around it, diffusing the light emanating from it and obscuring its surface

I looked upon this sight in wonder. *This must be the very heart of Earth herself*, I thought.

As I stood there gazing at this amazing sight I had an upwelling of compassion for the Earth. I thought about all the travesties that have been foisted upon her by men in their careless ways. Visions of the history of mankind started coming to me as I looked at the sphere—just a few at first, then more and more until I was overtaken by them. I saw visions of warfare, battle after battle, flames, explosions, and waves of men surging this way and that. The emotions that came through me as I watched were like waves of nausea. Mixed in with the warfare were other images of the ugliness of our cities: smokestacks, traffic jams, and people shouting. That sort of thing. I didn't know whose emotions I was feeling but I assumed that they were the Earth's. Whatever the source, the emotions came like a river and I was swept along in the current.

When it ended, I was exhausted. I thought it had been a good journey, and now it was time to go home.

But my other self had something else in mind. Without another thought, I leapt off the cliff. Down and down I fell towards the glowing yellow sphere. I fell through the mist for about five minutes until I could see the surface of the sphere below me. I was falling towards it very fast, and I braced for the impact.

When I reached its surface there was a jolt and my body jumped, yet I passed through the outer layer and into the interior of the sphere. Now I was falling through a crystal lattice, and I could see patterns in the crystal. Before long, I passed into another layer where the patterns of the crystal were a different shape. I passed through five or six layers before the dizzying speed of my descent slowed and then stopped completely.



I was floating in a dimly lit space and before me was a crystal, about 40 feet across, shaped something like a snowflake, only much thicker. It shimmered with rays of blue and green light. Not knowing what else to do, I allowed myself to slip into the interior of the crystal. Once inside, I encountered a brilliant diamond-shaped light floating in the center of the crystal. The light was so bright I almost couldn't look at it.

*Wow, I thought. This is extraordinary. Surely this is the Queen's sacred space.*

I was concerned that perhaps I was trespassing, but at the same time I had the sense that I had stumbled into the most significant event of my life. I had only taken a few journeys, yet here I was in the Queen's sacred temple.

I sensed that my journey was not yet complete, and there was no other place to go but into the light. Without thinking too much about it I turned around and backed into the bright light.

Immediately I was caught in a heaving and swirling maelstrom where the energy of my body and the energy that was in the light struggled and strained against each other. I felt like I was being torn to pieces. One moment the field around me would almost stabilize and then the next moment it would vibrate like it was about to fly into pieces. The situation had the feel of a machine that was oscillating in and out of balance. Over and over the gyration continued, trying to find equilibrium. *Ring... ring... ring*, it went. Then, with a *bang*, the energies came into alignment.

Light started pouring through me. Colored rainbows of light were rushing through my body in a torrent. Streaming and streaming, the light roared through me. This went on for what seemed like about ten minutes.

Finally, the flood of light subsided and I found myself in a pure white space. I could see nothing in any direction—just white. I floated in empty space for a while, until eventually I settled onto a floor that was also pure white.

The wonder of it all was hard to comprehend. Whenever I tell people about these adventures they ask me if they are the result of my vivid imagination. If I had any lingering doubts about this question, those doubts were set aside once and for all during this experience. Far from a dream, it was more like being caught in an avalanche and, like in an avalanche, the question of realness was lost in the question of survival.

Beyond the five senses is the internal experience of perception. With that awareness I could feel myself merging with something of immense power. I could feel that power inside me as well as all around me.

After another ten minutes or so I thought, *Soon I will need to find my way home*. No sooner did I have that thought than a mirror-like liquid wall formed beside me, and I could hear the sound of the water in the river. I stepped through the wall and back into my body by the river.

I opened my eyes slowly. I had pursued a spiritual path nearly all my life and had thought that perhaps someday I might encounter a miracle, but never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that something like this would happen.

I lay there a while in stunned amazement before making my way back to the house. There was no doubt in my mind that my life would never be the same again.

My journey to the center of the Earth changed me. I realized that something vast was happening and that my work in other worlds was more important than anything else in my life. I started to become serious about the fact that I was on some sort of quest and that I would be wise to prepare myself in whatever way I could. The most potent tool that I had to assist me was an altar. About ten years previous to this time I had followed the Lakota American Indian traditions and learned how to use an altar. In that context, the altar is viewed as an inter-dimensional object that exists in multiple dimensions at the same time. The power of the altar is the result of the attention bestowed upon it. The altars that I built after my journey to the center of the Earth were mine alone, so I was able to go to extremes with them in terms of the power that they possessed. There is an adage that goes; *If you make it real it is real*. I made the altars that I built real to the extent that they possessed supernatural powers. I worked out a simple ritual and dire consequences would result if the ritual was not adhered to. By the same token, magical powers could be brought to bear if the altars were honored appropriately.

I used a candle to bring the altar to life. A bowl of water or wine to represent female power. A knife, pencil or tool of some sort to represent the masculine dynamic, and a piece of fruit was offered as a ritual gift. The ceremony involved lighting the candle, drinking from the bowl and eating the fruit, followed by refilling the bowl and placing a new fruit on the altar.

The place that I used most often for an altar was at the base of a walnut tree that grew near my house. One day I didn't have any fruit so I used a walnut from the tree as the fruit offering. The next day I performed the ritual again and neglected to eat some of the walnut and as I turned away from the altar a nut fell from the tree and passed by one of my ears so closely it made a loud **thum**. The tree had given me a gentle reminder.

I used the altars to create a bubble of alternate reality within which all the factors of my spirit world life were contained. When I was out and about in the physical world, I was aware that my connection to the unseen was kept safe within the bubble around the altar. When I was on a journey into the unseen realms, the altar served as a beacon that allowed me to know where I was and how to get home.

## Chapter 12

### The Crystal Orb

In the following weeks and months I visited the white room many times. It became a sanctuary where I would go to meditate.

One night I awoke and was unable to go back to sleep. After an hour of frustration, I came to the conclusion that there was something in the spirit world that was keeping me awake. I allowed myself to drop into that world with the intention to discover what was calling me.

Once there, I found myself in a tunnel hewn out of rock. It only took a moment to realize which direction I needed to go, and soon I was jogging down the tunnel, confident that it was about the Great Work.

The tunnel ended on a rocky ledge inside a large chamber. Below the ledge was what looked like purple leaves growing in a pool of water. On the opposite side of the chamber, about 40 feet from where I was standing, was a growth of some sort that resembled a part from the inside of a flower. It was about 60 feet long and hung from the wall, slender at the top and bulbous at the bottom.

As I stood on the ledge wondering what I was supposed to do, the thought occurred to me that I should try to stimulate the object the way I had stimulated the spirit beings on my earlier journeys. There was no way to get close to it, so I would need to project my energy from where I was.

I focused my intention and used my hands to project life force at the growth.

Nothing happened.

I concentrated on allowing more force to be projected at the growth and used the movement of my body to exaggerate the effect. Again, nothing happened.

I was tired and frustrated. I examined the chamber to see if there was something that I was missing, but nothing occurred to me. I thought about stepping down into the pool to see if I could walk over to the growth, but I didn't know how deep the water was, and the thought of plunging into deep water frightened me.

There didn't seem to be anything else to do, so I made a third attempt to stimulate the growth with my life force. This time I allowed the charge to build up inside me first, like a baseball pitcher winding up for a pitch. Then, with all the force I could muster, I hurled my energy at the growth.

For a few moments nothing happened. Then I noticed some movement in the leaves right below the ledge. I got down on my hands and knees to get a closer look, and an object about the size of a grapefruit, iridescent like a pearl, emerged from beneath the leaves. I had no idea what it was nor what purpose it might serve. I knew, however, it was what I had come for. I scooped it up and took it with me when I retraced my foot steps and returned to my physical body, and promptly went to sleep.

It was obvious to me that the orb was important, and I didn't want to lose it, so the next time I went to the white room at the center of the Earth, I left it there. I found that I could create things in that room just by imagining them. So I created a pedestal for the orb so it wouldn't be on the floor. Just before leaving the room, I looked back at the pedestal with the orb resting on top. The interior of the orb glowed with pearly iridescence. It seemed safe enough, so I left and returned to the physical world.

A few days later I returned to the white room, expecting to find the orb where I had left it. Well, it was there all right, but it had started to grow. It was now the size of a watermelon and the shape of a crystal, straight-sided and terminating in a point at each end. To give it room to grow, I created a larger platform for it to sit on.

Intrigued by what was happening, I visited often. When the crystal outgrew the platform, I created a larger one. When it outgrew that, I created a hall with a balcony from which to observe the crystal. The balcony wrapped all the way around the hall. The crystal sat in the center of the hall on a raised platform that took up most of the floor space.

*Surely this will be big enough,* I thought, hoping that I was correct.

## Chapter 13

### Lady Earth

I was busy with a job building a dining table and chairs for some friends of mine, and more than a week passed before I visited the white room in the core of the Earth again.

When I got there I was surprised and baffled by what I saw. I stood on the balcony with my hands resting on the railing that ran along its edge, taking in the scene around me. The crystal had grown to the size of a small house. A large crack ran through the middle of the platform on which it rested. Off to my right, the crystal had grown into the balcony, smashing it with unrelenting force. Cracks ran out from the broken area into the remaining part of the balcony. Chunks of rubble were strewn about on the floor below as well as on the platform.

*Now what? I wondered. Perhaps I was wrong to build anything. I should have just left the orb in the room. I made all this stuff appear in this magic room—I wonder if I can make it disappear just as easily.*

As I stood there contemplating my next move, a beautiful woman, dressed in a flowing green robe, walked out from behind the crystal. She had light brown hair and her face was round with large hazel eyes. She walked toward me on the balcony to my left, the balcony that was still intact. I knew instantly that she was the Nature Lady from my childhood days.

*The time has finally come, I thought. My heart began to race.*

I thought it was a bit ironic that this momentous meeting would happen just when I was in the midst of a construction meltdown.

As she got closer I could see the expression on her face: wonder, expectation, and a mirthful joy. She was as excited as I was.

She walked up to me, took both of my hands in hers, and looked into my eyes. A big smile was on her face.

*“Wonder of wonders. You have come at last,” she said.*

*“I’m happy to see you,” I answered, thinking that my words were trite compared to the grace and majesty of hers. “I guess you can see that I have gotten myself into a bit of trouble.”*

She laughed and said, “It is really no trouble. The crystal will grow to be the size of the core of the Earth. Don’t worry. I will help you work things out.”

During the next ten months the crystal kept growing and recrystallizing the original material of the sphere that I encountered on my first journey to the

center of the Earth. Eventually the entire sphere was transformed into a new crystalline formation.

***SK: You talk about this inner world as if it were an actual place. Even if you were writing this as fiction you would have a difficult time maintaining credibility with your readers. I would encourage you to think about how you can justify a world within the depths of the Earth.***

I realize that the story is difficult to believe. I doubt that I would have believed it myself had it not happened to me. To the best of my ability, I am describing the events as they took place.

The world that I have described is a spirit world that interpenetrates the physical world. The changes that I witnessed were changes in the spirit world, and I don't know if any changes took place in the physical Earth as a result. However, it is interesting to note that the scientific community agrees that the core of the Earth is a giant crystal sphere. All physical things have a spirit world aspect to them, like a shadow cast on a sunny day. A person and his or her shadow are two different things, but they are connected. The nature of the relation between the core of the Earth and its "shadow" is a mystery, but they are related.

***SK: You were talking about how you delivered the crystal orb to the center of the earth and how it grew to be the size of the core. I am interested to know what happened after that.***

For some time, nothing happened and the core had the look of rough green ice but was otherwise featureless. I knew that there was something that needed to happen but was not sure how to proceed. Finally, it dawned on me that beings from The Light would know what to do so I used my house of being as a conduit to give them access to the core. I connected the back door of my house of being to the core, then invited a group of beings from The Light. About seven came through that first time and proceeded to perform some sort of ritual. I was sitting in my back yard in the pleasant afternoon sun of an autumn day while they did their work. After some time had passed, I started to get anxious to finish, when one of the men came over to me and told me that I needed to be patient for a while longer. An hour passed and the same man came over to me again and told me that the work was not yet complete and that I needed to hang in there. This went on for a long time, with the man encouraging me every so often to be patient. I knew they wouldn't put me through this if it weren't important, so I waited. Just when it seemed that the process would never finish, the man came back and said they were done.

This was the beginning of a series of similar procedures that escalated in the number of beings that came through each time, and before long there were hundreds of them.

I willed my house of being to be larger so that more and more beings could use it as a doorway. As hard as I worked at allowing them access there was still a limit as to how long I could stay in that state. Finally, one day a couple of them asked if I would leave the door open so they could stay even when I was not meditating.

Traditional shamanic practices are full of warnings about just this sort of thing. When I consult with people about taking care of themselves relative to their houses of being, I go to great lengths to impress upon them of the need to keep their back door closed at all times, yet here I was faced with granting free access through it by leaving it open all the time.

I had come to trust these beings so I agreed. I even went to the extent of building a locking mechanism into the door so that I would not inadvertently close it. Eventually I expanded the size of my house of being so that it encompassed the whole core of the Earth. In this way I became connected to the Earth at a soul level.

Once the beings from The Light had free access to the core they worked constantly and while I didn't understand what they were doing, one of the results of their efforts was that crystals started to grow on the surface of the core. These crystals were of a different configuration than the core itself. While it may sound cliché to keep talking about crystals, a significant part of the Earth is made out of crystals. To this extent Lady Earth is a crystal being. The crystals on the core started out small and grew until eventually they became the size of skyscrapers. The significance of these crystals has to do with the fact that she is evolving into a new phase of her life.

***SK: Compared to the size of the Earth, you're miniscule. This factor alone would seem to make your actions irrelevant.***

When I first started this work, I made the same assumption and for that reason I didn't take the meditations as seriously as I did later on. The analogy that I've used to understand this seeming incongruity is the example of a single transistor in a circuit that powers the sound system for a rock concert. While the transistor may be measured in microns, when it is connected to the rest of the circuitry a great deal of power can be brought to bear.



I came to realize that the work was all about circuitry that was already in place which needed the equivalent of a single transistor to be inserted to energize the whole system.

Human beings are uniquely positioned with respect to The Light; they are separated by only the thinnest membrane, the veil. Lady Earth has a different kind of connection so by donating my connection to her, I've allowed her to have a new avenue of connection, one that will allow her to evolve into a new version of herself.

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As time passed, I got to know the woman that I had encountered. I learned that she was, as I had suspected, the Queen herself, the being that we know as Lady Earth.

Right from the beginning she asked me to call her *Kara*. With a bit of research, I learned that this name is similar to a name that she was known by ages ago: Kor. Kor is believed to be the oldest known name her as well as the oldest known word in human history. The word *Kor* also refers to the core of the Earth.

The white room continued to play a part in my connection with Kara. One of the first things we did together was to move it from the center of the core `sphere to the surface of it. We had to move it because the new crystal pattern was denser and didn't allow for the room to exist within it. Once there, we used our intention to fashion it into a temple. Since that time the temple has been a key destination that we have used on a regular basis, and many of events that follow take place there.

## Chapter 14

### The Broken Sword

While I was getting to know Kara I became acquainted with a man named Walter who lived in the Land of the Dead. He introduced me to a group of men who had taken it upon themselves to improve their lot and ease the suffering of the inhabitants of that land. They lived in a city that was a bastion of light compared to the rest of the place. When I offered to assist, they had all kinds of things they wanted me to help them with.

There was a constant struggle in the Land of the Dead between the forces of light and the forces of darkness. These men would have me ride out with them on horseback to battlegrounds where we fought with demons and ogres. You would have had a field day with all the wild things that were going on, Stephen—stuff right out of one of your books.

On one of these trips we went to Hell. Most people would think the Land of the Dead would be Hell, but it's not. Hell is a place within the Land of the Dead.

#### ***SK: What is Hell like?***

Hell is like the images that people have of it, except that there is no arch evil presence, such as the devil. Hell is a creation of the human mind—a manifestation of a nightmare of an imagined damnation.

Preachers have been telling their parishioners that they are going to burn in Hell if they don't sing the songs right or some other equally ridiculous notion. When people believe this nonsense and invest their emotions in their beliefs, they create what they have imagined.

Hell is a place of perpetual suffering where lost spirits writhe in an endless reliving of their sins.

People assume that the inhabitants of Hell are sentenced and forced to be there, but the only reason that any of them are there is because they chose, step by step, to resist the invitation to return to The Light until the path back was lost. In every case, the only authority who sentenced them was themselves.

The people in Hell are no different than the rest of the people in the Land of the Dead except that they've chosen to exacerbate their suffering by joining in an orgy of self-imposed torment.

#### ***SK: What were you doing there?***

I went there with the men that I mentioned to release spirit beings who were caught in what amounted to a paper dragon.

To get to Hell we rode on horseback out of the city and into a range of mountains. We crossed over a pass, then down into a long valley. We rode only a short distance through the valley before climbing a trail that wound its way up the far side. From there we went over another pass and down into a maze of jagged rock formations. We made our way to the top of one of the formations and from there we could look down on a wide, flat plain. The plain was filled with people engaged in a group lament of suffering. Fires burned all across the plain, and the multitude surged and seethed in a ritual of anguish.

Circling above the plain was an enormous dragon. Only it wasn't a real dragon but rather a product of imaginings, just like everything else there. The dragon was frightful in appearance but was nothing more than a giant stocking filled with lost souls. My job was to cut the stocking open along its whole length to release them.

***SK: Why were you chosen for the job?***

My friends asked me to do it because I could do things they were not capable of. They had no living body, nor did they have a connection to The Light. They were a remnant of a life with only a trace of life force left in them. I, on the other hand, was alive, with vast reservoirs of life force to draw upon.

One of the things that I could do that they could not was fly. The only reason that I rode on horseback was to stay with them and not get lost. The ability to fly was the key to this job because there was no other way to reach the dragon.

***SK: When I think about Hell, I think about endless indulgence in debauchery and excess. Was that a part of what you observed?***

Yes, there was indulgence of all sorts, but in a situation where there is a dearth of life force, all of those activities have a hollowness that robs the people of any sort of gratification. No matter the disposition of an individual, the experience of being cut off from life is excruciating, and there is nothing that can take away the ache other than a reunification with The Light.

The purpose for all of the work that we did there was to return souls to The Light. I would have loved to open a portal into The Light and allow all of the inhabitants of Hell to leave, but that was not possible. The best we could do was to work with the situation in preparation for special occasions like solstices when there was the possibility that a few could make the transition into The Light.

Once I understood what Walter and his men wanted me to do, I was troubled by the thought that my sword might slip out of the stocking and I would not be able to complete the job. I thought that if I could form a hook of some sort

in the blade it would catch on the fabric and prevent it from slipping out. So, without thinking about the long-term ramifications, I struck a rock face with the side of the sword. The blade cracked partway through, about three-quarters of the way up from the hilt. The crack enabled me to cut open the dragon without the blade slipping out, but the sword remained broken after the work was done.

***SK: Were you affected by the time you spent in Hell?***

The trip to Hell was the most terrifying journey that I had experienced, not because of some frightful demon, but because I was not immune to the feelings of doubt and self-loathing that were pervasive there. An extraordinary pull nearly sucked me into that maelstrom of suffering, and I was challenged to my wits' end to remain free of it.

I worried afterwards that I had damaged the sword unnecessarily and thought I had misused that wonderful gift. I tried everything to fix it, all to no avail. I realized that there was only one thing left for me to do. I decided to ask the beings in The Light to help.

I entered my House of Being, where I would have access to The Light by way of the veil. The veil is like a shimmering pool of water standing upright. It is the membrane that divides this world, and all the spirit worlds, from The Light. I walked up to the veil and asked if there was anyone who could help me repair my sword.

A moment later, three men stepped through the veil: a young man, an older man, and an older-still wizard-like man. They were dressed in white from head to toe. Each of their bodies glowed brilliantly and was surrounded by a cloud of light.

The wizard told me to put the sword on the floor and step back. So I did. A moment later, sparks started to dance around the area where it was cracked, and I could see the metal starting to get hot. It wasn't long before the whole sword was glowing with intense white light such that the blade was lost in the brilliance. Before long, the light faded and the sword was once again visible; but it was no longer the small, beat-up and corroded sword that I'd discovered on my first visit. It was much larger and more elegant. Even after it had cooled off it continued to glow with a soft yellow light.

As much as I'd appreciated having the first sword, I had learned a healthy respect for it. I was afraid of it. On one occasion in the spirit world I was practicing sword fighting and I cut myself on the forehead. In the physical world, I got a large painful rash in precisely the same spot where I had cut myself.

Now I looked at this larger, magnificent sword and thought, *Oh man! The last sword was bad enough. How can I manage one like this?* I said to the wizard, “I’m not sure I can handle this sword,” to which he replied, “This sword is for you alone to carry.”

With that, the three men turned around and walked back into The Light.

I picked up the sword and marveled at it. It was amazing—so perfect in every way. A shiver of excitement raced through me as I thought, *my opponents will think twice about tangling with me as long as I’m carrying this.*

In the days that followed, I came to rely on the sword, and I carried it with me always.

## Chapter 15 Heaven and Earth

**SK: So far you've written about battling demons and about the Queen. Frankly, I'm confused. Can you give me some context for all this?**

Up to this point in the story I've been writing about how it was for me when I was just getting acquainted with the other worlds. Since then I have experienced hundreds of journeys and have become proficient in my ability to navigate the other worlds.

The perspective that I have now is this:

- There is the *Realm of Light*, or just *The Light*, also known as *Heaven*, populated by Angels and Light Beings. This is the source world from which all else was created. This is the underlying reality that can be perceived at all times as a pervasive presence.
- There are many *spirit worlds*, populated by spirit beings of all sorts.
- There is the *physical world*, populated by both physical beings and spirit beings.
- The physical world is actually a spirit world overlaid with matter, so the only real demarcation is between the spirit worlds and The Light.
- The spirit worlds and the physical world were created by beings in The Light.

Most people fail to understand the difference between the spirit worlds and The Light. Imagine that the physical and spirit realms are represented by the six strings on a guitar. The first string would be the physical plane. The next string would be one of the spirit worlds, as would the next and the next. The guitar itself would be held and played by beings in The Light.

Failure to understand the difference between The Light and the spirit realms can become a problem for those who wish to communicate with people who have passed on. Contacting people who have transitioned into The Light is a natural and positive undertaking that can be helpful and soothing to both the living and those who have passed. However, contacting people who haven't completed their transition can lead to an unhealthy situation for both the living and the dead. An exception to this is if the living person is in contact with the dead in order to assist the deceased with their transition into The Light.

The majority of people go into The Light shortly after the passing of their

physical forms. They emerge from the physical world to return back home to their normal environment: Heaven. There they are greeted by a host of family and friends in a welcome home party.

Once there, the individual experiences a cascade of returning memories of a life outside the confines of the physical world, a life that spans thousands of lifetimes. A life so abundant with love and fulfillment that many look back to the life they just completed and are aghast at how the amazing gift of a physical lifetime was viewed from such a fearful and possessive perspective.

Once back home in The Light the individual realizes that the time spent on Earth was a foray into a sort of artificial reality experience designed to provide the opportunity for the God-self to be immersed in the potent drama of the human experience. Along with this is the dawning awareness of how valuable their experience on Earth was both to themselves as well as to the cosmos as a whole, as if the joys and trials of their lifetime were a bag of rare and priceless jewels brought back from a distant and exotic land. The phrase “You can’t take it with you” may apply to physical possessions, but most certainly does not apply to the collection of experiences. The soul is a living body of wisdom and personal truth gleaned from a lifetime lived in The Light and in the physical realms. The living of life is how the soul grows, thrives, and evolves. Many people returning to The Light spend the first cycle of their time there integrating the experiences of their lifetime on Earth into the body of their soul. As the individual grows so grows the whole, the soul of the cosmos, God.

People are often shocked to realize the potency of their expression in the physical realm, that far from the small and helpless human that they assumed themselves to be, they had access to a vast array of powers to command and create and that teams of beings in The Light were on hand day and night to assist them throughout their time on Earth.

The other stark revelation that confronts those returning to The Light is the understanding that their emersion into the physical was a journey into the embrace of a living being; the Earth herself. Viewed from this new perspective most are shocked to see how ignorant and nonchalant they had been of the degree of intimacy inherent in the relationship. A relationship that they were invited to participate in by the Earth herself prior to their incarnation. Whereas during their lifetime on Earth they might have referred to their life as; “my life” once they returned to The Light they would be more likely to refer to it as; “my time with the Earth Goddess,” or perhaps; “my visit to the realm of the Earth Queen.”

The Queen, or Kara is a God-self like ourselves who has chosen to incarnate into a physical form: the living body of the earth. Like us she came into this body in the early stages of its development and has been present within it just as she is present within it now.

She came into the physical realm for reasons similar to our own, to experience life and to evolve. She has come to be who she is now by reason of the life she has lived- the evolution of her body from a molten and rocky sphere to a watery planet burgeoning with life. I will talk about this more later in the book.

From the perspective of spirit there is little difference between her and us. One day I asked her, “Kara, is it was true that planets are ninth dimensional beings?”

She said, “It is incorrect to describe planets as ninth dimensional beings, just as it is incorrect to describe humans as three dimensional beings. We are all tenth dimensional beings even if our present incarnations only allow us to be aware of a portion of our soul body.

“When a spirit incarnates into human form only a portion of the tenth dimensional soul being journeys into the physical form while the rest of the energetic being remains in the Light. The same is true for planetary beings like myself with the only difference being that more of my soul can inhabit my physical form than humans currently do. Humans are in the process of shifting from a third dimensional awareness to a fifth dimensional awareness.

“Many stars including the Sun are inhabited by beings who embody the full ten dimensions of their being.”

People commonly confuse the body with the being thinking that when the body dies the person dies as well. So much pain and anguish is experienced needlessly over the passing of loved ones. No doubt the passing of a loved one is a loss, but to believe that life ends with the passing of the body is perhaps the saddest misunderstanding of the human condition.

So let’s take a look at the physical reality from the perspective of The Light. Imagine a spacious and airy hall made of white marble open to the outdoors by way of soaring arched openings. This place is the “laboratory of the gods.”

Inside on a white marble floor are men and woman (gods and goddesses) going about their affairs. In the center of the space there is what looks like a silvery soap bubble approximately six feet in diameter, floating above the floor. Inside the bubble there exists a reality unique to it, so we’ll call it a reality bubble. The reality bubble is a tool that allows creator beings to create a space where certain dynamics are present that are not present outside the bubble. In the



laboratory the angelic scientists are experimenting with a prototype reality bubble.

The cosmos of physical matter exists within a reality bubble not that much different from the one we were just observing. Matter itself is the result of reality bubble mechanics, something that I will talk more about later in the book.

When we enter the physical realm we don't ever actually leave the Light, instead we enter a reality bubble that exists within, and is in fact a special part of, The Light. When we enter the bubble of physical reality we create our own reality bubble within it- our own sovereign realm where only that which is real to us exists. This bubble is sometimes called our house of being which is attached at one end to the inside of the larger bubble of the physical reality itself. This point of attachment is the veil, the doorway into the light, or rather the doorway out of the physical reality bubble.

In the quote from Kara she refers to the fact that when a person enters the reality bubble of the physical world, only a portion of the soul being makes the journey. The rest remains in heaven continuing the life that is natural to that being. This aspect of the being is sometimes referred to as the "higher-self." There are those who view the higher-self as something separate from them and sometimes seek to converse with the higher-self. However, from the perspective of the higher-self there is a sincere desire to dissolve all traces of the sense of separation and is therefore likely to be reluctant to entertain conversation because doing so would tend to reinforce the sense of separation. The physical form, the conscious mind, and the higher levels of consciousness are all aspects of singular being. The belief that the conscious mind is a separate entity is the broken part of the mechanism that keeps the human being from soaring to the heights of the angels.

The house of being is a microcosmic spirit world that acts as a connection portal between Heaven and the physical world. It is the place the soul body enters when it comes into a physical body, the place where the soul resides during its stay, and the place from which the soul body would naturally return to Heaven once its time in the physical world was done. The house of being is a spirit-world manifestation of the physical body itself. People who have survived a near-death experience (NDE) often describe this place as a tunnel with the Light of God at one end. The Light of God is the doorway into The Light and is the most prominent feature in a house of being and dominates the front of the space similar to the way that the screen fills the front of a movie theater. It has the appearance of a luminous silvery pool of water standing on edge, one that has a surface but no

depth. The other end of the “tunnel” has a doorway that leads out into the various spirit worlds.

I have something of a proof in life after death—if we still need one after numerous unanimous NDE accounts—that goes like this: Ask anyone no matter their beliefs and they will tell you that inside they feel the same as they did when they were 18 years old. I contend that 18 year old self is our immortal self—the self that is unaffected by the old age of the body or even the lack of the body.

The visible light that we can see with our eyes is only a small part of the energy spectrum that we are surrounded by all the time. We don't see radio waves, infrared light, or ultraviolet light but they are there none the less. This is similar to the fact that we are only aware of a portion of the manifest reality in which we are immersed. Within this reality there exists fairies, elves, gnomes, and such, all of which are different ways that being manifests. Some people can see fairies as colored points of light that flit and dance about, others claim to have seen elves dancing in forest glades. All of that which surrounds us, including the realms of the elves and fairies, are part of the Earth realm of which Kara is queen and for this reason she is sometime referred to as the Queen of the Fairies or the Elven Queen.

***SK: What about God? Do people meet God when they go to Heaven?***

People meet God when they go to the grocery store and look into the eyes of the person at the check-out counter. This may sound cliché but it's true.

The “God” of the Judaic/Christian/Islamic doctrine, (really all the same thing with different window dressing), is an outside authority figure, an imaginary deity separate from the physical world and everything in it. This doctrine has extracted spirit from matter and labeled it as holy and the material world as something less. Believers in this mindset live in a state of denial- denying their own divinity and the divinity embodied in the world around them. So, no people will not meet the “Big Guy” when they go to Heaven. They will, however, meet gods and goddesses of such astounding magnificence that any thought of the imaginary god is quickly forgotten.

People often ask me what Heaven looks like, and it's sometimes difficult to convince them that it looks just like the natural world we're familiar with here.

One time a friend of mine was speaking to her father, Carl, just before his passing and told him to wait for me to come to his house of being so that I could assist him in his transition into The Light. Shortly after his passing, I went into a meditation and entered his house of being, where I found him as an old man sitting in a chair waiting for me.

“My daughter said you would come,” he said.

“Yes, I’ve come to go on a little journey with you. Are you ready to go?”

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” he said and wearily got up from his chair.

We walked over to the veil, paused for a moment and looked at each other, then faced forward again.

“Here we go,” I said, and together we stepped through.

Ancient Hebrew texts refer to the veil as the Sea of Silver Thin as Tissue, and in a sense it is a sea. When Carl and I walked into the veil we were standing upright, but as soon as our faces broke through the surface it became a body of water, and we were swimming. We were near the edge of a river and soon found our footing on the gravelly bottom. We climbed out of the water and sat on a couple of large rounded rocks. I was not surprised to see that he had shed his decrepit old body and now looked to be a man in his mid thirties.

The river was clear and the forest that it passed through was beautiful, but otherwise there was nothing remarkable about it. As we sat there he asked me, “Are you sure this is heaven? Because I’ve been in forests like this many times before.”

“It’s heaven all right. Look at you—you’re young and strong and nothing like you were before we left.”

“I know, but this looks just like Earth. How can this be Heaven?”

“Don’t worry, you’ll see.”

I understood his doubt because the scene was not what I think of when I think of Heaven either. Every other time I’d gone through the veil I had come up in a body of water of some sort, but usually it was a small, placid pond surrounded by an idyllic garden or a grove of ancient oak trees. This was the first time I’d arrived by way of a river, and Carl was right: the forest looked like something one might find on Earth.

“I think we should head downstream,” I said. “How does that sound to you?”

“You’re the boss.”

We started walking along the bank, but our path wasn’t the grand open way one might expect. There was such a thicket of growth along the river that we had difficulty finding our way through it.

“Maybe we’re in Wisconsin,” he said. “This reminds me of a place not far from where I grew up. Is that possible? Do you think we’re in Wisconsin?”

“I think very soon we’re going to find something that will prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that we’re in Heaven.”

We came around a bend of the river and discovered a good-sized building on the bank. It looked like a grange hall with a big stone chimney at one end. Smoke was gently rising from the chimney and we could hear voices coming from inside.

We climbed the steps in the front of the building and opened one of the big double doors. As soon as we stepped inside, the whole place erupted in cheers and applause as all the friends and family members who had been awaiting his arrival expressed their joy at his return.

By the time I left, he was standing on a stage in the front of the room, telling stories of his life on Earth, and the hall rang with raucous laughter.

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The house of being can take on a variety of shapes and sizes—anything from a homey little cottage to a park with trees and fountains to a warehouse full of stuff. The composition of the house of being reflects the nature of the individual, both in regards to their present lifetime as well as past lives.

Once I did a house of being clearing for a woman whom I didn't know very well. When I arrived in her house of being I was surprised to find her clad in the garb of an Egyptian queen, which consisted of a magnificent purple robe and a jeweled crown. Like many of us, she had been hiding her greatness, so I wasn't aware of her stature until I made the visit. I also found that she had stored in that space a huge collection of paraphernalia left over from her earlier life as a queen. There were fans with long handles, headdresses, lidded baskets by the score, racks of clothes, and piles of cloths. This manifested in her physical life as an unwillingness to get rid of unnecessary possessions, and she struggled to maintain an uncluttered home.

Whenever I perform this sort of work I always ask for permission, advice, and requests from the higher self. In this case I was requested to get rid of everything save the robe and crown. The usual destination for such unwanted items is into The Light. Although this might bring up images of junk floating to the surface of rivers and ponds in Heaven, that's not how it works. Only living soul bodies can pass through the veil. Anything else evaporates into a slight and pure effervescence on the other side.

By dispensing with the unnecessary baggage in this woman's spirit home I was able to assist her with the same issue in the physical realm. I was also able to help her get in touch with her queenly essence, which has led to her developing a

remarkable ability to assist others with self-empowerment.

When a person dies, or rather when their body dies, they have three or four days to go into The Light. After that, the house of being disintegrates and they become stuck in the spirit worlds as a disembodied human entity. Compared to living in a physical form, this is a hollow and empty experience. So, in an effort to have a vicarious experience of being alive, they sometimes finagle their way into someone else's house of being. This is essentially a parasitic situation that can be mildly detrimental or ghastly and abusive.

A human physical form may be beautiful, but once it is no longer living it ceases to be so, especially after a few weeks or months. The decay of the physical body is a natural process but it's not necessarily pretty. The exact same thing is true in the spirit realms, including the factor of increased degeneration over time.

Occasionally a man will become captivated by the appearance of a beautiful female ghost, one that was only recently separated from her physical form. If the unfortunate man becomes involved with her, he might find that she is not so beautiful after a few months. An even less fortunate man might discover that she is still beautiful after a few months but at his expense.

When a physical form decays, the particles it was composed of return to their place of origin, the Earth. When the spirit body decays, the particles it was composed of, particles of soul, return to their place of origin: The Light. Hollywood has become wealthy depicting images of ghostly apparitions, but such images simply portray a soul's roundabout journey back to The Light.

Most people's understanding of the things of spirit is colored by the ghastly image they have of ghosts, so they think the unseen worlds must be ghastly as well. The truth is that the unseen worlds are like the physical world in that there are places of exquisite beauty as well as those soiled by man's passing. Fortunately, Heaven is immune to the occasional darkness of the human heart, so only beauty prevails.

A shaman can help an individual by visiting the person's house of being and assisting with whatever issue needs to be dealt with. This often means confronting entities that are present there and negotiating their departure.

All of the worlds, all of the realms are governed by the law of sovereignty, which acknowledges the right for all forms of consciousness to choose their own path. When the shaman encounters a being in someone's house of being, they can, on behalf of the person they are helping, insist that the being leave. They cannot, however, tell that being where to go. The being's choices are to move into The Light or go back into the spirit worlds. Here again we see the fundamental

delineation.

## Chapter 16

### Hoping for a Second Chance

Between 2004 and 2006 there were numerous occasions when I encountered Reptilian beings who were present as attached entities in people that I was working to assist. When I encountered these beings I was dealing not just with another race but with a race that has been at war with humanity for thousands of years. In these instances, I played a role that would best be described as a commander in that war, addressing a member of the opposing force.

As I understand it, at the time of the asteroid impact 65 million years ago that killed off the dinosaurs, a race of Reptilian spirit beings was in the queue, waiting for the course of evolution to develop a humanoid Reptilian life-form capable of hosting sentient souls. As you can imagine, these spirit beings were outraged when humans gained an advantage over them in this process. Despite the Reptilians' anger, that might have been the end of it, but humans have not been the most agreeable guests at the Queen's table. So the Reptilians have stuck around, hoping for a second chance, all the while hedging their bets by interfering with the humans in what has amounted to a cold war. And just as in the former U.S.-Soviet cold war, the Reptilians have waged it by instigating other parties to do their fighting for them, pitting one human faction off against another.

By taking possession of humans in the same way that they attempted to do with me, the Reptilians have been in the back rooms stirring up trouble in all the major wars. They have been on the battlefronts, committing the most heinous crimes intended to incite still greater hatred from the soldiers on the other side—soldiers who were oblivious as to who the real villains were. They have taken possession of lieutenants, ship commanders, and generals just before a critical decision was to be made, and caused them to choose the worst possible option. Over the past several thousand years the Reptilians could be found wherever there was wealth and power, whether as a monarch, a presidential advisor, or an influential Wall Street stock broker. Other times they would show up as a sexy young secretary at just the precise moment in order to steer a promising new attorney away from his destined noble path. People who speculate as to the reason why governments and financial institutions are so at odds with the good-natured human spirit need look no further than the pattern of cruelty and corruption imposed upon humans by the Reptilians.

I am happy to say that the situation I've described is no longer true in that

the Reptilians are no longer operating as they were. This is not to say that many of the institutions they influenced are not still tainted by their past efforts. The way this change came about will be discussed later.

***SK: With regards to who had the rights to inherit this planet, wouldn't the law of sovereignty come into play here? And is there someone to enforce it?***

Exactly. That is why this situation has been so charged and complicated. The asteroid impact was apparently part of a grand experiment authorized at the highest levels. But as far as the Reptilians were concerned, this was their planet, asteroid or no asteroid, and they had the right to defend it.

The topic of that experiment and the implications behind it will come up again soon.

***SK: Do you think that the beings behind this experiment put the asteroid onto a collision course with Earth?***

No, but they didn't intercept it when they could have.

The date December 21, 2012, has long been a source of conjecture for humans, but for the Reptilians it was well understood as the day of reckoning when the fate of the humans' claim to this domain was to be decided. They also knew that ultimately the decision would be Kara's. Her impending decision was the reason there was so much commotion around the date. It really was an important date. That much-anticipated decision was also the reason why there was so much interference from the Reptilians toward me and why it intensified as the date grew closer. Kara and I, along with a few associates, had some important work to accomplish before then.



