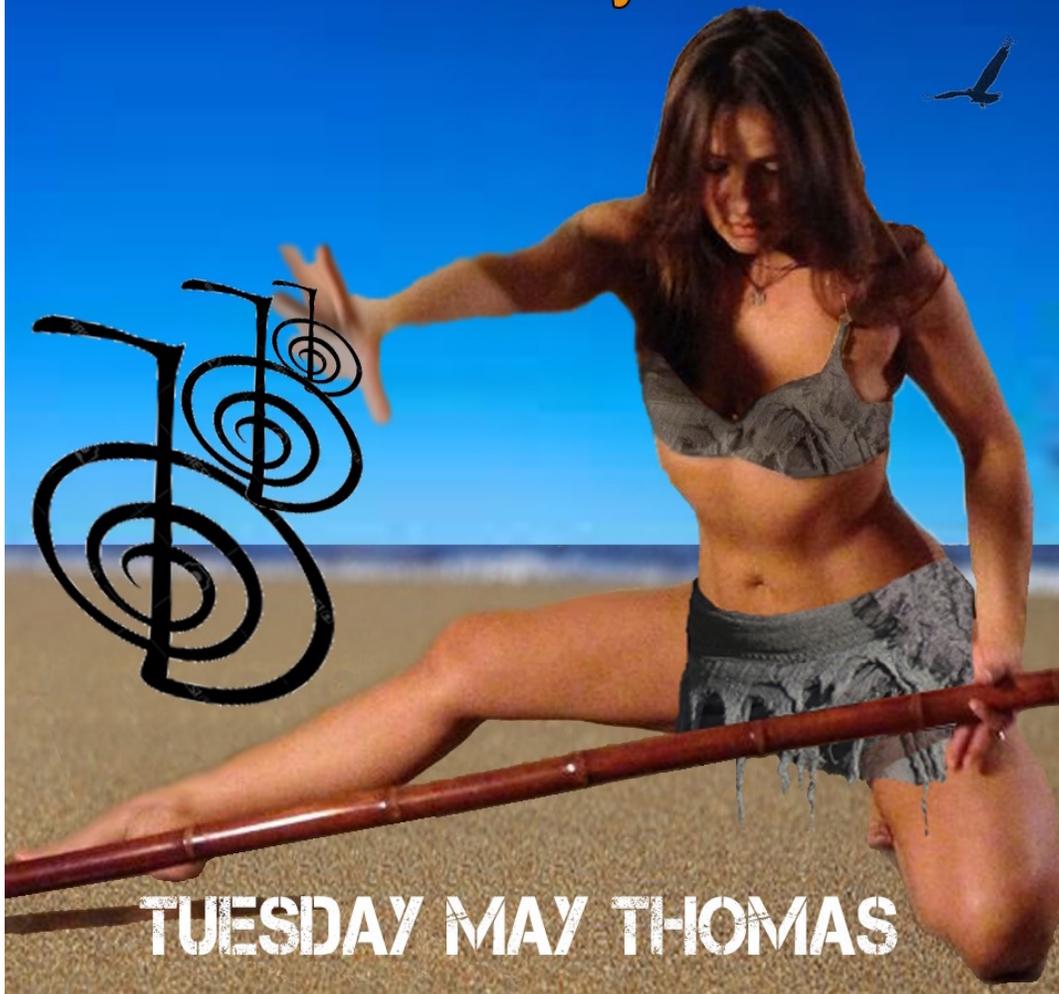


THE REIKI APPRENTICE[©]

A Girl's True Story of Initiation



TUESDAY MAY THOMAS

THE REIKI APPRENTICE

A GIRL'S TRUE STORY OF INITIATION

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THE REIKI APPRENTICE EDITION 1

A note to my readers:

This book was originally published under the title *Confessions of a Spiritual Apprentice*© in 2014. *The Reiki Apprentice - A Girl's True Story of Initiation*© contains the same story with a new book cover and title.

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Thank You

If you feel the content of this book is relevant to your journey and may serve others, please spread the word by reading portions to your students in class, sharing themes with your family and friends, and telling friends where they can purchase this book. Than you kindly.

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Lastly I would be so graciously honored if you wrote a book review and especially if you posted it on Amazon, IBook Review, Goodreads (or any other platform you like). Reviews help books climb to the top of the pile where they can gain visibility and rub shoulders with bestsellers.

Thank you deeply. Namaste with Love,
Tuesday

Books by

Tuesday May Thomas

The Reiki Apprentice - *A Girl's True Story of Initiation*

The Nowosphere Book One - *Understanding your Spiritual Sensitivity*

The Nowosphere Book Two - *Metaphysical Energy Tools for Self Mastery*

The Higher Self - *Blueprint of Mastery*

GRATITUDE

Thank you Joe Siegel for acting as my first chief editor when all I had was a suitcase full of notes and a twinkle in my eye to write books. You are an angel in heaven smiling upon me.

Heart felt gratitude eternally extends to Shane King for seeing the author in me, and supporting the creative process of this book coming to fruition. You helped me find the spine of this story. You read every page and every chapter (even the ones that didn't make it into the book) and encouraged the craft of my storytelling skills. Thank you.

To my grammar guru, Rob Asghar! You are a tremendous boon to my author life path. I bow deeply to you for your unwavering time and attention in my direction. Namaste.

Thank you James Theall, for seeing me in my truth and allowing me to see you too. I am ever grateful the unconditional service you contribute to my personal path of creating, writing, and publishing books.

I send love and gratitude to a small collective of hardcore fans & supporters who made time to review versions of the new book cover and give honest feedback on what was working, what was not working and why. I celebrate you. I bless you. I thank you from my heart.

About the Author



I am a Heaven on Earth Ambassador.

I am here to teach Self Mastery.

Through the practice of Reiki and Applied Metaphysics I have learned to heal my life, and so can you. I am now free of my past and have relinquished the habit of creating patterns that manifest painful and limiting experiences for the future. I am here now.

Author and practicing Reiki Master Educator since 2001, I share teachings on self-mastery, multi-dimensional healing, applied metaphysics and heaven on earth realization. I am that.

"Self-mastery is the sustained conscious perception of love. May you come to know thyself through the offerings in my books. I hereby transmit the knowing of pure sovereignty. May you learn to live freely in this world and bridge Heaven on Earth, simply because you can."

-Tuesday

<http://tuesdaymaythomas.com>

Dedicated to B-Luz

The Dalai Lama

Due to the publication of this book, and with great respect for His Holiness, I am making public the fact I have written to The Office of His Holiness the Dalai Lama via Thekchen Choeling, in Dharamsala India.

A letter has been sent, along with all excerpts where His Holiness appears in my book, that he is made aware of the use of his name and likeness herein. Namaste

FORWARD

The Reiki Apprentice is a remarkable account and an auspicious example of one's ability to grow in the name of self-love. Through the tools weaved into the chapters of this wildly amazing journey, you too can begin to take control of your heart and embark on your own healing adventure. The Reiki Apprentice serves as a fun and creative platform for understanding just how Reiki and many metaphysical energy tools work, and how well they manifest one's truth.

Tuesday and her words are a gift to the world in the name of self-help and living in your truth. She is here to plant the seeds of spiritual growth. It is then up to you to provide the water for your own path. However, this journey is not meant to be easy. Embrace the challenges as part of the process- I can assure you the journey is worth taking. We're here to do the work. It's about learning how to be in this world and not of it, for the highest good always. The light in me recognizes and honors the light in you.

Shannon E. Roche
1st apprentice

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The Reiki Apprentice

BOOK ONE

Mom doesn't talk about the Birds & the Bees

Chapter One

Shameful Orgasm

Upon arriving home from the shoe store, I run up and down the driveway in an excited flurry. Loving my new winter boots, I splash through low-lying puddles and jump along the squares of a washed out hopscotch pattern. All is play and joy until I am stopped in my tracks. A loud ‘crunch’ causes my worst fear. Mom has already gone inside and doesn’t notice my dilemma. Viewing *the boot* in question, I am horrified to witness a death. A death *I* am the cause of. Tears instantly cascade down my cheeks. As I scrape the snail’s remains free, I tell him how sorry I am to crush his home and kill his little body. Though it’s raining out, I insist on giving my mangled friend a proper burial by the tree in front of the house. After the ceremony I lay listless in my room, mourning the death of a helpless creature. I undergo immense emotional pain as I wallow in guilt and cry all alone. Mom doesn’t talk to me about the snail, or my new boots that have caused his death. I’m left alone, wondering how to digest my feelings. At the tender age of five, my spiritual apprenticeship has begun.

The year is now 1980 and I am eight years old. I don’t have too many friends. Mom and my step-dad are workaholics, and me- I’m a latchkey kid. This means my parents drop me to school with my bike, and later I cycle four miles home. Mom makes sure I can get in by safety-pinning a house key to my blouse or top. She always pins it above my left breast, just below my collarbone. I let myself in after school, watch TV, do my homework and make my own dinner. For some reason mom stopped showing affection after I turned five, and never says she loves me anymore. Maybe she’s too busy with work. Or maybe she can’t forgive

me for killing the snail.

As days and months go by, I rarely speak or use my voice because there is no one to talk to. With few friends in the physical world, I spend my time conversing telepathically with the *Invisibles*. I am continually intrigued by a world that seems to exist just beyond the one everyone else sees. I conduct private lectures in my bedroom by rounding kitchen chairs into a horseshoe shape. I sit my stuffed animals throughout the seats, and leave space for my invisible friends to inhabit the remaining accommodations. I told my parents about my unseen friends. Mom and my step-dad laugh, calling the Invisibles ‘make believe’, but I know better. I know the Invisibles are real.

~

Yvette is a school friend who lives two blocks away. She is eleven and has seven brothers and sisters. Her mother is on welfare. Her siblings sleep on twin mattresses pushed together in a room with dirty peeling wallpaper. My mother feels sorry for Yvette and often sends her home with fruit, or things we are going to drop off at the Thrift Store, like blankets or jackets. Yvette stays over sometimes and sleeps in my bed. One night she starts exploring my body in ways I never had before. She looks at me in a funny way. I stare back in a curious manner. It’s easy enough to look her in the eye, but I can never look men in the eye because of what my grandmother says; “Every time a man looks you in the eyes, he wants sex with you.” I’m not sure what sex is at this age, but it must be something horrible and shameful in the way my grandmother talks about it.

Yvette starts stroking and tickling my stomach while moving her hand towards my crotch. She slowly moves my panties down my legs, and off completely. She next slides her thin finger between my thighs. “Did you ever get an orgasm before?” She whispers in my ear. I don’t know what she is

talking about and shake my head. “Did you ever do sex before?” She asks with a wide grin across her face. “No- I, I... Don’t know what it is,” I say. She giggles a secretive laugh and moves her hand deeper between my thighs. I feel a ‘whizz’ pulse between my legs as she rubs me. What she is doing feels good. No one has ever touched me there before. Yvette pulls off her panties and hops on top of me. Pushing my legs apart, she starts humping me. Her movements are carefully timed and it seems she has experience in this department, experience I am obviously lacking. I let out a sound and she stops her movement and covers my mouth. “Shh, you can’t make no noise. Nobody can know what we are doing. This is just for me and you to keep secret.” An obedient servant, I quietly nod and we resume our physical merging.

My family doesn’t say a word about my weight, but I am now technically ‘obese.’ Brian Woodley, class clown and official school tormenter takes to bullying me at school. For some reason, he is very mean to me. I’ve always been an average size kid with an average type of body- but over the last couple years I have indeed gained the weight of another small child. My grandmother sews dresses for me, because I can’t find clothes to fit. Brian often points out my huge folds of flab to the entire class. He shouts from the top of his lungs; “Tuesday is a big fat fucking whale,” while poking at my stomach. I get angry with myself for not being able to speak up. My throat literally freezes, and I cannot find my voice. So I just sit or stand there at my desk or in line after recess while he goes off on one of his *crazy spells*. I secretly feel sad by his hurtful words, but I never let it show. Brian bullies me so often my friends and teachers are used to it. It’s like ‘*Okay Brian, get this out of your system,*’ as you would by letting a small dog run a few laps and tire itself out.

Last night Yvette stayed over again. She is now thirteen, and I am ten. We have one of our sexual occurrences as we

usually do when she stays over. The next morning my mother makes us French toast. Afterwards, Yvette and I hang out at the steps of my neighbors' house, where a large Mexican family with four daughters live. I know them longer than Yvette but because of her ability to speak Spanish, they seem closer to her. In English, Yvette tells the girls I take my clothes off in bed and I am a dirty fat pig for doing so. I look at her confused. She switches to speaking Spanish and I can only understand portions of what she is saying now. I think she is telling the girls about our *secret* time together in my bed. It's supposed to be something *we* don't tell anyone about. What else is she saying? I attempt to decode the very fast Spanish that flies out of her mouth, but I cannot. I am nervous now, as she has the girls deeply engaged. What have I done wrong? I am confused and feel anxious. They glance at me, and then look back at her with deep concentration. As Yvette's 'story' comes to an end, all the girls look at me in disgust. Flailing their arms, they motion 'Get lost...' They dismiss me, saying "sucia" and "gorda," calling me 'dirty' and 'fat' in Spanish. Yvette looks at me, and laughs.

She is my best friend, how can she do this? I feel terribly insecure and about ready to cry. I slowly turn and walk away to my home down the block. They are still jeering and screaming things at me in Spanish. I can't understand why she is doing this, or what she said. I lie on my bed and weep. It is weeks later and Yvette has stopped talking to me at school. She makes fun of me during class by whispering to the other students while obviously pointing at me, and they all laugh out loud. I sit alone during lunch and wonder why I have no friends to play with. At least when Brian bullies me I get attention from everyone. My already non-existent voice closes further. I eat more and more food to hide the hurt feelings I have. After many weeks mother asks; "Where is Yvette? Have you two stopped being friends?" I don't answer her. I just shrug my shoulders like I don't know

anything.

After what seems like months, Yvette finally comes over on a Saturday afternoon to play. I don't mention what happened at my neighbor's house those months ago. I am just happy to have her friendship and attention once again. I pull out the *good stuff*. This includes my new 'Hello Kitty' items. I am proud of my new toys. She hasn't seen these before. I think to myself as I set them up in a display type fashion. After we play, Yvette says she's not staying over. I go to the kitchen to get us some Kool-Aid. Before she leaves, my mother gives her an old dress of mine that no longer fits because I am six-sizes larger than before. I return with fruit punch in hand, and Yvette has folded up the dress and is carrying it under her arm. We drink our punch, and as I walk her out, mom says; "Hey Yvette hold that dress up so I can see if it's going to be long enough. You are taller than Tuesday. We can let out the hem..." "Oh, no... It will be fine," Yvette responds, and quickly makes her way to the front door. "Oh yeah, let's see how the dress looks!" I say and pull it from her arms. As I do, my favorite Hello Kitty toys drop to the floor.

I feel angry she's taken my things without asking, and find it hard to confront her. I want to say "Are you stealing from me?" but my voice fails to gather speed. Instead, I squeak out a mere- "What's that?" "Oh, I thought you said it was okay." She coyly un-tucks Hello Kitty toys from the folds of *my* old dress, acting cool in front of mom.

~

Yvette appears at my house and we share our last sexual tango. It's a year later, I am eleven and she is fifteen. She wears a red bandana tied around her head like a pirate, straight blue jeans and a t-shirt. I am wearing a summer dress my Grandma made. She looks different now, more grown up, and like a boy. It is Saturday night around 9 pm. This

time we don't play with toys, this time we slip into bed. My step-dad is out and my mother is stationed at 'the office,' located in the small house on the front property.

It has been quite a while since we shared a bed together and I wonder what would happen. We lay silently, and then it starts. She leans into me and begins touching me through my clothes. I respond by touching her back. Everything seems to be more grown up than before, like we are both experienced and know what to do. Maybe I am maturing early, or perhaps it is due to my weight gain, but I have started growing breasts. I did not have them previously. Yvette fondles my new additions and I feel sensations I never did before. "You are so fat and you have tits now," she says while squeezing my small breasts through my dress. She rubs my crotch and I feel extremely aroused. It seems like such a long time has passed since we shared in this way. I enjoy the attention she gives me along with the pleasurable sensations I feel throughout my body. As usual, she is in complete control of the situation and climbs on top of me. She spreads my legs and pulls my dress up. She starts sliding her finger around my crotch area, but this time it's different because she attempts to push her finger inside of me. She never did it like this before, I think to myself. Lying beside me, she rubs her body against me faster and faster while pushing inside of me with her finger.

I've seen movies where people kiss. But Yvette doesn't ever kiss me, in fact, her eyes are closed now, and she has a pained expression on her face as if she is sucking a lemon. She hops on top of me and pushes her finger deeper and deeper still inside of me. I try my best not to make a sound, but I cannot hold it in. As she pushes faster and faster, I begin to breathe heavily and shake intensely. I am overwhelmed and pull her finger out from my pulsing body. She pushes me to one side of the bed, lying back casually. I am left wondering what just happened and reach my hand to

my crotch. “Hey Tuesday,” she laughs. “I think you know what an orgasm is now!” “Is that what happened?” I say, feeling wet between my thighs.

After some time of lying in bed with Yvette, I get up and wander to the office in the front house. Mother is sitting at her desk. She looks official tending to a stack of paperwork with a large calculator that clicks and clunks as she punches numbers in. “Hi honey,” she says without looking up. I am in my pajamas and have a goofy expression on my face. “I know it’s a Saturday, but you’re up awful late now, you should get to bed. Did Yvette end up staying over?” Mom asks. I nod in silence. Mother, in a concentrated fashion still glued to her paperwork, asks, “What did you guys get up to tonight?” Biting my lip, I announce that Yvette and I were ‘humping’ in bed. Mother drops her pencil and looks up, staring into my eyes. “*What* were you two doing?” she asks again, with an air of anger. Now I’m afraid to tell her, but somehow my voice works. “We were humping in bed with no clothes on,” I share in a proud fashion.

Mother pushes a stack of papers across the desk. She is fuming mad. As they fall to the floor, she points at me and commands “You stay here.” “Okay,” I respond. Why is she so angry? As she leaves the front house I feel the door slam hard. I watch from the window and wonder what is going on. Why this sudden outburst? Though I cannot make out exactly what she is shouting- I hear mother spewing loud words. Next thing I know, she is holding Yvette by the ear, escorting her out the front door, and down the driveway to the sidewalk.

“You get the fuck out of here you little slut... and never come back.” I am distressed as I watch from the window. I become nervous. What went wrong? What did we do wrong? I next hear mom’s heavy footsteps approaching the door to the front house and she swings the door open with a bang. “You go to your room and don’t come out till I say it’s OK,”

she screams loudly. I am terrified by her tone and the anger I see in her eyes. I run out the door of the front house in my pajamas, and quickly make my way back to my bedroom.

I am saddened and left crying for days. I feel confused and totally abandoned. No more Yvette and no explanation as to what is going on, or what we did wrong. Finally, after several days, mother begins a dialogue with me, but she never speaks of Yvette and I fear bringing up the subject.

FOURTEEN YEARS LATER...

**JOURNAL ENTRY
MARCH 17TH, 1997
CALIFORNIA**

I'm soooo frustrated...When will I finally stop feeling the hurts of my youth? Why do I feel so much shame, self-hate and confusion over my sexuality? I'm amazed at all the anger I still feel towards Brian Woodley too. How could I let him bully me for so many years, and do nothing to retaliate? Am I angry at him- or angry at myself?

For the first time ever, I see how I hide my feelings with food. In truth, I think I really don't want to feel those feelings, so I eat to the point of feeling full so I can't feel the pain and confusion that resides on a deeper layer. I started 'using' food during the Yvette saga, and again later when Brian bullied me in school. Anytime I became anxious or emotional about men, my sexuality, or trusting someone, I ate. Even now, I eat through my unresolved issues with mom. Yep, I still fall into a pattern of overeating to numb my hurt feelings. I wish I knew different ways to help myself heal. Until then, I will continue to eat for comfort- though it does little to cause comfort

because I always end up feeling stuffed and that triggers feelings of self-hate.

I see how I've been TOTALLY confused about my sexuality and sex in general- for a very long time. How should I relate to men, and how should I relate with women? –Still figuring it out.

Now that I am tending to the Brian Woodley hurts of my past, all these memories of Yvette are emerging too. It's like I can't think about one without thinking about the other. So- is what I experienced with Yvette considered 'molestation'? Should I even entertain that thought?

As I grew older and learned more about sex, I felt condemned by my mother. She never spoke to me about respecting my body, creating healthy boundaries, or sex in general. Wow- looking back, I realize mom never gave me the birds and the bees talk. When I was younger, I had no idea I could say 'no' to Yvette. Would I have said no if I knew I had a choice? Would I have told Brian to 'get lost' if I had a stronger sense of self-respect? A self-respect that SHOULD have been instilled by my mother... I feel so angry with her for not equipping me to handle such events, and I'm angry with myself for not knowing any better.

Understanding sex and my personal sexuality have been a weird ride for me. Though I've messed

around with boys and girls, I've always been quite a prude. I can't experience sexual pleasure without experiencing underlying shame too. I feel like I would be such a stronger woman NOW- if I understood self-respect and intimacy when I was younger.

Damn, I remember that fateful year when mom and I had the Big Fight. Through bitter tears, I made her talk to me about what happened with Yvette. That was a huge healing for both of us, but still only the beginning of so much healing for me. Thankfully the Louise Hay book 'You can heal your life' helped me understand that maybe mom was just doing the best she could at the time. That book offered me the perspective of forgiveness, a new concept for me. It was hard to forgive her. Even now, I still hold a lot against mom for the early years of my life, and see my current prudishness due to her non-communication towards me in my youth.

Okay... Enough of all this stuff. I'm so sick of feeling hurt by these issues over and over again. I've decided I'm gonna split from America. I got a ticket to Europe and just bought a backpack. I need to find my voice. I need to learn how to speak up in life, right? I'm gonna go find my 'self.' I mean, why am I here? What is my purpose? The only time I feel confident using my voice is when I sing. I will take

my guitar on the road and make my way singing on the streets. I know people who have made enough money to survive like that. Surely I can too. Besides, I want to get away from everything I know so well. I want to be catapulted into a new life where I am free of the past and can be reborn into a new and powerful self. I read somewhere that in order for people to love me, I have to learn to love myself. This is the hardest thing to do. I hate myself for being weak and voiceless. Why do I still have such a hard time speaking up for myself? Is it mom's fault for never teaching me I could speak up? I need to get out- get out of my head, out of L.A, and into a new scene.

Signing off- Frustrated, Annoyed and slightly bewildered- Me.

Chapter Two

Rainbow Mountain

Italy 1997

I am twenty-five years old and at the birth of my first spiritual journey. An overly sun-kissed body is draped in unkempt waist-length hair. Tribal tattoos run down my spine and onto my buttocks. I don't own a bra, wear no makeup and walk mostly barefoot. I've been a vegetarian since the age of fourteen, which works out good because my diet requires very little money. I live off freshly baked brown bread, tomatoes and mozzarella cheese. There's 40 lire tucked in between my tarot cards, and a hundred dollar bill in my passport. An Irish *Bodhran* drum and acoustic guitar accompany me. My backpack is now 'medium' heavy since giving away a pair of blood-red doc martins and the huge winter coat that kept me warm while traveling in Ireland before I got here.

I'm in Assisi now... left the western portion of this colorful 'boot' about a week ago. Rome is cool, but like any big city it lacks the intimate appeal of a smaller region. I am stationed at a beautiful campsite one mile from the town's center. It appears to encompass the whole of a mountainside by the name of 'Fontemaggio.'

I've made friends with three local Nuns. I call them the 'Nuns of Assisi.' While walking to the local cafe, they physically encircle me at the cobblestone entrance to their tiny cathedral while cleverly luring me to the pews. With eyes tightly closed, they show me how to meditate. We sit for some time, and without notice I am ushered out from the cool and slightly damp innards of this place of worship. They pile my arms with more fruit than I can carry and send me on

my way. I mentioned feeling cold at night and they blessed me with a blue-striped fuzzy blanket. At the Piazza, kind vacationers share wine and stories of being on the road. Traveling this way brings me so much joy. There is such a stirring of inner awareness, synchronicity, and a palpable connection with the divine. There are no bullies, no weird sexual encounters... I actually feel safe, and free!

Last night I stubbed my toe on a rock after peeing by some shrubs. Before I went to sleep I made a request to the universe. I asked; Please send me a working flashlight. This morning I found myself inclined to crouch down on hands and knees. "Look under these bushes," a voice from within announced. Reaching my arm through dry leaves I could feel a cylindrical object under my fingers. A gift from the universe, my new blue flashlight work's perfectly and is equipped with batteries already installed!

On another note, minor earthquakes stir the earth beneath my body at night. They seem to occur only when everything is still and quiet. At first I thought it was the Gray coming on. 'The Gray' is what I call a certain experience of physical paralysis that has haunted me since childhood, but we'll go into that later. Besides singing with my guitar at the town piazza, I make my way by reading tarot cards for American tourists. Funny enough, I have also been doing readings for locals that speak no English! The Italians are very passionate people, and seem to have a strong intuition for reading body language and facial cues. I find pointing to the pictures on the cards while incorporating large arm movements and 'grand' hand gestures really helps to convey my messages! As I travel day-to-day and moment-to-moment, I feel like my heart and mind are opening. There is a new level of love and kindness I am experiencing for the first time.

I've been traveling alone until Lara came along. Lara and I met three days ago at the Fontemaggio campsite cafe in Assisi. As I indulge in an evening espresso and splurge on

spaghetti, a woman in the far corner of the cafe begins to clear her throat. It sounds like the Titanic is either launching or sinking. The guttural sounds from this woman causes the turn of my head to see what all the commotion is about. Will I have to perform CPR, or the Heimlich? It is then I catch Lara's eye.

She gracefully floats across the cafe, approaches my table and sits down. An orange flowing top accompanies a long purple skirt. Sandy blond curls fall over bare shoulders and a tranquil Mother Mary gaze flirts with me candidly. My cheeks fall flush and I feel a sudden attraction for this stranger. She softens her smile as if she knows me, and is waiting for *me* to remember who she is. I finish chewing and can't help but crack a smile.

"Are you are a *Rainbow* person?" She asks in soft Swiss tones. "A Rainbow Person?" I repeat, attempting to recreate her accent. Shrugging my shoulders I slowly reply. "I *feel* like a 'Rainbow' person, but I'm not sure what *that* is." She smiles, "You look like the Rainbow people." "Who are the Rainbow people?" I ask. She answers in half English and Swiss tones. "The Rainbow people are traveling to a destination in Greece. They will come from different areas of the world to create a camp where they will spend many months living with the land. There will be a large festival for two weeks during that time." I smile and prepare another bite of spaghetti on my fork.

She explains. "In the morning and evening we are eating together in a circle, and before the 'eating,' everyone is holding-hands and singing the 'Om.'" I visually download into my imagination, a picture of what she describes. My mind swells with visions of happy-hippy people living without electricity or a laundry mat. Pulling a piece of paper from her waist belt, she shows me some strange writing. "Here, the mountain where-is the Rainbow." As we rest in a pause, our eyes lock. I feel a wave of attraction for this

‘Swiss Miss’ and thoughts of kissing her float through my mind. “I am tomorrow hitchhiking for a ferry to Greece.” Tilting her hand sideways, she sticks her thumb out while producing a clicking sound with her teeth and tongue. “I will then hitch some kilometers to find this ‘Rainbow Mountain.’ Would you like to find the Rainbow too?” she asks.

~

I enter the gentle bustle of Assisi’s town center and wonder if I will ever return. Perhaps what I am meant to experience here has fulfilled its prophecy. With that thought, Lara comes into my view wearing braids, like a real Swiss beauty! We sit at the piazza and discuss our plan for the upcoming trip to Greece. This incorporates the sophistication of (a) looking at a map, (b) identifying where we are, and (c) charting where we want to go. Yes, we are real pioneers, us two!

We easily hitch to Ancona. Upon arriving at this seaside town, we locate the ferry depot and begin to wait in a very long and slow moving line to purchase our tickets. The depot is crowded and loud. After two hours, we are almost to the front of the line, but the woman behind the purchase window posts a sign and walks away with a disgruntled face. The sign reads “No biglietti. Ritornare domani.”; *No Tickets – Come back tomorrow*. Lara looks at me smiling. I am glad she is smiling because I’m not really sure what this means for us. “We will wait a whole night before the next ferry leaves for Igoumenitsa. Today’s ferry is sold out,” she announces. We decide to wander around and pick up some fresh foods and a bottle of warm beer for dinner. I have yet to come across a large liquor store, such as the usual in Los Angeles. Instead, beer bottles are piled atop one another in shady barrels. She shows me to a park and we settle up at a small bench under a lime tree. Though I have discovered little about Lara, I feel

like I know her very well.

We sit in silence for what feels like a long time after we eat. I break the silence. “Is this park a good place to sleep for the night?” I ask. “When I was the-last-time-here I slept at the alleyway along the ferry depot. Let’s go see if it is available.” Lara leads the way and as we return to the docks where the ferry depot is, I notice the alleyway she is speaking of and decide it is perfect for our overnight stay. In silence we unveil our sleeping items, me with my fuzzy blue blanket gifted by the Nuns of Assisi, and Lara with a very elaborate sleeping bag that looks built for the Himalayas. After designating a safe place to pee, we each put layers of clothing on and lay down. Lara reaches into her satchel and pulls out a small clear plastic box with a picture in it. The picture is familiar to me. “Is that...?” I cannot remember the name of the man and pause to think. She turns to her side and leans on her hand patiently, as if waiting for me to get the answer correct. “I give up,” I say. “It is Yogananda¹.” She says gently. I nod my head while mouthing “Oh.” For as long as I remember there has been a picture of him at home. “My mom is big time into him.” I tell Lara. “Really?” She is interested. “That is a very special connection we all have with him then.” “Do you always sleep with him next to you?” I ask. “Always, but especially when sleeping in the streets. It is safe here, for sure- but Yogananda will keep us protected no matter what.”

She next announces we have to awake at 5.30am to get in line for our ferry tickets to Greece. I’m not sure what time it is because I purposely left my watch in Rome. I decided I no longer need *time* as I had in the past. “I have-alarm clock.” I scrunch my forehead and repeat. “You ‘have’ alarm clock?”

¹ Paramahansa Yogananda was an Indian yogi and guru who introduced millions of westerners to the teachings of meditation and Kriya Yoga through his book, *Autobiography of a Yogi*.

From the same satchel she pulled Yogananda's picture, she magically exposes a small square alarm clock. I am deeply amused and can't help but laugh out loud as I realize we are sleeping on the street, yet have an alarm clock in our midst! She gets the humor of the scene and also laughs. "I cannot help it, I am Swiss," she says smiling, and sets the timer.

~

After a twenty-one hour ferry ride, we arrive at Igoumenitsa, Greece. From here we hitch with several kind cars for the first hundred miles. The German I learned while going to school in Ireland is really paying off. I lived in Ireland from the age of fourteen to twenty-four because of my mom's work. But that is a whole other story, perhaps another book we will get to eventually. Between Lara's ability to speak Swiss and my ability to converse in basic German, we are flowing with ease through these very beautiful roads and small towns. When locals see my guitar, they insist I sing a song. Even if we cannot communicate with them by way of language, music breaks all barriers. For the first time, I understand my voice and songs as a currency of sorts.

We set up camp in an open field next to the highway. "We have two hundred more kilometers until we reach the Rainbow mountain," Lara announces while looking at the map. As fate would have it, the next day we score a ride with a Greek big-rig driver that says he can take us very close to our destination.

Luckily he understands some German and speaks a little English. He scolds us for sleeping in the field. "You-no-sleep-here...- Albanian gypsies rob you!" He says in a slow broken grammar while running his forefinger across his neck. I look at Lara and we smile at one another. It has only been a few days since we met, yet a powerful camaraderie has flourished between us. We are indeed 'sisters' on the path of

adventurous self-discovery. I have no fear of ‘gypsies’, and by the look in her eyes neither does she. We drive for a whole day. After an evening of sleeping in the seats of this large truck, we retrieve small coffee drinks from a gas station and continue on our way. It must be past mid-day and we are further removed than before. The sun spills through the sky and a warm mountain breeze caresses my shoulders as I sit by the window in this big-rig. There has not been a road-sign since we left the gas station this morning. Just as I think we will be on the road for another day, Lara exclaims “We are here!” We approach a signpost along the highway that matches the words on the small piece of paper she carries at her waist belt.

After thanking our driver, we walk for many miles and it feels good to stretch my legs after sitting for so long. The road we walk reveals a fork and we decide to take a break and sit by a tree. After a while, a van drives by slowly. Could this be the Rainbow people? Lara sticks out her hitchhiking thumb to find out. After a bumpy two-hour drive through the mountains of Greece, the van finally stops and a cloud of dust swamps my lungs. From the passenger window, I see we are in a valley surrounded by dense trees. Lara turns to me with a patient smile. “The van will not drive deeper into the wild. At the *Rainbow*, no cars are allowed near camp. We will make-to-walking now.” I nod and smile back.

We push our packs to the ground through the missing side door. Bare feet descend to the earthen road. One by one the driver helps us from the van and offers each person a hug. Now, a ‘Rainbow hug’ I come to learn is deliberate and can last for several minutes. Watching others endure the long hug with the van driver, I decide I will skip it, at least until I see Lara sharing in this *Rainbow* embrace. She exudes such refinement and poise. I am mesmerized by her ability to be fully immersed in the moment. I stand in stillness with twelve or so fellow Rainbow hitchers, and observe her hug with the

van driver. It goes on for some time. She looks like she is truly absorbing whatever is going on in this hug. Her eyes are closed as she rests her head upon the driver's chest. I notice three specific things. (1) There seems to be no sexual exchange occurring, (2) She doesn't seem to be fearful of *his* sexual energy, and (3) *He is not* trying to give her any more than a hug, albeit a long one. I secretly wish I could embody the kind of trust and balanced sexual power I see in Lara. As far as I know, they have not met prior to this day, but by the hug they share you would think they are related, or in a relationship of sorts.

Looking around, I realize I'll be the only person to reject the van driver's hug if I decline. A fleeting sense of peer pressure arises and I have to tell myself it's OK. I feel like I'm in a movie where everyone drank the 'Kool-Aid', and now it's my turn. I remind myself that I am here, wherever *this* is, on purpose. That's right - I deliberately brought myself traveling in search of my voice and my true Self. Between you and me, I seek the ability to speak up for myself, and the capacity to find my sexual center and power without abusing it. I know I have major issues around being a woman in this world and would love to feel free of the burdensome brainwashing my past experiences have bestowed unto me. This upcoming Rainbow hug is the perfect opportunity to practice a balanced physical experience with a male stranger, free of sexual connotations. I mean, everybody is watching and nothing bad can happen...So, why am I freezing up now? It's just a friggin' hug! Sensing no weird vibes from the driver, I decide his energy is OK and I smile. This gives him the signal to set the hug in motion. He takes me into his arms and aligns his heart directly with mine, chest to chest. He holds me with such stillness that all of time stops. Though I engage in sharing this 'hug,' I do not rest my head upon his chest as Lara did. I keep a steady *pull* away from his body. After all, I don't want to give him the wrong idea. My hug is

shorter than Lara's, and while it's a nice gesture, I do feel a little uncomfortable. It's hard to relax into the experience with so many negative thoughts going through my mind. I hear grandmother's voice warning me of this man's potentially hidden intentions. He senses this and gently pulls himself away from me. My body feels relief at being freed from this hug. But why? Aren't all of those negative thoughts, only in my head? What is really going on in my heart- in his heart? He ends our hug with a long smile, which I am able to reciprocate, thank god. After all, I don't want to be a Rainbow-hug party pooper. I am not afraid to look him in the eyes, and do so in a stoic manner, so as not to seem flirty. I have been practicing looking people in the eyes, both men and women- and it is getting easier over the years to be neutral. Usually I would feel some kind of pressure from a man if I held his gaze for too long. But on the road, I have learned *kind* eye contact can lead to new friends, free food, shelter, and paying clients for my tarot readings.

As hugs amongst the group are completed, one of the girls points to the sky. "Rainbow!" she shouts. I turn and am amazed to witness the largest rainbow I have ever seen. Everyone begins to shout "Rainbow," while jumping up and down. As we make our way to camp we pass a completely naked man hammering shelving of some sort. "There's the kitchen." Announces the nameless driver. Next, a topless woman holding a basket of peaches walks by. She smiles knowingly while a flowing skirt weaves around her legs. My eyes widen, as I cannot believe she is simply walking around so carefree and trusting. She does not exude any weird manipulative sexual stripper or prostitute energy, nor is she bashful. She is simply *be-ing* naturally naked and carries herself so powerfully. Could I ever be so centered in my sexual woman-power, as to give myself a similar experience of walking around this mountain without a top on? In front of men and women? I wonder if she has traveled here alone

or if she has women friends at this Rainbow Mountain. Somehow thinking she has other 'sisters' around makes this whole topless scenario much more acceptable to my frightened inner little girl.

As we settle into the Rainbow, I notice more people displaying partial or full nudity. Where clothing is worn, it resembles that of ancient times. Loose fitting earthy tones flank men's bodies and colorful layers drape over the women. There is definitely no 'mall' bought clothing here. I fit in with my long skirts, shawls, nose ring and tattoo's. No shoes or watches are worn. We sit in a circle for dinner, just as Lara had mentioned. I am grateful for Lara. She is my guide into this new world, and is becoming a dear friend. Our relationship is so natural, as if we have done this all before. Upon realizing I had nothing to receive the morning and evening food offerings in, she gifted me a small bowl made by her own hands while apprenticing with a potter in Switzerland. I count twenty-five gathered on this, our first night with the Rainbow people. We all hold hands and sing the 'Om.' I close my eyes and ponder my journey thus far. I started my travels in Ireland, popped through England, hung out in Italy for a month and now I am here on an unnamed mountain in Greece. Yep, I am an official world traveler, I think to myself as I sip the evening's meal. The hammering naked man from the kitchen area has construed some vegetable soup for dinner. Still naked, he serves our soup with a grouchy look on his face. I wonder if more than vegetables made it into his soupy concoction.

JOURNAL ENTRY
MAY 29TH, 1997
GREECE

*Am I a cave person amongst a tribe? Though I've only been here for a couple of weeks, I feel like I have met my people. Life here is what you would imagine, if making money weren't the main goal of each day. These Rainbow members share everything with one another and contribute what they can to keep the community evolving, whether it is culinary talents and carpentry skills, or money. People nominate themselves as cooks, cleaners, builders and drivers. Members also volunteer to dig shit-pits. This is a very important job, because without shit-pits disease could spread. I am learning it's important to have distinct areas for relieving oneself. For some, their job is talking to the local farmers to trade for organic veggies, fruits, or shovels and the like. Lara just arrived. We are going to do yoga now- will write later. Signing off-
Tuesday*

~

I watch Lara as we clear an area amongst the trees to practice our daily yoga. I am learning so much from her quiet grace. She wears an Indian Sari top with a matching scarf draped across her torso, and a long skirt. "I think it is nice for people to feel safe getting a little bit naked here, but it is not for me," she expresses confidentially. "I am terrified to show my breasts, let alone my entire body. Though I can't help but wonder how it would feel- to be so free, you know?" I say in return and she nods quietly. The attraction I felt for her has shifted and I am happy just being friends.

Sometimes I confuse feeling physically attracted to someone, with being energetically attracted to them. She is so familiar to me. There is a definite sense I know her from before, but 'how' I know her is a mystery. With some people, you just know you can trust them while others not so much. I've made acquaintances where there is an immediate connection, or areas of common experience that make it easy to spend time together. With Lara, it is all of the above. I have always had a sense there is something in reincarnation, but I never felt the kind of connection with someone, where it could actually be true. The other night I asked "So, why did you approach me at the restaurant in Italy? Why not someone else?" Lara tilts her head, and replies with a smile "Do you know about reincarnation?" I smile back. She nods and looks away. Maybe she knows who I am from a past life, and is waiting for me to remember her. We do our yoga and meditate with Yogananda's picture in a quiet shady area we call our 'peace-place.'

~

The crowd was small for the first two weeks, but in the last several days, hundreds of people have flooded the mountain. Lara and I decide to move our tents to the trees, away from all the incoming traffic of newcomers bustling through to find their own plot of land to set up camp. She says it's getting closer to the highlight of the Rainbow, where the Rainbow Gathering becomes a Rainbow *Festival* for two weeks straight. After moving our tents Lara goes to find Mario, a nice Rainbow man that shows a deep interest in her.

Satchel in tow, I walk barefoot through lush fields of tall grass and open valleys. I wonder where on earth I actually am. Away from the crowds, I unveil my breasts and feel a new-found freedom in my body I never knew existed. Sitting atop a cool rock near fancy green ferns, I watch my Rainbow

brothers and sisters from afar. I view the Rainbow people as ‘warriors’ that have come together to heal, rejoice, and commune with one another and the planet, far away from the hustle of ‘big city’ vibes. These people are intuitive, masterly, and assume a maturity of worldly knowledge and spiritual pursuits I can only imagine. The longer I am here, the more *I get* the long hugs and constant smiles. These Rainbow warriors are like stewards of the earth. At least that is the *realization* I got in meditation today with Lara. I call the Rainbow people warriors because it seems like a big job to walk around so happy and giving all the time. Don’t get me wrong, their happiness definitely seems sincere, it’s just I’m becoming aware of all the shit you have to heal to get to that place where you can be so sincerely trustworthy with one another. When I look around, I see the seasoned Rainbow warriors have three things in common. (1) They stand up super straight, as if with the spine of a sage’s staff. (2) They do not look worried, or stressed about anything. Their brows are never furrowed as they seem to embody a deep calm. I call this ‘the brow of enlightenment.’ And (3), they all stand with such an open heart, I mean literally, their shoulders are back and their hearts are open. I call this ‘the chest-plate of a warrior.’

~

JOURNAL ENTRY
JULY 14TH, 1997
GREECE

I am observing silence for the first time in my life. I decided seven days is the right amount of time. I’m not sure if that means I shouldn’t write in my

journal, but there is so much I want to keep track of- I'm deciding it's OK for now. I have had little communication with others over this period of silence. I spend my days exploring the wild terrain of this setting, and sitting peacefully alone in nude meditation on the mountain. It's incredible, because, despite all the love and good people here, my mind has so many judgments of everyone, including myself. I try my best to quiet it, but it has been driving me crazy. Maybe because I am quiet on the 'outside,' my inside is having a party. Today's meditation offered relief. The universe told me "Every time you hear your mind casting out judgments and harsh words, your job is to 'place love there.'" So that's what I have started doing. I am placing 'love' everywhere I go, within and without.

I have a new male companion. His name is Aleph and he is from Chile. He is dark skinned, medium build, and has peaceful eyes. He seems so familiar to me. I feel in him- a true brother. It's like he is me- if I was a man, and I am him- if he was a woman. We are so alike. Our friendship excites me because there is no confusion over sexual energy nor any misdirected flirting and such. This is the first time I am actually having a close friendship with a man without any underlying psychic sexual nuances. Now

this is freedom! I feel so liberated and far away from worrying about if guys are checking me out. There have been no weird exchanges with men in the time I have been on this mountain. Men here are absolutely respectful and I feel closer to revealing my body, at least the top half anyway... I am freaked out though because just as I get more relaxed with the idea, new Rainbow members emerge to the mountain and I have to acclimate to a larger crowd. Does safety in numbers, great or small truly exist? I'm beginning to see clearer and clearer how all of my fears have their roots in my mind. But it seems so true, so real. The feelings I have about being afraid of men, or being afraid of my sexual energy, or their sexual energy all seem so REAL> ughhhh. With all that said, I feel like I can really just be myself and get to know who I am in a very powerful way. I am finding my power and voice through my body. It is quite thrilling!

As I remain on this mountain, I feel myself changing in new and exciting ways. I am walking day and night with bare feet through this mountain, and feeling fearless. I am so grateful for these brothers and sisters. I realize I AM a Rainbow Warrior, and I have come home to my family. Two more days of silence- and then the Rainbow 'festival' begins. I will sign off now with a Rainbow greeting of sorts-

“BOOM!” They use it to say ‘hello,’ to say ‘bye,’ to bless the food, and as an agreement within a conversation. So goodnight and BOOM!

~

I arrive at the main fire pit with Aleph, Lara and Mario. It is now the highlight of the gathering. For the next two weeks, we will be officially experiencing the Rainbow *festival*. Word on the mountain is about 2,500 people are here now. Many dawn bright and colorful clothing along with face and body paint. There is a clear and distinct feeling of celebration amongst this Rainbow family. Members of the tribe spin fire, dance, and perform acrobatics. A spinner throws her flaming staff into the air, twirls her body in a circle, and catches it ‘in time’ to the drummers’ beat. There are at least one hundred drummers drumming in a rhythmical sequence. It is quite a sight! A circle of bare-chested, loin covered, turban style *head-wrapped* men and women stand beating djembes and hand drums of many sizes. The beat thumps through the dirt into my bare-feet. I cannot stop moving my shoulders to this pounding sequence. Lara pulls her top off to reveal a sports bra type of top and approaches the women dancers. She sways her hips in synch with them. Their stepping feet offer up a cloud of dirt around jeweled ankles. My whole body is bobbing to the beat. Before I surrender and join the dancers, I place my quartz crystal atop a large stone lining the fire pit. The crystal has accompanied me along my travels thus far. I bought it at the Bodhi Tree Bookstore. It is supposed to help keep my aura in balance.

I join Lara and the Rainbow sisters in a tribal dance that repeats five very specific steps over and over again. I feel like I am indeed falling into a trance. Everywhere I look, the group is growing in number. The music swells as more

drummers approach, snaking their way down the now emblazoned trail engrained along the side of this sunken valley. This Rainbow festival is hopping like a hot night out at the discotheque! Brothers and sisters wiggle their tongues, creating a sound much like a pack of hyenas or coyotes. The stars shine bright, offering a cosmic canopy for the evening's celebration.

After much dancing, hugging, smiling and tongue wiggling, Aleph approaches and pulls me to sit at the fire. He offers a bottle of cool water he retrieved by walking up the hill to a pump the water diviners tapped. We sit for a minute or so and he reveals two tabs of acid in his hand. "Would you like to *take a trip* with me?" I look down at his hand and see the small tabs are black in color. "They are Gorbachev's," he says in his calm demeanor while swallowing slowly. I watch his Adam's-apple voyage up and then back down his throat. I have never seen *black* tabs before. The tabs I have interchanged with have always had pretty pictures, with names like 'White Lightening,' 'Strawberry Fields,' or 'Butterfly'. But a black tab with the name 'Gorbachev'? I'm not convinced. He looks at me sincerely. "We will be tripping buddies. We won't lose each other. I promise." After pausing, I ask the universe for a sign. "Show me, by way of a clear sign if I am to take this trip tonight." I send my sincere prayer out for divine guidance. I next find myself drawn to glance over and check on my crystal by the fire pit. At that moment, I see it fall into the fire! I glance to Aleph. He sees it too. I reach for it and he places his hand to stop me. "It must need cleansing- better to leave it, no?" I agree and decide *this* is my sign from the universe.

A while later the system between my brain and mouth shuts down. I strum the guitar lazily and begin to close my eyes as if falling asleep while standing. Aleph sees's I am making a transition to the Gorbachev express, and draws the guitar from my immovable hands. I open my eyes and strain

to see through the shimmering light of a bright translucent aura that appears to surround everyone and everything. In the distance, small flickering lights float up the hill as Rainbow brothers and sisters make the pilgrimage back to camp. All of the drumming and dancing are over and only twenty or so of us remain at the main fire where everything started earlier this evening. I am unsure how much time has passed. There is a completely new vibe around the fire now. All those present appear to be completely still, entranced by glowing embers.

I gaze down and notice a young man's head resting at my lap. I receive an impression deep within my gut. "This man is your son from a past life." As if hearing my inner notions, he glances to me and smiles. His eyes burn through mine and I collapse. Taking him into my arms, I begin to cry. Indeed, I do recognize him as my son. I sense a shift from within take place. With closed eyes, I see strings of energy light my body from the inside, like glittering beams emerging from deep within. My spine is filled with sparks of *electricity*. I sit up super tall and open my eyes. I then broaden my gaze. Looking to my left I see another young brother resting his head on my opposite thigh. Mesmerized by the glow of light all around, I lift my head and come to notice as many as ten more young men laying and sitting around me. I slowly look into each of their eyes and softly gaze with them for extended periods of time. I identify every one of them as a son of mine from some past life or another. I weep and my heart sobs out of sheer joy and gratitude. To be reunited with so many offspring from many lifetimes past is indeed overwhelming. These young men know who I am. I am mother. I am woman. They are my sons. I have never felt so sure about past lives as I do now. We remain swooning, hugging, smiling and sobbing together for what feels like an eternity. We are reunited, reconnected and realize so much in our silent communion. I then close my eyes and fall

backwards into the earth. Feeling so safe, loved, and empowered by this occurrence, I weep *and* laugh aloud with these new feelings of ecstatic joy. I am surrounded by men and feel nothing but love and safety. This is a new reality for me. One I am open and ready to receive. I roll to my side looking for Aleph. I can hear him telepathically calling me to join him.

He is squatting down by the low burning fire. I make my way to join him. He reaches into the fire pit and dips his finger into the charcoal ash. He smudges a thick line from the center of his brow up to his hairline. He dips his finger again and reaches toward my face. He smudges lines along my upper cheeks towards my ears. Next he applies one small streak from my lower lip straight down my chin. I lean forward and look to Aleph closely. My mouth opens, but no voice comes out. He tilts his chin upward, shooting me an invisible signal. This reminds me to speak with my mind. “What’s next?” I ask in silent telepathy.

I sit up and crouch down next to him on my heels. The evening is cooling now and as I look to him again, he starts making whistling sounds, as if the wind is blowing. He extends his arms upward and closes his eyes. He is still as a statue. Anticipation mounts as I await his forecast. He turns to me and speaks telepathically. “You are spider woman, show me how the web of the universe is created.” The force of his *voiceless* proposition sends me crashing to the ground from my squatting stance. He stands, and reaches his hand out to mine. Pulling myself up with his grip, I tilt my head sideways and wobble on one bent knee. Looking upwards, I see his question loom in sparkling words above our heads. With a lifted chin, my mouth swells while I inhale his words into my body. Like sucking spaghetti from a fork, I ingest his sparkling words from their invisible sky banner. I reach my arms upward as Aleph did, but instead of taking a solid stand, my body begins to shake. We are forced to look at my

trembling arms and legs, and notice we can indeed see into my physical form. His eyes widen and he cracks a smile while observing his own ‘shimmering question’ race through each of my limbs, veins and organs. My body convulses further and again I open my mouth, to utter not one word. My arms still reaching upward, extend completely vertical. Strands of light begin to cascade from my fingertips, weaving a web above us. I open my mouth wide. Unseen whispers cast from my silent tongue turn into words that float in the wind, reading; *‘Everything is Energy, Energy is Vibration.’* Aleph appears to ‘hear me’ in our shared silence, and nods in agreement. The words are absorbed into the canopy of translucent webbing above us, and sprinkle over our heads into nothingness. It reminds me of fading fireworks. I collapse to a seated position and close my eyes.

~

The Sun’s warmth serves as a wake-up call. I can barely move my legs as I stretch and turn to look around. Amongst the spectacular views of this early morning sun-filled valley, I do not see Aleph anywhere. I also notice everyone is gone from the fireside. How could this be? I collapse and begin to cry, sensing a part of *myself* returning. I’m ‘coming down’ from the acid trip now and it is a huge descent. I literally feel as parts of myself are ‘coming back’ into my body. I continue crying and open my mouth wide to let out a sigh, but no sound comes forth. I gather my blanket and slowly make my way to camp. I hum some gravely sounding Oms to awaken my vocal chords, and clear away any debris of the previous night.

After some time, I make a small fire near my tent and begin to meditate. In stillness, I feel a soft hand upon my shoulder and turn around to see Aleph. He stands behind me with his head wrapped in a large red swath of fabric, his body

draped in a blanket. He holds a tall staff in his hand. We hug and he reaches into his satchel. He then holds out closed fists with palms facing down, as if asking me to choose one. I pick the one on the left and he opens his hand revealing chunks and shards of quartz crystal. My eyes widen and then I tap his second hand and there are even more chunks of crystal! I look at him in smiling disbelief. “Those crystals belong to the larger piece that fell into the fire last night. How did you find them?- What happened?” I ask. “After wandering around for some time- I went back to the fire pit to find you this morning, and I recalled the crystal falling into the fire last night. I moved the ash and burned logs, but could find nothing. I then stood with my feet on the stones around the pit and raised my staff up high...” He re-enacts his movements, his blanket now hanging over his shoulders like a long shawl. “And sending my staff downward into the center of the circle, there was a great ‘smash.’ It’s your crystal buried in the Earth. I tried my best to collect as many pieces as I could, but half of it is still stuck in the dirt.” He points out towards the valley. I take a deep breath in and exhale as I look out to where so much transpired hours earlier. “What is *in* the earth, is to stay in the earth.” I say and touch the magical pieces in his right hand. He releases the crystal pieces into my palm. “Thank you,” I whisper to him and fold the fingers of his left hand back together. “These are for you.”

Chapter Three

Healing Tipi

I am dying, violently ill. I seem to have contracted a stomach bug. My bowels are exploding and I cannot do a damn thing about it. I can't keep any food down front or back, and I have severe cramps. I do not know what to do other than ride it out. Am I sick from water contamination, dirty hands making daily food offerings?...Or am I feeling left over toxins from the Gorbachev? Lara made me plain white rice with garlic and gave me a baggie of 'clean ash' from the fire pit near Mario's camp. She told me to eat 2 spoons of ash each day and that it would help my gut. She said the ash is 'high grade' because he does not allow anything other than clean wood into the fire pit he tends.

Yogananda is relentless in his urgings to guide me to wellness. He comes in my dreams and tells me to seek help. I have vomited in my tent, the worst thing besides accidentally experiencing diarrhea in my tent, and the pain in my stomach is such that I am beginning to worry seriously about my health. Am I that stubborn? I pull my journal and write.

JOURNAL ENTRY JULY 28TH, 1997 GREECE

Every time I touch my belly, I think about that weirdo 'brother' and it makes me feel sick. Let me describe the scenario, I fall asleep by the fire next to a male brother/ friend I have made here at the gathering. All is platonic and easygoing. Upon

falling asleep by the main fire pit there is plenty of space between our bodies and I feel safe... Later I awake to this same man spooning me. I have not given him the go ahead to touch me. Yet his hands begin to roam my breasts, hips and stomach freely. I lay frozen, my back is to him. I'm stuck in cement without a voice. I cannot speak, when what I want to say is 'Stop' or 'No.' I am huddled up by a dying fire in the middle of nowhere and some guy is taking full advantage of me. He next reaches for my crotch area. That's when I at least summon up the courage to jerk my body awkwardly, in an attempt to shake him off like a fly, all the while pretending to be asleep. His hands stop. There is no movement for a few moments, and I am relieved... When suddenly he reaches down to touch me again. I jerk my body even more this time. He moves his hand and doesn't try to touch my crotch again, but continues touching me everywhere else. Oh my god. Where is my voice? I feel like crying but keep completely still so I don't cause any confrontation. I feel his penis harden-pressing into my body from behind. I become paralyzed with fear and pray that this guy will stop touching me! Because I don't have the guts to move my body or say anything, I decide all I can do is surround myself with white light. After about twenty minutes, his roaming hands cease and I hear a soft snore. I then gather my blanket and remove myself

as quickly as possible. I make like lightening and run through the woods to the safety of my tent.

How could this happen to me, AGAIN? It reminds me of a cousin who used to touch me, around the same time of my life as the Yvette saga. I didn't know it was wrong so I let him meander the curves of my obese body when I stayed over and the lights went out. I was so starved for affection and didn't know that what he was doing was wrong, so I went along with the experience of being touched. Is this what I get for walking around without a top on? I mean so many other women are walking safely around, half nude and free. Why not me? After all, I was completely clothed when that weirdo guy started pawing me at the fire pit and I know there are good men here. He is the only dodgy 'brother' I have come across. Yuck. I am so angry with myself for letting this happen. I am so angry with my mother for never telling me I could speak up for myself... Is it all her fault?

I pause in deep thought and continue writing.

Wow, I think I'm realizing something. All I wanted when I was young was to feel loved so badly, that I let anyone, male or female touch me, even inappropriately just so I could feel some form of affection. Why couldn't I speak up to the weirdo Rainbow guy at the fire pit? Why couldn't I say

'stop' and be a warrior about it? Why couldn't I use my voice? God damn you Tuesday- you are a total wimp. I can't even 'sign off.' I hate myself...

My tummy twinges with pain. I rock back and forth riding waves of electric fury. I feel a deep-seated anger towards myself for the first time. Is my current sickness the cause of me *not* dealing with that *irritable* Rainbow 'brother' situation? And does it have roots in the experiences I had with Yvette and my cousin? I pause and stare into Yogananda's eyes. He seems to be mad at me for not going to receive healing. The picture Lara gave me sits on the drum in the corner of my tent. He insists I go to the healing tipi. Oh my god, I gotta run to the shit pit, hopefully I will make it on time.