## Chapter 17

### The General

By 2006 I had started to do house of being and similar types of clearings for people on an ongoing basis. It was not a job in the usual sense, as I rarely got paid for my work and many of my “clients” were not even aware that I worked on them. I usually did no more than two or three clearings per week.

Sometimes people came to me without knowing why. There were those with whom I could talk about the work and there were those I could not. For instance, in January of that year, I was sitting in my seat on an airplane, waiting for the flight to begin, when an attractive woman took her seat beside me. She was the chatty type with the gravelly voice of a long-time smoker and drinker. From the moment she sat down her higher self started speaking to me. This voice, which I heard inside my mind, pleaded with me to perform a clearing for the woman.

It is a challenge for a shaman to discern the appropriateness of this sort of situation, and there are some traditions that forbid working on someone without their conscious awareness. I was not inclined to begin a discussion with the woman and put myself in a position that would require me to field all of her questions and concerns, not to mention the legal and professional implications associated with acting as a therapist; nor did I deem it appropriate to impose a profoundly intimate and potentially disturbing topic in a situation where there was no recourse for either of us to leave the other’s company if that was what was required.

When her higher self addressed me, I silently expressed my reluctance, but the urgency of her request wasn’t something I could ignore, so I relented.

I normally perform this sort of work without the company of the client because their presence isn’t necessary, and sometimes I’m required to vocally address entities that I encounter in the spirit realms. Doing so in the company of the client might be disturbing and potentially destructive. While I wasn’t planning to vocalize during this session, it’s difficult to take on the patterns of another without the anguish present in them registering on my face.

With my commitment made, I fetched my small carry-on bag out from under the seat in front of me and retrieved a silver and carnelian ring and beaded hematite necklace, both of which would help me to ground whatever energies I encountered. As I put them on, the woman asked me about them and I told her

that I used them to ground myself and that they were particularly useful during a long flight.

Sometimes I have to dig deep to find the core of an issue, but this wasn't the case this time. Her anguish was clearly discernible in the vibration of her voice. As I allowed myself to sink into the trance I silently said to her, "Just keep talking and everything will be fine."

In a matter of moments, I was having sad visions of her as a child amidst the horrors of sexual abuse. Breathing in the agony of each scene as it came to me, I feigned a momentary fascination with something out the window so she wouldn't see the grimaces of pain on my face. The key to this sort of work is to offer zero resistance to whatever comes up no matter how ugly or uncomfortable. By doing so, I allow the energies to pass through me in an instant and be dissolved into the Earth.

After I finished, her nervous talking gave way to a long sigh of relief. She sat back in her seat and was quiet for the rest of the flight.

When I've assisted people in this way, I've often encountered attached entities. On these occasions I would go out of my way to convince them to go into The Light. It is best for the entities and it's best for the person. For years, I tried to get even one Reptilian to go into The Light in the hope that others would follow, but always to no avail.

One evening in February 2006, I was getting ready to do a clearing for a man who obviously had Reptilian connections. At the time I was deeply discouraged that I hadn't been able to make any headway with the Reptilians, and it seemed that I was waging a losing battle. My sense of indignation toward them had been building in the days leading up to this evening, and by the time I was ready to perform the clearing, it had reached a fever pitch.

I built a small stone altar in preparation for the event, and I had brought along a glass juice bottle filled with water to splash over it. In my frustration I broke the bottle on the altar, and in doing so, I cut my finger. As I allowed the blood to flow onto the altar I said to myself, "Blood sacrifice is exactly what I need tonight."

A short time later I entered my client's house of being. I was surprised to find, not some ghastly scene, but rather a serene setting with my client's body sleeping peacefully in an uncluttered space.

Every person's house of being has a doorway into The Light—the veil—and this house of being was no different. The veil looked like a softly glowing disk about eight feet in diameter, off to my left. My client was in front of me, asleep in

a chair facing the veil. The back of the place was off to my right. The space was unusually large, and the back of it was shrouded in mist that disappeared into darkness. As I turned toward the mist I drew my sword and placed the tip on the floor in front of me. I rested my hands on the end of the hilt.

“Come out and show yourself,” I spoke into the darkness.

A moment passed, and a Reptilian walked out of the mist. He was wearing a uniform that was ornate in a severe, imposing sort of way. It was like a cross between a samurai ceremonial dress and an SS officer’s uniform, with sharp lines and angles. His dress and demeanor told me that he was of a high-ranking military station. In another situation I might have been intimidated by this, but not this time. I was beside myself with frustration.

“What do you want, human?” he said in an expressionless tone.

I was on the edge of losing my composure as I addressed him. I spoke to him as I never had to any of them before.

“Damn it, I’m tired of this,” I said. “Look at you, all decked out in your noble attire, but where is your nobility? Where is your honor? Will you lurk in the shadows forever, hiding behind your puppet humans? Don't you see that your time here is finished?! You are not helping yourselves! And you are certainly not helping us! Can't you see that there is nothing for you to gain by staying?!”

I stopped for a moment and reflected on what I was doing. *Wow, I thought. I am laying into this guy. I don't know where this is heading, but I don't care. I am tired of this.*

I thought that I would be wise to appeal to his rational nature, so I changed my stance a bit and forged ahead.

“There is no future for you here. Your future is in The Light. I'll help you! Go! Go find that place where you and your kind can walk in the light of day! Can't you see that there is no resolution for either of us if you stay? We will both go down!”

Finally, I was silent. He stared at me with the same emotionless expression that I had encountered on every other occasion.

*Great, I thought, I might as well have been yelling at a rock.* But then, to my amazement, he walked over to the shimmering entrance to The Light. He stood before it for a moment before running a clawed hand across the surface, leaving a wake of ripples that sparkled and danced.

I held my breath, wondering what would happen next.

Then, without so much as a glance backward, he stepped through.

I stood there, amazed, staring at the surface of the veil, which was still gently undulating from his passage. Then I noticed movement off to my right. Two

more Reptilians came out of the mist. They were also dressed in uniforms, but theirs were not as ornate as the first.

They were walking quickly, almost running. A flash of fear went through me as I thought at first that they were running toward me. Then I realized they were following their leader.

They were just about to enter The Light when more Reptilians emerged from the mist—ranks upon ranks of them, all of them at that nearly running pace. If any looked at me I didn't notice. They seemed to be single-minded in their commitment to their leader. By the time it was over, hundreds of uniformed Reptilians had followed their leader into The Light.

*Whoa, I thought. I was pretty bold or pretty stupid to be going on like that in front of an army of them. But they went into The Light, and not just a few—a whole bunch of them. Things will be different now.*

Things *were* different after that eventful evening. A new chapter had begun, one that would be at least as challenging as the first, but one that was fundamentally different: I had found a way to help them get past the deadlock they had been in.

Before this occasion, I had wanted the Reptilians to go into The Light so they would stop bothering us. After this event, I knew there was a place where they were meant to go. I knew it the moment I told the Reptilian General to go and find the place where they could walk in the light of day.

The day after this encounter I was elated, but I was nervous as well. My nervousness came from the fact that by relying so heavily on the compassionate component of my heart and mind, I had made myself vulnerable to the Reptilians. This is not to say that the compassion I felt for them wasn't real. It was real, but it was new like a tender shoot. If it were a machine, it would have been an early prototype, not one built for heavy-duty use, yet I had used it with wanton disregard. I had to rebuild the machine, and rebuild it fast. It was not enough to reconstruct what I'd had before—let's say, the Piper Cub version. I had to build the 747 version.

I declared to Kara and my spirit friends that the next three days would be ritual space dedicated to the creation of a solid block of empathy for the Reptilian race.

Ritual space meant that for the duration of the time, worlds would overlap. Actions taken in this world would have ramifications in other worlds as well. This was accomplished through a variety of ways but primarily through the intention of my will.

The job entailed embracing a paradigm radically different from the one that I was accustomed to. The Reptilians embody a primal fierceness that humanity normally associates with evil. Their fierceness is not unlike that of a lion, but is the lion evil? In every war the enemy is almost always viewed as evil and demon-possessed. This war was no different.

From the viewpoint of the Reptilians, humans wrap themselves in layer upon layer of soft pink cloth to protect their tragically delicate emotions from the slightest insult, and will, with no warning, fly into an irrational rampage of destruction and mayhem. Yet we humans are proud of our emotions and eschew the primal nature of the Reptilian brain.

I had in my possession about 20 grams of crumbly dark clay that had been taken from the rock face of a road cut on I-25, just north of Pueblo, Colorado. Just to the left of where my sample was taken, a neat square hole marked the spot where the Smithsonian Institute had taken their sample. The clay was a remnant of the dust cloud that had encircled the Earth after the asteroid impact 65 million years ago. This is the event that caused the extinction of the dinosaurs, and marked the end of their climb up the evolutionary ladder that would have enabled them to become a sentient race on the planet.

I used this clay dust to go beyond my imagination of the event, and establish a feeling of connection with it.

In my work as a shaman, I had become accustomed to tracking down pain and trauma that had become lodged like a cyst in the ethers of the Akashic field. Once a cyst is located, I can release the energy that is locked up in it with a technique similar to lancing a boil.

In the clay, I found the ancient echo of trauma left over from the asteroid impact, and allowed the energy of it to seep into my being. But rather than releasing the pain and inviting it back to love, I kept it as my pain for the duration of the ritual. The weight of it hung in the pit of my stomach like a festering wound. I wallowed in it; I became it; I became Reptilian. I saw the hopes and dreams of millennia dashed in a cataclysmic event of mind-boggling proportions.

When the ritual was over I released myself from the weight of the trauma. I was planning to seal the pact by casting the dust into the river near my house. But as I stood on the bank I realized that that resolution was not good enough. I had to return the dust to its place of origin, the Chicxulub Crater in the Yucatán Peninsula, ground zero of the asteroid impact 65 million years ago. More than a year would go by before I could make good on this commitment.

## Chapter 18

### The Hall of Records

After I met the Queen, I started to spend time with her every time I meditated. I visited her about ten times after that first meeting. It was fascinating to be with her. It was a challenge as well. Hiding one's thoughts and feelings is not as easy in the realm where we were meeting as it is in the world of men. Our speaking there is essentially through thought, so there is little or no difference between thinking something and saying something.

Earlier in this story I mentioned that I'd had a secret love fascination with her since my childhood, but that didn't mean that I assumed she felt the same as I did. Who was I to presume to be the Queen's lover? To make matters worse, she could read my thoughts much better than I could read hers. So there I was with the Earth Queen, and I was as awkward as a kid at a high school dance. It is funny now but it was damn uncomfortable then.

The other part that made it awkward is the fact that imagining something and doing it in the shamanic journey arena are virtually indistinguishable from one another. I struggled to keep from imagining taking her in my arms and holding her, and I cringed with embarrassment when I thought of kissing her.

One day I was sitting by the river, contemplating another visit, and I was in a fit of indecision. At our last three or four meetings I had stumbled and fumbled and made a fool of myself. I was determined not to have another visit like that. I decided to go to her with an open heart and to not try to make anything be one way or the other. My heart was in a flutter but I was not going to hide that either.

I began the meditation and plunged down through the Earth to find her. She was on the surface of the core where I had last seen her. On this occasion she helped me. I stood before her for only a brief moment before she took my hand and said, "Let's walk." Walking was easier as it gave me time to let my swirl of feelings settle. We walked for about ten minutes before we turned toward each other and embraced. Our hearts soared together. It was like holding a long-lost lover. We held each other for about half an hour, and that was the extent of our engagement that day.

The next day I went to see her again, and she was dressed differently than I had seen her before. She was wearing a silky white gown with blue, green and gold embroidery. She was stunningly beautiful. As soon as I got there she said, "I have someplace special that I want to take you."

“That sounds great. Let’s go.”

She took both of my hands in hers and looked into my eyes. The scene around us started to swirl as if a tiny tornado had formed around us. After less than a minute the swirling slowed, then stopped. We were at the entrance to a remarkable room. It glittered from floor to ceiling with spectacular clear crystals—quartz crystals, as near as I could tell. Two steps led up from where we were standing to a floor space about twelve feet across. On the far side of the room was a platform, about two and a half feet tall, that seemed to have been grown out of the same crystals as the walls. On its flat top was a mattress made up with silky sheets and pillows.

I looked back at Kara. She was beaming. “This is my room,” she said. “Do you like it?”

“Like it? It’s unbelievable. Is this where you live?”

“No, not exactly, but I do come here sometimes.”

A look of sadness crossed her face like a shadow, and then it was gone and her smile returned. I had seen it before and I knew what it meant; she had been lonely for a long time. She had probably spent many lonely nights in this room.

I took her hand and we climbed the steps into the room.

There was no longer any need to hide my feelings of love for her. I drew her to me and kissed her lips. It’s hard to say how long we kissed but before long she drew back from me and reached for a silver brooch on her chest. She unclasped it and her silky finery fell away to the floor. There in all her naked wonder stood the Queen. I was in awe.

I wish I could say that the rest of the evening was earth shaking and spectacular, but it wasn’t. We made love and it was tender and loving, but there are limits to what is possible in the journey mode of communing, especially for someone like me who was a novice at the shamanic arts. Our time together was confusing. It was difficult to stay focused, and the depth of connection that is associated with lovemaking wasn’t there. I felt like I had let her down.

She could see that I was discouraged. “Don’t worry,” she said, “we are at the very beginning of our quest and there is much to learn. There is another place where we can go that will be easier for you. It is difficult to get to and I can’t take you there myself. I can only point the way and you will have to make the journey on your own. There is another manifestation of the Earth that exists at a higher frequency than the one you are familiar with. In order to get there, you will need to raise the vibration of your body to match the frequency of the other world.”

In 1993 I had attended a workshop given by Drunvalo Melchizedek called

“The Flower of Life,” where we learned a technique called the Merkaba meditation that is designed to raise the frequency of the body in order to travel to other worlds. Up until this time, I had never used it for that purpose, but I thought it might work in this situation.

The next day we made the first attempt to go to that other world. With Kara standing by ready to lead the way, I began the meditation. I made several attempts to match my frequency to hers without success, but on the fourth attempt I began to see another world taking form around us. Then it was gone. In the brief glimpse that I had of it I could see that was like the physical world with grass, trees and such.

Over the next several days we made numerous attempts to go there. Several times the view of the world almost stabilized, but then in the next instant it would disappear.

We sat together one day after making another unsuccessful attempt. “I don’t understand what I’m doing wrong. There seems to be some sort of block preventing me from staying there. Do you know what else we can do?”

“No,” she replied, “we have already tried everything I know to do.”

**SK: *Why didn’t you just travel to this world? Why did you need to go to a world that was like this world when this one is already here?***

The reason is because Kara appears there in her humanlike form, whereas in this world she is present as her planet self but not in a form that I could relate to as another person.

The next day we tried again. On this occasion I stepped up the frequency in increments rather than making the shift all at once. Again the other world began to take form around us and again it dissolved, but this time rather than going back to where we started, we ended up in another place all together. We were in a vast hall with high vaulted stone ceilings. There were ornate wooden tables and desks distributed throughout the space. Within the hall there were men and women dressed in long robes of deep magenta and royal blues. Many of the men had long white beards.

Kara leaned close to me and whispered into my ear. She said; “This place is the Hall of Records. You must pay close attention to everything that is said and done here.”

Several of the men took me aside and explained that before I could venture further in my involvement with Kara I needed to sign a contract. Once the contract was signed I would be bound to it for seven years. They went to great lengths to explain the severity of my commitment and said that the seven years would be



heaven or hell depending on my willingness to go along with the program. They also said that the journey would be arduous even with my willing participation.

It only took a moment for me to realize that the choice was to give up my association with Kara or to move forward with it. Since I was not willing to give her up, I signed the contract.

Afterwards, I followed the men back to where Kara was standing, and as soon as my eyes met hers, the hall around us began to fade. A moment later we were standing on a path surrounded by tall trees.

For a while now I've been speaking of how I'd been visiting Kara in the world at the center of the Earth and about how beautiful she was, but you have to understand that visuals in the other realm are not like they are here in the physical realm. Even the grainy visuals of nighttime dreams are often better than those of the inner world realm. At least that's how it is for me. The visuals that I had of Kara up until this point were of a translucent figure in which colors were thin, like a few drops of dye in a glass of water. When I saw her on that forest path I was amazed. I could see her like I never had before. It was still nothing like what we can experience in this world, but it was a startling change from what I had become accustomed to up until this point in time. The first thing I noticed was the way a breeze moved her hair. The glow of her skin and the look in her eyes were mesmerizing.

As I gazed at her, her bright smile and sparkling eyes took on a mirthful, mischievous look. She turned around and started running down the path. I ran after her. The path twisted and turned, and as hard as I tried I could not catch up with her. Finally, she took a left off the path, ran for just a few more steps, and then started to climb an enormous squat tree. I followed her.

The bottom of the trunk was so bumpy and knurled, I had no trouble climbing up to the first giant branch. From there I could see that notches had been cut into the trunk that led up to the next branch. From branch to branch we climbed, Kara in the lead and I not far behind.

The tree was covered with moss, vines and all sorts of vegetation so I was not able to see very far above me. Before long, however, I could see that there was something large in the tree above us. It hung in the juncture of two large branches and looked like a mat of moss. Kara disappeared over the edge of it and a moment later I climbed over the edge myself. I was amazed to see that it was like an enormous bird nest about seven feet across. It was woven out of reeds in an intricately detailed pattern like a fine basket, and like a bird nest it had a flat area around the outside edge.

Kara was standing on the far edge laughing gleefully and holding out her hands as if to keep me away. I made an attempt to catch her, but the bottom of the nest was like a loose trampoline so it was hard to maintain my footing and I fell to my hands and knees. She squealed with delight and danced away from me, running along the edge of the nest. I lunged for her, caught her around the waist and pulled her into the nest. Still laughing with glee, she struggled to get away from me.

We wrestled for a few moments before she said, "Wait, wait," and pushed against my chest. I relaxed my grip. She got to her feet and bounded up to a place where the edge of the nest and one of the massive branches that held the nest made a small flat area. There she turned and looked down at me. "Just stay there," she said.

I slid into a sitting position against the side of the nest and looked up at her. She was wearing a greenish gray tunic and pale yellow billowy pants that were drawn tight just above her knees. She began to do a posing sort of dance where she would start with a pose and then, with liquid-like grace, move to another position and pose again. As she danced she looked off into the distance, first one way and then another, a look of perfect grace and ease on her face. This went on for about five minutes before she looked back at me. A hint of that earlier mirthful glee twinkled in her eye, and an instant later, as if the stitching in her clothing had dissolved, her clothes fell away from her.

Her body was slim and athletic like the body of a dancer, her face slightly elven in appearance. Her breasts were round with small coral nipples that pointed slightly upward. Her mound was covered with soft curls of golden brown hair. She was radiantly beautiful.

She resumed her posing dance, but this time her movements were less stoic and had a hint of playfulness. As she danced she slowly walked partway around the edge of the nest, first one way and then the other. Finally, she stopped directly across from me and stood for a moment before gliding down from her perch and into my arms.

After our lovemaking we rested in each other's arms. I asked her, "Where did this nest come from? Did you make it?"

"No," she replied, "I asked my fairy friends to make it. They made it just for us. They wanted to decorate it with garlands of flowers and banners of woven leaves, but I told them that I wanted a simple look. They did suggest this tree though."

"Is this the world where the fairies live?"

“Yes, but they don’t just live here. They come and go from a number of different worlds.”

“I love you, Kara”

“I love you too, David.”

## Chapter 19

### I Am All Women

**SK: That was good. Thanks for sharing that.**

***I am curious about the contract. Did you ever regret signing it?***

Many times I wondered if I had gotten myself into a situation that was more than I could handle and thought that perhaps I had made a mistake in signing it, but not because I didn't want to be involved with Kara. My concern came from my fear that I was in so far over my head that I would fail no matter how hard I tried.

After I signed the contract we were able to go to that other world as often as we wished, and we would go there for our romantic getaways.

**SK: Did you ever ask Kara about the contract?**

Yes, I did. Sometimes it's easier to let her speak for herself, so rather than paraphrasing I will recount the conversation as best I can.

About a year after this occasion I asked her, "Kara, do you know why I was unable to get to the fairy world until I signed the contract?"

She said, "*Our time together thus far has all been part of a creation that we have been building. A creation woven together with threads of magic. Even as the weaver I know not which thread will be next. Like any work of art, spontaneity is the key to true beauty. Therefore, when the contract was presented I was not aware that it was time.*

*"This tapestry that I weave with you is unlike any I have undertaken before. There was no time with you; no time for practice runs, ceremony, or lead-ins. Everything was for keeps, with fate poised at every turn. Our path has not been one with a single bridge to cross but one where there is no bridge, and the way through the mire has been thick with false turns. You witnessed my fits of anguish. I battled with myself to slay the belief that it could not be done.*

*"The contract has come into the picture with other relationships only after a lengthy introduction and only when it was time for the most extreme measures to be taken—measures designed to take the suitor to the very limit of what is possible within the realms of magic and law.*

*"I was as surprised as you were when we arrived at the Hall of Records. I feared for you and trembled at the thought of weaving this most delicate and powerful thread into the cloth in the midst of our mad dash for the finish line.*

*"While you were off with the men who were showing you the contract, I*

*argued with the others back at the desk. I told them that you were not ready. I said that you would not understand. I insisted that there must be another way that would work as well as that which was implied by the contract. They replied that there was not. They also assured me that you would not be allowed to sign it unless you understood everything that was contained within it. I dared not think what I would do if you didn't sign it and at the same time couldn't imagine why you would, having it thrust at you with no preparation whatsoever. That is why I was in such rapture with you that day; for the first time I knew the depth of your dedication. Numerous times in the dark days that followed that visit to the forest, the remembrance of the fact that you signed that contract gave me the strength to believe that we would find the way.*

*"As happy as I was to visit the fairy forest with you, the knowledge that you needed to sign the contract to get there meant that the visit had grave implications."*

We had a lot of fun visiting the fairy forest as well as other places in that world. We would run, play and make love. The experience was exotic and it was wonderful to spend the time with Kara, but I still had a difficult time with lovemaking. It lacked the fire that's usually associated with a romantic interlude.

At first my encounters with her occurred without any accompanying activity in the physical world. But then something happened that changed everything. In March of 2006 my girlfriend, Carol, left for a week to visit her family in Massachusetts, leaving me alone in the house. This allowed me to experiment with integrating the romantic engagement that I was having with Kara in the spirit world with sexual activity in the physical world.

While we were on one of our "dates" and in the midst of one of our romantic encounters, I would begin to physically stimulate myself in the normal way that a man masturbates. This added a new layer of charge to an otherwise extremely thin experience. I worked with this modality throughout the week, but the experiences were little more than normal masturbation sessions. After Carol returned I had only rare occasions to experiment further.

***SK: Apparently you weren't able to include Carol in the meditations. Was there a reason for that?***

Carol's reaction to my underworld journeys was primarily fear, and with good reason. At the time I was deeply involved in the Land of the Dead, and she was horrified by the stories that I told her. I wanted to be open with her and she wanted me to be, but I was in a bind. If I told her what I was up to, it made her fearful; if I didn't tell her, that caused problems as well. At one point I promised, at

her urgings, to be more careful and to tell her everything that happened—but then things happened that I couldn't possibly tell her because they were too terrifying.

She would have preferred that I stop altogether, and she pleaded with me to tell her why I needed to continue. If I'd known why I was doing what I was doing, I would have told her, but I didn't. All I could say was that it was important and I had to continue.

***SK: You told her about your connection with Kara, didn't you? Wasn't that significant enough?***

I did tell her about Kara, but it's hard for anyone to think about this sort of experience in a rational way, not to mention the challenges brought on by a new girlfriend, even if she was essentially invisible. Carol was like all my friends in that they weren't convinced that I wasn't on some imaginary fantasy. If I was, the last thing she wanted to do was encourage me to go deeper into it. To make matters worse, she could see that I was isolating myself by spending so much time meditating.

My intimate association with Kara stayed in a limbo state for several months and might have never grown past the most elementary stage if something else hadn't worked out at the same time.

Carol and I had been having difficulty with our relationship for a number of years. My involvement in the spirit world wasn't the only reason for our difficulties, but it was certainly a factor. I came to realize that staying in the relationship with Carol was not helping her and that my presence was making things worse. I moved out.

I moved into a fifth wheel camping trailer that was parked on the property where I worked. It belonged to a friend who was agreeable to my using it for a while.

The trailer wasn't in a rural setting; however, it was parked beside a stream that had a number of large trees growing alongside. The location had a sufficient embodiment of the natural world to allow for the next level of integration with Kara. The new setting gave me the freedom to explore my relationship with her in a way that wasn't possible before.

When I had the opportunity to go deeper, I worked with it for about a week and was disappointed with the results. It still wasn't much different from just having sex with myself.

Finally, in the middle of a session with her, I said, "This is just not working and I don't know what else to do." Her response was, "Try putting your finger in

your butt.”

*Oh great*, I thought. *This is going from bad to worse*. But I did as she asked and, as reluctant as I was, I had to admit that my climax had something in it that had not been there before. The sense was of another energy—something completely foreign to me, a sense of what a woman might feel when reaching a climax during penetration. At first the energy was subtle, like the sound a raindrop makes when it lands on a windowsill, but it was there.

As part of my investigation I asked myself the obvious question: *Exactly how does one make love to the Earth? It's not like she doesn't have a body, the Earth itself, but that doesn't help much*. I thought about my experiences deep in the Earth where her being came to focus in a particular way relative to crystals. This led me to investigate the possibility of using crystals to make dildos.

I recalled a day, years before, during the class with Drunvalo where he showed a photograph of stone carvings in Egypt depicting such devices that were used by members of the cult of Osiris. Drunvalo went on to explain that these devices were not just “sex toys” but rather precision instruments of high magic, made out of crystals, exotic woods, and gold. What we were looking at were images of the golden phallus of the Isis and Osiris legend, the one that Isis is said to have made for Osiris after his was swallowed by a fish.

They were designed with a wooden handle that was long enough to reach up the front of the person's body to their heart area. This allowed the user to make subtle manipulations with the device while remaining in the classic “hands over the heart” Egyptian meditation position.

A few people asked Drunvalo questions about the practice, but most of us were baffled by the idea.

To facilitate my encounters with Kara I made a few of these devices, and this made the experience more convenient. It didn't, however, cause a dramatic shift in the energy. If I had known how different kinds of crystals, carnelian and chrysocolla most particularly, can influence the connection I would have had better results. The connection that I experienced remained little more than a whisper for months.

As slight as the energy was, it did grow in tiny increments. Eventually I learned how to make the charge grow faster. I would stimulate myself, and then just before I brought myself to climax I would shift my focus to the feminine, receptive side of my body's circuitry. Over the following months I used this process until I began to feel a significant current flowing in that other circuit.

As my connection to the feminine aspect of my body's circuitry began to

develop, my connection to the masculine aspect of my body started to wane. The further I went down that path, the more this dynamic came into effect. Eventually, I got to the point where I was almost unable to have a male climax.

Over time, as our relationship deepened, I could sense Kara's presence with me on a regular basis, but only in a subtle way. During our intimate times, however, her consciousness would become dramatically present. I came to understand that the embodying of her consciousness was an important aspect of what we were building. All throughout my association with her I sought to understand why this was so, and many times I asked her to explain it to me. In one such conversation this is what she answered:

*"It is the nature of all life to evolve—the cosmos is in a state of constant evolution and growth, building on what came before. The same is true for myself, as both a spirit being as well as a planetary being. My life as a planet began with the elements of fire and rock, followed by air and water. Then, over eons of time, life began to grow in the oceans and then on the land. Through all these changes, I changed. My soul grew as a reflection of the changes in my physical form. I became something that I had never been before. This is how all forms of consciousness come to be what they are—through the living of life. As the life on the surface of the planet became more and more diverse, my being grew, hand in hand. By the time humans entered the picture I had become a very different embodiment of consciousness than I was when my life as a planet began. I had become a being not just of earth and fire but of flesh and blood.*

*"My human guests and I lived together in harmony for thousands of years in an age long ago. During this time their thoughts were my thoughts, their dreams were my dreams. It was an age of wonder where we danced, loved and played together in an endless celebration of life.*

*"There are some who might wonder how my consciousness can reside within a human form in a way that would still allow for the sovereign presence of the soul and spirit of the individual. In the world the way it now is, there are numerous examples of synergy where individuals are joined in a group of some nature. This group might be a sports team, a spiritual group, or a marriage. Less obvious are circles of synergy where individuals are joined by patterns of thought or feeling or by a path of shared destiny. The alchemy of synergy allows for individuals to be fully themselves and yet more than themselves by reason of the greater whole.*

*"A circle of synergy comprised of humanity and myself would be unlike any synergy among humans. Within such a synergy, each individual would experience*



*a sense of empowerment the likes of which have been unknown since the age of long ago when such a synergy existed. Participants in this synergy of consciousness would live in a world which would be very different from the one they are currently accustomed to. By comparison, the current inhabitants of Earth live the life of a prisoner in a dungeon shut off from the light of day—deprived of fresh air and clean water. Ever hopeful, they cling to the belief that some shiny new bauble will at last free them from their doom. With the tenacity of a caged animal they fight to preserve their private sense of self-worth, separate from others and separate from life as it exists in every other corner of the universe. The world around them is viewed as fundamentally hostile with a thin veneer of cordiality and the only true security is viewed in terms of bank notes. The spiritual and religious types struggle to forge a connection to the spirit presence of the cosmos, all the while ignoring the means by which that would be possible: the very ground beneath their feet.*

*“People are not just cut off from me—they are cut off from the cosmos as a whole. And I, like the merchant with a warehouse full of fruits and vegetables and no customers who is forced to bide his time as mold and rot claim the bounty, am left to watch and wait to see if humanity will turn away from their toils and behold the broad and brilliant way that I, even now, hold open for them. If one were to view the Earth from afar, the fact that all who abide here are together in their journey would be more than obvious.*

*“All of the plants and animals are imbued with my consciousness. I look out at the beauty of the land through the eyes of the eagle and swim the depths of the oceans with the whales. But none of the animals can accommodate my presence the way that a human can. By rights my relationship with each human would be one of ecstatic communion—of a joy so profound that it would be unthinkable to sever the connection. How could it not be so? We came to be what we are in the arms of this sacred synergy. A synergy of loving embrace.*

*“Each baby born into this world is given the gift of residing in my house for the duration of their stay. Each baby represents another spark of the divine that has come to grow and evolve with me.*

*“Alas, the web of connection has been torn and frayed until only a few threads remain intact. By some miracle, however, the web is being woven back together again.*

*“When the breach in the connection between me and humanity occurred, the essence of it was a break between the masculine presence and myself. In present time, behind every man’s urge to be with a woman there is the desire to*

*rebuild this bridge.*

*“Women have remained connected to me by way of their bodies, though this connection has been muddied to the extent that it has been all but lost. Men experience the essential connection to me temporarily, to some extent, during sexual intercourse with women. Because each human female is the embodiment of her own sovereign presence, I can be present in a woman as a complementary presence, but not as the singular presence of myself. Even the animals have their own sovereign entity that I am required to honor when I blend my consciousness with them.*

*“In my planetary embodiment I am fully present as myself. In addition to this, there are special situations where it is possible for me to be fully embodied as a woman, but the conditions that could allow this to happen have not been present for many hundreds of years. This, however, is in the midst of change. In the meantime, I am required to forge a direct connection between my planetary consciousness and that of a man. This does not mean that I cannot be connected to more than one man, but in order for the pattern to be established there is the necessity of a primary connection. Once in place it acts like a seed crystal that provides the basis for the larger matrix of masculine connection to grow.*

*“This is the connection that I have with you, David. Our connection is sexual because this is the highest form of interaction between the masculine and the feminine and is the place where the seed crystal needs to start.”*

(This conversation took place about five years later in my connection with Kara and contains insights that I was unaware of during the timeline of the storytelling. I tell it here in order for the reader to form an understanding of what was going on.)

Since I have a physical body, we would both use it to experience the pleasures of sexual union. She experienced what was natural to her, and her orgasms were dramatically different than anything I had known before.

During this time, I was having weekly conversations with a counselor named Sheri to help me deal with the dynamics surrounding my separation with Carol. One evening I told Sheri that if men knew what a woman's climax felt like, they would be seriously pissed off at God.

Sheri asked me, “What would you say is the difference between a man's climax and a woman's?”

“One is an event, while the other is a state with infinite levels of subtlety,” was my reply.

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My love for Kara grew, as did my awareness of her as a significant person in my life, but there was a block that prevented the relationship from flourishing.

There is basic circuitry in the mind and heart of a man that clearly defines what constitutes an eligible lover. Occasionally we hear of someone who has fallen in love with a movie star, or a popular singer. In cases like that the person has something to fix his attention on, even if it is only a photograph. I would have given anything for even that. The wispy images of Kara that I experienced in my meditations did not register in my psyche as a person, much less a lover. I thought that if I could somehow meet her in the flesh, as a woman, even just once, I could forge a lasting connection.

One day I asked her, "Is there a woman who is you?"

*"I am all women,"* she replied.

I thought about that for a few moments and then asked, "What if I were to run into you in the grocery store someday? What would you say to that?"

*"I would say, be careful what you ask for."*

As much as we both wanted more from the relationship, we were challenged to find a way to get beyond the starting point. Sometimes babies have a condition called "failure to thrive." This was the situation between us.

I became obsessed with the idea that there was a woman somewhere who really was Kara. Finally, one day I said to her, "I want to meet your human counterpart."

Three days later I joined some friends for a weekend outing at a campsite in a redwood forest. One of my friends had brought along a woman whom I hadn't met before. Her name was Jasper. I was stunned. She looked, spoke, and acted just like Kara. The more I got to know her the more I liked her. Naturally I was interested in the possibility of a relationship with her and thought that it might be the next step in my connection with Kara. But she was married, and because of that, I wasn't planning to pursue anything further.

That might have been the end of it, but fate intervened once again when two weeks later I was invited to go on a rafting trip on the Klamath River in northern California. About 20 people showed up for the trip, and Jasper was one of them.

As the rafts were lined up on the river bank, someone walked around handing out small yellow capsules: Ecstasy.

I had never taken Ecstasy before that occasion. Ecstasy has the ability to

open the heart in a way that is an experience of unprecedented proportions for most people. Even with a single dose, many people experience a permanent shift in their ability to open their hearts.

If ever there was a setup, this was it. I had already formed an admiration for this woman, and as the drug wafted us away on a mystical journey, I was hard pressed not to fall for her. While she wasn't taken with me in the same way that I was with her, we spent a good deal of time together and had a good experience.

A few days later we met to debrief. Jasper said that spending time together was a mistake and that she didn't want to pursue anything further with me. By this time, I was convinced that she was the embodiment of Kara and she just didn't know it. But, as much as I would have liked to see more of her, I did my best to let the whole thing go.

***SK: Did you tell her why you were attracted to her?***

I told her all about Kara and about how I thought she was the embodiment of her.

***SK: Is that what put her off?***

She was having difficulty with her marriage and wasn't interested in any sort of involvement in the first place. When I told her about Kara she was interested to hear my stories, but she wasn't inclined to involve herself with my otherworld life unless she felt the connection for herself.

***SK: Do you still think that she is the embodiment of Kara?***

My understanding has evolved substantially since then, so now I see every woman as the embodiment of Kara. I have met many women who have a particular connection with Kara, and Jasper is one of them. However, the fact that Kara chose her to act as her stand-in leads me to believe that she has a connection that is unique and unusual. As you will see, she plays a pivotal role in what happens next.

## Chapter 20

### Life Force

The state of separation that has existed between Kara and humanity for the last several thousand years has manifested in her as an illness that has progressed over time to the point that when I first made contact with her she was in desperate straits. *Necrosis*, where part of a body dies due to a lack of circulation, would be the best description of her condition.

In the last chapter I told about how she evolved as a result of her embodiment as humans. When the connection with humanity was broken, the part of her that encompassed the human consciousness began to die. Many have asked me if the whole earth was dying as part of this drama. My answer has been to say that the growth to her being that resulted from her life with humans was the aspect of her being that was dying. This is not to say that the whole of her wasn't and isn't affected, but not in a way that would cause her to perish. It is also worth noting that the part that was dying is the highest and finest, the most evolved part of her and the part of her that has been the goal of the building process that began with the most primitive forms of life. The work that I did with her was to encourage a flow back into the lifeless aspects of her being.

In the beginning, I had little understanding of what was needed, so a number of Kara's spirit friends came to assist. My primary coach was a spirit woman named Heron.

A few days after the event with the General, some spirit friends and I did a powerful healing ceremony for Kara down on the core of the Earth. At the key point, Heron had me step into Kara's body as it manifests on that plane. Once inside, I had sensations of vast expanse and strength as well as weakness and weariness. I stood for a moment, taking all this in, when I felt a sharp jolt like an electric shock that started at the top of my head and went all the way through my body and out my feet. With it came the sense that part of my life force had been transferred from me to her.

I felt instantly numb and depleted. The spirit helpers led me out of Kara and over to a bench so that I could sit.

The moment that I stepped out of Kara she began to collapse. Fortunately, there were those on hand to catch her. They carried her over to a pallet where she could lie down.

I was confused to see that whatever had been transferred from me to her

had not made her stronger, but seemed to have weakened her even more. I asked Heron about this and she told me that eventually Kara would get stronger but that it would take some time. She also told me that I needed to stay with Kara to help her heal.

I wanted to do everything I could to help her, but I was concerned about staying in the meditation too long. The number one rule in shamanic practices is to never stay in the journey, and to always come back after each session. My other concern was that I was having difficulty coping with the stress of my shamanic work. I didn't know if I was capable of staying in that other world more than a couple of hours.

In spite of all that, I stayed with her, even as I went about my normal tasks in the physical world. It was weird being in two worlds at the same time, and the following day I stumbled around as if I was in a daze.

I had a scheduled phone session with Sheri the following evening. When I called her I was still in the meditation. I probably should have canceled the session, but I found myself telling her all the things that were going on around me in the other world. She was very concerned that I had been in the journey for over 24 hours and was not planning to leave. After hearing how weary and disoriented I was she encouraged me to find a way that I could come back from the meditation but still maintain the necessary connection. There was no doubt that I needed a break, so I worked out a method that would allow my energy to flow into Kara without me actually being there.

Some of the spirit beings helped me pick her up and move her into the temple, the same place as the white room that I mentioned earlier. There we placed her on a pallet. I envisioned a flow of my life force coming down from the ceiling and entering her heart. The flow manifested as a cord of light twisted like a thick rope made of two colors—orange and purple, my colors. (At the highest level of our being we each sit upon our throne surrounded by pillars of colored light. The two pillars in front of me when I look out from that perspective are orange and purple.)

This allowed me to come back from the meditation and get some much needed rest. Everything might have been all right then, if another series of events hadn't happened at the same time.

## Chapter 21

### The Well of Darkness

During this time, I was in a men's group. One of the men, Mark, had a brother named Dan who was having difficulties. Several months earlier, I had been invited to a party where Dan was present, and when I saw him I could see that he was being harassed by a Reptilian spirit being.