After relieving myself at the shit pits and resting for a while, I spend the next while crawling to the healing tipi in a grueling military style upon the ground. The pain in my gut is such that I think I may die. Thankfully no one I know has seen me. I feel so weak and needy. I hate feeling this way. Falling into the tipi door, I am greeted by a calm barefoot woman wearing nothing but a blue sarong. She helps me gather myself and lays me down upon a warm sheepskin blanket. It is perfectly quiet inside of this spherically rounded canvas tipi that provides a special place for magical healing. I feel like a fool for having to be here. Why couldn't I have kicked this sickness by myself? I have to surrender to being the one that *needs* something from someone else. This feeling is so powerless.

The healer offers a blanket and I refuse point blank. Though I must admit I *have* cooled down after my long journey in the sun to meet this healer woman, and the tipi is shaded inside, but I cannot show further signs of weakness. Anyway, I don't want to trouble her any more than the fuss I have already caused. "Are you sure?" she asks with a soft tone that is tender and loving. She reminds me of Lara and I

am comforted. She looks me directly in the eye, and I find myself saying “Okay.” As my gaze breaks from hers, I am stunned at my own words. I am showing weakness, how could I betray myself?

She asks what pain and illness I’m going through. I weakly describe to her my last two weeks. She offers me some water and listens contently. “I will share Reiki healing with you,” she announces gently. “Ray-Key?” I say quizzically. “It is a laying on of hands that channels life-force energy through the body to help it heal itself.” “Oh, Okay.” I respond. I have never heard of this *Reiki* before, but I will take all the help I can get.

I lay vulnerable while clenching at my gut, though quickly become surrounded by feelings of safety and warmth as she lays a soft blanket over me. I can no longer hold in my anguish and start to cry as she places her hands upon the crown of my head. After several minutes of sobbing I fall into a comfortable sleep. I awake what feels like hours later. I realize how remarkably rested and restored I feel. Looking around the tipi, I see the healer woman quietly reclined, reading peacefully on the opposite side of this sacred space. She asks if I am ready for more water and offers to help me sit up. I notice I do not resist her assistance, something I would have pulled away from in the not too distant past. We sit in silence for some time as I sip at my water and revel in this restored sense of self.

I then slowly begin to roll the blankets off my body, and she comes to assist me. I allow her to roll up the rest of the blankets. I observe my actions as if there are two of me, one inside my body, watching the experience, and one on the outside of me, *watching me* watch the experience take place. I have no resistance to her actions and realize this is the first time I am actually *not* trying to control things. We share a few words and I hug her with gratitude. I slowly make my way out of the healing tipi into the streaming beauty of this Greek

mountain. As I journey back to my camping area, I am amazed at how I can walk upright. There are no sharp abdominal pains drawing me to grasp at my stomach and bend forward. I find a sunny spot and sit, absorbing what has just occurred. Maybe I have to face the weirdo Rainbow brother. Maybe this is a way to find my voice, practice self-respect, *and* understand my personal power. *Maybe.*

Chapter Four

Open Aura

I have been stationed on this mountain for two months now! My intuition tells me it is time to continue my travels and leave. Lara and I promise to write each other. I know I will meet her again, I just *know* it. “Please hug Aleph for me,” I say. She nods. “The Rainbow-reality of this mountain, plus the journey that got me here will forever be burned in my heart. Thank you for bringing me here. This experience is surely a catalyst to big changes in my world, though I am not sure how so yet. One thing I know for sure is I have found a new strength and most importantly, my voice- through recognizing my inner Rainbow Warrior.” Lara tilts her head softly and pulls me into her warm body, hugging and rocking me gently for what seems like a very long time. I am lost in her embrace and begin to shed a tear. I know if I never met her, I would not know these new parts of myself the way I do now. “I will never forget you Tuesday. You are my sister and friend forever. I know I can trust our connection to last through our lifetime. Yes, we will see each other again, and perhaps sooner than we know!” Lara’s words bring me the courage I need to turn and walk away from this mountain. I know something else is calling me now and I must make myself available for it by continuing on my path. I know how to listen and trust that feeling now.

My pack feels heavy. It has been two months since I’ve carried it in ‘true’ backpacker fashion. My bare feet walk, down the dusty mountain trail, away from the crowds. As I meander towards the area designated to meet my ‘ride,’ I notice a man sitting upon a rock. I am perturbed, as I see it is that weirdo guy who was touching me by the fire. For some crazy reason, I have not bumped into him since, until now.

My knees begin to wobble and my breath becomes labored. I pause and notice my posture is weak and rounded. Stand up tall Tuesday. I say to myself. Find your chest-plate of a warrior, spine of a sage's staff, and brow of enlightenment. This is your chance Tuesday. Use your voice and confront him. I take a slow long breath and continue my path towards this man. As I do, he does not look up. I stand next to him. He is drawing whales in a notebook. They are quite beautiful and appear delicately drawn with a fine black ink pen. He pauses and looks up at me. "Do you know who I am?" I ask. He squints, looks me up and down and answers. "Yes." I don't know what to say next, but I stay true to my warrior posture. "Look, I just want to say it is not fair, how you touched me by the fire, those weeks ago." I am proud of myself for spurring the words out, and feel a rush of empowerment. "Oh, it's not?" His reply leaves me confused. "Excuse me?" I respond in return. "Oh, you think you can run around topless all day, make all the guys hot- and not get what you had coming?" His response leaves me *wanting* to feel threatened. After all I am standing in the middle of nowhere, with a man who mauled me without remorse.

A sudden shift of anger takes over me. "First of all- this is the friggin Rainbow. If I choose to experience a new level of freedom by embracing my body and letting it be free by not wearing a top for a day, I will imagine this to be the safest place in which to do so. And besides- later on I was fully clothed when you decided to maul me at the fire pit." I pause in a stoic manner. "Oh, come on. You wanted it," he replies. Furious, I respond. "What the hell gave you that idea?" "Well, you didn't exactly tell me to stop," he says with a smug look on his face. I then freeze internally and know he is right, I did not speak up for myself. Feelings of self-hate begin to emerge and I want to cry, but I hold back and instead experience a new sense of grace come over me. I pull my pack off and sit down next this man. He is shocked by

my action. I am suddenly comfortable and feel a new degree of personal power, one I have not felt before. A clear and centered voice speaks through me.

“Listen, I am willing to forgive you, even though *you* feel you have done nothing wrong. But what I will say as a ‘sister’ to a ‘brother’ is; Just because a woman does not say ‘no,’ doesn’t mean she’s *saying yes.*” He crunches his forehead and contorts his face into an expression of disbelief. “Look, as a child I was never talked to about sex, and never once knew I could speak up for myself in an inappropriate situation. To this day it is a tremendous hardship for me, and you were my latest example of this. I could not say ‘no’ to you, even though I wanted to. I mean, couldn’t you tell by my jerking body that I was not into you touching me? Besides, what if I truly was asleep, and not just scared to speak up? In that case, you were basically, totally taking advantage of me- and the situation. That’s gross.” I look directly into his eyes and he holds my gaze for a moment, but then looks away. There is a very long pause that becomes even longer... and almost awkward. “Okay, I guess I have said what I need to. I will go now,” I say, and begin to stand up.

Even though this Rainbow brother seems to have no conscience, I feel I have done my duty and am satisfied with my ability to speak up for myself. I can’t let his one rude action towards me taint the kindness and respect of the many brothers I exchanged with on this mountain. I place my pack on my back and begin to walk away. “Wait,” he says. I turn around. “Look, you are right, I *did* have a feeling you were not interested, but I pushed myself on you anyway. I figured since you didn’t say ‘no’ I wasn’t doing any wrong.” There is another pause and I stand in stillness, looking at this man who somehow resembles a young boy now. I take a breath and nod. “You will be much wiser if ever in that predicament again... And so will I.”

I watch from the van window as I descend from the mountain to the ferry hub. Italy is calling me. I think about the nuns of Assisi and the friendly travelers I met at the piazza. Who was I then, and who am I now?

~

One day and a seventeen-hour ferry ride later I end up in Porto Saint Giorgio, on the Southeast area of the Italian boot. At night, I make my home in empty lifeguard huts along the beach. Singing on the streets of this beach town keeps me fed with tourists offering pizza slices and left over bread rolls and butter saved from fancy restaurants. I am low on money and need to devise a plan to get back to Assisi. My heart calls me there, but I don't know why. While I figure out my means, the fresh ocean water serves to cleanse my body and mind. I have never before spent two months living on a mountain. Nor have I been that long free of phones, TV's, and all the comforts I had learned to know. Inspired by my Rainbow family, I am dread-locking my hair with a comb I bought for the equivalent of fifty cents. A nice hotel owner tells me many American tourists will be coming to town later this week. My plan is to read tarot cards for them and hop a train for Assisi with the money I make.

As synchronicity would have it, I bump into Maria on my first afternoon back in Assisi. She is a girl I gave my Doc Martin boots and winter coat to before I left for Greece. She offers her couch and I admit I am ready for a little home comfort. I purchase fresh pasta, basil and olive oil to make a small dinner for us and ask her to invite her mother. She told me a lot about her mother upon my first visit here. She just happens to be a 'Psychic Zen Monk,' go figure! After a delightful evening of chat about Greece and some delicious

wine 'Mama Zen' brought, it is time for bed. I am ecstatic to take a shower and carefully wash my newly born dreadlocks. Though the salt-water of Porto Saint Giorgio washed away earthen dirt from the Rainbow Mountain, now that I am in a closed space with a washcloth I see there are many more layers of grime to cleanse!

Maria has retired to her room. I lay on her couch under a wide-open window. I feel so relaxed and am very grateful to be here now..., So clean- lazing on this elegant sofa. After some time, I become tired and turn to a fetal position facing the inside of this larger than life couch that is my bed for the night. My newly born dread-locks are wrapped in a towel. Maria gave me a clean white t-shirt to sleep in, and I feel cleaner than clean. It is after midnight and the air is motionless. Dozing into a state of deep relaxation and almost asleep, a familiar paralysis falls over my body. I call this paralysis *the Gray*. The Gray always begins in the same way. It starts as a loud vibratory sound that expands from within my head and slowly encapsulates me. I call this *the buzzing that paralyzes*. What exactly is the Gray you ask?... The Gray is that point where you are falling asleep, but are not asleep yet. It's a space in the middle of being asleep and being awake. If white is awake and black is asleep, the Gray is the *space in between*. Have you felt this type of paralysis before?

Minutes go by and I have less control over my limbs. I struggle and soon find I can only move my eyes. In fact, the more I try to move, the more restricted my extremities become. I try to turn over but cannot. Fuck! It's official. I am now locked into the Gray, suspended in a 'frozen' space in time. I lay facing the inside of the couch, with my back toward the center of the living room. The loud vibrational noise inside my head becomes so harsh, so loud... it now sounds like metal being sawn in half by heavy machinery. It buzzes with such force my whole body feels locked in a sonic torture chamber that dismantles any power I may have. I

want to wince, but cannot make a sound or even cringe my face.

A sudden tickle runs up my spine, causing a shift in my awareness. I sense the presence of someone or something behind me. I may not be alone tonight. When I lived in Ireland as a teenager, I endured numerous Gray experiences, many of which, were accompanied by the sense of *visitors* being present. Tonight may be no exception. I feel a particular energy at the middle of my back, as if they are standing behind me pointing to my body with their fingertips. My cheeks fall flush and I break a sweat. I try to take a deep breath in, but my lungs and ribs are confined.

I curse within. Fuck, shit, fuck, shit! Am I still tripping on LSD? My eyes well and I start to cry. I am petrified at the many footsteps I hear smacking around upon my friend's Italian tile floor. I have never yet broke free from the grips of this paralysis. Every time the gray captures me, I am a hostage to its bullying. As if Houdini contained in a straight jacket, I seek any slight movement within the gray's *ties* and continue with all of my might to break free. Just then the noise inside of my head shifts to what sounds like the dragging of chairs around the tile floor. This serves to weaken my will and drive me crazy. I imagine myself in the movie Clockwork Orange. A salty tear drops from my left eye into my right as I lay upon my side. Why is this happening? I am frantic and wonder if Maria can hear all of the noise I hear in my head, from her bedroom. One suspected 'being' has turned into many. I feel like they are walking around behind me, taking notes. They seem to be mischievous and purposely attempting to drive me frantic with the continued high pitch scraping sounds they produce by dragging Marias metal kitchen chairs along the floor.

I close my eyes to absorb my tears and envision the mysterious *beings* as they reside behind me. What are they? Who are they? In my minds eye I see small grey

beings with large black eyes. I have sensed these beings while locked in *the gray* in Ireland, many years ago. But I'll tell you those stories another time. A salty tear drops from my left eye into my right as I lay upon my side. I can feel they're fingers still looming at my back, reaching out to touch me from behind. I am frantic and wonder if Maria can sense anything strange from her bedroom. Through my blurry peripheral vision, I see the white curtains of the open window above my head. They lazily fluff and a cool breeze offers a moment of relief. The high pitch tone is still gnawing at my inner ear and my body begins shaking involuntarily. Several drops of sweat run down my temple and fall over my left eye and into my right eyeball. I lay sweating profusely, locked in an invisible straight jacket, and my vision is now blinded.

I struggle to wipe my eyes and sense a slight movement in my arm. I push with all of my will to move my extremity. As I do, the high pitch sound becomes louder and louder and the *beings* seem to speed up their proceedings of dragging chairs across the living room floor. The sound in my inner ear mixed with the crazy chair scenario sounds like many nails dragging along a chalkboard. This causes me to sweat profusely and my vision is now blinded. Working my will to the max, I decide to turn around and catch whoever or whatever is behind me, 'in the act.' A climax of sound occurs and almost deafens me as I finally break through and release from this spell. The high pitch vibration suddenly ends and my body is free. Apprehensive, I turn around. Nothing has been moved or interrupted, and there are no beings here.

After catching my breath, I sit up carefully and look around this quiet room. I unsteadily reach into my pack. I know I have a \$20 emergency phone card in my address book and it is time to use it. I see a phone upon the table next to the couch. I dial the card's pin code, the country code and then the phone number to the Bodhi Tree Bookstore,

my place of employment before departing for this backpacking journey. “Hello, Bodhi Tree Bookstore, how may I direct your call?” “Trina, is that you?” I ask. “Oh my god, Hello ...Tuesday?” Her voice shrieks with excitement. “Are you still on the road? We have not heard from you in a couple months, are you still in Italy?” I begin to gasp and my voice cracks. Knowing Trina would know what to do in this situation, I speak. “Trina, I think they are here”... There is a pause and sudden silence. I can hear her take a deep breath. “Ok, this is what you have to do- close all the windows and doors. Next, beam blue light out of your pointer finger and close up any holes or cracks in the walls where you are. Beam the blue light out of your finger around each window and doorframe. Go into the kitchen and bathroom and seal up each and every sinkhole, shower hole and vent with the blue light. Finally, find a power spot in the room where you are and state aloud *I now command all inappropriate and discarnate entities, all dark beings, evil spirits and the like to leave this place and never return. I am a light of the highest order and command this to be so. So be it, it is done!*’

I fumble for a pen and write down her directions. “Tuesday, state this affirmation with all of your might, and do so until you feel it is working, until it is true. Now go, and get to work sister.” Her words are powerful and resonate in my ears. She is right, there is no time to waste, I must get to this right away. I thank her and we hang up.

It is now after 2 a.m. I make my way to Maria’s room, wake her up and explain to my Italian friend that I may have had a run in with strange beings in her living room and that I must now shut all windows and doors, including those in her room! “Can I talk to your mom? I think she can shed some light on the situation- you know, her being a psychic Zen monk and all,” I say. With ruffled hair, Maria places her glasses on and while pushing them up onto the bridge of her nose by her first finger, agrees and we call ‘Mama Zen.’ Upon

completion of my sealing up every crevice with blue light from my fingertips, we throw shorts on and walk barefoot about a half-mile uphill.

Maria's mom sits me down and as she touches my shoulder, I begin to cry hysterically. Attempting to share about my paralysis *and* the mysterious *beings* that attempted to drive me nuts, I feel frazzled and extremely vulnerable. "Did anything significant happen while you were in Greece?" She asks. I pause and then tell her about the LSD. Her eyes widen and she nods her head in stoic silence. "Two things are probably happening. (1) You are making an acclamation back into a reality that is *not* 'living on the mountainside.' (2) The LSD you took caused a rip in your energy field and you are walking around with an open aura." I shudder at the thought of my aura being 'ripped open.' This causes me to round my back and cross my arms in front of my chest. "Tuesday, you must avoid alcohol and drugs of all kinds. It is your job to heal the holes in your aura by doing intense cleansing and meditation." She stands up and heads to the kitchen. We watch her pour water into tall, clear glasses and place them on a wooden tray. Upon her arrival back, she looks me over and states "Your aura is like an open door. This open door allows all sorts of unacceptable entities to enter." After a pause, she looks at me and says in a serious tone "They can get into your field and screw with your mind, drain your energy, *and* drive you crazy. Your job is to not let this happen."

I continue drinking the glass of water she gave me and notice it tastes fresh like water from the Rainbow mountain. She says it is normal to *feel* loopy after what I have just experienced, and that I will probably *feel everything* around me with greater intensity and sensitivity until I build up my aura shield again. "How do I start building my aura shields and protect myself from the weird energies that want a part of me?" I ask. "Tuesday, meditate on creating white light

around yourself each morning and evening so you can function in your day to day life without interruptions from unwanted energies and hungry entities seeking to consume your light..." I think about the weirdo guy at the Rainbow, and how I called in white light and soon later he fell asleep. Mama Zen continues. "The light you create around yourself will give you further guidance..." These are her last words to me.

I look to Maria and she raises her eyebrows, in a way, much like Groucho Marx. Her expression tells me our time with Mama Zen is up.

After meditating for some time amongst the beautiful trees of this Assisi mountainside, I decide it's time to go home, and I mean 'home-home,' like, *back to my family*, home. Maybe the LSD I took in Greece with Aleph is the last dance I will have with it.- *Maybe.*"

Chapter Five

Baggy Pants and Zippers

JOURNAL ENTRY FEBRUARY 3RD, 1998 EN-ROUTE TO NEW YORK CITY

Hi Journal, I have not documented anything since my exodus from Italy six months ago. And I'm back on the road so to speak... on a plane to New York now. Where do I begin? I feel the need to tell you about the past six months. When I got back to Los Angeles from Italy, I moved in with my family and experienced a nervous breakdown. I went through major depression while sharing bunk beds with my little sister. I couldn't leave the house, get a job, or integrate with society. I saw very few of my old friends and was taken over by loud voices in my head that repeated negative words like "Go ahead and kill yourself. You are worthless anyway. There is no point in being alive." I saw hallucinations from the corner of my eye all the time and thought I was going insane.

All of my childhood pain, sadness, anger and confusion began to rise, along with two distinct characters from my past, Brian Woodley and Yvette- AGAIN! I became highly paranoid and could not fit

into society. I seriously thought I was going crazy and would need to be checked into a psych ward. Deeply depressed, I hid away for a long time. I stopped playing my guitar and would just curl up in bed crying while my family stood by and watched my re-entry into the world.

The Gray visited over and over like an annoying bully. It wore me down. Fighting it off exhausted me completely. I was so weak and scared at first. I would just let the Gray have its way with me. But as I got stronger and practiced building light around my body, I finally gathered enough willpower to fight it off. In fact, my training is such that I can now sense it coming before it hooks into me, and I can stop it at will. Well, at least most of the time. There are times I wait too long before putting up my defenses. In those cases, I am taken into its rigid embrace and held hostage until it spits me out. Something has changed about the visits now. In fact, the more light I imagined around myself, the fewer visits I got over time.

The last Gray visit I had was a different kind of experience altogether. I had fallen in and it was too late to 'get out.' But this time I was more of an observer than a victim. It kind of welcomed me in a new way and my body relaxed instead of tensing up. The more I let go into it, the more my body began to

find, what I can only explain as 'multidimensional fluidity.' I felt my body rise above my bed to perform slow and beautiful somersaults in the air. After performing about five or six of these slow motion acrobatics, the Gray lightly lowered me back down. Next thing, I awoke at 6.30 am, reveling in the memory of a very different kind of 'Gray-scape,' one that was actually nice and nurturing.

I view going into the Gray as a choice now. Don't get me wrong. I know at any moment it could overrun me and confine me in ways of horrible assault. But it's heavy hold has somehow acted as a means for me to strengthen my personal power in ways I do not completely understand... not yet anyway. Let's just say my spiritual power is more potent than ever. Even though, I am not one hundred percent sure exactly what that means yet-I feel it. I now practice sending light out through my hands, and surround my body, things, and home with white light and protection- just as Mama Zen suggested all those months ago. I spend time each day visualizing my aura as perfect and whole. I started hiking, to help get me 'back into my body.' I wonder where I can hike while in New York? Maybe my friend Eva will know.

To finish my story, after four months of darkness I came across the picture of Yogananda Lara gave

me. We kept in touch and I feel she is one of the only people I can relate to at this time. About a month or two ago I started to meditate again and slowly began picking up my guitar. This recent depression forced me to 'master my mind' in order to get better. I might be dead now if I hadn't at least given self-love and positive thinking a shot. As I became stronger in my day-to-day mindset, I began playing open mics.' Yep, finding my voice, once again- has been a very grounding, healing, and empowering experience. I wrote a song called 'Easy Chair'.² It's about fighting off depression and the darkness one can feel so violently confined to. Maybe I will get a chance to sing it while I'm here. I brought my guitar along for the ride.

I've decided a change of pace is in order, so I'm visiting a pal in New York City named Eva. I'm on a plane to New York City and she said I could crash at her place...We'll see where my adventures take me.

Boom!- Tuesday

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Pressing a complicated code of buttons along a row of numbers, I hear a voice through the wall. "Hello?" It asks. "Eva- I'm here!" I exclaim. "Okay... I'll buzz you in!" Her voice echoes through the intercom and a loud crescendo of

static ends our brief exchange. Radiators hiss and steam as I make my way through this building's large warming hallway to the elevator. The wall-side radiators remind me of Ireland. Every building I remember in the Emerald Isle had heaters, or 'radiators' like this. Some landlords were stingy and would keep them on low, even in the height of winter. If you were lucky and had a nice landlord, the rads' would be scalding hot. So much so you could dry your clothes on them. You would have to open windows *and* be careful not to burn yourself on them too. It is February and freezing cold outside. I am glad to see there is no holding back with the heat in this towering structure, and muse at the generosity of this building's proprietor.

Eva and I know each other from the Bodhi Tree bookstore in West Hollywood. That's where I worked the year before meeting Lara and the Rainbow people. When I left for Europe, Eva moved to New York for college and has held an open invitation for me since. I bought a round trip ticket to New York- with no set plans.

I hug Eva and we squeal in delight while gleefully jumping up and down like schoolgirls. It has been quite a while since we have seen one another and it feels like a new chapter is beginning. "Welcome to my home Tuesday! This is my girlfriend Riga." I peer around the corner from the hallway and see a woman sitting tall, yet tranquil. She is watching something on the TV and twirling a dread-lock between her fingers. Is she a Rainbow person? I hear the words in my mind, and recall Lara's soft voice as she asked me if I was a 'Rainbow person.' Riga turns to me slowly, her immediate attention still glued to the television. I glance to the TV and see some interesting looking pyramids on the screen. Finally released from the show she is watching, she quickly turns the volume down and hops up. "Sorry 'bout that, I don't usually watch TV, but there is this program on about some Mayan prophesy stuff." She turns and pulls me into a warm

embrace. I quickly embrace her too and as I go to pull away, she holds me still. She is steady in her hug, like the driver which took us up the mountain on my first day at the Rainbow. This causes me to pause and relinquish all rushing and haste. I happily drink a beer with my friends and recount my travels to date.

The next week Riga says she is having some friends over for Sake. As I enter her home for the first time, I am amazed to see so many Rainbow type people present. I am warmly welcomed, and find a seat on a meditation cushion. We sit in a circle around a short, round, coffee table that has scribbled handwriting and handprints painted on it. Riga passes out small ceramic cups and I see all the women have body hair, as I do. I eventually disbanded my shaver on the mountain in Greece and allowed the hair of my legs, underarms and bikini line to grow freely. Though I had trepidation about it at first, I have become accustomed to being a 'natural woman' like the other Rainbow women I met. As we talk, I notice these brothers and sisters *look* like Rainbow people, but there is an edge to them that is different. They are into politics and talking about the downside of the government. I take a long look at this tribe I sit amongst. Have I fallen into a *Rainbow tribe in New York City?*

The intercom buzzer goes off. "That must be Troy," says Riga. In enters a handsome young twenty year old. He is tall, long-limbed, and has a swimmer's body. We make eye contact right away and he sits down beside me. After introducing ourselves, we talk about how we each know Riga. After we have all had a few drinks, he starts to flirt with me. I am amused by this young man's advances. "So, how long are you in New York?" He asks while touching my arm. "I really have no plans at all. I know Eva from L.A and so I am staying with her while I figure things out. I have a return ticket to fly back to L.A in two weeks." I pause. "Stay in New York, don't go back to L.A!" Exclaims Troy while

rubbing his shoulder coyly upon mine... “We’re having a party next Friday. My roommates are really cool, you should come!” He looks at me, in a way, that says he may be very interested in me. I see he is the only one in the crowd wearing baggy pants that fashion many zippers. They look like the type of pants a hip-hop singer would wear. He sports a t-shirt that reads ‘NOW.’ As we talk throughout the night, he mentions having read *Autobiography of a Yogi* by Paramahansa Yogananda. This peaks my interest and I see there is a deeper dimension to this lad. At the end of the night, he gives me a quick kiss on the lips and a tight hug. His tall body hunches over to encompass me, and I like the way it feels.

~

Eva and Riga can’t make the party at Troy’s place, so I get familiar with the subway and make my way out to Queens. “Tuesday!” Shouts Troy loudly as he opens the door. He is obviously further along in the drinking department than I. He hunches over my body and squeezes me ‘Hello.’ Enjoying this experience for the second time, I feel a rush as his chest presses into my bosom. I realize the last time I was with anyone romantically, was almost two years ago. The music is loud with plenty of bass booming through the floorboards. Everyone is friendly, though this is no Rainbow crowd. It seems more a college party than anything else. After a couple of fruit punch cocktail drinks, I am feeling buzzed. I have not drunk this much hard alcohol in a long time. I guess I’m in the city now, and this is what happens. Being in New York reminds me of merrymaking in Ireland, where every gathering is a great reason to have a drink.

Troy *whooshes* past me. He is patting his mouth while talking loudly over the music. He rushes back to my side and links arms with me. We next run around the house, arm in

arm, making wild noises and laughing out loud. We enter the basement where people are painting on the walls. I grab some blue paint and paint a round orb. "That's planet earth!" I say. Troy then takes a small paintbrush and paints two stick figures holding hands. "That's you and that's me." He looks at me with large round blue eyes. His lean body and thick lips begin to reach out to mine. We exchange in the most sensual kiss. He touches my face gently and leads me to his room. We drink, talk, and kiss all night long, never taking our clothes off. He holds me close to him and I surrender to his warm embrace. I am curious as to his attraction for me. He looks like the type of guy who would go for someone quite the opposite. What an interesting pair, me with my gypsy skirt and tattoos, and him with his baggy pants and zippers.

Chapter Six

Mosh Pits and Mass Mayhem

Time has flown. It's July now and so much has happened in the last six months. I love my new life! I've been seeing Troy. He is very different from me, but we are having fun. Eva's lease ended, and since I've decided to stay in New York, we got an apartment in Washington Heights. I work as a nude model in the fashion district. I know the Rainbow has given me courage to unveil my body, even though the furthest I *unveiled* myself while at the Rainbow was topless those few times while meandering the mountainside, a couple of nude meditations away from the crowd, and the one afternoon I went topless around the main fire circle with the Rainbow tribe. Because my job is in a school setting, I feel safe enough to be completely naked. The money is outrageous and I am feeling empowered by the mere act of not feeling like I have to hide my stretch marks and cellulite. I feel like I am overweight presently, but the teachers say I make a great 'fine arts' model with my voluptuous curves and folds. The work I do feels tasteful, and the students I work with range from sixteen years old to an older group of students' in their seventies.

I love this city! I feel so provided for in every way. But the only thing that bothers me about living in Washington Heights are the bullying 'machismo' men in my new neighborhood. They stare at me constantly and make sexual comments in Spanish. I am not used to wearing a bra, and never felt overly self-conscious about it. But now I feel all the men on the streets watch my tits as I walk the three blocks to the train station. I have to stay positive though, I mean this is where I have chosen to be, right? On another note, I found a funky cafe to perform at called the BMW Bar. In fact, my art

students turned me onto the space. The manager of the bar asked if I would play an ongoing afternoon set there a couple times a week in exchange for free beer. Riga accompanies me on her drums. I also met some rock dudes there and have been jamming with them ever since. We are starting a band. I really like these guys and when we jam, something magical happens I cannot deny. We are creating a new sonic frequency that makes my body quiver, my head shake and my hips move in a new and sensual way. The guys already have a band name. It's '69 Nova.' I don't see any reason to change it.

It's exciting getting to know the 'city tribe' through Eva and Riga. Everyone is so politically aware. I am learning of injustice in the government, and I'm getting into conspiracy theories. The natural women of this city-based Rainbow tribe eat organic foods and use products from the health food store only, such as organic and 'body friendly' deodorant, tampons, toothpaste and shampoo. It has made me more aware of what I put into my body, and on it too. I splashed out and bought all new products for myself.

I went to my first political rally with the tribe, in honor of a man who has apparently been wrongly accused, and is on death row. Eva and Riga are deeply involved in this cause. As I read pamphlets on the bus to the rally, I am saddened and angered at 'the system' for conducting unjust trials. I walked with hundreds of people at the rally and feel like I have met my new calling. In a frenzied chant, we called out "Free Mumia!" over and over again. Everyone should be allowed freedom, right? We walked for miles carrying placards. Troy and I are going with the tribe to the rally next week in Philadelphia. I am learning a new side of life I did not know before, *and* I'm finding my voice in new and exciting ways.

~

On the subway, I go downtown with my guitar to play a gig with the band. We've been together for about four months now. Troy helped us record our first demo CD and we plan to sell it at our shows. We are quickly gathering a loyal fan base through playing live sets at the BMW Bar. Tonight is a big one- we play at CBGB's. Hopefully, twenty people will show up. The owner said if we can't pull in that many, don't bother trying to get another gig there. I am starting to write more political songs now. I have exchanged my gypsy skirts for camouflage combat pants and my Stevie Nicks floppy hat for dark shades. I am taking Kung Fu classes and spend my spare time talking about political events with the tribe.

I refuse to wear a bra despite the advances of men in my neighborhood. *They are* the reason I have stopped wearing skirts though. I feel constantly threatened by them, *and* constantly angry towards them. I wear pants almost always now, in case I have to 'run.' Because of my city meanderings and band rehearsals, I am out late and am constantly harassed by the local men as I walk to and from the subway station. I have taken to carrying a *ninja hand jack* in my pocket. It is a device held in the palm of the hand, bearing spikes that protrude out from in between my fingers, in case I have to punch someone. My Rainbow mountain glow has faded and I am becoming more of a 'city warrior' than a 'Rainbow warrior.'

As I spend time with my city tribe, I see there is so much wrongdoing in the world. How could I have not known about *the Man*? And how did I not know about the harm of using aluminum and Teflon pots and pans? After watching a documentary about the treatment of animals, I am disgusted by dairy products. I have started to eat a vegan diet, but somehow I am gaining weight. I am learning 'the Man' is

responsible for so many wrong doings in the world. I never liked politics, but I am getting the knack of the talk and enjoy understanding things on a deeper level. Basically- everything is tampered with by the Man, in some harmful way. I get angry about this stuff often and am glad I have the platform of the band to sing about it.

I arrive downtown to meet the guys in the band. I am really pumped. Our music is grungy, loud and very hard edge. This will be the first time we can truly play loud, besides at the rehearsal studio. Even on a small stage like the BMW, we all *head-bang*- and it is fierce! My vocals have expanded too. I sing so often now, my voice feels like a rubber band. I can sing high and low with ease. Our pre-show antics includes me having to buy the guys drinks at the bar because they are underage, and me drinking a religious pre-show pint of Guinness (the only alcohol I will drink before singing- ever. This worked out especially well when I lived in Ireland.) We down our beers and are ready to hit the stage. Our sound-check was only okay. The soundman is very impatient and grouchy, but oh well. They say a so-so sound-check means a great show. Let's hope they are right! The lighting dims and the crowd gathers. All of our usual friends from the BMW are here, plus many more! We seem to have drawn a large population of *dreadlock-Rage Against the Machine-type* onlookers. A bunch of people I met at the rally are here! I made a mailing list to collect peoples' addresses a while back, and have been carrying it around with me everywhere I go. The band made cool mini flyers, and we all chipped in for stamps.

There is suspense in the air as the guys ring out a 'thrashing sonic boom.' The crowd swells with anticipation and the boys hit the intro hard and loud... I begin to sing-

"Genetic, Genetic, genetic engineering, every-body listen up to what you are hearing. We are consumers, we are what we buy, we eat and drink what's cast into the public eye. All of these items that on T.V, from the food that we eat to the shoes on

our feet- do we know where it comes from, or how it was made? Well, corporations endorse it-that's how they get paid! So they take some of the money that they already have and the scientists do create in they lab, bio-technology to genetically engineer, all that is natural, sacred, and dear. They ownin' and clonin' the one copyright, the one seed, the one breed- to monopolize.

*Are we putting at risk the world's economy, the food chain, our earth, our own biology- by introducing these new breeds into our system with no safety checks from earth or her wisdom? Are we the guinea pigs, are we earth's people, are we the guinea pigs of something quite lethal?...”*³

We work up a sweat on stage and as we break between songs I make an announcement. “I have a petition against genetically modified foods, and I urge you all to sign it. The Man is messing with our food chain.” All of the dreadlocked kids in the crowd move forward to sign the petition. I pause and then begin shouting out to the audience in a rally type of style. I hold my hand to my ear and shout into the microphone. “What do we gotta do?” The audience responds: “We gotta stop The Man!” I pretend I can't hear them and we repeat our call and response heretics louder and louder still. The band thrusts into our next song with guitars blazing. We attract many *city tribe* Rainbow types. This dreadlock crowd knows a lot about politics. They head-bang in the midst of a mosh-pit they create at the front of the stage. They *also* like to get angry at ‘The Man.’ Something I am resonating with more and more as I live in this city.

~

Three weeks later there is electricity in the air as large crowds gather in a small town-square in Philadelphia. I am in Philadelphia with the ‘tribe.’ We are attending another rally to

free Mumia Abu-Jamal from death row. This is the biggest rally yet. There are close to ten thousand people here. Word is people are bussing in from all over the country for this one. As we walk to find the eye of this storm, we find many familiar streets barricaded off. A sense of tension grows amongst the crowd. Everyone becomes enraged and are stepping on each other's feet to find a way out, or in. It seems the police have us in a holding pen of sorts. There are helicopters flying overhead and News crews filming the proceedings from adjacent streets. Troy did not come this time, he says he's not so into the whole 'rally' thing anymore.

I am wearing my shades, combat pants and a shirt that says 'Free Mumia.' My heavy boots serve to protect my feet from being trampled as we walk the line of the protest. I must admit I feel how I imagine those animals in that documentary I saw about veganism must feel. I find myself uncomfortably crammed into this crowd, and momentarily feel helpless. There is chaos abounding and people are becoming unruly and impatient around me. It is clear we are being treated like a bunch of cattle waiting to escape a small pen. It seems the police have anticipated the size of today's crowd and created barricades along many side streets to keep everyone in order. This fucks up the 'plan.' We sat on the bus with our street maps configuring our plan. The objective: *Get to the steps of City Hall.*

Suddenly and without notice, a barricade opens towards the street where all the courthouses reside. There is a rush and I feel like I am in the ocean, as a large wave pulls me under- from behind as a Tsunami of bodies stampede the road. I end up on the *front line* and hold my placard up in a righteous manner. I angrily shout 'Free Mumia' as I shake my other fist in the air. Helicopters swoop down with film crews as our angry mob descends into this city's center. This is such a rush, I feel empowered as I yell out-loud with the thousands of others gathered here today. By the end of the

rally I am hoarse in the throat, and my body feels worn out. That was a good day's work of getting back at The Man.

JOURNAL ENTRY AUGUST 2, 1999

It's been a year and a half since my landing in NYC and I feel like a full power New Yorker! The band is gathering a large and loyal following. We have sold a couple hundred CDs, venue booking agents have 'heard of us' and are eager to give us valuable 10pm Friday night slots! This is prime time! I still work as a Fine Arts model and love it. It pays well and gives me time to rehearse with the band and write my own music too. Eva moved back to Los Angeles and Troy moved in with me. He got me an eight track analog recorder for my birthday. I enjoy writing and recording songs during my time off. In fact, I am putting together a bunch of songs for a solo CD I want to call 'Thunder Years.' He is also helping the band record some tracks. Riga is still here and plays percussion with me when I perform my solo music. I now host a female open mic at the BMW bar called Fire & Voice. There are so many talented women songwriters in this city. It is awesome to share in this world of singing storytellers!

Oh my God! Also, some amazing news- Troy came into all of this money through an inheritance and just bought us airline tickets to Australia for the New Year! I know its months away, but I am so excited... Lara says there will be a Rainbow gathering there for the Millennium, can you believe it?? She and Mario are going! I knew I would see her again. I just knew it- and in Australia, at a Rainbow gathering of all places.

I hope this trip will help my relationship with Troy. Things have been strained for quite a while now. He has started mentioning a dislike for my leg hair. It makes me feel so unattractive and unloved; even though he says he still loves me. I mean, he must-right? Why else would he be taking me to Australia? I know he is younger than me, but it never seemed to be an issue before. Maybe his age is causing a rift. Maybe he is just not as mature as I am about the whole body hair thing.

I don't know how I have gained so much weight in the last six months either. In fact, my weight keeps going up and then down by about twenty or thirty pounds. But it has gone up by more than thirty this time. I guess it's because I have stopped going to Kung Fu. Even though I do eat a vegan diet, I find myself binging on cookies when I feel emotionally withdrawn from Troy. Am I subconsciously creating

a padding of protection around myself? I think back to my early childhood when I was obese during the Yvette and Brian Woodley years. Am I eating because I think Troy is judging my body? Either way, his inability to love me just the way I am, makes me feel down. Sometimes I'm not sure if he really loves me the way he says he does. Oh well, we have plenty of time to strengthen our relationship. And maybe I will drop some pounds before our trip. Signing off- Tuesday.

Chapter Seven

Australian Rainbow

Australia 2000

Australia is the most magically charged place I have ever been. I mean, Ireland is super powerful too, but there is something engaging about the size of this crazy country. It's like the goldfish theory, where everything grows to the size of its surrounding environment. As we go deeper into the 'bush,' the trees and mountainous planes take on a life of their own. As we find places to hike, it is like being in a large rainforest. I feel tiny amongst the towering trees. I cannot wait to see Lara. We have been good about keeping in touch. I cannot wait to see my 'sister' again. My inner Rainbow Warrior needs a serious reboot.

As Troy and I hike away from the groups of people that spill off the bus for our hour-long break, we come across a large fresh water lake and decide to get in to cool off. Australia's 'winter' is the same as our 'summer.' So even though it is December here, the weather is hot and humid. I realize how the city has worn me down, and toughened me up. I feel heavy carrying all of this extra weight on my body. As we come around a bend, we notice two other couples enjoying the gift of this lake's water. We start talking and sharing of our travels as we submerge into the coolness of the lake. The couples are from America too. The guys are talking with Troy, and I am talking with the girls. One of the girl's notices my leg hair and asks kindly if I generally do not shave my legs, or if I simply lost my shaver along 'the road.' She seems genuinely interested in my response. "I don't shave. It's just not me- I prefer to *be* just the way I am, a 'natural woman.' The definition of 'beautiful' is a wide

spectrum- and having shaved legs does not constitute whether a woman is beautiful or not.” I end my statement feeling correct in my mini-speech. Suddenly Troy chimes in. “Well, I would like it a whole lot better if you got rid of all that hair. I can’t stand it! It is so unattractive.” I am suddenly humiliated and become momentarily frozen. His comment has hurt my feelings deeply. It makes me feel ugly and question what he sees in me. I slowly leave the lake area, telling the girls I will find a place to pee. I am lying. I really want to break down and cry. I look down at my ‘hairy’ legs and feel so confused. Why is Troy with me if he hates my body so much? Over the course of our travels, I see more and more ‘natural women’ and it brings me a sense of relief. I notice plenty of girls with hair on their legs that have cute boyfriends too. *You see- it is possible.* I tell myself. Two more days and I will reunite with Lara at the Rainbow festival. We will be surrounded by natural women and Troy will learn it’s not such a big deal.

We realize taking the bus hundreds of miles to find the Rainbow, is not the way to go for us. Eight hours a day of sitting on a bus, screaming children and tourist highlights are not what we are seeking. We want adventure and to get off the beaten track. We see a funky car for sale in a town our bus has stopped off at along the way today. Within no time we have made contact with the selling owner, who happens to be a Rainbow brother! Troy buys the car and we decide to take the next few days clearing paperwork before our travels continue. Happily enjoying our own pace, we eventually find ourselves in the area where the Rainbow is happening. I know the gathering must be tucked away somewhere. It is probably miles away from the already *no-thing* in this empty small Australian outback area. As we wander around this tiny ‘town’ that consists of a ‘crossroads,’ I see a small orange Om scarf hanging at what looks like the entryway to a large field. “This is it!” I exclaim excitedly. We park the car near other

funky looking caravans in this deserted area and make our way along a three-mile hike with heavy packs on our backs. I know I have already started to lose weight because my clothing fits much looser. After some time, I can hardly believe my eyes.

“Lara!” I exclaim, running over a large field in the ‘car area’ of this Australian Rainbow. I meet the arms of my *original* sister. We embrace in a super long Rainbow hug. Lara is with her Rainbow boyfriend Mario, and we all make introductions. Later at the dinner circle I meet many others from the Rainbow in Greece and wonder if I will see Aleph here too. It feels so good to be back. I feel my New York defenses soften and my heart begin to open once again. Troy becomes quickly aware that he is the only male person at the Rainbow with clothing that encompasses zippers and becomes self-conscious. Lara and Mario sell clothing at the markets in Thailand and she finds a pair of blue ‘Thai’ pants that fit him perfectly.

That night I sing at the fire and feel right at home within this Rainbow family. Troy is happy working with the men putting tipi’s up, and building in the kitchen area. I spend most of my day’s catching up with Lara and it feels good to have the company of a female who knows what it’s like to be a natural woman in the world. “Does Mario disapprove of your leg hair? I ask. She pulls her skirt up, revealing fine blond hair that is lightly sprinkled upon her lower legs. “I do not have so much, like other women. For him, it is not such an issue,” she says softly. I tell her about Troy’s resistance and how it makes me feel so unworthy and unattractive.” She shows me some meditation techniques and says that the mind is the cause of my sadness. “Balance your mind with these techniques, Tuesday, and you will find greater peace.” I begin to practice every day, and am come over with a similar realization as I had in Greece. I hear the words “Place love here,” over and over in my mind as I sit with meditation in

the thick of this Australian bush.

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Two weeks have passed and I have not seen much of Troy in the day-to-day of things. We usually end up meeting back at the tent, or at the dinner circle in the evening. I miss his affection and go for a walk to find him. I come across a large opening with a lake and hear his voice. I continue walking and find him lying next to a Rainbow girl on the dirt's edge before the water starts. She is attractive, large-bodied, and has long, thick dreadlocks like me, except her hair is blond. Troy is laying on his side with his back to me. She sees me and rolls onto her stomach quickly from leaning on her side. I notice her tank top is made from sheer material that is wet and very see-through. They must have just gone for a swim. "Troy notices her looking over his shoulder and turns around. "Oh, hey Tuesday." He says in a cool manner and turns back to face her. In fact, his manner is so cool, I suddenly do not feel *special* to him. I feel as if I am intruding on *their* romantic time together. I decide to let her know he is my boyfriend, and assume my best Rainbow warrior chest plate, brow of enlightenment, and the spine of a sage's staff. I approach and sit down next to them in a peaceful manner. There is silence for what feels like many minutes and it becomes awkward. I glance to her legs and notice they are shaved, but her underarms are not. She lays still and does not say a word. "Tuesday, this is Emily." Finally, Troy speaks. I look over to meet her gaze and she seems to have a hard time looking me in the eye. "Emily is from Germany..." Troy continues.

I nod to her in silence and then turn to Troy. "So do you want to go for a swim?" I ask. "I just got out, but you go ahead." I am definitely feeling out of the loop here. There is more silence. It is difficult, but I decide to 'place love here'

and begin to head for the water's edge. I coyly disrobe, telling myself I should not be ashamed of my body- this is the friggin 'Rainbow.' Besides, there is really no comparison as Emily's body is similar to mine; large framed, thick and curvy, except she has larger boobs than I. she is still trying to hide her see-through top from me as she lays face down on the dirt. I'm sure they have been flirting. She obviously knows I am 'with' Troy, and does not want to reveal to me that she has been baring her breasts to him through her see through top. I walk slowly into the lake. As I get deeper in, I am maybe fifty feet away from Troy and Emily and can hear them bantering, and laughing in a flirty kind of way. I feel like an idiot. There must be something going on between them. I rarely even see Troy around the gathering these days. After my dip, they become quiet again as I replace my clothing. "So, I will see you later then?" I say to Troy. He barely looks back to me and mutters "Yeah, sure."

JOURNAL ENTRY FEBRUARY 29TH, 2000

I have been at the Rainbow for over a month now and am so confused. Am I 'stuck' in Australia with a man who does not seem to be in love with me? Troy and I seem to have good days and bad days. Today is a bad day. Everything has been so good up until the Rainbow, we have been great travel buddies along the road, so why is he being so distant now? Does the hair on my legs really make me that unattractive to him? I do love Troy, but I am finding it harder and harder to 'place love here' when I do not feel any love from him in return. It's also

confusing because sometimes he shows me more affection than other times. When we spend time with Lara and Mario, he is hugging me and very close. But when we are around the others, he becomes more distant. Who am I? Am I a woman in this world? It is blowing my mind to- once again be so far removed from society in this way. I feel miserable. I am getting my period and have very few organic tampons left. I feel moody and can feel cramps coming on.- Signing off now, with a 'Not so BOOM.'

I start to cry and collapse into a heap on the floor of our tent. I crave the comforts of home so badly. I just want to watch old 'black and white' movies on the couch and eat chocolate cake. I am doing my best not to hate my body, or my hairy legs. I just don't understand Troy. If he doesn't like me, and is embarrassed by me, then why is he with me? I become a sobbing mess and run my hands over my dreads. Tears fall as the blood of my cycle begins to flow. Though *I am* recharging my 'Rainbow spirit,' I feel alone and needy. I don't like feeling needy. I have a flash of the Rainbow in Greece, and how I consciously learned to 'receive' in the healing tipi.

I met a woman here, who says she is a Reiki Master Teacher. She leaves the Rainbow for New Zealand tomorrow, but said I can come by and she will be happy to share healing with me. I am overcome with a *feeling* to go and pay her a visit. I find 'Angel' among the many hills, tents and tipis in this deep Australian valley and tell her of my woes. She is older than I, maybe in her forties. She rolls out a soft purple blanket and urges me to lie down, She covers me with another blanket and I do not hesitate to welcome it. I feel

ready to 'receive' and close my eyes.

JOURNAL ENTRY CONTINUED
FEBRUARY 29TH, 2000

Oh my god. So earlier, I found Angel and she shared "Reiki" healing with me. I feel so super charged up and clear! I feel empowered and relieved of Troy's crap and projections. It's as if everything has slowed down and I am living life in a literal moment-to-moment fashion again. I am back in my body, and out of my mind. I realize I was thinking so many thoughts about Troy. I had amassed a plethora of insecurities about our relationship. I now see, in a new awareness, the power I had given him over me. I simply see I no longer need to do that.

As soon as I left Angel's tipi- I headed straight to my tent and put on my cut off jean shorts I have been so afraid to wear. Due to Troy's projections about my leg hair, I have been anxious to wear them, so I have been sweating in my long skirts, But not any longer. Oh MY GOD!!! I feel my hips are so free now. It's like my body is released of heavy shackles. In the short couple hours since my healing session with Angel, I feel my body moving differently. My hips sway unabashedly from side to side with every step I take...Like a 'real woman in her power' would walk.'

I always feel inhibited when it comes to being sexy, or feeling sexy, but now I am tapping into something I have never before experienced. All the emotional strife and mental confusion within me have melted away. It's as if all negativity has just fallen off of me. This Australian Reiki healing session hit the refresh button for me. I am suddenly liberated and recharged. I feel healed on every single level of my being. Unfortunately, Angel is packing up for New Zealand. Otherwise, she said she would share the Reiki teachings with me. I have decided when I get back to New York, I will find a Reiki teacher. I want to learn how to perform this healing on myself and share it with others too. Back in the light and loving it!! WOOO WHOOO... Signing off with a BIG JUICY, BOOM!

Our last month in Australia is exceptional. We leave the Rainbow to do more traveling, and a new level of intimacy awakens in my relationship with Troy. Maybe it's because I have stopped caring about what he thinks, or maybe it is just the flow of things. He never brought up Emily's name again, and I feel like his attention and affections are back to orbiting me. Troy has become more romantic and thoughtful towards me. Our lovemaking has resumed a playful and erotic degree it has not exhibited since last year. This refreshed version of myself is highly confident. Maybe that's what is attractive to Troy now, hairy legs and all.

The Reiki Apprentice

BOOK TWO

The Scroll of Brooklyn

Chapter Eight

A 'New' New York

It's April 12th and I've been back in New York for a couple of weeks. Australia was an experience 'extraordinaire' and I am so very grateful to have greeted the Millennium from the other side of this planet. I feel a new sense of inner liberation and excitement I haven't felt for years. I am glad to be back singing with the band, and I scored a new part-time job too. My life is now composed of late rock rehearsal nights, and early clocking into work mornings. I work as a front desk girl at *Jivamukti*, Manhattan's premier Yoga Center on Lafayette St, downtown.

Russell Simmons the popular music mogul is a regular and many famous movie stars and musicians frequent my place of work. In fact, word is that Sting was here yesterday, and will be here again, next week. I just handed Minnie Driver a small towel and umm, no I don't dare charge her the \$1.00 rental fee for it. Woody Harrelson was in here all last week and the girls were going crazy because he walked around without a shirt on. Along with these celebrities, Swami's of many traditions infuse the space with a host of energetic offerings. In my spare time, I'm on the hunt to find a Reiki teacher, hoping one might float through the yoga center. The Reiki teachers I *have* scoped out so far are either way too spacey, or are charging an arm and a leg for the first initiation called the *Level One Attunement*.

On my second day at work, the resident tarot card reader Maggie and I hit it off and she invited me to come to what she calls a Sacred Gathering with a trance-channel healer. A trance-channel is a person who acts as a conduit or medium for entities that have passed on from this life. Maggie whispers to me in-between the shuffle of students checking

in for yoga class. “We sit with a *channel* who shares information from a higher plane. She channel’s ‘Raz,’ a dead monk from the East, and a female entity called ‘The Scroll.’ The meetings take place every Monday night in Brooklyn at the channels’ home. Do you want to come along?”

The following Monday I take the train to midtown from Washington Heights and transfer to the R line. I walk ten blocks and arrive at the address Maggie gave me. After being buzzed in, I walk up two flights of stairs and knock on door 111. A petite woman opens the door. She is gauntly pale, bares arm length tattoos, long stringy black hair, bright red lipstick and a big smile. Is she the channel? I think to myself. “Hello,” we say in concert. “I’m Gretchen,” she says. I now know she is not the channel, because Maggie told me the channel’s name is Sharon. I follow Gretchen in through the entrance to this home and cannot help but notice the strong scent of potpourri emanating through the long hallway that leads to the living room where I meet the rest of the group. I share handshakes and introductions. There is an older couple. A heavy-set, jolly woman named Henrietta with her husband Ron, a stoic marine type. I nod to a mysterious small red-haired woman who does not appear to speak. I shake hands with a housewife named Danielle, along with a very masculine woman named June, and a stout man with a long braid down his back named Big Red. I hug Maggie, and there are others, but they are talking at what I will learn to be ‘The cookie table.’ I find a spot on the ground, grab a cushion and get settled into my most comfortable Padmasana, lotus pose. I notice a consistent flower pattern that matches the wallpaper and couch. It is a comfortable home, decorated with imitation orchids and large seashells filled with pink and blue potpourri. I look around to locate the channel, but no one fits the bill, until the clock strikes 8pm.

I am stunned as a tall, porcelain-skinned woman enters the

room and sits down on an oversized chair, whose pattern matches the walls and accompanying couch. She must be The channel, *Sharon*. A thin pointed nose hosts the largest eyes I have ever seen. Round, round, round wheels of engagement stare into my eyes for a few moments. She then ends her gaze with a soft Mona Lisa smile as she turns to the others. A tilted head gives her a youthful innocence. Bright red hair sits in a bowl cut formation around her face. She has a small mouth, which I later find gives way to large words, with even larger meanings. Her body is adorned in a long black cocktail dress accompanied by a black fur collar and knee high slit up one side. Orange thick wedge flip-flops bring her already towering height to over six feet tall. Her eyes are encircled with immense round glasses- left over fashion I recall from the 80's. Long arms meet with a super large bosom and rounded mid-section that connects her torso to a pair of legs... that stretch for miles.

She sits with the spine of a sage's staff and closes her eyes. I glance around and see everyone sitting perfectly still. I look back to Sharon. With beyond perfect posture, her chest is raised high and her eyes are still closed. Is this the part where the entities come into her body like in the movie *Ghost*, with Whoopi Goldberg? I ask myself.

~

The channel begins to speak in the third person. Her voice is smooth and soft, almost nurturing. *"Sharon channels an entity called The Scroll. She is one in five people over the planet chosen to channel The Scroll. The job of The Scroll is to rewrite ancient sacred texts. This is not done 'pen in hand', but rather through the sharing of information with small groups such as this. Energetic seeds and spiritual codes are planted into participating members. The Scroll's work is about transferring information to the group and helping them understand, translate and perceive what is shared. It's about a group taking this*

information out into the world, and how this shifts the collective consciousness. As you, 'the group,' begin to adapt to the concepts The Scroll shares, the greater the ability of humanity- to consider the universe in a new light. All of this is intended for the highest good of all, there is no force of will to anything or being. In the sharing of information, Sharon will also channel a dead Siberian monk named Rasputin of Siberia."

There is a pause. Okay..., Like, what?? This is a total TRIP! I make a comical mental note that I've been beamed into another dimension! I reach for my designated *channel* notebook and pen to take notes. Sharon begins channeling the 'Raz' character. I glance to Maggie and she raises her eyebrows as if to say 'I told you so!' Now this Raz character Sharon channel's, speaks with a very thick and comical Russian accent. I watch Sharon's body language change to take on that of a very confident male. Her knees come apart and her long spine rounds. She stretches her face forward and speaks with colorful hand gestures. "*You can call me Raz.*" So if you have- question, you can say "*Oh, hey Raz...*" As she speaks, Sharon raises her hand and begins to laugh in a snorting kind of way, rounding further into shoulders that continue bowing forward. I wonder if Sharon is aware of what is happening as she channels these entities.

Raz appears to compose himself and continues. "*Okay, we will begin now. So pay attention!*" There is a pause while Raz quietly looks around the room to the ten or so of us there, as if to build the suspense, and then he begins. "*The most important thing to be aware of is your personal contribution to each and every moment of your life's experience. We are learning how to master the time and space of our individual energy fields...*" Everyone settles into their chairs more deeply now, entranced by Raz.

"As we contribute more consciously to the world, we may plug into a bigger picture of what the universe is. We can think of this universe as being multi-layered, with the earth dimension as just one fold of existence. This is the dimension we find our bodies- and so we think

experiences are occurring only here in this third dimension, but we are multidimensional beings. Let us focus first on our third dimensional reality. Consider how you influence what happens here by way of action, and then consider how you influence what is happening in your life by way of thought and speech. Do you believe what you say is the truth? Does what you speak into your life reflect your life?"

There is a pause as Raz looks around the room. Do I believe what I say is the truth? I think to myself and ponder. I've always believed that I create my own reality, and have become increasingly aware of the negative thoughts I carry around and project all the time. In fact, just this week I heard myself say to a friend 'I have no money.' Is that what I wish to continue experiencing? No way man. I intend to experience just the opposite. *I experience absolute prosperity in my life!* I state this mantra in my mind. Sharon's body shifts again and she begins speaking as The Scroll now.

"We are learning to connect the individual mind with the universal mind, by way of the Grid. Your thoughts and feelings are energies, and they vibrate the Grid into creation. Everything in the universe is made of your thoughts about it. Your job is to put your thoughts to good use. You will see... Yes, you are the master of your time and space."

Sharon's body contorts and it looks like Raz is coming through again. She scratches at the inside of her ear, in a fashion I'm sure Sharon would not. This is phenomenal to watch the shape-shifting of this woman and the two entities as they take turns speaking through her. There is a definite change. The Scroll is graceful and feminine and Raz is masculine and raucous.

Raz next fiddles around tilting his head to one side, as if to help get water out of his ear. *"Creating or producing what one wishes, whether it be greater health and physical healing, the ending of an addiction, a new relationship or a larger income- all depend on how you see yourself. You must-to take notice of limiting beliefs and projections you have about yourself, the world and others. The mind is the bridge that connects all things and beings to other things and beings."*

To recognize that we can and do have a say in how life shows up, is a huge realization for most. Being open to receive this power is an ordeal for many because they realize they are liable, responsible. You must-to find the pathway that will assist you in healing and exploring personal power,” Raz says in broken English tones.

I pause and receive a direct notion I am to ask Sharon if she can refer a Reiki teacher. If *she* doesn't know one, then who will? Sharon takes a deep breath and hums as she exhales. Her knees come together and she sits up tall, in a much more feminine posture compared to Raz. The Scroll speaks next, in a much softer lull. *‘Learning to clear your mind and body of outer influences that have nothing to do with where or how you wish to experience yourself, is of the utmost importance. You will learn to disband distractions from outside influences, and also those of your own mind. Distractions slow your vibration down and can be reflected as an ailing and painful physical body, or the nagging of addictions that keep you bound to earthly substances, or the bombardment of negative self-imposed patterns. A master co-creates their time and space relationship with the universe, via the transportation of CONSCIOUS thoughts and feelings through the Grid. A master is aware which distractions serve them and which do not. For instance, Be you distracted by focusing on positive energy, you will in turn create more positive energy. Focus on negative energy and so create more negative energy. You are a master of your time and space. You are learning that everything is energy, and energy is vibration. Vibration resonates with like vibration. That is how you draw and repel people, places and things to- and away from you in life.’*

I scribble in my notebook and look up to see the Scroll's eyes are closed. After about a minute 'Sharon' blinks her way back through to her body. There is only silence as everyone sits motionless. There is a palpable shift in the energy of the room, and I swear, I hear a high pitch ringing in my ears that suddenly stops.

Gretchen gets up and refills Sharon's tea mug with water. Voices begin to rise as the group reviews the evening's

themes with one another. I assume the session has ended. It reminds me to make a list in my notebook. I flip to the page I had previously titled 'Channel topics' and cross it out, rewriting *Teachings of the Scroll, Recipes for the Soul* as a header, and make my list.

Scroll Topics

The Grid

Be a Master of your Time and Space

Thoughts are Energy that connect us to things and people

The Highest Good of All

Glancing up, I see Ron speaking with Sharon. Now's my chance! I place my cushion back on the couch and take a stretch before making my way over. Ron is walking away now. I approach Sharon. "Hello, my name is Tuesday. Thank you for sharing this evening." Sharon sits in silence with large eyes, wide-open. She looks at me, glancing first to my dreadlocks, then to my long skirt. I can't tell if Sharon is still channeling, or if she is simply short on small talk. "I wonder if by chance you know of a Reiki healer you could refer?" I ask awkwardly. She blinks, looks at me sideways, as a bird would do. "I am a Grand Reiki Master, I can assist you with the teachings." I cannot believe my ears. My quest for Reiki has brought me to Brooklyn, and to this interesting woman. I am extremely excited by this prospect and smile uncontrollably. "When can I begin?" I say. She pulls a business card from a drawer in the coffee table. It reads *Sharon Bender Payne- Psychic Healing*. "Call me next week." I nod politely and wonder if this can be truly happening. I say

good-bye to Maggie and the group. I look at the card Sharon gave me and ponder the words Psychic Healing.

Chapter Nine

Level One

We meet in a dark doorway along a quiet street in Brooklyn. The ground is wet and stained with rainfall. Though unsure of what is to come, I feel ready for anything. On the phone, Sharon mentioned another member from the Monday night group will be joining us. When Sharon arrives, she silently looks at me with that Mona Lisa smile, though this time there is an air of militant vibrato about her. She nods to me stiffly, as if we would find ourselves at this dark hide away to scan government blueprints for hidden messages.

She unlocks the door and we make our way up the stairs to a room filled with only a table and three chairs. I sit briefly with Sharon, making small talk as we wait for the other member of our assembly, and soon she enters. It's 'June' from the group meeting. Now June is a tough looking lady. Maggie told me she had spent many years driving trucks across country. She appears exteriorly hardened by many late nights behind the wheel. Her face is heavily wrinkled. My guess is it's the steadily visited Marlboro Reds. Maggie says she has been smoking for over thirty years. Her demeanor is masculine, yet sweet. I catch myself pondering for a moment if she is perhaps gay. She wears a thick un-tucked green lumberjack shirt with a pair of soiled jeans and heavy work boots. She smiles politely to me as she sits down wide legged. I have not yet made a strong connection with June, and I don't know how long she has been a part of the group.

We three sit finding a silent moment, and from that point Sharon begins to recite on Reiki. She speaks of how the Level One attunement will help to clear the 'crystalline tube' within the body by the use of an ancient symbol that will become energetically implanted into our bodies during the

process. “The name of the symbol that goes with the Level One attunement is *Cho Ku Rei*. This symbol will open the way for deep self-healing, opening channels throughout the body and within the palms of the hands. It will create a recognizable shift in the flow of universal life-force energy through you. Level One is generally connected to clearing the first chakra and all associated issues held there from all lifetimes,” she continues. “Every part of you that is ready to receive healing, change, and balance for the highest good will. This attunement is primarily about you learning to give back to yourself, you learning to love yourself, and so with it, you learn to heal yourself CONSCIOUSLY.”

Her words stir the inside of my body and I feel like crying, but decide to hold back my tears. “It will unearth what has been long hidden and denied within you, that being; your power. As you move through the unblocking of fears held within, and as you heal those fears and shift them in the name of self-love, you will experience great empowerment. A literal detachment will occur between you and your past. You have the ability to free yourself from those parts of self that no longer serve your highest good, and Reiki can gently help you along that path.”

Next Sharon opens a box of crayons and pulls some blank sheets of paper from her carry bag. She places them onto the table where we sit and shows us a picture of the *Cho Ku Rei* symbol that we will each be attuned with and tells us to draw it. Sharon urges us to draw the symbol big and small, the guidance is to simply draw it exactly as it is shown, over and over again in different colors if we like until we feel a transmission of energy, or a subtle connection with the symbol.

Upon drawing the symbol, I feel a fierce recognition that I am doing exactly what I am supposed to be doing. Which is meeting with these women and sharing this experience. June mentions feeling giggly as she draws the symbol, and with a

sudden character change she appears to be drunk, wobbling in her chair while slowly blinking both eyes at the same time, as if to clear her vision. I begin to laugh out loud and feel a surge of what I can only call 'energy bubbles' float up my spine. I have loosened up now, and am feeling more relaxed than before. We color for ten minutes or so and as I look up and catch my gaze with Sharon, she signals it is time to move to the next phase of our meeting.

"Who wants to go first?" She says. I raise my hand and volunteer for my *Level One Reiki Attunement*. It is amazing to consider how my travels around the world have brought me here, now. Sharon places a chair in front of the window, and in view of June. I follow her directions and sit down in the chair. She instructs me to uncross my legs and ground my feet to the floor. Taking a long deep breath I close my eyes and place my hands in a prayer position at my chest, as per her instructions. I am suddenly aware of her warm hands as they gently rest upon my shoulders. I feel a pulse of energy moving through us both. What exactly happens next, I am unsure of. I can only tell that Sharon is at once standing behind me, and continues moving to the front of me. At one point, she opens my hands and scribbles upon them with what feels like her fingertips. She then moves around me once again and seems to be back to her starting position with her hands gently resting upon my shoulders.

Colors of red and bright orange fill my inner vision. I *feel* my second chakra spasm sporadically within my lower belly. I thought she said this was about the clearing of the first chakra? I have a basic knowledge of the chakras and am aware of the connection between what I am now feeling and what I have spent much of my time journaling lately, that being the ways I experienced sex in my early years. I become filled with immense shame, grief, hate, fear and insecurity. I feel these qualities hiding deep within my body and see them rise up and radiate outward. My entire body fills with warmth

and I know I must surrender to healing the hurts of my past. I gain a clear signal from within that it is time to confront the confusion I feel, and let go of the awful thoughts and feelings I have for so long harbored about my body and sexuality.

I recall experiencing such an extreme healing take place in Australia through Reiki, so much so that I thought all those bad feelings were gone. But perhaps it was to prepare me for the grittier layers of pain that reside even deeper within. My tummy flutters and tears fall down my face. I feel an internal mourning for a 'past' that never was. I mourn for what my life would have been like without the harmful trials I had endured. I mourn for the ignorant little girl that didn't know how to say 'NO.' I grieve for her, as I believe she can never know herself without knowing her past.

Some time passes after the attunement. I sit with eyes closed for ten minutes. My eyes begin to part as if coming out of a long meditation. Sharon hands me two tissues and a glass of water, instructing me to 'drink.' As I drink the water, I look directly into Sharon's eyes. Somehow I feel braver than before, like a different person than I was when I walked into this room.

It is June's turn next. I slowly get up and switch seats with her. Settling into my chair, I realize Sharon has said very little this evening. When I saw her channel, she was so full of big words, accents, and fan-fare... But tonight there is a softer tone about her, I guess she is just Sharon, a woman who resides when she is not 'channeling.' June gets comfortable just as rain begins to hit hard upon the window at the back wall, causing condensation to build up quickly in my view. She sits as I did, with her hands in a prayer position. This is cool, I'll get to see a full view of what the attunement process is.

In a quick swoop, Sharon raises her arms above June's crown, draws something over her, and blows a long breath down into the top of her head. She then stands in front of

June, bending forward. This blocks my view momentarily, but I do notice that she scribbles on June's palms, in what seems like a similar fashion to how she scribbled on mine. She next stands behind June with her arms hovering, and then does some kind of weird movement behind June's body, finally resting her hands upon her shoulders. Is that it? I think to myself. Two minutes of waving arms, scribbling on palms, circling steps and breaths through the crown? Is that what happened to me? Is *this* what is causing such a visceral upsurge of remembering within my body and mind?... I shudder at the thought of all the pain I had so very well pushed way deep down inside. After June has had some time to acclimate as I did, Sharon hands her water and instructs me to come over and *lay hands* on June. She tells me to report what I feel or see while sharing Reiki with her.

"Just let the energy flow through you. Do not *try* to do anything with it, other than watch it. Listen to its guidance and allow yourself to be innocent in its presence." Her words instruct a perfect path for me to feel out my first 'hands on' Reiki experience. I am first guided to lay my hands upon June's crown. After a minute or two of silence, a couple of swift thuds arise from the floor above us, as if a neighbor from upstairs is trying to get our attention. 'Bang-bang-bang' the noise occurs again and I instinctively move my hands from her crown to her heart. I can feel my palms radiate great heat as if someone has turned up the temperature. Soon my palms begin to tingle with pin-prick sensations and I feel to step away and end the session. Sharon guides us to switch places.

It is my turn to receive Reiki. I feel a stream of energy coming towards me as June's palms extend to my shoulders. An absolute sedation washes over me through this influence of Reiki. My thoughts meander. Who am I?... As a woman in this world? And how does my past affect my present? I have to continue journaling of my early sexual experiences. I know

it will help my path to heal the hurt and confused feelings I hold inside. I know it's time to heal those parts of my past. My experiences with Reiki healing in Greece and Australia have led me here. I am learning how to receive. I am learning how to give to myself. I revel in thoughts of travel. I am still unsure of what exactly my attunement will do *to me*, or for me, but I know it is time for me to take responsibility for my life and start a path of healing. Reiki feels like the most guided way to do so at this time. A deep calm moves through me and I feel my left eye tearing up as my session with June ends.

Sharon stands in front of us both as we organize the chairs back to their original stance around the table. We take our seats with Sharon for the closing part of this ceremony. "Place the soles of your feet onto the floor and uncross your legs. Close your eyes and relax." Sharon leads us through a meditation that activates the release of what she terms as 'The tar body.' "You are going to energetically pull the plugs from the soles of your feet. Imagine you have bathtub plugs at the soles of your feet, and 'energetically', pull those out. Imagine a sticky egg white energy washing through your physical body, while cleansing your 'energy' body. Allow this sticky substance to collect all stress, fear, pain, trauma and toxins from your every cell, muscle, bone and tissue. Let it melt out of your body, and release it through the soles of your feet. Let it melt down through the foundation of this building, and into the mother earth. There, the earth will transmute this 'tar' into light and use it to heal herself. Your vehicle will then be cleared of all inappropriate energies. Now, open your eyes when you are ready." Sharon's voice disappears and I am left in wonder, as I can literally feel thick tar-like energy removing itself from my body. Our eyes begin to open. "That is one of the most powerful energy tools you can use, do not forget it, and use it often. All you have to do is say *I pull the plugs from the soles of my feet.*" Sharon ends our

pulling plugs meditation.

She gives us each a small stack of papers and says, “You see these papers? Throw them out the window!” She laughs innocently with her mouth wide open, and head tilted backwards. This is the most colorful she has been all night long. Though unsure what she is laughing at, we join in the laughter and it feels good to break the steady silence of the evening. “These papers are your ‘guidelines for practice’ with Reiki. There are hand positions that you may learn, for use on yourself and for use on others, or you can simply use your intuition. That is what I guide you to do- *feel* it out, and do not look at the notes. Upon being attuned to Reiki, you receive a set of Reiki guides, as a team of angels that work with you. Listen and follow the guidance of them. Listen and they will never steer you wrong. Your homework is to lay hands on yourself every day. Learn to make it a daily practice. This will serve you better than any notes you can read.” With that, I tuck the notes she dispensed away in my backpack and do not look at them during my ride home on the subway.

Chapter Ten

Verbal Medicine

Cream lace curtains drape down to the ground. A tea light candle burns steadily, and gently lights a lace pattern upon my ceiling and the adjacent walls. Sitting upright with eyes closed, I enjoy the vibration that ripples through my body as the ‘M’ in *Om* fades from my tongue, mouth and lips. The *Bija* mantras are my absolute favorite to chant. I feel positive effects immediately as I sound them out. I first became familiar with them through reading *The Chakra Handbook*⁴. These particular mantras have been used for thousands of years and are said to ‘charge,’ ‘help clear’ and ‘tune up’ the chakra system. The Chakra system is an energetic component to the mind and physical body. It stores prana and helps direct it in balanced ways throughout the physical, emotional, mental and spiritual systems.

I always start at the bottom of my spine and work my way up to the top of my head, chanting each Bija two to three times. The tradition I learned from the book is as follows. LAM for the root chakra, VAM for the second chakra, RAM for the third chakra, YAM for the heart center, HAM for the throat, K-SHAM for the third eye, and OM for the crown center. This practice always works for me. In fact, it is so powerful, I use it as part of my vocal warm up before rock shows. In conjunction with my regular meditation practice, the Bija’s always come first, then I incorporate various pranayama techniques to focus my mind and initiate a greater conscious flow of prana through my body. Sharon said Reiki means Universal Life Force Energy, which is what I have come to know as prana. So far I think they are the same

⁴ *The Chakra Handbook** by Shalila Sharamon and Bodo J. Baginski

thing. With my attunement I am supposed to be able to channel greater amounts of this prana, or universal life force through my body.

I have cultivated a daily practice of sitting for half hour periods in Lotus position during meditation. Sometimes I sit quietly with meditation. Sometimes I focus my intention as an energy emanating from my heart and mind, using my meditation to conjure what it is I wish to manifest. I have begun working Reiki into my daily practice. Tonight after sitting in meditation, I lay in bed with both hands warming upon my breasts. I repeat the mantra '*Cho Ku Rei*' through my mind over and over again. I envision the spiral symbol in my mind's eye. I draw it as precisely as I can, and attempt to see it clearly with my higher vision.

Feeling very relaxed, I begin to drift off into a light sleep-like state. In the back of my mind, I wonder what will happen at the next group meeting with the channel. Just then the phone rings. I always screen my calls, though within another ring of the phone I find myself fumbling in the dim candlelight searching for its cord. I drag the phone to my bed along the wooden floor. "Hello", I answer. "Hi Tuesday!" A female voice replies. It is a young and energetic voice that I cannot place. "This is Sharon." "Oh, wow, hi!" I respond. I don't remember giving her my number, but maybe it came up on her caller id box when I called her to set up my attunement. "How are you doing?" She asks. "I am well, I am relaxing and practicing Reiki on myself." "That's great, and how is your attunement feeling?" "Well, I am feeling it on several layers. I see I'm becoming more conscious of my dark thoughts and the depressive moods I usually linger in. But I feel like more of an observer now. I am also noticing a feeling of detachment in my relationship with my mother. It feels like I'm not taking every single thing she says to heart anymore, like my Level One attunement is helping me to simply 'be' in the presence of her without all of my usual

triggers or buttons getting pushed. It's like I'm on a higher plane with it all."

"Oh, good! The 'detachment' part of your attunement is settling in," she says. "Yes, you are being more in the world, without being *of* the world." She continues. "We missed you at last week's group gathering, Tuesday." "Oh yeah, the rock band I'm in had to switch rehearsal nights," I answer. "How is your yoga going?" She asks. "My yoga?" I respond, curiously smiling at the other end of the line. I am not aware of sharing the yoga part of my life with Sharon yet. Maybe Maggie told her. "Yes, your yoga. I have never before tried it and am interested in you teaching me, I would pay you of course." My mouth drops open. The channel wants *me* to teach her yoga? "I'd be happy to share some private lessons with you," I respond with a professional certainty. "How are your Monday mornings? 7am okay?" she asks. "Yes, actually, that would work," I say. "I will see you then." "Sounds great!" I reply. We share our goodbyes and I hang up the phone. I have only taught yoga to a few Rainbow friends during my travels, and to family members over the years, but I feel positive and excited. Yoga with the channel? I smile and drift off to sleep.

~

I leave at 6am to make sure I will arrive on time to my new student. I am definitely not going to be one of those flakey yoga teachers who arrives late, or not at all. At the apartment I am buzzed in, and as I travel up the stairs, I realize this is the first time I will be totally alone with Sharon. Will I be teaching yoga to her, to The Scroll or to Raz? After we greet each other, I lay out the yoga mat in her living room and we sit cross-legged for a while. She expresses having never practiced yoga before. We start with just sitting. Next we move into some simple breathing techniques. I guide her to

relax her eyes and face. I next do a ‘teacher peek’ at my student to check in with her. And as I peer through my slightly closed eyelids, I am surprised to see her huge saucer eyes and larger than life circular glasses staring right back at me. We are sitting only a few feet apart. I have to suppress a tinge of laughter, *and* a slightly weird-ed out feeling that runs through me upon seeing her stare at me like a robot without blinking. It’s like she is watching me, or scanning me somehow. I feel insecure about gazing into her eyes for too long, so I quickly close mine and instruct her to do the same and bring awareness to her breath. I then do another quick peek and notice her eyes are closed. Phew. Okay, I see I have to be very clear with her. I think to myself. I realize I never told her to ‘close her eyes.’ I only suggested that she *relax* her eyes. I now feel capable of getting this yoga session going. We slip into some very basic poses, whereby I lay my hands on her back and shoulders to direct her body into proper alignment. The flow of Reiki feels strong and my hands become very hot at a certain point.

After our class together, Sharon slips back into the chirpy youthful tone that greeted me on the phone. I guess this is when she's not Raz, nor The Scroll... But just plain Sharon, like the night I received my attunement, I think to myself. All I know is in her current state, she is no longer the staring *robot*. As I gather my things, she suggests I pop by the local gym and apply for a job as a yoga teacher. She draws me a map of where the gym is located and sends me off with a check made out for \$70 bucks! “Whoo-Whoo!” I sing to myself as I make my way down to ‘Harbor Fitness,’ the gym she recommended. There is no question in my mind that I am to follow the orders of the channel.

Later that evening I return to Sharon’s apartment for our group meeting. The Scroll proposes we each ask a personal question that she can provide insight on. I am not sure what my question will be. Big Red asks about a sexual affair he is

having with his workmate. I tune out and start daydreaming about my past. When it comes to my turn, I am suddenly very quiet. Thinking about my latest journal offering, I blurt out “What is my karma with being bullied?” The Scroll sits upright, with posture that assumes the greatest of yogis. Her head and torso turn toward me in that *robotic* way followed by her hips, legs and feet. I continue. “Last Friday night at a rock show I performed, there were three girls sitting at the corner of the stage. I had never seen them at our shows before and I felt off-center by their presence.” “*Why-so?*” Asks The Scroll.

I take a deep breath and begin... “I felt like they were making fun of me. Every time I danced around on stage, or sang a high-note, they would huddle together and giggle, all while pointing at me. Usually I’m pretty good about *not* caring what people think, but these girls really shook me up and the whole gig went downhill because of it. I hate being that easily taken out of my center.” I pause for a moment and state “It felt like they stole my energy.” A long, drawn out breath ends my statement and I await the Scroll’s advice.

“You must learn how to master your time and space. This is most important. You are too attached to being bullied and hurt in this way. This makes it easy for you to feel hurt over and over again. You hurt yourself instead of healing yourself. Understand, and this goes for all of you...” The Scroll looks around the room. *“Any situation you find yourself in can be shifted energetically by you. You will understand this better as you begin to truly master your space and time.”* My forehead wrinkles, and I am not sure what to feel. *“You feel bullied by these women, but there are deeper roots. These feelings didn’t start with the three ladies at the club. They are simply here to show you where to begin. Let’s offer you some help.”* I feel momentarily relieved. *“First of all, let’s ask the universe to run grids for you,”* she says, and I nod, not sure what that means. In an eerie way, Raz butts in and Sharon’s body language changes again. I can only imagine how many people would think I’m a freak for

being here and taking this whole ‘channeling’ thing seriously. Raz announces loudly. *“Hey universe?!... Run the grid of Tuesday being bullied!”* He laughs out loud with that snorting sound, and I am not sure if he understands the depth of my hurt feelings about this. It feels like he is making fun of me now and not taking this seriously. I become angry and cross my arms over my chest. He senses my seriousness, clears his throat, looks me in the eye and continues in his thick Eastern European accent. *“Next lets run detachment through the cellular memory you hold of ‘being bullied.’ Tuesday, lets run the grid of you being in your personal power, and run the grid of you not being in your personal power, let’s bring them to balance. Run the grid of you being in your center, run the grid of balance for you, run the grid of ownership- of space, time, things and places for you. Universe, run the grid of freedom, run the grid of expression, run the grid of performance and run the grid of deflection, of courage, of strength, clarity, ability and mastership for Tuesday.”*

There is a pause and I feel a twinge in my tummy that makes me feel like crying, but then it quickly passes. “What just happened? What did you just do?” I ask mystified. Raz continues, ignoring my question. *“Let’s energetically de-link you from those girls, and lets energetically de-link them from you too.”* I take a deep breath. *“You feel that?”* Raz asks. “Yes. Yes I do,” I say. I feel an immediate energetic separation from the women at the show, as if we have become disconnected. My body begins to relax. Sharon’s body language changes and The Scroll now speaks through her. *“Many grid lines of energy connecting you to those girls have now been dissolved, and disconnected. All of the grids we just ‘ran,’ will run to completion, as far as you will let them. That is, all of your personal thoughts and feelings that connect you to those women have been dis-assembled and rebalanced, that’s why you are feeling better now.”* I sit in silence, absorbing The Scroll’s words about the grids and ask “Okay, first of all, when you say, ‘grid’ or ‘grids,’ I envision lines, like threads of energy, or something... What I’m getting about all of this, is by you

saying all the stuff you just did, such as ‘run the grid of this and that’... Is, your words somehow trigger those energy threads, or ‘lines of energy’ that connect me to those girls.” I stop suddenly, feeling confused. Where I am going with all of this.?

“Yes, just as the words you speak everyday trigger energy back and forth with all you are connected to, so too the words you speak create cause and effect. Whatever you ask of the grid, it brings forth. It is the simplest term to understand the law of vibration, for everything is energy.”

I finish noting what was just said and pause in a sudden shift of awareness. I feel a tingle run up my spine as I read the words ‘everything is energy’ and recall my Gorbachev *trip* with Aleph. Was I ‘channeling’ that night in Greece? I remember how the words ‘*everything is energy*’ moved through me, followed by ‘*energy is vibration.*’ I then shift to when I wrote the song *Easy Chair* and how the words in the Chorus contain ‘Master the Mind.’ Whoa. That is pretty darn close to this whole *be a master of your time and space* stuff. I think to myself. In silence, I take a slow inhale followed by a deep exhale through my mouth. Knowing and unknowing shift equally within me, like water that has filled the bottom of a boat, and rolls in small waves from side to side.

I continue. “When you were *running* those ‘grids,’ I had my eyes closed, and felt like I could see the energy threads connecting me to those girls and to all of those ill feelings I had. As you spoke, I saw the threads dissolve and it’s as if they are now gone. It’s like you directly accessed those lines of energy connecting me to those girls, all through the power of your words... It feels like you are using a *verbal medicine* of sorts.” I make my statement, still a little unsure if I am downloading things correctly.

The Scroll continues. *“Yes- the grid will work in harmony with anyone who accesses it, in fact- we are always accessing it and co-creating it through our thoughts, feelings and deeds- this is the law. This is how*

versions of your realities are created and change- through connecting with grids of like thought and energy vibration. As a rule, when we deliberately use 'grid-work' as you have just witnessed, it is only run for the highest good of all. We never force anyone's will or the will of the universe- do you understand? We work with the universe and with the grid. If something, no matter how bad it may seem- is not ready to be 'let go of' by either side of the connecting grids- then it may stay connected to some degree, for karmic, or for 'lessons' sake, but it may not be felt as heavy as it was previously by the connecting points." The Scroll stares at me blankly. I nod my head 'Yes,' though I'm not sure I am truly grasping what's happening.

"And what does it mean..." I glance down to my notebook "When you said 'run to completion, as far as I will let them....' The Scroll answers my question. *"Because there is no force of will to anyone or thing- all the energy that has been initiated through the running and activation of these grids will bring about balance- but only as far as you are ready to be liberated from the thoughts and feelings contained within those grids. We can run all sorts of grids and you can feel relieved momentarily, or you can go back to thinking about the girls at the club and all of those ill thoughts, and re-conjure those negative and limiting feelings you had. You can re-birth all those grids we have just cleaned out- or you can use this as an opportunity to ride the wave of a new vision of self, and grow into it."*

"Wow..." I say aloud, pondering what 'a new vision of myself' might look and feel like. "So, just to be clear, I can dwell upon that night at the show and re-convince myself of the validity and power those girls had over me and go back to feeling bullied, or not place my attention there at all. Or if I do put my attention there, put positive stuff there." "That is correct." Says The Scroll. *"Anytime you find yourself being sucked in by those negative feelings and thoughts, you must master them and master your time and space by raising your vibration to a positive cycle per second. You do this by running grids and using further energy tools we will share with you. This will help you avoid becoming entangled mentally and emotionally with opposing energies. In this way, you will*

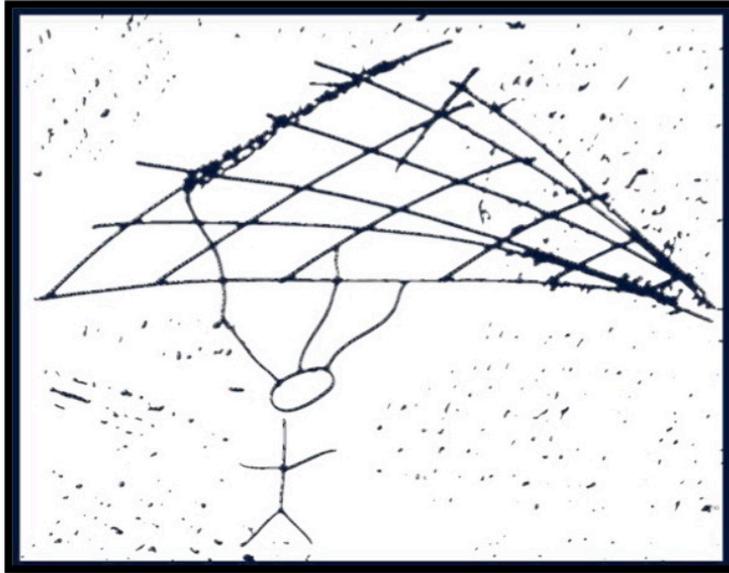
learn how to master your time and space.”

I pause and absorb the offerings while writing more notes. Still confused, I ask, “Why did all of my *thinking* about those women at the show seem to beat me up energetically?” Raz comes through Sharon and offers in his cocky tone. “*You see, every time you thought about those women and being bullied by them, those hurt feelings would dredge up all ‘LIKE’ hurt feelings you have ever experienced with regard to you feeling bullied. By ‘like’ feelings, we mean this to include all other areas of your life whereby you were bullied, or felt similar hurt.*” Suddenly I ‘get it’ and feel my body freeze as I receive a great ‘aha’ within.

“Oh my god, so when I think of those girls at the show and feel bullied *after* the fact, I’m feeling the awkward things they trigger in me, AND all the stuff from my past, like the memories of me being bullied as a child in school too?” I ask.

The Scroll speaks next. “*Yes, you directly feel the grid of yourself being bullied. And that grid contains within it all the memory of you being bullied throughout all of time and space. It holds within it all memories and blueprints of you ‘being bullied’ - and when you access one memory of being bullied, you connect with them all by law of vibration. As you cast out those thoughts and feelings from your mind and body, you attract similar vibrations back to you, through the grid.*”

There is a sudden silence in the room. Gretchen gets up and heads to the bathroom while Henrietta makes her way to the cookie table to refill her water glass. Sharon sits super still with her eyes closed as if someone has pressed the pause button. I flick the pages in my journal and begin to draw a stick figure with grid lines coming out from its head. I begin to draw a grid of lines above the stick figure and connect the energy threads from the stick figure to the ‘grid’ overhead.



Sketch from Teachings of the Scroll Notebook. Stick figure casting out grid lines of thought, connecting with the larger strata of grid lines above it.

“This is only human...,” Raz interrupts the silence. *“You are comfortable there, aren’t you Tuesday, as a victim?”* Damn Raz. I think to myself and then say *“How can I be comfortable as a victim? It is my most hated place to be!”* I become defensive as I think about my early life in school, and how I was tormented for years about my weight. *“We do not intend to make you upset- we are simply stating what we see.”* I fold my arms. *“Who do you mean when you say we?”* I ask in a short-tempered manner. *“We are The Scroll, Rasputin’, and your Over-Soul Group.”* *“Over-Soul Group? Who are they?”* I ask. *“This is your invisible team, your band of angels. Think of them as entities that help hold space for you, protect you and guide you during your earthly journey.”*

My God, this is like a ball of yarn that keeps unraveling itself, I think silently. *“Understand that what you dislike the most, can have the deepest hold on you. It can become a safe place to be- until you come into your personal power and learn to master your mind and emotions. The same things that once held you down can bring the*

greatest liberation.” Raz continues his statement by looking to the other members in the group. *“This is absolutely important in becoming a master of one’s time and space- you will understand this more as you realize that everything is governed by your mind – even your feelings. Until we learn to be detached from the hurt, pain and past- and hold no polarity about it- then we may be invisible to it and it becomes invisible to us. When we work on dissolving and healing and re-creating memory for ourselves in the highest light, those of denser, heavier vibrations can no longer merge with us as they did before, and so we become liberated from the past that binds- as you say.”* I continue taking notes, but still feel resistance via odd feelings that are coming to the surface.

There is silence for a few moments, and I feel as if the channel is purposely allowing me time to take notes. She continues in a softer tone as The Scroll. *“Okay Tuesday, next time you are performing, draw a circle of light around yourself at about a three-foot radius or larger. This circle will beam up a tower of protection to surround you, creating a White Wall of Fire. This barrier of flaming light will help you maintain your sense of center and alignment with your truest power and intentions during your performance, or at any time you are guided to call upon it. You can do this before you get to the venue, at the venue, during the show, or perhaps all of the above. It will not hurt if you ‘run’ the energy of this circle of light more than once. It will help you to **not** get knocked off balance ‘energetically’ by others.”* I close my eyes and envision standing on stage and draw a circle of light around myself. A long pause takes place. I open my eyes to find Sharon looking directly into mine, just as she did earlier that morning at yoga, with her straight face. I sit in lotus on the floor of this flower-print living room awaiting what she might say next. Complete silence falls over the room. I feel the group looking at me and then look at her. There’s more? I think to myself.

“Yes,” The Scroll says, as if hearing my thoughts. *“This has to do with your feelings of being made fun of and being taken advantage of as a child.”* Thoughts of Yvette emerge. My eyes well with

tears, but I hold them back and swallow deeply. I also begin to feel like I am taking up the whole night here and begin waving my hand to stop The Scroll. As if The Scroll can hear my thoughts, she states *“Stop being resistant to the work we are doing here. Know that it is not only for you, but for the ‘like’ energy housed in the accompanying bodies of this room.”* In a humble manner, I nod my head. She continues and I imagine her words speaking to everyone, as she talks to me. *“You are still deeply connected to those feelings of hurt. You are hooked into them and they feed your feelings of self-worth, or should I say self-loathing.”* I feel confused for a second, like my mother has scolded me, though I am not sure what I have done wrong.

“Let’s release Tuesday of all experiences locked into her cellular memory that trigger negative and limiting behavior regarding not being good enough, and let’s release her from reacting to the way she thinks other people perceive her. Let’s de-link Tuesday from-all beings everywhere throughout all of time, space, and dimensions, that she perceives have ever made fun of her, or bullied her.”

Tears begin to stream down my face and I cannot stop. Henrietta passes a box of tissues my way. I am perplexed as these spoken potions seem to be unending. I feel their potency and am amazed by this form of verbal medicine. The Scroll continues. *“Let’s go to the point in creation of Tuesday feeling bullied and made fun of. Let’s go to the point in creation of Tuesday thinking she is being bullied and made fun of. Let’s go to the point in creation of all experiences locked into Tuesday’s cellular memory that trigger negative and limiting behavior regarding not being good enough and the way she thinks other people perceive her. Let’s de-link Tuesday from all beings everywhere- throughout all time and space, and all dimensions, that she perceives- have abused her in some way.”* My heart feels like it is about to be cracked open, in a very beautiful way, though I can’t help but feel afraid. *“Next let’s go to the point in creation of Tuesday’s inability to deflect inappropriate energy. And let’s also ‘run’ the grids that amplify her ability to sense and deflect inappropriate energy. Let’s go to the point in creation of*

Tuesday's resistance to letting the past go. Again, lets run the grid of detachment for Tuesday. And universe, sign her into zero for the highest good of all." The channel finally ends her wordy offerings and takes a breath. Silence prevails amongst the group and we sit perfectly still as if something is happening to all of us on some invisible level.

"Could you please explain the *going to the point in creation* concept?" Ron adds. "Yeah, it feels like you are erasing stuff from my consciousness," I announce with a scrunched forehead. The Scroll pauses, sipping from the floral print tea mug that sits upon a small side table. *"Throughout life, you will have an infinite amount of experiences. Some are forgettable, some we take note of, and some mark us. Ultimately, all experiences we have are 'points' along the timeline of creation – this timeline flows through our 3rd dimensional lives. The experiences that really stick, both positive and negative- are significant and can affect every aspect of your personal life. These are points in creation,"* she states. "Like, how the memory of me being bullied as a kid still affects me in the now-twenty years after the fact?" I ask. *"Yes, there are points in creation along your timeline that require healing,"* she continues... *"We can energetically go to the point in creation of all negative experiences and bring them to a balanced state, through speaking it so. In this way, we erase and re-write our reactions to those experiences, for the highest good. As you energetically disconnect from those grids of hurt, of reaction and behavior- you can experience yourself free from that part of your past. You can begin to redefine who you are in the present, and who you were in the past. The past will no longer be your reality in the now because you will no longer house those same reactions to it. You will not keep the past alive in the same ways. You will begin to remember your life in a new and positive way. You will become grateful for what you perceive as 'bad,' 'hurtful', or 'negative' past experiences."* "Can I use this *point in creation* thingy when I'm alone, or does it have to be *run* by you?" I ask. The channel next turns her body to face center and acknowledges the group as she speaks.

"All of the energy tools shared with you- are for you to learn how to

be a master of your time and space. You will become more and more familiar with the tools over time and we encourage you to adapt them into your life. You will know when to use them because they will pop up to remind you that they are available for your use. And yes, you can speak them into being for the highest good.”

“What does ‘signing into zero’ do?” Henrietta asks. The Scroll turns her body in that robotic way toward her and replies. *“Zero is complete awareness, complete detachment and infinite compassion. All three qualities or grids ‘run’ energetically together when you sign yourself into zero. This causes those qualities to ‘run’ on you, assisting you in experiencing more of them in your life.”* I sign myself into zero. I think silently to myself.

“What does the term ‘run’ mean?” Big Red asks. *“The term ‘run’ implies that energy is flowing through the grids, to and fro. It implies energy is ‘running’ through grids as they are connected directly and indirectly to you, and to the ‘grid’ of whatever topic you may be focusing on.”* Okay, so there is ‘the grid’, and ‘grids’ plural too. I think to myself. She pauses and continues. *“It’s like when you download a new program to your computer and ‘run’ its format. This filters the new program and it’s info through all files and applications that currently reside within your computer- creating links and connections so they can communicate with one another and work together as a compatible system,”* she states. “Okay,” I say, feeling like I get the idea more. I figure I will let it soak in and ask more questions next time.

The Scroll turns once again to face the group. *“So, as I was saying, you may run a tool from yourself, for example, you would say ‘I run the grid of detachment on myself. Or you may ask the universe to run the grid of detachment for you by saying ‘Universe, run the grid of detachment for me,’”* she says.

“What’s the difference?” Big Red asks. *“When the universe runs energy- it does it from a universal perspective, equally affecting all those parts of ITS self that are ready to bend and fold to create greater balance in the sphere of existence. If you ask the universe to run the grid of detachment for you- the universe will ripple that code energetically*

through the universe to you, from the outside in. On the other hand, when you- yourself run the grid of detachment for yourself- or on yourself, that energy code will run specifically on you first, then ripple outward to all that you are connected to, from the inside-out.” The group continues sitting in silence, soaking in the channeled offerings.

The Scroll states we are finished for the evening. There is a sigh of relief as the group energetically disbands. We all look around at each other, seemingly overwhelmed by the immense amount of information dispensed this evening. I make my final notes and flip pages to add to my list of Scroll Topics. I scan my previous list before adding.

Scroll Topics

The Grid

Be a Master of your Time and Space

Thoughts as Energy

The Highest Good

Running Grids

White Wall of Fire

De-linking

Energy Tools

Zero

The ‘Like’

Asking the universe to ‘run’ things versus me doing it

Detachment

Over Soul Group

Going to the point in creation

Big Red puts a black fedora hat on his head and offers to drive me home. This session has ended later than the previous one, and I consider his offering. The ZZTOP lookalike has a long red beard, with hair braided down his back. All he needs are the shades. I hesitate for a moment, as *his* questions to The Scroll this evening were all about his sex addiction. I tap my intuition and gain clearance. This large man drives a tiny sports car. We squeeze into his convertible and speed down empty Brooklyn streets.

“Do you think Sharon is crazy?” He asks me. “Crazy? I’m not sure that’s the right word. There is definitely something ‘out-there’ about her, but I think it goes with her whole being a channel situation,” I answer. “Do you think she puts it on? Or do you think she is really channeling some entities or whatever? I mean that Raz character is out there,” Big Red says. “My sense is there is some definite channeling going on. Besides, most everything she ‘channels’ *feels* right, Ya know? It just feels like it’s coming from the right place, or right source,” I say. He nods and shrugs his shoulders at the same time.

“Yeah- I guess,” sighs Big Red. “Hell, you really got her cookin’ tonight,” he gasps in an excited tone. I remain unmoved. “So do you feel better now?” He asks sincerely. “I do actually. I feel like I have some tools to work with.” I pause and notify him we have arrived at my place. “What do *you* go to the meetings for, Big Red?” I ask. He takes a deep breath, and exhaling says “I go because I want to be a believer... I want to believe someone has some answers, even if it’s a crackpot wearing a cocktail dress in Brooklyn.”

Chapter Eleven

Bye-Bye Brian

My ears are ringing from a loud four-hour rehearsal with the band. We are preparing a set-list of songs for our show at ‘The Bitter End’ next week. With a guitar in tow, I swiftly make my way through the streets of New York. I dodge pedestrians, baby carriages and window shoppers on this early Sunday evening and make my way to the Jivamukti Yoga Center. The cool thing about working here is I get to take free yoga classes.

I am saturated with sweat as my body moves through the challenging and exotic poses of this class. The room is filled with mats packed so closely they are almost touching. The humidity is high, we are mid class and *everybody* in the room is nicely warmed. Two thick beads of sweat drip from my nose and onto my yoga mat as I stand in Tadasana. Tadasana, or ‘mountain pose’ is the beginning, and the end. It is a space in between these sun salutations that are never ending. Guided by our teacher to lower through Chatarunga onto our bellies, my Ouija breath is steady. I consciously breathe through my body and await instruction for the next series of movements. “Danurasana,” announces the teacher.

I bend my knees with toes pointing upwards. I next rotate my shoulders and reach for my ankles. Five breaths of holding this pose with as much grace and present awareness I can muster is followed by a three second rest. As heads float down to sopping wet mats, sighs of relief and deep exhalations are accompanied by the sound “*Abbbb.*” “Second round,” the teacher announces. In these classes, the teachers always run us through three-rounds each of the deepest back bends. By the end of class, I am ready for the four-minute Savasana. After our relaxation, class makes way to a seated

position for a brief meditation and the chanting of three Om's. An hour subway ride and a hot shower later, I sit in the kitchen and write into my personal journal. Troy is out tonight, so I have the place all to myself.

I have been a good student, practicing Reiki on myself every day. I'm using the *Cho Ku Rei* symbol to help work out the deeper issues that have been surfacing over this time, including the Brian Woodley saga. This Reiki attunement is triggering a deeper exploration into the perception of who I am as a woman in this very strange world.

It is sometimes difficult for me to hold my head up high and confident. Even though I share a good relationship with Troy, and our sex life is *good*, I always feel he is attracted to the type of girl who has just stepped out of the beauty salon. I am often confused by his love. I rarely wear makeup, or paint my nails, and never wear high heels or 'high end' clothing, but I notice *that* seems attractive to him. Why is he with me? Can he truly love my dirty feet, dreadlocks, hairy armpits, legs, and bikini-line? We have been together for so long now, has our relationship become a comfortable numb?

I thought Troy would like me more now since I've dropped so much weight. After losing sixty pounds in Australia, I gained fifteen back and am now at a comfortable weight and feel healthy, especially with doing yoga classes. Since the age of ten, my body has gone through excessive weight gain and loss. I was obese in my youth, triggered by my Yvette shameful orgasm saga. My heavy weight gave Brian Woodley the go ahead to pick and poke at me. After growing taller, it all stretched out, but years later I became heavy again while living in Ireland, and then again- I thinned out, and then I gained a bunch of weight, and then lost it again, and then gained it back and lost it at the first Rainbow. Before Australia, I was close to two hundred pounds. Upon returning from Australia, I was a mere one hundred and forty

pounds, which to me, is skin and bones for my frame. I recall looking in a full-length mirror for the first time in months when I returned. Though I could see my ribs and hip-bones, I still *perceived* myself as 200 pounds heavy. I put on my jeans from before our trip, but they just fell down my nobly legs.

With Reiki Level One, I am using my meditations to dig deeper than I ever have before. I seek to heal those hidden parts within that I know hold me back in life. My meditations are leading me to realize that my body weight fluctuations are linked to my first sexual experiences. Maybe if I can heal the little girl inside of me, my weight will stabilize for once and for all.

JOURNAL ENTRY JUNE 15TH, 2000

I feel so emo... Tears flow as I write. I pause to pour a glass of red wine and roll a sagerette at the kitchen table. I light a candle and continue writing... My mind is filled with thoughts of Brian Woodley, the fucker that bullied me throughout childhood. He poked and prodded at my oversized body. With a finger plunged into rolls of my belly fat, he delighted in calling me a 'fat pig,' an 'overgrown elephant', and 'whale.' I feel like all the stuff Sharon channeled for me is somehow unraveling a ball of emotionally charged yarn that is causing me misery. I feel a certain understanding with regard to how this 'running energy' stuff works. But if everything Sharon channeled and 'ran' is supposed to help me feel better, then why am I so sad?—

I place my pen down and puff on my sagerette while staring blankly into the darkness of sky that is my view from the kitchen window.

Thoughts meander back to Brian and my youthful innocence. I take another puff of my sagerette and as I exhale tears flow down my face. This is exactly how the past affects the present, I think to myself. I reach for a box of tissues and cannot stop crying. I am getting choked up and find it hard to breathe as I succumb to a great 'pain' that lay lodged inside of me. My body begins to make sound projections. Slight moans of grief become deeper expressions of agony as I mourn the childhood I did not get to live, a childhood free of Brian Woodley. "You are worthless, you big fat fuck!" – I hear his voice haunt me through my tears. "You are an ugly fuck, an ugly fuck that is too fat to ever get anywhere in life. You are ugly, ugly, ugly and FAT -FAT -FAT- you will NEVER have a boyfriend Tuesday- never!"

His voice churns over and over in my mind. I feel self-hate creeping in as I entertain these hurtful memories. Is it like Raz said? Am I somehow hooked into being a victim? How could it be? Tears continue to stream and I pour another glass of wine. Self-hate stands over me like a shadow. I think of all the ways I question Troy's true love and attraction for me. It's all fake... I think to myself, looking at a picture of us on the fridge. In the picture, I am slim and smiling, but I still see the fat little girl in me. I look away and feel like I want to die. He's right! Brian is right! I think to myself. I am totally unlovable, unattractive and fat.

A distinct stillness comes over me and the words *Be a Master of Your Time and Space* float through my mind. The candle flame flickers fiercely. A deep resistance from within comes to pass and the sad part of me doesn't want me to be a master of anything. I wish I could just disappear. I sit back in my chair, surrendering to the hurt and pain I have for so long carried within my mind and body. Just as I am about to

succumb to crying again, I hear the words *Be a Master of Your Time and Space Tuesday*, and this time it's Raz's voice. I can hear the tone of his accent and the ferocity through which he speaks. He is not asking me, he is telling me! It reminds of the Rainbow in Greece, when Yogananda insisted I go to the healing tipi. In fact, without that first experience of Reiki, I wonder if I would be here now, going through what I am going through. I put out my sagerette and guzzle the last of my wine. I know I have to stand up to the bullying of Brian Woodley. I realize the experience of being bullied by Brian Woodley has marked me, and continues to cause so much hurt and self-loathing. How do I kick him out of my life? I refuse to giving in to the bully in him, anymore.

I stand up at the kitchen table. Closing my eyes, I envision a circle of light and White Wall of Fire around myself. I raise my arm and pretend I am pointing at Brian. I speak out loud. "I delink from letting you have power over me. I run the grid of ME having power over YOU!" I close my eyes again and envision the grid-lines of energy that have connected me to Brian over all the years and see myself enmeshed and strangled in *his* affirmations of me. I continue with my incantation of verbal medicine.

"I *go to the point in creation* of you in my life Brian Woodley! I *go to the point in creation* of you having power over me. I *go to the point in creation* of giving Brian Woodley power to make me feel shame, self-hate, depression, worthlessness and fear. I *go to the point in creation* of Brian Woodley hurting me, and I *go to the point in creation* of all the ways that I have allowed Brian Woodley to hurt me. I *delink myself from* all the grids that connect me to Brian Woodley, and I delink all the grids that connect Brian to me- NOW! I release myself from the grids HE created... that cause me to feel shame, self-hate, depression, worthlessness and fear. I delink from all the ways Brian Woodley has hurt me. And I delink from all the ways I allow myself to be hurt by him. I run the grid of self-love,

personal power, and strength for myself, here, now and evermore!”

I state these words with sheer will and force, and sit down hard as if being thrust downward by force. Wow, am I buzzed from these two glasses of wine? I try to get up, but feel the downward force keeping me seated. With dry eyes, I continue to scribble in my journal.

JOURNAL ENTRY JUNE 15TH, 2000 CONTINUED

I think I'm getting it- everything IS energy. Our words, our feelings, our experiences, the past, the present and future. We can affect that energy, and change it through using the verbal medicine of energy tools. I write in large letters: Energy Tools are a form of Mental Technology. Energy Tools use verbal expressions as medicine that can affect us in positive ways. I underline the last sentence twice and make my way to bed.

Chapter Twelve

Tar Body Teachings

It's five past 7am and I'm late to meet with Sharon for her yoga session. I get off the train and swiftly make my way ten blocks to her apartment as cool morning air feeds through my nostrils like thick cigarette smoke. My eyes are puffy and my energy is drained from all the crying I've been doing. I duck into a local store for coffee and realize they only have Styrofoam cups. "You don't have paper cups?" I ask in a confused manner. "No." Motions the man behind the counter. "Do you know that stuff is a killer?" I say pointing to the stack of Styrofoam cups. "A killer?" says the man in a straight tone. I nod my head. "As soon as you put a hot liquid item into that cup, the molecular structure of it releases toxins into your drink that can cause Cancer." The man shrugs his shoulders and tilts his head saying. "I don't think it's that bad, like what you say." "Never mind," I say impatiently and storm out. Wow, people just don't know what's going on, I think to myself as I hurriedly walk to Sharon's.

"It's me, sorry I'm late," I speak into the intercom and she buzzes me in. I enter the building in a flurry and realize I have forgotten my yoga mat. Some professional teacher I am. "Tuesday!" Sharon shouts in a high pitch tone while holding her arms upward in a V shape upon opening the door. She hugs me into her very large bosom. Maybe she knows I'm in need of TLC? Whatever the reason for her chirpy greeting, I am just glad she is not upset at my unlikely tardiness. Just as I begin apologizing and tell her I have forgotten my mat, she says's "Don't worry about it. We are going to do things differently today. Would you like some coffee?" Would I ever, I think to myself. "Yes, please." She grabs a ceramic

mug from the very top shelf that I could only reach if I stand on my tippy-toes, on top of a stepladder. She pours my cup and then offers me a muffin. “Hmm. Do you know if they are vegan?” “Oh, that’s right, you have that special diet. Nope- I don’t believe these are vegan. I got them from the bakery down the street,” she says. I recognize the bakery name on the box and realize it’s the place I just refused service from because of their Styrofoam cups. I’m sure the muffins have eggs and milk in them. “No thank you,” I say. She places her coffee mug into the microwave and turns it on. I had not noticed she uses a microwave, and am turned off by it. Don’t people who *channel* know this stuff is bad? I mean how can people use those machines without really knowing what it does to their bodies? You would never, ever catch me using one of those deadly things. She leads us into the living room and we sit opposite each other upon her flower-patterned couch.

“So, what’s up?” she asks, sensing I am suffering on some level. “Well, a lot of old stuff is coming up for me. Stuff about my early sexual experiences, my mother, my sense of who I am as a woman in the world, and issues with my boyfriend.” Her eyes widen and she gives me a half nod as if to say ‘go on...’ “I am feeling all of this root chakra stuff going on, like I’m feeling very insecure, ungrounded and unstable. Last night I cried myself to sleep and I am completely drained today. I have been doing Reiki on myself for at least one hour every day...” “Well, that’s a serious amount of work you have been doing on yourself. I would say take a break from the Reiki and just let yourself process what is going on now.” “Process?” I say. “Yes, just be with what is taking place for now. As you work on yourself with Reiki, the layers of your old self will come up for healing. As you complete with them, they will become invisible, but in the meantime they will make themselves accessible for healing. Your job is to make peace with the past, have

closure, and complete old concerns that no longer serve your highest good.” I begin to feel at ease as she speaks.

“Reiki is all about balance, and as you use it consciously, as you have been doing, your energy will increase and your capacity to channel greater volumes of it will expand, but not before the healing takes place inside of you. You have to clear the crystalline tube of the *tar body* substance that has collected there over your life.” “Is the crystalline tube like the Shushumna I learned about in yoga class... It houses the spine and chakra system?” “That is correct. It runs from the top of the head, and above, down through to the base of the spine, and below. It is the main channel and highway through which life-force flows through us, and from there it flows into the smaller channels throughout the bodies.” She responds. She continues staring at me as she sips from her ‘nuked’ coffee mug and takes a huge bite of a blueberry muffin. “What is the *tar body*?” I ask.

She finishes chewing and begins to explain. “We are all susceptible, as 3rd dimensional beings, or human beings- to collecting debris inside of our instruments, or bodies. This debris accumulates mainly in the crystalline tube first, and as it continues to collect, it spreads into pockets and channels throughout the body. The body becomes congested and one’s vital flow of energy slows down. One can become blocked by the amount of tar in their body.” “So, where does this tar body debris come from?” I ask. “It’s in the foods we consume, the items we use in and on our bodies,...” I glance at her coffee mug and think her microwaved coffee must be contributing to *her* tar body. “It’s in the medications and recreational drugs we take, the atmosphere and environments we live in, it’s in alcohol too. But the primal source of congestion is caused from perceived mental and emotional trauma experienced over one’s lifetime. All the stuff you are feeling and crying about is directly related to your tar body. All that pain that you have held onto from your past has

collected and you have been carrying it around with you your whole life.” I crinkle my forehead, feeling confused.

“Consider all the emotions locked inside of yourself that are suppressed. Perhaps much of what you are going through is the releasing of a lot of pent up pain. What of all the toxic thoughts you think every day? How many are related to your past? They add up over the years and create the *tar body*, which acts as an energetic toxic double, or toxic twin of you.” Sharon’s words bring tears to my eyes and I can’t hold them back. I sob and recite... “I am exhausted from *feeling* these feelings over and over again. I did the delinking and running of grid stuff last night and I’m still feeling it.” I say through my tears. “Good, you are doing the work,” she says, handing me a box of tissues. After taking another bite of her muffin and downing a large gulp of coffee, she continues.

“Some layers of tar body require more healing than others. Sometimes you just need to pause and process, and sometimes you have to use Reiki and your energy tools over and over again. For now, know it’s OK to take some time off and just process what you’re going through, as there is much to integrate. You are rewriting cellular memory and old patterning within yourself by introducing these new terms. Healing yourself requires you to be on it like a hot pony at the show. Remember, it is your job to master *your* time and space. Each and every time a negative pattern, thought or action arises within your thoughts or actions, nip it in the bud. Be fierce and *run* the energy over and over and over again, how Raz does. Run things with the tools tirelessly, like a mantra you repeat again and again. Your issues will work themselves out and begin to rewrite themselves by their roots. In time you will see and feel results. Do not despair. You *may* have to show that tar body who is the boss over and over again. Think of learning an old dance in a new way. Your body and mind will have to undo and unlearn old dance steps that represent the way they are used to doing

things. Soon your mind and body will begin to accustom themselves to the new dance steps you are introducing, and then those steps become second nature. Every time you hit a wall of resistance, run the grid of it to balance by saying aloud *I run this grid to balance*. It will shift the energy on the higher dimensions for you.” I realize Sharon indeed is aware of what she channels as Raz and The Scroll, because she is damn good at rewording everything in a way I can easily comprehend.

I sit quietly and absorb what is being shared. She drinks more coffee and continues. “Use your mind, and use your consciousness to erase and rewrite the pattern. Run grids on yourself by running the grid of the opposing quality you may be feeling. Like, if you are feeling fear, run the grid of love. If you are feeling jealousy, run the grid grace, if you are feeling impatience”... “Run the grid of patience.” I say the sentence in synch with her.

“Remember you are here to be a master of your time and space, and it starts with you mastering your mind, and your vehicle. Who are you, Tuesday? What qualities do you wish to be with, within your life’s experiences?” Her words send a shockwave of sadness down my spine and my belly begins to quiver. Yes, who am I? And is who I think I have always been, changing? I think to myself. “Be clear,” she says... “Because the higher you charge up your voltage, by becoming attuned with Reiki, by working with The Scroll and working on yourself, the quicker the universe will bring your thoughts and feelings into reality. So be mindful of the thoughts and feelings you entertain.” She completes her offering and sits completely erect and still, staring at me large eyed. I ponder her words *Like a hot pony at the show...* And hear her voice in my head. I recall how I ‘worked’ with the Brian Woodley stuff that came up last night, when I stood up in the kitchen and used some of the energy tools. I am beginning to understand the importance of what she is

saying. We really have to pay attention to where the mind leads us.

“So all that stuff I have been feeling, all those confused and hurt feelings from the past I thought were worked out and resolved years ago, are actually a part of my tar body?” “Yes. Layers of your tar body are coming up for healing,” she says. “But I thought I had worked out these issues already. I have been consciously doing work on this stuff since I was nineteen,” I state. “Everything works in ripples and layers. You are not who you were when you were nineteen. There are new concerns now that you did not have awareness of then. And now, in light of your spiritual growth, you get to work on these aspects from a higher level of awareness. YAY!” Sharon shouts as she bends her elbows and makes fists, holding them up as if cheering. I allow a smile to crack through my mouth.