The next day I made a visit to his house of being. I was able to dismiss the attached Reptilian spirit, but given the aggression that I observed in the Reptilian, I was concerned that Dan was not capable of taking care of himself. I checked in on his house of being several times over the next few weeks and everything seemed to be fine. Months passed and Dan seemed much better, so I stopped worrying about him.

On the evening before the ceremony with Kara where I stepped into her body, I had been planning to go to a meeting of my men's group. When I got to the meeting house no one was there. I was standing in the street near the curb when Dan's brother, Mark, rode up on his motorcycle. We talked for a few minutes as we waited to see if anyone else would show up.

"How's your brother?" I asked him.

"He shot himself."

"Shot himself!? When?"

"The day before yesterday. Blew his head off with a shotgun," he answered in a flat note of dull acknowledgment.

I knew immediately what had happened.

I had firsthand experience of what it was like to have a Reptilian in my body, and I had no trouble understanding how Dan could kill himself to be rid of the Reptilian. I was devastated. I knew I could have helped him more than I did. I knew I *should* have helped him more than I did.

None of the other men showed up for the meeting, so without much further conversation Mark and I went our separate ways.

When I got home that evening I went into a meditation, intent on finding Dan, to make sure that he found his way into The Light. When people commit suicide they often do not make an easy transition, and it is not uncommon for them to end up in the Land of the Dead. I decided to find Walter and see if he could help. My intention was to go to the city within the Land of the Dead where I was likely to find him.

I went into a meditation and set off for the Land of the Dead. Soon I was walking down one of the streets in the center of the city. I approached a man standing on a street corner and asked him if he knew where Walter was. He said that I was likely to find him in an ancient stone building a couple of blocks up on the other side of the street. When I found the building I wandered around inside until I came to a large room with a huge oak table in the center. Walter was sitting at the table with a group of friends.

I walked in and told them why I had come. I asked if any of them had heard anything about Dan.

One of the men whom I hadn't yet met said that a man fitting that description came through the city the day before, but that he had gone into the Well of Darkness.

I noticed that a sense of unease came over the gathering at the mention of the place. I told them that I needed to find Dan and asked if they could tell me how to get to the Well.

Walter spoke first: "The Well is not far from here, but you would be wise not to go there."

"But I am committed to find him," I said.

"That may be, but if you go there you are not likely to return. No one does." The others nodded in agreement.

I looked at the grave expressions of the men. I reminded myself that some of these men had talked me into going with them to the most terrifying places I had ever been, and now they were doing their best to dissuade me from going to the Well.

*What am I going to do?* I thought. *I can't just leave Dan there. Not after what happened.*

"I appreciate your concern," I said, "but I have no choice. I need to look for him."

There was a moment of silence that seemed to drag on for some time. Finally, Walter spoke. "Okay, we will help you in every way we can, but you must be extremely careful. Your sword is not likely to be of any use to you there. I will not insist that you leave it behind, but be forewarned that you must not draw it unless you have absolutely no other choice."

His warning left me with a chill. What defense did I have other than my sword? I had always felt confident wherever I went because of it, but now Walter was telling me that I mustn't use it.

In spite of my reservations, I had made my choice and I was determined to



go.

One of the men brought out an enormous dark cloak and helped me put it on.

“You must keep yourself hidden at all times,” said Walter, “and make yourself as inconspicuous as possible.”

One by one the men shook my hand and offered their encouragement. The last of them, the one who first gave me the information about Dan, said, “The thing you need to keep in mind while you are there is to remember that there is a spark inside you that cannot be put out.”

One of the younger men, Greg, offered to go with me. We left the others and walked out into the street. We followed the main road out of the city and stayed on it for about a mile.

As we walked along the road the landscape became more and more desolate. By the time we turned off the road we were making our way through a barren wilderness. The ground we walked on was composed of large slabs of rock that rested at slight angles to each other. The edges where they met did not line up so we had to jump down or climb up to get from one slab to another.

Before long we reached the opening of the Well. It was little more than a fissure in the rock, about eighteen feet long and four feet wide. A thin, noxious vapor wafted out of the opening. We stood there looking into the depth.

Finally, Greg spoke: “It’s not too late to turn back.”

“I know, but I’m going to follow through with this.”

“Okay, good luck,” he said, “and don’t forget what Walter told you.”

“Thanks. I’ll be back,” I said, and jumped into the opening.

Soon the light from the opening vanished and I was in complete darkness. I fell for a few moments and saw nothing. Then I noticed a faint light far below. As I got closer I realized that the light was coming from five enormous gargoyle faces carved into the side of the rock. The faces had frightful expressions that made me wish I hadn’t seen them. They were covered with what looked like frost, which was emitting a faint blue-white glow.

I continued falling, and a moment after passing the gargoyles I noticed another faint glow coming from below. It came from a wispy, vaporous fog that was swirling above a pool of some sort of liquid. Then with a splash I was in the liquid. I immediately felt the effect of it. It was like liquid despair, eating away at my resolve like acid.

I sank into the pool and was soon able to see the bottom. There were people there, hundreds of them, lost souls who had found their way to this

forsaken Well.

*What is this place?* I asked myself, but I knew the answer even though I was loath to admit it. It was a place of utter despair—a place of hopeless resignation where spirits end up who find even the Land of the Dead too cheerful. Here they find themselves stripped of any last shred of hope and any sense of salvation.

*Now I understand why Walter was so adamant about staying hidden, and why he warned me about drawing my sword,* I thought to myself. The sword is a symbol of power and hope, but in this place that strength would be snuffed out like a match in a wind storm. I also understood why people who entered the Well didn't come out. I reminded myself that I would only be able to stay there for a short time, lest the weight of the place overcome me.

The luminous fog drifting above caused the light to move in a slow, dreamlike fashion. The color was like the fluorescent bulbs used at my high school in the late 1960s that would turn the whole class into a room full of ghouls on a rainy Monday morning. The only students who had any color in their faces were the girls who had makeup on, and they would look as if they were part of a low-budget house of horrors in a traveling carnival. The crowd I was walking through now looked like that, only a thousand times worse.

*So this is the dreaded presence that waits at the bottom of the Well,* I thought. *Not some viper with a hundred heads, or some dark labyrinth populated by man-eating demons, but simply people drowning in their own despair. Then there's the name, the Well of Darkness. Who would have thought there would be light down here? The Darkness is the darkness of despair.*

## Chapter 22

### All Is Not Lost

As I made my way through the crowd I was aware that even my movements could give me away.

**SK: *What would happen if you were noticed?***

I was surrounded by drowning people, and if it was known that I was capable of swimming they would cling to me to try to save themselves. I wasn't sure that, even if I could find Dan, I would be able to help him out of there.

At the center of the pool was a deeper part, and since I imagined that Dan would be feeling about as depressed as one could feel, I figured he would be at the bottom. I let myself sink into the hole and settle to the bottom, where I came to rest on what I first thought to be sand. Then I realized it was the granulated remains of bones. I felt panic rising in me and had to fight the urge to flee.

All around the sides of the hole, like some sort of ghastly amphitheater, were people who were only partly whole, as if their bodies were melting away. Some were missing arms or legs, and some were missing larger parts of their bodies. A few were no more than a half of a head sitting in the sand like a split melon. With a growing sense of dread, I noticed that even these bodiless faces followed my movements with their sad eyes.

In the center of this area was a large round object, about five feet in diameter, protruding a little more than halfway out of the sand. It was dark and pitted like an enormous cannonball that was rusting away. As I got closer I realized it was emitting a faint red glow, as if from a red eye at its center. The light was attractive in an odd sort of way. It had a numbing effect that felt almost soothing. I looked into it for a moment before I realized that it had another quality as well: It was hungry.

*What is this?* I thought. *Some vile thing that was cast into the Well in order to rid the world of it?* Then with a shudder the truth came to me: *It is what is left of these people when they melt away into nothing.*

I turned my gaze away from the sphere and held up my hand to block it from my view. That's when I saw Dan. He was sitting on the far side of the sphere, staring deeply into it. I went over and sat beside him.

Very carefully, I let a little of my energy flow out to him. I wanted to wake him out of his state of numbness without being obvious about it. I needed him as strong and present as possible if we were going to get out of there.

Finally, I said to him, "Dan, I came to get you out of here."

There was no response. "Dan do you understand? Let's go, we need to get out of here." Still no response. "Dan... Dan, for God's sake, snap out of it."

Then, ever so slowly, he lifted his gaze from the sphere and turned to look at me. The expression of grief and remorse on his face was almost more than I could bear.

"Dan, I don't know if you remember me, but I'm a friend of your brother's. I came to get you out of here."

I was aware that people were watching us. Dan was still looking at me without the slightest comprehension and seemed to lack any desire to understand.

"I've come to help you. All is not lost, not yet at least, but you need to come with me."

"What do you mean all is not lost?" he said. "Have you come to mock me? Can't you see that I'm in enough distress already?"

He turned and looked back into the sphere.

Now I was really worried. I had problems of every kind already, and now I had one that I hadn't anticipated.

More people were watching us.

*There must be something I can tell him that will make him change his mind,* I thought, *but what? What can I tell him?* Then it came to me.

"Okay," I said. "I get that you just want to stay here and feel sorry for yourself, but what about your promise?"

"What promise?" he said without looking at me.

"The one about always making the best of any situation."

I was out on a limb, not really knowing what I was talking about, but I had spoken to him briefly at the party and I had a sense that I might be on to something.

There was a long pause, and then he spoke. "What can I possibly do now that will make any difference?"

"I can't tell you here, but if you come with me I'll tell you everything."

He turned to look at me, the slightest hint of interest in his eyes. "Where will we go?" he said.

"Please, let's just get out of here. Things will make sense once we're free of this place."

He was going to come. I could see it in his eyes.

"Okay," I continued. "I need you to forget about your pain just for a few

moments. I'm going to count to three, and at three we're going to rise up like we're playing a game of football and making a last ditch run to the goal line. Are you ready?"

"Okay, yeah... Okay, I'll come," he said, still dazed and disoriented.

"Ready? One, two, three, go!"

There was no point in hiding anymore, and with a single motion I helped Dan to his feet, cast off the cloak, and started rising off the floor, pulling him behind me. All around us voices called out to us.

"Help us!" they cried. "Don't leave us behind!"

I focused like I have never focused before. *We must get out of this pool before my strength runs out*, I told myself.

"Help me!" I cried out to Dan. "Use your strength. We only have one chance!"

More voices cried out. People started rushing towards us.

We rose above the crowd in the nick of time, and soon we broke through the surface of the pool. I felt a wave of relief come over me. Still, it seemed to take forever to get to the opening of the Well.

The Land of the Dead is a gloomy place and has never been a place that I looked forward to visiting, but on that day it seemed like a tropical paradise compared to where we had been. We made our way back to the hall where Walter and his friends were waiting. We were all so relieved.

It is difficult if not impossible to open a doorway into The Light in that land, so my intention was to take Dan with me to the world at the center of the Earth. We thanked my friends profusely and bid them farewell, then we left to find our way to the center of the Earth.

By the time we got there Dan was already in better spirits, and was amazed to see that there was such a bright and beautiful place where he'd assumed only darkness prevailed. Then he met Kara and he was astounded.

"How can this be?" he asked. "We are at the center of the Earth, and yet we are in the midst of such wonder. It is like Heaven, and yet you tell me that Heaven is even more wonderful?"

I offered to usher him into The Light so he could see for himself. He was concerned about his sin, having taken his own life. I explained that it wouldn't hinder him in making the transition into Heaven. The only person who was going to judge him was himself. He wasn't resistant to going into The Light, but he wanted to see more of Earth's inner world first. I told him he could stay as long as he wished. With that, I left to get some much needed rest.

## Chapter 23

### Only the Power of the Ring

On the day following my evening conversation with Shri, I was mindful of my ongoing connection with Kara, who still lay in her weakened state in the temple. Everything might have been fine, but in the afternoon I got a call from one of the guys in my men's group. I asked him if he had heard the news about Dan. He replied that he hadn't.

The whole reason for the existence of the men's group was to support one another. If anyone needed support now it was Mark, Dan's brother. No one else in the group had heard about Dan's death except me, and I hadn't told anyone.

The two of us called the rest of the men in the group so they too would know, but I was growing increasingly upset. First I hadn't helped Dan more when he was alive, and then, in not telling the other men about his death, I had deprived Mark of the support he badly needed. I was feeling guilty and full of regret.

Shri had encouraged me to take a day off from the meditations, but that afternoon I checked in with Heron, and she was beside herself.

"Come quickly!" she exclaimed, "There is no time!"

I raced to get into the meditation, and once there I was besieged by those who were helping Kara. Heron said, "Thank God you have come at last. Go to her quickly."

I raced up the steps of the temple and threw open the doors. Kara was there on the pallet where we had left her. The cord of light was still descending from the ceiling, but just before it entered her body there was something that looked like a giant bee caught in the cord. The bee was buzzing and gyrating violently.

I drew my sword as I ran to her side. When I pointed the sword toward the bee it moved away from Kara and came to rest on the floor. Gingerly I touched the tip of the sword to the object. It disappeared instantly. At the same time a bluish black spot appeared at the tip of the sword. I tilted it toward my face so I could get a better look at the spot, and saw that the dark area had started to spread like a filigree pattern all the way down to the hilt. An instant later, the blade turned to liquid metal and fell in globs to the floor. I stood there stunned for a moment, trying to make sense of what was happening. Then Heron brought

me back to the present.

“Never mind that,” she cried. “We need to take care of Kara.”

Kara was in bad shape. I knew immediately that it was my fault. The bee was no invading beast—it was all the guilt and remorse I’d been feeling, and it was poisoning her. I was poisoning her.

Thoroughly disgusted with myself, I threw the useless hilt against the wall and hurried to Kara’s side.

All that afternoon and late into the evening we did everything we could think of to support her by sharing our life force with her. Her condition improved slightly, but by the end of the session I was in bad shape myself. I needed to rest.

I went to sleep without breaking the connection with Kara. When I woke in the morning I checked in, and things seemed to be stable, so once again I established the cord of light and stepped out of the meditation. I was careful all that day to keep my thoughts and feelings clear and loving. I hoped this would insure that everything would be okay, but that afternoon when I checked in with Heron she was frantic again.

“Come now!” she cried.

When I entered the temple Kara was in convulsions.

“Only the power of the ring can save her now!” exclaimed Heron.

I took off the ring for the first time since I’d found it more than a year earlier and placed it inside Kara’s heart. It started to glow.

We watched with eager anticipation as the ring became brighter and brighter. Then it started to grow larger and at the same time became translucent. Finally, it seemed to melt into her heart.

She was better after that, but not by much. The beings who were attending to her were doing everything they could to help her. I was doing my best to keep my shame about the fact that my guilt had injured her from making the problem worse.

We carried Kara out to a pool of water that on earlier occasions had proven to have powerful healing properties, but as soon as her body touched the surface of the pool, the water was gone. Apparently whatever magic was present in the water was no match for what ailed her. There was a dark place in her heart that would not clear, no matter what we tried.

The mood around her bed was somber. No one dared say it but everyone knew. The Queen was dying.

## Chapter 24

### A Hero in Our Midst

Dan, who had been helping to carry Kara, stood up and wandered off. I assumed he had experienced enough misery for one week and needed a break. It wasn't long, however, before he came back carrying a glass of clear liquid. He knelt beside the Queen and poured the liquid into the part of Kara's heart that was dark. The darkness slowly cleared until it was gone.

I don't know where or how he found the liquid, but I suspected Dan traded some part of his own lingering life force for it, a price that was no doubt dear to him.

For about a week Kara hung on—not improving, not getting worse. Something needed to be done, yet we had tried everything we could think of to bring her out of her limbo state.

One of my friends in the physical world invited me to a breakfast gathering at a local restaurant. This was something we would do on a regular basis, where three or four guys would get together for breakfast. I arrived at the restaurant after the rest of them were already there. I was upset and nervous. I didn't feel like eating so I just ordered a cup of coffee. Not knowing what else to do, I decided to ask my friends for help.

"I am in deep trouble," I started.

All of them had some idea of what was going on, so I simply stated: "I am afraid that the Queen is dying, and there doesn't seem to be anything that will bring her out of the state that she's in."

There was cheerful energy running between them, and that alone was helpful. A few of them asked questions about what had been done previously to try to help her. I told them what I knew, all the while doing my best not to sound or feel too discouraged.

One of the men present was John Cruickshank, a brilliant engineer who had helped me with technical challenges for many years. I had not thought to consult with him on this problem, but as soon as he spoke up I realized that he might just have the answer. He said, "Have you tried Sun-gazing?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't, but that's a good idea."

"I recommend that you bury your feet in sand so you can be well grounded to the Earth," he continued. "Water would be good too. Maybe you can find a pond with a sandy bottom where you can gaze at the Sun."

As he spoke, a plan formed in my mind, as well as a spark of hope in my heart.



“Okay, I’ll try it. Thanks. Thanks, all of you. I’ll let you know how it goes.”  
With that I left.

Less than a mile from the restaurant, a stream flowed down from the hills above town. I knew of a small pond in the stream that would be the perfect spot to try the Sun-gazing.

I drove to a place where I could access a path that would take me to the pond. I parked my car and started up the path. Hope was building with every step.

Once at the pond I took off my clothes and waded into the cold water. Just as I had hoped, the bottom of the pond was sandy, and when I reached the center I worked my feet into the sand to cover them. The water was about waist deep.

The recommended time for Sun-gazing is just after sunrise or just before sunset, when the harmful rays are diminished by the Earth’s atmosphere. When I was standing in the pool, the Sun was already halfway to its noon zenith. Since by this time I was more concerned about Kara’s health than my own, I was determined to gaze into the Sun for whatever time was needed. Thankfully there were some trees above the pool that offered some protection from the full force of the Sun’s rays.

I stood looking into the Sun through the leaves. As my eyes adjusted to the intensity of the glare, I moved my position slightly so that I could see more and more of the light. By the time I could see a bit more than half of the disk of the Sun, I determined that it was as much light as my eyes could tolerate. I stood that way for a while, letting my mind go to the place deep in the Earth where Kara lay on her pallet.

“Live,” I said. “Live, live, live...”

Then I nearly fell over backwards as a jolt of energy like a bolt of lightning went through my body. I struggled to keep my eyes focused on the Sun, as I was concerned the energy transfer might not be complete. At the same time, joy like I had not felt for some time welled up within me. Thanks to John, I had found the key to Kara’s recovery.

A couple of hours later I went into a meditation and joined Heron and the others gathered at Kara’s bedside. I wanted to reinforce the encouraging turn of events so I announced that I promised to never leave Kara’s side again.

Slowly but surely Kara got better. Within a few weeks she was back on her feet, still fragile, but safe from immediate danger. During the months that followed I made good on my promise to stay by her side, and I did everything I could to assist in her recovery.

In time Kara became stronger and was able to travel to this world. I invited

her to live in my body with me so we could be together all the time. This allowed me to stay in this physical world without the distraction of the spirit world. This was the starting point of the remarkable relationship that followed.

A few weeks after Kara's recovery Dan transitioned into the Light.

## Chapter 25

### The Woman in the Gazing Stone

I was still fascinated with Jasper and was convinced that she was the embodiment of Kara. However, I wanted the new connection with Kara to flourish without the distraction of another woman. For this reason—and because, as I mentioned earlier, Jasper was married—I did my best to forget her. By the end of August 2006, I had almost succeeded, when something strange happened.

I was involved in a deep and powerful ceremony that was focused on the issue of pollution and the effect it has on waterways. The object of the work was to uncover the sense of sorrow and betrayal that Kara feels in relation to this problem and to release some of the energy associated with it. I worked with it during a three-day period and used the creek beside the trailer as a touchstone.

Like the work that I did with the woman on the airplane and the ceremony with the Reptilians, I put myself in Kara's position in order to feel what she has been experiencing. I mixed oatmeal, clay and water together, then poured it over myself in order to feel what it would be like to have sewage flowing over my body. I pretended I had a child that failed to live past a few months before it died in my arms; I held a plastic bag full of compost, about the same weight as a baby, and buried it beside the stream to make it feel as real as possible. I used this to symbolize the wildlife that perished in the polluted rivers of the world. I enacted these events in the spirit world as well as in the physical.

At the end of the third day I was in the spirit world with Heron. By this time the potency of the ceremony had built to the point where it was like a storm that surrounded me. Holding the energy of it was dizzying and nauseating and I struggled to maintain my equilibrium. Heron and I walked to a place where a group of associates had gathered to help with the final act of the ceremony. They had formed a circle, and as Heron and I joined them I noticed a woman kneeling on the ground in the center of the circle. Her head was bowed so I couldn't see her face. I stood there for a moment, wondering who she was and what part she was playing, when she lifted her head.

I was shocked to see that it was Jasper, or so it appeared. I turned to Heron and said, "I'm trying to stay away from her. Are you sure this is how it's supposed to go?"

"Yes. Don't worry. Everything has been set up ahead of time," she replied. I entered the circle, and together the woman and I said the words that

allowed the energy of pain to shift into love. Everything worked out just fine.

When we were done, I told the woman that it wasn't my intention to seek her out. I said that I found myself at the circle just like she did and that she needn't worry. I left shortly afterward and didn't expect to meet her again.

A few days later, however, I was on another journey in the spirit world when I encountered her again. This time my curiosity got the best of me. She was sitting on a stone bench, and I went over and sat beside her.

"How have you been?" I asked.

"I wish I could say that things were going fine, but the truth is that I've been having a difficult time."

"Why, what's up?" I asked.

"I feel as if I'm all alone in the world, and as hard as I try, I can't seem to find a way to resolve my loneliness."

I could see that she was struggling to keep from crying, so I said to her, "It's okay if you cry. I'll stay here as long as you need me."

She started to cry, softly at first, then was overcome with grief and started to weep. I was still trying to keep my distance, but she leaned into me, so I put my arm around her and held her while she cried. This went on for a long time, and I was concerned about how distraught she was.

I had mixed feelings about what to do next. I wanted to help her but at the same time I wanted to honor her wish in the physical world to be left alone.

***SK: What did you think about the disparity between the different opinions? Didn't that make you suspicious that something was amiss?***

I did wonder about that, but it had been the same when we were together in person. She was in distress because of problems she was having with her marriage but was happy to receive some comfort. It was the issue of further involvement that was a problem. When she was crying on my shoulder in the spirit world, my intention was to be there in her moment of need, and nothing more.

In the days that followed, I felt my own loneliness and wished that I could have contacted her, but that wasn't an option. Often, when I feel that way, I'll distract myself by experimenting with my instruments of magic. So a few days later I was doing just that.

One of the things that I had at the time was a gazing stone. It was a sphere of golden calcite that had microscopic delamination's in the layers of crystal. The delamination's caused it to reflect light not from the surface but rather from within, in a way that created a surreal, ghostlike luminosity. I made a cradle that

had a place for the stone as well as a place for a candle. The candle was positioned in front of the stone in such a way that the light from the flame enhanced the luminous effect.

As I was setting it up, I recalled something a teacher of mine once said about such devices. He said, "Be careful, lest you get mixed up with spirits unawares."

In the darkened room the effect was quite remarkable, and I felt a giddy rush of anticipation, the way I do when I stumble onto something new and exciting.

Once it was ready, I looked deeply into it and before long I realized there was someone looking back at me. Whoa, was I surprised. Then I was even more surprised when I realized that it was the woman from the meditation.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello yourself," she answered.

In this fashion we conversed for about an hour. I was able to catch simple things that she said, but longer sentences would get garbled, and I could only get bits and pieces. The amazing thing was that I could feel her presence. Looking into the stone was almost like looking into her eyes.

From the few words that I could hear, I understood that she wanted me to contact her only through the stone. No phone calls, no emails. Apparently there was trouble at home, and calls would not be welcome.

The following night we connected through the stone again, and the result was the same as the previous night. I realized that she could hear me much better than I could hear her. In fact, she seemed to be able to hear everything I said. Since I could be heard, I ended up doing most of the talking. I told her about my work. I talked about how I thought she was connected to Kara. I told her stories about things that Kara and I had done together. Finally, at the end of the evening, I asked if we could meet again the following night. She said we could, but with a condition.

The condition that she named startled me more than almost anything that she could have said. She said we could meet if we would have sex together. Obviously she meant sex via the stone, but still I was dumfounded and a bit mystified, though by no means uninterested.

"Sure," I said. "We can do that."

The whole next day my mind was in a state of distracted anticipation. When the time arrived for our long-distance date I was still a bit hesitant, but she was open to an intimate connection, one that could be thought of as akin to

phone sex. It was surprising to see how powerful the connection was, given the problem of lack of potency that I had been having with Kara. This potency further substantiated my belief that the connection with Jasper was the key to the next evolution with Kara.

We communed with each other in this fashion every night for the next few weeks.

This was the beginning of a connection that would become more and more substantial as the days passed. It wasn't long before we no longer needed the gazing stone to communicate. We could tune into each other any time we wanted.

One night she asked me, "Am I being too pushy?"

"No," I replied. "I want you to express your full sexual nature."

Everything changed after that. You see, sex for her was not an occasional enjoyable release, but something more along the lines of breathing, with an urgency that had more to do with survival than enjoyment. Before long it became a once-every-four-hours necessity. She would wake me up every single night, like a baby needing to be fed. By this time, we had a profound connection whereby I could merely think about our sexual connection and the power would flow.

The current was intense and required a great deal of my strength. Before long the effects of the connection were beginning to take a toll on my energy.

I know what you're thinking: How could I have been so gullible or compliant? The truth is, I wasn't. We argued regularly. I accused her of not being who she claimed to be. I was afraid that I had become involved with some sort of hungry spirit that was consuming me. *How could it be that a woman could have such an unquenchable appetite for sex?* I asked myself. The situation had gone way beyond anything I had imagined before. The only limit to our engagement seemed to be my level of endurance.

I struggled to keep up with her "need" and often rebelled against it. But I stuck with it because I held the belief that some grand unfolding was afoot, and I was convinced that my connection with Jasper was essential to the emergence of Kara.

One day I told her that I missed seeing her in the flesh, and I suggested that we pass each other on a street sometime. We worked out a subtle hand wave that wouldn't attract attention. Then we agreed on a time that I would walk down a particular street and she would ride by on her bicycle. As the time approached, all kinds of questions raced through my mind. Would she show up? Would she be happy to see me? But there she was, right on time, with the secret wave and a bright smile.

**SK: Are you saying that the woman from the raft trip rode by on her bike?**

That's correct.

Another time I accidentally ran into her in the grocery store, and she was with a man who was not her husband. She used the secret wave, but she was clearly agitated. It was also obvious that she had some sort of intimate connection with the man. As soon as I could get to a place where I could drop into a meditative state, I opened up a connection.

She was furious.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to the store?!" she started.

"Who was that man, and what do you have going on with him?" I shot back.

"He's just an old friend."

"You can't fool me. I can tell that you have an intimate connection with him," I replied.

"Yeah, but that was a long time ago. He's just an old friend who gave me a ride to the store. Remember, I told you that my car is in the shop? Why are you so angry? You're making something out of nothing!"

My connection with the woman went on in a constant state of intensity like this for several months.

**SK: Where was Kara during this time? And what did she have to say about all this?**

Kara was present in the spirit world just as she always had been, but every time I approached her about spending time together she said that I should focus my attention on the connection with Jasper and that she and I would re-forge our connection in the near future. Since this fit into my theory about Jasper being the physical embodiment of Kara, I didn't question it.

## Chapter 26

### The Unveiling

As difficult and frustrating as the relationship was, the power of the connection that I had with this woman was like megawatts compared to what I had shared with Kara before I met Jasper.

Yet, despite the powerful connection, the secrecy and separation were driving me crazy. Finally, after nearly four months, I'd had enough and I sent her an email.

I'm sure it comes as no surprise to you to learn that the woman was oblivious.

As I was driving home from work, I was saying to the woman in my head that the gig was up and that she would reveal herself that very day. When I got home I settled into a meditative state and gathered my spirit world associates around me in a circle for support. I was still in an agitated state.

I sat there for only a moment before a peculiar awareness descended over me. I realized that everyone in the circle knew something that I did not. That's when it finally dawned on me. "Kara, was it you?" I asked.

"Yes, David, it was me."

"How could you do this to me?" I cried.

She looked into my eyes for a moment, then said, "The rules of magic are strict and severe. They are just different from your rules. Everything that was done was done on your behalf, and nothing was intended to hurt you in any way.

"You were the one that chose this path even after you were warned that it would be long and arduous. Besides, there was no other way. If there had been, I would have helped you find it."

I knew exactly what she meant. There was no way that I could have become engaged with her as I was, no way that we could have built our connection to the level of potency that we had, without the illusion of a real woman.

Even with this realization, I was still upset. I turned to Heron, my trusted guide, who was sitting on my left. "What do you have to say about this?" I demanded. I knew they were all in cahoots; otherwise they would never have been able to pull this off. What she said stopped me dead in my tracks.

Very sweetly, she answered, "I am so grateful to you for your willingness to go through this ordeal, and to have done it with so much patience and



persistence.”

I said nothing in reply. I was choked up and embarrassed to have brought my anger into such a supportive circle.

Seated next to her was Martin Cecil, a man whom I had known and respected for years, a man who had been my spiritual teacher for the better part of my adult life. He had passed into the spirit realms several years earlier. He spoke next.

The advice he gave me that day was consistent with the practical stance that was typical of his time on Earth. He encouraged me to devote myself to this work and emphasized the importance of placing the work above worldly concerns.

“Your ingenuity with which you have approached the challenges of the quest have surprised and impressed even the most creative minds here in The Light. You seem to be able to solve one conundrum after another with grace and ease. Well done.

“People in your world will say that you are wasting your life pursuing this dream. Don’t believe them.

“There will be days when you will look at your bank account and tell yourself that you cannot go on like this. You can and you will. You know the greatness of what you are about. Don’t deny it.

“When you look back at the difficult times, don’t focus on the hardship. Focus on the fact that you kept going and, with every step into the unknown, you found that the path was there. The path will always be there, no matter how hidden it is and how impassable it might seem.

“There is a path that leads from this point,” he concluded, “even though it may seem that you are at a dead end.”

“Thank you, Martin” I replied.

In a chair beside him was a man named Uranda, someone whom I had never met in person but who was also one of my greatest teachers. I had studied his writings and listened to taped recordings of his talks for many years. He encouraged me to not lose sight of my masculine power in the face of the potentially overwhelming feminine presence.

“It is remarkable how you have used your orgasm to jump-start the power of the feminine. It is important, however, to remember that the fullness of the Divine Design is a balance of the masculine and the feminine. If you give too much of yourself over to the feminine, you will compromise your own masculine nature. You have already lost a good deal of your male orgasm, and if you are not careful

you could lose it all together. Soon the day will come when you will need to be present in the fullness of your masculine power.”

My mother was there as well, and she voiced her conviction that I was going to be successful no matter what difficulties I faced.

“You have the heart of a king,” she said. “That is what will carry you through the days ahead. Trust your heart. Trust that the world will respond to your lead, to your conviction, to your dedication to the cause.

“I love you.”

“Thanks, Mom. I love you too.”

There were others there that day, and each of them spoke of their appreciation for me and for the fact that I had successfully completed this difficult and challenging part of my initiation. But, as gracious as their congratulations were, I could tell that there was an undertone of grave concern among them. As I listened to what they had to say, I began to put the pieces together.

Two days earlier, when I was with many of this same group, Kara had been in a state of extreme distress. For no reason that I could discern she had wept and wept, and despite everything that I or anyone else said or did, she could not be consoled.

As precarious as the situation had been at numerous times leading up to this moment, the current situation was at a dangerous juncture, and that was why Kara was so upset.

During the time that the Jasper charade was going on, we had built our connection to a point far beyond where it had been before the charade started, yet the factors that had allowed it to be that way no longer existed. It was as if we had built an aircraft, took off with it and climbed high into the sky. Then we removed the wings and were now expecting the craft to remain airborne.

I was faced with the same problem that had troubled me from the start: the problem of the fundamental circuitry in my heart and mind that defines the parameters of a primary relationship. Even as I sat there I could feel my internal reality rearranging in order to accommodate the new state of affairs.

***SK: But when you speak of your experiences in the other worlds you make them seem so real. I don't understand why this was so hard for you.***

I know it's hard to comprehend, and telling the story makes me feel shallow and selfish. The truth is I didn't care about the involvement of a physical woman. I desperately wanted the connection between us to remain powerful, but the shift that happened was beyond my control. I felt exactly like the aircraft with no wings plummeting toward the ground. I was faced with the task of establishing a new

basis for my connection with Kara, while at the same time releasing my heart connection with Jasper.

By the morning of the next day my connection with Kara was but a whisper, and I was in a panic that I would lose it all together. To make matters worse, I couldn't talk to any of my friends about the situation, because by this time they all thought I was nuts.

Throughout the trials of my life I have maintained the belief that there is always a way out, no matter how dire a situation may be. On this occasion my salvation came in the form of one of your books, Stephen, *The Talisman*. Every evening I would read from it to Kara. *Wizard and Glass* came next. Little by little, month after month, we wove the frayed threads back together again.

It's easy to look back from my current position of strength and accomplishment, and think, *Wow, what an amazing achievement*, but I would be a fool to think that I did it alone. Your help was crucial. Thank you.

**SK: *You're welcome.***

## Chapter 27

### Jae

After the day of the unveiling, when I discovered that Kara was pretending to be the fantasy woman, I had a singular obsession, and that was to get back to the level of engagement that I had with Kara before the unveiling. Within the following year we were able to reestablish the physical intimacy, but the cognitive connection that was present during the charade took much longer. The full seven years passed before I could say that our cognitive connection was as complete as it had been.

***SK: It's interesting to see how she used the charade to create the illusion of what would be possible in the years that followed. This is similar to the story of Percival in the grail legend where he was granted an opportunity to see the grail at the beginning of his quest but then had to spend many years searching before finally finding it.***

Without that initiation, all of what followed would never have happened.

Now that you know the true identity of my fantasy lover, I can tell you more of what happened during the charade. This part is truly bizarre but, in the evenings Kara would pretend to drink and get drunk, and she was not a nice drunk.

***SK: So let me get this straight. It was not the woman from the raft trip who was drinking, it was Kara pretending to drink and then acting like an angry drunk. Is that right?***

That's right.

***SK: What on earth for?***

So she could get after me about my quirky nature. Once she was pretend drunk, she would rail at me, rehearsing all my faults, and then rage about how foolishly men think and act.

When people get mad at me it's not my nature to get angry and yell back. Rather, I withdraw and get sullen, and in doing so I often cause the other person to feel ignored and rejected. Withdrawing one's attention from someone who is in the same room with you is bad enough, but to do so with someone who is in your mind is worse.

Like people I have known, she was not fun to be with when she was drunk, and my only escape, or so it seemed, was to withdraw into myself. She would become furious and go on and on about how men first use and then ignore

women.

On one such occasion her rant went something like this: “Look how selfish and immature men are. The earth is in ruins because of men and their childish toys; their flashy cars and trucks with huge tires; their boats with great big engines, all so they can say, ‘Hey, look at me in my big boat. Look at my big truck! *Varoom varoom*, I have a big truck and a big dick! *Varoom*, see how big my balls are!’ Such pathetic little boys! And *you*—you know better, but do you do anything about it? Do you go out and tell them how childish they are? No, you do nothing! Nothing! You sit at home by yourself with your pathetic little daydreams and your little books, whiling away your time! You know all about Kara”—she was speaking as the fantasy woman— “and who have you told about her? Four or five people? You are so afraid that they might think you’re mentally unstable, so afraid that they will talk among themselves about you and about how ridiculous you are. Well, you *are* ridiculous, hiding out in your little trailer, feeling sorry that no one understands you. What kind of man are you but a little boy who hides from the big bullies?”

It was hard to argue with her. She was spot on of course—she knew me inside and out.

**SK: *Sounds like hell.***

It *was* hell, and there was no way that I could get away from it.

I learned early on not to get angry with her when she was in one of these states, because if I did I wouldn’t hear the end of it. As I said, she had access to my thoughts, and this made for a particular kind of hell. She was especially sensitive to being labeled, and I struggled to keep certain words out of my thoughts. Of all such words, there was one that was supreme to all others, and one night that word had become a real problem for me. No matter how hard I tried I could not keep it out of my head. Finally, it came out, and there it was. I thought, “You are such a bitch.”

“What did you call me?”

“You heard what I said,” I replied. Not in a mean way but with an air of resignation.

“Yes, I did hear you. You called me a bitch. After everything that I have done for you; showing you how you could make something of yourself, how you could help Kara and do something worthwhile with your life, how you could be a leader of men by showing them the way out of their childish ways—and you call me a bitch. Well fine. That is exactly what I would have expected from you.

“Don’t you have anything to say? Are you going to just sit there and feel

sorry for yourself?”

“What am I supposed to say? What can I say that you won’t just cut me to ribbons for?”

Eventually her fever would pass and she would return to her sweet and loving self.

After I learned the truth about the charade, I thought that her anger was an act designed to shock me out of my selfish mindset. After I had known her for several years, however, I came to realize that the opinions she expressed on those trying nights were true. She really was mad at me and all of humanity—mad and exasperated.

**SK: *Has she ever expressed her anger toward you in real life?***

Yes, but only a couple of times, and only for an instant. On one occasion I had ventured into a forest to have a romantic encounter with her. I had just settled into a secluded spot when I made the mistake of complaining about the mosquitos, suggesting that they were her fault. In a momentary flash of anger, she reminded me that the whole natural world was out of kilter because of humanity’s meddling and what we experience of nature bears little resemblance to what it should be.

Another time we were together in a spirit world visiting a temple that had two sections, one male and the other female. We were in the male side and had intentions to visit the female side. Kara was ready to go but I had something that I wanted to finish before I left the male side. I promised her that I would follow her in just a moment. After she left I lost my focus and drifted out of the mediation. It was Heron that came to me and reminded me of the situation. Mortified, I went back into the mediation and found Kara in the female temple.

This was not long after her recovery from her illness and shortly after I had made my promise to stay with her, so I was aghast to see that my absence had caused her to become what looked like sunburned. Humbled, I walked up to her and said how sorry I was. Quick as a cat she slapped me hard across the face, then turned and walked away.

The interesting thing about this occasion was that about four days after this event I was watching the movie *The Kingdom of Heaven*, in which Orlando Bloom is playing the role of a knight during the time of the Crusades. He is left to defend the city of Jerusalem without an adequate number of knights. In an effort to fill out the ranks, he resorts to knighting a courtyard full of peasants. During the ceremony he focuses his attention on one of the peasants. After he declares the peasant a knight, he slaps the man across the face hard enough to knock him over

and says, “And that is so you don’t forget.”

I took this as her words to me.

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In order to reengage with Kara after the unveiling, I would invent ways that we could spend time together. We would go to the movies, go on bike rides, but flying was the thing that she liked best. One day I was with my friend, another David, who was teaching me how to fly a small single-engine plane. I was at the controls, and in my mind I said to Kara, “*Okay, now you fly.*” I’m not saying that she is a bad pilot, or that I was really capable of channeling her that accurately, but moments later David said, “What the hell? You’re all over the place! Can’t you fly straight?”