“Think of an onion and all the layers contained within it, each layer you heal brings you closer to the heart of the matter and allows a deeper clearing. Now finish your coffee, lie back and get comfortable. Today I’m going to do Reiki on you, and then you will do Reiki on me.”

What? I can’t believe my ears. Is she serious? I hear she charges like one-hundred and fifty bucks per hour. She has never placed her hands on me, only briefly upon my shoulders during the attunement, and I wasn’t really sure what was going on then. I am going to do Reiki on her? This feels like a big deal, but she makes it sound so matter of fact. I swallow a gulp of coffee and look around myself. Wait, she wants me to lay on the couch? I feel a little uncomfortable. There is no healing table, or soft blanket? No going into a different healing room with aromatherapy, dimmed lights and whale music? There is just this flower patterned couch surrounded by sea shells filled with potpourri. Sharon stands up, piles some pillows at the end of the couch, points and says in a commanding voice “Lay back.” I do as instructed.

Sharon turns the television on, clicks around the channels a bit and then settles herself in a chair behind me. She sloppily, and heavily places her hands upon the crown of my head and I feel an instant heat and voltage come through her. I melt into the couch and feel as if her hands are melting *into* my head. I glance at the clock above the T.V and attempt to focus on the movie she's watching, but instead feel as if I am under anesthesia and quickly fall asleep.

Chapter Thirteen

Level Two

I awaken feeling slightly stoned. I can feel Sharon's 'hot' hands on my head. A few minutes later, she removes her hands and asks "How is Andrew today?" I'm not sure whom she is talking to. I feel groggy, as if I am still coming back into my body. "Pardon?" I say turning around to look at her. "Andrew, he's my tennis coach and I wonder how he is today." I don't know what the hell she is talking about, but I hear a voice inside my head. "Andrew is happy today." "I guess he is happy today?" I say aloud, not really knowing what is going on.

"Why is he happy?" She asks with a blank stare on her face. I feel as if I've answered the question incorrectly. In my head I hear "He is meeting his girlfriend later." "I guess he is happy cuz he's meeting his girlfriend later," I say, still curious what this is all about. "Oh," she says, rolling her eyes. She then stands up and leaves the room. I am baffled by her questions and by the distinct voice I hear in my head that answers her questions. All I know is I have never felt a Reiki healing like *that* before. This was way deeper than the Reiki in Greece, or Australia. As I come-to more, I feel lighter and refreshed. My grogginess is now lifting. Sharon enters the room with a tall glass of water, and hands it to me. "Drink," she says. I Drink most of the water and sit in silence for a while.

"That was super heavy duty... I mean, that Reiki totally knocked me out. What happened Sharon?" I ask. "Oh, you were just ready to let go of a lot of tar body stuff, and the Reiki helped to bring it up for *release*." I look at Sharon. "I feel so clear." She nods her head silently. "You are ready for your Level Two attunement with Reiki." I recall her telling

me and June that we should wait at least thirty days after the Level One before receiving Level Two. I never even thought about Level Two, I just wanted to get the first level and make do with that.

“What’s Level Two about?” I ask. “It will help you to assimilate more universal energy. It will ease, yet accelerate the path of spiritual transformation you are on, making it easier for you to be in the world, but not of it. Level Two opens the way for kundalini energy to move higher up your crystalline tube, by working on clearing and balancing the second and third chakras. While Level One is all about the physical, Level Two operates on the emotional and mental aspects of self. They are really the driving mechanisms of our physical health. After all, what we think about, we become, and what we feel is ‘how’ *what we think about* shows up for us. It will raise your energy levels by opening your crystalline tube even further. You will channel greater volumes of life-force energy and share Reiki with others without depleting your own resources.” I sit silently absorbing the information.

She interrupts, “So what time do you have to be in the city for work today?” “Oh, I don’t work on Mondays,” “Isn’t that nice,” she says. “How do you feel about receiving your Level Two today?” I recall having seven dollars and two cents in my bank account. “How much does it cost?” “It’s two hundred and fifty dollars,” she replies. I feel my eyes widen almost as big as hers are naturally, and she laughs. “Silly, I don’t expect you to pay me today. Don’t worry about the money. We can work that out later. Just do what feels right to you. I’m gonna jump in the shower.” She stands up, stretching her long arms, upward and exhales a loud yawn before leaving the room.

Well, aren’t *I* getting very cozy around here? I think to myself as I stand up and stretch my body too. Her price is very good, the other prices I’ve seen for Level Two are in the thousands of dollars. I dig around in my purse and grab a bag

of cashews and munch a handful. I am suddenly extremely famished and want to eat a huge meal, but make due by eating every nut in the bag.

Surely, *I am* to go the next level with Reiki. Aren't I? Why else am I spending time studying with this woman? It's all so powerful and purposeful. I definitely feel the changes on a deep level within myself. I sit silently and attempt a mini meditation. I clear my mind with some ujjayi breathing. I tune into the universe and send out my message... Am I supposed to get my Level Two with Sharon today? Just then a car alarm goes off outside and I am startled from my silence. I open my eyes and glance to the television. The volume is turned down and the word 'Yes' is illumined on the screen in large red letters on a yellow background. The word stays for another few seconds and then the screen switches to an advertisement for laundry detergent. I close my eyes, tune into my gut and feel I have received my answer.

Twenty minutes later, Sharon returns wearing light make up, blow dried hair, 80's high-waist mom-jeans, a flower print t-shirt and matching flower patterned platform flip flops. Does this woman own anything that is *not* flower print? I crack a joke to myself and lightly laugh inside. Wait a minute, she *is* psychic. I wonder if she can hear my thoughts. I send her a psychic message saying that I'm really not making fun, but I find her love of flower patterns amusing. Unfathomed, she sits next to me with those huge eyes, raised eyebrows and red hair cut in a bowl formation that frames her face and tiny mouth. "So. What do you think?" She says. I stretch my arms down toward my knees, lift my shoulders like a little kid and say excitedly "Okay, let's do it!" with a smile.

"Great. You are sooo ready." She says, pulling out a book that I have never seen before. She turns the pages. "You will draw these symbols for some time, just as you drew the *Cho Ku Rei* symbol. "Oh, there are two symbols with Level Two?"

I remark. “Yes, remember you are working on the mental *and* the emotional layers of self with Level Two, so there are two symbols.” I look at the book in anticipation and see that one of the symbols looks very complicated. Looking at what I will learn to be the *Hon Sha Ze Sho Nen* symbol, I remark “Oh my God, am I supposed to learn that whole thing today? And how do you pronounce it? That looks like a lot of work.” Laughingly Sharon says, “Do not be afraid of the symbol!” “Well it’s a far cry from the simple spiral of the *Cho Ku Rei* I learned with Level One,” I say in a joking spirit. “Don’t think about how hard you think it is. That is the symbol that works with the mental body and long distance healing. Just draw it and let the energy work on you. You have plenty of time to learn it off by heart, there is no rush.” Phew, I feel a wave of relief come over me. “And who is this little guy here?” I ask about the much simpler looking symbol on the page next to the crazy looking one. I feel a playfulness come over me in Sharon’s presence that I have not felt before, as if she is one of my girlfriends and we are kidding around.

“That is *Sei He Kei*, the symbol that works with the emotional body.” “Who made these symbols up? I mean where do they come from?” I ask curiously as I check out the cover of the book. It reads *Essential Reiki* by Diane Stein. Sharon lays a handful of crayons out before me. “They are channeled. Some are Sanskrit and some are Japanese Kanji. Now you get to work and draw,” she says, placing blank white sheets of paper on the table. “I’m gonna see what I have for lunch.” I glance to check the time and notice it is twelve o’clock already. I have been here since around 7am, and even though she did two hours of Reiki on me, somehow we have managed to clock up more hours than I thought. My cashews are long gone and I am hungry again. I hope she has something besides meat and eggs in her fridge. And please God, do not use the microwave Sharon. I get to work drawing the Reiki symbols, and can hear her clunking

dishes around in the kitchen.

About ten minutes later she re-enters the room with a large bowl of salad and a plate of chicken. I am so relieved! “That looks so good!” I exclaim. She dishes out two bowls of salad and places chicken on top of her portion. “How do you get protein?” she asks. “I eat a lot of nuts, lentils and tofu,” I reply. She says nothing in response, but continues to take huge bites of salad draped in chicken slices and chews heartily. I do the same with my vegan style salad and after some time we both finish. I carry our empty bowls into the kitchen and return for what will be next. Sharon arranges the living room furniture and moves the coffee table to the wall. She slides the large flowery chair she sits in on Monday nights to the middle of the room and asks “Are you ready?” I smile with raised eyebrows. “Yes I am!” I feel a wave of excitement and realize I am embarking on a very powerful next step in my healing journey. “Okay sweetie, sit down here. Place your feet on the ground and uncross your legs. Bring your hands to a prayer position at your heart.”

I am not sure if there is a different ritual for each attunement. This seems to be the same as my Level One so far. I feel upbeat and ready to receive this next level of energy into being. “I am ready to consciously heal my life.” I whisper into the air as I close my eyes. Everything feels exactly the same in this attunement. Her fingertips sit atop my shoulders, and next she performs some breathing and blows into the top of my head. She then scribbles on my palms, followed by more blowing breath and then her fingers sit upon my shoulders once again. It all seems to take no more than a few minutes. I sit steadily and feel tears coming on, but just then the loud BUZZ of the intercom rings, shifting my awareness back into the room and away from my tears. I take a deep breath. It’s okay, I have probably cried enough over the last several days. Sharon abruptly removes her hands from my shoulders, yet I feel an incredible pulsing

through my body, as if her hands are still there. Anyway, *who* is at the door? I wonder with eyes closed, still holding my hands together at my heart. “Hello?” Sharon’s voice booms through the intercom. “It’s Alice,” a voice crackles through the walls. “Come on up,” Sharon replies. Who is Alice? I think to myself.

Is this weird? There is a visitor in the middle of my attunement. I mean, I’m a big believer in ‘everything happens for a reason’, but did Sharon know this Alice lady was coming over today? Should I be concerned that it interrupts my attunement? I continue sitting with my eyes closed as Alice is greeted at the front door and shown inside. After some chat along the hallway the voices quiet. I feel the presence of someone new in the living room. I slowly open my eyes to see a plump, friendly smiling forty-something, curly blond haired woman sitting to my left. Sharon sits next to her on the couch and hands me a glass of water. “Oh, hello.” I say, slowly raising a smile. “How do you feel?” Sharon asks. “I feel such a strong pulsing of energy running through my body.” “Okay, you have to ground that energy, pull it through your channels and move it in all directions.” “How do I do that?” I ask innocently. Sharon and Alice both laugh. “Why don’t you change places with Alice and do some Reiki on her? This will pull the energy through you and get you grounded.” Hmm, I thought I was going to do Reiki on Sharon. “Don’t worry you will do Reiki on me next week when we meet again for our yoga session.” Sharon replies, as if hearing my thoughts. I act cool and get up, offering my seat to Alice.

We do not introduce ourselves. She smiles and sits down in a plop down in the chair kind of fashion. I stand behind her, close my eyes and gently place my hands upon her shoulders. I hear Sharon get up and leave the room. We are left in complete silence. I concentrate, but not too hard, and let the energy flow. This is amazing. I feel the energy so

strong, almost like a current that wants to take me away with it. I have to reconfigure my stance to hold the energy that is flowing through me now. I bring my feet to stand wider apart and soften my knees. I feel myself wobble a bit, and try not to grab onto Alice's shoulders for balance. After about ten minutes, a car alarm begins going off outside and it does not stop. It becomes louder and louder. I feel like it is telling me to stop. I slowly step back and remove my hands. I say a prayer of thanks to my Reiki angels and open my eyes. The alarm is still going off and I realize no matter how fancy an area you live in, while in New York City you are never free from the harassment of car alarms.

I sit down and then quickly get up, recalling how Sharon insists on drinking water and offering water after sharing Reiki. I go to get some for Alice while refilling my glass too. Sharon is still gone, having disappeared somewhere in the apartment.

Alice sits perfectly still and smiles as I approach her with the glass of water. She reaches her hand out. "Thank you, Tuesday." She drinks while squinting into my eyes. "You are pretty powerful. Did you receive your Level Three?" She asks. "Oh, no, umm my Level Two." "Just your Level Two," she repeats, never once breaking her gaze into my eyes while nodding her head slowly. She then pauses and her eyes begin to look into one another, as if she is slowly crossing her eyes. Or are they 'crossing' of their own accord? I gain a sense she is looking beyond me. Her energy feels innocent but I decide to shift the energy and break the spell of her oddness and clear my throat while reaching for my water.

As if snapping out of a hypnotic trance, she sits up quickly and announces with a renewed youthful energy "Well, you have got the magic touch young lady, you have got the touch." "Sharon did two hours of Reiki on me today," I respond, not wanting to take all the credit for my ten minutes of Reiki fame with this new acquaintance. Just then Sharon

enters the room and hands me a certificate. “What is this?” I respond. “This is your Level Two Reiki certificate. You can officially see clients for Reiki now, and charge an appropriate fee for your services.” I look at the fancy paper and am amused by it at first, and then a feeling of empowerment washes over me. I have not thought about doing Reiki as a practice. “Of course, you must do personal healing work with yourself first. The symbols will integrate their vibration into your vehicle. You will know when it’s time. You will be guided by your Reiki angels when it is time to begin with all that.” Sharon seems sure it will be the next step for me. I am not so sure.

Alice seems completely at home with all of this Reiki talk. I place the certificate down beside me and continue. “So this car alarm went off outside and I felt like it was a sign from the universe to complete my session with Alice.” “That’s right,” Sharon replies straight faced. “The world is full of signs. We often receive divine guidance from all things around us. Sometimes we have to ask, or simply listen and be open to receiving information in all the different ways it comes,” she finishes.

There is a pause for some time. I wonder if Sharon wants me to go so she can catch up with her friend and get on with her day. “Okay so, I’m probably gonna go now...” “Oh, don’t go on account of me,” says Alice. “We don’t usually start Sharon’s Reiki treatment til two or three o’clock. I’m just early.” “Reiki treatment?” I ask. Alice glances at Sharon and continues. “Yes, I do Reiki on Sharon most Monday afternoons.” Wow, She has *me* in the mornings doing yoga, then Alice in the afternoon doing Reiki on her, and then she channels in the evening. That’s intense, I think to myself.

I turn to Sharon. “So what is my Level Two attunement about?” There is a pause. “Your Level Two will trigger a clearing of mental and emotional hurts, pain, considerations, decisions, agreements and limiting thoughts you have taken

on as 'true', such as what you believe to be true regarding your body and sexuality." I instantly think to all the stuff from my past that I have been working to heal, with direct regard to my body and my sexuality, and feel like I am beginning to understand what she is saying. She continues. "Through working with the Level Two symbols, the body and mind are free to release limiting, toxic and negative programming they have let in over many lifetimes." I am so grateful, as it feels like exactly what I need to be with now.

After a few moments Alice starts to mention to Sharon that I feel like a Level Three to her. I chime in saying how much more energy I feel because of the Reiki session I received from Sharon. Sharon stares at me blankly and I stop speaking in mid-sentence. "Why is it hard for you to allow a compliment of sorts to be bestowed to you?" I am stunned to silence and know she is hitting a truth for me. I look away and feel like I could cry again. "Understand that while *I* shared Reiki with you, you were the one who did all of the work. You have been doing a lot of work on yourself since you started with the group." "Oh, Tuesday's in the group?" Alice says cheerily, shifting the energy in the room. "I haven't been around because I've been in Chicago taking care of my Aunt." I am curious about Alice, she seemed a little out-there earlier when she appeared entranced with crossed eyes. But now she is full of childlike energy, just like how Sharon can be. "So..." Sharon continues. "You were the one who had to let go of it all, and the Reiki I shared with you today simply created a pathway for it to be released. You can bring a horse to water but you can't make him drink. It's the same way with healing. You can't force someone to heal, they will get there when they are ready."

That makes so much sense and it's so true, I think to myself. "Now, on another note, you are feeling the energy stronger, yes because it has been bumped up with your Level Two, but also because Alice is a Reiki Master." "Why does

that make a difference?” I ask. “You know how with each attunement you receive, your crystalline tube increases in size so you may channel greater volumes of life force through you?” I nod ‘Yes’. “Well, eventually all the channels of energy in your body begin to open larger, creating even more pathways for energy to flow and soon you are a walking vehicle of life-force energy!” She laughs throwing her head back and Alice joins in. I am still not getting it. “So what does that mean?” I wonder out loud. “What it means is the clearer and larger your channels are, and the clearer and larger someone else’s channels are, the more space there is for life-force energy to channel through you both. It’s possible you have not experienced this height of vibration running through you before, via sharing healing with someone else. Remember, The Scroll shared Reiki with you for two hours and then you received your Level Two attunement, and then you shared Reiki again. That’s a lot of bumping up the frequencies, so to speak.” She’s right! It has been ‘energy work central’ around here today. “Also, that’s why it is important for you to bump up your ‘Levels’ of Reiki as you grow energetically, especially if you are planning to use it with others. You do not want to become drained.”

“I am confused, I didn’t know I could get drained from Reiki. Is that what I have been feeling?” I ask. “No,” remarks Sharon. “What you are feeling is the burning off of your tar body and with that, the acclimation to a higher frequency. You are tired now from all of the crying you have done, and from rehashing old memories and grids of hurt and pain. Once this clears there will be more layers to clear out, but you will even-out energetically and be able to hold the higher vibration of your Level Two with ease.” “Okay, so how do we get drained from Reiki?” I ask. Alice keeps quiet and allows Sharon to explain. “If you do not balance the work you do on yourself with the work you share, then you can become drained.”

Leaning forward, Alice chimes in. “That’s why I’m here, to help Sharon re-charge.” Sharon nods and continues. “You must really work on yourself twice as much, or more. Have *your* cup overflowing, and only then share healing with others. Of course there are always exceptions but this is the golden rule. The second rule is to never force a will. Pay attention to the guidance of your Reiki angels. If you follow the *ego mind* and attempt to share Reiki against the higher guidance of Reiki, or against someone’s will, it will backfire because you are forcing it instead of flowing with what *is for the higher good*. I will give you an example. When you share Reiki with someone who needs a lot of work, like someone who is very physically, mentally or emotionally ill, or imbalanced, their body will try to pull a large amount of life-force through you to balance itself. If you’re not attuned to a level whereby you can freely share what is needed, you can become drained, and you may also pick up someone else’s energy because it can get stuck in your energy field when you try to do more than you are *wired*, or ready for.”

“That’s why we say with Level One, work on yourself. It’s okay to share a little Reiki with your boyfriend or goldfish, but really it is about *you* healing you. The initial cleansing that comes with the initiation of laying your hands on yourself is tremendously important in acclimating energetically to be ready for the next level of attunement. With Level Two your tubes begin to open up more and more. A deeper clearing can more easily occur for the individual you are sharing with, without *you* becoming drained, because you are prepared energetically to handle the flow of energy appropriately, without depleting your own resources.”

My head is spinning, though I feel like this information is familiar to me somehow. My stomach squelches and I know I have to get more food inside of me. “Thank you for the 411. I am soaking it all in. I think I’m going to head home, eat a huge piece of lentil loaf, a baked potato, and then take a

little nap before tonight's group session," I exclaim. "Good Idea!" Alice says. "I got so hungry as my energy bumped up that I sometimes gained weight just trying to stay grounded, through eating." I momentarily become freaked out as I conjure a vision of myself ballooning up to five hundred pounds. "But Sharon tells me you are a yoga girl, so as long as you keep moving, you should be OK and that will help you burn off the tar body stuff that comes up too. Good old fashioned sweat. That really helps the body to *clear* itself." She says. "It's true." Sharon chimes in, "That's why I go to tennis practice twice a week with Andrew. I get my heart beating and work up a sweat. Here's a folder for your certificate." She hands me a purple file folder. I place my Reiki Certificate and symbol drawings inside of it.

Alice is a mystery. I am curious of her relation to Sharon. Maybe Alice has the low-down on Sharon. Kind of like the pal who has been on the sidelines, watching Sharon go through it all. "How long have you known each other?" I ask. "Tuesday... Myself and Sharon go way back." Alice announces. "I remember when she was just plain old Sharon, meditating with crystals and such. You know, before the channeling started in Hawaii." I raise my eyebrows and want to hear more. "What were you two doing in Hawaii?" I ask. "Oh we did a course all about learning to channel. In fact, that's when Sharon started channeling Raz!" Exclaims Alice with a long chuckle. Her large bosom shudders under her top as she laughs, and long blond curls bounce along in concert. I notice she is wearing a flower-patterned dress. Is this a *flower pattern* cult? I think laughingly to myself and smile. I wonder if Sharon had a 'normal' life before all of this channeling business. Sharon leaves the room and an eerie silence takes over.

The air is palpable when Alice looks at an old photo of Sharon on the side table and murmurs. "Mmhmm. I've been there from the beginning of this stuff. Like when you were in

that crazy car accident in Germany and they put you in that fancy alternative healing hospital in 1972.” She is speaking to ‘Sharon’ in the picture now. “What happened?” I ask. “Well that’s the year she met the Dalai Lama and he asked her to study with him.” “What?” I exclaim. Alice suddenly realizes she may have said too much and covers her mouth while looking at me wide eyed. “Dalai Lama?” I ask aloud as Sharon returns, sitting Mona Lisa style on the couch. She smiles with her eyes wide open and eyebrows raised, as if to say, ‘Yep that’s right- The Dalai Lama.’ There is further silence. I gather my things and tell Alice it is nice to meet her. “Thank You Sharon.” I say, “No problemo honey!” She says smiling and squeezes me into her bosom.

As I leave the apartment Sharon shouts after me “Oh, and let me know when you hear from the gym about that yoga job.” “Okay” I shout back as I jog down the stairs. I return home and am amazed that it is already four o’clock. I only have a couple hours before I have to hop on the train again and get back over to Sharon’s for the evening’s channel session, but I am glad to have a break from all of this energy stuff. I feel like my head is whirling with the new information I received today. I put the oven on to prepare for my baked potato and check my messages.

“Hello, Tuesday, this is Taylor from Harbor Fitness. We have a yoga class on the schedule and wonder if you are available to teach. Contact me at the office. I look forward to meeting with you.”

Chapter Fourteen

Merkabah

The room is alive. Everyone is buzzing with chat. I share in hugs with Alice and Maggie. As I greet the remainder of my metaphysical family, I notice three new people sitting upon the couch. Two women are huddled around a third woman who sits in the center of them. I watch from across the room and make my seat on the floor. Sharon enters and everyone becomes still and quiet. Sharon turns her attention to Gretchen and nods. Gretchen pulls her long, black, stringy hair away from her pale face and tucks it behind each ear. She smiles through heavy eyeliner and cherry-red lips. “Okay, we’re gonna do the Merkabah meditation which includes specific breathing, and movements with our fingers and eyes.” She turns her tattoo-sleeved arms and palms to face upward. “So place your palms face up on your knees and do not let your fingers touch at all, except as you are guided in the meditation. Imagine your fingers are electric wiring, do not let the wires cross. Let’s begin the meditation.”

“Close your eyes. Bring your thumb and tip of first finger together. Inhale fully, and exhale fully. At the end of your exhale, hold all your breath out. While holding the breath out, roll your eyes up to the crown of your head, and then shoot them down to the earth. Now place the thumb and tip of your second finger together. Inhale slowly... and exhale. Hold the breath out and roll the eyes up again..., and then down again. Place the thumb and fourth finger to touch now. Inhale... Exhale. Hold the breath out, roll your eyes up and then down.” Gretchen continues guiding us through what feels like a very powerful meditation, one I have never experienced. For the end, she counts out numbers and has us blow air out through our mouths in a forceful way that is

synchronized by all participating members. We sit quietly for some time afterwards. I feel a definite shift, like I am 'stronger' than just ten minutes ago.

After some time, The Scroll speaks. "*The Flower of Life' meditation Gretchen shared with us influences the spin-state of your personal Merkabah and sets it running to its highest capability for this time and space.*" Ron raises his hand. "What is the Merkabah?" "*The Merkabah is an energy vehicle or chariot of sorts. It houses your aura and your energy-bodies as you travel through time and space. That includes the Earth plane, or third dimension as you call it. You travel always within the tetrahedrons of sacred geometry that make up the Merkabah.*" A voice from the back of the room comes forth. It is the small red-head. "Besides being an 'energy vehicle', what is the purpose of the Merkabah, what does it do, and what should we do with it?" The Scroll replies. "*It is with the Merkabah that you travel, or ascend to meet other dimensions. It is within the Merkabah that you 'journey' in sleep, and in meditation, in healing- in eating and talking. In every moment of your existence, you are surrounded with and by this vehicle. When the energy of one's Merkabah is run, or activated- it influences the rotation of spinning tetrahedrons that make up the Merkabah itself. When the rotation or spin-state of a Merkabah becomes activated, there occurs a natural raising of vibration within that sphere.*" I interrupt, "and this happens through the spinning of the tetra- what-drons?" "Correct." The Scroll speaks without turning towards me and continues with the small red-head. "*As the raising of vibration occurs, therein lies a disengagement of all energies that were attached to you at a different or lower spin-state.*"

I scribe notes quickly, making sure to include as many nuances I can secure under The Scroll's breathy dissertation. "*In essence, the Merkabah can be seen as another Energy Tool. By running your Merkabah- you are raising your vibration and also activating your 'Key Note'. Your Key Note represents the sound of you, or the sound of one's spin-state, i.e.; the frequency cast out through you, via the cycles per second your tetrahedrons spin at. This shift in your*

energetic spin-state changes what you draw to yourself energetically. One's vibration or tone acts as a magnet, the Merkabah meditation increases the vibration of Love within you and all around you, so only those beings and things that resonate with the frequencies of Love can and will vibrate with you too. You may run your Merkabah by performing this meditation, or you may do it by simply stating 'I run my Merkabah'. This will instantly shift your energy for the highest good. As it does, it will de-link you from all that does not resonate- with you, at your higher spin-state." My hand is beginning to hurt with all of the notes I am taking. I place my pen down to pause and stretch out my fingers.

The woman sitting in the middle of the couch raises her hand. And like a flower's bud, her frail form becomes revealed as those friends offering consolation earlier, lean away from her. The woman appears exhausted. She is dabbing her eyes of tears and speaks in a crackled voice. "When do you use the Merkabah as a tool?" Members of the group turn to view the face of this new voice in the room. The Scroll looks at her and continues. *"When Sharon does healing work in hospitals, she is most often guided to run the Merkabah of the hospital she will be working at, and this energetically 'sifts out' all entities that are resistant to the healing work she will bring there, be that of people, places and things."* Big Red interrupts, "So the Merkabah can help get that 'gritty resistance' that doesn't want your light work around- *outta'* the way!" He laughs under his breath and I consider the tar body teachings she shared with me earlier.

"Is it like a Tar Body 'clearer-outer'?" I ask innocently. Tilting her head softly, and with large round glowing eyes The Scroll responds. *"Running the Merkabah of a place or space will help to 'clear out' all that does not support the raising of vibration there, for the highest good of all. Imagine a dog shaking off excess water after a bath. Likewise, imagine a building shaking off what does not match its new spin-state. Running your Merkabah or the Merkabah of a space or place appropriately will raise your/its energy so that what is*

drawn in will match that higher vibration, and resonate harmonically with it. Running the Merkabah of a hospital, home or healing center will release unsuitable energies or entities from it, - so balance and healing can occur in its most unlimited and balanced ways for the highest good of all."

There is a long pause. I continue scribbling. The Scroll drinks from the flower patterned mug placed beside her. *"Remember, there is no force of a will. You can run Merkabahs, and you can run grids on people or places- and do Reiki in hopes of providing healing or creating 'change'. But we must remember; (1) Everything is always run for the highest good of all. (2) Remain detached from specific outcomes, and (3) Never force a will for something to be anything other than what it is. Think of 'running grids' and using energy tools as an offering to the Universe. We can be conscious co-creators of our lives existence. We can help direct and assist the movement of energy as consciousness and move it through us- and into our world. In fact, it becomes our world. You may find yourself working with someone close to you. This person may be near death. We can understand no matter how much you wish them to stay alive, if a person's path is to pass on to the other side or to endure a long and complicated exit- that is what will be. Our job is to hold space for them no matter what happens."*

Henrietta raises her hand. "How do we 'hold space' for others?" Sharon's body turns robotically towards her. *"We hold space for others by 'being'. That is why we do all of our work as light beings for the highest good of all. You do your job by being. And that will help the individual to heal those parts of them-selves that are ready to be healed."*

Henrietta announces "What if I feel like I want to run grids or Merkabahs when I'm out doing my day-to-day chores? How will I know what to do and when to do it?" What if I am scared to 'run energy' because it might turn out wrong?" The Scroll morphs into Raz by way of forward rounded shoulders, and a snorting laugh. *"If in question, simply ask the universe, ask your angels, ask your guides- and PAY*

ATTENTION to the guidance you receive. You can say 'Hey Angels- Hey Universe-what do I do?' Or, 'Hey Reiki guides what is your highest guidance for me now?' It will always steer you in the path of correct action. That action is not decided by you or your ego self, but by the higher source of all in existence in conjunction with your path and/or with the path of the individual you may be working with. Also, the more you use the tools we share with you- the more clearly you will receive guidance of when may be appropriate times to use them. Again, you can use these tools and 'run' energy, but if it is not supposed to run for the highest good- then it won't, so don't worry about running some energy and fearing the outcome. Once you are following your guidance and detached of any outcomes- then the universe can get to work for the highest good. Use the tools, run the energy and then just get out of the way. On another note, If the individual you run things for is resistant, and openly tells you they do not want you to 'work' on them with the tools, Reiki or anything else, then you better let it go. Otherwise, you will be forcing a will. We are not liking to be forcing any will." Raz shrugs, forward slouching and snorts a softer laugh now.

The woman sitting in the center of the couch begins to speak again. "So, I can *run the Merkabah* of the hospital where my son is? And I can *run the Merkabah* of the Doctors and staff working with him for the highest good?" "That is correct!" Exclaims Raz whilst waving a pointed finger in the air. "But be careful." Raz next leans in, looking the woman in the eye for what appears to be a serious moment. "Let me tell-to-you something lady. You may not want to run those things from You. Everybody must-to understand, there are two ways to run energy tools, grids, Merkabahs and the like. The first is: YOU run the energy from YOU by stating "I RUN_____." In the second, YOU ask THE UNIVERSE TO run the energy by stating "UNIVERSE, RUN _____." When YOU run an energy tool, or grid, or Merkabah- the running of that 'something' runs on YOU first. It then expands, reaching all connected to it. If you ask the Universe to run it, it will run from the farthest points out from you and work its way in."

The once frail and crying newbie sits up tall, faces Raz, and

says “Okay, so if *I* personally run the Merkabah of the hospital where my son is, by saying ‘I run the Merkabah of St. Joseph’s hospital where Jonah is...’ All of the negativity released from the hospital as its vibration shifts, will release though ME first, as it clears. If so, that’s a lot to take on.” Nodding deeply Raz speaks quietly, “*You have it in a nutshell lady.*” There is a pause. Sinking in what has just been shared, we all seem to ‘get it’ on a collective level. Raz continues. “*Now, the reason Sharon can run the Merkabah of a hospital is because she is The Scroll and her energy is ‘Big’. It’s big enough to hold space for that kind of work. So, unless you are specifically guided to do so, you may ask that the universe run grids or Merkabahs for you, especially in a larger setting, such as a hospital.*” Henrietta interrupts. “Is that why I slept for two weeks after I *personally* ran the grid of the Brooklyn School system?” “*Yes, that is correct.*” The group laughs out loud. “*As that grid was being brought to balance by Your ‘running’ of it- it used You as a conduit to do the work through... So it kept you in bed for 14 days.*” Everyone turns to Henrietta gasping, in a ‘wow’ state of reflection. Raz butts in. “*Understand, it is not always happening like this, where you will be laid up for such a long time. On the other hand, it may be a part of your work as a light being to engage yourself in that way, so be sure to PAY ATTENTION and move forward as you are guided. So if you are ever in question about running tools from You- ask the Universe to run it for you. That way it will run from the universe, and not directly from or through you. Yes, if in question, allow the universe to do the work for you.*”

Big Red yawns out loud while stretching his arms upward. “*Yes, everybody take a stretch and get some water. We will break for a few minutes,*” The Scroll announces.

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I stretch my legs out and perform a simple forward bend. I notice the small red haired girl is talking with Henrietta and

Ron by the cookie table. The new woman and her two friends stand around Sharon and speak softly. I decide to lay back and close my eyes. After a few minutes I hear Alice's voice above me. "So, Tuesday! Are you enjoying these group meetings?" She smiles widely and plops down on the floor next to me. I notice her glancing to the open pages of my Scroll notebook as she gets comfortable. "Yes, this stuff is right down my alley," I respond. "It seems Sharon has really taken a liking to you. You are very lucky she is working with you so closely." I ponder what she means exactly. "You mean like, the sharing of yoga and stuff?" I say. "Mmmhmm. Sharon has a lot to gift us, *but beware.*" She says softly while glancing over her shoulder. "Beware of what?" I ask. Just then Big Red interrupts, announcing the baklava on the cookie table is out of this world. "Don't mind if I do!" Says Alice, making her way up and away from me. I am left perplexed, but decide to put her warning to the back of my mind. Maybe I will ask her what she means later.

The group settles back in for the final portion of the evening's channeled offerings. Sharon sits tall and closes her eyes. I am not sure if she was Sharon, Raz, or The Scroll during our brief break, but she seems to be centering herself again. Her voice clears, her spine lengthens and she speaks elegantly, as The Scroll now. "*Another energy tool you may work with is signing into a person, place or things' Key Note.*" I grab my pen, turn pages in my Scroll notebook and write the words 'Key Note'. "*We are all made of vibration, and vibration creates a tone that is like a musical note, or series of notes. Just like music- your body and mind are playing a constant song and the notes and melody of your song depends on the feelings and thoughts you are tapping into and sharing with the world at any given time. Your note can change frequently. For example- you go to exercise class or to the therapists office feeling tired and leave feeling energized- or vice versa. Or you go to the movies and leave feeling affected by your experience, and so you are a different vibration than when you walked in. Even on these evenings we*

spend with each other as this group- you come into Sharon's home as one note and leave often vibrating at a different cycles per second."

"Is that like the literal speed the molecules and particles that make our bodies up are spinning at, and does the Key Note in tandem reflect the spin state of our Merkabahs?" Ron asks. "Yes." The Scroll says quickly. He continues "So, when a client comes to you emotionally messed up and then receives a Reiki session with you and feels renewed and calm afterward, that's an example of how our vibration changes?" "Yes Ron, that is a perfect example. And the cycles per second of one's individual vibration depends upon what or how they are feeling- and what grids they are hooked into. Everything is what it is because of how you perceive it to be. Conditions can change in an instant, depending on how you perceive them to be. When you are hooked into energy grids of depression, poverty and sadness, that's exactly what you will experience. Change the way you perceive your surroundings and your surroundings change. When you are hooked into one set of grids- you experience things in that way. But when you change what you are hooked into, you get to experience things differently."

There is a pause, as if the Scroll is allowing everyone a moment to digest her offerings... "Many people live life hooked into the same set of grids their whole lives, never knowing anything else. There is no right or wrong. Many grids of belief, attitude and awareness are passed on to you when you are a child, and it is up to you to either continue with what you were given, or seek to find experiences outside of that. " "Do you mean that grids are like energy 'holding stations' for all sorts of feelings and emotions, thoughts and words?" I ask. "Yes, that is so," she responds. "Whoa- if that's the case, there must be millions of grids representing all of the things and words and feelings and thoughts, we as a collective whole have created over time. It sounds like no matter what, we are constantly hooked into grids of something or another, and that whatever we hook into energetically becomes amplified through our life's experience. Is this correct?" I ask, feeling like I am breaking ground on

understanding the big mystery of ‘the grid’.

The Scroll turns her head to me in that robotic way again and replies- *“You are on the correct track with this perception.”* She then leans towards me and says very slowly *“Everything in the universe is energy. Where you put your attention, or energy, is where you will experience it being.”* I can feel Alice watching me as if awaiting my response. The Scroll continues. *“When you feel joy, you experience not only your grid of joy, but the greater grid of joy that reflects all experiences of joy collectively. Similarly when you decide to experience sorrow, you are feeling your own personal perceptions or grids of sorrow, and also- the greater grid of sorrow. That greater grid of sorrow contains every person’s experience and perception of sorrow that has ever existed.”* Ron interrupts. “So there’s more than one grid of sorrow?” She nods without looking to Ron, and continues. *“In understanding grids, you will see everything is made of grids. When you decide to have an experience, whether it be happy or sad, a grid, or grids of energy are cast out from you, and the vibration of the grid(s) you send out draws and connects you to other grids of like energy vibration.”*

I speak while writing, and without looking up. “So, it’s like I am not only hooking into *my* vibrational experience of happiness or sadness, but I am ultimately hooking into a larger framework of these emotions, that are energetically connected to everyone else’s emotions too?” I question. *“That is the grid,”* The Scroll says in agreement and then leans back and looks away, sitting silent for some time. Was that a grid riddle or is it simply exactly what it is? I reflect and think to myself, it’s like what you sow, you will reap. Somehow the grid is a link, a connecting point for everything. I turn another page and continue writing my notes on the Teachings of the Scroll, adding my own inflections of what I think her points mean to me. The whole group sits in silence, some with their eyes closed and some starrng off into the distance.

“Now- the Key Note.” The Scroll continues, gaining

everyone's attention. "You can 'sign' yourself into the key note of a person, place or thing so that you may channel information or healing energy in ways that will transfer the communication of said information to them easily. This allows them to absorb, understand and integrate the information you share with them, more clearly and easily. So, instead of speaking all sorts of 'out there' talk to someone who is new to the world of energy- you may hear yourself speak in ways that are creative and simplified. Signing into someone's 'Key Note' will also help you to understand where the person you are working with is coming from emotionally, mentally and spiritually. You may hear yourself using new words to describe many things. You may also ask the universe, for the highest good- to sign a person, place or thing into your Key Note. So, in the first example of YOU signing into a person, place, or things Key Note- your Key Note will harmonize with theirs. You will experience a greater ability to communicate with them on their level and receive higher guidance of how to share with them, say in a healing situation. This is helpful when you are attempting to communicate with a person or a group of people in a teaching setting or one on one, when you are painting a picture for them to understand a concept."

"The second example of signing a person or thing into YOUR Key Note is helpful when intending that a person place or thing can better understand where YOU are coming from. This can help them understand you, so they may translate ideas to YOU with greater flow and ease. This helps them to align with you energetically, harmonizing their Key Note to yours for the highest good, no matter how far out the situation may seem. For example, you are a punk rocker with bright pink hair and wearing crazy clothing. You go into an architect firm to interview for a job, but you have heard that the boss is very straight laced and conservative. You do not want to change who you are, so you sign them into your Key Note, that they may energetically vibrate with you as much as possible- and see beyond the pink hair and crazy clothing. This allows them to energetically 'get you' on a deeper level. This allows them to talk your talk and feel connected with you on an energy level." "But isn't that like energy manipulation?" I turn around and see a look of concern on Alice's face as she asks the question.

*“Energy manipulation happens where there is a force of will, or a taking advantage of someone’s weakened state. That is why we say when you use the ‘tools’, you are to use them for the highest good of all. Use them as you are guided, and with no attachment to the outcome- and you will be most happy this way. Of course, if you are trying to use these tools to make things manifest how **you** think they should be, by forcing them into being, then you are in for a rude awakening, for the universe is all about balance. You may get things the way you ‘want’ them at first, but as the universe balances itself out – to the degree you have forced it, you may find yourself not happy with what you have created, for it has been a force of nature, and not of the nature of the universe- as all things are connected. Remember everything is energy, YOU are connected to everything as energy, and you are a master of your time and space.”*

The Scroll takes another sip from her flower-patterned mug and sits upright staring out into the distance, with a Sharon like youthfulness and innocence, almost fluttering her eyelashes for a moment. I raise my hand to gain her attention. “Okay, so with this signing into people or places’ Key Note stuff, it’s like we are building bridges of communication back and forth, through speaking this tool into action, right? Is the ‘signing in’ part just a different way to say hooking in? And does this *hooking in* allow both sides to better understand and grasp what is occurring during the exchange? It sounds like whether I am at the cleaners picking up my skirt, talking with my accountant, holding a meeting where I speak with one or many people, sharing Reiki, or teaching yoga, I can use this energy tool to help myself better communicate with others, and also as a means to help them better communicate with me.” “Yes, yes, and yes- that is correct,” she says, adding. “Aha- there is a good example of the third part to this tool. Just as an individual has a vibration or tone you can sign into- and vice versa- there is an aggregate Key Note in a group setting, whether you are working on a group of buildings or with a group of people, such as – being the teacher of a yoga class or holding a meeting with your peers or higher ups at work. You may sign yourself into the

groups 'aggregate Key Note', and so energetically plug into the vibration or tone that is present as the average Key Note of the group as a whole." There is silence. "*You get it?*" "Yes." The group speaks as one, and with that I stretch my arms up and do a mini twist. It feels like we have been sitting for days, but only two hours have gone by. Maybe the evening's session is almost over, or is it? Without wearing a watch, I never know what time it is. But I know we usually start at 7.30pm and end by around 10pm.

There is a pause and then the woman sitting in the middle of the couch raises her hand and begins speaking. "I came here to ask about my son in the hospital. Is he gonna hold up?" With a tilted head and furrowed brow her eyes well up with tears and her face morphs into a strong yet confused façade revealing a deeply creased forehead. Her lower lip and chin quiver slightly as if she is holding back from balling her eyes out. "*That is exactly correct. He is gonna hold up!*" The Scroll says softly to this woman with her Mona Lisa smile.

The evening ends and Sharon slowly moves to the adjacent room. Before I stand up, I add to my Teachings of the Scroll list.

Scroll Topics

Merkabah

Me running energy tools & grids versus asking the Universe to do it

Key Note

Everything is always done for the highest good of all

I close my notebook and perform another forward bend from my place on the floor. We tidy up Sharon's living room,

placing cushions in their proper places, and wash coffee mugs and water glasses out in the kitchen sink. Sharon, now back to 'Sharon' approaches me. "I want to introduce you to Jennie." I follow Sharon to the kitchen. "Jennie, this is Tuesday. She will be accompanying me to the hospital this week to work with you and your son Jonah." I am in shock, she never mentioned this to me. Am I ready to do Reiki in a hospital setting? Is that what she means? Maybe she wants me to do yoga with Jennie. Is this what Alice meant to beware of? I feel a rush of energy flow through my hands and they instantly get hot. I play along and smile quietly, reaching my hand out to greet Jennie, the woman who was sitting in the middle of the couch this evening. She gushes towards me with a hug and tightly rocks me back and forth. I rock with her, without resistance as my hands pulse with energy, upon her back.

Chapter Fifteen

Knee Deep

A summer breeze blows between my legs and ruffles through my ‘gypsy’ skirt. I thought July was hot in this city, but August in New York takes the cake! Guitar in hand, I make my way to the Lower East side to meet the guys in the band for a sound check at Piano’s Bar. Sound checks are very important because they allow the band to get their volume and levels right before the main show. It is 7pm now, and we are going on at 10pm. I did not work at the yoga center today. All I had to do was prepare my voice for the show. I did a home yoga practice and pranayama breathing followed by an hour of chanting to warm up my vocal chords. I rarely smoke before a show, but, I always carry my pouch of organic tobacco, papers and sage so that I may roll a *sagerette* or two after the show.

After hugging the guys hello and goofing around while the other band performs their sound check, it’s time to do ours. As I stand front and center on stage, a bright spotlight descends over me. The soundman is getting levels for the drums, so I have a few minutes before he will be checking my vocal and guitar levels. With the warmth of the spotlight upon me, I close my eyes and ask the universe to run the Merkabah of Piano’s Bar, to run the Merkabah of the stage, and to run the Merkabah of our band, ‘69 Nova’. I ask that the coming audience be signed into the bands Key Note, and that the band be signed into the audiences aggregate Key Note during our show, for the highest good. I ask the universe to run the grids of harmony, communication, joy and magic for the band, so that these qualities will be with us in greater volume overall. I run the grids of ‘endless voice’ and connection with the audience for me. I then draw a circle

of light around myself. As I complete my circle of light, I begin to visualize a scene in my mind. I see the band performing the gig with a full audience in the house. I see great light beaming out from my heart and touching the hearts of everyone in the place.

“Tuesday, Hey!- Tuesday!” I am brought back to the room by the soundman as he asks to check my vocals. It is time to perform a song in completion for our full sound check so that we can work out any last minute kinks. Often I cannot hear my vocals over Joe’s distorted guitar. And while I love it loud, in fact the louder the better,... I need to be able to hear what I am singing. We run through a song without much feeling, simply hitting our marks, saving our energy for the show. Everything sound-wise is ‘on’, so there is no need to adjust much. At around 9.30pm I order a Guinness and our friends and fans start to pile into the venue. The place is hopping by 10pm and we take to the stage. A loud intro of guitar, bass and lights flood the stage as I sing the intro words to “Knee Deep.”

“We’re all human beings, equal and divine, living in the same space and time. Why is it so hard to do what we can- what’s standing in the way? – Could it be the Man?” I hold the last note long and hard as Joe’s loud Jimi Hendrix-like feedback, and Mike’s booming bass fill the venue to the brim. The feedback serves to both confuse, and rally up the audience prior to our rocking out. As a rule, the feedback will continue reverberating until someone in the audience shouts out in crazy desperation- then the drummer Dave screams while hitting his sticks together, counting in the beat to the song. “ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!” And the fun begins.

Verse One: “The chemical, the pesticide, sweet residue, rodenticide- it’s suicide to deny the real news into my life. The media, the FBI, the undercover watchful eye. I give thanks for (W)BAI. Set me straight and keep me from the lies that dwell from the television cell, tell me who, what, when, where,

how to be, to eat meat, drink milk, I'm scared, I won't be dared- I won't be dared."

Chorus: "What's behind it? It's all bullshit! What's behind it? Corporate Profit! What's behind it? It's all bullshit!- Could it be the Man? Is there a master plan?"

Verse Two: "Everything is tampered with, everything is touched, they gotta finger every pie so we can keep them as our crutch. Can we do nothing for ourselves, our sisters, brothers, children's health. Ozone dyin, I be cryin, institutions, more pollution. We gotta check what we're supporting, before we go sportin' the latest sweat-shop fashion! Oh yeah, we gotta check what we're supporting, before we go sportin' the latest sweat shop fashion

Chorus: "What's behind it? It's all bullshit! What's behind it? Corporate Profit! What's behind it? It's all bullshit!- Could it be the Man? Is there a master plan?"

Verse Three: "And what about the animal, we eat it on our plate, yummy hormones and anti-B(iotics), you know it's not too late. We disrespect, also inject our friends we plan to cook, metal pole through brain and skull- in tiny cage- I feel that RAGE! No feet, no beak, no right to speak-The FDA, they're on our side- BULLSHIT- the truth they try to hide- Monsanto will monopolize.

End Verse: "We got Mumia Abu Jamal on death row with no fair trial. We got the IMF, the World Trade- existing IN DENIAL- We got the UFO's, you know they flyin' high up the sky, we hooked on medication, yeah-we dying- to get high!"

Chorus: "What's behind it? It's all bullshit! What's behind it? Corporate Profit! What's behind it? It's all bullshit!- Could it be the Man? Is there a master plan?"⁵

The song ends with an uproarious crescendo and repeating hook that includes in synch head-banging done by all of us in

the band, along with our dread-locked fans. Often Mike will throw his bass to the ground after such an ending, but this is our first song and we are just getting warmed up! The crowd screams and hollers in excitement and the mosh pit has begun below us at the front of the stage. We look at each other and flow into the next song on our set list. Sweating under the hot lights, I sing with closed eyes and can feel white light flow from my heart, into the hearts of all present. There is something different about this gig, is it the 'running' of Merkabahs? Or is the band just ON tonight? It has to be a combination platter of everything. It feels so powerful and extremely potent. I feel like I am transmitting a higher voltage than usual. Every single person in the house is glued to us, everyone is listening and digging the sonic vibrations! I see Big Red in the crowd and throw him a smile. I imagine the crystalline tube Sharon talks about and envision my tube filling with universal life-force, and shooting life-force energy out to all open receivers. Am I, in my own way... Channeling? After forty minutes of cranking guitars and melodic rhymes, we end the show. During the 'in between' of us packing up our guitars and getting off the stage to allow the next band to get set up, there forms a gathering of new faces at the stage. They reach out to us, wanting to sign our email list, buy c.d.'s and share about how much they enjoyed the show. This is wild! I know we have a faithful following, but there seems to be a whole new group of people converging around our music on this night.

After meeting with our new friends, I make my way to the packed bar for a drink. I see Troy and Dave the drummer chatting and squeeze in with them. I signal a bartender "Jack and Coke please." One by one, friends and fans come over to share hugs and chat about the gig. Troy kisses me in a special way, letting all the guys there know I am with him. It's funny because, despite his issues with my body hair, whenever I do a show, he always makes it obvious that we are together.

While enjoying my second Jack and Coke, I feel a leg pressing up against mine under the bar ledge. I look over to see Riga. Herself and Eva broke up a long time ago when Eva moved back to Cali.

Lately she has not been shy about flirting with me, despite my relationship with Troy. I guess her *Gaydar* picks up my energy. My early experiences with Yvette have created a curiosity within me about bisexual exchanges. I used to fool around with a *girl-friend* in Ireland during my teenage years, but I rarely look at women, and don't seek women out in a sexual way. Once in a while I find myself feeling attraction towards a woman, like when I first met Lara... But Riga is a different story. She is a character exhibiting the energy of half man/half woman, a real renaissance persona. Tonight, something seems to switch inside of me and I find myself giving Riga more of my attention than usual.

I look around and do not see Troy, he is probably off doing cocaine in the bathroom. I hate when Troy does cocaine. It's a total turn off. I grab an empty bar stool and slide it next to Riga. We hang out in silence bobbing our heads slightly as the room is hit by streaming musical tones and booming bass that reverberates underneath our feet and through the walls. This is the kind of night where you have to lean into one another's ear to be heard. At first we don't say much. We spend a lot of time looking into one another's eyes, which is not usually the most comfortable place for me. She lights a cigarette and blows the smoke upward. I usually step outside to smoke my *sagerette* because the bar staff always think I am smoking pot when I am smoking sage. As I look into her eyes I notice a calm within myself, coupled with a strong underlying attraction towards her, an attraction I never felt until now. She looks at me in the way a man does when he wants to make love. I look deeply into her eyes, and notice I actually feel very comfortable, and then break the serious vibe with giddy laughter I cannot hold in.

I look at her dreadlocks, noticing they are equally as thick and as long as mine, almost waist length, a little natty, but nicely formed. I then scan her leg as she moves her bag with her foot to scoot it under the bar. She has her pants rolled up just below her knees. The hair on her legs is grown out just like mine but hers is even thicker and longer, like a man's would be. I have never been this close to her physically, as to notice these very specific things about her. As she speaks in my ear, she breaths in a way as to blow her breath gently along my neck. I look around for Troy, but do not see him. "Another round," she signals the bartender, and we become more comfortable together talking, and... Am I flirting with her? She stands as I sit, leaning onto the arm of my chair, keeping constant contact of her arm with mine. Where is Troy? I think to myself. Is it the three Jack and Cokes, or is something *real* happening here? Generally I shrug her flirtations off and ignore them, opting for pure friendship, but tonight I feel differently.

Riga speaks out loud, her face up close to mine. I look into her eyes. "Do you want to go home with me?" There is an awkward pause as I quickly glance away. "I have some cold beers in the fridge and some nice weed. We could chill and listen to music." I reluctantly pull back. My eyes dart to the floor in a bashful way. Then I slowly draw my gaze back up over her body and to her eyes. Just then Troy bumps into me and places his arms around my waist. Riga instantly pulls back. "Babe, you gotta see this bass player on stage right now, he is amazing!" Troy grabs my hand and leads me to the front of the venue where the band that went on after ours is still performing.

I look behind myself to see Riga turned towards the bar. Troy holds me tight as we make our way through the crowd, and I am reminded why I'm so into him. His tall stature hugs over me as he shares his excitement for the sonic grooves this band sends forth. His body pushes into mine as he

stands behind me, with arms crossed over my shoulders. I love feeling like I am his girl, and center of his attention. He is actually more coherent than I thought he might be. Maybe he didn't do coke after all. We have fun bobbing up and down to the tempo of these loud melodies and he makes no qualms in showing everyone that I am with him and he is with me. He kisses my neck and holds me close the entire time. "I love you." He whispers in my ear, while nibbling my 'lobe'. I turn around and embrace him back. I can't help my attraction towards him, and why should I? He IS my boyfriend, and he is truly acting like it. I feel a new respect and honor from him I have not felt before. Like he really appreciates me on a new level. Maybe we have come around a tough corner and will overcome the past with ease. I coyly smile and respond "I love you too babe." We grab a cab home and make love until the sun starts to rise. I feel so accepted, so safe and secure. This is how I want to feel in this relationship. This is perfect. I can relax into his love, into our love. I drift off to sleep, held in his warm embrace.

~

"Hello," I say into the phone with a crackled voice. "Tuesday dear, it's Sharon! How was your show last night?" I clear my throat and answer. "You know, I used a lot of the energy tools and it really ramped things up!" "Oh? Well that's great! I take it you had a good time. Listen, I am calling because I want you to accompany me to the hospital in New Jersey today to work with Jennie's son, Jonah. You met her earlier in the week, on Monday night. Remember?" "Yes, she hugged me so deeply, I felt like I was being hugged by a Rainbow person." I remark. "Excuse me?" says Sharon. "Never mind, go on..." I say in a *'I drank three Jack and Coke's last night'* kind of manner. "Her son is in the hospital, in critical condition. He was in a car accident with his

grandfather who decided to pass on to the other side. The whole family is very shaken up as the doctors have diagnosed Jonah, Jennie's three-year old son, to have a 40 percent chance of recovery."

I recall being stunned by Sharon's announcement, when she said I would accompany her to the hospital. But I feel confident all the same. With my Level Two Reiki attunement, I am officially ready to share healing in larger settings now, I guess. At least that's what Sharon says. Yes, I feel ready to do this. I sit up, feeling tired, but free of hangover symptoms. Troy is still asleep. "Should I meet you there?" I say, hoping the answer is no. "No," she replies. "Come over here and we will get a cab." Can you be here by 2pm?" I glance at the clock and see it is just 12pm. "Sure." "Okay dear. See you then." I have a long day ahead of myself and need to get cleaned up, and to Sharon's place in time. You know the way subways run on a Sunday. I jump in the shower and perform a mini meditation, imagining my energy clearing itself out and realigning in a strong a vibrant way. After grabbing a coffee from a spot that *does not* do Styrofoam, I jump on the subway and pull my plugs to rid myself of any toxic tar-body residue from the alcohol I drank last night. I feel tired as my body is rocked from side to side on this train. I think about last night and laugh out loud as I envision a title to my life; 'Rock star by night, Reiki healer by day!' My ego seems quite impressed with itself.

Sharon sweeps her front door open and continues into the hallway closet to fetch her coat. "Glad you're on time sweetie!" She says from behind the closet door. "The cab will be here any minute." She then hugs me, and leads us back outside to wait. She is wearing black knee length Capri pants, along with a long sleeved floral pattern top that matches her blazing Irish-Red-Setter hair. As the cab drives us to Jersey, we talk about my show the night before.

I've been doing semi-great all morning, but am now

feeling an underlying tiredness after my late night. This curbs any nervousness I felt previously about going into this 'hospital' situation. Sharon does not give me any directions for what to do once we arrive, so I just go with the flow and await her guidance. As we walk down the hallway of this clinical space, the Doctor leaves the room we are headed for. Jennie comes running out, crying and speaking gibberish as her body convulses spasmodically. Her body of 'five foot two' falls into Sharon's towering height of 'six foot one'. "Where's Jeremy?" Jennie shouts. "Where's my husband?" She looks at Sharon frantically with that crooked face I noticed on Monday night. Her facial expression reminds me of Joan Crawford in the movie *Mommy Dearest*. "Tuesday is going to sit with you while I speak to the doctor and get started with Jonah." Sharon speaks with deliberate clarity while holding Jennie's arms. My eyes widen. *I am?* I think to myself. *I am* going to somehow calm this crazily shaken woman? A woman whose son is lying on his death-bed? Jennie flings herself into my arms, sobbing. "You can go into the seated area we passed around the corner," Sharon motions. I nod and hold onto Jennie as she deliriously weeps in my arms. Oh my God- what do I do? I see Sharon disappear into Jonah's hospital room. I take a deep breath and in exhausted silence, I recite "I run my Merkabah. I sign myself into Jennie's Key Note.