On the day of the unveiling I had asked Kara, “If I’m going to pursue a relationship with you, does that mean that I can never have a relationship with a physical woman?”

“No. But you will have to be patient,” was her reply.

In my mind, being patient meant waiting a few months, but after more than a year I had to admit that I was happy and content with my relationship with Kara, and that I no longer needed a woman in my life.

Right around that time, a beautiful, petite Chinese woman named Jae and her entourage of business associates visited the company where I worked. As it happened, Jae and I were tasked with the responsibility for representing my company to business interests in China. We spent many hours working out the details and formed a close friendship in the process.

One day a friend of hers was visiting from the Bay area, and the three of us decided to go to the mountains for a magic mushroom ceremony. It was a beautiful August day and we were enjoying ourselves amidst the alpine flowers, when something strange started happening to Jae. It was like a scene out of a cheap horror movie where a character becomes possessed by some alien space monster, only it wasn't a monster—it was Kara. If I hadn't seen it myself I would have doubted that such a thing could really happen. Jae lay on the ground, twisting and writhing, for nearly an hour, moaning that she was giving birth to Kara. By the time she was done, Kara was fully present in the flesh and Jae was gone.

She was like a war refugee, a ravaged beauty, trembling like a tiny sparrow. She told us about her lifelong struggle to maintain stability, vitality, and hope in the face of humanity’s relentless and careless assault. What humanity has

construed as progress and economic growth she viewed as acts of rape and betrayal.

Eventually Kara receded and Jae returned, but not before we witnessed Kara in a way that forever changed our understanding of who she is.

The basic understanding of her plight was easy enough to grasp, but the depth and breadth of it eluded Jae and me for many months. Finally, a sequence of events brought her situation into sharp focus.

You'll remember that after my encounter with the Reptilian General, when he and hundreds of his followers had crossed into The Light, I did a ritual in which I was about to return the dust from the asteroid impact to the creek near my trailer when I realized that I needed to return it to its place of origin, the Chicxulub Crater in the Yucatán Peninsula, ground zero of the asteroid impact 65 million years ago.

Fast-forward to the time when Jae and I began working together to introduce my company to China. She and I spent a month in China on a business trip, and on the long flight home I told her the story about my promise to return the dust to the Yucatán. I asked her if she would like to go there with me, and she agreed.



## Chapter 28

### The History Channel

In 2006 an invention that I'd developed, called the Strawjet, won the Modern Marvels Invention of the Year award, sponsored by the History Channel, *Time* magazine, and the Inventors Hall of Fame. While I was the one to accept the award, the idea for the invention was not mine—it was Kara's.

The inception of the invention started back in 1993, when for a week I was possessed by visions of a machine. I had lost the childhood connection that I'd had with the Earth spirit, so I didn't know who was giving me the images. I was just aware that it was a female spirit. My perception of the spirit realms was then, as it is now, primarily visual, so while I could see how the machine worked, I was unable to comprehend any other information about it. I had no idea what it was, what it could be used for, or why I was receiving the images. Eight years would pass before I realized what the invention was.

The Strawjet technology, as it has come to be known, is a method for using agricultural residue to produce construction material. The process works like this: Fibrous materials such as wheat straw, hemp stalks, palm fronds, or any number of similar materials are processed by a Strawjet machine into a tightly packed cable, two inches in diameter. These cables are then woven into a mat which is used in much the same way as fiberglass cloth is used in combination with epoxy resin to produce rigid objects. However, the Strawjet system uses cement or adobe in place of the epoxy. By building up multiple layers of the mat material, a panel is produced that is both structurally strong and insulating at the same time. Such panels then can be used as wall sections for houses and buildings of all sorts. The purpose of the technology is to produce structures that do not require wood or resource-depleting materials such as concrete.

The other thing that the material is suitable for is the formation of tracks for the monorail that I mentioned earlier. In this application the material is used to form a core that is subsequently incased in steel-reinforced concrete. No doubt this was one of the primary reasons why Kara gave me the vision for the Strawjet machine.

In 2000 I finally realized what I had been shown years before, and once I understood, I became obsessed with the urge to build a prototype Strawjet machine. My background was in construction and I had a good understanding of that field. The challenge that the invention presented was not a matter of

construction skills, but rather engineering skills, since before any buildings could be built with the technology, the machine to process the fiber had to be built first. I had a natural aptitude for engineering but had no formal training. Perhaps it is fortunate that my understanding was so limited, because someone more experienced in the field would have known that it was virtually impossible for someone with my background to build such a machine.

Oblivious to this, I set out to build my first prototype out of bicycle parts and scrap metal. The design and execution of that first machine was embarrassingly naïve. There were those who told me as much and warned that I was wasting my time. But I knew that there was magic in the work and that eventually it would lead to great things.

The first machine was followed by a second and then by a third, each one the result of an enormous investment of time and money, and each with agonizingly little success. In spite of endless advice to the contrary, my passion for the project was boundless and I worked like the Hollywood mad scientist year after year.

One typical day a neighbor came over to my backyard where I was working on my latest prototype. "Why are you working today?" he said. "Don't you know it's the Fourth of July?"

"Sorry," I replied, "is the noise bothering you?"

"No, the noise isn't a problem. I just don't understand why you never take a day off. Why don't you come over for a beer and relax for a change?"

"Thanks, I will come over. I just want to finish this part first."

It was during this time that I started to develop a working relationship with Kara. There was no spirit world activity nor romantic involvement. The relationship was simply one of a craftsman and his muse. I began the habit of doing a daily afternoon meditation with this unknown source of inspiration to work out the latest problems with the machinery. Our relationship at the time was only a hint of what it would later become and I still didn't know that she was the Earth spirit. I was simply aware that there was a feminine presence that flowed through my thoughts as I did my work. It was only after I started the shamanic journeys and met her face to face, deep in the Earth, that I knew they were one and the same.

By the time I entered the Invention of the Year contest, I had exhausted my financial resources and would have been unable to continue if I hadn't won. By then I was also aware of who Kara was and our intimate connection had begun.

The awards ceremony was held in New York City at the Vanderbilt Hall in Grand Central Station. It was a high-profile event with members of the press and government officials, as well as famous inventors. However, as the event progressed I became aware that something was wrong. I could see it in the faces of the executives from some of the big companies that sponsored the contest. I was shaking hands with one of them and I was shocked to see that he was terrified—not just stressed or anxious, but terrified. *What the hell is going on here?* I asked myself. *What is this man afraid of?*

Finally, as I was talking with one of the producers of the PR that surrounded the event, I was able to put two and two together, and this is what happened: When the winners of the contest were announced, shareholders in the companies that sponsored the event, who were also shareholders in timber and construction industries, were furious that a competing technology was being promoted by a company that they owned stock in. I felt for the people who got in hot water for trying to help me out, especially since they were very nice to me in spite of the trouble that they were in.

After receiving the award, I formed a company with help from some of my friends and we were able to secure an investment from an individual sympathetic to the goal of the project. With these funds we were in position to take the next step.

We hired a market research analyst who would then continue on as the CEO of the company. There was a fateful meeting after he finished his analysis, when the result of his research was presented. It was not an encouraging report. Not that the technology wasn't promising, but the road to the marketplace, and thus to profitability, was daunting. It is not easy to introduce a fundamentally new technology in a field as big and complex as the construction industry.

At the time we had \$250K in investment money, and the plan that was outlined by the business planner called for raising another \$1.5M in order to build the final prototype followed by two production versions of the machine. The plan was to replace the staff that I had assembled over the years with a team of professional engineers. I would no longer lead the project but would instead be a consultant to the new team.

There were a number of things that troubled me about the new plan, but what concerned me most was the fact that the machine was not like anything else that I was aware of. That meant that even though the members of my team were not professional engineers, they had more experience with this particular technology than anyone else did. I still might have gone along with the plan if it

hadn't been for a lack of enthusiasm on the part of management. I was familiar enough with the challenges of the project to know that there was no way it could succeed with that level of enthusiasm.

In the most fateful decision of my career, I told management that I wanted to pursue the next round of development with the team we had and hire a trained engineer to help us. My proposal was to go for broke and attempt the same task of building the final prototype followed by two production versions of the machine with the money that we had in the bank. In response to this, all of my management staff resigned and I was left as CEO, project coordinator, and chief engineer. I knew that I was crazy to take on such a difficult challenge, but I didn't see any other solution.

The fact is I did it for Kara. I knew how important the project was to her and that if I didn't take it on, the project would die. I had come to realize that the project was part of a grand design that she had envisioned as a way that humanity could live on Earth without overtaxing the natural environment. What mattered to her was preserving the forests that remain and restoring the forests that have been destroyed. There had been numerous occasions previous to this event when I had been discouraged and wanted to quit, only to be encouraged by her to continue.

It's easy to imagine Kara as the fairytale Goddess clad in flowing robes amidst the primeval forest. It's more difficult to think of her as the strategic planner engineering technologies that will turn the tide of the environmental crisis.

When I made the proposal to undertake the construction of the machines with my team, I knew we were getting ourselves into deep water, but I didn't realize how deep. It's safe to say that without her help we would never have been able to complete the machines. Building some of the components required a sophisticated understanding of metallurgy, and she was the one walking us through the steps to get to the right design. There were times when we thought we had a solution, when we did not. She would be after me, day after day, pointing out the reasons why our solution would not work and how her solution was the better option.

One of the best things to come out of this new arrangements was the hiring of Robert Arnot. Not only was Robert an excellent mechanical engineer but he was an accomplished shaman as well.

We managed to put together a workable prototype without getting too far behind schedule, but then our investor reminded me that the original plan called

for the completion of two production machines by the end of the year, four months away. If I thought the work was challenging before, now it was worse by an order of magnitude. It's one thing to get a machine to operate in a shop with a team of technicians on hand to adjust and tinker with it. It's a far greater challenge to build a machine that can operate in the field.

The end of the year came and went and the first machine was still not complete. We had made arrangements to ship a machine off to Malawi, Africa, and we were racing against the clock to get it ready. Our work was complicated by the fact that our first machine would have to operate on the other side of the planet, out of our hands. To add to the pressure, by this time our investor was beside himself because we were behind schedule and over budget.

Those were difficult times to say the least. For my part, I was working out engineering issues nonstop, working furiously on the machines, welding and assembling parts, and making extra components specific to the project in Malawi. Finally, the day came when all the components of the first machine were assembled and we were ready for a test run.

Two months earlier there had been a heated debate among the team members about how the front end of the machine should be configured. It was something that had given us trouble from the beginning and we had yet to come up with a reliable solution. I was in the minority relative to the approach that I was in favor of, and there were several members of the team who were not happy when I pulled rank and insisted on proceeding with my design.

From that day until the day of the test run, no one knew if I had made the right decision. Needless to say, we were all nervous and excited to test the machine.

We got everything ready and stood in a circle around the machine. There was not one of us there who had not given his best into its construction. This was our moment.

A long conveyor belt was set up in front of the machine. It was loaded with straw that would serve as the test material.

Leo, chief of assembly and the lead proponent of the design that we did *not* pursue, flipped the switch. The rest of us held our breath.

The machine roared to life. The conveyor belt leapt into action, delivering the load into the front of the machine. From there it should have disappeared into the machine and emerged out the back end as a neatly compressed cylinder.

That's not what happened. Instead it jammed up right at the place where the design that I championed was located.

Leo shut off the machine, and together we let out an agonized groan of frustration.

The configuration was such that it was not something we could easily change. Rebuilding it to the design that most of the guys had wanted would have taken several weeks at least, and we didn't have even one.

For three days we struggled and sweated, trying to get the machine to work. Everyone by this time was convinced that I had made the wrong choice; even I was questioning myself. By the end of the third day we all went home demoralized and discouraged.

The following morning, I came into work and was met by Tom, one of the engineers. He said, "I have something to show you that will make you really happy, or really mad."

"Really? What do you have?" I was ready for anything different than what we had experienced over the last three days.

We walked over to the front end of the machine. "Stick your hand in there," he said, pointing to the maw where the raw material is taken in.

Inside was a shelf of plastic that was supposed to have the front edge rounded over. The shelf that my hand encountered was square.

Because we were building two machines, we would always make two parts of whatever we made. I had cut out the plastic shelves, but because we were under pressure to complete the first machine, I had rounded over the edge of only one of them. I had given Tom both parts and indicated which one he should install. He had put in the wrong one, and that's what was causing the problem.

"Well," he said. "Are you happy or mad?"

"Are you kidding? This is the happiest moment of my life."

Once the correct part was installed, the machine worked fine.

The other thing that was happening at this time was that I was involved in the most difficult and challenging part of the relationship with Kara. This cycle of building the machine was precisely the same time that I was reestablishing my connection with her after the episode with Jasper.

We sent the first machine on a successful venture to Africa and were able to finish the second machine, but by early summer we were in serious financial trouble. The real estate market in the U.S. was well into its downward slide and we realized that finding a market in the U.S. during that time would be virtually impossible. We made the trip to China in hopes that we could establish a foothold with some promising contacts that we knew there.

However, our luck in China was not much better because the recession was taking effect there as it was in the U.S. The timing was such that the Chinese stock market crashed while we were on the plane returning to the U.S., thus rendering nearly all of our business efforts in vain.

By the time we returned, our investor had been able to consolidate his ownership of the company to the point where he had controlling interest, thus replacing me as the CEO.

He wanted to pursue a different agenda than I did, so rather than butting heads with him, I resigned. I needed time to rest. Fortunately, Leo stepped into the place that I left vacant and led the project in my absence.

## Chapter 29

### Uncle Niles

As if my life was not busy enough during the time when I was working with my team to build the two Strawjet machines, my work in the spirit world was at a crisis point.

In March of 2008, six months before the trip to China and nine months before the trip to Mexico, the situation with the Reptilians had become a constant challenge. In order to deal with the problem, I recruited four other shamans: Robert, his wife Nancy, a friend named Chris, and Jae. It was a very exciting time for us as we rode the wave of the unfolding drama. Every day the spirit world overlapped with our physical lives to form a continuous experience. Like characters in a spy thriller, we went about our days with an urgent purpose behind our affairs.

During this time Robert's uncle, Uncle Niles, died, so naturally we went to visit him in The Light to attend his welcome home party. It was during this party that we realized he could be a huge help to us. Both Robert and his uncle were trained crystal experts, not in an airy-fairy New Age way, but from an engineering standpoint. It occurred to us that Uncle Niles could provide us with crystals in the spirit world that we could use to help individuals in need of healing.

The crystals that we got from Uncle Niles were spirit world artifacts and, as we discovered, very valuable. We used them for a variety of purposes, and there were many occasions when we encountered problems that might have remained unsolved had we not had the crystals.

For instance, on one occasion I was performing a clearing for a woman who was experiencing chronic anxiety. When I entered her house of being I was confronted with an unusual situation: the entire space rolled and pitched like a boat in a heavy sea. I tried everything I could think of to correct the problem without success. Finally, I called Robert in to help me, and the moment he arrived, the situation stabilized. We attributed this to the fact that Robert had one of Uncle Nile's crystals with him, so we walked up to the veil, the entrance to The Light, and asked Uncle Niles for a crystal to place in the woman's house of being.

He invited us to come into The Light. Once there we were greeted by him and another man: the woman's deceased husband. It seemed only natural for the woman's husband to select a crystal for her.



It is peculiar to think of Heaven having a crystal gift shop, but the place we visited to find a crystal was essentially just that. After a fair bit of looking around, he chose a lotus-shaped sculpture made of multicolored crystal. Once we delivered it to the woman's House of Being, Robert was able to leave and the instability did not resume. After this work, the woman experienced stability and assurance that allowed her to be largely free of her anxiety.

Nearly every situation that we encountered was unique in some peculiar way, so we constantly had to improvise. Another time Robert was along with me and we were doing a clearing for an old friend of mine named Tom. We arrived in Tom's House of Being and were greeted by about seven Reptilian priests. We had never encountered such priests before so this was a surprise. We were further surprised when the priests informed us that they were happy to go into The Light but that they wanted to take with them a crystal device that Robert had.

We didn't know what to do, because we didn't completely trust that their intentions were benign. If they had been soldiers we would have told them no. But these were priests, and they wanted to go into The Light.

We had another problem as well, and that was that this was no ordinary crystal. This was a complex crystal machine of a sort that we didn't understand. It had been given to Robert just a few days before and we had barely begun to speculate on what its purpose was. The last thing we wanted was to give them something that would be used against us.

Finally, we decided that if the priests were not meant to have it, we would not have been given it just before our encounter with them.

We gave them the device and ushered them into The Light.

Sometimes things worked, but sometimes they didn't, so we would try something else. We were guided and tutored constantly, but even if Kara or some other spirit being told us about a situation ahead of time, we usually didn't understand until we were faced with it. This was and continues to be a problem, mostly because the other worlds are so diverse. This was particularly true with respect to situations that involved the Reptilians because those situations were far more complex than those that concerned individuals.

***SK: What did Kara have to say about the Reptilians? Did she side with you in the struggle?***

She was like a mother with two misbehaving children, the humans and the Reptilians. She loved us both and was furious with both. She wanted us to stop fighting over her as if she were a trophy of war, and to realize that she was and is fighting for her life.

She wanted the conflict between the humans and the Reptilians to be resolved once and for all. She wished the Reptilians to get on with their lives in whatever way was next for them. She wanted humans to stop ignoring and abusing her before it was too late.

For reasons that I still don't fully understand, the Reptilians that had not gone into the Light hounded us right up to the moment that we got on the plane bound for China.

## Chapter 30

### A Wall of Flame

Most of our time in China was devoted to business, but as things worked out, we had a couple of free days in Shanghai. Within the city there is an historic location on the bank of the Yangtze River called the Bund. Without knowing why, we were repeatedly drawn to visit it.

On the first day, Robert and I went. We were taking a break from our busy schedule to do some sightseeing and were not aware that the location was the place where we were to perform the most critical task of our trip.

An enormous boardwalk had been built along the river to accommodate the many thousands of tourists that stream through each year. All along the length of it sightseers are treated to a display of unusual boat traffic, everything from ocean-going freighters to home-built junks, water taxis, and commercial traffic of all sorts. We walked for several miles along the boardwalk, taking in the sights. Finally, we were about to go back to the hotel, but Robert was intrigued by a huge monument at the other end of the boardwalk. With a bit of cajoling he talked me into walking back the way we had come, past the point where we had entered, to see and feel the monument.

It was a World War II memorial, and when we got there we discovered that it held a potent charge of wounding. We tried to connect with it to see if we could help to heal it, but it was like walking into a searing wall of flame. It was apparent that there was nothing that could be done, so we left to find a taxi.

Jae had warned us that the city of Shanghai experiences citywide gridlock every day from about 4:30 to about 7:00. It was 4:19 and we were nervous that we would not be able to find a ride. I flagged down a taxi and handed him the card from the hotel. At first he said no, but with a bit of persuasion he relented. Spurred on by the promise of a big tip, he took us through the back streets of the city, driving as if floodwaters were just a few blocks behind us.

There were machine shops spilling onto the sidewalk out of shoe-box-sized establishments. Hawkers were selling circuit boards and digital displays on the street corners. For a couple of engineers, it was the perfect tour of the city, and as the car eased up to the curb in front of our hotel, we cheered the driver for a job well done.

Jae came with us on the second day, and she wanted to go back to the Bund. At first Robert and I did our best to talk her out of it because we had

already seen it. We visited another part of the city, but Jae continued to encourage us to go back to the Bund. Eventually she became convinced that there was something important we needed to do there. Robert and I were willing to go along with her intuition, so I flagged down a passing taxi, and we piled in.

As we once again traversed the sprawling city, Robert and I started to feel the same sense of urgency that Jae had been feeling. It became clear that something big was in the works, and the power of a pending ceremony was building in us like a panic. We coached each other to remain calm and move slowly with the air of tourists lest we attract the attention of the ever-present police. I was worried about how we were going to perform a ceremony in the middle of a public place teeming with people, but when we arrived at the World War II monument we found only a few tourists and one policeman. Then, as if on cue, they all withdrew, including the policeman, and we had complete privacy for nearly fifteen minutes while we performed our work.

It was a lesson in the power of working together when I saw how easy it was for the three of us to walk through the wall of flame and embrace the pain within. The trauma that resided there was the result of the genocide and humiliation foisted upon the inhabitants of the region by Japanese soldiers during World War II. We allowed the pent-up trauma to wash through our loving enfoldment. All the while I was praying that we would not be interrupted.

When we had finished, a Chinese couple entered the site with tears streaming down their faces. They were overwhelmed with joy and appreciation as if they knew exactly what we had done.

As we were walking away I said to Jae, "It seemed like the policeman went out front to keep the tourists out long enough to let us do our work."

"Amazing, huh?" she said. "Just when we needed the space. That's how the Asian mind works—always there is the allowance for what needs to happen next. Even the policeman tuned in to our work."

Just as Jae was drifting off to sleep that night, she had a spirit world visitation. Chairman Mao came before her. Behind him, ranks upon ranks of common folk filled her view.

He said, "Thank you for what you have done. Now we can turn our hearts to the ways of peace, and leave behind the pain of war."

Weeks later, when we reflected on our near-perfect bad timing with regards to our business trip, we surmised that the sole reason for going was to perform the work at the Bund.

One other event that took place during our visit to China is worth mentioning. We had the opportunity to present our proposal to a man who was a former head of state and had substantial influence in the Chinese government. Our proposal was primarily focused on the use of Strawjet material for the construction of buildings, but we also had one section that outlined the use of the material for the fabrication of monorail tracks.

When we got to that part of the proposal, our contact became very excited. He told us that when he was an active head of state, the Chinese government had been planning to build such a system, and it had been his baby.

We left a copy of our proposal for the monorail with him, and the next time he went to Beijing he took the proposal with him. He showed the design to officials in the Ministry of Transportation. Their response was that they were very interested in this sort of technology, but they were worried that it would cost too much to develop.

On the flight home I invited Jae to go to Mexico with me to complete the ceremony with the Reptilians. Three months passed before we could find time in our busy schedules to get away.

## Chapter 31 The Magical World of Tantra

***SK: Before you tell the story about the trip to Mexico, I want to ask a few questions about the story up to this point.***

***Also, if I am going to act as an advisor on this book, I would like to start by pointing out a few basics. I realize the letters that you're writing to me are just an outline, but you need to be careful not to bring up tantalizing topics without following up on them. It's unsettling to the reader and it amounts to teasing. These are personal topics but you need to think about them in terms of how the reader will receive them. The rule of thumb is: Either invite the reader into confidence with respect to a topic or don't mention it. The reader needs to feel like they can trust you, and by including them in your most vulnerable thoughts you will engender in them a sense of empathy.***

***The most obvious topic is the one about the sex every four hours that you wrote about awhile back. The imaginary woman's "need" was obviously Kara's need, so what happened after the day of the unveiling?***

***I realize that this is your private life and you may not want it to become public knowledge, but these are the questions that you need to ask yourself before you continue with this project.***

***I also realize that this is a story about the age that we live in and about humanity's relationship with the Earth Being, not just your story, so your anonymity is likely a thing of the past.***

Thanks, I'll see what I can do.

The every-four-hour scenario continued after the unveiling but, like the connection in general, it too was stretched thin. However, it was what allowed the connection to be maintained at all.

The best way to describe what happened was that I became pregnant with Kara. The every-four-hours scenario allowed the "baby" to gestate. When the "baby" came due she—Kara—was birthed by Jae, and became Jae. The four-hour issue ended at that point.

I should also point out that Kara initiated me into the magical world of tantra, something that I had about as much understanding of, when we started, as a two-year-old would have about computer programming. Consequently, the romantic encounters with Kara evolved over time to the point where they bore little resemblance to typical masturbation or even love making between human

partners. My encounters with Kara took on the character of a sacred wright that was evolved beyond anything that I was familiar with and continued to evolve further and further into the unknown. The purpose of our encounters was new to me as well.

People engage sexually with each other because they are in love, or because they are compelled by hormones, or simply out of lust. All too often the apex of such engagement, the orgasm, is viewed in terms of a personal pleasure, the ultimate joy, sweeter than the sweetest fruit, more wondrous than the most exotic pleasure, but almost always for the purpose of personal fulfillment. However, my encounters with Kara were inspired by a fundamentally different set of factors that had little or nothing to do with personal fulfillment. Often they involved a complexity and sophistication one might normally associate with a technological endeavor like flying the space shuttle or operating a nuclear reactor. My part was often a matter of following along in a process that was as bewildering as it was breathtaking.

This was particularly true with regard to the orgasm. Within that state normal reality folded away to reveal a cosmic harmony where the river of orgasmic power would be channeled to perform specific functions. As I mentioned earlier the first order of business was to rescue Kara from the desperate state of neglect that she was in when I founded her. Subsequent to this endeavor was a vast array of work related to breaking the spell of separateness that exists between her consciousness and the consciousness of humanity.

The other aspect of our work was to facilitate the same sort of healing process within the body of human consciousness. Sometimes we would work on individuals who played a key role in the unfolding design. Other times we would work on patterns of consciousness that were shared by many people.

With all of this work, the power of the orgasm was the tool that allowed the energy to shift.

It took several years to get to the point where our connection was sufficiently potent to be useful in this regard. The essence of how it works is that once a wounded contraction is encountered, the power of orgasm can be used to unravel the cords that bind the contraction and allow the energy in it to move. The power that's been locked up in a contraction is often, when freed up, adequate to cause the contraction to dissipate. This dynamic is similar to a charge of lightning that is poised to come back into balance by connecting to the ground but needs a pathway to do so. We provided the pathway. This is something that human couples can do as well, but the fact that Kara is a planetary being gives her

nearly unlimited capacity to ground energy.

Kara's understanding of how the spell of separateness between her and the human consciousness can be broken is far more comprehensive than any human awareness because she isn't caught up in the limited perspective of the human mind. In addition, she's not isolated from beings in The Light and therefore has access to wisdom that is available from them. She's also aware of issues in specific people that are key to unlocking the next piece of the puzzle.

It's interesting to note that Kara has been aware of how to fix the problems from the time when the problems started but has been unable to do anything about them because she didn't have anyone to work with, at least not for a long time. The accounts that have come to us from the past tell of one attempt after another to establish a viable connection between Kara and a man, which moved in the right direction for a while, only to be dissipated for one reason or another.

***SK: I'm still having difficulty grasping how your tantric connection works. Can you elaborate on that?***

It's really not a big mystery. If you can grasp the notion that our bodies are just clothing for our spirits and that our true selves are spirit beings, then it's not so hard to imagine that two spirits could inhabit the same body. There are plenty of examples where this sort of situation can lead to an unhealthy condition, but in my case I deliberately invited her into my body. At the beginning of an encounter I would experience a sense of falling into her consciousness, which is vast and beautiful. Then I would feel her sexual arousal begin to bloom. Over time my own arousal became less and less common. It was unnecessary.

When I touch myself I have the experience of touching her. It's quite remarkable and very erotic; even taking a shower can be a sensuous experience. Most people who hear me talk about this assume that I just have a vivid imagination, but the sense of the Other is very real.

My relationship with her is lopsided in that our cognitive connection is often pretty thin, mostly in regards to my ability to hear her when she speaks to me. On the other hand, our erotic connection is more profound than anything I've experienced with a human partner. I feel what she feels, and she feels what I feel. This connection is so powerful that it has led to some dangerous situations. There was one occasion where I was on the verge of dying from an out-of-control orgasm.

***SK: The idea of a terminal orgasm seems incomprehensible. How can someone die from an orgasm?***



I know it sounds crazy, but the physical body has limitations, and after more than an hour of extreme orgasm the strain can become a problem.

**SK: *More than an hour? Surely you're exaggerating!***

You have to understand that Kara is different from us. If you think about how big her body is, it's easy to see how an extreme experience for me would have only a mild impact on her. In order for her to have a meaningful experience, I have to have a very intense one. She has told me on many occasions that she has to be careful not to injure me with too much intensity.

From the first time that I met her, up until the final days that I write about at the end of the second book, Kara was in a struggle to regain her vitality. The element that kept her moving in a positive direction was her orgasm. At the time I didn't know why, but the legends that have come down to us out of the past make reference to the Goddess of the deep as a being who needs sexual energy to survive. Some of the stories portray her as an evil being who tempts her victims with her beauty, then drains the life out of them through sexual union.

It's easy to understand why these stories developed. I mentioned that her need was often more than I could give her, and at the beginning it was all I could do to keep the connection viable. It took years of training to get to the point where our encounters were adequate to her needs. Even then there was a constant struggle to get her to the point where she was not in jeopardy of slipping back into the desperate state that she was in when I found her.

She described her predicament by comparing it to that of a tree that was dead with the exception of a single branch that was still alive. It's not enough to have that branch flourish; the whole tree needs to come back to life. My job has been to bring a little more life into her every day.

With regards to her depiction as an evil being, she's not some fairytale being with an easily defined persona. She is the real deal. We've all seen pictures of someone cuddling with a lion, for instance, but make that lion angry and there is hell to pay. Fortunately for me, she has more patience than a lion, but in some of the legends there are accounts of times when she was betrayed. In those stories her vengeance was as large as the rest of her.

I also need to state that she has never demanded anything. Everything that was given, in both directions, was freely given.

**SK: *But you just said that she would wake you up every night. That sounds pretty demanding to me.***

Yes, but there is a difference between asking and demanding.

**SK: *What if you said no?***

There were times during the every-four-hour phase when I didn't exactly say no; rather, I would have a busy day at work and I would just forget. Then when I got home and opened the connection with her, she would weep and moan. It was heart-breaking.

There was one time when I was at my wits' end trying to keep up with her needs, my job, and whatever else was going on. I called in a couple of my spirit guides, Martin and Uranda, to help me get across to her that I was doing all that could be expected of me. Well, rather than siding with me, they informed me that I would have to work much harder if I was going to succeed.

The sexual experience was fulfilling, even addicting. I didn't long for anything more. What I missed in the relationship was the mundane part of being with someone. Stuff like having coffee together in the morning, or looking into your lover's eyes. Those were the things that made me crazy. It was agonizing to be in love with someone who was essentially invisible.

It's easy to be captivated by the presence of another person, but I didn't want to be in love with a woman. I wanted to be in love with Kara. I had to keep training my mind and heart to relate to her as a woman because it was so foreign to my basic programming. It scares me to think what I would have traded to have been with her face-to-face even for a few moments.

## Chapter 32

### The Continent of Orgasm

***SK: The experience that you describe sounds intoxicating. I would have a hard time getting anything done if I were in your shoes.***

Actually, that was a problem, but not in the way that you are implying. There was no longing in me for sexual release. I had more orgasmic energy in my life than I knew what to do with. If there was a continent somewhere called orgasm, I had barely stepped onto the sandy beaches before I became involved with Kara.

Not only did Kara introduce me to the totally new experience of the female orgasm, but she showed me that there was more than just beaches on the continent of orgasm. She showed me that there were meadows past the beaches with streams and flowers. Beyond them were rolling hills with forests, birds and bears. Like Thomas the Rhymer riding with the Queen on her big white horse, we traveled far and wide in that land, from windswept rocky peaks to desert beauty. I learned from her that the land of orgasm was a land of such diverse wonder as to hardly be recognizable as the same place.

My visits with her were journeys deep into unknown territory where time slipped into forgetfulness. After a session, I would often wake out of the trance feeling as though days had passed since I'd layed down.

In the lands that we traversed, one path would lead to another, and we would often pick up from where we left off the day before. We would spend weeks working our way up through the equivalent of a mountain range, then over a pass and into another whole region of the continent.

The experience could also compare to a tower with floors that were gained one by one. Each floor seemed to be associated with a level of her consciousness, and each had cobwebs and clutter that needed to be cleared away once we got there. It wasn't until we arrived at the top floor that the struggle to reach a state where she was no longer felt in danger of slipping back was finished.

At that point our encounters took on a different quality. They were less about sexual charge and more about dropping into a full embodiment of her consciousness. She would come alive inside me and be fully present the moment we began our engagement.

I'm giving you a broad perspective of her evolution and in doing so have skipped ahead of our timeline. We didn't reach the top floor of the "tower" until October 2011, and the quest to reach it is the essence of the story in book two.

From a human perspective, the rare treasure of the orgasm became a problem because of its abundance. Imagine how the situation would look if the wealth came in money instead of orgasm. If it came in hundred-dollar bills, the cupboards in my kitchen would be filled flush to the front edge with notes neatly bound together. If you came to visit, you would have to hug the wall as you walked up the steps to the second floor because of the bundles of notes stacked precariously beside you. Every box, jar, and drawer would be packed solid. All of it carefully hidden from view, of course—even the staircase collection would be covered with bed sheets. If you were to sit with me in my kitchen, I would worry that you would notice a bundle of bills poking out of one of the slots of the toaster.

I had to be careful in public not to think about our sexual connection because the thought might trigger a spontaneous orgasm. Other days our connection was like a bonfire that I was unable to put out once it was started. On those occasions the waves of orgasm would continue late into the night until they became a dull, painful throbbing.

I didn't crave sexual fulfillment. Rather, I had to be careful with the way I felt about it. I had to look forward to our times together with joy even when I was "not in the mood." If I had adopted the attitude that I was being imposed upon, or if I approached our relationship from the perspective that our times together were to take care of my needs, this would have never amounted to anything.

***SK: What would happen if you were unhappy that you were expected to have an encounter with her? Would she be mad at you?***

No, nothing like that. She was fragile, particularly at the very beginning. She would become sad and despondent like a human woman.

***SK: Surely she knew that her demands were extreme.***

Yes, but she didn't want to overwhelm me. She inspired me with her love and her beauty. She would refuse to make demands on me even when she was in desperate straits in terms of her need.

The situation was like a mother who barely has enough milk to keep her child alive. We were both in a pickle and we knew it.

Every day was a race to get as much done as possible before my time with her was over, because afterward my mind would be drained of serotonin to the point where I was virtually incapable of doing anything. A single session with her

would use up more than a day's supply of brain chemicals, which would require a good night's rest to replenish. This became a serious problem, because if I waited until late in the day to have our time together, I would not have the mental capacity to be sufficiently present during the encounter. On the other hand, if I spent time with her early in the day, I would lose a large part of the day to the recovery time that was required afterward. Occasionally an encounter would be so intense it would leave me depleted for days.

My friends gave up on the possibility of spending time with me in the evenings. My personal affairs suffered because I never had free time to take care of things. This led to a state of constantly trying to catch up with my mundane affairs.

Sometimes people ask me to recount a conversation that I had with Kara during one of our encounters. This has always been a challenge. When I engage with her I become filled with the vastness of her consciousness. Her perspective of the world is breathtaking in its scope, able to penetrate the most mundane aspect of life on the planet and illuminate it with Technicolor brilliance. The curtains that hide the panorama of the cosmic community at large from the view of the human mind are thrown back to reveal a diversity of such wonder as to baffle mortal comprehension. While I am in that reality I have a fairly clear view of it, but afterwards the magnificent painting fades to a pencil sketch on the back of a business card. I can remember vague outlines of the things we talked about, but the richness is lost.

While the tantric experience is amazing it pales in comparison to the opportunity of getting to know her as a friend. My personal connection to her is more precious to me than anything else that I am aware of. The depth and beauty of her spirit is almost incomprehensible to my limited mental capacity, and the power of conviction embodied by her love is legendary.

The quest to rescue her challenged me to my wits end and I was able to see my way through it not by honor, duty, or adventure but by my love for her.

***SK: You were talking about how you were looking forward to having Kara embodied in a woman and having an encounter with her in person. Yet you don't mention it in reference to Jae becoming one with Kara.***

Spending time with Jae was an amazing experience. She has an uncanny connection with Kara. When we were together we would be in constant exploration of the wonder of the mystery. We would have long discussions nearly every day—something that I did with others as well, but Jae has the ability to bring the magic into the moment, whether it was knowing who to call, what

movie to watch or a hundred other things. I wish I could read the “signs” as well as she can.

You asked about the intimacy part. Jae and I would set aside one day each week to dive deep into the experience. We would build an altar, put on trance music, and experience what is best described as *sacred sex magick*. The term refers to an approach to sex that goes beyond self-gratification or even love for the other; it is about invoking powers beyond human ecstasy. Powers of insight, powers of manifestation. Our interest was the power of connection with Kara.

Each week we would build upon the generation of the week before. What would start as an intimate time together would eventually lead to a time when Kara would talk to us through Jae and share astounding downloads and observations. Most often she would talk about things that were happening in the world from her perspective, and her heartbreak about how the mass consciousness neglects and ignores her. She would sob and sigh, and simultaneously share her joyous hopes for a better tomorrow.

People who speculate on how the Earth might cope with the pressures of the human population often overlook the emotional component of the issue. For instance, complaining about the weather is likely more detrimental to the situation than the pollution caused by driving to work.

It's not like we aren't surrounded by her all the time. The air we breathe and the food we eat are all part of her. Honoring her and her gifts doesn't have to be a heavy thing. I mentioned earlier that any deference that I showed her was met with disapproval. She longs to be treated as an equal, as if she was another person in the room with us. She wants us to be aware of the part she plays in our lives. We are all visitors from the great beyond who come to this world as guests in her house. If we can simply acknowledge that, the situation will change dramatically.

***SK: Can you suggest a way that the readers can interact with her?***

All of us already have a connection to her to some degree even though our awareness of it may be faint. An exercise that may be useful is to consider that her presence has been with you all your life. Come to the place of knowing where the sense of your personal connection with her is deep and profound where you can feel your own love for her in a way that you may not have been aware of for some time. Then speak to her as the dear old friend that she is.

Once you have allowed your connection with her to resurface in your mind spend a moment nurturing it a little bit every day. Jest with her: If the weather is bad, tell her that you hate blizzards, but tell her that she shouldn't get you wrong,

you would still rather be here than on Mars. Make her laugh. Most days she could use a laugh. Just because you can't hear her doesn't mean that she can't hear you—and if you give her a chance, perhaps you will hear her.

Tell her you wish you didn't have to drive your car to work. Tell her that you believe that someday there will be a better solution. Look up her plans for the monorail. Tell her that you think it's a great idea.

Ask her how you can help her. She will likely suggest something that you never thought of before, and it will almost surely be something that will help you as well as her.

One spring, she suggested that Jae and I should plant a garden. We argued back, saying that the tiny backyard was too small for a garden and that we were so busy we didn't have time for one. She said not to worry, that she would help us. Well, that little garden changed the way we ate, our health improved, and our connection with the land was enhanced.

One of the most remarkable things we learned about her is her depth of compassion. Never once did we witness any sort of hate from her, even when we were discussing the most horrendous aspects of human nature.

## Chapter 33

### Mexico

When I first started writing to you, Stephen, the trip to Mexico was one of the stories that I most wanted to tell you. This is when the quest took on a larger than life quality.

In the telling of it, I used term Ka several times to describe the powerful and undeniably present force of life that we encountered at every turn. Our experience of it was like being swept along in a river with currents too strong to resist.

On January 5, 2007, Jae and I flew from Virginia, where we were visiting with members of my family, to the Yucatán peninsula, Mexico. We landed at the airport in Cancun, rented a car, and found a place to stay for the night.