I sit Jennie down in a large, empty room filled with comfortable white-linen covered chairs. The view of lush-green, softly swaying trees behind large bay windows sets a tone of calm. I leave Jennie's side momentarily and get her a cup of water from the dispensary in the room. Ugh- more Styrofoam? I think to myself, and Reiki the cup as I walk back to her side. I have her drink some water, remembering that water is important to ground one's energy. I begin to speak in a tranquil manner. "Now, slow down your breathing and just focus on your inhale and exhale. She closes her eyes

and begins to breathe deeply while tears stream down her face. She then opens her eyes and with a tragic look on her face exclaims, “How can I just sit here and ‘*breathe*’ when my son is close to dying in the next room?” She points with force down the hallway we came through.

I hesitate and take a breath. God, am I some kind of a ‘fake’ healer? Am I truly ready for *this*? I am tired and feel bad for being out late and drinking last night. Oh sure, ‘Rock Star Healer-indeed... You party all night, and now your ‘posing’ as some *Holy-Healer* to a woman whose son is dying in a room less than thirty feet away? I hear self-judgment creep in. I recognize it as my tar-body wanting me to give up. I can *feel* Jennie’s tar body too. They are both saying ‘you are a fool if you think you can help kid, you ain’t got chops enough for this kind of work. Walk away now, you sham of a Reiki healer.’ Jennie continues sobbing into her water cup and I rest my hand upon her shoulder. I know Sharon would not have been guided to bring me here today, if it wasn’t for the highest good of all, so I choose to trust that I am here for a reason. Once again, I run my Merkabah, but this time with conviction and intention. I close my eyes and sign into her Key Note, and ask the universe to *sign her* into my Key Note.

“I know this is hard, perhaps the hardest thing you’ve ever experienced, but just take a few moments to regroup your energy and find a calm place within yourself.” I say softly. She drinks and remarks “The Doctor just told me that if Jonah does not come out of the coma, I may have to decide whether or not I want him alive. You know, like I will have to choose whether to *pull the plug* on him or not...” She raises her voice loud, and stands up in her chair spewing emotionally “Of course I want my son alive!” And sits back down whimpering like a lost child. All I want is to help her now. I have to trust in the energy tools and just be present. I think to myself. I move my hand from her shoulder and smooth it to the back of her heart. She looks me in the eyes

and continues. “There’s a chance his mental and physical abilities will be severely altered. They say the bones in his neck and hips are not healing properly and that they will have to put metal rods in his spine. Before you got here, the Doctor said *if* Jonah survives, there is a great chance he will never walk again.” Her head falls down to her chest as an anxious fluttered breath flows through her upper body and she collapses into a heap. I breathe and remember what The Scroll said about holding space. We *hold space* by simply being. There is a sense that I am to listen and let her talk.

She lifts her head and reaches for more tissues from the box she carries with her. “He is three years old, he only began to walk one year ago.” I place one of my hands on her back, behind her heart, and one upon her shoulder and consciously call in the healing force of Reiki. I learned the Reiki symbol *Sei He Kei* for emotional healing off by heart, and visualize drawing it on her heart. I close my eyes and ask for guidance. What is my highest guidance at this time? How may I serve to bring healing and balance to this woman and the situation overall? I wait for a sign and hear a voice from within saying “Pull the plugs.” I instantly know what to do. I am to guide her through *pulling the plugs* from the soles of her feet, as I learned from Sharon with my Level One. “Do you think you can follow along if I guide you in a little meditation? It will help to clear out stuck feelings of pain and confusion, exhaustion and fear. It will help you to feel purified of all that is blocking you from being as strong and powerful as you can be now. You *are* Mamma, you *got to* keep it together.” I take her hand into mine. Hearing myself speak is strange because I know those are not *my* words. I thank the Key Note tool, and my higher self for speaking through me. We proceed to the meditation.

I have her uncross her legs and sit up straight. I am guided to share Reiki with her while conducting the meditation, so I stand behind her and place my hands upon her shoulders

gently. Over the next five minutes of this guided meditation, Jennie's breathing slows down and she stops crying. Once we finish, she sits in stillness for a while and then opens her eyes. "Wow, Thank you, Tuesday. I needed that." She says softly in her heavy Jersey accent. She then leans over and hugs me. Recharged, she exclaims "Now let's go see Jonah. I want to introduce you to him." She guides me back to his room.

I enter Jonah's room and stand next to Sharon. She sits with her hands lying upon his torso. "Let's run the Merkabah of this room, and run it to zero." Sharon speaks under her breath, as if on cue of our entrance. Her eyes are closed. "Let's run the grids of sorrow and happiness, sickness and health. Let's run the grid of detachment, and raise the cycles per second in this room and hospital for the highest good." "Okay." I respond quietly, but then I realize she may not be speaking to me at all. She's probably talking to the Reiki angels or the universe, or both. She then turns to me, her gaze transmits a psychic currency. I can hear her telepathically tell me to situate myself on the other side of the bed and lay my hands upon this unconscious boy's body.

I make my way, and standing bed-side, look down at Jonah. In a diaper, his small body lays lifeless. Many tubes enter and exit tiny veins along his inner arms and legs. A large mask covers his mouth and nostrils. It is connected to an accordion type machine that apparently is his lifeline to breathing in and out. I consider how often I take breathing for granted. His spine and head appear to be held together and in place by a large metal scaffolding I later learn is called a 'halo'. "Hello Jonah," I whisper with a soft smile. I pause for a moment and take in this momentous rite of passage. I am guided to place my hands... One upon his right ankle and one upon his right shoulder. I can feel the Reiki flow right away. The flow is heavy, as if Jonah's body is pulling greater volumes of life-force through me into his body. I get a sense of Sharon's energy and feel that it is running at a much

higher voltage than mine, but we seem to work together very well. As we progress, it appears as if we have practiced our moves, but it is all pure synchronicity. We are each stationed, me at his right ankle and shoulder, her at his heart and left ankle. Just as she moves her hands into a new position, I find my hands moving too. It is as if we are tapping acupuncture points and dialing a code upon his body to awaken him into a great healing. I feel calm and keep my mind on the vibration of love, on simply sharing this light and energy. From time to time I feel guided to draw the *Cho Ku Rei* in my mind's eye. I have not learned to draw the *Hon Sha Ze Sho Nen* symbol yet, but I know the *Sei He Kei* and am guided to draw it over and over again on Jonah's body and heart center. It is the symbol for emotional healing. "Perfect," I think to myself.

As I draw the *Sei He Kei* symbol, I see it fly out from my heart and absorb into the walls of the room. The next *Sei He Kei* I draw flies into the hearts of Jennie and Jonah. I realize I am filled with an energy that is... I try to find the right word but can only think of 'spiritual'?... I feel a saintly type of grace melt through me. It is one I have never experienced before, except when I entered the Notre Dame in France all those years ago. I feel like I could happily stay here with this young boy all night long. After some time, the nurses come in to check on Jonah. I glance behind me and notice the clock upon the wall. It is after seven o' clock! We arrived at around three and I spent probably 30 to 40 minutes with Jennie at the beginning. That means we have been doing Reiki on Jonah for over three hours. I look at Sharon and she catches my eye as I signal I am stepping away.

I smile gently at Jennie, who is sitting on a chair at the end of the bed. I exit and look for the ladies room. I retrieve my water bottle from my bag and drink almost the whole thing. I'm so glad I brought water, I need grounding too. After washing my hands and splashing my face, I go back into the room where Jennie is handing Sharon a large wad of cash.

She hugs her and then makes her way over and hugs me too. “So, you two will be back next week, right?” She asks. “Yes,” responds Sharon. “Keep me up to date with his status sweetie.” “Do you think he’s going to make it?” Jennie looks to Sharon with a desperation that is present, but much milder than earlier. “That is up to Jonah. He is doing much work where he is right now. He may decide it is a better place to be. It is our job to assist his body and mind to heal in accelerated ways. It is also our job to be the light that helps him find his way back, if that is what serves his higher good. His body is undergoing major healing and it may not be a very comfortable place to land currently. The Reiki will help exponentially. Keep your faith strong.” A tear falls from Jennie’s left eye. She holds Sharon’s hand, nodding silently.

The cab ride back to Brooklyn is quiet. Sharon never once questions my solo experience with the manic version of Jennie, nor does she ask me how my first ‘healing in a hospital experience’ went. I feel there is a certain *agreement* between myself and Sharon. The only way I can describe it is a *silent apprenticeship* of sorts. She is not really asking me if I want to be her ‘protégé’, but she is showing me things I never knew before. I feel like she is taking me under her wing and inviting me to partake with her in ways that are changing my life, healing my life and also bumping my overall awareness of universal energy and healing- *up* to a whole new level! I feel such a strong connection with her, with Reiki healing and with the energy tools. I am right where I need to be. I am a student and this is my teacher. I sit tall, yet fatigued. It is now close to 8pm. Thankfully she has arranged with the cab to drop me home. We cross the Verrazano Bridge and I sigh out loud.

All is silent until she asks “So how is Andrew tonight?” Wait a minute is she talking about that tennis guy again? I think to myself. “Um... what?” I say. “My special friend Andrew, how is he tonight?” She quickly flutters her

eyelashes and smiles as if she is flirting with me, or with him, and then I get it. “Do you have a *special interest* in this Andrew guy?” I say. She says nothing and turns to the window. That’s weird, why would she bring him up now, after all of this healing work we did? I feel strange in the silence, so I ask “Are you *dating* your tennis teacher or something?” She quickly turns to me and says “You tell me.” Okay, this is getting strange. I am not following her at all.

She turns her whole body to me exclaiming in a girly tone “Ask! Ask the universe how Andrew feels about Sharon. Go on...” She presses her hand into mine. “Uh, okay.” I say in a slightly cautious manner. Though I feel odd about doing this whole call and response thing *now*, I close my eyes as I did before and ‘ask’. ‘How does Andrew feel about Sharon?’ I hear words inside my head and repeat them. “Andrew thinks you are a pretty good tennis player.” She laughs and says “Okay.” And turns away again. I am relieved, as those questions seem to be over with. We sit in silence the rest of the way.

Chapter Sixteen

The Man

JOURNAL ENTRY

OCT. 28TH, 2000

Over two months have gone by since my first visit with Jonah. During the healing sessions with him, I find myself filled with such grace and divine understanding, that words are hardly necessary. A peaceful silence pervades my being. The feeling is so absolutely subtle, yet leaves me powerfully awake and aware. I want to stay in this feeling forever. I feel I am beginning to understand what it is to be a healer and work within the silent planes of healing. I have found a home in this line of work. I have become so romantically in love with it, that I could almost give everything up – just to travel the world, eat peaches and share healing...

I pause and daydream for a moment. I recall my first visit to the Notre Dame in France. I am fifteen years old, it is a gorgeous sun filled Easter Sunday in 1988. A choir of angelic nun's sing as vast plumes of frankincense snake their way up and over beautifully stained glass windows and flying buttresses. I instantly want to become a nun and give my life to the quiet path of faith and worship. There is a similar sensation that I find in the hospital. I continue writing.

Am I the teacher's pet? Am I privy to information and experiences with Sharon that others in the group do not appear to be in receipt of? No, I can't be the only one she shares with like this. What about Alice? Is she another apprentice of Sharon's, or just a close friend? She seems to know things about Sharon's past- that the others do not. In the hospital I observe very closely, as Sharon shares Reiki and runs energy. She is never bossy and is always polite to the nurses and doctors. She speaks to Jennie in down to earth and honest terms about what she's downloading regarding Jonah's healing process. Jennie has noticed how Jonah's blood pressure and brainwave patterns change from unstable- to stable when we are there. He is still in the coma, though his vital signs continue to improve. Human touch counts for so much. We are the very channels through which love and light flow and this love and light flows in the guise of Reiki.

On a practical note, I am guided to use the Sei He Kei symbol a lot, and even though I do not know how to draw the Hon Sha Ze Sho Nen yet, I am often guided to envision it and 'hold space for it', as Sharon would say. I have not shared yoga with Sharon for a long time. We officially share Reiki now. After the months that have passed, she still sends me home with a check for \$70. But instead of

doing an hour of yoga, having a bit of a chat and then me dashing off, we now enjoy taking our time in the mornings, while we chat over coffee for the first hour or so. This is my alone time with Sharon whereby I can tell her almost anything and ask any questions I can think of. I have her undivided attention during these morning hours, it is our 'special' time- she is totally present- sometimes as Sharon, and sometimes as The Scroll. The Reiki sessions I do with her last about two hours. She has me pick out a video for us to watch on her VCR from a collection on a shelf in her office, in which I am becoming acquainted with.

To share Reiki with Sharon, I get comfortable sitting behind her as she reclines upon the couch. We both sit facing the TV. There is no 'dolphin' new age music, no candles or feathers, just a movie playing on the TV as I do my best not to doze off during the second hour. Often while Reiki-ing Sharon, I feel my head sinking downward, towards hers. I catch myself before any 'head to head' collisions occur. When I ask Sharon why I get so drowsy upon sharing Reiki with her, she says it's due to the fact that she is a Reiki Grand Master and her channels are open that much more than mine, causing me to have to 'pump' more energy through my smaller channels so that she can receive the appropriate flow of energy

needed to 'clear' her. "You are getting used to channeling greater volumes of Reiki through your crystalline tube," she says.

There is so much I feel happening within me on so many levels when I share Reiki directly with her, different than when I do Reiki with her on Jonah at the hospital. With Jonah, I feel like I am a channel and Reiki is the grace through which the light and love of the universe flow through me. I am there for Jonah. When I'm with Sharon, I feel like I am 'there' for her, but also, that I am there for me. I am being paid for this apprenticeship that is slowly becoming more and more of a metaphysical adventure in the land of healing and transformation. I see this both in the hospital, in myself and in those within the group. I have been taking notes during our Monday morning meetings, and of course, I always scribe in my Teachings of the Scroll notebooks. In fact, I just started my third Scroll notebook.

I put my pen down and recall a previous conversation between myself and Sharon. In her words "Remember, when you share Reiki, it has to move through you first. You are the filter. If your filter is dirty, then the beginning portion of the session you share with someone may end up being time spent cleaning *you* out, before the Reiki really starts flowing to the recipient. It moves through all of your 'ca-ca' first- it *works* on you, balances you, clears *you first*- before it can move out through you. That's why it's important to continually do work on yourself." I pause before speaking. "So, even though

I am Reiki-ing you, I receive Reiki too, right?” I know the answer, but ask the same question often. “Always,” she says. “So, why am I becoming so sleepy?” “You would most likely not become sleepy when sharing Reiki with someone who is at your Reiki level, or not attuned at all.” I never get sleepy when working on Jonah. I think to myself. “Does the Reiki stop flowing when I doze off?” I ask. “Don’t worry about it,” she says. “The Reiki will not stop flowing if you nod off for a bit, besides, sometimes we need to just ‘check-out’ so that the thinking mind can rest as our internal dialogue changes its patterning. This is more challenging when you have a mind full of tar body thoughts trying to hold onto the very belief patterns you may be attempting to change.”

I finish my journal entry.

Even though I’m level two-ing it, I can feel my level one doing stuff to me too. I feel such strong detachment in the hospital. It’s like having superpowers I never knew before. I feel like these superpowers are directly linked to me being immune to the outcome of Jonah’s process. It’s becoming easier and easier to allow for the highest good of all things and outcomes. I feel detachment like never before. Signing off: Cho Ku Rei.

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“I don’t see any,” I shout while rummaging through Sharon’s medicine cabinet. “Try the cupboard under the sink.” Sharon shouts back to me. I am standing in her bathroom looking for maxi pads. I received my period upon arriving for our Reiki session this morning. “Still no joy!” I retort. She enters the bathroom, squats down and sticks her hand into the back area of a drawer. “Aha! Here you go

sweetie,” she says as she pulls out a colorful box from the mysterious area. “What’s that?” I say. “Tampons,” she responds and flings the box to me, leaving the room. I say nothing and can only stand in silence, at a crossroads. This takes me back to Australia. I could not purchase the organic tampons I normally used, and was faced with using the ‘deadly’ mainstream brands. Deadly, because I have researched the majority of feminine tampon brands and am horrified to learn that the ingredients contained in most articles prove to be toxic.

I recall a conversation I had with my ‘tribe’ sisters about it; “I mean, am I supposed to put this poisonous ‘thing’ in my body? Another sister chimes in; “Yeah, like I’m gonna put a death stick made of bleached cotton that has been treated with pesticides inside of my vagina?” I retort... “The vagina, where the mucous membrane is most absorbent, like the inner lining of the mouth? Am I supposed to ask no questions about what this product is made of? Am I supposed to turn a blind eye to the potential link between name brand tampons and cervical and ovarian cancer? Excuse me, I don’t think so... Using a mainstream pad IF YOU HAVE TO is one thing, but inserting something into my body that has the potential to make me sick? No Thanks!” Another sister adds; “Yeah, you know it’s just ‘The Man’s’ way of keeping women down and disempowered.”

So here I stand in Sharon’s bathroom, faced with the mainstream tampon dilemma! I don’t believe I could let this happen to myself. I almost always travel with extra organic tampons in my bag. I hold the colorful mainstream tampon box in my hand and recall an experience I had while hiking in the Australian Bush with Troy and a group of friends.

There I squat, in the humid heat of an Australian Winter behind a gathering of trees, looking at a mainstream tampon in my hand. Sweat drips down my calves, carrying a slight discoloration of red. My period has just arrived, and we are a

couple of miles along our hike. Troy has no handkerchief, I have no scarf, or anything else I can possibly use, but one of the girls in the group has a spare tampon in her pack and kindly passes it to me. Since my city tribal shift of awareness has taken place, I use only organic feminine products. I have researched the dangers of mainstream tampons and now I face a quandary. It's either use the damn tampon or let blood run down your legs, Tuesday- I tell myself. I realize I am literally scared to insert such an item into my body, for fear I will have instant repercussions of sickness or that my body will absorb cancer causing ingredients that will lead me to some awful surgery later down the line. A slight panic creeps into my mind and I pull up my shorts, deciding I cannot use the tampon. Just then a glob of blood begins its descent down my inner thigh. "Fuck!- Arghhh..." I decide there is no choice but to use the killer tampon. I squat once again and cry upon inserting the tampon into my body. "This fucking thing is going to kill me." I say out loud and then apologize to my womb and cervix for introducing such an awful item to my body's temple. For the duration of the whole hike I am inundated with negative thoughts about what I have done. I become stressed and cannot wait to get back to my tent to remove the hideous item from my inner self.

Back in Sharon's living room, I search through my handbag once again. Maybe I will find an organic tampon floating around at the bottom of my bag. "You okay?" Sharon asks as she sips from her coffee mug and takes a bite from a banana-nut muffin. "I have muffins, banana and blueberry." "They aren't vegan by any chance are they?" I wonder. "Nope, sorry." I feel a sudden rush of heat run through me. I am becoming anxious at having to use the tampons she has provided for me. She looks at me wide-eyed and I feel a sudden need to explain myself to her. I sit down on the couch and begin sharing my tampon experiences ala Australia, to which I conclude "Thank you but I simply can't

use the tampons you have provided for me.” Her face and body stand still and I notice her brow heavily lift as if she is at once both amused and completely surprised by my announcement. “Okay.” She says, not taking it personal. A pause occurs and she asks “Do you really believe that by using a tampon product other than what you usually use, you will contract some kind of illness, or that it has the power to kill you?” Hearing her say my words makes me seem pretty dramatic, but it is my truth. I explain to her...

“My main principals include eating organic foods and using organic products in and on my body. The Man is out to get us, all of us, in one way or another. Whether it’s by spraying chemicals into the atmosphere, putting them into our foods, our body products, and into our water supply, or through the media’s constant depiction of misery, violence and fear filled stories portrayed in the news,” I state. “You mean, The Man, as in conspiracy theories?” Sharon asks with a pure innocence. I nod and look deeply into her eyes with a feeling of status and importance. “The Man is ‘the system’, and the system’s job is to make us afraid and feel like the world is out to get us, and I am not going to fall for it. I am going to get back at The Man by writing songs of ‘truth’, spilling the beans on greedy corporations, genetically modified foods, fucked up tampons and the police state that New York City is becoming. The truth is out there-.....” I pause, and feel myself become heated, as I usually do when speaking about these topics.

My thoughts go to last month, when I printed out information about the harmful effects of mainstream tampons from the internet and taped the info up in every women’s restroom-stall I visited. Sharon continues looking at me wide eyed, and takes another large bite of her muffin while keeping eye contact. The lips of her small mouth barley meet as she chews without blinking through her round glasses. I repeat “The truth is out there, but it’s covered up

by our insistent need to shop and buy and have more and more. We are addicted to all the things that are intangible, really. Where is the love? Where is the truth? It's covered up with lies and distractions- such as voting." A car horn honks three times in succession outside. I pause, glancing out the window. Sharon swallows more coffee and draws her attention to the muted television set that is portraying some kind of a campaign ad for George Bush, the United States' current president. He stands with a slight grin that reminds me of Sharon's Mona Lisa smile. He mouths the words "What can I do for you?" I roll my eyes at the television set, and sit back crossing my arms over my chest.

"So what do you think about voting?" Sharon turns to me with a straight face. "I have never believed that I can really change things with my vote. I never believed that 'a vote' really counts for anything other than for 'The Man' to get a sense, much like a census, of where the mainstream public is at in the 'fantasy world' of politics. "Is that so?" Sharon asks, seeming genuinely interested in my spiel. "Oh Yeah- politics are just a scheme meant to keep people distracted, involved, and busy thinking they know what's happening in the world, thinking they can really create a change by 'voting' on some election, where by the outcome has already been decided. The higher ups manifest what they will for themselves, leaving what is left to the rest of the world. Despite all the propaganda of commercials and posters depicting our new leader wanting to do what is best for us, it seems there is little regard for the higher good of all." Sharon sits perfectly upright without saying a word.

I take a sip of my coffee while pulling rice cakes, a pear and almond butter out of my handbag. I have become hungrier and hungrier on these Monday mornings at Sharon's over the months that have passed. I learned to bring along my own vegan-friendly food. Besides, Sharon always says that keeping our levels of protein up is very important as we

channel greater volumes of Reiki and do more and more healing work on ourselves, and others. She says “It does not ‘look’ like we are doing much, but upon sharing Reiki, we are assisting the movement of universal energy in vast and invisible ways.” It can be a lot to do so much energy work at the hospital, and on Sharon, never mind all the ‘work’ I do with myself. I find that almond butter helps to coat my system and helps me to feel grounded. Upon re-entering the living room after obtaining a knife and plate from her kitchen I continue my banter.

“Don’t get me wrong, it seems to vote locally has more pull than the larger presidential elections. If your local town wishes for a traffic light near a school, especially where many have experienced traffic accidents, then the council may give that the go ahead, but the bigger picture of what’s really going on behind the scenes with the ‘New Order’ government, and global currency theories. Who is The Man you ask? The Man pertains to those who own the huge corporations.” I drink from my coffee cup and continue. “And who is running the show?” I ask inquisitively. “Is it the government, or is it the people above the government that have all the money? I don’t think any of us really know.” I take a deep inhale, followed by an even deeper exhale. I silently place almond butter and slices of pear atop my rice cake. I wait for Sharon to either agree or disagree with me, perhaps some retaliation or debate would occur. I am used to that from my family members when I speak of The Man. But instead she sits quietly for some time while I munch my morning treat. She then reaches for a magazine from the underside of the coffee table and browses its pages. Is she ignoring me? I think to myself.

Sharon speaks while looking at the glossy pages of her magazine. “So, what is your exact theory of The Man?” I love to talk about this and feel a deep passion when I do. I sit up straight and clear my throat. “The Man wants us to eat bad

foods and use bad items on our bodies to dumb us down so we will lose our will, our strength and clarity of what is right and wrong. The Man wants us to become lazy and drugged by medications, so much so- that as long as we have our 60 inch TV, drive through food and little apartment to dwell in, we are happy. That's what we have learned and have been taught." I pause and continue "I wish to break through to people with expanded information about the world. I wish to break through to the listening audiences who come to the rock shows, to my friends and family, that often roll their eyes at me while I recite what they would call my 'conspiracy theory-paranoid delusions'." I laugh at myself briefly and notice Sharon has placed a pillow upon her lap and is resting her hands palm face down upon it. I carry on with my one sided conversation.

"See those cameras?" I say pointing upwards to the corners of Sharon's living room. "They are watching every move we make." Sharon tilts her head upward slightly while looking at me as if to motion "You don't say?" Nodding I resume in my epic dialogue. "Isn't it time to realize that this invasion of privacy has gone too far?" I feel a climax in my 'speech'. "So what do you do? WHAT can one possibly do besides get back at The Man?" I plea while looking at Sharon with a pompous arrogance, as if I am carrying the higher hand in a poker game we are playing, my body language verbalizing "Top that!" "Yes," She responds quickly "Just what would a 'Reiki Master' do in that situation?" Her response leaves me bewildered. She certainly topped my "Top that" bravado. I sit speechless. "Well, I don't really know what a Reiki Master would do." I say, feeling humbled and challenged by her calm retaliation.

Does she understand where I'm coming from? I mean, what I am talking about is really important stuff. I wonder if she 'gets it' the way I, and so many others do. I have placed a bundle of tissues into my underwear as to avoid the insertion

of her deadly tampon. I know the chemicals in mainstream toilet paper are a hazard, but better the hazard be on the outside of me, then on the inside. Glancing at the clock, it is 7.30am. I still have two hours until the local health food store opens. I can walk the couple blocks to get my preferred organic tampons then. She gently removes her hands from the pillow upon her lap and robotically turns her torso, neck and head to face me directly. I turn my body to face her also and wait. I do not know what is happening, or about to, but suddenly I feel my mood change as I stare into her eyes. They are full of compassion and at the same time filled with an Army Sergeant's fierce look that causes me to feel a slight air of intimidation. Is she channeling, or about to? I am confused by her posture towards me. "Were you doing Reiki through that pillow?" I ask. "M-Hmm." She nods in response. My thoughts go to Jonah as I assume that's who she was sending Reiki to. Sharon talked about long distance Reiki with me and my Level Two, and I also I read about it in a book. One can use a picture, a pillow, a teddy bear or any appropriate seeming type of item as a conduit. In this case, the pillow must be Jonah, I think to myself. "The Reiki guides wanted me to share Reiki while you voiced your theories with me," she states. "Oh, that Reiki was going to me?" I reply surprised. "There are belief patterns within you that are beginning to shift. They are becoming loosened for release and renewal. Your guides asked me to send you *Dai Ko Myo* it's a Level Three symbol."

I feel, as if by hearing the words *Dai Ko Myo*, I am ingesting the mysterious Level Three symbol. I have not really focused on the symbol before, but am aware there is more than one version of it. Closing my eyes, I imagine feeling the symbol's energy melt through my system. An energy upsurge runs through me with a force that causes me to become slightly dizzy, and lean back into the sofa. As I draw my eyes open, Sharon's face becomes angelic and pale

in my sight. I see and recognize her as a different being than before. Just then a car alarm becomes triggered from the street below, and begins to go through its motions of exuding a myriad of sounds and settings. Sharon then announces in a deep male voice I have never heard her speak with before, "Sharon is not your friend." It feels as though she is staring straight through me. I am slightly freaked out by her words. My dizzying facade turns to a look of concern. She continues staring at me for what feels like a long time, and then continues in the deep voice. "Sharon is a tool, an oracle to learn from. She is the detached light and reflection of light that allows for self-realization to become manifest in her presence," she continues. I inhale deeply, feeling more at ease upon hearing her latter words of conclusion. I continue gazing at her face and into her eyes. She is in that robotic space, as she delivers her intense statements. I wonder who she is channeling now, I have never heard her speak in that deep of a voice before.

"Remember, Tuesday, everything is energy." The voice's words engulf me in a tidal wave that causes me to be 'taken under', so to speak. A rash of pin-prick sensations race across my body. Everything is energy. I repeat silently to myself gazing at the mainstream tampon I had placed on a stack of magazines beside me earlier. I glance back to Sharon. Her beyond perfect posture and seated stance has now become larger than life. Her aura feels like that of an Indian Chief. She looks at the tampon and then back to me piercingly, as if awaiting me to experience some shift in my awareness, some conclusion. There is a sensation similar to the Gray, whereby my body finds itself bound, but there is no force of will. I look back to Sharon in this moment that feels suspended into a 'no-time' reality and she again speaks to me, but this time telepathically. "Remember, Tuesday, everything is energy." I am taken under and have no choice but to close my eyes in order to understand what she is attempting to convey to me.

As soon as my eyes shut, I immediately realize the amplitude of polarity, of 'black and white', of 'right and wrong', 'us versus them' and of 'fear-based' thinking which colored all things I spoke on this morning.

With eyes closed I begin to speak. "It's like I help stoke the flame of its power- whatever it is, by insisting on how *real* it is." I feel Sharon get up and walk to the kitchen. I continue speaking. "I am saying The Man wants us to be afraid, and that is exactly what I am, afraid." With a rapid swing, my brain does a flip and I immediately find myself somehow realizing things I never have before. I am stunned to become aware of the immense amount of authority and power I give the mainstream tampon and to the politics of The Man. I also quietly realize the immense righteousness I project when I speak of my beliefs. With Sharon just sitting there listening, I feel like I actually heard myself talk for the first time. I question myself. Could I be wrong about everything? And is there really a 'right'? "Remember, Tuesday, everything is energy." I hear Sharon's words stir inside of me and I physically feel the floor beneath me drop. I close my eyes once again and sit still as this new wave of awareness trickles through my every fiber.

I fall back in time to 1998 at the Rainbow gathering in Greece. I am lounging in the 'library tipi', a place where Rainbow brothers and sisters donate books and blankets by the honor system. You can take a book and bring it back when you are done, or hang out there and read. On a beautiful day I bring a blanket to the outside area of the library tipi and lay in the sun while reading a book on auras and Kirlian photography. One page really grabs me. It shows aura photography of a plate of food before and after it is prayed over. The picture of the food prior to prayer is dull, but the picture of the food after it has been prayed over astounds me! Bright light shines from the center of the plate and from the food reaching out in all directions. This picture

impresses upon me such a deep sense of knowing. I feel like I am destined to see this page in the book. It serves to remind me of how powerful intention is and how our thoughts and projected energy can and does influence everything around us.

Sharon sits back down on the couch. She seems to be more like 'Sharon' as she glances to the tampon that I now hold in my hand. "So, if everything is energy, like truly, if that is what IS, then I can imagine and perceive this tampon into a different state of existence right here and now? I can even turn this into an 'organic' tampon by changing the way I see it?" I say. "Why not?" She says with a kid-like shrug of her shoulders. I notice her foot begins to move, as if there is a song playing and she is keeping time, or is she becoming impatient with me? I can't tell. "Okay, so it's akin to the whole quantum vibe, where 'this' (I point to the tampon) is what it is now, but if I change the way I look at it, it will change its own molecular structure to fit how I choose to see it, and so it will become that which I decide to see in the perception of my reality?" Sharon nods 'Yes'. As I hear myself speak, I become aware of many things clicking into place, as if our conversation is connecting dots within me. This pushes against all I have declared as truth just earlier this morning.

I sit up and hold the tampon in my hands. I physically draw *Cho Ku Rei* and *Sei He Kei* in the air above it. I energetically delink myself from all negative thoughts I have about mainstream tampons in general. My mental resistance is strong, I feel as if I am turning on myself, or like I am faking it. I hear a voice in my head say 'the tampon is bad-don't do it'. I am challenged because I sing my song 'Easy Chair' with a chorus that states 'Anything is possible', but this is hard, especially after everything I preached this morning. If I am really going to walk the talk of magic, miracles and healing, then I have to bend the rules I have created and find

myself currently bound by. I run the grid of me being fearful of The Man. I run the grid of me being detached from The Man. I de-link myself from fearing The Man. I release all polarity I have conjured and created between me and The Man. I run the grid of me allowing all positive possibilities to exist in my world. I run the grid of me thinking things are either 'right or wrong'. I run the grid of me letting go of judging others for their political beliefs. I run the grid of me co-creating miracles with the universe, for the highest good of all. My thoughts pause. I open my eyes and say out loud "Our thoughts and feelings create our reality- like, for real! It is like I've always known this, but I am 'getting it' on a whole new level." I stare at the tampon intensely and imagine a molecular re-configuration taking place. I imagine my thoughts charging the tampon with an organic tampon vibration that is in harmony with my body. I realize I can still buy organic tampons, but if I am stuck, like this morning, I can also energetically imagine a mainstream tampon into a harmonious structure that has no polarity towards me, or my body.

I reach for my journal and begin to write notes on my sudden realizations. Sharon watches as I recall various points over the morning's conversation. I feel another wave of dizziness hit me, but this time, even harder. Perplexed by all I am taking in, I lay upon her floor, bending my legs into a diamond shape. "A gentle 'goddess' yoga pose is guided." I announce to her and lay back with my feet touching one another. There is more silence as she turns the channels of the television with the sound muted. I close my eyes.

Chapter Seventeen

The Dalai Lama

JOURNAL ENTRY
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I have changed my meditations to be much more active. I consciously think of things in my life I want to change or heal and then I spend time speaking positive affirmations into the reflection of myself in the mirror. I also imagine sending Reiki symbols to the hurt 'me' of my past. I am beginning to run grids on myself and on situations in my life almost daily. I pause and turn to my bedroom mirror and state "I run the grid of me sharing honest, courageous communication with Troy, and with men in general. I run the grid of my fifth chakra. I run the grid of me expressing my truth. I run the grid of me saying 'NO' to men. I am a strong and self-respecting woman. I am a beautiful and powerful woman."

I think of every tangible way I can run energy for myself. I really notice how my old patterns of thought and the negative words I use instantly conjure negative reactions and feelings inside of me. I pause again, and turn to my reflection and say "I now release habitual feelings of negativity..." And continue writing.

I am discovering so much within. I run Merkabahs everywhere I go, and do Reiki on myself every single

day, intending that Reiki dissolve all blockages that hinder my perfect path of healing and empowerment. I feel like I am on a renewed track of practice, and my practice is self-love. I've been meditating at the same time every day, and I apply grid work and energy tools every single time I hear my mind and mouth spew negative thoughts or limiting words. I feel my Level Two really empowering me. It's helping me to heal my past. I practice affirming positive words to myself every time I catch my reflection in a mirror. Every night when I lay down in bed, I pull the plugs from the soles of my feet and lay hands on myself. Up til now, I never realized there were so many ill feelings and limiting patterns I have been living by.

This part of my life is such a new journey. I am rewriting my thoughts- every day of my life. I am changing, and feel an acceleration of spiritual growth. I know Reiki is a big part of me being able to digest life in new ways.

Along with working at the Jivamukti Yoga Center part time, I teach yoga twice a week at the gym Sharon turned me onto. It feels pretty natural to be in the teacher's position, even though I have yet to be a 'certified' yoga teacher. I have never taken any formal training. So far I really like the students and vibe of the space. On my subway ride there, I ask the

universe to run the Merkabah of the gym and of the classes I teach. I am hooked on this energy tool stuff. I love my job at the gym, there is no one looking over my shoulder and I can basically teach what I want including pranayama/breathing techniques at the beginning of class, and meditation at the end. At first I thought it would be too much spirituality for the gym scene, but the students really like it! I am grateful for the blessings in my life and appreciate all of the students who let me play the role of teacher. Signing off- Me

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“Hello Sharon!” I answer the phone after screening the call. “Hi sweetie. How are you?” “I’m super great, I am loving the yoga classes at the gym. They are really charging up my energy. I feel like Reiki is flowing through me big time while I teach...” “That’s great, Tuesday, next you will have private clients!” “Sounds good to me!” We continue sharing small talk and then Sharon starts to ask those questions I hate so much. Really? My *Grand Reiki Master* is calling me up to ask me psychic questions about her love interest? Something seems so weird to me about this, but I feel like I can’t say anything to her about it because she asks in such an innocent way. Is this a subtle version of bullying? I don’t want to know the answer because I am exploring so much growth and empowerment in my relationship with her, so I swallow those thoughts and let them disappear.

“So I think Andrew, my tennis teacher is in love with me,” she says. “Oh?- Is he cute?” I entertain her youthful tone. “He is a really handsome twenty-four year old Guatemalan!”

“Aha- a South American man...” I say in my best Spanish accent. Sharon laughs a small laugh and asks “What do you get about his attraction for me?” “What do you mean, what do I get?” I ask. “You know, when you ask the question- in your mind or out loud, what answers do you receive?” “Who am I asking?” I say quizzically. “Him, ask him psychically.” I pause and though I understand what she means, I hesitate and continue. “Ok, his attraction for you...” I repeat. Are we entering a place where we are no longer student and teacher, but women talking about men? Or is she testing my psychic abilities? I tell myself not to think about it and just let the answers come. “He is intrigued by you. He kinda doesn’t know what to make of you. You know, like he has never met anyone like you before.” I hear my words spill through the phone. “Well, that’s for sure, I bet he has never dated a German- American, 6 foot redhead before!” She says in her innocent manner. “So, does he have a girlfriend?” She asks. I pause recalling this question to be one she repeats often. “He is seeing someone right now, but I’m not clear on if he considers her his girlfriend,” I say. I am astonished at how these words are just coming out of my mouth, it feels like I’m really tapping into something valid – and in real time. “Well ask!” She insists. “What do I ask?” I say becoming a little impatient. “Ask if he considers her to be his girlfriend,” she says. I take a breath and put the question out to the universe instead of to Andrew. It seems too much like energy manipulation to ask him directly, without any prayer or invoking highest good and such. “Yes. Yes he does.” “Are you sure about that?” she says. I pause again, and upon posing my query with Andrew psychically, I receive a download and hear myself tell her “I am with a woman, yes.” She is silent, and again I feel like that is not the answer she wishes to hear.

“Okay, now let’s talk about Miguel.” “Miguel?” I ask. “Miguel is my Saturday tennis teacher. He is also

Guatemalan, but he is married, in his thirties. What do you get about him?” She asks. I pause and feel like I am changing tracks, or shifting grids on a subtle level. I pose the question to the universe. “I get he is happy with his wife, but he does have a wandering eye. He seems like a relaxed guy who likes his life uncomplicated.” There is a pause and Sharon says, “Wow, you are good!” I become aware of how easy it is to answer Sharon’s questions. All I have to do is close my eyes and then I receive an impression and the impression tells me what to say. We continue sharing on the phone for over an hour and I realize that she has been posing questions the entire time. It feels weird that she is asking me all of these questions about these men and their proposed significant others’. Maybe she thinks I have attained a certain quality within myself that tells her that I am ready for the next level of my apprenticeship. And *the way* of this next level is through her asking me all of these odd questions. Maybe it is a test to see how good I am at using my psychic muscles. I wonder if she picks up on the answers before I share them with her.

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The following Monday I arrive to Sharon’s for our usual morning Reiki session. I am greeted at the door by Alice. She gives me a big hug and her blond curls fall over my arms. “Hi, it’s great to see you,” she says. “I’m happy to see you!” I say. I hear Sharon on the phone in the kitchen. Alice gets us coffee and we sit in the living room chatting about how cold it has become outside, and about Jonah’s healing. I didn’t realize Alice knew so much about Jonah. As we talk, loud banging rattles a painting on the adjoining wall from the kitchen to the living room. Sharon screams out loud and I am suddenly jolted into an odd attentiveness. “You are not trying hard enough- YOU MORON!” We both stop in our tracks

and I look at Alice curiously. She shrugs her shoulders, raising her eyebrows while looking to where Sharon stands behind the adjoining wall in the kitchen. There is more pounding on the wall. It appears Sharon has lost her temper and is hammering the kitchen wall with a lot of force.

“Let me speak to your supervisor. You are too slow!” Sharon continues in a loud and angry manner. After an awkward period of sipping our coffee and staring at each other in silence, we hear Sharon speaking in a calm demeanor, followed by a silence, followed by an enraged “JUST WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE TALKING TO? This is Sharon Bender Payne and my money pays your fucking taxes! What is your staff number? OH- YOU are supposed to be the supervisor? YOU FOOL,” the phone handle slams into its wall component and dishes clank around in the kitchen sink. We start to talk again to make it seem like we were not deliberately listening to Sharon’s rants, but how could we not hear every word she said?

Sharon enters the living room, her face beet-red and hair flustered. She takes a deep breath, and in doing so performs a make shift model pose, tilting one hip up, and one hip down with her hands on her waist, and shoulders shrugging upward. On her exhale, she smiles broadly and says “Huh! The third dimension, it is so dense.” She rolls her eyes as if referring to her recent phone exchange. She sits down into the couch with a hard thump. There is a long pause of silence as we slurp our coffee. Alice finally says to Sharon, “So are you going to the meditation with The Dalai Lama on Wednesday night?” I wonder what meditation Alice is talking about. I had forgotten about all of that Dalai Lama talk from before when I got my Level Two. “Yes, his brother called and confirmed.” Sharon answers. Alice turns to me and says “Sharon will be meditating with The Dalai Lama this Wednesday night.” Taken aback, I look at Sharon completely

perplexed, with a question mark over my head. “Oh, you haven’t told her the story about you and His Holiness yet?” Alice asks Sharon. “Nope.” Sharon responds and begins to laugh while kicking her feet under her chair like a kid would do. Her laugh is unthreatening and now I am truly curious as to what is going on. I look at Sharon expectantly.

“I share a special relationship with The Dalai Lama.” Sharon turns to face me from the couch and continues. “I was in Europe in 1972 and got into a wild car crash that left me with two broken legs, broken ankles, and broken feet. I could not move from my hospital bed for over half a year. The care I received in Germany was very good, they used a lot of alternative practices like Reiki, color therapy and positive visualization and meditation, in conjunction with western medicine. It was a small Asian man that started sharing Reiki treatments with me. He then attuned me to Levels One and Two with Reiki. He taught me how I could help heal myself while lying in a hospital bed.”

“After some time, the small Asian man said I was giving him more energy than he was sharing with me. He then asked if he could bring his brother in to see me. His brother started doing Reiki on me and later attuned me all the way up to Grand Master Level.” I notice Alice nodding her head in agreement. “Are you a Grand Master too?” I ask Alice. “Oh, dear no! I am a Reiki Master though.” There is a pause as I absorb the information being shared. Alice continues. “I recall taking Sharon to the airport when she left for Germany, and later when she went to India and Tibet. That’s where she studied for her Grand Mastership with The Dalai Lama all those years ago.” Alice really knows a lot about Sharon’s past, I think to myself. Then I recall her warning to me about Sharon. She told me to ‘beware’. I had forgotten about that and ponder what she meant. Is it the angry pounding of the walls? Is it the crazy questions about the Guatemalan men, or is this whole Dalai Lama thing a hoax?

But then if it is, why is Alice in agreement with it all? And why does Alice keep hanging out with Sharon if there is something to beware of? I decide to get to the bottom of this Dalai Lama story.

“What happened during the Grand Master Level, when you were in India and Tibet?” I ask. “Well, I spent three years doing my initiation into being with the Grand Master Level of Reiki. There were two years of silence and a lot of meditating! There were a handful of us Buddhists training with The Dalai Lama and many other Tibetan monks,” she says while Alice sits nodding her head again. I think about the week of silence I endured at the Rainbow in Greece, there was no talking, no making any sounds and very little communication with the tribe. It was hard to perform one week of silence, I can’t even imagine two years of not talking. As if hearing my thoughts, Sharon says. “The silence part wasn’t that bad you know. We had a packed schedule of meditation classes and higher-mind studies, with a strict diet of porridge and lentils.” “You lost so much weight, when you came back, you were skin and bones!” Laughs Alice. This time I think about my return earlier this year from Australia and how I was skin and bones too.

“So, you met The Dalai Lama through the two brothers that did Reiki with you in the hospital?” I ask, attempting to clarify the points of Sharon’s story in my mind. “No silly, pay Attention! The Dalai Lama is one of the brothers!” Sharon exclaims while sloppily throwing her arms up in the air forming a wide V shape and placing her hands on her hips playfully. “The second brother in the story is The Dalai Lama,” she says conclusively. The picture begins to click in my mind and I say excitedly “The Dalai Lama ATTUNED you with Reiki?” She nods slowly. I rapidly become filled with excitement. “So, this must have been years before The Dalai Lama was hip? Like, before he was on billboards in Manhattan, and before every hippie knew who he was?”

“Yes..., yes.” She nods smiling.

“This means the Reiki lineage we’re linked to through Sharon, is directly connected to The Dalai Lama,” Alice proclaims. I am slightly confused. “Lineage?” I say looking at Sharon. “Lineage is the thread of connection that links us together in different ways, like bloodlines. In the instance of our Reiki lineage, The Dalai Lama attuned me and I attuned you,” Sharon says sitting with perfect posture and her palms face down on each knee. “That’s one degree of separation.” Alice chimes in. “So I’m basically one step away from The Dalai Lama, Reiki-wise?” I ask. “Yes. And everyone you attune will be two degrees of separation from him,” Sharon says. I haven’t thought about attuning people yet. As far as I know, you have to be a Reiki Master to pass attunements, or is it a Grand Master? I’m not sure, and make a mental note to ask Sharon later. I look at Sharon, taking it all in. Her large eyes look into mine. “Every year The Dalai Lama comes through New York and shares a private meditation for those that study with him. Both traditional monks and westerners attend. This year it’s on a Wednesday!” Sharon exclaims.

After some time of talking about Jonah, we settle into our positions and I begin to share Reiki with Sharon while Alice sits and watches a movie with us. An hour into our session and I begin nodding off. Upon awakening, I feel my arms elbow deep inside of Sharon’s head and body. It creates panic in my mind, because momentarily I can’t tell where she ends and I begin. Just as a numb foot comes back to life, I slowly begin to identify my fingers and hands once again. As the movie ends, Sharon sits up and stretches her arms with a yawn.

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I return to Sharon’s home for the group meeting and hug Alice once again, and say to her “Wow, long day for you out

here in Brooklyn!” Alice seems charged up and full of energy. It amazes me that after hours of Reiki with me, Sharon endures even more healing via Alice. I guess this channeling stuff really requires a lot of recharging... “Yes, it has been, but it’s nice to stay and be a part of the group.” As the group becomes still, Sharon begins channeling in her Eastern Raz’ voice.

“You must-to be aware that you are not only male or female, but that you are both at the same time. You have both root male, and root female components within you, no matter what sex you are, or what sex you like!” The group laughs. *“You know, there are so many women that run only on their male source energy, and energetically, they can feel to you like a man. And there are also men that run on their source female energy and they feel like women. She can be very beautiful, dressed very feminine, and he can appear to be manly and be dressed very masculine. It’s not what it looks like, but what it feels like.”* I think about Riga, and wonder if the words I am hearing apply. *“You have to remember that I am talking ‘energy’. These conditions are not only with homosexual peoples, but with all peoples. Those with balanced male and female energies are using those combined powers consciously in the world. They will intuitively work with each of the colors on their palette, instead of using only one. Now, a lot of conditioning is passed on from your mothers and fathers. Oh yes, mama and papa offer so much in the ways of conditioning you into being this kind of a woman or that kind of a man. You may spend the majority of your lives attempting to live up to certain perceptions that are truly not your own as a man or a woman.”*

“Your job is to discover the attributes of your root man and the attributes of your root woman. You must-to find the root mother and root father within yourself, along with the strength and the weakness of both. Write down ‘what’ about each, you can live without, and what about each, that you can use to your advantage in life. Think back to the men and women that have impacted your life, both positively and negatively. Do an exercise and write Root Man on one side of a paper and Root Woman on the other side. Make lists on each side of your

paper. Write which qualities reside within you regarding each. This is the basic work. This is actually some of the most basic work that we can do, but why so many resist doing the work? Why is it so hard to do this? You hear me ask?" The group is silent. "Because YOU are afraid of yourself." Raz has everybody's attention and we all sit up like puppies being scolded, trying not to flinch an inch. I can feel guilt stir in the air. "What is the opposite of fear?" Raz asks. "Love!" Gretchen shouts out. "Yes!. You must-to love yourself more and more. This is the path of healing yourself. Love your root male and love your root female. Your bodies are thirsty for healing, they wish to be quenched of their desire to be healed, but look at you, you stay sitting there, inactive and lazy. You must-to do the work." I write Raz's words into my journal as everyone sits still, waiting for what is next.

Sharon shape-shifts into The Scroll and continues. "The most important thing about all of this is the balancing act that goes with understanding and integrating the power of your inner male and inner female. You can bring them both to balance." "How do we do that? I mean, besides doing the written work Raz just guided us to do?" I ask. "It's simple, you say; I now balance my root male and root female energies for the highest good." "It's that simple?" I ask. "Yes, you run the grids for those qualities to balance through the words you speak and the energy will run," she replies. The Scroll continues. "Now, many of you have questions about, or queries about your romantic partners." Tell me about it! I say to myself, thinking about the phone conversation I had with Sharon and her tennis men a couple days ago. Oops, I quickly go to the point in creation of that thought and surround it with light, as I am slightly anxious Sharon can 'hear' my thoughts psychically.

"Many of you say, if only he was more like this, if only she was more like that. But where you should really put your attention is on your Beshared Bubble. This is where the work is happening. You are focusing too much on the other person, instead of the bubble of energy you share with your partner energetically. The Beshared bubble represents the sacred space of relationship where love resides, but it is not limited to one

partner or person, you can have a Beshared relationship with your work or family. But when it comes to one on one, instead of saying I wish he was more like this or that, place the qualities you want into your bubble instead of placing them on the person. In this way, you are creating a conscious blueprint filled with your ideal values and intentions that you have for your perfect partnership. Your Beshared may be the partner you are with now, or it may be someone he will grow into, or it could be someone else altogether!”

“What does ‘Beshared’ mean?” asks Big Red. “*Your Beshared is your sacred one.*” “Is that like your soul mate?” asks Henrietta. “*It doesn’t have to be. But it can be.*” “Is it a karmic connection that we have with our Beshared?” asks Alice. “*Yes- karmic, and even though we open the way for many packages to come to us when we work on our bubble- there is only one Beshared. The universe will send you different love interest packages, and as you fine tune your bubble- you will attract them into your life so you may put into practice what you have intended. ‘Bubble work’ really reflects the work you have done on yourself and continue to do on yourself as self-love. The more you love yourself, the more coherent and clear your intentions become in the Beshared bubble, and the more filled with integrity and self-respect your awareness becomes- in creating the partnership and relationships you want. Sharing in the Beshared-river with someone is all about experiencing Supreme Love in relationship. There are not several or more than one, there is only one that you will share this special kind of love with. It doesn’t mean you will not have love with other partners, but there is a special quality of love that occurs in a Beshared love,*” she answers. You can feel everyone get rallied up, as ‘relationships’ and ‘love’ are always hot topics amongst the group.

“*So, we can experience Beshared energy with many things in life, meaning we can experience that special vibration of love in different areas, but when it comes to sharing supreme love with a partner, there is only one with which we will feel those distinct feelings.*” “Are we destined to meet our Beshared in life?” I ask, with a knowing that Troy is not my Beshared. “*It is not always so simple. There*

are many factors, such as where you are each at within your life paths, and if your vibrations will be synched up enough to actually draw each other into one another's life." I contemplate Troy. Even though we certainly shared a magical beginning, the romance in our relationship has since fizzled out over the years. Who is the man and who is the woman in this relationship? And are we Beshared? I think to myself.

That night I go home and over a glass of wine, scribble out in my Teachings of the Scroll journal 'Root Male- Root Female'. I haven't given my father too much thought throughout my life. I never knew him personally and I feel this is why I have a natural detachment from him. All I know is my father was a heroin addict and involved somehow with guns. He was also running from the draft for the Vietnam war. My mother left him when I was about one and a half years old. She couldn't take all the weird people coming to the house anymore, especially with drugs and guns. But what has this caused in the way of me *not* harnessing, or over harnessing my innate masculine or root male qualities? I think to myself. I've had two amazing stepfathers, but what about my root male/root father? What about my connection with my biological father?

I next turn my thoughts to my root female and think about the excruciating relationship I shared with my mom up until I turned nineteen, when I began a conscious path of self-healing. I harbored such deep hatred towards her that my heart would actually ache with pain. I remember enduring an EKG at the age of eighteen because I thought I was on the verge of a heart attack or stroke, the pain was so intense. I reflect on how I blamed my mother for my episodes with Yvette, and for fucking me up as a woman that could never say "no." She fucked me up by never telling me I could respect my body. It was all a mystery to me... And as far as I was concerned, I found out the hard way. Even though I experienced intense highs and lows with my mother as a

child, she *was* my role model in life, and she is a strong woman. I wonder if what happened with Yvette, ever would have- if my mother informed me of what my 'rights' were in situations like that. With that thought I realize I have to 'let go' of blaming my mother for the past. I have expended so much energy blaming her. How might my life change, if I loosened the *reigns of blame*? What if I place love there instead? Our relationship has certainly gotten better over the years. Maybe that's what I have been doing unconsciously. Maybe I have been 'placing love' in our relationship with one another, despite my resistance to completing the hurt feelings of my past. Has my Higher Self gone into overdrive? Is it sending love out despite my tar body's resistance? Either way, I am very grateful to be making friends with her now. It's been a slow road to build up trust and allow healing to take place. While I still harbor feelings of hurt and pain from my childhood, I am glad there are means I can use to help myself heal, like Reiki and the energy tools I'm learning. Oh and let's not forget forgiveness. Yes, that is a big tool for transformation. The more I can find it in myself to forgive her, the more free *I* feel on the inside.

I pour another glass of wine and find myself becoming upset at realizing I do not feel in the 'power' of either my root male or root female. There is no balance inside of me. There is just a girl who is friendly on the inside, and tough on the outside. Thinking about this male and female energy stuff, I see how I wear a masculine energy to deflect men. I use it to control situations and steer them in ways that will help me feel safe in my comfort zone. I don't even know what it is to *feel* feminine, nor feel 'in my power' through being feminine. This is a mystery to me. I reach down and run my hand along my leg hair and imagine shaving it off. My thoughts go to Troy, who funny enough, seems more feminine than I am. These days my relationship with Troy seems like it's running on habitual empty sex and

beer.

I struggle to write out what I think I should write on my paper and see the 'Root female' side has way more on its list of qualities that include 'Strength, solitude, intuition, fearlessness and patience'. I sit in thought as to what should be written on the "Root male' side and cannot think of one thing to write down. All I can think about are the things I am missing in my root male, like the masculine quality of feeling capable to speak up for myself in the presence of men, and how hurt I feel by being misunderstood by men. I give up my list and get ready for bed. Pulling the plugs from the soles of my feet, and with my hands Reiki ready, I lay down. "May my dreams help to bring about balance and self-discovery of my root male and root female qualities." I create a silent intention before going to sleep.

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Dreamtime

I am standing behind glass walls in a hospital type of examination room. I am confiding with the boys in the band about something. Next they leave and two doctors walk in wearing white coats. The doctors are a man and woman with clipboards. They nod at me and begin to press buttons on a panel in the room where we are. A curtain draws back from behind the glass wall and I see a young boy and a young girl sitting on two metal beds. Each are wearing oversized hospital gowns. They are maybe five or six years old and look terribly unhappy. The doctors instruct them each to lie down upon their beds. The children plead not to, but the doctors insist. I stand at the back of the room and can feel the doctors know I am there.

In fact, it's as if I am there to be a witness to what will come, and they know it. A nurse enters the children's quarters and ties the children down to their beds with restraints at their wrists and ankles. I become

uncomfortable. The children begin to squeal as if in pain. The doctors on my side of the wall look at each other and nod. They begin to turn large dials on their desks. I notice the children's bodies begin to shake as they start screaming a horrific scream. I cover my ears and the doctors stop turning their dials. They wait a few moments and the children's bodies slowly stop shaking. The doctors look at each other again, and nodding, reach to begin turning those crazy dials again. I watch in agony, as they turn the dials. The children's bodies begin to spasm uncontrollably atop their make shift cold metal beds. Smoke begins to rise from their bodies and at once I realize they are being electrocuted. Volts of electrical currents are being blasted through the children via the dials these doctors are turning, and those metal beds. Just as the doctors stop and I regain my breath, they begin to reach for the dials again. The children attempt to sit up, violently scrambling uncontrollably under their restrained wrists and ankles. Their bodies are now blackened, their hair askew by the electricity. Still restrained, they each look at me, begging to make it stop. They are pleading for their lives. The doctors push a few more buttons on their large desktop and the children shake uncontrollably until their eyes roll upward and their small bodies actually explode! This leaves a charcoal black and bloody mess in the room, and along the inside window area of where they once sat.

I awake shaken from this dream, and it takes some time for me to collect myself. Once I do, I immediately sit up and journal everything. I tell Sharon about my dream on the phone the next morning. "Well, it sounds like you have certainly witnessed some serious work on your root male and root female," she says. "Oh my god! I never even thought about that," I say. "I tried to do some work on that list Raz told us to do, but I was having difficulty with it, so I just let it go and asked my dreams to do the work." "Ahh, well, you

see, that's it! You did the work in dreamtime, with the accompaniment of a few others. What does it mean to you?" she asks. "Well, when I think of it, I didn't try to stop the doctors from doing what they did, and if those kids represented my root male and root female, well- it's as if they needed to die, so that I can grow up. It was pretty gory, the dream has left me with a weird taste in my mouth so to speak, because it was so graphic. But I get how it is significant to all the stuff I am realizing and working on."