We were both looking forward to a good night's rest, but just as Jae was drifting off, Kara came alive inside her. Kara was vulnerable and disoriented, and all Jae could make out from what Kara was saying was that she was dizzy, as though she was being twirled in a washing machine, because she was “so close to the source.” We assumed that Kara was referring to the source of the dust, the impact crater, but we didn't know why she was feeling so disoriented.

As Jae and I were driving the next day, we tried to figure out what Kara had meant. Perhaps I was paying too much attention to the conversation and not enough on my driving, when there on the median strip was a police cruiser with an officer waving me over to the side. As I stepped out of the car I thought about the one line of advice our guide book gave about traffic violations: “Don't get stopped or you can be thrown in jail for any small reason.” The officer motioned me over to his car and asked me for my driver's license. Then he asked me if I knew what the speed limit was. I told him that I thought it was 90 kph. He nodded and showed me the display on his radar gun. It said 125 kph.

*Thirty-five kph over the limit!* I thought to myself. *Crap! I am in deep trouble.*

Meanwhile, back in the car, Jae was pleading with Kara to help us.

Kara's one-line response was, “I'll handle this.”

If ever there was a “*These are not the droids we are looking for*” moment,



this was it. Right in the middle of telling me that he was going to write me a ticket, the officer stopped, paused for a moment, then said, “Today I’m going to help you.” He handed me back my driver's license, smiled and said, “Have a nice day.”

The second night we stayed at a beautiful spot near the ruins of Chichén Itzá. We were planning to arrive at the site of the Chicxulub crater the next day, so we started to build the ritual container that we would use for the upcoming event. This was not a physical container but rather an envelope of charged intention that we held between us, each of us carefully steering the energy within it so that it would build to a crescendo at the moment of the ceremony.

We set up an altar with bougainvillea flowers that were growing beside the entrance to our room. We placed on it an image of the Mayan Circle of the Sun, embossed into a piece of leather that Jae had bought at the Chichén Itzá site earlier in the day, along with a candle, some crystals, and a tiny package wrapped like a present. Both the wrapping paper and the long curly ribbons were of the finest quality, thanks to Jae’s trove of especially nice things. The gift-wrapped package had the place of honor at the center of the altar. Inside the fancy paper was a small plastic jar containing the dust.

The moment the candle was lit, the gravity of the territory that we were heading into became palpable. It had been there before but we’d had plenty of things to distract us so we hadn’t had to face it full-on. Now there was no denying it. There was a yawning chasm before us that was too vast and empty to feel into without a sense of unease.

The charge of the pending ceremony was both mystifying and exciting. We got to bed early in preparation for the big day to follow. As usual, I fell into a deep sleep, but Jae was restless—or rather, Kara was. Up to this point Jae hadn’t witnessed Kara when she had her ire up, but on this night, that all changed.

During the time when Kara had played the part of the fantasy woman I had witnessed her with her ire up on numerous occasions, so I wasn’t surprised the next morning to hear Jae's rendition of the late-night admonishing and complex explanations. Jae recounted the conversation something like this:

Jae: “Kara, can't I just sleep tonight? I’m so tired and we have a big day tomorrow.”

Kara: “I’m sorry you’re tired, but I'm beside myself! What is wrong with you two?! Don't you get it yet? This ceremony is not about the Reptilians. The reason why David was compelled to return the dust to the source was because of me. He had already established empathy with the Reptilians with respect to the asteroid event, but not with *me*.”

Throughout the long hours of the night, Kara recounted this story to Jae:

*For ages beyond counting, Life had brought forth universe after universe, each more spectacular than the last, and had explored the potential of the evolving nature of creation until there seemed to be nothing left to explore. The state of perfection had been polished and polished again, but the vitality of Life living is consequent upon renewal brought on by the constant upwelling of change. Eventually, perfection became stagnation. Something needed to destabilize the perfection in order to allow the spiraling to continue.*

*A plan was devised that was a radical departure from methods that had been tried before. The plan called for a world to be shocked into the chaos of duality where forces of light and forces of darkness vied with each other. Where sacrifice, heroism, and commitment could be forged. It was hoped and anticipated that a new order would emerge out of the chaos, untainted by anything that had come before.*

*Kara learned of the experiment and thought it was bold and adventurous and that it promised to be a blessing to all creation. She volunteered to be the planet of choice.*

When I heard this news I was ashamed and embarrassed. *How could I have been so dumb?* I thought. *And so heartless. Of course this is about her!*

We were stunned to see how far off track we had been. At the same time, we were excited—very excited. The idea that we were working on a mystery of vast proportions made us giddy with joy.

We packed our bags, eager to be on the road, and headed northwest toward Merida. When we reached the outskirts of the city we changed direction to due north and headed into the crater.

The crater is about 112 miles in diameter and its outline is only visible from space via radar imaging. Chicxulub, the town we were heading for, was ground zero of the event 65 million years ago.

While we were driving, an unease started to color our experience. It was subtle at first but became more and more obvious as we approached our destination. It was almost as if the unease had a sound to it, like fingernails on a blackboard, or perhaps a distant wail of anguish.

The jungle on either side of the road—never much more than a dense thicket since we had left Cancun—became more and more sparse the farther north we traveled. By the time we were a few miles from the coast where the

town of Chicxulub is located, the vegetation gave way to a flat, empty plain, one that made me wonder if that's what a blast site would look like.

There was one encouraging event, however, that took place when we were looking for a place to stay. Right in the center of town we found an old hotel run by a former contessa named Pura Concepción. We decided to book a room there in part because we were taken by the ethereal mystery of this elegant woman. Jae and I talked about her as we were unpacking in our room.

"There's something special about this Contessa," Jae said. "Don't you find her name an amazing synchronicity with the purpose of our journey? Who would be named *Pure Conception*?! It's like a set-up by Kara for us to pay attention. The mammalian age came after the extinction of the dinosaurs, which eventually gave rise to the human species. Is Kara indicating to us that we are at the Source of conception of our origin?!"

"You might be on to something," I agreed. "There is no doubt that there's something profound going on here."

We did our best to enjoy the latter part of the afternoon and evening. The unease, however, was inescapable; every breath ached with it.

We planned the ceremony for the following morning at sunrise. We set the alarm for 4:00 A.M., but we were both already wide awake when it went off. As we drove out to a remote part of the beach, we talked about how it seemed that we were unlocking some sort of lock and that by doing so we would be setting a sequence of events in motion.

By the time we got to the beach my ears were ringing with the charge. The feeling of unease that had started as a subtle irritant had become a wall of resistance. My head swam. My abdomen sent waves of hot, then cold, nausea through me.

At the edge of the sand we found a grove of tiny stunted trees no more than four feet high that would serve as a location for our altar. We had planned to find a piece of driftwood or some rocks to build an altar, but the beach was bare save for odd bits of litter and some small shells. I had seen a brick along the side of the path that led to the beach, so I went back to get it.

Once back at the beach, I positioned the brick in the sand at the base of the trees, making it level. I imagined that the trees were ancient giants with massive gnarled and twisted trunks, and the brick was an elegant stone altar that had been used for thousands of years to honor Kara.

We placed a candle and a small paper cup with some flowers in it on top. Also some crystals and a piece of bright green malachite brought specially for the

occasion. In front of the altar I dug a small hole where we would bury the dust.

Both of us were feeling the effects of the charge and prayed that no one would come by and ask us what we were doing. What would we tell someone? “Don’t worry, this it all going to turn out fine—we do this all the time”? Not likely.

There was no doubt that something powerful was happening, but was it under control? Was there someone in the driver’s seat? Those were good questions—questions that I wasn’t sure I knew the answers to.

My inner sense was like a fire alarm that wouldn’t stop sounding. It felt like everything was going wrong and we were hanging over the edge of an abyss.

From the moment we had driven into the crater, our nice little vacation in paradise had turned into a nightmare. We got lost repeatedly and we started getting short with each other; nothing serious, but we could feel the very real potential of it whip-cracking into something that we both would have regretted. When we finally survived the gauntlet of obstacles to get to our destination, the town of Chicxulub, we found ourselves driving down streets that would suddenly end, blocked by burned-out cars.

Neither of us dared speak the obvious, lest we upset the already precarious apple cart. But we were both thinking it: *“What the hell are we doing?!”*

This whole adventure with the Reptilians was my deal. Jae had come along to support the ceremony that I had started. All that changed when Kara set the record straight.

After Kara came through her with such overwhelming emotions, Jae didn't know what to think. I believed that she was mostly in a state of shock. One can only imagine how it was for her, sharing her body with another being—the great wounded Earth Goddess at that—and then being hurled into this bizarre and potentially dangerous situation with some guy who talks to reptile demons in his head.

I think it’s safe to say that long before we got to the beach, Jae was on auto-pilot. The situation had gone past the point where we could make sense of it rationally, so she relinquished control to me with almost a deer-in-the-headlights look. As we were making preparations on the beach, Jae, who is normally super-efficient and helpful, seemed nearly paralyzed by the strangeness of it all. She seemed to have surrounded herself in a cocoon of selective limited input.

I did everything I could think of to keep her in that state so she wouldn't see how freaked out I was. At one point I almost turned back. Obviously something wasn’t right. Somehow I had screwed up. But I was reluctant to turn back, in part because I didn't want my indecision to upset her even more. As for myself, I could

neither decide to move forward nor turn back. I defaulted to pressing ahead. I focused on maintaining my composure and keeping up my strained performance which said that everything was going according to plan.

Two voices were arguing in my head. One of the voices, the shrill one, was going on about how important it was to have everything in alignment when undertaking big ceremonies and about how one like this could become unstable and cause all kinds of problems. The other voice, the one that was muted and hopeful, said that if we could just complete the ceremony then perhaps the energy would shift and everything would be alright.

With shaky hands I placed the tiny package containing the dust, wrapped in cheerful gift paper, into the hole I'd dug in the sand. I lit the candle and placed a few small crystals on the altar. We spoke some words and used our second sight to send the blessing of healing deep into the Earth.

Nothing changed. If anything, the distant wail of anguish grew louder.

Up until this point I hadn't panicked. I was postponing the panic stage until I had tried everything I could think of to fix whatever was broken.

There was a long pause. I could feel the panic rising in me like a meal that had gone bad. There we were, caught at the end of the path, with nowhere to turn.

*It is in the hands of Ka now,* I thought.

There had been numerous times in the past when a solution had materialized just when all hope seemed lost, but in the midst of this drama I was loath to assume that Ka was going to bail us out.

I thought of how I could smooth over the event with friend's back home. They would ask, "*Hey, how did that ceremony with the Reptilians go?*" and I would reply, "*Oh yeah, it was awesome!*" It was awesome alright. Awesomely screwed up.

The sense of hanging over an abyss was scary in its realness, as if at any moment the sand beneath our feet would melt away and there would be nothing beneath us but empty space.

Then, out of nowhere, a solution came to me—at least, what I hoped was a solution.

Before flying to Mexico, Jae and I had visited my family in Virginia. My dad was a tour guide at the historic Jamestown site. We went with him to his job to see him at work. He was 91 years old and telling stories of the old days to high school girls from Japan. He was as funny and entertaining as ever.

Jae and I went for a walk on the beach while we waited for him to finish his

shift. The sand on the beach on Jamestown Island is of an unusual gemlike quality. The original settlers used it to make glassware to send back to England to help pay for the expedition. Their wares had an attractive green color that was caused by grains of hematite mixed in with the sand.

I noticed that there were places on the beach where the wave action had concentrated ribbons of hematite. I collected a couple of tablespoons of it in a plastic bag and put it in my pocket.

Hematite contains iron, so it's heavier than regular sand, and that's how the waves can manipulate it. For this same reason it is used to make extra-heavy concrete for use in flywheels for truck and ship engines as well as foundations for skyscrapers.

Hematite is also known to have magic properties. More than one New York skyscraper has had its unusual paranormal activities attributed to the make-up of its foundation. Think *Ghost Busters*.

I was only beginning to understand the metaphysical properties of gemstones and the power they contain. I thought about the magical properties of hematite. *Maybe there is some therapeutic effect that will help.*

I remembered putting the bag of sand in my backpack back in Virginia, but I wasn't sure if I had removed it during one of the many times when I'd repacked the bag since then.

I rummaged around now, looking for it, all the while holding back the sick feeling that something was terribly wrong. *Surely it's here,* I said to myself as I looked through the second-to-last pocket. Finally, my hand closed on the bag.

I pulled it out and showed it to Jae. I undid the twist-tie on the top, thankful for a moment of the mundane, a glance away from the abyss.

Once again, I knelt in front of the altar. I poured the sand from the bag onto the gift-wrapped dust. There was enough to cover the package about halfway. The sparkly gems of sand looked like black diamonds compared to the plain brown sand of the beach.

Something changed, although it was difficult to say what. The nausea was better, perhaps. The sense of teetering on the edge of an abyss was not so apparent. But the voices—the lament of those voices was closer now. We were no longer hearing them from afar; they were all around us, in us. It was all I could do to not start crying out myself.

*Okay, now what?* I thought. Now I was *really* out of ideas. I listened to the voices and to my pounding heart. I stared at the cheerfully wrapped package of dust. I didn't know what else to do.

Then Jae spoke up in her normal bright and focused voice, a voice that I hadn't heard much since we'd entered the crater: "I have Rescue Remedy in my purse."

I had purchased the Rescue Remedy, a soothing flower-essence, before our trip to China. You never know when someone's going to have an anxiety attack on the airplane. Fortunately for those of us on the trip, the bottle had remained unopened in Jae's purse.

As she handed it to me, I felt a glimmer of hope in my heart. I removed the safety wrapper and unscrewed the top. I filled the tiny dropper. I held it over the package of dust and squeezed out a few drops. I sat up to refill the dropper. Something was happening or something was going to happen—we could feel it. It was like the moment just before it starts to rain after a very long drought.

Eagerly I refilled the dropper and bowed my head once again to the altar. This time I put the drops onto the altar itself. Something really was happening. The waves of nausea suddenly stopped and we felt safely back on solid ground, but it was the voices that told us that the shift had happened. The shrill lament of discord had changed into a song of high sweet voices.

I got up off my knees and took Jae in my arms, so grateful to have her along. Saved once again by her sense of the Ka.

We hugged each other, tears streaming down our faces. We held each other's forearms and danced the dance of the uncontrollable joy of children. Stamping our feet and shaking our heads. It was hard to imagine the nightmarish situation we had been in only moments before.

Later Jae told me that after the ceremony Kara's emotions filled her. She said that Kara was choked up and couldn't speak. At long last two human beings had witnessed her turmoil and honored her for the trauma she carried for 65 million years.

## Chapter 34

### A Shattered Land

Our work in Chicxulub finished, we headed south toward the interior of the peninsula. All that day we pondered what had transpired on the beach. We were trying to figure out why the Rescue Remedy had shifted the energy when nothing else had. We stopped at an Internet cafe and looked up the Rescue Remedy website. There we were intrigued to see the tagline: *Every woman's emotional ally*. We went on to read that the first of the flower essences listed in the ingredients was Rock Rose for terror and panic. These clues were leading us to realize that Kara was suffering from a shattering emotional trauma.

On the first night she had been woozy and nauseous as if she were seasick. The second night she had been furious with us, and who wouldn't be? There we were, about to perform a potent magic ceremony, and we didn't even know what it was about! From her perspective it was bad enough to be in a state of emotional shock, but then to have to tell us what needed to be done to honor her—it's easy to understand why she was upset with us. There was no doubt that she was hoping we would come to realize the mistake on our own and only told us when she had no other choice.

We weren't trying to be stupid—quite the contrary. We were struggling constantly to gain perspective, but our perception was hampered by the same block that everyone seems to have: a block based on the assumption that planets don't feel things in the same way that we do.

Throughout our association with Kara we had been faced with a perplexing assessment of who she was. On the one hand, she was this brilliant, grand and powerful goddess who exuded grace and competence. But at other times she would be swooning in wounded anguish like a helpless child.

Most of our confusion about how to help her came from our lack of awareness of what was wrong with her. Then, once we began to gain some understanding, we were at a loss as to what to do. We were just little humans; what could we do to help with a wound of this magnitude?

The other unnerving part was the realization that she could have an emotional wound that had been repressed and unprocessed for 65 million years! The scope of it was mind boggling.

We took some comfort from the fact that even though we had blundered through the ceremony, Ka had provided the key to the shift. We also reflected on



the fact that we had followed through with the ceremony even though it was so strange. Both of these factors pointed to the existence of an underlying plan, like a puzzle that would reveal itself one piece at a time—and Ka had left the pieces for us to find.

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We were beginning to understand that the impact event had devastated Kara physically as well as emotionally, and that the Chicxulub crater is a gaping scar. Perhaps that explained why the ceremony had been so difficult. We had immersed ourselves inside the wound and had awakened the energy of it. Then we had deliberately drawn the pain of it to us, even though we didn't realize what we were doing.

We talked about the idea that we were unlocking some sort of lock, one that had been firmly shut for thousands, perhaps millions, of years. It was beginning to come clear to us that the task that we were undertaking was to unlock Earth's wounded heart.

In preparation for our trip, we had both read Drunvalo Melchizedek's book *The Serpent of Light*. In the book he described how he was inspired to visit various Mayan ruins with the intent of tuning into the energy of each location using crystals that resonated with the spirit of the place. He drew a connection between each location and the various chakras of the human body as well as the emotional states that correspond with them. We had planned to follow in his footsteps and perform ceremonies similar to his at each of the sites. When we reviewed this plan in the context of our new understanding of our task, to unlock Kara's wounded heart, we couldn't help but surmise that each of these sites represented aspects analogous to tumblers of the lock.

As we continued our journey we noticed more clues all around us. We read about the geology of the area and soon realized that the asteroid impact hadn't just affected the geology within the crater. The limestone shelf that made up the whole peninsula had been shattered by the impact. We drove through stretches where for mile after mile the landscape, although covered by sparse vegetation, was nothing but boulders piled on top of boulders. Even the temples that we visited were often built of rock that had been fragmented and then re-solidified, something that limestone will do under the right conditions.

The shattering had another profound effect on the area. In most places around the world a portion of the rainwater that falls on the ground collects in

streams or rivers which sooner or later end up in the ocean. However, the rain that falls on the Yucatán Peninsula lands on a bed of crushed rock. This means that there are no streams or rivers because all the water runs down between the rocks. To make matters worse, any topsoil that survived the blast got washed down between the cracks in the rubble. This dynamic is still in effect today, and any soil that begins to develop is subject to the same washing away. The result is that the peninsula is virtually devoid of soil. The scrub jungle that manages to grow there grows in the crushed limestone.

We couldn't help wondering why the Mayans would develop a complex and extensive civilization in an area where it was nearly impossible to grow anything. Could the reason be that they were there because of the asteroid impact and the lingering effects of it? Were their rituals somehow connected to Kara's emotional trauma? If there was a connection, then why were they so enamored with the date 2012?

Our theory was further substantiated when we learned that the oldest known Mayan ruin, Dzibilchaltún, is located inside the crater.

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The next stop on our tour was the temple site of Uxmal, which is known to be one of the newer sites and has a reputation as being a place where the magic that was practiced was not as pure as that which was practiced earlier in other places.

We had just parked our rented car in the parking lot and I was getting my pack out of the back when Jae uttered a gasp of fright. "Look," she said, pointing at a place near the top of the pyramid. "Do you see it?"

I turned to see what she was pointing at and gave a gasp myself. Just below the top of the pyramid was what appeared to be a magician dressed in a black robe. We had just finished reading about the somewhat tainted past of the place, so perhaps it was only my imagination, but the apparition had a dark and ominous look to it.

Closer examination revealed that the apparition was the result of a shadow cast by an opening in the rock, but our first impressions left us with a sense of unease.

In his book, Drunvalo describes how he sought out places at each ruin that had a concentration of the residual magic. There he would place a crystal that corresponded with the spirit of the place. Ruby, the stone known to represent life force energy, was the stone that best represented the spirit of Uxmal.

Jae and I had brought with us stones for each of the sites, including a small ruby for Uxmal. We climbed one of the pyramids and sat on top to plan our ceremony. From there we surveyed the terrain, looking for the right location to place the ruby. Our attention kept being drawn to a particular section of tumbled-down ruin that was really not much more than a pile of rocks. We came to the conclusion that it was the right location for the ruby and that it should be placed at the top of the ruin.

While Jae watched, I climbed down the pyramid, walked over to the ruin, and started to climb. I was just a little way's up the pile when I felt a sharp pain in my right hand. A huge black scorpion was in a crevice near my hand and was stabbing me with his stinger.

*Damn*, I thought. I had just started to feel an easy confidence returning to my inner landscape, and then this happened! *Here I go again, getting in over my head with this stuff.*

I came back down immediately, and as Jae and I hurried back to the car, I was somewhat relieved to find that I was able to suck significant amounts of blood out of the wound. Whether from my bloodletting or Jae's expert application of first aid from her kit of Chinese medicine, I didn't experience significant effects from the sting. Later that day we learned that the big scorpions of that area are not as dangerous as their smaller brown cousins.

We will never know if this incident had anything to do with the ceremony that we had just performed in Chicxulub, but it did remind us that there were those who would like to keep the mysteries of the past in the past, and that we would have to be careful lest we become complacent and therefore vulnerable.

We settled for placing the ruby at the base of the ruin before heading off to our next destination: the temple of Coba.

## Chapter 35

### “I Gave Him the Key!”

Coba was followed by Labna, Chacchoben, and Kohunlich. At each place, we performed simple, quiet ceremonies, mostly by sitting and listening to the sounds of the jungle and stilling ourselves to hear the beating of Kara’s great heart. While none of these ceremonies had the electric charge that the Chicxulub event had, there was a palpable sense that they were all connected. We could almost feel the tumblers falling into place, one after another.

Our last stop was Tulum. It is the only major ruin located right on the ocean. The white limestone buildings perched on the cliffs above the aquamarine surf were a spectacular sight. The other ruins had modest numbers of tourists, and we had been able to find places out of the way for our ceremonies. Tulum, on the other hand, was teeming with tourists. We weren’t concerned because by then we were in celebration mode and the crowd only added to our joy. We had done our work and now we could relax and enjoy ourselves.

That night was to be our last night in Mexico, so we splurged on a nice little bungalow right on the beach. The room, like a number of the rooms that we had stayed in, had a bed consisting of a mattress on top of a concrete base. I try to sleep on the ground as often as possible in order to maintain my connection with Kara. I was excited to discover that because these beds were essentially made of rock, they were like sleeping on the ground.

As we settled into our cozy concrete bed that night, the last thing on my mind was shamanic journey work, but Kara had other things in mind. I’ve mentioned how she would sometimes visit Jae for a late-night download. I, on the other hand, was usually spared. This night it would be my turn.

When Kara came to me that night, she came up from below, took me by the hand and pulled my spirit body down into the Earth. It is odd to think of the underground as a place where you can travel about freely, but in the shamanic journey mode the underground is like open space. Not empty space, but space filled with rich textures. The concrete bed was a doorway into that luscious earthy realm.

Once I was under the ground, I paused for a moment to acknowledge Kara. She was beautiful. She was wearing a silky green gown that drifted about her as if she were underwater. In addition to her beauty I remember the look on her face, a look that said, “I have a surprise adventure for you.” We paused for only a

moment before she continued on the journey, pulling me behind her.

We traveled for a couple of miles, I would estimate, before we came to an underground chamber. It was obviously a burial chamber, similar to those we had already seen in our travels. This was one that hadn't been discovered.

It was a tiny room made of large slabs of stone. In the center a single sarcophagus rested on a stone pallet. At the far end, ceremonial objects of carved stone and shell were neatly arranged on top of a stone altar.

*Oooo, wow, cool,* I thought to myself, *the burial chamber of a shaman priest!*

I could feel a lingering presence—not the spirit of the shaman, but of his work. The sense of some ancient wisdom was palpable.

*What do I sense here?* I asked myself. *Magic. That's what it is.*

Kara motioned me over to the altar. There was something on it that she wanted me to see. It was a small metal object set with a blue-green stone. It was badly corroded so I couldn't tell what kind of metal it was. It looked like some sort of amulet, and it had the feel of a personal possession that had been set on the altar as an afterthought once the ceremonial objects had been set in place.

*Could I have been this priest in another life? Is this object something that I left to teach myself the shaman ways?* I couldn't pick it up and take it with me—my hand would pass right through it. But I did my best to let the spirit of it and the spirit of the place soak into me.

The next morning, I woke refreshed despite my midnight adventure, and I was glad for it because we were going to have to hustle. We had to drive quite a distance to the airport, turn in our rental car, and so on—normally not a big deal, but this was Mexico, and nothing here had gone as we would have predicted.

We drove into the nearby town of Tulum for some coffee and breakfast. When we got back to the hotel, we didn't have the room key. Jae was the last one to have it, and for that reason the situation was strange. If I was the last one to have the key, we wouldn't have given it a second thought, since I lose things all the time. Jae, on the other hand, never loses anything!

As we were driving back to the restaurant to see if the key was there, Jae said, "This is the first time I've ever lost a key!"

"Get serious," I replied. "You've *never* lost a key?"

"No, never! One time I thought I lost my car key during a very stressful day, but then I found it in my jeans' back pocket."

"I'm not sure I can recall a set of keys that I haven't lost," I said.

"Oh great," she answered. "In that case you better let me keep the keys from now on."

We didn't find the key at the restaurant, and while we were driving back to the hotel, Jae challenged me to fix the problem. "Use your powers. Manifest the key. It's just a little key—you can do that much."

"Easy for you to say," I replied.

To her credit, she wouldn't let it go.

"Okay," I said. "I'll see what I can do."

I used the same techniques that I had used for years, techniques not for manifesting, but rather for dissolving. I used them to dissolve the assumption that the key was lost. But as I went through the familiar steps in my head, I noticed that there was something different, something visceral and potent, almost like a liquid push.

*That's weird, I thought. That must have something to do with the visit to the burial chamber.*

We searched the grounds again when we got back to the hotel, but there was no key. I walked over to the office and traded a stack of bills for a new key, then headed back to the room. As I approached our bungalow, I noticed with a start that there in the middle of the path was the key. It was laid out with its lanyard forming a near perfect circle—*like the rim of a crater*, I thought—as if someone had deliberately set it there.

*What the hell? I thought. Jae must have found it and put it there to jest with me. But that doesn't make any sense. We're on a schedule and she's the last person to waste time in a situation like this.*

By then the cleaning maid had opened the door for her and Jae was in the room, packing the last of our things, when I called out to her, "Hey Sweet, did you find the key?"

"I thought you went to get a new one," she replied.

"I did, but then I found the other one."

"You did? Where did you find it?"

"It was right in the middle of the path."

"How could it be there? We must have searched that path ten times."

"I know, but that's where it was."

She smiled and said. "See what you can do when you put your mind to it!"

I don't know if I had anything to do with the appearance of the key or not, but it was interesting to note that once again we were given a sign that related to locks and keys.

The drive back to the Cancún airport was the most grueling of the whole trip, but we managed to get everything done in time to catch our plane.

On the flight back to Denver, I was flipping through the channels on the TV on the back of the seat in front of me when I stumbled upon a show on the History Channel about the Chicxulub crater! I had seen shows on TV about the asteroid impact and how it had wiped out the dinosaurs but I didn't recall ever hearing the name Chicxulub. Needless to say, we were both convinced that this was yet another clue to our mysterious adventure, and we agreed to look up the show on the History Channel website as soon as we got to our destination.

We were met at the airport by my friend of many years, Glen, a brilliant computer scientist. When we got to his house we set about looking up the program.

I was exhausted and when Glen offered me some herb I didn't resist. It was just my luck that the herb was very strong, and by the time Jae had found the program on the Internet, I was beyond the point where I could appreciate her discovery.

As things turned out, this was a big mistake, because apparently Kara had gone to great effort, first to coach the network executives to authorize the show, then to encourage the producers to make it as accurate as possible. Then, to top it off, she had coached the people at the network to air the show for the first time at the very hour that Jae and I drove into the crater! The show was to be a thank-you gesture to Jae and myself, as well as an affirmation of the significance of the work.

Kara was already in a delicate emotional state and my ignoring of her gesture hurt her deeply. After all, isn't the fact that humans ignore her and take her for granted the essence of the problem?

Jae did her best to explain Kara's distress to me that night but I was beyond the point where I could comprehend. It wasn't until a couple of days later, when Jae and I were visiting with a friend of hers in the mountains above Boulder, that the magnitude of the oversight hit me.

The man we were visiting had introduced us to Drunvalo's book prior to our trip to Mexico. We were recounting some of the events to him, when I excused myself to visit the restroom. Once alone, I started to say something to Kara about how amazing the trip had been, when she interrupted me and said, "Then finish it!"

It was only then that I realized how upset she was—and how poorly I had treated her.

I went back to the room to join the others and told them what had happened. Jae wasn't surprised—she told us about some of the conversations that she'd been having with Kara since the evening at Glen's house. She said that

at one point Kara had said angrily, referring to me, "I gave him the key!"

Fortunately, the resolution wasn't so difficult to achieve. Kara had indicated that the problem was that I hadn't finished the work; I hadn't properly acknowledged her. The prerequisite to that had already happened in the bathroom when I acknowledged the fact that I had ignored her and had subsequently adopted an attitude of denial about it.

We made an altar, lit some candles, and together we honored Kara for her gift of the broadcast. We also honored her for her patience with us and with all of humanity.



## Chapter 36

### The Mystery of Kara's Wounded Heart

*In a paper published last year, Collins found that the asteroid, in 30 seconds, drilled an initial crater 19 miles deep, nearly penetrating the Earth's crust. Earthquakes of up to magnitude 11—1,000 times more powerful than the recent Chilean earthquake—shook the area, and tsunamis more than 300 feet high inundated nearby coasts.*

*—AOL news, March 5, 2010*

We had returned from the Yucatán with far more questions than answers, so we devoted our time and effort to trying to understand the significance of what had happened. Although the trip was ultimately successful, I was aware that we had been woefully unprepared. I had been caught off guard many times during my association with Kara, most often because I just didn't know how important something was.

From the beginning of my association with her I had been on some sort of mission that I had little understanding of. My job was to show up at the appointed time and place, ready to go to work. Often the work involved opening a channel with angel beings charged with the responsibility of operating the valves that control the flow of light from the source. The target for The Light was always the core of the Earth. Sometimes we would direct it to other places as well, like the Land of the Dead or to a particular location on the surface of the Earth. But the primary focus was always the core.

I know what you're thinking: *Oh please, that is such New Age nonsense.* There was a time when I might have agreed, but that changed once I started doing these ceremonies.

Before all this started, I had no use for the journey world aspect of spirituality. I was caught up in the same mindset that most spirituality minded people were: sorting out the troubled aspects of one's own heart and mind. I still had my nature connection but it had become strained and wistful, like a lifelong love relationship that had too much grief mixed with love.

Once I got involved with Kara, the first major hurdle that I had to get over was understanding that my actions in the spirit worlds had meaningful and substantial implications. It wasn't as if I thought the whole thing was just a lark, but I was treating it like I had other spiritual mysteries, as something to meditate

on and study. Only later did I realize how dire the situation was and how blind I had been to what was happening around me.

One time I showed up and Kara was arguing with two light beings. A couple of the tech guys, as I thought of them. She was saying that the whole thing was not going to work and the problem was me. I just wasn't sufficiently committed to the task.

This was at a time when everyone I knew, who had any awareness of my journey work, was advising me to back off on the meditations. They were all afraid that I was in over my head, which I was, but what was I going to do—leave Kara to fend for herself once I had made the connection? It wasn't like there was a line of shamans waiting to do the work.

For their part, Kara and her associates were desperate for me to get with the program. They knew that I had a job and other commitments, but for the times set aside for meditation they expected me to be on task and didn't hesitate to remind me that we had serious work to do. They went to extraordinary lengths to get me to "wake up!"

The most important times for this work were full moons, new moons, solstices, and such. Sometimes a full moon would happen at 3:00 a.m. on a night when I was exhausted from work and, as I was going to bed, I would think, *Maybe I'll just take the night off and I won't set the alarm.* At 1:30 Kara and her friends would wake me up, and even if I argued with them they wouldn't back down.

There had been many times when I would look back over a series of events and be appalled by how ignorant I had been of what was happening while it was happening. Other times I would be happily following along with the process, thinking that everything was just hunky dory, when we would pass the equivalent of an iceberg at sea—an iceberg that we missed by the slightest margin. Sometimes I would feel like a child being led around by adults, but at the same time they would look to me to play the sovereign role for humanity.

One time I showed up for work (spirit-world work) and I was too tired to perform the meditation that would open the portal to The Light, so I asked Kara if someone else could perform the ritual. Her reply was that there was no one else. At the time there were about 60 light beings there along with her. You would think that one of them would have been able to make the simple requests that would bring in The Light. Whether they were unable to or not allowed to, I couldn't tell. The reason may have had to do with the sovereignty issue that I mentioned earlier, where they were not permitted to impose anything on Earth or humanity without authorization. Then again, it may have had to do with another factor,

something I learned at the very beginning of my shamanic journey work.

I had always assumed that spirit beings were more powerful than human beings. What I learned is that just the opposite is true. Living in a physical body is like being a nuclear power plant that produces vast amounts of life force energy. That energy gives humans godlike powers in the spirit world. This is not to say that people should be careless about traveling to other worlds, because that same power makes people very attractive to hungry spirits, especially in places like the Land of the Dead.

**SK: You referred to some of the light beings as the tech guys. Can you say more about them?**

Sure. During the early part of my association with Kara when we were focusing our attention on the surface of the core, she and I had worked together, just the two of us, for months. Then one day we invited beings from The Light to assist us. At first only a few came through the veil, but then more and more came until there were hundreds of them. Among them was a group who performed rituals that seemed like technical procedures, but I couldn't tell exactly what they were doing. One evening, I approached several of them and asked if they would explain what they were doing. They replied that I was incapable of understanding—an answer that didn't surprise me in the least. So then I asked if I could take a peek.

“Okay,” they said. “But just for a moment.”

Perhaps looking for more than a moment would scramble my brains or something—I don't know. But they showed me a bewildering image of three-dimensional fractal shapes.

The only thing I could discern was that they were doing something with crystals. For that reason, I called them the *crystal technicians* or just the *tech guys*. After the trip to Mexico, I reflected that a more accurate term for them may have been *medical technicians*.

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If the trip had taught us anything, it was that we were definitely in the big leagues and I couldn't afford to be caught unprepared again. Jae and I needed a better understanding of what was required to take the next step with Kara. We had uncovered an ancient wound in her and we both knew that it was a long way from being healed.

What puzzled us was the fact that the Mayan priests lived in a society built

around ritual magic, where whole classes of the population were devoted to the art and practice of the shamanic craft, yet they had apparently not unlocked the mystery of Kara's wounded heart. The art of shamanic journey was, no doubt, known to them. Elements of their knowledge survive until today. It's true that I journeyed to the center of the Earth and set some things in motion, and for the layperson that may seem petty extreme, even unbelievable. But for a shaman it's not such a big deal—that's what shamans do.

We realized that ritualized cultures, like the Mayans, can become fixated on a certain view of things and miss an opportunity that is staring them in the face. But even if they were hamstrung by a particular superstition, there were shamanic traditions on every continent. Surely there had been legions of shamans with skills far superior to mine. Yet Jae and I were confident that something was happening that had not happened before.

We picked up several books about the Mayan Calendar; there was certainly no shortage of them those days. The authors of the books described the calendar like an alarm clock set to go off in 2012. The clock was unusual in that it ran faster and faster as it got closer to the end time. The Calendar also defined a series of ages referred to as Days, each with a particular quality or energy. As the time ran out, the length of these Days grew shorter and shorter. Many of the books concluded that the cycles related to phases of human development, but a few, most notably *The Mayan Calendar and the Transformation of Consciousness*, by Carl Calleman, concluded that the cycles related to the evolving process of the Earth itself—or rather, herself.

The Calendar was set up with virtual cogs that ticked off the days in much the same way that a mechanical clock does. The complexity and ingenuity is quite remarkable even from a purely academic standpoint, but when viewed from the perspective of an analysis of the cycles of the Earth as an evolving being, it is likely the most profound achievement of the ancient world.

It was also interesting to note that the Calendar seemed to be the primary agenda for the Mayan culture as a whole. An enormous effort was expended to develop the understanding, and to codify it, into an accurate and robust system capable of enduring the ravages of time and conquest. Apparently, it was very important to them to communicate their knowledge to the Earth's inhabitants who would be living when the alarm clock rang.

I studied scientific observations of the Earth's internal structure. It's easy to think of the Earth as a rocky sphere floating in space, because that's what we see, but the rocky part is just a very thin layer floating on a vast ocean of molten rock.

The continents that we live on are essentially rafts of rock that contain a high percentage of relatively light rock, like granite. This lighter rock causes the continents to float higher than the sea bed which is composed of heavier rock, mostly basalt, which is less buoyant. The lighter rocky layer, known as the crust, varies in thickness from about 25 miles thick on the continents to about 6 miles thick on the sea bed. Below the crust is the mantle, composed of semi-molten rock 1,800 miles deep. Below that is the outer core, which is made up of molten metal, mostly iron, approximately 1,400 miles deep. The inner core of the earth is a sphere approximately 770 miles in diameter, and is made up of crystallized iron as well as a small percentage of iron-loving elements. I was intrigued to read that the scientific evidence of a crystalline core concurred with my experience of the shamanic journeys.

Of particular relevance to my question about the cycles of Earth is the fact that the inner core rotates with respect to the Earth as a whole. Since it's difficult to measure the rotation, it's not possible to determine how fast it turns. Researchers have different theories as to how fast it rotates and even differ in their opinions as to which direction it turns, but they all agree that it does indeed rotate. They also agree that the speed of the rotation is slow in relationship to the speed of the Earth's rotation. Whereas the Earth rotates once every 24 hours, the rotation of the core with respect to the Earth as a whole is estimated to be something in the order of 300 to 1,500 years per rotation. This rotation indicates that there are long cycles that are internal to the Earth.

We are well aware of cycles external to the Earth—day cycles, moon cycles, and so on—and we are aware that they have a direct influence on our lives. For example, spring, summer, fall, and winter. The question that was going through my mind was whether the internal cycles generated by the rotation of the inner core were affecting Kara in a way that allowed something to happen now that was not possible in previous times.

Were the shamans of old capable of doing the job that Jae and I were doing, and would they have done it if timing had been right? Could the Earth be more like us then we could ever imagine, and have cycles like a woman? Could it be that the Mayans were indicating the time when she would be fertile?

These realizations reinforced my suspicion that what was happening was occurring now because it *could* happen now, and that the Mayans could only indicate when the opportunity would be available. If all this was true, then what is the nature of that opportunity? I wrote earlier about how I found the orb and left it in the room at the center of the Earth. It boggles the mind to think that the

Earth could be impregnated with a crystal seed.

## Chapter 37

### “My Babies!”

Shortly after our return from the Yucatán, Kara started reliving the asteroid impact event, as one would relive a traumatic event from one’s childhood. At first we weren’t sure what to make of it. Kara is a big being, and the energy that came along with her reliving this ancient wound was huge. Jae and I were swept into a process that would best be described as a Shadow Work procedure on a grand scale.

Shadow Work is a technique for releasing emotional trauma that has been buried in the subconscious of an individual. During a Shadow Work process, the individual is surrounded by a group of support people who assist by acting out the events that produced the trauma in the first place. The objective is to allow the individual to re-experience the feeling of the trauma, thus giving them the opportunity to reintegrate the memory in an environment free from the anxiety, danger, or other challenging elements of the original event.

A Shadow Work process usually lasts for several hours at most, but for Kara the process lasted for months. As for support people, Jae and I were the only ones. During that time, we were immersed in the work. We would have just enough time to recover from one phase (get to the store to buy food, pay bills, that sort of thing) before we were plunged into the next round.

Fortunately, both of us had extensive training in this particular healing modality, so at least we knew what to do. What we were not prepared for was the extent of the endeavor. Each time that we thought we had reached the bottom of the trauma, we would find that there was yet another chasm before us. After a couple of months, we found ourselves reeling from the strain of it all and bewildered by the depth and breadth of it. We were both totally devoted to seeing the process through to the end, but there were many times that we wondered whether we were up to the task.

It all started like this: About two weeks after we got back from the Yucatán, Kara paid us a visit that was different from any of the previous visits. Jae was in the bathroom and I was in the kitchen when I heard her cry out. I came into the bathroom to find her throwing up into the sink.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“It’s Kara,” she gasped. “She’s coming.”

With the exception of the episode on the mountain when Jae first gave birth to Kara, Kara's transitions into our presence had been relatively smooth. One moment she would not be present; the next moment she would be. But what happened this time was altogether different. Even the event on the mountain, as strange as it was, was nothing like this.

As soon as she could catch her breath, Jae started to let out a long mournful wail. I put my arms around her and gently rocked her.

Then Kara was there, and the wailing continued. Finally, she started to put words to her feelings. "My babies, my babies," she cried. "Oh, my babies!" The depth of her pain was excruciating.

At last the wailing was reduced to a whimper and she was able to speak. "I came up out of the ground. As disoriented as I was after the blast, I climbed up out of the ground and found that all my babies were dying. Everywhere I looked, my babies were dying. The trees were burning. The ground was burning. Fire was everywhere and all my babies were burning. Oh, my babies!"

For some time, she described the aftermath of the impact as if it had just happened. She talked about how the ground heaved and cracked, how the seas were swept into a steaming maelstrom. Mostly she spoke about the animals, her babies, and about how they screeched and bellowed and charged about aimlessly, blundering into each other, their eyes wild with terror.

Kara was reliving her trauma.

So much pain. So much anguish. Kara's persona had always been larger than life, but this was incredible to behold. After several hours Kara's consciousness faded and Jae returned. We felt equal measures of amazement for how wounded Kara was and excitement over the possibility that we could help her.

We didn't have to wait long for the next opportunity to present itself. A week or so after the first event, it happened again. Once again it started with Jae throwing up, and then the wailing began. But this time the wailing had less surprise and shock in it. Instead, it had an undertone of understanding and a numbness brought on by the reality of facing so much destruction.

Again she talked about the aftermath of the impact as if it had just happened, but this time she described the situation as it might have appeared a month or so after the blast. She spoke of the scorched earth, black and lifeless, and about the smoldering stumps, the only evidence of the once magnificent forests. She spoke of the smell, the stench of death, and rotting carcasses. But



mostly she talked about the flies. About how the only sound was the buzzing of the flies, and about how the only living thing that she could see was the flies.

“Are all my babies dead?” she asked. “Are the flies the only living thing left? Oh, my babies! Look at what has happened to all my babies!”

Throughout these times Jae and I did everything we could to comfort her and help put the event in perspective. It was quite revealing to us to see her in that state. We knew that her life had been difficult but we hadn’t realized the depth of her trauma, nor how fragile she was.

During the months that followed, Kara visited us many times. In between these visits, Jae and I studied the impact event as if we were taking a college course. We learned that the impact had affected the whole planet. First a firestorm engulfed half of her circumference and superheated the rest. This was followed by a smothering dust cloud that blocked the heat and light of the sun for a period of several years, turning the continents into frozen wastelands.

We invited the energy of the trauma into our own emotional bodies and were in a state of constant processing. We needed to know the experience for ourselves before Kara could complete the work.

The culmination came in one final reliving of the impact event. This episode started in a way similar to the previous ones. Once again Kara shared with us a vivid recollection of the aftermath, but this time she described the scene as it might have appeared six or eight months after the impact. She talked about the frozen landscape, and a small herd of animals trapped by a blizzard in a sunless twilight world. It concerned me to see that she was still in a state of despair and denial.

She focused her attention on one of the animals, a yearling that was braying and struggling in the deepening snow. Kara reminded me of someone who had lost a loved one, who, in their state of denial, was trying to revive the lifeless body. Kara lamented the plight of the stricken animal and cried out for someone to help her save it, but her pleas went unanswered as there was no one to help her save the dying beast.

At last she seemed to come to terms with the fact that her “babies” had died—perhaps not all of them, but nearly all. Along with that acknowledgment came the return of her normal regal composure. Her Shadow Work session was over.

We recorded the words that she spoke that day:

*If all of the cosmos stayed at the all-knowing, the all-clarity, the all-purity, it would become stagnant even in its perfection. So cosmos, in conjoining forces with one another, agree that they have to create polarities in order for the spiral to work. It's not just a perfect circle. If they can stir up energies of polarities then evolution keeps happening, in the bigger and the better, because that is what cosmos is: to keep creating something out of the void.*

*So they had chosen Earth, brimming with female energy, and the Sun of all life-giving male energy, the two extremes of perfection, the Ra and the Ka. The two extremes of abundance. One forever life giving, the Earth, this planet, when it is bathed in the Ra's light.*

*Within this perfection, polarities have to be created with all the factions of male and female energies of the whole universe. This is a multi-galactic conference, this game of consciousness. This galaxy was chosen for the experiment of choice because this solar system has this Sun that works so perfectly in resonance with this planet Earth that the dancing frequency together is perfectly tuned so that they can give forever life. Other planet systems are not tuned to this extent.*

*The experiment of the asteroid hit to this female world to ravage her at her core, at her bowels—the defacing of the female womb with horror and with the utmost of intrusion.*

*But it is the love of the female energy in the cosmos that can give life, so they make these genes as a secret code for us to remember. That is why women carry birth; no man can give birth to a human life. Women are a microcosmic emulation of the macro all-giving Earth. Women will forever remember the kindness and abundance of birth.*

## Chapter 38

### A Science-Fiction Reality

There were numerous times during the Shadow Work process that Kara elaborated on the theme, the purpose, and the results of the experiment. She described the need to restart the process of creative evolution and the requirement of the dark forces to stimulate the forces of light. She also talked about how all these factors were coming to a point of resolution now and how there had been opportunities in the past when things could have been resolved sequentially at a more relaxed pace but those opportunities had been lost.

***SK: The idea that the asteroid impact was part of a grand cosmic experiment is amazing to consider in the context of the modern mindset. I've observed that people are frustrated, living pointless lives. They want to be a part of something real, something big, something that they can throw themselves into. If people grasped the realization that what is playing out here on Earth had repercussions on a cosmic scale, heroes would be coming out of the woodwork.***

***My fans tell me that one of the things that they particularly relate to in my books is how the most unlikely people end up being the heroes. That's how they want their lives to be. They long to play the role of the hero. So many of them are painfully aware of the plight of the Earth but they think they're powerless to do anything about it.***

***The challenge for you in your writing is to invite the reader into this reality so that they don't just see it as your story but as their story as well, because that is what it is. It's the story of what is happening now on this planet, and we are all a part of it.***

***What strikes me is the realization that the Earth, or Kara, needs us to relate to her in a personal way. We all know what it means to extend ourselves to another in a compassionate manner, and we know the value of that sort of expression. To see how that same dynamic can be extended to the Earth and how the Earth can be healed in a fundamental way is empowering to people in a way that they hunger for.***

***People have the idea that anything spiritual means that they will be bludgeoned with some moral agenda or have to spend hours sitting in some painful position trying to meditate, all the while wishing they were someplace***

***else. Your story is an expansive new view of life and is an invitation into a science-fiction reality with ramifications on a cosmic scale.***

Thank you. Yes, that's how I see it as well. The way we view our life can be seen in an entirely new context when we realize that it's part of this larger drama. I think that this is particularly true when we realize that the crux of the issue, the key to understanding and soothing Kara's wounded heart, is present with us in our everyday lives.

It's amazing to think that the real solution to the environmental problem, as well as so many of the other problems that we face, can be addressed by the willingness to extend the compassion of our hearts to the Earth and to understand what is important to her.

Science fiction stories have told of explorers landing on an island only to discover that the island is actually a huge animal. No wonder Native American traditions use the turtle as the animal totem for the Earth.

Kara had to shake me up to help me past my own disbelief. Then she had to shake me up some more to help me past my shame and recalcitrance. What gave me the strength was the realization that I wasn't doing it for myself, I was doing it for her, and for all of us. It was quite an astounding and empowering revelation to realize that I could provide something useful and even vital to her. My hope is that my experience can help others learn and evolve.

Prior to my association with Kara, the greatest agony of my life was the sense of futility of being far too aware of the problems and at a loss as to what to do about them. I wore the struggle of the environmental problem like an open wound. People around me questioned the abandon that I gave myself to the quest; few, if any, understood that the trials were worthwhile for the sake of the salve alone.

When people consider the plight of the world they often get angry about what someone else is doing, or depressed about how society is so dependent on material goods. They get discouraged about the fact that they feel helpless to solve the problem. That same depth of passion directed in a stream of compassion toward Kara would have the immediate effect of helping the situation.

Every individual has the opportunity to establish an empathic and direct connection with Kara. One of the easiest and most potent ways is to initiate a ritualized practice of honoring and acknowledging her. The ritual need not be a big deal, picking up a piece of trash three times a week or setting some flowers on

an altar. The ritual becomes powerful when it is done as a conscious gesture to Kara, a mind to mind connection that says I am with you, you are not alone in this.

People have often thought of her as Mother Earth, as if we were all her children. She has told me that she would prefer to be called Lady Earth because it is more appropriate. This shift in perception points to a relationship in which we are not so dependent and more a part of a collaborative effort, the embodiment of “we are in this together.” It also acknowledges the position of dignity that is rightly hers.

The role of women in this relationship is different than that of men. I mentioned earlier that Kara indicated that all women are an expression of her. Women can own this role by a conscious alignment with Kara in a sisterhood of compassion for all life.

The role of men is to align themselves with the Sun as a representation of father sky, the divine masculine component of the dynamic. The original and fundamental breakdown in the relationship between Earth and humanity was between men and Kara. This breakdown was described in the story of Lilith, Adam’s first wife who was cast out of his house because she would not submit to his authority.

Men feel the separation from the Earth more acutely than women do because women have an intrinsic connection with her by reason of fact that woman have remained connected to Kara since birth. But for men the experience is of being cut off from the genetic mother as well as the earth mother the moment that the umbilical cord is cut.

I’ve come to realize that the insatiable hunger that grips men’s hearts is due to the fact that they haven’t known what they long for. They try to fill that longing up with all manner of things—cars, boats, sex, drugs—but nothing works. Only when they are able to fulfill their original quest to embody father sky will their hunger be sated.

The other component of the connection with the Earth that is important, particularly to men, is the willingness to relinquish their fixation on destructive technologies such as war machines, huge personal trucks, and other “macho” energy-hungry devices. Technology of the healed masculine will herald the new day of consciousness. Someone has to take the risks involved to venture into new territories.

My own reluctance to go public with the PRT was something that I had to overcome in order to play an honorable role in this regard, as was the writing of this book. We all have a next step in our lives that will bring us closer to a deeper

connection with Kara. I have described my own connection with her, others will find the connection that is right for them. The most important thing to remember is that we All of us already have a connection to the Earth Queen. Only the rare few will follow a path similar to my own, a path of underworld journeys and such. People can live a normal life style and experience a rich and intimate connection to the Earth. The essential key is to acknowledge her presence.

## Chapter 39

### Devoted to the Queen

In the early stages of my time with Kara I relied on Ellen Kushner's book, *Thomas the Rhymer*, as a reference to help put my experience into perspective. The book is a novel based on the true life story of a thirteenth-century traveling minstrel named Thomas the Rhymer.

The story of Thomas goes like this: While sitting on a hillside in Scotland one sunny afternoon, Thomas noticed a beautiful woman riding a big white horse, coming in his direction. She rode over to where he was sitting and reined in her horse. Thomas was stunned by the sight of her. He asked her if he might have a kiss, to which she responded that indeed he may. However, she went on to say that if she gave him a kiss then he must lie with her, and afterwards must come away with her and be her lover for seven years.

Whether Thomas didn't believe her or was just intoxicated by her beauty, we may never know, but in either case, Thomas took her up on her offer. After their love-making she reminded him of her conditions and insisted that he ride off with her. He relented and off they went.

Seven years later Thomas walked down from the hillside and into the nearby village, telling the folks here that he had been living in the Elven Queen's palace and that he had been her lover.

As a parting gift, the Queen gave Thomas a tongue that could not lie. He became famous by reason of his many accurate prophecies. Without this fame, his story would have likely been lost in time.

Someone once asked him, "In what year would an event occur that would precipitate Armageddon?"

"1857," was his response.

In that year the largest shipment, up to that point in time, of gold from northern California was shipped from San Francisco to the west coast of Panama. From there it was carried overland to a port on the east coast and loaded on a steamship called the *Central America*.

The *Central America* set sail for New York City. Off the coast of North Carolina, the ship encountered a hurricane and sank. The loss of this capital triggered a stock market crash which is thought to have precipitated the Civil War.

Engineers from Germany visited the United States during the war and studied the war machines built by the clever Americans. They went home and

designed the nightmarish equipment that defined WWI. The sad legacy continued in WWII.

Some doomsayers still look to the future for Armageddon, but the prophecy was more than adequately fulfilled by the tragedies mentioned here.

**SK: *The story of Thomas the Rhymer is significantly different than yours. What do you make of that?***

I believe that Kara, being one and the same as the Elven Queen, has tried numerous ways to solve her problem. The enchanted kingdom that she invited Thomas into was likely tailored specifically for him. It was something that he could relate to and was adequate to what was required at the time. Obviously, Thomas was not in position to dig up dust from the asteroid impact and take it to the Yucatán.

I have no doubt that Kara and her friends went to great lengths to create the situation that I found myself in, just as they had done previously for Thomas.

What is similar between Thomas's experience and my own, is Kara's personality and the way that she related to him. There were numerous times when I was reading Ellen's book that I said to myself, *that's her alright*.

In her book Ellen quotes some of the old verses, and some of them speak directly to the nature of the Queens' position:

*"Your words are hard and harsh, lady,  
Your heart is made of stone,  
For to swim this water with a naked sword  
It never can be done.*

*She struck the water with her hand  
And it swirled stark and white:  
Oh, will you be a false villain  
Or be my own true knight?*

*You've taken from my hand, she said,  
The belt and aye the blade,  
Now will you be a coward knight  
And let your courage fade?*

*You've taken from my hand, she said,  
The better and the best,*



*Now will you be a coward knight  
And fail like all the rest?*

*Your blade will turn all in your hand  
As light as leaf on tree—  
But ere you draw your last world's breath  
You'll come again to me."*

There was an aspect of my relationship with her that I didn't understand while all this was going on. Years later I became aware that all the sacrifices I made on her behalf were not sacrifices at all, but rather fair compensation for the part that I played at the very beginning of the Grand Experiment. If there is a consistent essence to my being, it is an unquenchable zeal to engineer the most optimistic project imaginable. I came to suspect that the Experiment that has become such a problem was my idea. Sure, there were others involved, but I could just see myself talking them into it.

I imagined myself in a meeting of God-selves as we exist in the higher realms. I was presenting my plan for the Experiment. Those present were appalled by the fact that I was recommending that the people who would be playing out the experiment would be full-fledged humans, undiluted expressions of the God-selves, with access to all the power in the universe.

The meeting went something like this:

"This is madness!" one of them exclaimed. "How do you expect to have any control over the outcome if you're giving absolute authority over to the participants?"

"Control over the outcome is exactly what we don't want," I replied. "We would be back to where we started if we did. The success of the experiment depends upon our commitment to allowing Ka to have free rein over the sequence of events."

"I don't have a problem with Ka," said another. "It's the power of imagination that is present in the human mind that concerns me. In the configuration that you're suggesting, these humans could create anything. They could wreak havoc on their world and on many others as well. They could create instabilities that would be problematic for ages to come."

"We're all aware of the problem that we're attempting to address," I continued. "The problem of excess stability. Mediocrity born of perfection. What quests do we suggest for the youth, other than retracing worn-out legends from

the past, or worse yet, made-up challenges? How pathetic is it that all we have to offer to the best and brightest is academia?

“How long have we let this problem slide? How many plans that were considered safe have been attempted and failed? This problem that we are facing is tantamount to the beginning of creation itself—that long, slow climb out of the void. I say that if we don’t take this chance, we run the risk of losing everything. Not today, not tomorrow, but eventually. Yes, eventually things will run down, will start fading back into oblivion. That’s the direction that we’re heading in. Right? That is why we’ve gathered to discuss this.”

I’ve witnessed myself giving similar arguments about various projects here on Earth. Mundane stuff like new heating systems for apartment buildings, or designs for the Strawjet. Always, there is the same confidence and zeal.

If the Experiment was intended to stir up the cosmic dust, then it’s been very successful, but at what cost? How much suffering has come out of this project? If I am responsible, what enormity of debt do I owe those who have suffered?

I know full well why I cringe from my role as a King. How do you stand proud and assured when all that has come from your efforts is pain and suffering? I’ve had recollections of other lifetimes where I led one effort or another to return the land to peace and harmony. In the world the way it has been, this has usually meant going to war to fight off invading hordes. I have led others in past lives where I’ve talked them into helping with whatever cause the time called for. I’ve met some of them here in this life, and up until recently the sentiment that many have expressed was that they were fed up with me and the project. They were in their own state of cringing and despair, many even thinking that it would be best to let the whole Earth realm slip into oblivion.

To the extent that my suspicions are correct, the debt that I owe Kara is this: As much as individual humans have suffered—and I’m not saying that they haven’t—at least they’ve had the opportunity to return to The Light in between their times on Earth. Kara, on the other hand, has been stuck in this mess for eons, all the while fading into oblivion herself. This is why everything that I did for her was warranted as fair compensation.

***SK: You said that up until recently people have been in a position of being fed up. Has something changed where they’re no longer resistant to working toward a positive outcome?***

Something did change. Something as significant as reaching the tower. All of the steps were leading up to the one key that was central to everything—

something so supremely foundational as to eclipse everything else. Without knowing it, the quest that I was on, the quest that all of my associates were on, was to find the Grail. Not some musty old cup or symbol from out of the past, but the missing element that would bring the whole paradigm back into balance.

The story of the Grail is the story of Lilith. The presence of Lilith back on the world scene is the key that has been missing all these millennia.

With regard to the time line of this story, there were elements that still needed to be resolved before the finer aspects of the divine feminine, Lilith, made an appearance. Fundamental to this whole unfoldment is the understanding that the King hides because of his grief, shame, and cowardice. The Queen hides because it isn't safe for her to be visible.

## Chapter 40

### The Reluctant King

One of the most challenging aspects of all this has been integrating my experience with the outside world. The most difficult part was trying to explain to people why I trusted the process on the basis of blind faith. I could point to encouraging events that had taken place, but I was unable to explain what the goal was. You can just imagine how it was—journeys to the Land of the Dead, arguments with a woman in my head; it was just too crazy by anyone's measure.

I was in a men's group during this time, where we got together to talk about the joys and challenges of our lives. So there I was, talking about my life, and they didn't know what to think. In general, the reactions fell into two categories. On the one hand, some of them thought I was delusional and needed professional help. The other response was that I was in fact experiencing underworld journeys, but I was foolishly exposing myself to dangerous and potentially catastrophic situations. In the middle of telling a story about one of my latest adventures, I would look around the room and meet the blank stares of disbelief or the look of fear for my well-being.

The worst part of that kind of situation is that people start talking behind your back. There is no doubt that they were well meaning, but having friends who thought I was insane was a frightening experience. To make matters worse, I paid no heed to them and plunged deeper into the experience, which made them feel that I was disregarding their concerns. Finally, some of my friends talked me into taking a course in shamanic journey.

I took the course and found it enlightening and fun. But it didn't help allay their concerns when I reported back that while I had learned the teacher's rules for navigating the spirit world, I was already breaking most of them and didn't plan to change my ways. They would roll their eyes and assume that I was just being foolish and irresponsible. My response was to admit to myself that they would never understand and there was nothing that I could tell them that would change their minds.

After a while I just stopped talking about what was happening to me. I started to avoid situations where people might ask me what I had been up to. I stopped spending time with people, even close friends, for fear of having to tell outrageous stories about my other life.

"Other life" was an apt description of what was happening, because that other life was overtaking my life in this world. Reforming the primary connection

between humanity and the Goddess Queen Earth is not a part-time job, yet I had major responsibilities in my professional life to attend to. It would have been nice if I could have taken a sabbatical for a couple of years, but that wasn't possible. The result was that my life was regimented down to the minute. Day in and day out I worked, meditated, and slept—nothing else. More and more I was adopting a Clark Kent/Superman persona. I was becoming more powerful and proficient in the other worlds and at the same time I was becoming more withdrawn in this world.

Earlier I wrote about how reluctant I had been to embody a kingly expression. The reservations that I had didn't apply in the spirit world, so I felt unrestricted there. My kingly expression was honored there. Even powerful beings from The Light expected me to play the role of the king.

When Jae entered the picture, she recognized my expression in the spirit worlds for what it was, but at the same time, she was appalled by the way I made myself out to be small in this world. She didn't see why I didn't just tell it the way it was and let people make up their own minds.

By the time I met Jae, I had been exercising my shamanic craft for three or four years and had my separate lives in the spirit world and this world perfectly under control. At least, that was the way I thought of it. I could function in each without affecting the other. In my view, people who needed to know about my shaman practice did and those who didn't, didn't—simple as that.

When Jae saw how I was in the spirit world—so confident, adept, and powerful—she was aghast. “How can you pretend to be the fool, laughing off your greatness? Here the world is starved for vision, starved for leadership, and you act as if none of it mattered!” She tried everything she could think of to get me out of my stuck state of mind. One time she said, “Look at you—you are pathetic. I will leave you if you don't stop making yourself small!” Another time she said, “What good is it to be a God in the inner planes if you're a mouse in this world?”

When I finally grasped the full weight of the understanding that the world situation was caused, in part, by the way I had stayed in hiding for so many years, I was devastated. I would quietly weep in public when I witnessed people struggling with the burden of their lives. One time I saw a woman with two young children, at the limit of her endurance, and thought, *how I have failed her*. Another time I saw a young man with obvious substance abuse problems and thought, *my lack of leadership has left this man with no direction*.

Finally, Jae did leave the relationship, with a clear intention to allow me the room to come to terms with my potential.

Jae and I have remained friends and have worked continually to facilitate Kara's reemergence. I continued to live in her house for about one year after our separation.

## Chapter 41

### The Beast

When we left off with the story of the Reptilians, the first group of them had just gone into The Light. That was in July 2006. For about a year after that, I had only occasional contact with the remaining Reptilians, and when I did, I went to great lengths to encourage them to join the others who had already gone into The Light. I also did my best to impress on them that they were wasting their time waging a battle that was already lost. I didn't know if this was a fact, but I did everything I could to make them think that it was. I don't know if my ploy had any effect on them, but in any case, they persisted with their harassment.

***SK: Why were they after you? What were they trying to accomplish?***

They're like any other life form, in that they want to grow and prosper. Since they're a race of spirit beings, they wanted to have physical bodies, and they'd been pursuing that goal for some time. Apparently I represented an obstacle to them in their bid to own this planet.

It was never my intention to cause problems for them, and in everything I did I believe that I was merely standing up for justice. Then something happened that placed me in contention with them on a planetary scale.

It happened like this: Once I became proficient at performing House of Being clearings, I started to see how people everywhere needed healing. I felt like a doctor who woke up one morning to a world where everyone around him was in dire need of assistance; as if the whole town was an emergency room filled with people with broken arms and life-threatening illnesses. I realized that even if I dedicated the rest of my life to assisting them, I would barely make a dent in my small hometown, let alone the larger world.

This wonderful new tool that I had discovered, the House of Being clearings, seemed not so potent after all. I wanted to influence the world with my work, not just help a handful of individuals. Then one day I came up with a plan that I thought might solve my dilemma: I would perform a clearing not for an individual but for the body of mankind.

I made plans to do the work and found a secluded place on a hillside where I would be warmed by the afternoon sun. Once settled there, I started into the meditation. I used the same procedure that I had used with people, only I called in the body of mankind rather than an individual.

Once in the meditation, the scene formed slowly around me. When it clarified, I found myself standing on a vast plain where the horizon disappeared into a haze.

I stood there for a few moments, wondering what would happen next, when I heard a faint sound, like the slow beating of wings: *wump...wump...wump*. The sound became louder and louder. Whatever was making the sound was coming toward me. Soon the sound was approaching quickly, and a moment later it was right above me. *Wump...WUMP...WUMP!* Then with a boom a huge beast landed right in front of me.

Never before, in any of my journeys, had I encountered a situation as surprising or as confrontational as this. I was terrified, yet I knew that my only hope was to stay strong and not let my fear show.

With a muffled rustle of thick leather, the beast folded his wings behind him and looked around as if he didn't see me. In a booming voice, he said, "WHO SUMMONED ME?"

"I did," I replied.

He looked down at me as if noticing me for the first time. Then in a voice filled with contempt and impatient disdain, he said, "WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?"

"Who I am is not important. What is important is that I come in representation of all mankind and I am here to tell you that it is time for you to leave."

He looked at me with an expression that said he wasn't quite sure that he'd heard me right. Then he began to smile—not a pleasant smile but in a way that was even more frightening than his original countenance. "HA!" he laughed. "HA!" he laughed again. He looked at me with a mixture of cruel humor and disgust, then tilted his head back and roared with laughter.

He was about 30 feet tall. His body bulged with muscle. His head, set on top of a short massive neck, crowned with five rows of thick short horns that resembled cornrows. His wings were the color of black coffee. The rest of his body was a lighter brown. He reminded me of old woodcuts depicting the demons of hell.

His laughing spell gave me a moment to assess my situation—but only a moment, as he soon turned his attention back to me.

"SO I SUPPOSE YOU ARE GOING TO MAKE ME LEAVE?" he mocked and laughed again.

*Man, I thought, I am in deep shit this time.*

I drew my sword. That brought on more laughter. I waited for him to stop.



“Actually yes, I am here to make you leave,” I said.

“AN ARMY OF YOU COULD NOT MAKE ME LEAVE!” he snarled. All traces of humor were gone.

I raised my voice but it still sounded like the voice of a tiny bird compared to his thunderous bellow. “This is sovereign space and you are trespassing. Your presence will no longer be tolerated.”

I half expected him to start laughing again, but he didn’t.

Again he sized me up, as if I were a bothersome insect. Then, with a voice thick with ominous threat, he said, “MY PATIENCE WITH YOU IS RUNNING OUT VERY QUICKLY. I SUGGEST THAT YOU LEAVE NOW WHILE YOU STILL CAN.”

“I am not going anywhere!” I shot back. “This is my place and you are the one who is leaving!”

There was a long silence.

When he spoke, it was with a smug assurance. He said, “PERHAPS THERE IS SOME TRUTH IN WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT THIS BEING YOUR PLACE. BUT IF I LEAVE IT WON’T BE ANY TIME SOON AND YOU DON’T HAVE THE STAMINA TO STAY THAT LONG.”

“We’ll see about that,” was all I said, and that is how the standoff began.

I maintained a stance within myself of unrelenting insistence. There was no point in arguing; I had already said all I could and anything else would have detracted from it.

We waited.

Every once in a while he growled an insult, “YOUR PATHETIC EFFORT IS POINTLESS. SURELY THIS IS OBVIOUS TO YOU BY NOW.”

Still we waited.

I was beginning to worry that he was right about my ability to stay focused. A good deal of time had passed and I noticed a sluggishness coming over me like a stiff muscle.

More time passed.

I tried to think of some way that I could bring the situation to a conclusion, but nothing I thought of seemed viable. Worse yet, I was losing ground.

I knew that this was likely my only chance to have an effect on him. I imagined what he would say if I left this time and showed up at a later date. Something like, “Oh, you again. Sorry, I don’t have time to play stupid games today.”

He watched as I began to lose my focus, and said, “FALL ASLEEP, WHY DON’T YOU. THEN I CAN KEEP YOU HERE FOREVER. I’LL MAKE YOU ONE OF MY OWN. WON’T THAT BE NICE?”

I was at the point where the only thing keeping me present was my will. My stamina was at an end. I was fighting off the thought that I had indeed failed, when a miracle happened, one that at first seemed like just the opposite: a mosquito landed on my upper lip and began to bite me.

He chuckled in a hateful way and said, “NOW WHAT WILL YOU DO, WEAKLING? YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT A LONG TIME AGO.”

I could have chased the mosquito away with my breath but I knew it would be back and would eventually cause me to lose my focus. I let it stay.

Again the beast chuckled. There was something about the smugness behind it that enraged me. I could feel my heart start to race as anger kindled within me. I feigned distraction and even let my focus recede a bit, then rallied the last of my strength. I let it build within me for a moment, hoping that my receding focus would hide the fact that I was making myself strong again. Then, with a burst of strength, I returned to the meditation.

“Fuck the mosquito!” I said. “This contest is over! GET OUT NOW!”

With that, I charged him.

I wasn’t sure what would happen once I reached him, but I’d had enough experience with my sword to know that I was going to hurt him, and I was intent on doing just that. I also knew that I was being reckless, but at that moment I didn’t care.

I focused on reaching his shin before he countered my attack, and I was pleased to see that I was likely going to make it. I swung my sword as if I was going to cut off his leg just below the knee, but just before the blade made contact, he was gone. Poof! Just like that—gone.

I had thrown myself into the swing and almost fell over when the blade passed through nothing. I recovered my stance and quickly looked around. I was sure he was going to reappear.

I raised my sword over my shoulder and went into a crouch, like a coiled spring ready to strike. I jumped and spun around 180 degrees’ numerous times so he couldn’t surprise me from behind.

Slowly I let myself relax. I was still in a crouch and my heart was still pounding but I was beginning to believe that he was gone.

*Could this possibly be true?* I thought. *Could it be true that I have driven off the beast?*

Soon it became obvious that indeed he was gone. Phew! What a relief! As exhausted as I was, I was ecstatic. I had overcome a situation that seemed hopeless.

Ever so slowly I came back into my body and realized that I ached all over. It had been early afternoon when I started, but when I opened my eyes I was in complete darkness.

I called my dog, Luna, who had been patiently waiting, and collected myself for the walk home.

**SK: *Why didn't he fight with you?***

I have wondered about that many times myself, and I'm not sure. I suspect that my sword was more of a threat to him than he let on. Another conclusion that I came to is what I mentioned earlier about the fact that our physical bodies give us godlike powers in the spirit world. Fundamental to both of these theories is the fact that I did have the authority to demand that he leave.

As pleased as I was about my success, I was aware that there was more work to be done with the body of mankind, so about a week later I once again performed the meditation. I expected to find the same surround that I found the first time, but when the scene materialized around me, I found myself in a place that resembled an office complex. I was surrounded by Reptilians—hundreds and hundreds of them.

As I looked around, I thought, *I should have known.*

It would be difficult to imagine a situation worse than the one I had endured the week before, but if there was one, this was it. I was well aware of the tactics that the Reptilians had used on me in the past, and I couldn't imagine how I was going to get out of this predicament.

What I said to them sounds a bit silly but at the time it seemed appropriate. I said, "Take me to your leader."

They seemed to have no idea why I was there and even seemed a bit befuddled. In any case, several of them led me off through the complex. As I saw the extent of it I became more and more convinced that I was hopelessly in over my head.

I was led into a large room where there were about ten or twelve of them. I wasn't able to discern who the leader actually was, but several of them spoke as if they were in positions of authority.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" one of them asked.

In what I hoped would come across as a demonstration of strength, I said, "I am the one who has dispatched your overlord, and I'm here to tell you the

same thing that I told him. Your access to this facility is finished and its time for you to leave.”

There was a long silence, and I held my breath, waiting to see what they would do. If they had been humans, the whole place would have erupted with peals of laughter and my position, as thin as it was, would have been reduced to nothing. Fortunately for me, they didn't seem to have a sense of humor, and to my amazement they took me at my word. I didn't get the impression that they planned to do anything about it, but at least they believed me.

They talked amongst themselves for a few moments before several of them led me off into an enclosed office that had windows on all four sides. It was within a larger office space where Reptilians were busy about their work. I waited there for a short while, before some different Reptilians entered the room.

They started to ask me questions: who I was, why I thought that I could tell them to leave, what had happened to the beast, and so forth. This went on for a long time until I became suspicious that they were just wasting time so that my focus would fade and I would lose my strength.

I told them that I wasn't there to play games and reasserted that it was time for them to leave. The questions they asked focused on ascertaining whether or not I had the authority to make my demand. Their questions went deeper and deeper into the realms of the spirit world. They asked about my connections, my origins, and a history of my journeys into the spirit world. In truth their questioning was more like an interrogation, and I became more and more incensed.

Several times I attempted to redirect the discussion to a position where I was calling the shots. I said, “You don't seem to understand. I'm not *asking* you to leave, I'm *telling* you to leave.” They ignored my comments and just kept asking questions.

Finally, they were asking questions about who I was at the level of the god-self, even to the extent of asking the color of the pillars of light that surrounded that aspect of my being.

I wasn't about to wait around like I did the last time, hoping to be rescued by a mosquito. I was going to bring this to point on my own terms while I still had my strength. I used the fact that they had evoked the level of the god-self and stepped into that level of my being. From there I addressed them in a way that I thought would get their attention. “In a few moments I am going to turn this whole complex into a place of blinding light. If you do not leave now I will not be responsible for what happens to you.”

I didn't expect a reply, nor did I wait for one. Instead I transformed myself into a weapon. I focused on my being, sitting inside the pillars of colored light, and started to build a ball of light inside myself. I no longer paid any attention to my captors but rather put all my attention on the ball of light, willing it get brighter and brighter. When it seemed that I could no longer contain it, I said to myself, "Now I am supernova," and let the light erupt out of me in a brilliant blast. For as long as I could sustain it, I burned as brightly as I possibly could, exhausting all my strength in the process.

As the light faded I looked around me, knowing that if the Reptilians were still there I would be helpless. There were none in the enclosure, nor did I see any in the room that surrounded it. Cautiously I walked out of the room and into the complex, looking left and right as I passed each aisle of desks and cubicles. I walked through one room after another, still on high alert, not yet convinced that so many of them would have left the complex.

Slowly I began to relax. It was apparent that the whole place was empty. I was astounded. I had acted out of desperation with no more assurance than a prayer, but it had worked. They were gone.

I came out of the meditation elated.

During the days that followed, I reflected on what had happened. As confident as I was about my victory, I was convinced that there was more work to do with the body of mankind.

A week later I was ready to venture again into that strange world, but this time I was inspired to perform the meditation on the core of the Earth and, on my way there, to visit my friends in the Land of the Dead.

They were waiting for me when I got there, tipped off by Kara most likely. Along with the usual group who had gathered to give me advice and encouragement was a group of about fifty soldiers. When I saw them, I thought: *This is not a good sign. If I need soldiers, what am I going to find once I get there?*

Before long we were off to the surface of the core. Once there I evoked the body of mankind.

When the meditation materialized around us, it was similar to the scene that I had encountered on the first visit. We stood on a vast plane that had a striking similarity to the surface of the core where we were just before the meditation.

Unlike on my first visit, the plain was not empty but rather it was filled with people—human people, thousands of them. Some of them were on horseback. I stood there dumbfounded. *Now what am I supposed to do?* I wondered.

I led the soldiers over to a cluster of about one hundred people. I did my best to get their attention—without much success—and addressed the few who turned our way. “You people need to leave.” My voice sounded small and tinny in the midst of the din created by all the people. Those who heard me looked at each other and started to laugh, not even bothering to look back at us nor to reply. We wandered off.

I started asking everyone we passed if they knew who was in charge and where we might find them. Before long a man rode up on a horse and said that he was in charge, but as soon as I started to tell him why we had come, another man rode up and announced that *he* was in charge. At that point, both of them ignored us and started arguing with each other. We saw no point in pursuing a conversation with them so we wandered off again. I had no idea what to do and just watched the crowd.

This went on for quite a while. Eventually I realized that something was happening. It felt as if there was a thread that was attached to the place that was being pulled. The sensation persisted until I realized that the whole place had started to move. Ever so slowly at first, then faster until the movement became obvious. It was moving in a circular pattern like a whirlpool. If the people on the plain noticed, it wasn't apparent, since they were behaving as they were before the movement started. Before long a funnel formed at the center, and not long after that people started disappearing into the funnel. Faster and faster it went.

“It's you, Kara, isn't it?” I said. “You're the one doing this.”

Soon even the outermost edges of the plain were caught in the swirl and were being drawn into the funnel.

In the end, all of the people, the horses, even my soldiers had been drawn into the funnel at the center of the whirlpool.

The plain became still. I was alone.

Once again I came out of the meditation astounded. I was keenly aware that I had played a minor part and that others, Kara in particular, had done the lion's share of the work.

By the time another week had passed it seemed only natural that I would perform the meditation once again. Rather than going off to the wilderness, I was inspired to perform the meditation from the couch in my living room. From there I went directly to evoking the body of mankind.

Moments later I found myself on the plain. There was no one there. It was exactly the same as I had left it a week before. I watched and waited but still there was nothing. Then something strange started to happen.

I felt myself spreading out across the surface of the plain the way a drop of oil will spread across the surface of a pool of water. Out and out I flowed until I covered the entire surface of the plain. I knew what was happening: I was becoming an attachment to the body of mankind, a placeholder to keep it safe from the likes of those whom I had dismissed.

*Fine, I thought. If that is what I'm supposed to do, then so be it.*

On the three previous journeys, I had come out of the meditations exhausted but otherwise feeling well enough. But when I came out of this, the fourth journey, I felt like there were sand bags piled on top of me. For the next five days I could do little more than lie on the couch. Two weeks later I was only slightly better. By the time a month had passed, I thought that perhaps I would be permanently debilitated by the meditation.

Three months would pass before I felt that I was getting back to normal, and several more before I no longer felt the effects of the meditation.

I realize that I have given you a long-winded answer to your question about the Reptilians. But these meditations, particularly the second one, pissed them off in a big way.

***SK: Why do you think it was so important to toss them out? Didn't that just make your life that much harder?***

I wasn't willing to be subservient to them in any way. I was no more willing to have them in the House of Being for the body of mankind than I was to have them in my own House of Being. I harbored no grudge against them, but I had zero tolerance for their meddling.