"We do so much of our work when we sleep, that's why Jonah is not coming out of his coma. He is still busy working on his family, out in the other dimensional planes. I wouldn't worry about your dream, Tuesday, in fact it seems you are now free of the old root male and root female grids that once bound you. Capiche?" She says. "Yep, I get it. But I feel so vulnerable, almost like those kids were my padding, albeit, they contained old and outmoded patterns of thought and belief, now I am bare without anything there at all." "Consider you have a blank canvas to recreate your perceptions of root male and female, and root mother and father." I sit relieved at hearing Sharon's advice and just as we are about to get off the phone she asks "Oh, we are able to put someone in the pot for The Dalai Lama meditation tomorrow tonight, I am guided to ask if you would like to be in the pot." "In the pot?" I ask curiously. "Yep, that means that I will write your name down and it will go in the pot during our meditation, meaning you will be prayed for. It also means that you can join us in a distance meditation. We will meditate from 7.30pm to eight o'clock tomorrow night. You can tap in and join from where ever you are." "Yes, please do, put me in the pot!" I exclaim excitedly.

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Running to catch the subway from midtown Manhattan, I

have just taken a Belly dance class, and remember Sharon informing me to tune in at 7.30pm for meditation with The Dalai Lama tonight. I hop on the 'B' train and find a seat. At exactly 7.30 pm I take one last glance around myself and make sure my backpack is secure on the floor between my legs before I close my eyes and drift off into another world where The Dalai Lama will be residing this evening. My body breathes deeply with a smooth and steady flow. Holding my gaze to the third eye, I see Sharon, The Dalai Lama and myself sitting cross-legged in a triangle formation. I instantly feel my heart being touched by him. His mere presence invokes a stirring in my chest that is expanding. He begins chanting. Sharon and I follow along chanting in unison. Our trio chants in a medium tempo, not too fast, not too slow-for what feels like infinity. The Dalai Lama then stands up and slowly makes his way to me. He is still chanting as he places his left hand on my crown and his right hand at the back of my head, where my third eye is. He then takes his warmed right hand and places it lightly upon my back, at my heart chakra. I imagine his hand disappearing into my body and watch the dismantling of my heart take place. A sense of restoration moves through me as layers of thick and muddy fear begin to melt away, rolling down my back and into the earth that happens to be speeding by under my feet upon this train.

Quietly weaving-waves of telepathic data through his chanting breath, I receive what I can only feel as The Dalai Lama's message to me. I download he is assisting an expansion of my ability to share compassion with all beings everywhere, while strengthening my ability to share compassion with myself. He then picks up a small golden bowl and holds it above my head. He reaches into the bowl and commences to sprinkle a shower of translucent light over me with his fingertips. After this blessing, he finds his seat within our triangle once again and we all continue to chant

for some time. I think I drifted out, because all I know is I am suddenly jolted to an abrupt awakening when the train stops unexpectedly. A standing passenger bumps into the side of me and I find myself back on the B train. I notice the subway car I'm in is packed with people. This is not unusual during rush hour, but at this time of night it seems curious as there is standing room only, and that's if you can find somewhere to stand.

I exit the subway, change trains, and as my connecting train leaves the platform, I notice that the train-car I was in on the B train is the most filled out of all cars of that train. I make my way back to Brooklyn. I wonder if all those people in that subway car are of 'like' minds and like vibrations with the energy of the meditation I experienced. I wonder if they could somehow feel the very high vibrations of The Dalai Lama. The healing he bestows upon me surely reaches out to all. They must have been magnetized there, to stand in that car. I think to myself.

The following week I ask Sharon if she thinks those people on the packed subway car were drawn to the energy of The Dalai Lama, and the powerful vibes of the meditation. "What do you think?" She retorts in a cocky manner, tilting her head while holding a straight gaze with me.

Chapter Eighteen

Non-Vegan Muffin

It's Sunday morning and I'm in the cab with Sharon. We are heading out to New Jersey to see Jonah. "Isn't this the sixth month Jonah has been in the hospital?" I ask. "A-ha." Says Sharon as she stares out the window. After a pause she asks "So, is Andrew thinking about me today?" I am thrown by her question. Isn't that something we should talk about another time, and not on the day of a healing session with Jonah? I become angered inside, and want to tell her how I don't want to answer her stupid questions, but she is my teacher, so I go along with it. "Uhh, let me see," I say struggling with a part of myself that knows once we start along this path of psychic question and answer, there will be nothing but Andrew and Miguel questions for the next forty miles of our trip. If anything, I want to talk about the grid information she's been channeling. I have written down some questions and a mini hypothesis in my Scroll journal. Sharon looks at me with raised eyebrows. "Well?" She says. I ask the universe to run my Merkabah and I begin to tune in for an answer to her Andrew question. "He is busy playing tennis right now." "You're right, he teaches on Sundays til 2.30." "Is Miguel there today?" "Yes, he is also teaching tennis today," I respond. "Has Miguel thought about Sharon today?" She asks with an innocent turn of her head towards me. Her red hair is fiery, back lit by the sun shining in through the cab window. "I'm not really getting anything on that one," I say. I feel uncomfortable, but go along with answering her questions for the next while.

Despite the resistance I feel, I know there must be a higher reason for this part of my 'training'. *I do* enjoy exercising this muscle, it makes me feel like I'm truly tapping

into some kind of ‘great beyond’- where all exists outside of our normal sight. I feel like I’m learning to peek at *what’s happening* behind the ‘third dimensional scenes’ of everyday life, though the way I am being taught seems peculiar. I feel like I am entering a sacred zone that I should not be in sometimes, and feel like she is subtly bullying me into it with her innocent child like pretense.

“Ask if Miguel thinks about Sharon, from the perspective of the seventy-fifth dimension.” She says in a soft yet commanding way. I ask and am guided to share. “He thinks of Sharon often.” There is a pause. “Has Andrew been seeing *her*?” She asks, fixing her shirt-sleeve, looking down. I know she means the woman that Andrew is involved with. I close my eyes momentarily. “He was with her last night,” I say. Sharon looks into my eyes with a straight face. I feel like she already knows the answers to the questions she is asking me, and that these Q & A’s are somehow a continual test and at the same time an exercise. I feel the development of my psychic abilities for reading peoples energy has boosted. It’s becoming easier and more natural to get a reading on people whether they are right in front of me, or they are at a distance.

As our cab approaches the hospital, I visualize sending light to Jonah, his room and his family. We enter his quarters to find Jennie sprawled out over the lower part of his hospital bed. It looks like she has fallen asleep upon sharing Reiki with her son. Sharon attuned Jennie up to Level Two last month and encouraged her to work on herself and Jonah. It seems to have really helped her to feel empowered at this time of her son’s life and death experience. Last week she told me “I have found a focus through my attunements, and that focus is FAITH.” One can see she whole-heartedly believes her son is coming back. Her attention and energy are focused upon that, and that only.

We greet one another and while Jennie whispers to Sharon

I stand by Jonah's hospital bed, gazing at this boy's slight frame and await my teacher to commence the laying on of hands. I never lay hands on Jonah until Sharon does first. Sharon approaches his bed and takes off her coat, hanging it over the back of a visitor's chair. She faces him – touching the tips of her fingers to the hospital bed's edge and then turns her head forward, closing her eyes. Her eyes are rolling upward under her eyelids. I close my eyes too and tap in to see if I can hear the opening ceremony she is transmitting, but I do not pick anything up. As I say my prayers and call in my angles and guides, I begin to see thin, stringy shapes radiating fluorescent colors. They are floating across the vision of my mind's eye. They flex and bend and look like they could be made of smoke. Next I see a vision of myself aboard a huge ship in the middle of the ocean. I am with many others and we are recording conversations with the humpback whales, and deciphering the codes. There is a recording studio on the boat along with underwater speakers and microphones.

I open my eyes to find Sharon carefully laying her finger tips along Jonah's forehead, while attempting not to knock the 'halo' headgear supporting his neck and head. I rest my hands on his heart and his tummy, feeling the rise and fall of his belly and chest as his body breathes by way of a ventilator. What would happen if they turned all the machines off? I think to myself. Would it make his spirit fight to stay alive enough, to actually make him come back to life? And what about what Sharon says, that it's all karma and timing, and that things could go one way or another at any moment in 'time'. Meaning Jonah could either live or die and that one extreme could manifest at any instant. "It's down to him and the higher good of all that is *connected to him*." I hear Sharon's words.

We sit in silence for a little over two hours, changing hand positions while attempting to make ourselves as comfortable

as possible in this clinical setting. Just as I begin to close my eyes I hear Jennie's voice "He just moved! His right leg just moved!" I step away and she crouches down to her son's ear. "Jonah baby, it's mommy. I'm here honey." She reaches for his hand and looks at Sharon saying forcefully "Get the doctor." Sharon nods and disappears down the hospital hallway. I continue laying hands and watch as Jonah's left and right legs begin to twitch. His toes begin to wiggle as Sharon reappears with the doctor. Jennie steps in close, laying her hands on Jonah's feet now. The doctor is stoic. He looks at Jonah's progress chart and glances at the surrounding machines and then back to Jonah, attempting to witness one of his twitches. "There he goes... Did you see it?" Jennie asks the doctor out loud. He announces "This could simply be the response of a new medication we are giving him. I wouldn't be surprised if you see movement in his arms and hands too. His nerve endings are awakening due to the meds, next it's up to his central nervous system to pick up the signals and go with it. We will keep an eye on him and note any further changes."

A disappointed Jennie looks at the doctor and says with command "But this is the first time he has had any movement since the accident. Surely this has to be something big. Isn't this a good sign? I mean, if there was *nothing* happening, like *no movement* with the new medication, well-then I should be worried, right?" She tilts her head and looks at the doctor with her best tragic Joan Crawford face. "As we have told you before, the chances of Jonah regaining consciousness are 50/50, and it has been quite a while now that he has been in the coma. We cannot say for sure what may happen." The doctor's words bring a saddened look to Jennie's face and I can see she is holding back from crying. Any form of positive expression that had appeared earlier, was melting away into a deep frown now. The doctor excuses himself from the room. Jennie sits down in a chair next to

the window. We continue with Reiki and shortly after, Jennie gets up and leans into Jonah's ear and says "Your family is here, honey. When you are ready to come back, we will be here for you. Don't be afraid Jonah, mommy and daddy are here for you, baby."

Just then, Jonah's father Jeremy enters the room and rushes to Jennie. They hug and she explains what just happened. He approaches Jonah's bed, touching his son's chest. "You are a strong boy Jonah, papa loves you and is excited to play with you again." Just then Jonah's eyelids open slightly and then close again. We all gain a sense of amazement and this time *I* leave the room to find the doctor. I return with him and he quietly steps closer to Jonah, taking his wrist in between his fingertips. "This summer is going to be great Jonah. We will swim in the pool, and go for picnics with Mommy..." Jonah's father continues while squeezing Jennie's hand tightly. Once again Jonah's eyelids part slightly and for a brief moment I see his dilated brown eyes. The eye movement, plus a tiny movement in Jonah's hands and toes seem to convince the doctor to change his mind. "This could be the kind of sign we have been waiting for," the doctor announces, nodding his head at Jennie and Jeremy. After a while, Sharon and I continue sharing Reiki with Jonah, but there are no more movements to witness. I ponder him coming back into his body, and consider his little 'big' moves earlier today are all he can muster for now. Either way, it has left everyone with an auspicious feeling.

It is now time to leave for the day. Jennie hands Sharon a fist full of cash and hugs us both. We leave in silence and I am feeling full of hope. "I think he's gonna come back," I say to Sharon as we make our way to the cab. "Oh yeah?" She replies. "Yeah, what do *you* get?" I ask. Now *I feel like Sharon*, when she asks me what *I* 'get' about something. I await her response and she says "It sure *feels* that way, that he may be ready to come back now." Sharon takes a deep breath in

through her nose and exhales from her mouth with a sigh. She opens the cab door and before getting in, turns to me. "He's talking to me. He is saying it's time." I know she is talking about Jonah. The next morning I awake absolutely starving. I make a protein shake and head for the subway to Sharon's place. I decide to use this early morning subway ride to write in my personal journal.

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I have been thinking a lot about Sharon's Dalai Lama story. Deep down inside, I do not doubt her and I don't see any reason for her to lie to me. I mean, after all- Alice was at the airport, seeing her off... Or was it picking her up? Either way if her story is something she plays off of, then why didn't she tell me about it at the beginning, like- to impress me? It just freaks me out that a 'Grand Reiki Master' would be so insecure and needy to ask odd questions about her tennis player in a psychic kind of manipulation way. I feel a little conflicted because on one hand I do not question her validity as my teacher, but on the other, why all the weird questions? OK, I'm here...Signing off...Boom.

Getting off the train, I am still incredibly hungry and find myself standing in the bakery. I have come in here for a juice or ice tea, but never for food. I am torn about eating something with dairy in it, but my body is not concerned. It wants a 'bakery' muffin and it wants it now. I have been a disciplined vegan for almost three years, how could this be?

Is it all the energy work I am doing with Jonah? Am I pregnant? I think to myself. I can't help but feel my body wanting the animal protein contained in the muffin. This is a new body awareness feeling for me. I am confused, but cannot stop my body's craving. I buy a banana nut muffin and pause outside of the bakery holding it in my hands. I send Reiki to my muffin, intending to charge the molecular structure of it to something that my body can ingest with ease. I imagine sending lines of love and light out over time and space to the animals that have contributed their dairy to this muffin through milk and eggs, knowing the chances of the dairy products contained within my muffin are most likely *not* organic or cage free. Feeling satisfied with my prayer, I wolf down the carb-filled muffin on my walk to Sharon's place.

She greets me at the door and I feel like she can 'read' the neon sign in my aura that says, "Tuesday ate a non-vegan muffin." She pours me coffee and offers me a muffin, holding it out towards me with her hand turned upwards. "Banana-nut?" She asks with a smile and a giggle. Now, is she just messing with me psychically? I glance into the bakery box and I see cranberry and blueberry muffins too. Why did she hand me a banana-nut? This is a trip now, it seems like she knows I did eat a banana-nut muffin, but how could she have? Is she *that* psychic, or is it a coincidence? "No thank you," I say. Half way through my coffee I reach into my bag and grab a jar of peanut butter and spoon that I have begun to travel with. "I get such intense protein cravings these days," I say, digging into a heaped spoonful. "That'll be the Reiki," she says. "All of the work on The Scroll, and all of the hospital work you have been doing is drawing a greater flow of Reiki through you, and is accelerating your growth. Your vibration is changing. Keeping grounded and balanced are key." I wonder again if she can read the "Tuesday ate a *non-vegan* muffin' sign above my head.

She looks at my spoon and says “Your cravings for extra protein are normal. You might need to find more ways of getting it. Do you use protein shakes?” She asks. “Just had one earlier this morning,” I say. “Soon Tuesday will be eating hamburgers!” She says laughingly and takes a bite of her cranberry muffin. Next she asks “So, how are things with Troy?” “ Oh..., you know, in our own way we *are* good together,” I say. Sharon is mildly aware of the issues I have with Troy. I have shared with her, but not about everything. “We enjoyed two days and two nights of snuggling, ordering food in and watching videos. In our cocoon, we are harmonious, but out in the world, we can clash. Despite those things about him that I have a hard time with, I see all the ways he loves me and helps me to recognize parts of myself and grow. I acknowledge all the travel and good things Troy and I have shared together, but I can’t help feeling like I’m ready for ‘take off’ spiritually and he is comfortable where he is.” There is a long pause, and Sharon announces “You are ready for your Level Three.” I find my body quickly leaning away from her. A huge resistance comes over me, but I say nothing and stay cool as I begin working on another spoonful of peanut butter. There is an awkward silence and I know she is waiting for me to say something, I can feel it. After all, Dalai Lama or no Dalai Lama, weird Andrew and Miguel questions and all, she is the teacher I have chosen, and she has chosen me. The bottom line is I am here to learn how to heal my life and I’m beginning to believe that I’m supposed to share that healing with others.

“Can I share something with you?” I say taking a deep breath in and out. “Sure honey,” she replies, turning towards me, propping her feet up on a flower patterned Ottoman. “Since we’ve been working with the root male/root female and father/mother issues, I have made some realizations about myself.” She remains completely still and motionless as she awaits my confession. “I realize I have been searching

for my ‘father’ in my boyfriends, and that all of my ‘mother’ issues are the cause of me looking for my father in men.” Her eyes grow wide as she places her muffin and plate down on the coffee table. She removes her glasses and begins to clean them while I speak. “The way I see it is... If my mother had informed me about sex and self-respect when I was younger, I may have ended up being strong and balanced enough not to be seeking my ‘father’ in the men I draw to me.” I silently wonder what would have happened if I was not so vulnerable to Yvette’s advances as a youth. I have never told Sharon about Yvette, but maybe she knows about it through her psychic impressions of me.

“What’s your definition of a man?” Sharon asks me. “I’m not sure at this present moment. I feel like it changes. But I can say that I see how I have wanted a man to take control, to take care of me and support me emotionally –not that it’s wrong, but I think I’ve been hiding behind that.” I pause, staring off into space for a bit, and continue. “There is a fine line between the different types of attention I have craved from men and I see that now. I feel like I am admitting to myself, that for all of these years I have wanted my male partners to play the role of father for me in more ways than one. I see how I have sought *so* much attention from men, as a little girl would do from her father. If I did not receive it, I would feel unworthy and unattractive. And when I did receive it, I would shut down, becoming frigid- a complete prude, feeling unable to demonstrate feminine power or self-respect. My abilities to communicate with men are very strong and balanced... That is when I am in the presence of a man I feel unthreatened by. But men that aren’t shy about being upfront with their sexual energy or advances towards me, *secretly scare me*. I even get uncomfortable and lost for words in the presence of a man telling a dirty joke. I would love to be able to let men’s sexual projections- in general, and those that I feel are towards me, just roll off me. I would love

to be cool and detached, but somehow I take it all so personal, and that's where a weird *papa grid* comes in. No matter the man, I end up vying for his attention, as a daughter would to her father. I think that's why I have always had a hard time saying 'NO' to men. I want their validation bad, even if it gets me into inappropriate situations." "Okay," Sharon says smiling patiently. She gets up to refill her coffee mug asking "You want some more too?" "No thanks." I hear her tear a sweet n low packet and stir in the contents. That stuff is full of aspartame. I think to myself. How can she drink that, knowing it causes cancer? She then excuses herself to the restroom and I sit in silence and think about what my Level Three might feel like. I hear Sharon run the shower. It will be a while until she returns. I close my eyes and watch the past flash through my minds-eye.

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My thoughts go back to 1998 in New York. The men in the neighborhood are especially drawn to me. First they are attracted to my body type, and when they notice my dreads and body hair they either ridicule me or outwardly display sexual acts towards me, such as simulating masturbation or licking their lips. Back then I was filled with negative thoughts. My drill was as follows: Before I leave my 5th floor apartment, I spend about five minutes thinking about all of the gangster type thugs that usually approach me, shouting disrespectful or sexual remarks to me. The three-block walk from my home to the subway is a miserable time, especially when there is a gang of drunk men hanging out at the steps in front of my apartment building. Coming home late and alone cause me so much anxiety. I have become so afraid of them that I have built a shield of tough armor and wear it wherever I go.

But something has changed now. Since returning to New

York from Australia, I am aware of how much I *used to* project my issues onto men. I realize how much I *expected* men to give me inappropriate attention. And now I see how I helped to create those situations for myself with the power of my thoughts. Something shifted for me big-time, during my time away in Australia.

I remember re-acclimating to my hood. It is my first time leaving the apartment alone after returning to the States. I do not spend my time thinking about all of the horrible things that could happen on the way to the subway. Instead I just make my way out the door and consciously project ‘respect’ out to men on the street. Instead of trying hard to avoid eye contact with them, I purposely make eye contact with them, nodding my head as I pass. We would acknowledge each other and they would watch me, but then they would change their gaze away from me. Before Australia, I always wondered how other women on the street would wear short skirts and not get picked on by the local men. Or if they did receive whistling, or sexual comments from a street corner male, it amazed me how they would simply shrug their shoulder and turn their head, wagging their first finger, as if to say “Not in a million years.” I pull out my journal again and begin to scribble.

JOURNAL ENTRY CONTINUED
JAN 28TH, 2001

Now I see I am responsible for setting my vibration, my ‘tone of self’ that resonates out to men (and women). Within the tone are all of my thoughts about myself and the ‘energy’ of the projections I cast out. If my mind is clear and I am not centered in fear, then there are no buttons for the streets’ male

bullies to press. If I go out into the world full of fear, thinking thoughts of fear, projecting fear, well then- that's what men will react to- my weakness will draw them in and I will react to their advances and it goes on and on. My newfound awareness gives me a whole new edge and liberation. I have never felt this equal to men before, ever. Certain parts of the old self have fallen away and now I am creating new experiences, free from the ties that once bound me. I know there are more layers, as I encounter parts of myself that still require healing with Troy. How can I be with a man that I know does not find all of me attractive? Is it that little girl part of me that wants attention from men so badly, that I will put up with less than I feel I am worthy of receiving? I pause in thought and continue writing.

I am now free of the past and its hold on me. I forgive my mother. I forgive my father. They did the best they could with what they knew. I now release toxic and limiting patterns from the cells of my body. I intend to let go of all that no longer serves my higher good. I now release the past. I rewrite my relationship with men. I no longer seek my father in the men I have relationships with. I am a strong and independent woman. So be it.- Cho Ku Rei

Sharon returns with freshly blow-dried hair and sits back onto the couch, fluffing pillows behind her. “You ready?”

She asks, turning her head. I nod and prepare myself for the next several hours. For this I sit back into my usual chair, behind the arm of the couch. I pile cushions upon my lap to support my arms, and shove cushions behind me to support my back. I'm not sure how long I will be here, so I make myself as comfortable as possible. I guess we are just going to go with television today- I think to myself, as she has not asked me to choose a video from the office. Sharon turns up the volume on the T.V for a moment. She is watching a shopping channel. "That is a really nice necklace," she says and then changes the channel, turning the volume back down.

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I look at the clock. It is 11.57am. It is almost four hours from when we started at 8.07am and we do not seem finished yet. For a brief moment I think that I should be getting more than the \$70 she pays me. These sessions are becoming longer and longer, *way* longer. I become slightly impatient. But then I consider how our connection is more of an apprenticeship and that *I* could never pay enough money to be included in all of the experiences I have had with her. "Be humble." I hear my inner voice say. "I go to the point in creation of thinking greedy thoughts," I say to myself. I am grateful I get paid at all! In fact, I feel like I have been taken under her wing, and that she is crafting me into a mold of sorts. We finally finish and I am feeling incredibly energized and ravenously hungry. "Where's that diner menu?" I ask Sharon, feeling the cravings for a veggie burger and fries coming on. "In the top drawer," she calls out to the kitchen where I stand. Even though It has been ages since I have eaten a veggie burger from a diner because of the burger getting cooked on the same grill as real hamburgers do, I find myself with a greater appetite than I have ever known and decide to let go of my usual negative projections about how

'wrong' it is and how 'bad it is for me'. "A woman named Louise is coming at 2pm for a Reiki session. Do you want to stay and work on her with me?" Sharon's words are like music to my ears. I have so much energy now that I am jumping up and down in her living room. I start laughing. "I can't believe it!" I say. I feel I could keep going, like I can just sit for longer and longer periods of time and channel Reiki!

Later Louise, an 85 year old German woman arrives and sits upon Sharon's couch. "I am with my fifth week of receiving skin grafting for the burns, that are all over my body. My Sister in Germany says the Reiki will help me a lot." She says. Sharon offers her water and the restroom. Louise reclines, just as Sharon did earlier on the couch. But this time Sharon sits where I usually sit, at Louise's crown and she has me sit at the end of the couch with Louise's feet on my lap, working on her feet. We sit with her for a little over an hour and Louise stays still for some time after her session. I notice a tattoo on her inner wrist. She sits up to drink a small cup of tea that Sharon has made for her. Her face is flush with soft rose tones and she appears to be more relaxed now. Her vibration is lighter than when she first arrived. After some time, she writes Sharon a check and slowly makes her way to the door. "My hands felt incredibly cool the whole time," I say. "Reiki will always bring balance. Right now there is an abundance of heat in Louise's body due to her skin burns. Reiki switched to 'cool' mode through your hands for balance's sake," she says. I gather my things and leave Sharon's, aware there are only a few hours until our Monday night gathering.

It is cold out. The fresh air feels so good flowing through my body as I breathe, that I decide to walk an extra four blocks to the next subway station home. Upon later returning to Sharon's place I see Jennie and hug her. There are some new people sitting with the group tonight. Sharon enters the room and sits down- we get started right away as she

morphs into Raz.

Raz scans the room and looks at Gretchen who is nursing a hot tea, sitting hunched over, and looking ill. *“What happened to you?”* Raz asks in a quizzical tone. Gretchen blows her nose, creating a mucous filled background noise before beginning. *“Well, I had been doing really good, working on myself and stuff, and well, I slept with my ex-boyfriend last Friday night, and since then I have been terribly sick. Vomiting, diarrhea, fever, chills, you name it.”* *“And why do you think that is?”* Raz asks. Gretchen shrugs her shoulders. *“Because he’s toxic?”* *“Exactly,”* Raz pronounces loudly. *“You have been doing so much work on yourself, getting so clear and clean, and you see, what happens when you share inappropriate energy beds?”*

“Energy beds?” Gretchen asks. *“Yes, when you sleep with, or share in physical intimacy with someone that does not vibrate at a similar cycle as you, you end up doing all the dirty work of ‘clearing them’. You act as a garbage receptacle for their ‘ca-ca’ to get worked out. I’m sure he’s feeling pretty good now, while you are suffering the consequences. Tell me, did you used to do heroin with him when you two were together in the past?”* This seems like a very personal question to ask, how does Raz know all this stuff? Is there a part of Sharon still here, even when she is Raz? I think to myself. *“Yes, for three years we shared each other, and our addictions.”* Gretchen remarks. *“Is he still using those drugs?”* Raz asks while leaning forward toward her, as if he already knows the answer and just wants Gretchen to hear it too. Gretchen looks down sniffing. *“Yes.”* *“Well, Master’...”* Raz says in an almost demeaning tone. *“You resonate at a higher vibration than he does now and you just have to understand the sharing of energy beds with an inappropriate partner has its consequences. This goes for everyone.”* Raz looks up and scans the room again, with eyes meeting mine for a moment. I think about all that I shared with ‘Sharon’ earlier about Troy, and about my father and men issues. Have I been looking for inappropriate attention from Troy in bed, to substitute my longing to know

my father?

“Is it clear to all of you- that your instrument can be used as a ‘clearing receptacle’? As your energy raises its vibration- the universe will use you to clear energy in places or people. Just by you being there, wherever you are- you create universal balance, and that is part of your job as a Reiki Master. Sometimes you will witness a fight breaking out, and sometimes you will witness great harmony manifest in your presence. Now, you do have free will. But Gretchen you chose an experience that was probably against your better guidance- correct?” She looks at Gretchen. Gretchen nods with her chin tucked into her chest, as if cast downward in shame.

“That’s why we pay attention and listen to our guidance -and follow it, because we are ‘light workers’, consciously contributing light to everything, everywhere we go. We do our work by being.” Sharon shifts into sitting with a taller spine and takes on a feminine demeanor, marking she is now channeling as The Scroll.

“Our universe is a universe of duality. It is always seeking balance and that is why change is constant.” I write in my Scroll notebook and she continues. *“Now, if you need a boost or to balance your third chakra- your center of will power and personal power, you can run your power integrator.”* “Power integrator?” I say, as I write the words down. *“Yes! The power integrator resides at the third chakra and it is the adaptor that allows us to plug into and identify the energy of other physical bodies and things as they exist on this physical plane. It connects us to our third dimensional experiences through way of the third chakra’s perspective. When we ‘run’ our power integrator, we clear and balance our third chakra, and so create a space of non-polarity by which to clearly feel and identify our surroundings. We can easier connect with our higher selves, higher guidance, our environment and those within it too. When you run your power integrator, you will also be charging up your third chakra, which will activate your power center and third dimensional motivation to ‘move’ and ‘be’ in the world.”*

“Could you give us an example of when we would run our power integrators?” Asks the usually quiet small red head. As I look at her, I wonder if she may be related to Sharon.

“Sure, you go for a job interview- run it. You have to create a new palette for your art-work, run it. You want to gather more will power in sticking to your diet or work out plan- run it, every time you feel weak-willed- RUN YOUR POWER INTEGRATOR.” I interrupt, asking... *“Is it true to say these concepts and tools we invoke with our minds, are invisible metaphysical energy tools that we can call upon at any time? And they will run for the highest good?”* Sharon as The Scroll is speechless and turns her head to the fair skinned freckled girl. *“Everything we do- energy wise- is about holding sacred space for balance to take place- for the highest good of all. As a light worker, we are on call to run stuff as it comes up. You answer the call- on a as you are guided basis. The more you begin to channel Reiki, the more you begin to channel in general. You will feel silently guided to send Reiki here and there, out to people at the post office, in line at the bank- you will hear yourself being guided to run grids in your children’s schools and at your jobs. In fact, you have already begun using the tools in those ways, right?”* She pauses and sips from her flower mug and looks up, as if expecting questions. No one says a word.

“You know, I didn’t use any of the tools that night I slept with Trevor. It’s like I chose to forget everything I had learned. I was not being a Master,” Gretchen states. “I feel like if I had been running the energy tools, running my Merkabah and acting as a Master, the chances of me getting into bed with my ex probably would not have happened.” *“And why is that?”* The Scroll asks like a true teacher. “Because I would have probably vibrated at a whole other level, and I would not have even attracted him into my environment. Even if he did ‘get in’, I would be clearer and more aware of what actions to take with him. I would have been plugged into a different perspective of myself and I know that my higher self knows better than to sleep with him,” Gretchen ends and gets up to leave the room. *“Very well put,”* says The Scroll.

“Now we will talk about signing yourself into zero.” I scribble

into my Teachings of the Scroll notebook, awaiting The Scroll's next words. *"Zero is complete awareness, complete detachment and infinite compassion. Think of a monk's calmness, and higher vibration- and you have zero!"* She laughs out loud, throwing her head back. *"When we sign ourselves into zero- we align with those grids of complete awareness, complete detachment and infinite awareness- and those grids run through us as those qualities. It will plug you into an expansive higher self that is all seeing and free of any outcomes- you are just being zero- no polarity- no judgment. You are free, and others are set free to be also- and you remain unaffected, wherever you find yourself. When you sign yourself into zero, you are signing yourself into the grid of zero."* I feel like this is adding up in my grid hypothesis. "So grids are just like bundles of energy that contain everything we can imagine, both good and bad- and it's just a matter of plugging into grids as specifically as possible, to gain the most accelerated...uh" I stutter, trying to find my words... and say "The most accelerated - assistance?" I look at The Scroll.

"There are grids for everything we have created in the universe, and within those grids reside all of the polarity, thought forms and emotions we have conjured as a collective about those grids," she says. I ponder for a moment, then speak. "So, within one word, or one grid- such as 'love', there resides all the limiting and negative vibrations everyone has projected onto it, along with all of the positive and nourishing ones too?" The Scroll pauses, looking like she is soaking in my mish mash of a hypothesis and announces *"Yes, that is correct."* I feel a wave of excitement wash over me as I realize my inner understanding of the grids is widening. "So, being aware of what you choose to plug into is of utmost importance," I conclude.

Henrietta raises her hand, asking "So when I run the grid of my addiction to cigarettes, as I try to give up smoking, what happens? I'm lost." *"In that case, the universe will run those grids to balance for you, leaving you with the most positive aspects to work with. But they will only shift as much as you are truly open to*

change. That is why you will never draw to yourself something that is too great. What manifests around you, comes from you. As you create your reality, be very specific and as unlimited as you can be. This helps the universe quicken in its ability to give you what it is you wish to be with."

With those words, our evening comes to an end. I flip pages in my journal and add to my Scroll Topic's list.

Scroll Topics

Energy Beds

Power Integrator

Zero

Before I leave, Sharon calls me over. "Tuesday, a young man by the name of Durham is coming to get his Level Three next week. Maybe you will come along and get yours too. It has been a while since you received Level Two and you are ready." I say nothing, smile and hug her good-bye. As I make my way to the train station, I feel a wave of anxiety come over me about my Level Three. I know once I receive the next 'Level' of attunement with Reiki, I will have to break up with Troy. We just do not connect anymore and I am changing. I have to honor my growth.

On my subway ride home I think about Troy and begin to hum a melody in my head. It is nothing like the heavy, hard hitting songs I write with the boys in the band. This is softer. I imagine a simple piano in the background. I reach for my journal and begin to write.

**JOURNAL ENTRY CONTINUED
JAN 28TH, 2001**

Song for Troy entitled 'Emotional Time'

Verse

It ain't easy for me, living with you

Close then far apart, babe I'm confused

Is it love I'm feelin' oh is it true? So True

Tears well up inside, but they don't break through

Chorus

Ohh It's an Emotional Time

You're gonna find your way

Oh you're gonna find a better day

Oh no no no you're gonna find a way...

Verse

I convince myself that we're not the same

And that you're not the one for me, but still I stay

Wrapped inside your arms, you hold me so tight

At home in that moment, but I know it's not right

Chorus

Ohh It's an Emotional Time

You're gonna find your way

Oh you're gonna find a better day

Oh no no no you're gonna find a way...

Chapter Nineteen

The Tar Body

It's a Sunday and subways always run slow on Sundays. The CD I am attempting to play begins to skip and I press 'Stop' on the player. I realize I may be sitting on the wrong side of the subway platform and look behind myself to check the signs. As I do, I see an older looking man slip from the top of the thirty-step stairway, to the platform where I sit. He clumsily slides, bumps and rolls down the hard cement steps, landing in a contorted ball less than ten feet from where I am. I look to my left and right. Funnily, there is no one around. "I run my Merkabah." I silently place my intention and get up to aid the older man. "Are you okay?" I ask gently. He does not move, nor make a sound. I reach for his shoulder and his head rolls backward, revealing a bloody eye, cracked eyeglasses and a swelling lip. What do I do? I ask my Reiki Guides. I am afraid to move his body, for fear he may have broken some bones. "It's OK, gently lift his torso, lean him against the adjacent wall, and pull his legs forward." I hear clear guidance and follow to fulfill it. Is he even alive? I think to myself, that was some fall, after all. "Are you okay? Can you hear me?" I speak to the man, but he is out cold. I do notice the rise and fall of his chest and am relieved that he is at least breathing. I go to place my hands upon his head, where I notice a large gash above his eye. "Place your hands on his feet." I hear further guidance telling me what to do. I place my hands down at his feet and intend for Reiki to flow. After a few minutes, I move to the side, placing my hands at his ankles and ask the universe to pull the plugs from the soles of his feet, for the highest good.

I look around, but still there is no one about, not even one train has passed since my arrival to the platform. This is New

York, where are all the people? We have to call '911'. I make myself more comfortable and after ten minutes or so the man begins to mumble. "It's okay, you fell down some steps, we're gonna get you some help," I say to him. His face is scrunched with blood that is now drying into his face. He squints his eyes as he slowly regains consciousness.

I make a silent prayer. "Universe, for the highest good gently run his Merkabah and allow that he receive the best care to bring him back to his perfect balanced state." Just then a Subway employee comes down the stairs. "Hey, can you please help us? This man fell down the stairs and needs medical help," I ask, looking up while continuing to keep my hands on this fellow. "Some fool did what?" I hear the oncoming voice say, followed by a "What the...! Wait a minute, this man really fell down them steps yo!" The attendant calls for assistance right away. Within two minutes an emergency medical team appears underground and ask me what had happened. At this point, the man is coming to and he tries to stand up, completely unaware of what he had just endured. "Sir, you must sit down, you have been through a traumatic experience. We want to take your vitals and make sure you are OK. Maybe there is a close friend or relative that can come and collect you from the hospital." The EMT patiently recites this mantra to the older man. "Hospital?" the older man scowls, touching his head. "Ouch!" he exclaims, then looking at his hand notices the blood. "I guess I had a fall," he mutters. The EMT leans in closer to the man and asks the fallen man to repeat himself. "Whoo- this guy's been drinkin. That may be why he slipped down those stairs." He glances at me and then checks the man's blood pressure and heart rate. "He'll be okay Miss, we can take it from here." He turns to me and nods as if giving me the all clear. I smile and tell the fallen man "You'll be okay now- take it easy." I gather my pack and feel a swell of air stir as I see my train approach in the distance.

As I arrive to Sharon's apartment I see a young dark skinned man standing outside at the intercom. "I saw you earlier today at the new Yoga center on 6th Street," Durham speaks to me with a friendly and respectful manner, while shaking my hand hello. "Oh yes, I thought you looked familiar," I retort. "What amazing synchronicity. Have you been taking classes there long?" He asks. "Oh no, I just discovered it two weeks ago, but I'm in love!" I say. He smiles and we enter Sharon's building. "Are you by chance 'Durham'?" I ask. "Yes, I am. And you are 'Tuesday'?" Sharon told me you would be here today also." He says. "Now that is serious synchronicity!" I say as we both laugh our way up the stairs to Sharon's apartment. "Durham!- Tuesday!" She exclaims while throwing her arms up in a certain joy. We enter her home and she motions for us to sit on the couch.

After we all make small talk she says "You are both here to get your Level Three today. Let's talk a little about that." She pauses to clear her throat and begins. "Level Three consists of one symbol called *Dai Ko Myo*. It relates to the heart chakra, the spiritual body, self-realization and the experience of one's heart opening. Level Three activates the heart center, which acts as a bridge between the higher and lower centers. Deep healing and joy may be experienced as the kundalini awakened by this attunement moves your spirit in ways that may have been blocked for some time. You have each done substantial work with your previous Level's One and Two. This will serve you in pleasant ways with this attunement. You will experience your heart opening without limits, along with the protection of even greater detachment.

This attunement acts as the training wheels for the Master Attunement, awakening within the student a new level of awareness and a great respect for the deepened potency of one's thoughts actions, words and deeds. With Level Three, ones energy within, and all around- shifts to a new vibrational octave and the world watches and awaits, as you become the

exemplifier of a new marked freedom. Ring the bell of liberation for others through the words and deeds you share in the world. YOU are the teacher unfolding. As within, so below.”

Next, Sharon pulls out crayons and paper for us. Opening a book, she points to the Reiki symbol and says. “*Dai Ko Myo*. Draw it.” Without hesitation, we reach for crayons and both grab for the purple one. We laugh again and draw for several minutes. Sharon then signals us it is time for the attunement process. She never wastes any time. I think to myself. Durham goes first. I watch the sides of his thick moustache turn upward, as he sits with eyes closed and hands at a prayer position to his heart. I make mental notes of the proceedings Sharon makes and within two minutes, she is done and standing behind him with her hands on his shoulders. After some time, and of course making Durham drink a glass of water, I go next. I am feeling so light and happy today. As I sit in position, I feel grateful for my wonderful life. I silently recite “I had a great yoga class at my new and exciting yoga spot this morning, I helped a man on the subway tracks, and now I am going to get my Level Three!” I smile as I close my eyes and place my hands to my heart in prayer position. I feel the usual breaths and movements by Sharon and realize each attunement must require the same steps. Upon completion of the attunement process I do not cry. I do not feel emotional. I am instead floating in a heady bliss I can only describe as joy. A tingle ripples up my spine, and my body ‘shudders’ briefly as a cold sensation moves through me. I open my eyes and as I do, a bolt of energy shoots up through my crown. I quickly close my eyes again, but the feeling is gone. “I think I just had a mini kundalini experience,” I say with a quizzical look on my face. We three laugh out loud and I feel no need to express myself further. In fact, I feel to remain silent, as if I must now take a vow of silence, so I do. I motion to Sharon my intention and Durham appears amused by this.

Sharon copies me and silently points to the healing table she has set up in the office area. Wow, a real place to lay down instead of the couch! I think to myself and look at Durham to see if he minds that I lay first. He motions for me to 'go ahead'. Sharon pulls a sheet over me, up to my shoulders and leaves the room. Durham lays his hands over my heart for the entire twenty minutes he shares Reiki with me. I feel tears well up in my eyes, but they are not tears of sadness. I was so resistant to this attunement, but now I am here, I feel so liberated and joyful, I can hardly keep myself composed. I remain silent as I next lay hands on Durham. I am guided to work on his knees, elbows and crown. I feel a pulsing through my hands like never before. The Reiki seems to be moving through me in giant waves. I recall my Level Two when I worked on Alice. I almost got knocked over by the intense energy flowing through me. But now I am more grounded and able to hold the flow with ease.

Later that night I lay in bed, my cat asleep upon my belly with his little nose pointing towards mine. It's 11.45pm, a candle sits alight at my alter space. I recline quietly for some time with my arms folded behind my head and watch as shadows lazily dance upon my cream lace curtains. Relaxed and comfortable, my eyes begin to softly close. As they do, I feel the Gray approaching. My surroundings become still and black, as if someone has blown out the candle. The humming that paralyzes begins as a subtle vibration that snakes its way up my ankles. I can decide to stop it now or allow myself to travel along these shores. It has been so very long since the last Gray visit, and I am no longer fearful in the same ways as before. Maybe this is what experience causes. In my relaxed state I decide to let it carry me. The hum turns into a buzz that begins to envelope me in an energetic sarcophagus.

Despite my hunger for this headiness, and my multiple experiences here, fear begins to meander through the inner weavings of my thoughts. If I am to further my journey into

the Gray I must dismiss and abandon each fearful thought, leaving no trace as evidence. For fear *weakens* my strength on this plane. I cannot take these fearful thoughts or any part of them with me. I slowly surrender to *the buzzings'* sweet hum, and my body drifts into its lightness. No part of me is left untouched; all of my ignitions are being inspected by this pungent pulsation. My physical body feels like it is dissolving as the vibration works its way up my legs, torso, neck and head. I feel like I have no body, but this *no-body* is trapped in the Gray.

In the darkness of my room, I await what may come. I watch my body breathe deeply, and align my gaze through the third eye. At the attempt to move my big toe, I become aware that my physical body has been overthrown, and any ability to initiate movement in it, through a third dimensional *will* of my own has been disconnected. The Gray has taken me over. And I am paralyzed by its hum. As my physical body grows numb, a soft glow swells within my vision. I attempt gazing forward to the candle upon my alter, but it is no longer there. I take in my surroundings and my vision attunes. I get the sense I am not alone. I gaze left and notice a male figure standing in the corner of my room with his back to me. I attempt to struggle free with great effort, but remain unmoved, for the Gray has me wrapped tightly in its grip. I feel like Houdini; wriggling around to set himself free of a tightly hooked strait-jacket, while within a large sack, submerged under water.

There is a sense that the man in the corner can *feel* me. He senses my fear. The more I try to wriggle free, the more obvious it is that I am here, weak, alone and in his company. I wonder who he might be. Fear grips me tighter as this visitor becomes more distinct in my vision. He is wearing all black. Black pants and shoes, a hip length black leather jacket and a black tilted bolero hat with dark sunglasses. His head is tilted down and he is busy looking at a picture frame on my

dresser. I glance again at his body and notice that his hands, face and neck are not of flesh at all- but of TAR, Actual tar! I realize his skin is made of the kind of tar that highways are made of, black with a slight glisten to it... You know, when it is first set upon the ground to dry? He stands with his back to me, as if frozen with no movement. His body is stiffly positioned like a tall mannequin.

Who is he? I *ask* silently within. "He is your tar body." I hear my inner voice answer. I take in the spectacular broadness of what this implies. *My* tar body is paying me a visit? What for? I think to myself. Does he know I am here? Am I ready for him to see me? I again ask the wisdom of my inner voice. "He is here to take you back." What? This is crazy. Take me back where? My thoughts fall on the 'deaf ears' of my inner self, as I sense there are no more answers to be revealed. Now I become overthrown with heightened fear and my breath becomes heavier and more pronounced. My logical mind kicks in. If the tar body is a collection of all my dark, negative, limiting, toxic, depressed, anxious, jealous, greedy, fear-filled thoughts, feelings, habits, words and deeds, then he has had a pretty good place to stay while I was existing within those 'grids'. But I am changing now. With all the healing I am doing, he can no longer attach himself. I am changing my vibration and he can oscillate within me no longer! Maybe he is pissed that I have changed the energy of my body and mind. He wants things back to how they were, back to my old and weakened self. That is the only way he can re-inhabit my container. I realize the only way he can survive, is to thrive off of my darkness, my misery and pain.

"Be a master of your time and space, Tuesday." I tell myself. I become impatient and cannot remember any of the energy tools I have learned as I keep watch over this large body of tar in my room. I receive sudden downloads of information, as if from my higher self: He wants to find a way to re-inhabit my body, to use it as *his* vessel, to drain it,

and drive my mind by fear. I didn't even know that layers of tar existed- until I started healing my life, becoming empowered, and filling my vessel with love and life-force energy. Now the petri-dish that *is* my body *and* mind has changed its inner environment, and he can no longer stay as a guest within this temple. Holy shit! This is real! I am taking my body back, and this is the tar body show down!

Feeling this scenario indeed as a 'show down' of sorts, I become rapidly fueled by an enormous amount of energy. What this means is death. One of us has to die. He is ready to meet me, so that means I must be ready to meet him too. I may buckle and surrender to fear. I can always stop changing, stop growing, stop loving myself and slip back into my old ways... But no- I will not... I have come too far, and am learning to love and appreciate my life in ways I have not known before. My will *has to* be stronger now. That's what this Gray meeting is all about. I must put into practice all I have learned... And go to battle with this dark subject.

I begin to stare at this figure in my room. His back still faces me. Just as I think his attention is occupied in the other direction, I notice him tilt his head towards me in a $\frac{3}{4}$ turn. I then know- *he knows* I am present. My heart plunges as apprehension swells within. I have to save myself. I can do nothing with my physical body. I am too far into the Gray and have to ride it out. Since my body is immovable, my *mind's will* is my only weapon.

The Tar Body moves in a mechanical fashion. It reminds me of how Sharon moves sometimes. He first turns his head toward me like the tin man, then his shoulders. Next his torso and legs align with his upper body as he faces me. His arms are still bent at the elbow in true mannequin fashion. His hands are tar black, his face is tar black. As his left leg slowly moves forward, his right arm gradually swings frontward. The movements take place one at a time, and in super slow motion.

I become aware of sounds coming from the living room now. Little feet shuffle and scuffle about, and I can hear whispers too, just beyond my bedroom door. Is it the beings that tormented me in Italy? They have a tendency to accompany my darker journeys in the Gray. In fact, the beings are downright mischievous... An antagonistic cheerleading team of sorts, but they are not cheering for me. They are trying to distract me, to tap my deepest fears and amplify them. It's as if they know how to cause me high anxiety, and they are messing around outside to purposefully make me weaker in the face of my tar body. Thoughts of Brian Woodley and Yvette float through my mind. Do not be distracted, Tuesday. Don't get sucked in, your power will decrease in this battle if you do so. DO NOT BE DISTRACTED BY THE BEINGS OUTSIDE, I tell myself. My attentiveness turns to the tar body that is making his way to me. What will he do once he arrives at my bedside? I have to save myself.

With fierce focus finely attuned, I watch as my mind conjures, selects, and projects thought-forms as protective shields into the ether. Like lightning bolts, I cast them forth. I send the *Cho Ku Rei* symbol through the air, aiming at this body of tar that is approaching me. I next send the symbol into the walls, ceiling and floor beneath me. "I am light. I am love. I am a warrior. This is MY body. This is MY mind. I will not let you take me over!" I send my words vehemently and telepathically into the hidden eyes of this tar body and watch them float through the air as geometric shapes.

This does not seem to stop him at all, as his slow sachet continues in my direction. The whisper of the beings outside becomes louder, like I am wearing headphones to their radio station and someone just turned up the volume. I gather my will and signal "Go away!" with a psychic command to the tar body, but he remains unscathed by my words and continues making his way to me. One of us has to die

tonight. I think to myself. I conjure the greatest will I have ever experienced on this Gray plane before. I summon my *dreamtime energy body* to sit upright in my bed. And with that, there is a tearing away from my physical body, as if a ripping has occurred. I find myself sitting upright and fueled for action. I reach my left arm outward, it is heavy and filled with resistance, but I manage to send it in his direction. I turn my lower three fingers in, extending my pointing finger with thumb raised, as if I am holding a gun.

“Be a master of your time and space, Tuesday.” I hear the words run through my mind over and over again, as if reminding me why I am here dueling this shadow of myself. With great intention, I draw Reiki symbols with my mind and send them to this beast of tar. “I go to the point in creation of you. I go to the point in creation of all the parts of me that have created you. You have nothing – you are nothing. There is no place for you here! I run the grid of me releasing this layer of tar. I run the grid of me letting this entity go- for the highest good of all. I run the grid of strength, courage, love and WILL POWER for myself. I LET YOU GO!” The Tar Body is now within three feet of me. Was *he* not the catalyst for this strenuous exercise in multidimensional mental discipline? Is he here so I can see just how energy truly works?

I must use everything I have learned about energy... To fend for myself now, so I may not re-commune with this tar that is so obviously ready to hold on tight, to *my* body and to what he has known as *his* home. As long as I live in fear, he can inhabit the domain of my physical, mental and emotional selves. But now that I am standing up to all the dark forces in my life, it seems all the tar within me has come together to battle for the *property of me*. I begin to bend the thumb up and down as fast as I can, triggering my invisible gun to shoot bullets of light at the oncoming Tar Body. I feel the bullets making him weak. I continue claiming triumph and my inner

passion grows. In my mind I proclaim “I run the grid of victory for me. I run the grid of light, of love, of golden light and of the Christ light. I run the grid of me standing up to bullies. I run the grid of me coming into my power - and using it. I let go of you, tar body. I let go of all the parts of myself that have given you life. You are dead to me!” I exclaim these energetic affirmations with great fervor. And as I do, I hear a high pitch note within the walls of my room signal. My peripheral vision alights with translucent grids, pathways and tunnels. They sparkle with intense presence, reflecting the *grids I am thinking into being*. I see them they perform to meet my every thoughtful utterance.

I notice the candle upon my alter, and feel it is a sign. I must fill this space with light. The ‘dark’ cannot survive in the light. I must raise the vibration in this space, so high that he can no longer survive. I muster all of the energy I can and telepathically scream “I RUN MY MERKABAH. I RUN THE MERKABAH OF MY HOME. I CALL THE HIGHEST VIBRATION OF LIGHT FROM THIS UNIVERSE INTO THIS SPACE- NOW!!!” As I throw my commands out silently into the universe, the candle flame ducks and sways, bobs and jumps. It’s as if the verbal potions rolling out from my consciousness are waves, smacking up against the candle flames edge.

The Tar Body appears now at my bedside. Everything is happening in triple slow motion. The scuffling feet and murmurs of the visitors outside my room become louder, faster and more intense. My entire body and bed undergoes a higher pitch of the humming that paralyzes. My body is now shaking violently. It takes every bit of energetic stamina on this plane to hold my arm up. I continue shooting my opponent with light, despite the enormous gravity here. The hum becomes louder and makes me want to grind my teeth, scowl my forehead and cover my ears, but the only physical force I seem to have any control over is my arm and hand,

and my mind.

The tar body reaches towards me. His hands extend revealing long, black, glistening 'tar' fingers. He leans forward as if he is going to choke me. Just then I amass a plethora of 'light-bullets' and aim the light to his heart. They cascade into his chest, and as they do, the humming that paralyzes becomes so shrill as to break a barrier, like a glass cracking from the pitch of the sound. Gathering every ounce of strength and will, I assert through mental verbatation;

“YOU DO NOT EXIST. YOU HAVE NO POWER OVER ME. I RUN MY POWER INTEGRATOR. I DE-LINK MYSELF FROM YOU, AND I DE-LINK YOU FROM ME. I CALL IN THE PROTECTION AND GUIDANCE OF MY ANGELS AND GUIDES AND LIGHT BEINGS. I WILL TO WILL MY WILL! UNIVERSE, RAISE THE CYCLES PER SECOND HERE, RAISE THE VIBRATION OF THIS SPACE NOW! FILL THIS SPACE WITH INFINITE LOVE AND LIGHT NOW! I CALL HIGH FREQUENCIES OF LOVE AND LIGHT INTO MY BODY AND INTO THIS ROOM AND RAISE THEM HIGHER AND HIGHER AND HIGHER, TO THE ENTH DEGREE- TO THE POWER OF THREE BY THREE BY THREE!! YOU HAVE NO HOME IN ME TAR BODY! SO BE IT -IT IS DONE! THE UNIVERSE MAKES IT SO !!!

In an instant the tar body disappears. The high pitch tone along with the scuffling from outside my room stops. I experience myself being dropped back into my body and I land with a forceful 'Vooomp!' I realize the vibration, the hum, the shaking, the sounds, everything is gone and I am released back into the familiar territory of my room, as it was before this Gray, and before the tar body paid me a visit. As my vision comes to, I notice a heaviness on my chest and see my cat asleep in the same position as he was at the beginning of this very powerful journey. I lay for some time before

reaching for my journal and pen.

Chapter Twenty

The Bully in You

I watch Sharon in silence as she takes a sip of her morning coffee. She appears speechless and unmoved by the story I share about the out-of-body battle I endured with my tar body last night. There is a long pause. I notice that I am feeling slightly uncomfortable around Sharon but I'm not sure why. It's like she is psychically scanning the information I share, but for what, I'm not sure. She takes a bite of her muffin and says, while chewing with a full mouth- "Maybe you should stay after you work on me. I can do some Reiki on you." I feel at ease by her gesture and nod my head 'yes'. "Maybe it will help lift this layer of tar that is coming off. It feels like I already let go of a big chunk, especially with the tar body episode I had. But I know I'm still holding on to parts of it." "How so?" Asks Sharon. I look into her eyes and for a few moments I see my mother's eyes looking back at me, in a way that my mother had never before looked at me. Her gaze is filled with such compassion and grace that I am mesmerized, brought to tears and begin to sob. I reach for a tissue and blurb out "It's all about Troy. I am afraid to let go of him."

"I feel our time has come to a finish, but I just can't seem to end it. It's like I'm addicted to him and don't want to let go." In the back of my head I realize that by leaving Troy, I will have to grow up and become a 'woman' on a whole new level. I can no longer hide behind projections of my father in a man. I have to find my inner 'woman', and *be* that woman without those 'little girl seeking her father in the men she dates' grids attached. I continue. "I know I'm oscillating on a whole different frequency than him now. I know the deep love we once felt and shared is now faded. I know I deserve

to be with someone who loves me just the way I am.” I break down into full out crying. “Even if his love is not totally fulfilling, it’s what I know and what I am used to. It’s so hard to leave him.”

Sharon places her coffee mug onto the table. “Honey, *your* tar body is addicted to *his* tar body, and his tar body is addicted to your energy body. He wins and you keep losing.” Sharon’s words are direct and cut sharp to the core. “He wins?” I ask curiously. “Yes, he wins. You keep him around because you’re hooked on his tar body. That keeps you safe and never having to grow into the next step of who you are as a woman, and he’s hooked to your energy body.” I look at Sharon with a perplexed expression. “You keep doing all the work, raising your vibration, healing old patterns, aligning with your higher self, and he just coasts by with no real spiritual or *higher* goals to reach with his higher-self. All the while he is plugged into your energy body and your energy body is processing all of his *ca-ca* for him, so he can just sit back, relax, and stay in the same tar body rut, never really growing strong spiritually, at least not while he is with you.” I sit back and let out a deep exhale. I do not know what to say, so remain silent as I digest what Sharon proposes.

After several hours of working on Sharon, it’s my turn to receive Reiki. I lay back upon the couch. It is still warm from Sharon’s large and long body. She slips a video into the VCR and gets situated, seating herself behind me. Her hands fall upon my crown in a sloppy way. It’s always the same too, it’s like she has this ‘cool’ and haphazard way of placing her hands when she shares Reiki with me, like a tribal leader throwing bones in a nonchalant manner. I personally have never felt a gentle quality with her bedside manner. Maybe she saves that for Jonah and her other clients? Either way, I begin to melt into a relaxed state within minutes. The flow of energy coming through her hands and into my body is pulsating fiercely. “This feels really strong. It almost hurts my

head,” I say. “You have cleared out a large layer of tar, and you can now channel more prana, chi and life-force through your crystalline tube and energy channels. It may hurt a bit as you learn to do this, like energetic growing pains. But you will have to learn how to hold the space for it...” “How do I do that?” I ask. “Keep doing your yoga, Reiki, meditation etc., and do not go back to your old ways. As soon as you start to let a little tar back in, through thoughts, actions and words... A pathway for the whole network of grids attached to that tar opens up, to re-attach itself to you... And then you are back to square one. “Wow, we can back track, like *that* deeply?” I say curiously. “For some reason, I thought once you clear yourself out and heal all the old stuff, you can never go back there again and that you are free.” “Oh yes, you are free- that is until you decide to retreat back into your old ways. A ‘master’ learns to strengthen their will power and complete points in creation, so they do not return to old out-grown patterns. But where you are at, well, it can be all too easy for you to go back to Troy and idle’ there with him.” There is a pause. “Now that would stunt your growth. Get it?” She says bluntly. I nod in silence. Sharon lets out a gentle sigh as she moves her palms messily over my crown. “Even though I have let a lot of tar go, I still feel ‘tarry’ and vulnerable at times. I have noticed that I feel fuzzy headed and psychically open since my Level Three,” I say. Sharon does not comment.