Earlier, I mentioned the experiment undertaken by the cosmic conference and the need for those to play the dark forces. This was no small undertaking, and the players involved had been selected for their ability to participate wholeheartedly, so we can't blame the Reptilians for playing their parts so well. While some would conclude that the Reptilians represented the dark forces and the humans represent the forces of light, the reality is far more complex than that. The elements of light and dark were all mixed up in this drama, to the extent that those forces even vied with one another within individuals. A more enlightened view would have been to see the players as those who have played their parts well and those who have played their parts not so well. In this sense the Reptilians have played their parts very well, while the humans, for the most part, have been asleep at the wheel.

***SK: How have the humans, from your perspective, failed?***

The whole effort behind the experiment was to stimulate the evolution of consciousness, but humans have proven time and time again that their values are defined by personal possessions and personal vanity. All down through history, critical decisions have been based on these values, and humanity as a whole has lived with the consequences. Obviously the goal is not perpetual strife, but rather strife and conflict leading to a breakthrough.

The notion that life ends with the death of the physical form, is, I believe, the fundamental reason why humans are so caught up in values that are based in such a narrow view of life. They don't see the significance of decisions based in the context of eternal life.

I didn't resent the Reptilians for being the way they were, and I didn't expect them to be different. I viewed them as fellow cosmic beings who have performed their job admirably, but the day came when it was time for them to move on to their next adventure in living.



## **Chapter 42**

### **Another Planet, Another World**

I was aware that the Reptilians had a prophecy within their culture that indicated this was the time when they would inherit a world of their own. When I talked to them I told them that the prophecy was true but it was another world that they would be inheriting, not Earth. My intuition told me that this was the case, but I wanted to know the truth of it. I started to think that if I could visit that world by way of a shamanic journey, then I would have a powerful new tool to use in my negotiations with them.

Through my contact with them, I learned that they were not all of one mind in their attitude toward humans, even to the extent that some were rebels within their own culture.

I was aware of a Reptilian that was attached to a friend of mine, and I came to believe that he would be amenable to work with me. So one day I entered my friend's House of Being, and there I met a Reptilian named Montigon. I told him that I wanted him to travel with me to a planet that the Reptilians were colonizing so that he could come back and tell his comrades what we saw.

He agreed, and a couple days later the two of us were poised to begin our journey. I used a quartz sphere planted in the ground as the starting point for our adventure.

With our intention firmly fixed we launched ourselves into and through the crystal sphere, two unlikely voyagers on the vast sea of the cosmos. I don't know if we stayed within our galaxy or traveled to some distant one, but eventually we arrived at our destination.

Back on Earth, the top half of the crystal sphere was protruding above the ground, and when we got to our destination, our view of the world around us was from that perspective: just above ground level.

In front of us was a campfire. A thick piece of meat hung from a wooden tripod above the fire. Across from us an adult male Reptilian was sitting on a log stitching pieces of hide together, making an article of clothing. Beside him, a young male looked on with rapt attention. Behind them an even younger Reptilian, a female as best I could tell, walked past carrying a bundle of firewood. All around us was a lush forest.

We had seen all we needed to see and wasted no time making our way back the way we had come. We emerged from the sphere giddy with excitement over what we had found.

“Do you feel ready to go out and tell your friends?” I asked him.

“Yes, but I want you to come with me” was his response.

“Why?”

“A human traveling with a Reptilian is a rare thing. People [Reptilian people] will talk. I can only reach a limited number on my own, but if we go together we will create a sensation and many will hear the news.”

Over the previous several days, I had been listening to Bonnaroo, the annual country rock festival in Tennessee, live on XM radio. Thousands of people were there, and since Reptilians congregate where humans gather, I thought the festival would be the ideal place to go.

“Let’s go to Bonnaroo,” I said, “there’ll be plenty of Reptilians there.”

The hop across the country from Oregon to Tennessee, where the festival was in full swing, was like a trip around the block compared to the journey that we had just taken. Before long we were standing in front of a group of Reptilians, telling them the news. Just as Montigon had predicted, they were amazed by the sight of the two of us working together.

Over the following weeks we traveled, like the odd couple apostles, spreading the news. In my most optimistic moments, I thought we might start a mass exodus into The Light which would then enable them to enter physical bodies on the other world, but that didn’t happen. I wasn’t discouraged though—we had made a huge step toward a resolution to the shadow war. I was happy to be able to point out to them that they were foolish to continue their war effort when there was a beautiful verdant world waiting for them.

I left the quartz sphere in the ground so that I could continue to use it as a doorway to that other world, and there have been quite a few times since then that I found the need to return.

### Chapter 43 The Would-Be Queen

By the spring of 2008 the situation with the Reptilians had started to heat up again and I was looking for a new angle to work with them. The awareness of their new home world was a huge asset, but I was interested in finding something more. I was particularly interested in a way to take advantage of the existing divisions within their culture; some way to play one faction against another. I learned early on that their society was militaristic in nature, but the true essence of it eluded me until an event presented itself that revealed the truth.

One morning I came out of my house and was greeted by an odd buzzing sound coming from a wooded ravine across from where I lived. Upon further investigation I discovered that the sound was coming from a swarm of bees hanging in one of the trees. All that day at work I kept thinking about the swarm. *What is it about that swarm that seems important?* I asked myself. Finally, it hit me. *The Reptilians, I thought, they are not just militaristic—they're like a hive. They function like a hive. I wonder if they swarm. I wonder if I can trigger a swarm!*

Not long after that, my shaman friend Cristopher called from San Francisco and told me about a woman that he'd met there. She was a tall, beautiful blond who was deeply spiritual in the esoteric tantric genre. He went on to say that she was very substantial and powerful but she had been plagued all her life by Reptilians and that her family had a long history of Reptilian connections. He asked if I would consider performing a shamanic clearing for her. I replied that I would, so we set up a phone call between the three of us.

Alice (not her real name) told me the story of her life that was both frightful and humbling. Frightful because it contained accounts of sexual abuse by family members who would shape-shift into fearsome reptiles during the act; humbling, because of her fortitude in her unwillingness to give in. I can only imagine how horrible and demoralizing sexual abuse by one's family members would be, but to have those family members be Reptilians in human bodies as well—it boggles the mind. Her story made the challenges that I had faced with the Reptilians seem like child's play.

*How could it be that she had resisted them all her life?* I asked myself. *How could she live in a family that was possessed by them without becoming one of them herself?* My heart went out to her. "I will be happy to help you," I told her,

and wondered what I might find once I entered her House of Being.

Intrusions into an individual's House of Being come in two basic categories: attachment, where a foreign entity is present in the victim's House of Being, and possession, where the entity takes over the victim's body, thus displacing the original owner. In Alice's case, her family members were possessed by Reptilian entities, which meant that she grew up in a family of Reptilians, but by the strength of her will, she had managed to resist becoming one of them herself. She did, however, have a Reptilian attachment.

I expected this and was therefore not surprised to encounter a female Reptilian when I entered Alice's House of Being. I was, however, surprised to discover the nature of that Reptilian.

Her name was Rakiler, as best as I can pronounce it.

It had been some time since I had met my match in the form of a Reptilian, and it would not be wrong to say that I had become complacent. For this reason, I wasn't as prepared as I should have been, and an instant after I entered Alice's House of Being, Rakiler managed to render my sword useless.

I was alone, except, of course for Rakiler and the sleeping body of Alice. But as I regarded my opponent from across the room, I wasn't afraid, nor did I take evasive action. Rather, I was in shock. My mind had stalled out, struggling to process what I was seeing. Rakiler, you see, was beautiful. I had never thought of Reptilians as attractive—nor had I thought of them as unattractive; they were just Reptilians. But Rakiler was beautiful in a way that had never occurred to me before. Her body was like that of a super hero, with improbable proportions, except without the gigantic breasts. Like the rest of her body, her breasts were modest but with a proud elegance of perfection. She was slightly taller than me, her limbs and torso the very definition of lithe. Her body moved with a kind of slow, graceful power that led me to think she could crush rocks in her hand without a muscle standing out on her forearm. Her skin shimmered in rainbows of color, not in a gaudy way but in a way that teased the eye with a fleeting glimpse only now and then. I was stunned.

Like the rest of her, her voice had an unearthly quality to it. "Liquid silk" is as close as I can describe it. I don't even think my mind was registering what she was saying. It was as if I was drinking her words, rather than hearing them.

From the back of my mind, a thought emerged. It had words to it: *Get a grip! Geez, man, get a grip.* I knew she was bewitching me. I also realized that a part of me wanted her to. More alarms started going off.

I willed myself out of the trance and performed a quick process that I

sometimes think of as a reset button, a shamanic tool that will turn off any illusion in my vicinity. I half expected my hostess to turn into a hag missing all but a few of her teeth, but I was happy to see her as she had been from the start.

Finally, I spoke. “Just because you have stilled my blade, don’t assume that I am without recourse. But rather than sparring, I have a better idea. Hear me out, I beg. I believe I can help you and that you can help me.

“I can see that you are clever, but it appears to me that you are wasting your talent and your beauty, pursuing the life that you have chosen. Whenever I meet your kind, I tell them of a world that is becoming a new home for you. I know this because I have seen it. Perhaps you have heard of it?”

She paused before answering, a pause that seemed to say, *this is my turf and maybe I will listen to you...and maybe I won't*. Finally, she said, “I have heard many things and I have seen many things, but I have yet to meet a human that I can trust. Why should I trust you?”

“I am only asking you to listen to me. Whether you trust me or not is your business, not mine.

“Only recently have your kind started the pilgrimage to this new world. Those that I have seen going there have been the tired soldiers, hoping for peace and serenity. Why don’t you join them? Why don’t you go and be their queen?”

She scoffed and said, “I am no queen—and why should I leave this life for some barren wasteland, even if this place does exist?”

“This *life*? Is that what you call it? Playing your coy games of sex and power? What happens when Alice, your host, loses her vixen glamour? Is it off to another? How long has that been going on for? All the sex, all the drugs, are you any closer to your dream now than you were five years ago? How about five *hundred* years ago?”

“I know what you want. You want what everyone wants: to be seen for the splendid and special being that you are. Do you think that people around here will see you that way? Do you think they will see how beautiful you are? And you are beautiful, there’s no question about that. But that’s not how they will see you. Believe me, they will stone you, cage you, or sell you off piece by piece.”

She straightened herself in defiance and shot back, “What do you know of my life? You humans are all alike—you think you’re so smart. You have said nothing to convince me that I’m not wasting my time listening to you.”

“Perhaps not, but I have other news as well, and that is that Alice has given me the authority to inform you that you are no longer welcome here and that it’s time for you to leave.”

“So we’re back to that again, are we?” she said.

The two of us eyed each other like gunslingers facing off in some dusty saloon.

I didn’t want to fight with her, so I forged ahead. “Okay, how about this? Just suppose that I am telling the truth. Imagine how your life could be if you were queen of this new world. You wouldn’t have to wait for some worn-out dream of someday stepping into your glory. You could know that now! And what about those of your kind pioneering a new world. Do you care nothing for them? They need you. Your beauty alone would inspire them.

“What are you to them here, just another player in their nefarious games of subversion? Maybe you can’t see it, but I can. They’re just using you. You might as well be just another working girl in their stable.”

“Have a care,” she said. “Your sharp tongue causes my patience to wear thin.”

“Aye, and mine as well. I don’t have all day for this. We’re talking about *your* life here, not mine. If our meeting were to end in a test of wills, I believe you know that I will win out, so why not just go into The Light? What choice do you have?”

I could see that she hadn’t budged, yet I had already played the best cards in my hand. *What can I do?* I thought. *I can’t force her to go into The Light.*

Suddenly a thought occurred to me. “How about this then: I’ll go with you. At least that way you will see that I’m telling you the truth about that much.” I could see that my words had caused the slightest shift in her, so I pressed ahead. “You won’t need any of this stuff,” I said, gesturing to the array of arcane Reptilian artifacts. “You’ll find everything you need on the other side.”

In a gesture of conciliation, I relaxed my stance, moved toward her, and held out a hand of invitation. She paused, but not for long. I could see that she had decided to go with me.

I led her over to the shimmering veil. “Ready? Okay. Here we go.” We stepped into The Light.

Ancient texts refer to the veil as “the sea of silver, thin as tissue” and in many respects it is just that—a sea.

When Rakiler and I walked into the veil we were standing upright. But as soon as our faces broke through to the other side, it became the surface of a sea and we were swimming. I could see that Rakiler wasn’t much of a swimmer, so I grabbed the upper part of her arm and helped her toward the shore. In front of us, all along the bank, was a large grouping of Reptilians. They came out to help

her as soon as we got near. They pulled her ashore and allowed her to rest for a moment at the water's edge. She lay on her side, with her right leg bent; her short skirt was bunched up in a way that exposed a good deal of her inner thigh. There I could see the rainbows of color that had teased my eye earlier on, and I marveled at the wonder of life's design. Then, without so much as a backward glance at me, they lifted her up and carried her off. They had what they had come for.

*Go and prosper, Rakiler, I thought. Someday I will visit you when you are the proud queen of a new world.*

## Chapter 44

### All Hell Broke Loose

I don't know what became of Rakiler after that, but I do know that the Reptilians back here on Earth were not happy that she had been escorted away. I had told Alice that things would be rocky for a while, and I wasn't surprised to find that many more visits to her House of Being were required before my work with her was finished. One after another, powerful Reptilians showed up in Alice's House of Being, despite my efforts to keep them out. When I addressed them, I insisted that I had every right to have done what I did, and I was unrelenting in my assertion that I was working on their behalf. Eventually I discovered a way that I could draw cords of light out of the veil and form them into a web around Alice's House of Being, and in this fashion I was able to keep them away from her.

Things got very serious with the Reptilians after that. I fought a running battle with them for months. They weren't able to attack me directly like they had in earlier times, but they started attacking people around me. I had to do routine sweeps of my friends and work associates to keep them at bay. But they came up with clever new ways to trip me up and would lie in wait, only to pounce when my attention was elsewhere.

On one occasion, someone from work called a meeting right before the hour of a full moon—a time when I was scheduled to do my shamanic work. The meeting dragged on longer than expected, so I excused myself to do my other job. After I left, all hell broke loose, and the problem was Pat, my key guy—the last person I'd expect to cause trouble. As soon as I got out of my meditation, I picked up a message from a co-worker who told me what had happened. Right away, I surmised that my scaly friends were behind it.

I should have waited until morning to face them, but I didn't want them to cause any more trouble. So I stepped into Frank's House of Being—and right into a trap. My ability to function in that world is dependent on my ability to focus, and my capacity in that regard was seriously diminished after the full moon meditation. They were lying in wait and were all over me the moment I got there. Normally I could have taken care of myself in spite of the surprise attack, but I was unable to concentrate well enough to track what was going on, and they got the best of me.

They couldn't kill my spirit body as it is an aspect of my immortal being. Even if they were to kill my physical body, I would still be present in the spirit



world. But they could affect me in other ways. Their ultimate goal would have been to take over my body, as they had tried so hard to do at the very beginning. The next best option for them was to control me, and that was their objective on this occasion. Their strategy was to use implants (spirit world artifacts) that they would place inside my spirit body with which they could influence my thoughts and feelings.

There were about six or seven of them there that night, all of them excellent fighters. There are no guns in the spirit world, at least none that I have seen, so the most common form of combat is sword fighting. In a world that has no mass (mass, after all, being a function of matter), a sword can be wielded without the encumbrance of inertia, thus making it an extremely formidable weapon. However, in order for it to function, the owner must be able to track its movement. That was my problem that night: I couldn't track its movement, nor the movement of my opponents.

I held them off as best I could until they had me backed up against a wall. What little focus I had was fading fast, and moments later they had me pinned to the ground. My only salvation at that point was to call upon my angelic friends to send a beam of light to my location. The Reptilians have been in darkness for so long that they shun the light and flee from it. This was a reasonable plan, but it takes time to go through the steps involved in making the request. While I was doing this, I could feel them working furiously to place numerous implants in me.

Eventually I was able to bring in enough light so that they left, but by then I was in bad shape—exhausted, beat up, and filled with their nasty machines, which I could already feel were starting to affect my mood. The devices that they planted in me were clever, devious, and difficult to find. I spent months getting rid of them.

## Chapter 45

### The Kingdom of Heaven

**SK: *The description of the sword fighting is very interesting, but I'm curious to know how Rakiler was able to control your sword, especially after you had dissipated the spell that she had cast on you.***

I told you about how I found the sword on my very first journey into the spirit world. Soon after, I got a lesson that things in the spirit world are real, when I was practicing with it and cut myself on the forehead.

**SK: *Cut yourself in the spirit world?***

Yes, I cut myself in the spirit world, but in this world I got a painful rash right where I had injured myself.

I carried that sword with me and was glad to have it, but of all the things I encountered in my journeys, the sword was the thing that I was most afraid of.

**SK: *Why were you afraid of it?***

Think of it this way: I have this sword that is dangerously sharp and moves at the speed of thought, so it's like that game where someone says, "Close your eyes and don't think about a big pink elephant"—only for me it was "don't think about chopping this person's head off." I nearly fell out of my chair the first time I read the verse from *Thomas the Rhymer* that says, "*For to swim this water with a naked sword / It never can be done.*" Here was a verse from seven hundred years ago that described my predicament to a tee. The water described in the verse is the spirit world, and the naked sword is a sword unsheathed. Without a scabbard I would never have been able to control that sword. I even used to tie it in place with a piece of cord so that I wouldn't remove it inadvertently, and there was more than one occasion when I was in a tight spot and had to fumble around untying the knot before I could remove the sword.

I told you about how I cracked it and how the beings from The Light fixed it for me. Then I told the story about how I ruined it during the time when Kara was ill.

For a while I didn't carry a sword, and I even thought that maybe I didn't need one anymore, but then one day something unexpected happened. I was ushering a group of young girls into The Light as part of a clearing, and one of the youngest of them was frightened. I walked alongside her, talking to her to take her mind off what was going on.

Up until this point I didn't know how to go through the veil, even though I

had tried for many years. I'd even tried to reproduce the event from my youth when I encountered my relatives, all to no avail.

I was focusing on the child and not paying attention to where we were going, when, just like that, we walked through. Immediately I knew what had happened, and a line from the Bible came to mind: *"Lest you become again as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven."* I had assumed a childlike attitude talking to the girl and was therefore able to enter.

Once in Heaven, there was a welcome-home party for the children. I spent time visiting with some of the people who had come to greet them. One of them was a beautiful woman who seemed to be the organizer for the event. I was speaking with her when I realized that it was time for me to return to my reality. I was beginning to say good-bye when, out of the blue, she said, "You can have your sword back if you want."

"Really? That would be great, but could I have one that isn't quite so fearsome, perhaps one that I can turn off when I don't need it?"

"I'll see what I can do," she said, and turned away from me for a few moments. When she turned back she had in her hands a very unusual sword, one that wasn't really a sword at all. It had a regular hilt but had an orange crystal, about eleven inches long, instead of a blade. "This sword will become whatever style of sword you want, when you want."

"Great, thanks!" I replied and returned home.

I used that sword for months and, just as described, it would become any configuration I wanted. On one occasion I turned it into a large black sword with silver filigree; another time I made it into a curved blade with flames flickering along the edge.

So now we catch up to the time that I encountered Rakiler. I don't know how she did it, but somehow she broke the sword so it wouldn't respond to my thoughts.

After I returned from escorting her into The Light, I tried again to get it to respond. I tried several different configurations without success. Finally, I imagined it as the fearsome blade that the light beings had created for me, and immediately it became that. It hasn't changed since.

***SK: I'm curious about your description of Heaven. You make it sound like just another spirit world. Isn't Heaven a place of unspeakable wonder, filled with glory and light?***

Yes, all those things are true, and it's wonderful to visit—so much so, that people who travel there sometimes don't want to return.

In the shamanic course that I took, the teacher went around the room and required each person to promise that he or she would come back to this world after a visit to Heaven.

**SK: *What would happen if they didn't?***

A part of their soul body would remain in Heaven. It's the same problem that shamans have when they travel anywhere: if they don't come back from a journey, they end up leaving parts of themselves all over the place.

In general, people do that anyway. They start their life with their soul body intact like a book, and they leave pages behind in various places. Usually this happens during an accident or some other traumatic event. One of the services that shamans provide for others is called soul retrieval, where the shaman will journey to the location of some traumatic event to retrieve some of the pages that were lost. I've done this for people and have had good results, but I also tell people to request more of their soul to come out of Heaven to be with them. I try to get them to understand that the whole matrix is present and permeable. Religious teachings would have us believe that Heaven is as inaccessible as Fort Knox, but the fact of the matter is that it is right where we are all the time, and we are free to come and go as we please.

I've told my story to other shamans, and several have reminded me that there are ways to get into Heaven that don't involve swimming. While that is true, I prefer to use the aperture that I describe because it reveals the true nature of the boundary that separates the world of The Light from this world. Put in another way, it separates the source world—Heaven—from the creation. From the perspective of those who live in Heaven, we live within the creation or within the "sea." I believe that the practice of baptism started as a way to trigger the memory of being plunged into the "sea" when we come into this world.

## Chapter 46

### The Big Bang

***SK: Is there a spirit world aspect to the world we live in? If there is, then what is it like?***

Occasionally during a shamanic journey, I venture out into this world and will walk around in town. When I get to an intersection, I'm sometimes amused to see myself waiting for the traffic to clear before I cross the street. At other times I've gotten disorientated and wandered into traffic. The first time a car drives through you it's pretty startling. It's not like I can see all that well, so it's easy to find myself bumbling around walking into things—or rather, *through* things.

I know that it's difficult to comprehend, but lots of things are difficult to comprehend until you understand the science behind them. Take cable TV: how is it possible to have five hundred TV stations, Internet traffic, and phone conversations all going through a single wire? It just doesn't seem possible, but once you understand digital encoding, it's not such a mystery after all.

People will say, "Oh, right, scientific explanation. How can you possibly reconcile this story with any sort of scientific explanation?" Believe me, I hear it all the time.

As for me, I love all things scientific and have sought to understand my experience from a scientific viewpoint. Kara herself has gone to great lengths to explain the nature of creation to me.

Her explanation of how the universe was created concurs with the widely accepted view presented by physicists for what happened after the Big Bang. But the only human explanation that I've heard that concurs with hers for the events that took place before are those of the late Itzhak Bentov.

This is the story as Kara described it. Our Universe started when two God beings, one male and one female, moved into the Great Void. The male stood in the absolute expression of sovereign male power; the female likewise in her own absolute sovereign expression. Each established their own reality where theirs was the only power that existed. In order for there to be no other power than their own, they stood in such a way that up for one was down for the other. Imagine that the female was standing on the floor of an apartment. The male would be directly below her, upside-down, with his feet on the ceiling of the apartment below. But from his perspective, he would be right-side-up and she would be beneath him, upside-down.

Once in that position, each allowed the power of their being to flow. The flow of life force through a being takes the shape of a toroid. The flow goes down through the center of the body, then forms a donut shape as it comes back up around the perimeter.

Had the two beings stood side by side, the flow of their energy would have complemented each other in a combined expression. But in the positions of individual sovereignty, a zone was created (analogous to the floor of the apartment) through which the energies could not intermingle. The presence of this zone caused the lines of force that compose each of the toroids to bend in order to accommodate the presence of the other toroid. The bending of these lines caused a zone of compressed energy to form.

The bending and subsequent compression of these lines of force is the mechanism that allowed the power present in each of the beings to be harnessed. The compression of their energies caused the formation of what might be referred to as a membrane. The movement of the energies within the toroid's caused a whirlpool to form in the membrane. Faster and faster the whirlpool spiraled as each being allowed more and more power to flow through them. After a length of time that would seem like eternity to us, a sphere started to gather at the center of the whirlpool.

The sphere was made up of layer upon layer of this same membrane, with absolute male energy on one side, absolute female energy on the other. The domain of each spun into the finest silk. After another seeming eternity the sphere had grown vast in size. Although it was balanced to an extreme degree of precision, there came a point where it became too massive to remain stable. Finally, a tiny fissure began to propagate in one of the layers and an instant later the entire sphere shattered into minute fragments.

These fragments found a new state of stability as tiny spheres; some folded inward, exposing the male side of the membrane, and some outward, exposing the female side, thus creating positive subatomic particles and negative subatomic particles. In 2012, scientists working at the CERN Hadron Collider discovered the elusive Higgs Boson, the particles that preceded all of the other particles, one that exists for only  $1.56 \times 10^{-22}$  seconds. The Higgs Boson is the name given to these minute fragments of the sphere, and the reason why they exist for only  $1.56 \times 10^{-22}$  seconds is because that is the time that it takes for the fragments to form into spheres. Once they have formed into spheres they are no longer Higgs Bosons but rather they become all of the particles that in turn make up the atoms that compose the world around us.

Because the particles were essentially hollow, the space they enclosed was something new: volume. The fact that they were charged meant that some of the particles attracted each other and some of the particles repelled each other, thus creating more volume. The volume that was created was enormous.

This volume existing in a tiny space is the reason for the epic event known as the Big Bang. The rest of the story of how these particles came to be the universe that we know has been spelled out by the scientific community.

Another way to understand this phenomena, is to view it from the perspective of reality bubbles. The domain of each of the god beings was a reality bubble. The membrane was created when the surface of one reality bubble came in contact with the other reality bubble. The integrity of each reality bubble was maintained all throughout the process even down to the level of the subatomic particles. This means that all physical matter is the result of reality bubble mechanics. People often associate the spirit realms to a category that includes arcane legends, moldy old books and religious stuff. They don't see how math and science apply. The fact of the matter is that the spirit realms are the mathematical scaffolding that holds the physical realm in place.

***SK: Are there other God beings who are in the process of creating other universes?***

As I understand it, many universes have been created, and ours is not the last. Universes develop in a manner similar to the way eggs grow in a chicken. In a chicken, numerous eggs are under development at the same time, each one further along the process than the previous one.

## Chapter 47

### Cosmos in Orgasm

As part of my education on the mechanics of creation, I learned that the energy of the orgasm is the fundamental power of the cosmos and constitutes the source of everything downstream. All that we see around us is the result of the cosmos in orgasm.

The beings that acted as mother and father of this universe were not finished with their task at the moment of the Big Bang. Our universe continues to exist because these beings continue to give their life force into it. They accomplish this by existing in a constant state of orgasm. Our world and all the spirit worlds are the result of this.

Because orgasmic energy is the fundamental building block of our reality, it will trump any other energy that a shaman might encounter in journeys to other worlds. For instance, one day Kara and I were performing a clearing for an individual, when we encountered a demon that was unusually clever. He had woven a spell of such complexity that I was unable to unravel it. After several attempts, I addressed the demon and said, "I will give you one last chance to leave on your own accord before this place becomes engulfed in fire."

The demon continued to resist, so Kara and I allowed the power of our orgasm to come online and, just as I had warned the demon, it burned through the web of illusion. Once the illusion was dispelled, the demon was revealed as the cowering being that he was and was easily sent on his way.

On other occasions, I had the sense that my body, both the physical and spiritual, was being used as a component in a circuit and that powerful currents were being channeled through me. On those occasions the energy of the orgasm acted as a carrier wave that allowed other vibrations to be transmitted.

The purpose for a great deal of the work was to heal the rift between the Earth and humanity. Many people imagine that the return to the "garden state" involves healing the separation that exists between God and humanity, and they don't realize that our harmonious relationship to the Earth is the primary requirement. In general, people don't have the slightest clue how the restored state of connection to her would look or what the result of it would be. *Magical ecstasy* is the phrase that comes to my mind. If people knew the extraordinary nature of the experience that awaited them once the connection was restored, they would drop whatever they're doing and walk in the direction of that



experience.

People have gone to great lengths to describe the wonders of Heaven. But consider this: The God beings that dreamt up the process of building a physical universe, and then went through all the trouble to build it, were already in Heaven. There would have been no reason for all this effort if there was nothing to gain. Creating a physical universe is a big deal and would have never been undertaken if there was not an experience to be had that could not be experienced in any other way. Apparently there is something to be experienced here in the physical reality that even the hosts of Heaven long for.

The web of connection between the mass consciousness of humanity and the consciousness of the Earth is in an order of complexity similar to the complexity of the synapses of the human brain. My experience of participating in the reconnection has been one of enormous downloads of detail, day after day, for years. During these episodes I wasn't consciously aware of what all the information was about, but I can say that a great deal of it was clearing away eons of superstition and brutality and replacing it with love and harmony. The key to allowing this shift was to not offer any resistance to the flow. Resistance, after all, is what has kept the old patterns in place. In many cases, the resistance had caused them to grow.

These old patterns are like a clenched fist, one that has been clenched so long that the owner of the hand is no longer aware that the fist is clenched. Constant contraction is a way to describe this phenomenon.

The orgasm is the common denominator that will allow any contraction, no matter its cause or origin, to flow through the aperture created by the orgasm. The orgasm is a function of love, the very embodiment of the love current. Because the nature of most contractions is one of a lack of love, the energy of the orgasm acts as a neutralizing agent when it comes in contact with a contraction.

## Chapter 48 Crystalline Being

The dimensions of being refer to the levels of the chakras and not the dimensions of height, depth, and width used to describe three-dimensional space. For instance, a third-dimensional being is one that is an expression of the third chakra.

I had read somewhere that planets are nine-dimensional beings. One day I asked Kara if this was true, and this is what she said:

*“It is incorrect to refer to beings as three-dimensional or nine-dimensional because we are all tenth-dimensional. Just as DNA defines physical life, so too does the string of the ten chakras define life in the spiritual sense. The distinction that you refer to is a function of how many of the chakras are expressed through a particular life form. The next step in the evolutionary path for humans is a shift out of the fear-based third dimension into the unity consciousness of the fifth dimension. Signs of this shift are present throughout human civilization and will continue to become more and more obvious as time goes on.*

*“With respect to planets, not all planets are at the same stage in their evolutionary process. Planets like me do indeed express nine dimensions of consciousness. Stars like the Sun express all ten dimensions of awareness.*

*“Humans can experience all ten dimensions of consciousness during sexual orgasm. During an orgasm a standing wave of frequency is established that causes all of the chakras to resonate in harmony with each other. This vibration propagates all the way up the string of chakras to the tenth. With practice, a familiarity can be established with this state and it can be accessed more readily. In that state there is no question about the fact that the wonder and majesty that resides there is not something outside you—it is you!”*

*“The tenth dimension of consciousness is a state of orgasm. Beings like the Sun have been living in that state for billions of years. Now there is something to think about the next time you turn your face to the Sun. You have been familiar with the heat and the light, now you can allow the awareness of what is truly happening up there to radiate into your being. Along with this awareness comes the dawning realization that the power that we feel coming from the Sun is the power of love!”*

All life is connected to The Light in some way. Planets like the Earth are connected to The Light by way of their core. Because of this, the core of the Earth is the seat of the soul for the Earth being, and is the primary place where her

consciousness resides. I mentioned that the oldest name for Kara is Kor, which is both her name as well as the word that refers to the core of the planet. This has led me to believe that she is a crystalline being, since the core of the Earth is crystalline.

The image that most of us have of beings that live beyond our world—extraterrestrials, in other words—is of beings that are similar in size and bear at least some resemblance to ourselves. But what if the stars and some of the planets that we see in the night sky are actually living beings?

People might argue the point by saying, “How can the Sun be alive? It’s too big and too hot! How can the Earth be alive? It’s just a big rock.” For now, let’s just look at the Earth. The more we learn about the Earth, the more we realize how many systems embodied within it are remarkably similar to systems found within living organisms.

The Earth is rocky in a thin layer, in approximately the same proportion as the skin of an apple. Under this outer layer is a vast sea of semi-molten rock and beneath that is a zone of molten metal. Suspended in the center of the molten metal is a metallic crystal sphere called the inner core. Seen from this perspective the Earth resembles a cell. Like the cells in our bodies, it has an outer surface layer, an internal fluid region, and a nucleus. Currents circulate throughout these internal regions, similar to the way that currents circulate within a living cell.

These currents serve a number of functions. For instance, the interaction of these currents with the rotating crystalline core creates the magnetic field around the Earth. This field protects the surface of the Earth from high-energy particles emanating from the Sun, called solar wind. Without this field, the solar wind would strip the Earth of its atmosphere, as well as the water in the oceans. The land left behind would be bombarded with deadly radiation. Life as we know it would not exist.

Currents within the semi-molten region give rise to volcanoes, without which the surface of the Earth would soon become depleted of essential minerals and most land-based life would cease to exist. These observations do not prove that the Earth is alive, but they do demonstrate that complex internal mechanisms allow the Earth to function as it does.

One definition of a living being is the capacity to contain consciousness. Precisely how the human body is capable of containing self-aware consciousness is something of a mystery to science, but brain activity, measured by electrical impulses, is widely accepted as evidence. The core of the Earth produces a great deal of electrical energy—more than all of the electricity generated by man.

Planets like Mars that have cooled to the point where the internal regions have solidified no longer have the means to generate electricity or a magnetic field. All matter is alive in the sense that consciousness is pervasive, even down to the atomic particles, but there is a difference between a rock and a dog. A dog would be referred to as a living thing.

I would suggest that planets that have metallic cores suspended in a molten surround, and thus have the ability to generate electromagnetic energy, are alive in the same way that dogs and people are alive as opposed to planets like Mars, which do not. This puts a whole new spin on our awareness of the planets in our solar system and in the cosmos at large, where the heavens come to life and the notion of a living universe is not just a metaphor.

Perhaps the best argument for a living Earth can be found in the mass psychology of humanity. Every culture has some reference to Mother Nature. As pervasive as the awareness of Mother Nature is, most western cultures have relegated her to the category of nursery rhymes and fairy tales. Once we get past this off-handed attitude toward her, we find that she is actually quite well understood. She is viewed as a universal being, in that there is not one Mother Nature for North America and another for Europe.

So who is this universal being other than the Earth herself, and why has she been dismissed by virtually every modern culture? The reason boils down to politics. A male-dominant perspective has defined our world for thousands of years. How would it look to have male priests bowing to a goddess when women were treated like cattle? So it was expedient for the priests to introduce male gods (or God) to pay homage to.

This all started with the story of Lilith that I mentioned earlier when a conflict within the ranks of the priesthood caused the female aspect of the divine presence to be isolated and cut off from the people.

Lilith was a woman who was the complete embodiment of Kara in human form. A priesthood formed around her that eventually became the dominant power in the land. Those that represented the masculine aspect of the divine presence felt that they should have the position of dominance. A conflict ensued that resulted in Lilith being isolated from the Earth plane where she has remained until recently.

Now we are left with a legacy of ideas that limit our ability to see the Earth as she truly is, and we now face a pivotal juncture. Our very survival is dependent on our ability to relate to her in a dramatically different way than we have up until this point.

Most people would assume that the reason Kara is sick is because mankind has been destroying the natural environment. This is a recent situation, one that adds to the problem but is not the source. The real problem is the systematic elimination of connections between individual humans and Kara. This is the reason why she has been fading into oblivion.

Campaigns promoted by organized religions have been very successful in eliminating indigenous Earth-based spirituality. For instance, if we were to draw a circle around the old Roman Catholic Empire on a map, then draw an X on every location where a remnant of Earth-based spiritual traditions have been found, we would find that all of the X's fell outside the boundary. The reason is that the Christian movement has been at war with those who identify with earth centered spirituality since the rein of Constantine.

During the time when Constantine allied the Roman Empire with the Christian movement, there were many different Christian sects as well as many pagan sects, the largest being the cult of Isis. He chose the only one that was intolerant of other Christian sects and other religions. This sect had a strident militant subtext to it that has been maintained to varying extents by nearly every branch of Christianity. This stance has left a trail of death and destruction all down through history and is rampant in some parts of the world even today. The fact that many churches still teach children that they are going to burn in Hell for eternity if they touch themselves intimately amounts to a genocide of the heart and spirit. This sort of doctrine promoted by nearly all organized religions, not just Christianity, has maintained a separation between Kara and humanity for thousands of years. This is the reason why the Earth is at a crisis point now.

Those of us on the outside of the Christian juggernaut are well aware of the "police state" mentality present in the world, where anyone who displays a hint of what they consider to be "woo-woo" is dismissed as a wacko. There are people who have asked me if I'm willing to risk the repercussions of publishing this book in the face of this repression.

I know that I'm being harsh and that there are many dedicated and good-natured people within the Christian and other religious movements. I don't wish to undermine them, but there is the need for all of us to take a fresh look at our beliefs and think about where they came from so we don't just stay in the well-worn ruts of past mindsets.

People are outraged to see videos of prisoners beaten by their jailers, or scenes of police brutality, but where is the outcry against the relentless oppression left over from ages gone by? This situation reminds me of a phrase

that moved another seemingly unmovable mindset, spoken by President Reagan when he said, “Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall.”

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The arbitrary models of cosmic reality imposed by religion are not true. No doubt a good deal of them were inspired in their day and helped to break apart the rigidities that preceded them; the work of Martin Luther, for instance, challenged some of the rigid teachings of the Catholic Church. But in the enlightened age that we currently live in, they are woefully outdated and amount to a prison for the mind and heart.

Part and parcel to these reality myths is the fact that the youth acquire a skewed sense of life where the things of “God” are associated with a stuffy, repressive organization, rather than something filled with wonder. People trapped by these myths often have an unhealthy fascination with sin. Youth will involve themselves in destructive behavior as a form of rebellion to an unjust organization and to a mindset that they know in their hearts is false.

How different this paradigm is from one where people would look forward to sacred ceremonies as the most enjoyable time of the year—ceremonies where deep, sacred communion with the natural world occurred; where the things of Heaven were experienced, not just talked about. People would witness and experience shifts into higher dimensions of consciousness. Beings from The Light would appear, as well as fairies and devas. The apex of the ceremonies would be when Kara herself made an appearance. She would step into the setting, stunningly beautiful and radiant.

***SK: Would she come as a human who was embodying her? Or would she come as an etheric being?***

I don’t doubt that she would come both ways. I imagine she would be represented in human form in a whole variety of situations—everything from fifth-grade school pageants to citywide festivals.

In your books you refer to the word *khef* as a sharing of group focus. “The sharing of water” is the way you describe it. I have no doubt that a sizable group of people sharing *khef* in appreciation of her could cause her to materialize as an etheric being in front of their eyes.

It’s easy to understand her distress when we see how drastically off-track and destructive the current paradigm is, compared to what could be.

A few years ago an associate of mine traveled to Africa to work on a

Strawjet project and happened to bring with him a smudge stick of sage. One day a young native women was cleaning the room where he was staying and came upon the smudge stick. She dropped her cleaning cloth and ran from the room, never to return again. She thought that my friend was a practitioner of black magic and therefore had good reason to run.

Many pagan traditions of the past are infected with black magic and have become such a tangled mess that there is no sorting them out. As harshly as I have written about the Christian movement the cleansing of the impure pagan traditions in many cases, this has been a blessing.

Many people who aspire to a pagan path look to past traditions for inspiration. My advice is to look to the heart and ignore everything from the past no matter what the tradition.

## Chapter 49

### A Conscious Sun

Over the time of my involvement with Kara, I have come to an understanding of how things started out and how things are meant to be.