My vision becomes blurry as I try to focus on the elaborate set designs of this classic Hollywood movie streaming on the TV in the background of *our own* flower-patterned set, that is Sharon’s apartment. The Reiki she is channeling through me feels like it is being turned up to high power. The heat from her palms is intense and I become aware that my scalp is beginning to swelter as if I am in a hot sauna wearing a thick winter hat. But like a baby wrapped up in a warm blanket and safely nuzzled by his mother’s arms, I

am comfortable and slip into a delightful lightness. My body becomes further relaxed, my head tilts slightly to the side and I close my eyes shut. Time slips by until I hear “What does Andrew want to say to Sharon right now? Does Andrew want to leave his girlfriend and pursue Sharon? When is Andrew coming to visit me?” I awaken in a thick blur. My forehead crinkles and I am at first confused by Sharon’s out of the blue questioning. Doesn’t she know I’m asleep? Is she asking me questions while I am asleep? Or does she think I’m awake? This is weird. I feel my body suddenly tighten up, as if I am an open flower contracting its petals. I sense she feels me retract and she says “Oh honey, are you coming back now?” With a light laugh. I remain silent and still, with my eyes closed. But now I am not relaxed and feel strangely bugged by her questions. Now? I think to myself. She wants to ask Andrew questions now while she’s working on me? It all seems so wrong and manipulative in an eerie kind of a way. Realizing this, I sit up abruptly and contemplate what ‘I think’ is going on.

Sharon remains quiet as I resituate my body upon the couch, her hands upon the top of my head the whole time. I glance at the clock and notice I have been ‘out’ for at least an hour. I feel dizzy and wide open energetically and wonder if that is why she was asking me those questions? Is it because I am ultra-receptive at this time? Maybe she can get *better* answers through me while I’m relaxed, or asleep. I think to myself. A strange stillness comes over me as I further realize that maybe she is planting information into my brain. Is she using *my* mind as a place to plant seeds about her and Andrew? My body shivers and my arms reveal hair standing on its end.

“I’ve gotta go to the loo,” I announce and make my way from the couch slowly. Am I healing under the very hands I feel bullied by? I think to myself. In the bathroom I get to thinking. Okay- I get it- you put enough thoughts and

impressions about Andrew and yourself into *my* mind by asking question after question. And then I am left unknowingly, *psychically* broadcasting these images and scenarios out into the world, from my body and mind. Is she creating 'relationship grids' for herself and Andrew through my mind? It's like anything, right? *We think it into creation*. But the only thing is I'm not sure this feels like it's for the highest good, but more for Sharon's ego. As I return to the living room, I act like I did not hear her questions from earlier about Andrew and with a soft smile I thank her and collect my things. "Oh, you're going home? Okay honey, see you later at class," she says. "See you later," I say as I let myself out.

On the walk to the subway, I run my Merkabah and imagine my aura re-shielding and aligning itself, closing up any openings that I felt earlier. I delink myself from Sharon and delink Sharon from me, placing love and light in the space in between. Wow this is weird, to be delinking myself from my teacher. I mean, not out of just healthy de-linking and re-linking, but because I feel weirded out by her. She is the one I should be able to trust and learn from, not be afraid of. I know something is 'coming up' for me but I can't pin point it. The whole way home I am bugged by a feeling of sadness and annoyance. I pull out my journal and scribe.

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I FEEL BULLIED!

I make a list of all the people I have ever felt bullied by.

1. Brian Woodley

2. Yvette

3. Mom

4. Troy

5. Sharon

I lift my head and hold back tears of overwhelming confusion.

Later I sit at my kitchen table and smoke a sagerette, drink some earl gray tea with honey, and contemplate what happened earlier with Sharon. That is just plain weird. Maybe I should speak with her about it, or maybe I'm making a big deal out of nothing. Maybe it's just *my* stuff, my tar coming up, and I'm projecting it onto her? My mind is a haze as I exhale a large rung of smoke through my mouth. I pick up my pen and ponder on my #1.Brian Woodley. Closing my eyes, I reach from my heart. "I send you Love and Light Brian Woodley. You no longer have a hold over me and my emotions, over me and my thoughts of myself, over me and my life. I forgive you. I forgive the little boy in you. I am free and you are free. We are free." I feel a heaviness weigh upon my heart. My breath becomes short, labored and shallow. I feel sadness take me over as I begin to stream tears. At first I'm not sure why I am crying. Am I crying for Brian or am I crying for me? Am I crying all the tears I never cried as a youth? Or am I crying for the old me, that hurt little girl that is now being released from me through my tar body layers? I realize I'm thinking too much, and trying too hard to figure things out.

"Okay!" I say out loud. " I allow myself to cry for all of it and for all of us, that is, all of the me's that need to cry here and now, throughout all time and space... And for all of the '*like*' little overweight girls that experience bullying. I call in

ABSOLUTE completion with Brian Woodley, universe. I am free of him- NOW! I free him from my thoughts. He no longer holds power over my mind and body. Thank you Brian Woodley, for being my teacher. I am now stronger than I have ever been. I release any and all anger and rage that may have built up within me, towards you. You are free and I am free. We may now each move on.” I feel a rush of energy flow through me as I finish affirming *new patterns of being* for myself. I close my eyes and imagine cutting the cord between us, only to realize there are hundreds of cords that require cutting. I envision the biggest pair of scissors I can and continue to cut the cords between us. The broken lines then go on to shrivel up and turn to golden dust, returning to the ether as clear light. I open my eyes and stand up quickly, turning to the ‘junk’ drawer. I fish out a tea light candle and place it in the middle of the kitchen table. Lighting it, I further affirm closure with Brian and recite the words ‘I place LOVE here’ as I light it.

~

I arrive to Sharon’s and the group is lively tonight. Everyone is eating Greek pastry from the cookie-table and drinking cups of hot tea. I notice the girl with the red hair is back again and I give her a friendly nod hello. She does not reciprocate my nod, she only gives me a half smile, much like Sharon’s Mona Lisa face. We all get settled in and after a moment of silence, Sharon begins channeling Raz’s accent. Sitting tall with her shoulders now hunched forward, she takes on a very male persona that has her legs wide apart, though she is wearing a dress, and her hands rest upon her knees with elbows bent out to the sides. “*Okay, well it is good to see all of you again. Very important, what we will discuss tonight. It is your personal power in the world of the third dimension. You know, you are only as strong, in other dimensions, as you are here on the third*

dimensional plane. This means that if you know how to be centered here on earth, that it will be easy for you to find your center anywhere you may travel, whether it is to a different city, a new country or even if it is to the seventy-fifth dimension!" Raz laughs out loud. Sharon often refers to the *seventy-fifth* dimension. I think to myself. What's there? Why is it so important? She once said that is where Stevie Nicks channeled the song 'Landslide' from.

Raz continues- *"So, let's talk about your third chakra some more. We began this conversation a while back. We call this the 'Power Integrator'. This is where one physical body recognizes another physical body and all things here on the third dimension. I am a body, you are a body,"* Sharon as Raz says while pointing with one hand to her center and with the other to the red haired girl. *"This is where you plug into the third dimension- and feel your way around; from the intelligence and sensitivity of the third chakra. It's like an electric plug outlet on the wall. You can go from 110 to 220- and it changes all the time, like when you are on the subway and go from Brooklyn to Harlem- to the Upper East Side. You may not be aware of it, but your body language changes when you are in one physical area versus another. The changes your power integrator makes contributes to that. Your power integrator switches itself around to exhibit harmonious energetic alignment with its surroundings, wherever you may find yourself- and allows you to safely interpret your surroundings and pass from one area to the other."* "So it helps us to blend in with our environment and feel our way through it?" I ask while taking notes. "Or to stick out like sore thumb!" Raz shrugs his shoulders while bowing his head through Sharon's body and lets out a snorting kind of laughter under his breath. "What do you mean?" I ask, perplexed.

"Well, let's see, how to explain? Let me sign into your key note," says Raz while rubbing his chin as if Sharon has a beard. *"Many people are locked into controlled thought patterns about the world and the third dimension- and how it works for them- or not. When they are locked into certain beliefs so strong, the Power Integrator becomes stuck there- driven by its owners mind. Locked in by fear and*

control- it becomes stagnant like a dirty filter, unable to do its job properly. It from here, runs on the fuel of those 'controlled' thought patterns and loses the innate quality of its own intuitive systems and the freedom to truly sense and decipher on a more subtle level what its environment is telling him. This can be dangerous, as we may find ourselves in sticky situations with no clear way out. When this is so, without a clear reading from ones internal compass, one can get lost. One may also be ignorant to its subtle guidance and so find themselves in situations that can be unharmonious, dangerous or inappropriate. If you don't blend in physically or energetically, you may 'stick out'. You use the Power Integrator to feel your way through every waking moment- to sense the vibration not only of places, but of people and things, and adjust your energy accordingly."

The room is quiet for a few moments. Sharon continues as Raz. *"So imagine an energy bridge that goes from your third chakra to your heart. This is the 'trust bridge.' When the third chakra is running properly, the power integrator naturally runs itself to balance and the bridge to the heart is easier to traverse. The heart is where the 'faith line' begins. It runs all the way up through the remaining chakras to the crown. Now, the heart is all about love and trust and without these two qualities, you cannot activate the faith line. Faith asks us to go beyond logical reason in our lives, and faith can... how do you say it here on the third dimension?- Oh yes, faith can move mountains!"*

The idea of 'bridges of energy' between the chakras resonates strongly with me. I attempt a quick sketch in my Scroll notebook and draw a human figure with the traditional seven chakras outlined through its center. I next take my red pen and draw a 'bridge' from the third chakra to the heart and with a green pen draw a 'bridge' from the heart to the crown. *"Everybody place your hand on your throat."* Raz offers the command gently. We follow instructions, awaiting what may come next. *"This is your 'Spiritual Integrator'."* I switch hands so I can continue taking notes with my right hand. *"This is where you speak your reality into creation. Now, close your eyes and think to things you have said today- either out loud or to yourself -and*

consider what those words may be creating for you in your life now." I close my eyes and think about the weird Sharon and Andrew 'mind manipulation' scenario, all of my journaling about Brian Woodley, and the affirmations I made afterwards. I then see a vision of myself. There are two me's. One is the old me who reflects the hurt little girl that is limited, hurt, and stuck in the Brian Woodley grids of my youth. The other is the 'now' me. She is not attached to the old me. She is free and liberated, confident, strong, and WOMAN! I watch as I am shown what seems to be a mini movie flash in front of my third eye. The two me's stand before my sight, upon a split screen. I see the old me literally 'plugged' into what looks like lines of energy, or are the lines of energy plugged into me? The closer I look, the lines of energy seem more like shackles and chains. I see my figure connected to these lines of energy and notice those lines of energy are connected to an even larger *grid* composed of more lines of energy. Next, I focus on the 'now' me. I see she is also 'plugged' into lines of energy, but these lines are translucent, and light, not heavy like the ones attached to the old me. She is happy and filled with light and it looks like all of the lines of energy she is attached to are boosting her energy, and those lines of energy are again hooked into a larger grid of energy. I look again at the old me and notice the 'chain and shackle' lines of energy seem to be depleting the old me's energy, making her feel heavy instead of light.

I feel a voice within myself that says; The 'free and happy' Tuesday is plugged into grids of empowerment, she is strong and uplifted by those grids. While the 'sad and hurt' Tuesday is plugged into grids of victimization, she is weak and worn out by the heaviness of those grids. I open my eyes and begin to draw another figure. Above its head I draw a large crisscross of lines, much like a mesh of grids. Next, I draw lines from the figure to that larger mesh of grids.

"The throat chakra and Spiritual Integrator decide how grounded

you are to the earth plane through the words you speak. Many people are confused and think too much that the root chakra is what grounds you. And yes, while the root is an important aid to your being in the world- to being stable – to connecting with your Earth and to feeling grounded- it is your words that decide how heavy your personal anchor of truth truly grounds you.” Big Red raises his hand. “Yes friend,” says Raz. “So, now we know about the ‘power integrator and spiritual integrator, what are we supposed ta’ do with them?” “Abh...” says Raz. “The first step is awareness. Just like all of the other tools we share- you ‘run’ them for the highest good.” I raise my hand next, and speak “So, like the Merkabah, and like running grids, we can intend, or speak out loud to run our power integrator, or spiritual integrator?” I ask. “Yes, and the universe will run it appropriately for you in that time and space. So when you feel off center, or not in your center of power- run your power integrator. When you are lost for words or have to make a speech and wish to be mindful with what you say- run your spiritual integrator. Now, these are just simple examples- but truly, you can run the integrators on a day to day basis, like say in your daily meditations- this will help keep the integrators aligned.” There is a long pause while I scribble my notes. “Questions?” Raz asks, looking around the room. No one moves an inch. “Okay, so I go now.” I look up. Just then Sharon’s body language shifts. She closes her eyes and clears her throat. After a moment, she sits up tall, bosom lifted high, Sharon style. She closes her legs and smiles as she opens her eyes.

I leave the evening’s events and the red head girl is talking with Big Red in the far corner. She catches my eye just as I turn the corner of the hallway to the front door. I guess we have never really properly introduced ourselves. Okay universe, next time I will make an effort to say more than just hello to her. I make my way to the subway.

Chapter Twenty-One

Nine Eleven

I roll over in bed, awakened by the phone ringing. It feels early, but maybe that's because I got to bed late. I hear Dave from the band leaving a message. "This shit is crazy... They're flying planes into buildings! I'm just reaching out man, hope you're safe." Having no idea what the message is about, I turn over and go back to sleep. Three minutes later the phone rings again. I hear Sharon's voice "Honey, I think you should get up. Turn on the T.V. and call me back." Now I am intrigued. I roll over and slowly make my way to the living room and open the side closet where the T.V. sits on the floor. I turn it on and change stations and see the same thing on all stations. Footage of a plane flying into one of the Twin Towers in Manhattan. Next, shots of people running down the street with huge plumes of white smoke bursting behind them capture the screen. People are screaming and crying.

I call Sharon. "Good morning," I say. "Hello dear. Did you put the television on?" "Yes I did, what's going on?" "They say the World Trade Center is being attacked by terrorists." I pause and breathe deeply. In a no thinking state I sit for a moment. "I'm coming over..." I say. "I've got potato chips," says Sharon. "I'll bring beer," I say. I throw on some clothes and grab a coffee for the train ride. I am one of only a few riding the train. One of the passengers told me that all the trains in Manhattan have been stopped and that trains are only running in Brooklyn and Queens. Every store, diner and open business has either a T.V. or radio on, and some have closed for the day, though it's only late morning. I grab some beers from a bodega and on the store television, I now see that the second tower is on fire. There is mass

hysteria and people appear to be truly panic-stricken. I pay and begin a slight jog for the last five blocks to Sharon's apartment. I get buzzed in and run up the stairs, throw open the door and make my way to the living room. Sharon doesn't even look at me and I do not look at her. She is sitting forward on the couch with her hands together, fingers crossed between her open knees. I sit down and for some time we are silent and watching. I then go to the kitchen and open a beer, placing the rest in the fridge.

I re-enter the room and Sharon says "This is interesting, eh sweetie?" "You're telling me... I don't even get this! Like, what the fuck is it all about, what's going on?" Sharon looks back to the T.V. slightly nodding her head. I sit down and we are silent for some time, now watching footage of a plane that has crashed in Pennsylvania. Another beer later and Sharon is drinking with me. Now, more buildings in New York's World Trade district are going down. The news blames some guy named 'Osama Bin Laden', they say the planes that crashed into the World Trade Center buildings were hijacked.

I turn to Sharon... "Why is this happening? What's it all about? Are my biggest conspiracy theories coming to life?" She looks at me with large round eyes, framed in even larger frames. Her mouth is small, and her eyebrows are raised. With posture elegantly poised, she sits in her bathrobe. She then closes her eyes and takes a deep breath as if to tap into the grid for a download. "It's about power, money, control, agreements and contracts." She then looks me in the eye and says "That's what I 'get', what about you?" I am surprised to be asked and, in a way, I copy Sharon and close my eyes to clear my mind, then announce. "It feels like it is not real. I feel like what I'm watching is not real. I feel a sense of organization." I then pause again and open my eyes. "But what a crazy reality for those people significantly involved in the situation. I mean, what do you do if you know people

that are up in those burning buildings right now?”

Three beers later and I'm feeling buzzed and would like to smoke a sagerette. I roll one and exit for a few minutes. Upon my return, and as soon as I sit down we see a person leap from one of the gashed open sides of the Twin Towers. The reaction of surrounding citizens on the street is one of pure horror. I feel my third chakra flip and I run my power integrator quickly. I next consciously take a moment to run my Merkabah and run the detachment grid for myself several times. I next send Reiki healing and light, light, light and love, love, love to all those intermingled in this situation directly, and to all of those close to them. My phone rings. "It's my mom," I announce. "I'm sure she wants to make sure you are all right," responds Sharon.

After taking my call I sit back down, in an absolute stupor. "Okay, so this is *real*- right?" I ask Sharon, but she sits silent, glued to the T.V. More people begin to throw themselves from various levels of the Towers. Minutes later she turns and says "This is really *happening*." I become acutely aware of a higher and bigger picture. "It's 'a' *happening*," I say. "And I guess it needs to happen now somehow, for the highest good, right?" My eyebrows lift in a confused manner. "It must be. Everything happens to create and keep 'balance' in the universe," she says. The diner is open and delivering so we order food and continue our seated observation of the proceedings. After our late lunch I realize we are out of beers, so I brew a pot of coffee and we continue viewing. "Are we supposed to do anything, like run grids or something?" I ask. "That's the crazy thing," she says. "Were not supposed to do a damn thing." She states in a soft fiery tone, followed by "At least, not yet." Some time goes by and calls come in and out from my family in California, making sure I am OK. I think of those know in the city and try to call, but can only get through to voice mail after voicemail. I make some calls and leave messages and Sharon does the

same. I am perusing my left over's in the kitchen when Sharon suddenly exclaims "Tuesday!" I run into the living room and see both buildings literally falling down, both directly fall flat into two neat piles. "Oh shit," I say. "What could be next, if anything?" Sharon says. We sit for another hour or so and I realize the magnitude of this event and announce "You know what? I need to get home before dark. What if they call in martial law?" "Well, you are welcome to stay here if you want." Sharon says innocently. "Thank you, but I'm gonna go home to my kitty and get some provisions into the house, you never know what this event may cause."

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All work in the city has been cancelled for me, and to get to my jobs in Brooklyn, I've had to take busses all week because of subway shut downs. For days and days the smoke from the Twin Towers has been drifting to Brooklyn's shores. I've had to keep my windows closed due to the smoke from the buildings, and it's strange to say it, but I've also had to keep my windows closed from the intense smell of *bodies* burning. Meditations fill me with compassion for all those affected by this event. I find myself sitting for long periods of time, simply sending light to all beings around the world. The 'News' states that America will go after Saddam Hussein, in an effort to gain revenge. My tribe friends are fully committed to believing that the nine eleven incident is a fixed scenario, that there are too many things that happened in such a synchronized way, it could have never have happened naturally, it had to be planned. I agree that it feels like a set up, but I am not convinced why. No one seems to have a good answer for that yet.

Ten days later I am heading into the city for the first time since the event. I am meeting the boys from the band for a beer. Certain trains are now making the commute back and

forth from Brooklyn into Manhattan, though they are making some different stops. As we cross out of the tunnels and over the Brooklyn Bridge into Manhattan, all passengers are glued to the window view of the now missing Towers, there is still smoke smoldering in the sky above the area and you can see large cranes stationed around, flanking bright white lights. I feel a sense of openness from all those seated on the train. Even the ghetto type 'rough' kids are not wearing they're headphones, everyone is listening. Everyone is acutely awakened and aware. We are present with antennae's up, soaking in every bit of information the atmosphere can provide.

I walk through the tunnels of the subway station and notice a long row of 'missing persons' pictures up on the walls. I walk up the stairs to Union Square and see what looks like hundreds, if not thousands of people gathered on the streets and into various groups of people, some are telling stories of the event and some are singing with guitars. Others are handing out religious leaflets and some are handing out candles, of which I receive two. There is a large group of monks at the north end of the park playing singing bowls and chanting. I smile uncontrollably as my body soaks it all in. Under these tragic circumstances, I am so awake, so alert and at the same time, swept away by the phenomenal 'LIFE' that is taking place in front of me. I must admit, this Union Square gathering kind of reminds me of the Rainbow. Everyone is doing their own thing and nobody seems to mind. There is room for the anarchist punks, right next to the monks, right next to the conspiracy theorists, right next to the cops, right next to the homeless, and it goes on.

Though this sounds odd, especially to come at a time like this... The way New York is, right now- is the most beautiful thing I've almost ever been a witness to. New Yorkers are banding together in such a way as it's almost indescribable. I wade through the crowd. It's like being at a Neil Young

concert, jam packed and slow moving. All I feel is love. Even the cops who I would usually be suspicious of, are being nice to everyone, truly. I bump into Daniel, Riga's ex roommate. We give a hug and I offer him a candle. He declines and says that he is being an *Active Observer*. "Excuse me?" I say. He points to his upper arm that is displaying a black band of fabric. "I am on look out in case the cops start to harm the public, I have to keep a watch out, and keep my hands free," he says in a serious tone. I nod and say "You take care." I continue on through the crowd. Wow, he's serious! I think to myself. I'm not sure I wish to be that closely involved in those proceedings, but I'm glad people like him are. I pull out my dictaphone recorder and simply hold it in my hand as I walk through the scores of people gathered around. I have a feeling nothing in this city will ever be the same again.

~

Three months have passed and the group is gathered, but not at Sharon's home. This time we are in the community room of Henrietta's building, which is in lower Manhattan. Sharon said the reason is because of the nine eleven 'attacks', and that we will bring healing to the city. After getting quiet and settling in, Sharon announces "We will all begin to channel this evening. This is something everyone in this room can do, and for tonight, we will be talking to and channeling spirits from the World Trade incident." Everyone turns to look at each other with widened eyes and an air of excitement.

We sit silently and await the guidance of the meditation and let it take us through the many layers of our higher selves, where we consciously intend and connect with the higher selves of all appropriate beings that wish to be heard this evening. After twenty minutes of breathing and visualizing our abilities as channels, the next step is to

actually trust what comes through, and simply *act as a conduit for the information*, for the highest good. “Whoever feels to, please begin,” Sharon announces softly.

I open my eyes and notice she has dimmed the lights down, creating a soft environment that seems perfect for our channeling experiment. No-one seems to be ‘back’ yet from the meditation, and I am not receiving any downloads of information, so I sit still and silent. Henrietta’s husband Ron begins speaking in a voice that is definitely not his own. From nowhere he blurts out *“This is not fair. I want to see my family once more before I move on, but I can’t leave this pile of rubble yet.”* Everyone is now seated with eyes open, watching him as he speaks with his eyes closed. His voice changes again and he speaks. *“There are too many of us here together and I don’t know what to do. I want to help them, but realize I am helpless myself.”* Just then Ron’s eyes open and he acts astounded at what has just occurred, as he says “Was that me?”. “Did I say something?” He lets out a light laugh while smiling and we all do the same. We know he is playing it cool, but I think he is a little freaked out at how easily stuff was coming through him.

The energy in the room is so high and open, we resume our silent seated postures and shortly thereafter, Big Red begins to channel, murmuring in a high voice he says *“I am not dead. I am alive.”*... *“I am not dead, I am alive- I am stuck here,... I don’t know how far down, but I am stuck here and cannot move.”* There is a pause and then with his eyes closed, Big Red begins to cry. *“I don’t know if I will ever get out. I don’t know if they will ever find me. My leg is stuck under some beam or pole and everywhere I look there is darkness. I can hear distant sounds of construction from above me, and I heard someone else stirring a while ago down here, but I think they are even more unconscious than I am. I tried to call out to them, but they did not answer. I feel wide-awake down here, but I’m afraid everyone else is asleep or...,”* There is a pause and he takes a burdened breath and continues *“Or maybe they are dead.”* More tears fall from his eyes. There is

another pause. I open my eyes to see Big Red's eyes tightly shut and he seems to be 'out' in another realm.

I close my eyes again and hear Sharon's voice. She begins sharing in conversation with the being Big Red is channeling. "Can you hear me?" She says. "Yes" he announces. Sharon continues. "Do you remember what happened and why you ended up where you now are?" "Yes." The entity speaks through Big Red. *"I was delivering a breakfast order to the 10th floor in Building Two. while I was inside Building Two, they said a plane had struck Building One, and security were not letting people out of the second building, so I was stuck there and now I'm still really stuck here, and my leg is being pinned down by something."* "Are you still alive?" Sharon asks bluntly. There is another pause while Big Red's face becomes contorted and a look of sheer confusion washes over him. *"I think so."* The voice he channels is now soft and hopeful, yet cracked with fear. *"I feel like I am."* "Ask your higher self if you are dear." Sharon says with a soft air of command. There is another pause, and now I notice most of the group has opened their eyes and are watching the performance between Sharon, Big Red, and the entity he is channeling. His face becomes distorted. *"I thought I was alive, but I guess I'm not. I thought I had a chance of getting out and seeing my family again, but I guess I don't."* The voice coming through Big Red is now burdened and labored, different from before. *"But how can I be here, hearing you and feeling my leg stuck if I am dead?"* "Perhaps you are still in shock and you have not surrendered to death yet." Sharon says softly. "Do you know the date today?" Sharon asks. *"Sure, it must be around September 15th or so, in 2001."* The voice says clearly. "No, no dear it is not. It is December 3rd, in 2001. *"My family hasn't seen me in that long?"* The voice asks. *"They must think I am dead."* There is a long sobering pause. *"Can you help me to move on please? And can you let my family know I love them?"* "Why don't you let them know you love them yourself, by paying them a visit before you leave."

Sharon continues to guide the spirit that Big Red is channeling to connect with the higher selves of her family in Long Island. *"Mama?- Mama I love you and wish I could hug you in person again, just one last time... and Healy, I love you and will be looking out for you... Now I will truly be an angel for you my little brother."* Another long deep breath is taken, followed by a plunging voice. *"And Papa, as you have already passed over, I will be seeing you sooner than we imagined."* After a few silent moments, Sharon says "Good. Now let's help you to the light dear one... Are you ready?" "Yes," Big Red says softly. "Okay, I want you to let go of your leg, let go of any pain and physical feelings you may have within it. Next, imagine your whole body filled with light and floating in a bubble of light. Next, see this bubble of light lift you out of the rubble where you are, and up further still, until you are floating above the wreckage of the buildings. When you get there, tell me what you see." There is a pause of about three minutes, followed by *"It is dark out, but I can see large cranes with bright lights and smoke. How can there still be smoke rising from these fallen buildings, in December?"* The voice asks. "Don't you be concerned with that, you just continue floating in your bubble. Now what do you see?" Sharon asks. *"I see a lot of strings connecting me to the building, like I'm attached to it, but stuck. Like the string of a balloon."* It's the grids. I think to myself. "You are still connected." Sharon says, "You are connected to the incident, and the building, but just as you did with your leg, let it go- let them go- set yourself free and unless you feel there is more work for you to do here, simply turn to the light and it will take you with it." *"Okay, I'm letting go of the building now- thank you- I am now being pulled to the light and it feels comforting."* "Go now dear one. Be free." Big Red nods as he sits with his eyes still closed and in an instant, his head drops down, his chin now sitting on his chest and he is out cold, and almost appears to be sleeping.

"That was a big one for a first time channel session,"

Sharon says with a slight smile, letting us all know everything is OK. The group is stunned, yet perfectly ready for this and we await Big Red's return. After waiting for some time, Sharon announces softly that he will come back shortly and that after such a heavy channeling, there is simply a lag period of 'time' to get through for his return, especially as channeling in this way is new for him, but that we should not worry. "Is there anyone else coming through for anyone?" Sharon asks and we look at each other in silence. Just then Big Red begins to open his eyes and Sharon looks at him with her Mona Lisa smile and nods gently. He is sitting with a blank stare on his face. "You okay?" She asks him. He remains silent and simply nods his head yes. "Let's get you some water." We watch Big Red drink and become quiet once more. We all settle into another rung of stillness with eyes closed.

Next, I cannot help but feel a voice that wants to speak through me. "*Hello?*" It speaks out loud. "*Hello?*" It speaks louder still. "*This is Charles, can anyone hear me?*" I feel a southern twang flow through my mouth. "Yes, we can hear you Charles." I hear Sharon's voice. "Where are you?" she asks. "*I'm stuck somewhere in this maze of a building. They didn't let us out and now there's a bunch of us down here, not really knowing what to do.*" "We will help you to the light." Sharon says, followed by "How did you end up in the Towers? Were you working there?" "*I work for UPS and was in there delivering some packages. It's my usual route- every morning they have packages coming in, and I show up pretty much at the same time every day. On the day it all went down, I was way up on the 34th floor in the first building.*" There is a long pause.

"*Man we knew once the first explosion happened that we was in for the long haul.*" "What do you mean Charles?" Sharon asks. "*I mean, we knew we was gonna die in that building n' all. Especially when they said they wasn't letting nobody out. We was so confused, why wouldn't they let us out? The whole top part of the building was on fire*

and they blocked us in from below. That's why people were jumpin' and what not. They figured they would rather take their own lives than face whatever terror was comin'." I feel my hands begin to tremble as I reach to scratch my face, but I'm not sure if its Charles scratching his face through me or me scratching my face through Charles. "How do you think you died Charles?" Sharon asks. *"All I know is the floor fell from under me and that was it. I knew I was gonna die and so I just gave up- or, gave in, rather. Now all I know is I'm here- somewhere in the in between of earth and heaven... and I'm not alone."* "Yes, we have a group of light workers here and we will help you all ascend to the light for the highest good." *"We are ready when you are."* Charles responds through me.

Next, Sharon directs our group to take several deep breaths and then has us all run the Merkabah of ourselves. Next, we are to envision a large still Merkabah and place it in the earth, imagining it to encompass the entire space of the Twin Towers, both from above when they were standing, to the lowest point in which they have now fallen. Slowly, she takes us through the breathing pattern I am beginning to recognize as the Merkabah meditation with the sacred seventeen breaths; Aka 'the breath of life'. Sharon says there is an 18th breath, but that it is the breath of death. She also said she will never show us what it is and that it is of no relevance to what we are supposed to gain from spending time with The Scroll. As we flow through the breathing pattern, we are invited to imagine the tetrahedrons that make up the Merkabah filling with light and later spinning. I realize Sharon is leading us through the running of our own Merkabahs with the flower of life breath and also running the Twin Towers Merkabah at the same time. The energy is running through all of us, through all of our consciousness. I can feel it as it runs through me. The light, the love, the consciousness of the others in the group. I can feel it reaching out and touching all the souls that feel trapped

down under the fallen buildings.

As the Merkabah begins to spin, I imagine it lifts up and out all the souls that wish to move on. It's as if the Merkabah creates an energy that scoops bodies or souls out of the rubble and frees them from their death, and escorts them to the light. We sit for some time in silent meditation after the breath work and I am filled with a similar feeling as I had when I walked through Union Square for the first time after the buildings went down. I am elated. How can working with dead people feel so natural? I think to myself and then realize what a preposterous question that is to ask.

The Reiki Apprentice

BOOK THREE

Master of Time and Space

Chapter Twenty-Two

30th Birthday

The sides of my mouth creep upward. I kick off my shoes, lie back on the grass and release a deep exhale. I am so happy to be by myself in Woodstock for my 30th birthday. I lean into my forearms and take in my surroundings. It's May, and upstate New York is stunningly beautiful. All of the flowers are blooming with bright, bold color. The land here at the Sivananda retreat center is so spacious and green. It feels so necessary to get out of the city and literally *feel* nature. I roll over and bend my knees, placing the soles of my bare-feet upon her soft exterior. So much has shifted over this last year and I truly need to be alone and reflect. I grab my trusty journal and pen.

JOURNAL ENTRY

MAY 12, 2002

It's May 12th, 2002. I am THIRTY YEARS OLD today, and on the verge of breaking up with Troy. I know he feels it too. Things have been very tense between us. I feel like I have been pulling away from him for a long time now. Our love is like a yo-yo, up and down. One day it's the best thing in the world, the next I can't understand why we are together.

He does take care of me, and supports me in my life, but I think I need more. It feels like we are just dragging along, with no real intention. It's like it is

just easy to keep going, probably easier to let things plod along than to initiate change. But a lot is changing inside me too- and I need this time away to gain perspective on my life.

Okay, and this is a big one too- I am considering leaving the band... I know, I know- it's absolutely crazy- after all these years of busting our balls to record, rehearse and perform, gain a loyal following- and continue living a dream I've had since I was 16... I must admit, the feelings I am having are quite conflicting, because I'd have to really let go of who I think I am. If I move on in life, can I still be a rock goddess, even if I don't sing anymore? And who would I be without being the performer/singer 'Tuesday'...?

I roll onto my tummy, put my sunglasses on and continue writing. And who would I be without Troy? There is something that has churned in me since receiving my Level Three. It's really sinking in and I'm working with the Dai Ko Myo symbols a lot. I am somehow attracted to the pagoda style symbols and have been drawing them and just gazing with them during meditation.

The layers I am ready to leave behind are just peeling off and I can't help it even if I tried. I am experiencing a form of grace that is new. It's as if I am standing back and watching myself grow- I am

out of my own way for once! It's like there is the wise me, and the 'me' of the past, or the scared me. Now, the scared me is looking for the wise me. Eventually the fear will fall off the scared me, to the point where the me in the now can merge with the wise me. I feel like leaving behind the 'Rock Star Tuesday' and inviting in the 'Healer and Yoga Teacher Tuesday'. I don't know if they can both exist side by side... but I want to give myself the gift of fully immersing myself into the healing world without feeling like I need to get a record deal while I'm doing it.

I am so into this energy stuff, all the tools Sharon has shared just blow my mind. I use them all the time... and the GRID- wow man- the grid- is like... weird. I mean, it's like I know it somehow, or it knows me. I can't even explain it, but there is a very deep tingle I get whenever I use the grids or ponder on them. I don't know what it means, but I do know I get excited at giving more of my attention to this part of my life now. But how can I give my 'all' to life when I'm in a relationship that has run its course, and most of my time is spent chasing a dream I no longer hold as valuable?

Reiki is the most amazing thing I have ever experienced. I swear it has changed my life. All of this 'understanding' energy inside myself, and how

it flows in the universe is quite amazing to say the least!! I FEEL THE POWER! Haha... Wow man, yeah- you see- THIS is what turns me on now. Yes, I love songwriting and performing and late nights and yes, I will probably always write songs- but I want so deeply to spend my time merging the spaces in between my thoughts and being still instead of running around and head-banging. I long to be still, hang out in nature, and meditate... You know- I want to ponder the mystical elements of life and go beyond them. I also wish to help people heal... and yes, music is healing, but I'm ready to explore myself in a different river of being. There is so much here.... Within me, that is excited to express itself. That is why coming here alone for my birthday is so important. I need to allow space and time for these parts of myself to have a voice. So here I am, with trusty journal and pen, ready to get to work.

I pause, taking in my surroundings. The day is sunny and warm. I overheard someone on the bus earlier this morning say it would be around 71 degrees in Woodstock today. I'm sooooo stoked about that! I continue writing.

-Sharon is such an enigma. How did I ever run into her? Maggie and Jivamukti, wow... What a trip!! And now I am half way through my second year of apprenticeship with Sharon- and look at how much I

have learned about healing myself and sharing healing with others.

I imagine that Sharon and I are guitar players. It's like okay- we can both play the guitar, but I'm the student and she is a master. She certainly knows a hell of a lot more about playing the guitar than I. So, she shows me a few basic riffs, or 'energy tools' and I learn them. I spend time with them, I meditate on them and practice applying them in my songwriting, or in this case- my life. Then what happens is the riffs start to take on a life of their own- inviting me in to explore a deeper quality to their facet, whereby I am magically exposed to the sacred mysteries that they hold. But you can only get to decoding the mysteries by learning the basic riffs first. That's why we have teachers. Okay that's enough rambling for now. I am going to sign off and do some meditating by the lake. Om & Boom!-

A friendly 'sister' walks by and squats down beside me with a basket of fresh muffins. She has a true Rainbow vibe about her and I smile while removing my shades. "Hey sister," she says softly. "Don't want to disturb you, but the kitchen made too many muffins this morning so I'm passing out the extras. Would you like one?" I glance into the basket to see the most delicious looking banana-nut muffins ever. Their smell is delightful. "Yes, Thank You!" I remark, feeling no need to know if the muffin is vegan or not. She hands me a napkin and requests me to take my pick. We exchange friendly vibes and I notice her leg hair as she shakes out her

skirt and meanders off toward some folks that are lounging by a fountain on the other side of the green.

Her presence and energy cause me to recall my first day at the Rainbow gathering in Greece. I remember the topless woman with the flowing skirt. She swayed so confidently as she passed by with a basket of peaches. She reflected no fear, or need to shrink her energy. She instead was a beacon of only love and power. But I don't think I could even identify those qualities back then. It is only now that I get it. Her power was soft and emanated from a deep place of what I can only call a 'knowing'. I think I have encountered that kind of knowing from time to time when I'm very disciplined with meditating often. It seems to keep me plugged into a different 'altitude of being' that is unobstructed by worldly fears and woes. I take a deep breath in, hold it for as long as I can and a tear falls down my cheek as I exhale. *SHE* is what I strive to be like. Or should I say, the *feeling* I feel emanating from her- is what I intend to explore and experience. Yes. I say *yes* to trusting that.

I hold the muffin, close my eyes and draw the *Cho Ku Rei* symbol in my minds-eye. I then take a couple bites and place the rest in my bag. I feel like I am supposed to give all of my time to studying yoga and sharing Reiki healing. In fact, I have noticed how I am not so into drinking too much these days. But how can I make a living by just yoga and Reiki? I pause, freezing in realization momentarily. Yes, I think it's time to get certified in yoga, like-properly. With that thought, I meander to the lake and perform a series of pranayama-breathing exercises before settling into a contemplative meditation, whereby I consider everything I journaled about earlier.

~

I'm so happy yoga classes are included in my week-long

stay here at the retreat center. I breathe and stretch and challenge myself in a series of new arm balance poses and enjoy practice for a wonderful 90 minutes. I later slide my tray along the vegetarian buffet style spread and sit to eat by myself, in silence. I am overcome with a peace that is perfectly restorative.

On this night, the eve of my thirtieth birthday, I stand in front of the bathroom mirror and begin to pull at my dreads. I fold my long hair to the left and then over to the right. I rub my scalp deeply and notice a dreadlock is thinning at the root where it meets my head. I find myself tugging lightly on the dread and it releases itself from my scalp. I hold it in my hand and decide to navigate the surface of my head for any other loose locks. I find another, and this time it is a much longer and thicker dreadlock. It is half loose and half still connected. I tug at it and feel the need to pull even harder. I hold the root hairs of this dread and then attempt to pull the thick lock from its source. With the sound of a rip and a tear, I succeed! I stand looking at myself in the mirror holding these two freed locks in my hand. I then ruffle my remaining locks and feel a sense of satisfaction flow through me. I wrap my two orphaned locks in a scarf and head to bed.

The following morning I pack my satchel with a pen, journal, pear, left over muffin from yesterday, bottle of water, sarong, shades and my rose quartz crystal. I glide by the kitchen area and grab a cup of hot chai and take to the hills barefoot. I walk for about a mile and get as high up into the land as I can. Even though there are few visitors at the retreat center, I still seek to be removed as much as possible. After finding a suitable place to pee in the bushes, I make my way a little further up the hill and find a nice spot that has just enough shade and just enough light to keep me comfortable.

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I awoke this morning with a far out idea of how to incur healing and closure from afar. It's kinda like an energy tool I guess, but it's a letter. An energy letter. As I thought about all the things I wish to change in my life- the idea of writing a letter directly to these things and people- came to me. The vibe from the energy letter was that I am to write to their, or 'its' Higher Self, from my Higher Self. I saw myself writing to Troy, telling him what I appreciate about the time we've spent together, and also letting him know that our time has come to a close. I then saw myself writing a letter to the band, letting them know all the things I am grateful for, but that it is time for things to change. So today, this is my duty- to put down in words all I have not said and need to say to these special people in my life.-Boom.

I put down my pen and get situated into a comfortable seat for meditation. I take several deep inhales and exhales and then proceed to sit peacefully. The sound of birds chirping and the soft breeze ruffling through tree branches stirs such a wonderful feeling inside of my heart. A feeling of overwhelming gratitude fills me up and I sit smiling for some time. Upon my return I am guided to write an energy letter to the band first. I pull a page from my journal.

Dear Mike, Joe and Dave's Higher Selves-

First of all I want to tell you how much I absolutely love you all. I feel like we are such a powerful ensemble- a force to be reckoned with... and no

matter what happens- that will never change. I love who I have become in the presence of you all. As a member of 69 Nova, I have ventured into unknown territory and expanded my sense of self. I never knew I could sing like that, dance like that or feel all the ways I feel in your presence. The music you three produce is so sonically charged with greatness and contains such a profound oscillation, that it alone touches the body of all who listen and cause them to move to the groove!

To be a part of such a powerful force is an honor for me. We have moved mountains and created music that will forever be burned into the cosmic rhythms of the universe. You know me- always gettin' metaphysical! Ha ha . Anyway- I am writing to let you know I have to move on now. I am growing in so many different ways and wish to further explore my potential in the world of healing... And at this point I'm not sure striving in the same ways towards a goal of being a Rock Star seeking a record deal fits who I am becoming anymore. For so long, that was all I wanted. But I am changing.

Thank you for rocking out and not holding back. Thank you- each of you, for so many laughs and tender friendship. We each share a unique kind of friendship and I am very grateful to know you are all my brothers from another mother! I still want to

jam and sing with you from time to time, but that's like saying I want to break up and still have benefits. I do not want to hold you back from your dreams, so be free and fly on my musical family. I am stepping down now, as singer of this band- and letting go of all the ways I expected things to happen with you and us and 69 Nova. I set you free and I set myself free too. I Love You guys forever.

Big Nova Hugs,

Tuesday's Higher Self

I fold the letter over three times and place it under a nearby rock. I feel refreshed and surprisingly clear. The left over muffin and water make a nice break-time snack. I ponder the next letter and know it may be a little more emotional...

After placing my rose quartz crystal in the nuzzle of my bosom, held there by my bra, I take three clearing breaths, into and out of my heart center. I pull a piece of paper and prepare to write Troy.

Dear Troy's Higher Self,

Maybe you know what this letter is gonna say. But maybe not. I'm not sure if we have both been living in denial. Either way, it is time for serious change. I need to change my life and maybe you do too. God, I do love you Troy. And I appreciate all you have done for me, all the ways you have shown your support of me, and my pursuits of singing and songwriting. I so appreciate all the late nights you

acted as 'my music producer' and sat by, recording my songs with me while sharing crucial constructive support. Yes, for all of those powerful memories I am ever grateful.

Thank you for taking us to Australia and being so open to explore the Rainbow Gathering. Thank you for completely financially taking care of me there and never making me feel like I owed you for it. Thank you for always being honest and sometimes maybe a little too honest. It's okay. I now see you are just being true to yourself. And while there are parts of me you love too- there are several other parts that do not match up. For one- I know you dislike Sharon and play the devil's advocate whenever I share new things I am learning with her. In that way I feel shut down and disrespected. That's why I no longer share what I am learning with you anymore, because it feels like you disempower a very real and powerful part of my life.

It has always been hard for me to figure out why you love me or why you are attracted to me, leg hair and all... Anyway, maybe it's just simple- you get to express your dislike of it- and I get to express my 'like' of it by wearing it! It's only hair- and funny enough- something has changed in me, where I don't feel like I NEED to fit into this 'natural woman' thing anymore. In fact Troy- I brought a shaver to

the retreat and I just might shave my legs for the first time in almost five years. Isn't it ironic? That has always been such a sticky point for us- and now as I contemplate shaving my legs, you are being released too. You will finally get me how you've always wanted me- but I will be walking away- and with shaved legs. I know it's so stupid and simple- but the leg hair thing has been such a symbol of the push and pull in our relationship. Anyways, it doesn't matter anymore because I am writing to tell you- to tell your higher self that I am leaving you. I will be packing up and moving on- somehow- somewhere- soon.

Thank you for being a good friend, because no matter the ups and downs, you were always real with me- and a good friend too. Thank you for that. I wish for you to be happy and free, and to meet the woman of your dreams and live a long and joyous life.

I wish you the ability to let me go and for me to let you go now too, so we can move on in life- in healthy ways. May we split harmoniously, with no drama. May we experience a peaceful release of one another. Troy, I also want to say that I wish for myself to be happy and free in life. And I wish to meet the man of my dreams and live a long and

joyous life too. We all deserve the best. May we receive it with an open heart.

Take Care Troy and Thanks for Everything,

My Higher Self

A rush of energy flows up my spine as the final words press through my pen. I fold the letter three times and place it under a second rock. I take three deep quick breaths and my limbs tingle. I can feel a true release with this letter, as if my energy is really letting Troy go from deep within. Spotting a nearby tree, I walk to it and place my bare-feet by her roots and rest in a still hug with her for a while.

~

After dinner I contemplate shaving my legs. In privacy I meet myself in the bathroom once again, and undress in front of the mirror. Wow, my bikini line is hella thick. Haha, I understand why they call it 'bush'. I find myself in a light mood and even a little high, naturally so. I would have never have cracked that joke with myself before, always taking my body hair too seriously to do so. It has been a symbol of 'fuck the Man'- 'fuck society'- and 'fuck definitions of what a woman is'.

All of these little initiations here, in my time alone have been quite powerful. With this realization I sit down on the bath-side and hold the razor in my hand. Why am I shaving my legs? I run my hand up and down my lower legs and recognize what a powerful experience it has been, to be a natural woman in the city. But now I am going to experience being a natural woman without the hair on my legs. There is nothing 'to stand for' anymore, but myself. Who am I now? A lot of my stern ideas about the world have been fading and continue to do so in the midst of understanding everything in

the universe to simply be universal *energy*, and fractals of that same source energy.

“I love you legs.” I say aloud. “I invite the goddess into my body and life. I have been afraid to be a sexual being, a sensual woman and to feel attractive. But now I am shaving my legs as a means to embrace a softer side of myself, of my femininity and to explore being brave enough to feel beautiful in new ways.” With that, I run the tub water and soap-up my legs. One stroke at a time, I release the old me. The hardened me, the fearful me. It takes a few rounds, but eventually I get all the hair off and am left with a new picture of my legs. I see them, as if almost for the first time. I enjoy rubbing them with lotion and in an amused fashion, stroll back to my room for bed.

~

Days of silence, yoga, meditation and contemplation fill me up with an almost *super power* of energy, and by the end of my stay I am ready to enter the next phase of my life, fully charged! As I pack for the bus home, I come across the energy letters I wrote to the band, and to Troy. I wonder what to do with them. I hold them in my hand and close my eyes. I get an instant download that says ‘Mail them. Put them each into an envelope and address each letter to *their* Higher Self from my Higher Self. Do not put an address or last name on the envelope, nor a stamp. Simply seal each envelope and put them into the post box...’ Put them in the post box!?? What a crazy idea... I love it! With backpack in tow, I stop by the office/check in area and ask if by chance they can spare two envelopes. Yes! I’m in luck.

I place the *Cho Ku Rei* symbol over each letter and lick the fold closed. I run down the hill to the bus stop, and cross my fingers there is a post box at the bottom of the hill. I don’t recall seeing one when I arrived last week, but I also wasn’t

looking for one. My breath shudders as I see both my bus and a post box in the distance. I glance to my watch and it is just 1:25 pm, the time the bus is supposed to leave. I wave my arms and cry out loud “Hey! Wait for me...” As the bus pulls away from the curb. I have to get this bus, otherwise the next is not until tomorrow. I suddenly feel propelled in what I can only describe as a *spiritual way* that gives me a burst of energy, and I run even faster, catching up with the bus, and proceed to bang on it with my hand. The post box catches my eye from across the street. Thankfully a red light stops all motion at the cross roads, and clambering in through the bus door, I *out of breath* attempt to tell the bus driver I need one second to dash across the street to the post box. He shrugs his shoulders as if in no rush and I dart over and place the envelopes into the slot and hurriedly run back and dive on the bus just as the light goes green. Ahhhhh- Out of breath I show my ticket to the driver who nods and I hastily make my way to the back end of the bus and collapse in a happy pile.

With a nearly three-hour bus ride to the 42nd Street bus depot, I have a lot of time to kill, and thankfully I emptied my bladder before leaving the retreat center. I spend my time making lists of what my intentions are for my thirtieth year. As I contemplate the possibilities, I see my dearest wishes are but a few... I write them as if they will undeniably come to pass. “*This year I will become a certified yoga Instructor. This year I will work at a job where I can share Reiki and yoga AND be paid very well for it!*” With these two powerful statements I continue to write two more energy letters. The first to the ‘Rock Star Tuesday’. I thank her and tell her she will always be a part of me, but for now, it’s time to move on from center stage. I am next guided to write an energy letter to the ‘Healer Tuesday’ I am becoming. I invite her light and maturity into my life, and ask she stays humble, graceful, and ever-innocent while rooted in a new expansion of personal power and universal

wisdom.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Change, Change, Change

Six months have passed since the retreat. I hop off of the N train at Broadway and take in this beautiful evening. It's November and I'm on my way to meet Riga for a beer. I haven't seen her in a long time. Meandering through the city streets, I feel good in my body. Since returning from Woodstock, I have been resting well, eating properly and doing a lot of yoga. This will be my first beer in over a month.

"Guinness please," I motion to the bartender. Moments later I am startled to feel a hand slide up my calve. "WOW!" Exclaims Riga as she suddenly appears from behind me. "Did you..?" She rests one hand on her hip while leaning into her opposite straight leg. She covers her smiling mouth with her other hand and wiggles her eyebrows up and down. I smile from ear to ear. "Yes! I did... I shaved my legs!" I announce with glee. Riga lets out a royal tigers growl while nudging up against my arm and I know we're gonna have fun tonight. "Why did you do it?" She asks. "I realized I was too attached to having hair on my legs. You know, like I would think that 'you have to *not* shave your legs' in order to be respected in the tribe as a natural woman. I feel more detached from it now. I see that *I Am Woman* no matter what my legs bare, hair or not. Besides, I am shedding the past and it feels good." "All right girl!- All right." Riga hugs me hello and motions to the bartender for a drink.

We settle into our seats at the bar. "I heard about you and Troy," she says. "Yeah, everybody probably knew that was coming. We broke up when I got back from Woodstock and it is all good. We both knew the relationship had run its course. But I am glad you introduced us. Looking back, I

have learned a lot about myself in his presence and wouldn't change a thing." I pause and take a sip of beer. "You still living uptown?" I ask. "Yep. Got me some real cool roommates now. The last bunch we're fucking awful. Life is much better now with cool peeps at the home space, you know?" I nod in agreement. "Yes, you've had several rotations over the years," I say and she continues... "Hey I'm auditioning for this movie about Kurt Cobain next week. It sounds like a cool gig if I get it." She then shrugs her shoulders in that cool James Dean way and pulls a cigarette from her pack. "So did *you* move?" She tilts her chin up toward me with a question mark while lighting her smoke. "Yes I did. I moved in with two real sweethearts. Remember Sal and Gus from the BMW Bar days? They had a spare bedroom open in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. It's pretty cool to be off the island of Manhattan. It feels real different you know? Like energetically so." "Yeah, I can imagine." Replies Riga. "Damn girl, that is very far away from the action though." "It's all good. Oh, you heard about the band too right?" "Wait... *What* about the band? You mean 69 Nova?" "Mmmhmm. The band is done now too." "What?" exclaims Riga. "Well, *almost* done. It's a tough one. We are officially done, but unofficially plan to do reunion shows and play here and there at open mics and stuff. But as far as the dream of us breaking big... Well, I kinda needed to move on in my life." Riga takes a big inhale and blows air out through her mouth with full cheeks and raised eyebrows. "Wow. I can't believe it. It's the end of an era," she says sadly.

As the night proceeds, we each drink four pints, share stories and laughter, and later smoke a spliff while taking a walk around the block. Back at the bar Riga asks "Do you want to come over?" She is not poignantly flirting with me, like she did last year at the show, but I sense an air of intrigue and playfulness in her manner. I give her a look that says *maybe* and she smiles softly, turns back to her drink, and lights

another cigarette. About twenty minutes later I lean into her ear and whisper “Okay, let’s go back to your place.”

~

Before I know it we arrive at her apartment. I sit comfortably amongst large eastern patterned cushions. Looking up, I think to myself the ceiling must be at least fifteen feet high! The walls are lined with art gathered from the street sides, along with drawings done by Riga and her roommates. Her footsteps slide across the wooden floor as she brings forth two cold Stella Artois’. She puts Jeff Buckley on and reclines close to me while taking a sip of her beer. “Cheers!” I say and clink bottles with her. I am nervous about my decision now. I fumble for my tobacco pouch and roll a *sagerette*. I puff away while Riga tells me about a new song she is writing on the guitar. She grabs my knee and recites a few of the lyrics. The feeling of her hand on my knee sends a shot of electricity whizzing up my leg! My knee jolts upwards from the whiz, and we both laugh out loud. I play it off, acting like I have no idea why my body would do such a thing at a moment like that. But I do know. I am feeling attraction with Riga. She removes her hand and stands up. “Are you ready for another?”

“I’m okay for now, thanks,” I say. I suddenly feel an even larger wave of nerves flow through me. Could what I *think* is happening, really be happening? I mean, I know she flirts with me from time to time, and I brush it off... But tonight she asked *me* over and I said YES. Can I truly go through with this, whatever *this* turns out to be? Riga returns with another beer and dims the light. She retrieves her *bowl* and we share in smoking together. I lay back with my arms crossed behind my head. Riga begins to touch my feet with her fingertips. If I’m gonna stop this train, then I should stop it NOW! That *would* be the right thing to do, right? Why am I

so nervous? She slowly draws her reach to my calf. I confidently roll over on my side and smile at her. Meanwhile I am trembling inside. 'Act cool, Tuesday- act cool.' She takes another hit from the bowl, and while blowing the smoke out, takes my hand and leads me into her bedroom.

She sits me at the edge of her bed and kneels down. Closing her eyes, she touches my leg through my skirt. I rock back and forth slowly, and close my eyes too. She begins to trace a circle around each of my thighs. Her circles become larger and larger, almost reaching as high as my bikini line, and as low as my knees. She teases me with her 'circle drawings' by slowing down while approaching the inner most part of my thigh. Her hand idles here, making smaller circles. All the while closing nearer to my crotch. This triggers an erotic pulse of excitement within me and I tilt my tailbone forward, giving her the signal she can go further. She leans into me sideways, almost with a nudge. My mouth slowly parts, and my legs widen. I feel myself becoming wet. Upon opening my eyes, I see she is looking at me and begins to copy my motion of slowly rocking back and forth.

With her James Dean smile she slides the sides of my skirt upwards, revealing my thighs and underwear. I feel a rush of heat rise up between my vagina lips. I part my legs a little more and lean back onto my hands. She caresses the arch of each foot and smooths her fingers over my inner leg. I do my best not to shake with nervous giddiness. She then kisses my feet, my ankles, my shins, calves, and outer thighs. I shudder upon exhaling and part my legs slightly more.

She grabs my hips and draws me closer to her body. I hold her waist as she kisses my neck, hard and deep. Throwing my head back, I pull her into my bosom. She slowly unbuttons my blouse and pulls it to the side, kissing my shoulder passionately.

Our bodies begin to writhe together. Rubbing, pulling, and pressing we kiss and caress each other for the first time. My

blouse is now hanging over my elbows. Her kisses come closer and closer to my hardened nipples, and I pull away coyly. With a masculine air, she pulls my body to hers and forces my breast into her mouth. Her mouth is latched and fastened upon my nipple and breast. I pull her head in close, and also push her head away as we rock back and forth. The whole time her mouth, fixed upon me.

I am erotically aroused and want to *feel her inside of me*. She slides her hand under my skirt, and runs her fingers along the line of my hip crease. I want nothing more than to feel her touch me there. I push my pelvis towards her hand, and she runs her fingers over my lips. Bowing down, she kisses the area above the line of my vagina through my panties. Her kisses start long and slow, and become longer and slower still. She pulls my panties to the side and begins parting my wet lips with her tongue. I hold the back of her head lightly with both hands.

She next pulls my panties off completely and raises her head. Looking at me steadily, she slides a number of fingers inside of me. She lays me back and slides on top of me. I feel a jolt of immeasurable pleasure and round my shoulders forward. I spread my legs wide and invite her in. Our bodies gyrate as we melt and merge into one another. I feel a yearning to cum. I press her inside of my body deeper. As her rhythm becomes faster, and deeper, she brings me to climax. I feel a throng of energy shoot up my spine as I gasp and let out a sexual groan of delight.