As the solar system formed, the Sun evolved and matured to the point where it was in position to host a god self—to come alive, in other words. In this way the Sun became a conscious being. Then the Sun provided a place for the Earth to be born by incubating her out of the primordial dust. So then there were the Sun and the Earth in a dance of cosmic union—but, as profound as that was, it wasn't complete. The Sun could caress the Earth with the radiance of his love and bathe her in the warmth of his light, but he longed to touch her face and run his fingers through her hair. All this was possible in the realm of spirit, as it had been from the beginning of time, but to be with her in form where they could walk together through the grass, sparkling with morning dew, and breathe the sweet air—if this were possible, then they could truly be together. Then they could know the fullness of their union.

It was a dream to work towards—not that it had never been done before, but this was their dream, their love. So together they worked toward this end and slowly, over eons of time, the elements of their dream came into form.

Then, when they were on the verge of realizing their dream, they were given the opportunity to participate in the Grand Experiment. Confident that their love would carry them through whatever obstacles might be involved, they agreed. What they hadn't anticipated was the fickle nature of the human heart and the way that humans would cling to their fear no matter how many opportunities were presented to them to come out of it.

Humans were given the opportunity to live in the splendor of the natural world. Season after season, the bounty of the land was available to them. Through the miracle of birth, the wonder of new life was provided for them. Yet all of this was ignored in favor of their cult of fear and superstition. This affliction caused them to see all of the gifts that were given to them in the context of fear.

As sad as it was for the Sun and the Earth to see each new generation indoctrinated into this poisoned mindset, it was the knowledge that the union of their hearts was a hair's breadth away that caused them the deepest distress.



All of life has cycles, and the Sun and Earth are no different. The opportunity when humanity can become one with the Sun and the time when the Earth being can integrate with the flesh and blood of human form is almost up. It's like the baby in the womb: once the contractions begin, it's too late for the soul to bond with the form. The baby is not whole if the spark of life doesn't burn within it—and without it, the infant will be stillborn.

The Sun will continue to shine, with or without humanity. The Earth will live on, with or without humanity. But birth is imminent, and unless humanity embraces what is next for them, the union that could have been will come to naught.

Humanity is constantly looking for what will be fulfilling for them, whether it is the fulfillment of an hour, or of a lifetime. But no amount of personal development or spiritual enlightenment will amount to anything if the relationship with the Earth and the Sun is not rectified.

***SK: A conscious Sun—now that's like something I would write about. Imagine how vast a consciousness of that proportion would be. It's easy to understand why so many ancient civilizations worshiped the Sun—and why the priests of old were so eager to replace an expression of God that the people could see and easily relate to, the Sun, with one that was invisible, one that they needed go through the priesthood to connect with.***

I know, but hey, it's good for business—who could blame them? The problem now is that we have a global population that is not only oblivious to the awareness of a sentient Sun, but carries a spring-loaded reaction to such a notion.

I've noticed that even evolved spiritual people often have a prejudice against anything physical, and that salvation for them means ascending off this physical plane into the higher spiritual planes, as if the whole physical existence was soiled and defiled.

In my opinion, the most confusing dogma that has come out of the new age movement has been the notion that we live in a world of illusion and that there is nothing important to be done here on Earth. This mindset is born from the understanding that physical reality is created from pure awareness—a profound realization, to be sure, but then for lack of a deeper perspective the believers of this notion think of the world as merely a dream, something that isn't actually real, as if there is someplace else that is real compared to this. It's like they've taken a mind-numbing drug. I've seen people settle into a worldview based in the idea that nothing here is of any consequence and the only thing they should concentrate on is what is enjoyable and entertaining to them. Yet the key to the

return to magic is a reverence for the physical world and the life contained within it.

Earlier I recounted a conversation that I had with Kara where she told me that all women are an expression of her. During the conversation I asked her, “What about men, are they an expression of you too?”

“No” she replied. “Men are the embodiment of the Sun and are the presence in form of father sky; the divine masculine. In time men will learn to claim their birthright as the embodiment of the Sun. The physical form that men cloth themselves in is my gift to them.”

Here we can see the potential for living lives of enormous significance and meaning where even simple interactions between people can have vast ramifications. Where the power of the Sun and the depth of the Earth can meet in our everyday lives. A state of cosmic harmony where men would be the fully embodied expression of the Sun, radiating the light of the divine source, and women would embody the presence of Earth herself; the wellspring of divine love is not that far removed from our present state of consciousness. The magic that’s produced by the union of the Sun and the Earth could be present in every relationship between a man and woman. That magic would allow an upwelling of creation the likes of which we have not yet imagined.

Women who hear that they are the expression of the Earth Goddess almost always exclaim that they have known that all along, and they’re beside themselves to think that they could be free to embody and express that knowing. Men, on the other hand, have a more difficult time seeing themselves as the expression of the Sun. This isn’t surprising, since the connection for women is intrinsic—it’s something that has been with them from birth. But for men the experience is one of being cut off from the mother, both the genetic mother and the Earth mother, when the umbilical cord is cut. The method that I would recommend for men to establish their own connection goes like this:

The first part of the exercise requires that the man set an intention to travel to the Sun to find his personal throne room, and once there, to sit on the throne.

The intention should be meditated on for at least three days before the journey and should be grounded by writing, altar building, drawing, or whatever method seems appropriate.

Throughout the process, the exercise should be thought of as a ceremony dedicated to the sacred truth of one’s own being. If the initiate is unwilling to claim his own sovereignty and is stuck on the idea that he must give that position away to something outside himself—God, a teacher, or even Kara—the exercise

will come to naught. This is about claiming one's own sovereignty, not about bowing to someone else's. This is the most challenging part of the exercise. Once this reality is truly embraced, the trip to the Sun is simply the "make it so" part.

The Sun is an easy destination, given its size and brilliance. Once there, don't be alarmed if you are greeted by beings that live there. They are likely old friends of yours. Just tell them why you have come and ask if they will lead you to your room. Calm assurance will surely see you through.

The complement to this exercise is forming a personal connection to the Earth.

The best way to initiate this is to place a hand on the ground and feel the presence within—feel the love within. It's easy to overlook something that has been with us for our entire lives, but imagine how empty and lonely we would feel if we were adrift in the emptiness of space.

With regards to developing an intimate relationship with the Earth, the way to go about this is no different than forming a relationship with a human partner. Friendship comes before anything else.

## Chapter 50

### The Crystal Statues

One of the first things that Kara wanted me to help her with was to create a pair of statues. We would stand back-to-back and a crystalline shell would begin to grow around us, but these were not ordinary crystals—they were alive within our being. The problem was that I couldn't stay in the statue when the meditation was finished, and as soon as I withdrew, the statues would crumble. I could have left a part of my soul in the statues and they would have persisted, but at the time I didn't know how. Over and over Kara tried to create statues that would last. This went on for months until finally, she gave up.

Sometime later, a breakthrough came when I learned how to leave part of my soul in the statues. I also learned that I could command more of my soul to come out of The Light. This allowed me to invest a sizable portion of my soul in the statues and still have what I needed to illuminate my physical form. Once these statues were established they started to grow and have since become several hundred feet tall. Over time I invested into them more and more of my soul until there was far more of my soul in the statues than in my physical body.

Around the same time, Kara and I were making regular visits to the Sun as part of our expanding meditation practice. On one of those trips we were in one of the great halls within the Sun and were inspired to establish a second pair of statues there. The statues allowed us to maintain a constant presence both within the Earth and within the Sun. Since we invested our soul essence in the statues, they are us and we are them.

#### ***SK: So how much of your soul have you invested in the Sun?***

About three thousand times as much as was present with me when I first started this process. I have also increased the amount of soul invested in my physical body about sixty times beyond what it was when I started.

Anyone can request more of their soul to come out of The Light. It is a simple process of accessing the sublime truth of ourselves that lies at the center of our being and making the request.

The only tricky part is that the level of conviction needs to be adequate for it to register as a valid request. The "I am not worthy. Somebody please help me" stance will not work as there is no outside authority that can grant this gift. An attitude of; "I am making this request on my own authority" is essential.

A word of caution is appropriate here in that this is a powerful procedure and should be approached with care. The increases in my own soul embodiment are the result of many gradual steps that involved several months of integration. I would suggest that those who might attempt this process should start with increments of five or ten percent more soul, and then wait for a week to observe the effect.

***SK: Is there a limit to how much you can take out of The Light?***

I don't know, but I suspect that I'm nowhere near draining my account. Just imagine if a being were to incarnate as the Sun. How much soul presence would be required to animate the Sun? A billion times as much as a human form? Probably a lot more than that. And the Sun is small compared to some of the big stars.

From a human perspective, statues are usually erected to acknowledge an individual or an historic event. The crystal statues we created are different in that they are devices capable of acting as a conduit of cosmic light as well a portal into The Light. Their function is similar to that of the veil, but the veil is passive, in that light does not pour forth from it unbidden. The statues, on the other hand, are radiant and light shines out from them like a beacon. Another difference between the statues and the veil is that entities pass through the veil of their own volition, whereas, if I perform a clearing for an individual while I'm in the statues, or in the vicinity of them, any attachment or clutter is immediately swept into The Light.

For instance, one time a demon attached himself to me in the course of my work. Demons are like parasites that draw energy from their hosts by playing back negative emotions and unhealthy thoughts. At the time I didn't have any negative emotions so the demon had no lines to play back to me. I wasn't aware that he was there. The only evidence I had was that I had difficulty sleeping for a couple of nights. Kara tried to tell me that I had a demonic attachment but I was unable to understand what she was saying.

On the third day, Kara and I were preparing to depart on a journey into the spirit world. She kept asking to first go to the statues on our way. I couldn't understand why she wanted to go there because it was out of our way, but eventually I agreed to go. As soon as we stepped into the statues I heard the yowl of the demon as it was swept from its position just behind my neck, into the Light.

Kara smiled and said, "Feel better now?"

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When my shaman friends and I enter the statues in the Earth, we feel the rush of power that is present there. Then we will shift to the statues in the Sun and will feel a second rush of power. This is cosmic technology at work. The statues were not something that Kara and I dreamed up, but rather the embodiment of a preexisting design.

Another way to think of the statues is as parts of a larger system. They are like the substations in the electrical grid that receive and distribute power. The establishment of the statues within the Earth and within the Sun were important developments in the process of bringing the solar system online relative to the cosmic matrix.

They have also become a powerful and helpful tool in my work as a shaman. I have described various scenarios where I used my body as a conduit for channeling light or for channeling emotional currents. Regardless of how proficient someone is at this sort of work, there is a limit to how much charge the physical form can handle. The statues, on the other hand, are capable of conducting seemingly unlimited amounts of charge. There have been numerous times when I have encountered overwhelming circumstances during a meditation and in order to solve the problem, made the transition into the statues. Once there, the problems would melt away into nothing.

One time I was at a lunch meeting where I was talking about my shamanic practice and there was one woman who asked me a number of questions about the work. After I answered her I resumed eating my lunch when my right hand started folding backwards with such a powerful force that I had to grasp it under the table with my other hand to pull it back into proper shape.

A couple hours later I was in a meditation when I remembered the cramped hand. No sooner had I asked myself what it was all about than a potent distorted pattern descended over me. The pattern was a compilation of the anguish of women, but had within it, the voice of a man. The voice was that of a demon that was immersed within the body of anguish.

The anguish gripped me like a twisting torrent of water that was dragging me down with it. I mentioned that my usual approach to this sort of thing is to let the emotions wash through me, but as I attempted to do so, I realized that the extent of it was staggering. As I grappled with the situation, I heard the voice say, "You thought there was a bottom to this anguish, well you thought wrong. It goes down forever."

"We'll see about that," I replied, and made the transition into the statues. Once there the voice materialized into the form of the demon. In an instant his

expression of smug assurance was replaced by the dawning awareness that his prize collection of pain was evaporating into nothing. A moment later he disappeared into a silhouette of sparking points of light and then was gone.

With a bit of practice, most people can visit the statues using the method that I use.

Various meditation practices teach how to travel around inside the body. The easiest way is to skip from one chakra point to the next. The journey from the third eye chakra where the majority of us live most of the time, to the heart is a simple process. Once in the heart the traveler will find that he can drop through the floor of the heart and find himself or herself in a very special personal room. This heart room is an inter-dimensional space which can be used as a starting point to travel to anywhere. The traveler will find that he or she can create doorways from this room that lead to the place of his or her choosing.

I have created a staircase in my own heart room that leads down to the Hall of Statues. Once I have made the trip down the steps and into the hall I use a simple count down; “three, two, one, I’m in the statues” and picture myself flying up and into them.

In shamanic journey you don’t actually leave your body. Rather, you expand your consciousness to include the place where you want to go. Consciousness is elastic and expandable. You can draw your consciousness into yourself until it is just a pinpoint inside your head, or you can expand it to include a room full of people or the far side of the moon

When I teach people how to journey, I start by having them imagine getting out of their chairs, going out into the backyard, and looking up at the stars or at the Sun, depending on the time of day. This simple exercise, once mastered, can provide anyone with the skill to journey to places far and wide. I would also remind those who might like to try this of the necessity of returning back to their bodies; to coalesce their consciousness back to the starting place.

Sometimes people tell me that they have no sensitivity to things unseen. In this case, I suggest an exercise to them. I tell them to sit quietly and, one by one, invite the higher selves of six of their friends or relatives to join them. Once they have done this, I instruct them to ask themselves if they feel the same way they did before they started. If they don’t notice any change, then invite six more, and six more after that, until they feel surrounded by the loving presence of all those that have joined them. Most people are able to feel something, and that something is the starting point. Experiencing the other realms is like running.

While most people are capable of running, but it takes persistence and practice to become adept at it.



## Chapter 51

### A Bridge to a New Beginning

By the fall of 2009 the awareness of the new planet that the Reptilians were colonizing was well established. This allowed me to be very forthright with the ones who remained on Earth.

One time, I was on my way home from helping a friend with some shamanic healing. I was traveling via the spirit world, and rather than just flying home as I usually would, I decided to take a stroll down the main street in town. I was just minding my own business when I came upon a couple of Reptilian spirit beings hovering around a human couple who were getting out of a parked car.

I wasn't looking for a confrontation, so I zoomed up into the air and started to head back home. Well, the Reptilians took off after me and caught up to me. One of them flew in front of me to block my way.

"We see you traveling around. Where do you think you're going?" he said. He was just a young punk.

I stared at him for a moment and thought, *He has no idea who he's dealing with.*

"I go where I please," I said. "You and your friend are no concern of mine. But I can tell you this, whatever it is that you're up to, you're wasting your time. If you want to see where the real action is, then follow me. I'll show you a place where your kind live in bodies of flesh and blood and don't spend their time playing games with humans."

They were both taken aback. They were expecting me to cower at their appearance, or at least try to get them to leave me alone. The last thing they expected was for me to invite them on an adventure.

I could tell they were curious, so without belaboring the point, I said, "Let's go." With that I took off, without worrying too much whether they followed me or not. As it happened, they did. I went directly to the crystal sphere and led them into it. We arrived at the other world in the same fashion that I had experienced on other occasions, with a view from just above ground level.

We were looking at a dense forest, with a path running through it. A moment passed before we witnessed a band of about eight Reptilians walking along the path. There was nothing remarkable about it other than the fact that I could clearly see their ears. I hadn't noticed their ears on my other visits, but this time they walked right in front of us so the ears were obvious.

**SK: Ears, huh?**

Yeah, pointy ears.

**SK: Like Spock?**

No. They were floppy like elephant ears, only small.

Anyway, by the time we got back, the would-be thugs had changed into excited innocent teenagers, eager to learn more about the new world.

I explained the procedure for how they could join their brethren. Then, without further ado, I opened a portal into The Light and let them pass into it—an added bonus to my afternoon of shamanic work.

At that time, I wasn't aware that factors were being worked out behind the scenes and that the resolution of the war was imminent.

One day I checked in on my niece, just to see what was up with her, and to my surprise I found she had a Reptilian attachment. Unlike most Reptilians, this female Reptilian knew all about me and immediately started to inform me that she wasn't harming my niece and that I would be wise to let her stay. It was unusual for me to allow something like this, especially when it was my relative. She explained how she was working with a group of Reptilians that were in favor of making the transition to the new world. I was happy to hear this, but I was uncomfortable about leaving her in my niece's House of Being. I told her that I wouldn't interfere for the time being, but that I would be back before long to reassess the situation.

A few weeks later I was performing a new moon ritual where I was inviting a large group of friends and family into the statues. For some reason I wanted to invite my sister, the mother of the niece that I just mentioned. In the middle of the procedure I was informed that she had a Reptilian attached to her and that if I invited her into the statues, the Reptilian would be delivered into The Light. I was advised that I shouldn't move forward with my intention. I couldn't understand what the problem was.

Like I said before, I don't always do the right thing, and this was one of those occasions. I went ahead and brought my sister along. As it turned out, it was a big mistake. I didn't know what the implications were, but I could tell that something was seriously wrong.

A couple days later I visited my niece by way of the spirit realm once again, and there I met the Reptilian that I'd encountered on the previous occasion. The Reptilian woman was livid.

"You promised that you wouldn't interfere, and now look what you've done!" She said. "You've ruined everything! How could you be so stupid? The

Reptilian that you sent into The Light was the key person working on your behalf! We barely had this situation under control, and you got rid of the one person who could have pulled it off.”

Finally, it dawned on me what I had done. The two of them were working together to assist with the transition to the other planet. This was not a minor transgression. This was a huge blunder—perhaps my worst ever. I had become so sure of myself, so confident, and apparently so arrogant. What was I going to do?

The problem was that a significant part of the Reptilian population lacked confidence that there was a viable new world to go to, and there were those within the culture who were working to convince them that a move would be in their best interest. The Reptilian that I had sent into The Light was the key promoter of the move.

“You can take her place,” I said.

“No, I can’t!” she replied. “You know nothing about what I’m faced with!”

“I’ll help you.”

“I’ve had enough help from you!” she snapped and walked away.

The only thing I could think of was the Reptilian priests who were so eager to get the crystal that Robert had. *Maybe there is a crystal of such immense value that it would convince the others that my intentions are sincere, even if my actions are sometimes off the mark,* I thought. Then it came to me: *the ajoite crystals.* I had only been introduced to them a few months prior and I was amazed by their presence.

I walked over to the veil of light and spoke to Robert’s uncle. I told him my problem and asked if he could provide me with an ajoite crystal that would be so remarkable it would impress even the most jaded Reptilian. Only a few moments passed before an ajoite crystal of extraordinary beauty passed through the veil.

I carried it over to where the Reptilian woman was. I told her how sorry I was and that I had a gift for her that I hoped would help her influence others in their decision to move.

She took the crystal and thanked me for it. I can’t say that her mood changed all that much, but I could see her mind working with the possibilities that the crystal represented.

The next day, when I visited her again, she was in an intense argument with another Reptilian, a male. They were so involved they hardly noticed me. I could tell they were arguing about the new world. I did my best to get their attention but without much success. Finally, I said to them, “Let me take you there—then you can both see for yourselves.”

They stopped and turned their attention to me.

“You can do that?” the man asked.

“Yes. We can go right now if you like,” I replied.

The tension between them remained, but for the time being they set aside their argument.

I used the crystal sphere that I had used on the other occasions, but this time our view of that world was different. We were flying above the surface and from that vantage point we could see several villages in the forest below. By the time we got back, something had shifted in the man and the conflict between them had eased.

Throughout all of this I was still not aware that a major event was imminent. I was in the same mindset that I’d been in for years, patiently working in increments to resolve this ancient dilemma.

During this time, I got a call from a woman who was interested to have me work on her five-year old son, Aaron. She explained that for some time he had been telling her that Reptilian spirits had been hanging around him.

Aaron and his mom lived only a few miles from my home, so the next day I went for a visit. After speaking with his mom, I asked if I could spend a few moments with her son. Aaron was a bright and cheerful young boy.

“Your mom tells me that some spirits have been visiting you. Is that right?” I asked.

“Yes,” he said.

“How many have there been?”

Without a moment’s hesitation, he replied, “Hundreds of thousands.”

*Whoa, hundreds of thousands! How can that be? I thought. Surely he’s exaggerating, but he said it in such a matter-of-fact way. He’s just a kid, and kids have vivid imaginations.*

Later that day I was talking to Kara about the incident and was surprised by her response.

“It was interesting to meet Aaron,” I said.

“There are big things in store for you and Aaron,” she replied.

It still hadn’t dawned in me that something was in the works, so when I heard her comment, I assumed that I would be relating to him when he was older.

The winter solstice was about a week away, and I planned to use the process with Aaron as the center piece in the ceremony. Working with someone as part of a ceremony can augment the ceremony and provide an exceptional clearing for the individual.

The solstices are always a big deal, so I worked this one for all it was worth. At the time, I was living in Jae's house while she was away in China. We had been using a large island counter in the kitchen as an altar.

Jae prefers the feng shui type of altar arrangement with a statue of Quan Yin and beautiful flowers. I like that sort of setting, but I like the more arcane side of things as well, animal skulls and such. Anyway, I had that whole counter covered with stuff. Friends would come by and jokingly say, "Man, it looks like you're getting ready for a human sacrifice here." Day after day I worked with the altar until the whole house was ringing with energy.

I was planning to do the ceremony in an abandoned gold mine located on some land that belongs to some friends of mine. When the day of the solstice came, I packed some of the items from the altar into my backpack and headed off to the location of the mine. Once I arrived, I parked my car and began the short hike through the woods to the mine's opening. All this time I could feel the energy building.

As I was walking through the woods, I was wondering why the energy was so intense. *Perhaps I overdid it this time*, I thought.

I paused for a moment at the opening of the mine, taking in the beauty of the moist, early-winter day. The high energy made everything appear bright in spite of an overcast sky. Then I ducked my head and went inside.

The mine was a stark contrast to the scene outside—it was dark and a little creepy. I had to keep my head down to avoid running into the jagged rocks protruding from the ceiling. The place where I normally do my meditations is about sixty yards into the solid rock of the mountain, and by the time I reached it, the energy was roaring.

Up until this point I hadn't worried about the intensity, because building the energy was what the meditations were all about. But as I unpacked the ceremonial objects, I started to worry. It wasn't uncommon for me to reach a point of overload during a meditation, where I have to back off and let the energy subside, but those times always came *after* the work, not before.

What was bothering me on this occasion was that I was already reaching that overload point and the ceremony hadn't even started. Any other day, I might have taken a walk to let the energy flow and ease up a little before I meditated. But this was the solstice, and I knew that there would be a large gathering waiting for me in the inner realms.

My growing anxiety was only making the problem worse. *What am I going to do?* I thought. *I need to find a way to get on top of this.* The only thing I could

think of was the crystals I had brought from the altar. *I can use the crystals to amplify my own energy until it matches the energy around me.* I picked up one of the crystals and held it in my hand. I could feel a subtle shift. I tried another, then another. They all had an effect, but no single stone made the required difference. *I need an array of stones, not just one.*

Then a solution came to me. I had a pair of gloves in the backpack, the one-size-fits-all stretchy kind. I picked up a stone and held it at the tip of one finger after another, until it had the right effect. Then I put it in the corresponding finger of the gloves. I repeated the process until all of the fingers of both gloves had a stone in them.

The last thing I did before dropping into the meditation was to put on the gloves and adjust the stones so that one was resting on the tip of each finger. Power surged through my body as soon as all the stones were in place.

“Oh yeah, that’s more like it,” I said to myself, as the scene around me shifted into the inner world landscape.

Once there I invited my usual associates to join me—fellow shamans and the like. I planned to start things off with the process with Aaron so the energy of that work could be incorporated into the rest of the ceremony, but I was in a bit of a quandary as to where to do it. Normally we would perform the solstice ceremony in the Hall of the Statues, but if we did the clearing for Aaron in the presence of the statues, any attachments or other stuff that was present in Aaron’s House of Being would be swept away without me being able to adequately discern what it was. In one sense it didn’t matter—a clearing is a clearing—but I wanted to come back with some understanding of what was troubling the boy so I could advise his mother on how best to assist her son. Ultimately, Kara convinced me that the Hall of the Statues was the right place, so off we went.

Once there, we were greeted by an unusually large group of beings from The Light—ascended masters and angels alike. I welcomed them, as I always do, by accessing the highest and greatest awareness in myself. I informed them of my intentions for the event and asked for their assistance. A few of them spoke about the significance of our work, stating that a time of reckoning had come.

Before long it was time to start the clearing. First I invited Aaron’s higher self to join us. I was aware that Aaron was a being of great stature, but I hadn’t anticipated the magnitude of the being that came in response to my invitation. Meeting Aaron’s higher self was like meeting “God” himself.

As I always do, I asked permission to do the work and asked if there was anything I should know before I started. His one-line answer left me with a chill. "Prepare yourself," he said.

*Oh boy, this is going to be one of those affairs,* I thought, assuming that it would become a confrontation of some sort.

I called Aaron's name. There were a few moments when the scene shifted as the contents of his House of Being were revealed. *Hundreds of thousands, Aaron had said,* I thought to myself, as the scene materialized around us.

From where I was standing, the statues were on my left. The beings that had joined us from The Light were in front of me. My friends and associates who had come for the ceremony were standing around and behind me. To my right, a wall came into view of what looked like ice, sheer and jagged. The scale was enormous. The height of it caused it to disappear into obscurity.

I stood for a moment wondering what I was looking at. Never before had I encountered anything of this size in an individual's House of Being. Only the work with the body of mankind had anything of this scale. *Who is this person I'm working with?* I wondered.

As I stood there trying to grasp what I was seeing, pieces started to fall off the wall. Falling from such a great height, they appeared to move in slow motion. The size of them only became apparent when they hit the floor and shattered into an explosion of fragments.

Moment by moment I was trying to make sense of what was happening. I was clueless, and each emerging event was baffling to me.

More and more shards were falling off the face of the wall, causing a cascade of immense proportions. At the same time the statues were becoming brighter and brighter. It was obvious that the ice, or whatever it was, was melting in response to their light.

Fissures appeared until the entire face was riddled with them. Major sections broke free and appeared to hang in space because of their size, then disintegrated as their lower portions made contact with the floor. The collapse of the entire wall appeared to be imminent, but it stayed in place for a long time as pieces of it kept falling.

When the collapse came it was titanic. One moment the wall was standing. The next moment it crumbled all at once and became a Niagara Falls of ice. The bulk of it was only halfway to the floor when it became obvious what was behind the ice: Reptilians, not just a nation of them but nations upon nations of them.

“Hundreds of thousands” is what Aaron had said. He might just as well have said hundreds of *millions*.

At the same time as the wall was crumbling, the statues began to blaze with an intensity of light that I had not witnessed before. Caught in the brilliance were the Reptilians. Streams of light radiating out from the statues to them acted as conveyors and, in masse, the Reptilians streamed into The Light.

Those of us who witnessed the event stood in wonder at the sight. No drawn-out battle or grueling last chapter, but a blaze of light and a bridge to a new beginning.

I thought of the fall of the Berlin Wall and how the end came not in a nuclear showdown, as so many had predicted, but in a beer party at the end of a work day, with workers clawing down sections of the wall with construction equipment.

*Now is the time for the old to pass away, I thought. Now is the time for a new beginning.*

The end came as an avalanche and was over in less than ten minutes. The sense of relief and rejoicing was palpable. All the careful planning and negotiating, the hopes and dreams of so many, came together in a dramatic conclusion.

Then it was done. The process that had seemed so daunting at first proved to be the shortest big event imaginable. And that was fine with me. The winter solstice is the sweetest time to be with friends in Ashland. I said my farewells to my inner world associates and returned to the world of men. I packed up my stuff and made my way out of the mine.

It was still early afternoon. *Plenty of time to see what my friends are up to, I thought, as I started down the misty forest path.*

***SK: Was that the last of the Reptilians?***

I’m not certain, but there’s a good chance that it is. Five years have passed since that event and I haven’t seen any of them. One of these days I would like to visit their world again to see how things are going.



## Chapter 52

### By Dawn's Early Light

After Jae and I ended our love affair, I lost interest in women and plunged with abandon into my relationship with Kara. I worked with her in meditation every day and was constantly experimenting with ways to connect at deeper and deeper levels.

I was also starting to readopt my former tendency of retreating into my own world of meditation and isolation, exactly what I didn't need if I was to come out of my shell with regards to my kingly expression.

Then one day I received a flyer about a four-day seminar that a friend of mine was putting on at Sunrise Ranch, a spiritual community in Colorado where I had once lived. I wasn't inclined to go, but Kara thought differently. I mentioned before that she doesn't tell me what to do, but with respect to this opportunity, she wouldn't take no for an answer. So finally, on the night before I had to fly out, I relented.

I enjoyed the seminar, and I enjoyed spending time at the Ranch with my old friends. During the ten years that I'd been away from the community it had gone through some difficult times, so I was surprised and delighted to find it upbeat.

The visit to my old home reminded me of the many years that I had been faced with the prospect of emerging into a kingly expression. The agenda of the organization that ran Sunrise Ranch was to provide the setting and the inspiration for individuals to claim their noble stature. I had been involved in the program for the better part of my adult life, and all that time I had basically stayed in hiding. In retrospect, my stubborn resistance to coming out seemed absurd. *What a waste of an opportunity*, I thought.

I recalled a meeting that was held in the dining hall in 1987. All the men of the Ranch were called together by Martin, the leader of the organization. Over the years he had made innumerable attempts to draw us out of our smallness. He had used every imaginable argument—the same invitation framed a thousand different ways—but, for the most part, we had all stayed hidden. It was so much easier for us to look to him to play the role of the king.

This time, however, was different. The meeting took on an urgency that I hadn't witnessed prior to that occasion. He was exasperated to the point of utter

frustration. At one point in his presentation he said, “Do I have to die before one of you will come forward?”

He looked at me and held my gaze.

*He knows that I am a King, I thought. He has known all along.*

Less than a year later, he died. I remained as I had been.

*O Discordia.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

After the seminar I returned to Oregon, determined to get over the blocks that were preventing me from expressing the king that was hiding inside me. A few weeks later I experienced a past life regression and revisited a life where I had been the king of one of the European empires. There was an enormous amount of pain and sorrow associated with that lifetime, caused by the agony that came from having to send young men off to war. The king doesn't weep for himself—he weeps for his people and for the land. I worked the issue as deeply as I could, but still a block remained in my heart.

There was a song I would sometimes sing that had long served as a barometer for where I was with respect to my wounded heart. The song was “Too Long a Soldier,” recorded by Pat Benatar. For decades I hadn't been able to sing it without weeping. In the weeks that followed my visit to the Ranch, I worked with it daily. I was confident that I had the tools I needed to overcome my resistance, but time continued to pass without any change. Then one day I received a message that would finally break the logjam.

Arriving at the house at the end of my workday, I walked into the kitchen, where Jae was fixing dinner. Jae said to me, “I was talking to Kara this morning, and she said that you need to work on your vows. Do you know what she was talking about?”

A chill went through my body as the truth behind the words registered in me. I recognized exactly what she was referring to.

“Yes,” I said. “She's referring to my vow to never be king again.”

My task the next day was to burn a large quantity of brush at some property that I owned. While preparing to start the fire, I found in the trash a toy gun that a young boy who lived on the property had made out of wood.

I used some of the branches to construct an altar and I placed the gun on it as the center piece to focus my intent. This altar was different than other altars that I had made in that I was planning to set it on fire and use it as the starting

place for the burning of the rest of the brush. Most of my altars have a candle on them, but this time the altar *was* the candle.

Once everything was in place, I set the altar alight. As I watched the flames consuming the altar and the gun, I rescinded my vow. I spent the rest of the day singing the song over and over. By the end of the day, the brush had been reduced to a pile of glowing embers, and I was able to sing the song all the way through without crying. I had overcome the block in my heart and was committed to come out of hiding.

I went home and started to write this book.

The End

## Epilogue

### A Call to Action

***SK: I'm interested to know if anything is happening with the monorail.***

As I mentioned in the book, for most of my life no one took our (Kara's and my) monorail idea seriously. When I was involved in the Strawjet company my fellow board members forbade me to speak about it during our board meetings. They all thought it was too crazy and was a distraction from our primary work. Then a couple of years ago Elon Musk went public with his ideas about the Hyperloop. No one would have taken him seriously either had he not already proven his genius as a corporate rock star. Consequently, the Hyperloop became a world news story that was like an icebreaker in the consciousness of humanity, carving a pathway for other ideas to be seen in a different light. Compared to the Hyperloop, our monorail looks positively sane and conservative. I'm not saying that the Hyperloop is a bad idea—it's just "out there."

The other thing that has happened in the last few years is that people have finally gotten it through their heads that cars are not such a wonderful thing after all. Rather than just a nuisance, they're looking more and more like the doomsday machines that they truly are.

Around the time that the Hyperloop story came out, I built a model of the monorail vehicle and started showing it to people. To my surprise, they loved it. By this time the design had evolved into a form of transport that is commonly referred to as Personal Rapid Transit (PRT). In this configuration the "train" is chopped up into automobile-sized cabs that operate as individual autonomous vehicles. One of the primary advantages to this design is that when the "train" passes a station, only the cab or cabs that contain passengers who need to get off at that station exit the rail, while the rest of the "train" continues on its way. The advantages in speed and efficiency are substantial.

The other primary advantage is that the whole system can be much lighter. Trains are heavier than cars, and the cabs in our design are lighter than automobiles. Lighter equates to lower cost. Like most monorails, ours operates on elevated rails. Building elevated rails for heavy trains is very expensive and is feasible only in very limited situations, such as high-traffic corridors in major cities. Thanks to the automobile, people live in widely dispersed suburbs. Servicing a dispersed population with traditional train-based public transportation is prohibitively expensive.

Kara has seen the writing on the wall about the automobile since its inception and has guided me to a design that is feasible as a replacement in virtually any situation, including sprawling suburbs. We call it the RailPlane. It works like this: Lightweight vehicles ride on rails made of reinforced concrete. The vehicles operate either as individual units or connected like a train. When a vehicle approaches an exit where it needs to depart, it detaches from the vehicles adjacent to it and exits the rail. Once on the ground it transitions into a road vehicle that can operate on secondary roads. The vehicles are all electric and are powered by conductors in the rail. When they exit the rail and operate on roads they are powered by batteries that were charged while they were still on the rail. Unlike electric cars which need to carry large battery packs, RailPlane vehicles would need only enough battery storage to travel the last few miles from the rail exit to their destination.

***SK: So what's next?***

The world is on the brink of an entirely new evolution—one that has yet to enter the imagination. *Apocalypse* is one word to describe it. A revolution of unprecedented proportions to eclipse every previous agenda, both personal and collective. The day is coming soon when the adage “Evolve or die” will be foremost in the awareness of virtually every soul on Earth.

The awareness of the truth of climate change has been around since the 1960s or before, but business interests have been successful at keeping the population in the dark. The severity of this crime is only now coming to light, and the public outcry for truth will soon set the record straight. This will be accompanied by an about-face of values. No longer will there be the greedy clamor for *more*—more stuff, more gas, more leisure, more for me, more, more, *more*. No longer will there be the idolizing of the super-rich and their ways of extravagant consumption. Rather there will be a revulsion at the way we have been.

There has yet to be any cause throughout all of history that has made any population coalesce the way war has. In spite of the fact that this effort boiled down to killing other people, the zeal, dedication, comradeship, commitment, and sacrifice generated by this effort has no equal as yet. At the core of the commitment is a love for the land. In the world as it has been, the truth of this compulsion has been coopted by the warring mentality. When the truth of personal commitment to the land is once again embraced, the upwelling of cooperation will enable the restoration of the land and the climate.

Most people in the developed world view slavery and the ownership of another individual as an abomination. The ownership of the land, whether at the national level or at a personal level, is tantamount to slavery. This is the issue that is currently on the table. The silver lining to the looming cloud of climate change is that humanity is being forced to come to terms with this awareness. The male-dominant-perspective social structure has enslaved the land, stolen the hearts of the youth, and sold them a lie about an off-planet fantasy god to whom credit for everything is given, when the Goddess Earth is visible and present with us every moment of every day and is ready to forgive the ways of the past and lead us into a bright and prosperous tomorrow.

The race to rescue ourselves and our world is not a path of grim drudgery made up of imposed austerity measures, but an adventure into unknown territory. Just as my journey with Kara has given me joy and meaning that had never crossed my mind before I encountered her, so it will be for the people of the Earth. The degree of joy present in a movement is directly proportionate to the number of people involved. Imagine what a united effort to save our world would feel like. A worldwide celebration of working together.

I just finished reading your book *11/22/63*. It's brilliant, as usual, and fun. We can't change the past but we can change the future. Long ago I had a teacher who was fond of saying, "Coming events cast their shadows before them." We live in the "shadow of the future." We feel that which we are moving toward. When we move toward emptiness, we feel empty. When we move toward life, that is what we feel. We can live in the bright "shadow" of a healed Earth now. Many young people have taken the attitude that there is no hope, that the world is doomed. The result is they are living in a doomed world now. The pain and emptiness they feel has everything to do with the direction they are moving—toward doom—and nothing to do with the real situation.

Kara has inspired me to investigate the RailPlane because virtually all of our technology needs to be reinvented. At the top of the list is transportation. Kara has gone to great lengths to help me understand how detrimental roads are to her. Here is a short explanation: If the Earth is a living being, and the veld (the layer of green living material on and in the ground) is her skin, then what are roads, other than wounds that never heal, lacerations that isolate the living parts of her and prevent a connected flow of her life force.

Most of Kara's tutoring over the years had to do with a method for creating the rails in a way that was economical, durable, and sufficiently environmentally benign to eventually become as ubiquitous as roads. Only with the awareness of

the importance of the unbroken connection of the veld can the validity of this design be understood.

Some of the Native American traditions use the peace pipe as a gesture of reconciliation and a setting aside of preexisting tribulation, as well as a symbol for setting a new course, one of peace and cooperation. Kara's RailPlane design is just such an offering, one that she is giving to the people of the Earth in their time of greatest need.

Throughout history, transportation innovations, whether ships, trains, planes, or automobiles, have transformed civilization in dramatic ways. Kara's dream for a worldwide social, spiritual, and economic revolution has RailPlane as its seed crystal.

In order for the design to be sufficiently accurate to her dream, she has rehearsed it to me thousands of times in thousands of different ways. Now it's time to release it to the world.

I have titled this epilogue "A Call to Action" because this is her invitation to all who read these words. Together we can rebuild our world, but the vision of a harmonious new world is only viable if it is nurtured by many people all working together.

*"Countless millions of young people all around the globe would be available for building a new world if they were offered a credible vision to work toward."*

—Dieter Duhm, *Terra Nova: Global Revolution and the Healing of Love*

*"A vision without a task is but a dream; a task without a vision is drudgery; a vision with a task is the hope of the world." (Inscribed on the wall of a church in Sussex, England, circa 1730)*

Here are some websites that will connect you to what is currently happening with this project:

[www.railplane.us](http://www.railplane.us)

[www.gardenvillagecostarica.org](http://www.gardenvillagecostarica.org)

Thank you for your interest,

David Ward