~

I awaken to the sound of my cell phone ringing. I wearily squint one eye open and am greeted by the sun. It spills into the room through layers of fabric draped over mop handles that have been reincarnated into wooden curtain rods. I am in Riga's bed and she is next to me. I sit up half-clothed and

amused at the sexy mischief we shared last night. My phone continues to ring. Where is it? Who could be calling me at... I glance to the digital clock on the floor... 9.30 on a Sunday morning? I find my phone tucked inside of a combat-boot that sits next to the head of this flattened futon mattress. Oh shit, I forgot. Today I'm teaching out in Staten Island. Or am I? Maybe I have my Sundays mixed up. I hope I do...

Jen is a dear yoga student and friend I made teaching yoga at the Harbor Fitness gym in Brooklyn a couple years ago. It's the gym Sharon told me to apply to after our first yoga session together. Jen lives in Bensonhurst too. We have been doing Sunday morning yoga on and off at her aunt and uncles home in Staten Island since I moved to Brooklyn. She drives, I teach and get paid, and we all enjoy a little coffee and nosh afterwards. They are really great people and the group is growing. After we make small talk, and I am relieved to know our yoga class is scheduled for next Sunday, she asks "Have you ever worked with old folks doing yoga?" "No, I haven't actually." There is a pause. "Well, if you think you are interested, the administrator at my work is looking for new programs to run at the large nursing home where I work. She's looking for programs that are in the 'alternative' and 'complimentary' fields. Maybe she will be interested in the Reiki stuff you do too. She wants to use the new programs in conjunction with the physical therapy residents receive. "You could come in and teach a couple times a week, *and* they pay very well."

I am amazed at how the universe is just opening up all of these opportunities for me. I think about the energy letters I wrote on the bus home from Woodstock. Yoga really is my calling at this time. I think to myself. "I am absolutely interested in teaching a yoga program for the elder population!" I feel a stirring in my belly. "Okay, great! Draw up an outline proposal for the yoga program, like how long your class would be, what you intend to teach, what size

room you need, if you need a CD player, etc. Oh, *and* what your rate is.” I feel a slight nervousness as she finishes her statement. Are things rushing along too fast, or can I keep up? I decide I can keep up.

~

The building I walk through is very large. Though it is my first time in a nursing home establishment, I feel comfortable and oddly ‘at home’ here. I am guided to *run* all sorts of energy for this space I now find myself in. Some of the residents who live here appear to be very ill, either physically or mentally. The Recreation Director who just interviewed me for my possible new job as a ‘Yoga and Reiki program facilitator’ is now taking me for a tour through all five floors of the building. The top floor is the brightest and most desirable to me. It is filled with large windows that let in tremendous light and is decorated with plants and a large beautiful aquarium. Within this sun filled space, there are different ‘stations’ where residents and patients are undergoing various forms of physical therapy with professional looking men and women wearing blue scrubs and white coats.

“You will be mostly working on the second and fourth floors, in the community room areas. I just want you to see what resides above you and below you.” My *potential* new boss ‘Lyda’ says to me with a slight smile. “So- the first floor is the main office area, and behind the two hospital type doors we walked through are all the incoming patients. On the third floor are mostly bed-bound residents who generally do not leave their beds. The second and fourth floors are for the residents that are functioning to some degree with, and without care aids. You will be working with patients that have Alzheimer’s Disease, Parkinson’s Disease, those undergoing Stroke recovery, Dementia and those with

psychological and mental disorders such as paranoid schizophrenia, ADD and Bi Polar Syndrome.” There is a pause that I feel is deliberate. She stops walking and turns to me. “Are you okay with all of that?” She offers a soft smile and I nod my head slowly as if in deep thought and say “I am ready to bring love and healing here.”

On my subway ride home I pull out my journal and write.

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This is so amazing- my energy feels like it is off the charts. There is a certain electric voltage I feel upon leaving the nursing home. I don't know if it charged me up- or if I charged it up- but I am buzzing, whirling, whizzing! Everything, and I mean everything I have learned with Sharon is working through me... and YES it does feel like it's for the highest good. The interesting thing about it all is that I could see the energy running. I felt the universe running stuff for the residents 'through me', and I heard it ask me to run stuff for them too.

I am completely blown away by this opportunity to work with such a high level of beings. I mean- these people are way out there in one-way or another, and funny enough- I don't see it as a 'sad' place. I feel these folks as being totally wired for speed and I can actually keep up with them psychically.

Emotionally- I feel as strong as stone. To wade the

waters of such an environment does not pull at me as to cause me to react to what 'reality' seemingly resides within those walls. One could easily cry and feel deeply depressed by what appears to be there in front of them. I remember Carlos Castaneda's book 'A Separate Reality'- the practice of 'seeing' verses 'looking'. When I 'look'- I can begin to feel sad and sorry for the patients- but when I see- I sense a much bigger picture and design to the perfection of the nursing home grid. I also have the impression that a great portion of the schizo and mental problems that occur are a byproduct of one's crown chakra being open way too wide - to the degree that its' light draws inappropriate energy or entities that easily attach themselves. I am also suspicious of the medications that are dispensed. I will have to do some undercover work and check that out over time. It seems all these folks need is grounding and love. Perhaps that is my job.

There were many plugs-a-pulled and Merkabahs, and third chakras run today in that nursing home. When Lyda walked me through the corridors and into some of the patients' rooms, I could literally see the grids in action. I saw geometric shapes falling out of me. I watched as the grids moved through me and out into the space around me. I had the sensation of having to deliberately stand sturdy and

wade through high streams of flowing energetic currents that swirled around me like white water rapids. I became aware of a certain transmission of light- I saw threads of light connecting everything- and then the light of 'everything' showed me it was made of the same threads of light that connected it to everything else. There were grids of light within a greater grid of light, and grids within grids, within grids.

The grid appears to be made of light. It's as if the grid creates its body- of its own substance. It's like a lump of clay you can make many things out of. There is colored clay, and you can make what resembles bacon and eggs with it, though it is still clay. It makes me think about the universe and how everything in existence is already here – it's just how the ingredients are mixed- that's the message I got today at 'the home'.

Myself and Lyda got on well , and all flowed smoothly with my interview. I'll find out next week if I got the job.

I call Sharon and tell her everything. I am so excited because I have a feeling I got the job and I can't wait to begin. "Sharon, I'm ready for my Master Level," I announce. "Well sweetie, it sounds like it!"

Chapter Twenty-Four

Moon Shadow

The windows are open in Sharon's living room where I sit. The warm steady stream of air that flows through is calming and I feel gracefully ready for what is to come. Sharon enters the room wearing peach colored Capri's, a white styled top with bright orange platform flip flops that add to her already 6 foot towering body mass. She places two tall glasses of water onto the coffee table next to us. I have spent the past half hour drawing the Tibetan *Raku* symbol that I will be attuned with and am now ready to receive the symbol into my crystalline structure and being. I feel her standing behind me. "You ready?" She asks. I nod my head in response. "Okay," she says under her breath. I am aware of the drill. I have watched what feels like over fifty attunements in the time I have spent with Sharon. Most attunements have been for members in the group, while she performed others for those not present via remote Reiki where she used a pillow to represent the individual. I have also witnessed her attuning several pets.

I feel the flow of air as she blows into my crown area and am aware of the scribbles she draws into my palms. Within minutes the *ceremony* is done and I am left sitting alone. For some reason Sharon has left the room. It seems strange, as she usually places her hands upon my shoulders at this point. I continue to sit upright and feel rather peaceful until I open my eyes. At once I am come over with a heavy feeling of lucidity. Lifting my hand, I see trails follow its path. My hand feels rubbery and not it's ordinary self. I attempt to open my mouth and feel heaviness, as if my jaw suddenly weighs a ton and my whole face has to morph its structure just to attempt the movement. I am next aware of a slime green film that

seems to be the lens I am seeing everything through.

“I feel trippy,” I say to myself and realize that indeed what I am feeling is akin to ‘coming up’ into the high voltage climax center of an LSD experience. I lean forward, hunching over my knees, and close my eyes. The most amazing spiraling tingles begin to usher themselves up and down my spine. The feeling is only comparable to the feelings one can have while becoming intensely sexually aroused. Except this feeling does not only reside within my groin but extends out to every fiber of my being. For a moment I succeed in stalling here and suspend myself in the tides of these most pleasurable feelings as they light up my spine. My body next quickly sits upright, all of its own accord, without my *thinking* it to do so. I am feeling ripples of energy flow through my body. They seem to be coming and going from every direction. Are these the grids?

I hear myself thinking behind the noise of what seems to be happening to me. Sharon has somehow disappeared and I am left in a suspended state, much like when the Gray locks me in. I am transported back to Australia. I see myself with several familiar faces, and Troy of course. We are in between staying with the Rainbow gathering and traveling the North-East Coast. We stop over night at a fairgrounds set up in a random field outside of Mullumbimby. This mini gathering has drawn all kinds of people from the woodwork including many Rainbow type brothers and sisters, and a lot of hippie looking elders. We have been in Australia for eight weeks now and my inner warrior is riding high. I have abandoned many fears within the fabric of embracing my power as a woman during this trip. And I am getting into understanding the *power of love*. I practice sharing love, understanding *that* is my gift and lesson along our journey here.

Consciously practicing love is teaching me grace and patience. My experiences bring me to realize when I practice love, most people respond *in love*, despite their efforts to

remain in fear. “I place love here” is my mantra. Transmitting through love allows a translucency that each may see into the light of another’s being, even if for just one moment. Many are unaware of this opening, or perhaps they see it, but don’t know what it is. But if one is aware, they may gain much insight through utilizing the view appropriately.

I use the make-shift fairground showers and later wrap my dread-locks in a dark blue sarong I wear and use almost every day in one fashion or another. The full moon is rising quickly as the sun disappears. Word is that Troy met a guy who has some LSD. The group of people we are caravanning with are interested in the proposition and I am eager to go on a ‘trip’ too. Besides, the guy said they were called ‘moon shadow’s’ and that they were mellow, perfect for the greenery we find ourselves amongst in this forest type of setting. Troy goes to settle up with the provider of the LSD, and I continue to dress myself and prepare for the evenings events, of which I have no idea to be like! I bend forward to release and shake out my locks. Just then I hear my inner voice say “After you wrap your hair, do not remove your head piece tonight, until you are back in your tent.” I know the voice is talking about the sarong wrapped around my head. I lean upward and look to the moon. “Am I supposed to trip tonight? You know, I know I don’t have to, but I would like to...” I close my eyes in prayer and ask the universe. I await a sign telling me it is okay. “You must not remove your headpiece.” I hear these words again and understand the guidance as saying it is okay to trip, just as long as I keep my hair wrapped.

That seems easy enough. I don’t think about it too much and nod in agreement with the moon. An hour later I am sitting on the ground with Troy. Leaning into him, I begin to feel that I am *coming up*. We laugh and giggle for some time and then we each begin to mingle within our group, the other members of our ‘tripping tribe’. A band begins to perform music from a make shift stage and people are going up and

singing with the lead vocalist. I watch and decide to go and sing too... *if* my voice will let me. I recall the last trip I had at the Rainbow in Greece, whereby I had no vocal faculty whatsoever.

I feel powerful as I stand at the side of the stage. After some time I receive a nod from the vocalist and step forward, approaching the guest microphone. I breathe and close my eyes. Humming, I begin a melody with the band. I watch with eyes closed, as many vivid hallucinations dance before me. The movements of which are driven by my 'ouh's' and 'oh's' on the mic. Opening my eyes, I see the vocalist is looking into me, not at me. Maybe he is tripping too. I look to the moon and sing 'ouhhhh the moon is fullllll...'. To which he replies "She is *always* full..." to which I *really* begin to *trip*. I now find myself partially lost, my surroundings unrecognizable. I walk away from the stage and follow the sound of a guitar. It's coming from a small fire away from the main stage area. There is a young man playing an acoustic guitar that looks like a guitarist I know from Ireland named Ian. Two older people; a couple, are also seated at the fire. They look rough, real European gypsy types, "I place love here," I say out loud and sit myself down next to the guitarist that is playing a most easy flowing musical appendage that lends itself to this perfect evening becoming more beautiful. Because I think he looks like Ian, I have an instant closeness with him. I feel like I can sing in his presence, even under the influence of L.S.D, which in the past has been a far cry for me. Usually I just shut off and reside in telepathic land, my voice unhooked and unresponsive. Tonight as I open my mouth beautiful tones come through.

It is most amazing, the synergy I feel with this nameless young man. It is impeccable, as if we have spent lifetimes jamming. We playfully contribute, weaving songs over the fire. The male counterpart of the rough looking gypsy couple removes a large bag of weed from his inner coat and

proceeds to roll the largest joint I have ever seen. He lights it and passes it to his lady, and then she passed it to me with a smile. I Nod to her and then to him mouthing the words 'Thank you'. After raising the offering up to my third eye I take a long deep pull of this beautiful herb. I then pass it to my friend on the guitar and we proceed to jam. The four of us reside within an unseen clique of sorts.

The gypsy's keep rolling joints and we keep playing songs. I feel so relaxed and comfortable in our bubble, that I really want to feel *more* comfortable by taking the wrap off of my head and letting my dreads warm up by this fire. The temperature has dropped now and I can feel the dampness of my dreads beneath the wet material of my sarong that surrounds them. Despite the agreement I made earlier with the moon, I go ahead and slowly release the wrap from my head. It feels good to shake my hair out and warm the top of my head. As I sit, I feel I have done no misconduct by removing the wrap, and our foursome continues 'business as usual'...Until the vibe completely changes.

I am happily singing with my friend, when I open my eyes to realize a crowd has gathered around us and many people are sitting around the fire now. There is a sudden pressure to perform, something I *hate* feeling. I remember that I am tripping and I go from feeling free, to feeling closely examined. I feel naked and unarmored. The mere presence of this crowd and its silent peering makes me feel vulnerable and suddenly shy.

I feel the strong glare of the moon upon my hands as I reached out to the ground, desperately seeking my blue sarong. All I feel is the cool grass and twigs underneath and around me. There are so many people now seated around that as I look behind me, I realize there are at least three rows of people there. How did all of them get here? Why are they here? I then hear giggling and look across the fire to see three women sitting closely in a row. They seem to be fixed upon

my every move and are reacting to *my* reactions.

One has her head wrapped, she sits in the middle of the three and seems to be the leader. She appears to say things about me to them, and all three react together. My ability to check and gauge how exaggerated my physical moves are, is undistinguishable. This LSD is a lot stronger than ‘moon shadow’ suggests. I gain my bearings and find the faces of my gypsy friends and the guitarist amongst the now large crowd. My Ian look-alike nods to me, as if suggesting this would be a good time to jam, while such a large crowd is gathered. I inhale deeply and exhale nodding my head. I decide to let go of any fears that are rising and maintain my power by doing what I know I can do well, and *was* doing all night- before this crowd emerged.

He begins to play a new beautiful riff and moments later I began to sing, and it is good. I begin to lose myself and just then the laughter of the three girls brings me back to the fire and into a paranoid state. They look straight at me as they cover their mouths and speak loudly behind the music in a language I cannot decipher. “They are witches,” I hear my inner voice tell me. Upon hearing this I am instantly aware that I let my magic sarong go and now I am powerless against these three. My power was in keeping my head, my dread-locks, my energy antennae’s wrapped, and now I am wide open. Shit! I feel as if I am feeding the masses with my light. But I am becoming *less* light, as if being drained, and these three witches are taking all of my light. I need to contain my light. I think to myself and desperately attempt to look for my sarong again, unaware that the guitarist is still playing and people are watching and expecting me to continue with our song. The girls laugh again and I am more paranoid now than ever. All I can do is think about finding my way back to Troy but I don’t even know where he is. I look out beyond our circle and see mostly darkness with faint glimpses of fire spinners dancing in the distance.

Fuck. I am locked in here at the fire of the three witches with no protection. Just then the gypsy man leans forward and hands me a spliff, waving at me as if telling me to take as much as I want. I sit back and attempt to relax into a new moment and decide that for now, at least I have allies here with me at the fire. I later attempt to sing once again with my friend but I become voiceless and upon attempting to sing, my throat seizes up and the witches laugh in an uproarious manner, waving their arms in the air. Momentarily I cannot even find my breath and I am locked into some hold that I feel is the cause of the witches. If I only knew about running my Merkabah and power integrator then. I think to myself in the background of this flashback I am having.

The evening by that fire ended miserably. I felt captive to stay seated by that fire until the witches had picked me apart like vultures and finally left. By that time they had shred me clean of any energetic dignity I had gleaned and I was left energetically raped, robbed and mugged of my power. The next day I could barely walk... Stumbling, ungrounded and weak as I retreated to the lake to wash myself clean. This is all because I did not listen to the higher guidance *I had asked for and received*.

Just then Sharon re-enters the room and hands me a glass of water. "You okay sweetie?" She asks. I look up at her and nod slowly, my mouth ajar. "Come on, lay down on the sofa and I will Reiki you. You are burning off a lot of karma right now. You need to rest and release." As I settle onto the couch I become deeply aware this must be what my Master Level is going to be all about. Learning to remain in my power no matter what, where, when and how. I must truly be a master my time and space now.

Chapter Twenty-Five

I am a Reiki Master

I have been attuned to Master Level for three months and my first attunee's are stepping forward. Funny enough, out of everyone its Mary and Tony! The older couple whose house Jen from the gym (and nursing home) drives me to teach private group yoga every other Sunday morning. Jen and her friend Amy are also interested in receiving their Level One's. Sharon said she would accompany me to Mary and Tony's house for their attunements this Saturday night. When I asked her if she would come along she said she would merely hold space but that I would do all the work, meaning I would pass the attunements. I feel relieved she will join me, because I really don't know what to do, but intuitively it's like I already know. Sharon has never sat the 'Masters' down in the Reiki group and gone through a step-by-step class, like "Here's how to pass Reiki attunements." Though she has openly passed attunements in our presence. I know her nonchalance may seem weird to a lot of people but I feel like I am ready to share attunements and that the Reiki guides will not let me down!

We enter the large home of Mary and Tony. Sharon is quiet and polite. She allows me to make all of the introductions and initiate the attunement portion of our visit. I stand touching the crystals I brought in my pocket as Mary, an attractive petite woman in her early 60's with a fit shape sits next to her nearly twice as tall, slim and handsome husband. They sit arm in arm, with hands intertwined and fingers folded over one another. I begin the session with a moment of silence. Having run my intention, all guided Merkabahs, and signing myself into the couple's key-note, and vice versa, I have only to trust that all will flow. As I

open my eyes I hear myself begin speaking out loud. In fact, I am speaking with ease and elegance about Reiki. I take a bit of what Sharon has shared with me, and a bit of what I have experienced, along with just allowing it all to melt with my intention for the evening. My intention is to be open to channel all that serves the highest good. That has become my everyday intention, and I feel how powerful it is over the months. I really see how our concentrated intention steers and drives all that we invest our minds, emotions, spirits and bodies in. After I share an overview of Reiki and have Mary and Tony draw the *Cho Ku Rei* symbol, I describe how it feels and what it may do. I next invite either Mary or Tony to come up to the center of the room and sit in the 'hot seat' for their actual attunement.

I feel confident, Sharon is sitting patiently in a large seat accompanying the couch. Mary stands up, and pulling her sweater down over her hips says "I guess I'm up!" She sits in the attunement chair awaiting my next move. I have a sudden loss of memory, begin to think too much and fumble for the right words to speak. I place my hands on Mary's shoulders and take a deep breath. I energetically run my power integrator and throat chakra. I again state my intention silently within, and find myself opening my eyes and speaking without hesitation. Like a pro I say "Uncross your ankles and place the soles of your feet on the floor. Bring your hands into a prayer position at your heart." I look to my left and see Sharon's large eyes staring at me, she sits taller than tall, with her Mona Lisa smile. I look to my right and nod gently to Tony as he sits now with his arms folded over his chest. I continue drawing the symbols over Mary's head, blowing them into her crown and then drawing them into her hands and blowing those in. As I come full circle around Mary, back to the first position of standing behind her, I freeze and realize there is one more step in the attunement process that I am totally blanking out on. I try not to, but find myself

glancing toward Sharon. I refrain from looking at Tony, instead closing my eyes as I rest my hands again gently upon Mary's shoulders. Please, Reiki angels, guide me through the final portion of this attunement. I send my prayer out to the air and suddenly I find my arms and hands creating a circle shape over her crown, next I step back and draw a long *Raku* symbol behind her, and place my hands to her shoulders once again. I knew that was it. The attunement has been done successfully!

I stand by with eyes closed, awaiting further guidance. After having my hands on her shoulders for a few minutes, I then sit down and observe as she sits still, with her hands in a prayer position. She is swooning slowly back and forth with a smile on her face. I let her sit for a few more minutes before I ask "How do you feel Mary?" She peeks through one eye at first, then through another and bursts out laughing. "I feel amazing, so relaxed and at peace... so happy." "Well then I'll have some of that!" Exclaims Tony as he stands up, rubbing his hands together as if to get lucky at the slots in Vegas. I offer Mary water as she finds herself back to the couch.

I continue in the same fashion with Tony's attunement and find that *not* being in a rush helps to go with the guided flow I am receiving from the Reiki angels. I truly feel there is a difference from Sharon's voice inside my head, and the almost subtle movement of my body, as I let it go to the power and wisdom of Reiki. I am hardly thinking about what is happening, I am merely following divine orders! Before I know it, I am sitting opposite of Tony, asking once again "How are you feeling?" He quickly lowers his hands and says, "Wow, that's some powerful juice you got there!" We all drink water and chat for a few minutes before we exchange the next portion of the session which includes the couple receiving and sharing hands on healing with one another.

As we drive back over the Verrazano Bridge in our appointed town-car, I wonder how I could ever have

questioned Sharon. “The evening was a success!” She shouts with childish glee while raising her fists into the air victoriously. I feel so powerful and yet humbly muted, I am aware of this marker in my studies with Sharon, and I know she is to thank for this new part of my life. For now I am acting as a master and *my* very own master/teacher has sat by to witness my first experience of attuning students, without ever really teaching me *how* to attune, other than by watching her. I know something has shifted... after all I am a Reiki Master now.

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My schedule is getting packed. I teach at the gym on Wednesdays and Fridays. My Mondays are filled with Sharon, and The Scroll meetings. I see Jonah every other Sunday and I teach at Mary and Tony’s on the other Sundays! If I get this job- or I should say- when I get the job- I will be working at the nursing home twice a week too! I am now part-time at Jivamukti, but am finding myself taking more and more classes lately at Bhava Yoga, even though I have to pay for them. If I get the nursing home job, OK- WHEN I get the nursing home job, I’m gonna give my notice to Jivamukti. I’m really digging the scene at Bhava Yoga, or rather- the ‘lack of a scene’! It is so super mellow and I love their flow. Peter at Bhava teaches a two-hour class on Sundays at 6pm. I LOVE THAT CLASS- it totally makes me push past

what I think I know about my body. There are not all the frills of the Jivamukti Yoga Center- steeped in 'spiritual this-n-that' it's just yoga. Straight forward pranayama, movement and meditation. We all know why we're there and the classes go deep. I feel stronger in my body than ever before. Well, maybe about equal to when I studied Kung Fu, except- without the battle stances flowing through my thoughts. I feel every inch as much of a warrior- but a peaceful one that thinks more about assuming tree pose than performing a roundhouse kick on someone who looks at me strange in the subway at night. Yes, a peace and strength has come over me, and it is powerful. Peaceful, but powerful. It's like nothing has to be said- is that Zen? The Everything in No-thing. And the No-thing that is in Everything- Simply IS... Okay, Signing out now- BOOM.

“The door up here is open, come on in.” Sharon buzzes me into the entrance of her building. I stroll up the stairs to her apartment. Its 6.57 am. I'm 3 minutes early for our usual Monday morning session. I enter her house, throw my bag down and wonder where she is. This has happened on occasion, where she is still in bed. “Hey Sharon...” I announce as I walk down the hall. “Come on in the room honey.” She says in her childlike voice. As I turn the corner to her room I am stunned to see the red haired girl lying next to Sharon in her bed. It's like seeing a 'mini- me' version of Sharon. They are casually lying under the covers. Sharon looks wide awake as she props herself up to a seated position. The red head looks as if she just awoke. “Oh!” I say

in a surprised tone while attempting to keep my cool. “Uhh, good morning.” “You know Frieda from the group meetings don’t you, Tuesday?” Sharon says to me matter of fact. “Oh yes... Hi there,” I say wide-eyed. I know Sharon isn’t a lesbian, I mean I would *feel* that, right? “Frieda needs a place to stay right now.” Sharon announces. I nod coolly while thinking ‘Oh...Of course, Frieda needs a place to crash and that’s nice of Sharon to offer. BUT TO SLEEP WITH SHARON IN HER BED!? I mean, if it ever came to it and I needed to crash at Sharon’s I would not sleep *with* her, in her bed. The couch is physically, *and* psychically close enough for me.’ I turn towards the hallway and head back to the kitchen.

“Where are you going?” Sharon asks. “Come back, Frieda needs your help finding a yoga place in Manhattan.” I reluctantly turn back around and re-enter Sharon’s room. I smile politely at Frieda and we chat for a bit. I realize I am not resistant towards the small red head, but I am feeling awkward in Sharon’s presence. Somehow I feel like she is manipulating us both, the red head and I. I know Sharon recently gave Frieda her Level One attunement. I feel like sometimes Sharon is sucking energy *out* of me. Like, by having me around so much, she gets a ‘hit’ off of me. And by having the red head in her bed, she got a nice big dose of fresh energy... But maybe I’m just reacting too much. Sharon gets out of bed wearing a bright pink cotton t-shirt and beige high rise panties. She heads for the loo and I notice her legs are large, long and well formed.

I excuse myself to the kitchen to make coffee and realize I am still curious about why the small red head slept in Sharon’s bed as opposed to the couch. I remember another time, when Gretchen had to crash at Sharon’s for a couple of weeks, you didn’t see her cozying up in Sharon’s bed. It just seems so... *inappropriate*... Is that the correct word to use?...I think to myself as I reach to the top shelf for the Hawaiian dark blend. “There are muffins in the box on the counter,” I

hear Sharon shout down the hallway to me as I gather spoons, mugs and sugar. Am I jealous? Do I feel like the small red head is getting more attention from Sharon than I am? No, that's ludicrous! I don't want THAT kind of attention, even though I don't really know what kind of attention THAT is, no- I don't think I want that.

First Sharon enters, and then Frieda. We all sit down in the living room and get into our muffins and coffee. There is hardly a murmur for several minutes, only the silent chewing and soft slurping of coffee washing down the morning's flavor of lemon poppy-seed. I break the silence. "These are my absolute favorite flavor!" I tell Frieda about Bhava Yoga. She does not say much, but shortly after coffee she heads to the shower.

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*I am a channel for the highest light to flow, The
most pure, and highest vibrational light flows
through me now and heals all that it touches- I
channel Reiki and follow its highest guidance...*

My dreads are tightly wrapped into a bun and I am dressed conservatively. I step off the bus and into the large facility that houses my new students. I am scheduled to work on Tuesdays and Thursdays with the elderly folks at the nursing home. Each day we do a yoga and a Reiki class. Lyda meets me and introduces me to Lori who helps to coordinate the recreational programs on each floor. Lori takes me into a very warm and cheery atmosphere on the fourth floor. "This is my floor!" She says happily. "Though I work on all of the floors, this one is my home base." She walks to the head of the room touching the shoulders of residents in their chairs

as she passes by. They are assembled into a large horseshoe formation. “Listen up everyone, I am going to introduce you to our newest addition here, her name is Tuesday and she will be on the schedule now to teach us yoga on Tuesdays, and share Healing Touch with us on Thursdays!” She motions for me to join her at the front of the class. I turn to face my audience, who I see are the most darling group of individuals, bright and cheery from ages 65 to 93. I introduce myself and proceed to talk about yoga for a bit. I then place a CD on low in the background and sit myself in the center of the group and go through the movements of a modified chair yoga set that I have created. I do my best to stretch it to fill in a whole hour. Some students fall asleep half way through, while others either wheel themselves away from the group, or follow the program to its very end.

I am happy after my first class. I finish up with a Namaste bow to everyone. Those who participated, offer kind after thoughts like “Honey, that was real good. We need something like this around here!” I realize there are roughly 20 students in class and that 80% of them are in wheel chairs. Only about 15% of them appear to be coherent and completely aware of their surroundings. I recall all of the diagnosis I would be working with, as described by Lyda during my first walk through. As the group dissolves and I reach to remove my CD from the player, a small fragile woman shuffles her feet, and wheels her way to me in her chair. “Excuse me”, she says in an accent I can’t peg. “I want you to know that I feel very deeply touched by your presentation.” “Oh, that makes me feel real good.” I place my hand on her shoulder and she then takes a deep sigh, as if to almost hold back tears. I sense her loneliness. I sit in closer to her and ask if she’s OK. She closes her eyes. I am guided to stand behind her and place my hands to her shoulders. She continues taking deep breaths and after several minutes, she places her hand on mine as if to call my

attention to her. I come back around to the front of her chair and kneel down. She tenderly places her small, cool hand upon my face and cries. I look at her deeply and try to hold myself back from tearing up. I place both of my hands upon her own and sit with her as she sobs. “You know, they had me in the concentration camps. For many years I was in ‘the camps’.” She turns her wrist over to reveal a tattoo of numbers along her forearm.

She continues. “My brother was taken to another camp in a different area. I never saw him again until we were much older.” She then squeezes my hand tightly. “Our parents were killed early on and we had to survive, separately.” She looks at me in the eye, and I can see how her spotted confessions are bringing up deep wounds and deeper feelings for her. I go to hug her and she reaches out to hug me too. I am enveloped in her skeletal embrace and I send her heart love and light, love and light, love and light. I draw the *Sei He Kei*, and imagine it soaking directly into her heart center. When she pulls away, she says in a restored manner, “I thank you for this refreshing exchange. I don’t know where you came from, but you are my angel today.” I am left speechless and touched in a way that is indescribable. I have never before exchanged in such a profound and immense river of compassion. This is blowing my mind, and expanding my heart in a way that I can only compare to how I feel when I work with Jonah. I wanna call it ‘the saint’ feeling. I literally feel like I was just visited by a saint. The saint energy was both moving through the woman, and through myself.

I look forward to my yoga group on the second floor which is scheduled for after lunch. Lisa said she has ‘Book Club’ with her fourth floor group then, but would at least help me get oriented down there at 2pm. I peacefully eat my sandwich and drink coffee from the crammed cafeteria area. I later enter the second floor and am greeted by a cold-shouldered nurse who looks me up and down and then turns

her head making a 'Hm' sound as she walks away. The room is loud and messy. It is completely different from Lisa's floor. I guess there is no one governing over this floor. After all, this is the area where residents are supposed to be a little more mobile, or there is more help per resident either by a personal aide, care attendant, or nurse. I look around but do not see Lori. The television is on loud and there are a few people sitting in front of it. There are random elders just sitting in the middle of the room, hunched over in their wheel chairs. Some appear to be drooling while staring out into space, while others are sitting at tables reading newspapers, or just watching everyone else. Some folks were busy while others were sedentary.

"Hey now, you t'row d'at to me," a Jamaican nurse is motioning to another about something or the other. She stops in mid motion and leans back, away from me as I walk by. "Oh well, pardon me. Look who arrived. It's Ms. Yoga herself." I turn and offer a friendly nod, not recognizing this woman at all, nor any of the other nurses that seem to be gathering around. "Is d'at 'da yoga lady you was talking about?" I hear one girl say. "Mmm, hmmm. That's her." Says the next. "Look at d'em dreads. Who she t'inks she is? Is she Rasta?" They break out into an eruption of laughter at my expense. I become uncomfortable and run my power integrator. These ladies seem pretty tough on me for no apparent reason other than to break my balls. With no Lori here, I am going to have to 'set up' for class without her. Thank goodness I have her floor as a blueprint to work with. First I realize turning the TV off is most important. I wade through the many chairs and tables to the front of the room. I cannot find the remote. I smile and make eye contact with everyone as if to give a speech. But the TV is too loud and after attempting to talk and everyone straining to hear me, the nurses are laughing at me again. "Look at her, she gonna turn the TV off and make a speech! Ha ha. They not gonna

like that,” another voice says “Who she t’ink she is, turning the TV off? What? She gonna do some yoga and heal everyone?” The voice keeps talking while I clear away random chairs from the center of the room.

I wonder at the insistent resistance I am receiving from these women and run one detachment grid after the next. I next turn to face away from them and close my eyes. Universe, run my Merkabah (even though I ran it this morning- run it again!), run the Merkabah of this floor and delink these women from me and my yoga program, and from the students that wish to participate, for the highest good, so be it. I then turn around and announce “Hello, I am the new teacher. We will be starting our Chair Yoga program shortly. I will be turning the TV off for the next hour, after that we can put it back on.” As I turn to pull the plug from the wall. I hear the nurses repeating everything I just said, as if to mimic me. But I move forward anyway, and go to each resident and invite them to join in. As a group of ten or so band together, I also pull in the wheelchairs of those that appear despondent.

This class is much tougher to teach due to noise ratios and distractions, but I still think we did good. Especially against the odds of the heavy vibes the nurses were throwing around. I have never had such a fierce group of women try to bash me down like *that*. I pause and after giving it some consideration. Or, maybe I have.

Twenty-Six

Master of Time and Space

On the 3 Line... Don't usually take this train, but because of 'track work', I have to take this to Pacific/Atlantic Street and change there for the N Line. I pull out my 'Teachings of the Scroll' notebook and begin to write.

TEACHINGS OF THE SCROLL NOTEBOOK ENTRY APRIL 2, 2003

I've been reflecting a lot about my time with Sharon. Deep down inside I question her sometimes, but on the other hand I am truly learning some mind-blowing stuff. What I have learned with Sharon is when the power of mind is consciously tapped, it's like harnessing a swarm of wild horses. One can steer and master the meanderings of one's personal mind, and potently influence the greater mind for the highest good. It's like the universe is just waiting to listen to us- to share with us, but we have not learned as a people overall, how to tap this free energy of the grid.

I am beginning to see the grids as two or more parts that are truly one in the same, but somehow appear separate. When I write about grids, I always end up doodling a picture of a stick figure with lines coming out from its body. The lines represent the projection of the stick figure's thoughts and feelings as 'personal grid threads'. The projection of personal grids hook into a much larger network of 'greater grid'

threads'. The greater grids contain ALL thoughts, feelings and emotions expressed as the consciousness of the collective whole.

Everything is energy.

It's funny how we choose grids with each thought and emotion we entertain. And it's interesting how in every moment, we hook into grids energetically one way or another, through our mental/emotional and physical language, thoughts and responses. Everything is Energy and like attracts like. Every 'thing', 'feeling' and 'emotion' we entertain is braiding together a tapestry of life for us to experience. Everything as energy, vibrates at different cycles per second, and so we draw to us that of a like vibration or cycle per second. Depending on what we think about on a daily basis, or get swept up in emotionally,... When we plug into a grid, we receive more of it. Like attracts 'like'. It's The Law of Vibration. The same rules apply with the grid. What you focus on, multiplies. You are bringing light to whatever it is you are focusing on. You begin to see it everywhere you go, no matter where you go. You begin to experience it in your physical, mental, and emotional reality. When we focus on happiness and joy, we connect with them via the Law of Vibration, or as a vibrational match of ones cycles per second.

I pause from my writing to look up and see if I can figure out where I am on this subway line. Unfamiliar territory passes my view in fleeting moments of underground darkness. I put my Scroll notebook away, reach for my day to day journal, and continue writing.

JOURNAL ENTRY
APRIL 2, 2003

Sharon says the work I do with her, with Jonah- and now what I share at the old folks home, has so much Reiki literally flowing through me, that it is opening up my crystalline tube faster than the average attuned person that does not do all of this energy work. The result? The more Reiki that flows through you, (or me in this case)-the more your own tar body gets worked on. So, your own issues will come up for healing in faster ways. The karma of those issues also burns off quicker, and the ability to recognize ones 'stuff' as it comes up in greater quantities becomes clearer...

I pause again and look up, noticing we are traveling through a dark tunnel. Just then the train comes to an abrupt stop from a very fast speed. Passenger arms reach for the stabilizing poles that stand vertically and horizontally along the path that resides at the interior of the train. Unsecured bags slide forward along the floor, including a yellow pasta strainer that rolls on its side until it hits the door that leads to the small step-way between train car sections. Everyone becomes silent as we communally and calmly await the typical announcement that occurs when something like this happens on a New York train. The voice of the train dispatcher will say 'There is track work and we will be moving shortly', but after about thirty seconds- nothing. No voice, no crackling sound coming over the train speakers, no communication, no nothing.

Suddenly the lights go out and we are left in complete

darkness. Everyone takes a collective gasp and I feel like I am at a movie theatre. A body bumps into me from my left. It feels like somebody just sat near me in the dark. Nobody says a word. The only thing I can hear is the rustling of plastic bags as people scurry to gather their things. Next, someone lights a lighter and it appears to be the homeless man that was standing toward the front-end of the train where I am seated. His face illuminates from below with an eerie stillness as he looks over the crowd. The homeless man blurts out “We are all gonna die! Right here, right now!... The time has come for us all to die- together!”

The homeless man’s gnarly beard and hooded crown cast a shadow along the inner train wall. His deliverance of doom has people starting to become squeamish. We have all gone from cool calm and collected New Yorkers, to fearful birds of flight and anxiety. You can feel the energy in the train shift instantly. Somehow this man’s ability to transfer fear is powerful. Or is it that people really want to be afraid now, and the homeless man’s rant has given them the excuse? Stay calm, Tuesday, no matter what you do, detach and plug into the bigger picture of this scenario.

The lights come back on and the train swiftly jerks forward about three feet and then stops abruptly again. Everyone does a whiplash jerk of their heads. I look to my left and see that a young girl has sat herself next to me and is gripping at the elbow of my jacket, looking up to me in a confused and panicked manner. I hear a shallow panting type of breathing pattern come from across the train and see a woman frantically rummage through her backpack. Her breath becomes more and more shallow and labored, I see she is struggling to keep her cool as everyone is now watching her. I intuit that she has asthma and is looking for her inhaler. I close my eyes and softly raise my right hand towards her from my lap. I intend to send her the element of air. I imagine the element flowing through my body from the

divine source and from my hand into her lungs. She does not seem to be aware of my doings as she slowly sits back into her chair. She closes her eyes and becomes seated very erect. Her breathing slows down. She is now taking deeper and fuller breaths. Her sense of calm seems restored. I next run the grid of 'her finding her inhaler'.

My attention is pulled back to the homeless man who is now attempting to open the door to the section between trains. It is locked. He begins to nervously and repetitively pull and turn the handle that would usually, (especially on older trains), allow a passenger to move from one train car to another while the train is moving. "We're locked in!" he exclaims and pulls a knife from his pocket. Waving it in the air, he again exclaims with greater vigor "We're locked in and we're all gonna die!" There is a crackling from the in train speakers. We all look upwards towards the speakers but there is no voice, no one seems to be at the other end. It has been at least seven minutes or so and people are becoming impatient. The homeless man is now attempting to break the glass of the door with his elbow and forehead, alternating his movements repetitively. He then proceeds to scrape the edging of the window with his knife, as if to pry the window out of its frame. "Sit the fuck down crazy old man," a young male voice darts from the seats at the back of the train. The homeless man turns around. "Who said that?" Everyone is still. He begins to slowly walk the catwalk of the train holding his knife up in front of himself. "Was it you?" He begins to ask random passengers while thrusting his knife toward them. "Or how bout you!?"

I realize we have a big bully on our hands and wonder how to deal with this energetically. As he makes his way down the aisle there is a crackle sound again, but this time it is not coming through the speakers, but from the walls of the train. Next there is a loud sound akin to a small firearm going off within the upper portion of the train, near the ceiling.

We all physically react to the sound by lowering our bodies and ducking our heads. “What the fuck man?” The same young male voice speaks out loud again. A large cloud of smoke begins to seep into the train car from where the noise came from. Those seated around that area begin to stand up and gather towards the back of the train. Some reach for handkerchiefs to cover their mouths and noses. The young girl grasps my arm even harder and slides a little closer to me. Holy shit! I think to myself. ARE we all gonna die?? So many miles below sea level, underground in this dark tunnel of life? Hell no! I’m not dying here! I decide.

I close my eyes and am immediately guided to run the homeless man’s Merkabah and pull his plugs. I open my eyes and see him lose his footing. This causes him to fall suddenly (but safely) into an unoccupied seat and from the fumble, he appears startled into a silent humility. Next I am guided to run the Merkabah of our train car, and then the whole train and tunnel. The lights go off and then on again. Next, I am guided to run the rail lines, the electric power lines and the grid of calm for all beings on the train. Smoke continues to fill the train car. I envision filling the train with *Cho Ku Rei* and light. The young girl is still holding onto the arm sleeve of my coat. She has embedded her head into my elbow crease. I place my hand over hers and close my eyes once again. That’s it universe, that’s it train....stop with the smoke!... Let’s get moving! I say with authority and gusto- in my silent meditative state. Move it! I command. The train does not move. I breathe deeply and continue. I run the grid of movement, of flow. I run the grid of resistance. I run the grid of balance and ease. For the highest good. I pause and then feel that I can somehow remote view the issue that is causing the problem. I envision a blocked track and then send *Cho Ku Rei* symbols to the vision in front of me. I see the *Dai Ko Myo* flow through me. It unravels what appears to be the problem. I next envision all the lines of subway

tunnels underground and above ground becoming clear and flowing freely, like moving traffic that is neither slow or fast, but flowing.

At this point I open my eyes. The smoke has stopped filtering in and has dispersed. The homeless man appears to be asleep on the seat he fell into. People are beginning to talk with one another, as opposed to maintaining the general aloofness a New Yorker may sustain. Their talking creates a break in the silence and the uncomfortable energy the homeless man was building and commanding. Everything has shifted and there is a feeling of general hopefulness mixed with a repetition of complaints about New York's subway system. Over my shoulder, I even hear some laughter. The train begins to move, and after much crackling through the train car speakers, there is an announcement. "We Apologize for the inconvenience. We experienced trouble with the communications system and will continue moving now, without further delay." Finally, I get out of the subway station's belly and into the warmth of daylight. I make my way to Bhava Yoga, thanking the universe for a safe recovery.

The room is jam packed and candle-lit, the walls are creamed with condensation. We are over an hour into class and my hips are still tight. They resist the deep alignment offered by my teacher. I am in pigeon pose and we are performing the advanced variation of Eka Pada Rajakapotasana. The arch of Peter's foot holds my left hip down. I tilt my head backward while lifting my chest. He reaches the toes of my right foot to my forehead, and with his other hand, he stretches my right arm up into place and reminds me to breathe ujjayi. He then helps guide me into clasping my fingers to my foot at the top of my head. Tingles run through my lower back. This is the first time I have ever been able to do this pose- ever! It feels exhilarating, I envision a combination lock at my lower back and while I

breathe in the pose, the lock is being tapped, dialed and repeated. It becomes intense and odd, like a feeling I have never before felt inside my body. After that, I can no longer hold it and I release my toes, doing my best to avoid my leg from springing backward into someone's face. It felt like it had been wound up as if it was a spring that would explode in sheer force of its release.

As I awaken from Savasana and turn over onto my right side, I notice a pile of papers at the head of my mat. My name is written in the upper right hand corner. As I press my way up to a seated position I look again and notice the heading *Bhava Yoga Teacher Training Application*. My eyes widen and I try hard not to second guess myself. Am I sure it says that? I think back to the energy letters I wrote on the bus home from Woodstock. That was almost a whole year ago. Has my request to become a certified yoga teacher come to pass? We sit in meditation and later as the class lights go up I see that indeed the pile of papers is an application for teacher training... But what does it mean? After everyone leaves, there are twelve of us standing with applications in our hands. Peter enters the room and announces "You are all invited to fill in this application and upon approval, you will be invited to attend a free Bhava Yoga Teacher Training." I turn to look at my classmates in wonder and surprise, we all display acts of excitement. Peter next announces that we will have two weeks to fill in and return the application.

I decide to leave my shoes off and walk barefoot from Ave B and 6th Street, towards Union Square to catch the train. I grab a vegan slice and sit down on a bench. Looking up, I see the moon through the beauty of branches overhead and the sprinkle of stars that shimmer behind it. I shake my head in disbelief after remembering my journey into the city earlier today. What subway craziness! After swallowing I say out loud "This grid stuff, this energy stuff, this Reiki stuff- it's for real man!!" I then smile and begin to break into a laugh that

causes me to crouch over forward... As I sit back into an upright position I am now coughing and searching for my bottle of water. I attempt not to laugh and realize a man is now seated to my right on the bench. I nod and quickly unscrew the cap to my water and drink slowly. I look over and notice the man is very large, maybe weighing three hundred and fifty pounds. His hair is grey and dirty, the fingers within his fingerless gloved hands are black.

I have half my pizza slice left and offer him some of it. "What is it?" he asks. "Pizza." "Don't Say?" he says. "Well, it's Vegan Pizza, you know, fake meat, fake pepperoni. You know soy?... You know, like tofu?..." I respond. "Why would you want to eat that?" He asks in a funny way with a funny accent. I proceed to eat and he does not seem to want any as he gazes ahead. He does not seem to be drunk, or dangerous, he is just chillin here next to me. I finish my dinner and remain seated quietly and people-watch with my new friend, when he says "My kidneys aren't the best. The VA hospital can only do so much before they gotta take one out. Livin' on the street don't help none either, especially when it gets cold during the winter, that's when my kidneys really get to hurtin'." He stretches his muddied and thickly padded arm half way around his side, reaching his hand to his kidney area, as if to touch it. I instantly think of Reiki. "Hey, what if I could share something with you that is free and that can help you heal yourself?" He pauses and looks at me in the eye. His are large, brown and deeply set. "What is it?" He asks, leaning forward. "It is a simple form of hands on healing that is quite potent called Reiki. It's basically just opening yourself up to the healing energy of the universe in a fast ritual and then using it daily to help heal yourself." I suddenly have a flash of me attuning this homeless man right here in the park! "Is it like prayer?" He asks. "I never prayed much." "Well, think of all the love in the universe, and how powerful that is, and how much that energy can heal. Now think about *you*

laying hands on yourself to heal your kidneys and imagine that universal love flowing into you, through you from the universe, and healing everything it touches.” The man stares blankly ahead of himself for some time and then turns to me saying “I would like that very much.” He speaks well and does not seem confused when I use ‘new age’ terms. I am guided to seize the moment.

I rummage through my backpack for some kind of picture of *Cho Ku Rei* and decide to draw one for my student on a piece of paper. “Learn this symbol by heart and use it by envisioning it whenever you are guided. Like when your kidneys hurt and you do healing on yourself or when you are hungry and wish to manifest a good meal, or a bath, or bed. Put this in your pocket,” I say. I get up and stand behind him at the park bench, placing my hands upon his shoulders. “Only Level One.” I hear the guidance of what I feel as *his* Reiki Angels. I tell the man to relax, place his feet on the ground and his hands in prayer position. I call in our guides, protection and angels. I can feel this man is open, I can feel that his heart is truly open and he *wants* to heal. This seems to make the whole moment that much more powerful. I flow with the breath and do everything perfectly. For once, my first ‘truly perfect’ attunement, where I have not blanked out or paused, or guessed, it’s like I just knew and always have.

As my hands rest upon his shoulders, there is a huge draw of energy through me and I feel it flow out to all ‘like’ individuals. The universe is showing me how attuning this one man in the park sends healing along all grids of homeless people through all time and space, at least to those open to receive it. It helps raise the vibration for all that are open and ready, just as he is, to heal and to be healed, in whatever way that is. I realize what an amazing experience this is and remain in a heightened state with my new friend in the park. Oh no, do I have water for him?... After some time I gently lift my hands from his shoulders and sit back down next to

him. I then guide him through pulling his plugs from the soles of his feet. We sit silently for some time.

“Would you like some pineapple juice?” I say, shaking a can for him to open. He nods and licks his lips while opening the can. I close my eyes as he guzzles down what I’m sure, is absolutely delicious. He then sits back and releases a long sigh, followed by a “Woo whoooo!”... It is the voice of a whole different person. “I don’t know what you did, but I really needed that,” I smile and he nods his head. “Now you’ve got the power to really do some deep healing on yourself and to share that healing with others too. Your only job is to use it every day, lay those hands and state what it is you want to work on that day. Maybe one day it is your kidneys, the next your teeth, the next something else?...” After some time I am guided to go. I tell him he will be in my prayers and to let Reiki guide him along his healing path.

I pull out my journal and write today’s date once again at the top of a new sheet of paper.

JOURNAL ENTRY CONTINUED APRIL 2, 2003

Today I mastered my time and space- everywhere I went. I am that. - Cho Ku Rei.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Crystalline Tube

Sipping coffee in bed, I enjoy lounging on this early Monday morning. I pull my journal out and begin to write.

JOURNAL ENTRY

MAY 4, 2003

I am still confused by the 'Andrew question' dilemma. It has been three years of Andrew questions. I feel bullied by Sharon's constant need to know... She had me on the phone for two hours last night asking stupid Andrew questions. It has really become such a big part of our whole connection, but a part of me feels it is wrong, or it's like we are abusing the grid by asking so many psychic questions about other people. I really dislike it.

I pause in stillness, then continue writing.

It's weird though, because on the other hand I can't help but feel this practice has led to the development of a psychic quarter within myself that is honed and focused- to the point of my absolute clarity and trust in asking and receiving information from the universal grid.

Now I ask the grid questions all the time too... About my own affairs, and always trust that if I hear no reply, it is for the highest good. I will be given guidance when the timing is right for me. One learns how to intuit and divulge information not only from the greater universal strata, but from their higher self, the higher self of others, from nature, from loved ones and friends that are among us, and from those who have passed from this life. The sources to ask from are endless, because everything is of the one source, the answer always IS. Where ever you are- the answer is there too, even if the answer is no answer- that is the answer for that time and space.

All of this said, I am beginning to feel like I am outgrowing Sharon. Maybe if she didn't play that weird psychic 'question and answer game', I would feel differently. Is it because I am coming into my own power? Have I learned all I can learn from her or is there more? If I did not feel manipulated by her, I'm sure that would dramatically change things. I just don't like all the questions she constantly asks me, and she has begun to ask not only about Andrew and Miguel, but random questions about members in the group too.

I TOTALLY FEEL LIKE SHE IS PSYCHICALLY INVADING MY MIND FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER WELFARE. It's hard to describe. For example, she will ask me a question regarding someone and then instead of me feeling like I am truly receiving a download from a higher source- I will feel her mind intervene, as if psychically attempting to bend my mind- and manipulate my answers to be the kind of answers and thoughts she wants me to have about a person/place or thing. It's like, as if by inserting into my mind -the equation she wishes for, she has succeeded in creating a 'transmitting tower' out of me, which then broadcasts her vision of how she wants things to be answered and revealed. And I Don't Like It!

I experience a sudden chill run up my spine.
If what I'm feeling is correct, then as I go about my life, I become her 'psychic toy', transmitting the exact frequencies she wants me to- about her personal situations with Andrew and Miguel. Is she using and abusing my power? At the beginning I loved the psychic exercise, and I do recall feeling freer in my exploration of receiving information from a greater source. I felt like I was truly downloading some serious 411 from the grids when she started all this. But now my mind muscle is so strong, it can

sense foul play and I don't want to 'play' with her in this way anymore.

Of course I am conflicted about telling her how I feel. Arghhh- I know my throat chakra is all blocked up about it, as with so many other things... But I also feel afraid of her, like she is an energy bully. Is it because she knows everything about me, and my life? Is it connected to me being bullied as a child, by the likes of Brian Woodley and Yvette? Am I afraid if I stood up to her that she would manipulate my life psychically and create havoc?

The more I write about this now, the more I see how deep this goes. I have been so very busy that I'm just going with the same flow with her for three years now. Is it time for a change? I'm on my way to her apartment for our Monday morning Reiki session right now! I recently counted on the calendar, and I have rarely missed our Monday meetings besides holidays and a few band rehearsals. I have been with her for roughly 150 sessions in the time we have been working together. And that does not include the evening channel sessions, from which I have accumulated nearly thirty Scroll journals full of her channeled offerings. I finish my journal entry.

I wonder if she will feel all this stuff that is coming up now? I run my Merkabah and the detachment grid... and I place myself in an egg of mirrors so that all she projects unto me will

be reflected back to her, so she will not be able to 'read' me. Signing off-Raku

I close my journal and take a deep breath. Knowing I have a long time left on the train, I decide to jot down some ideas about the grids and stuff. I find it absolutely fascinating. Something starts to spin deep within my being when I let go and free my mind in consideration of all the magical meanderings of this universe and all of the possibilities. I pull out my latest Teachings of the Scroll notebook and begin to write.

TEACHINGS OF THE SCROLL
NOTEBOOK ENTRY
MAY 4, 2003

There is a certain accomplishment in learning how to tap what is here now, and also into the now that lies beyond the visible 'here'. I am convinced that to touch both or more at the same time, is an absolute ability everyone has access to. It feels like we are the healthiest, happiest and most powerful when aligned with the energetic blue print of self that is of our own individual design.

Like snowflakes, each 'being' and thing has a base path, a base purpose and space to hold in existence that is unique unto itself. And when each being and thing resonates with the vibrational frequency that resides as their higher hologram of self, they

*energetically expand to include more of who they are-
and that includes all of existence.*

I close my notebook and take a deep breath. I enjoy pondering further extensions of this concept. The more 'you' that includes more of everything else can easily transpose the murmurings of an Alzheimer's patient and decipher what a squirrel may be saying as you pass one another along the side walk. The universe is always speaking and singing. It's like a great big web of vibration creating tones and notes, that bounce off of one another, creating more webs and ripples as they go.

~

Sharon buzzes me in. I look at my surroundings, as if taking them in for the last time. I glance to her office area and notice two of Frieda's boxes still there. She moved out of Sharon's some time ago. I never got over seeing her in bed with Sharon numerous times. Sharon said she was 'working with' Frieda by doing Reiki on her through the night as they slept. Something about helping Frieda get over issues she had with being a red haired Jew. Hmm, well whatever, I pass no judgment but it still seemed unnecessary to me. I can't imagine telling one of my students to sleep in my bed with me. But then again I haven't been doing this as long as she has, and if I truly hold the situation in its highest light, I realize there may be aspects about Frieda's healing I am unaware of. What if a dear family member, friend or student fell very ill and I had the opportunity to lie with them in their hospital bed as a means to provide care and healing? Where does the line get drawn?

"Good Morning!" Sharon says in a gleeful tone as

she enters the kitchen and pours us each coffee. Oh good, she doesn't seem to be aware of all the stuff that is coming up for me about her. We sit for a while and chat about my yoga classes, and how I've become "Brooklyn's premiere yoga teacher" as Sharon puts it. I am grateful because she was my first paying yoga student and it's because of her I walked into the gym and announced I was available to teach. She seems very childlike and innocent today, as she does from time to time and I wonder if this is the Sharon that resides under all of the channeling, or the one that resided before she started to channel. After some time, she begins to veer towards the questioning I so abhor.

"So, I am going to start taking Spanish lessons with Miguel's wife Tanya today." Sharon announces. I am hardly surprised by her and try my best to keep my negative suspicions and judgment's invisible from her wandering psychic eye. "Oh, why is that?" I say. She shrugs her shoulders and says, "I guess I am just supposed to learn." 'Good answer', I think to myself. "Tanya is coming today at 2pm, so we have to be finished by then." I think to how, still to this day Sharon pays me \$70 for arriving to her apartment at 7am every Monday to do Reiki with her. I become humbled in the moment and grateful for the exchange. I also recall how she has shared several free Reiki sessions with me when I have been going through a transformation or emotional meltdown. I guess it just irks me sometimes because, what started out as a two-hour *session* has become a five to seven hour 'shift', and I still get paid the same amount. I also recognize that I have never asked for a raise! I have to remember, that I have been in an apprenticeship with her, and through this time spent with her I have learned all that I know. Wow, by simply being in her presence and watching

and absorbing how she does what she does, I have learned so much. It's amazing I get paid at all. Stay humble, Tuesday. I think to myself.

She pulls out a pile of children's books and they are all in Spanish. She points out the words for 'cat', 'hat' and 'walk' etc. And proceeds to attempt to say the translation. We both laugh and a lighter tone begins to wash through me. I realize I am scrutinizing everything because of my consideration that my time may be up with my teacher. I decide to enjoy the time I am here with her. She changes gears quickly. "So, ask if Andrew will leave his girlfriend this week. You know, they do way too much cocaine and I know he is looking for someone who is more stable and nurturing. I think she just uses him and keeps him coked up," she says. I sit and close my physical eyes to open my third eye for answers regarding her question and for once in a very long time I do not feel her tentacles all over me, and my thoughts. I am free to simply *channel the grid* and be open to what comes for the highest good. Maybe she senses my awareness of her psychic misconduct and is attempting to show me energetically that she respects my space and abilities. "I get that he is too comfortable where he is and that she makes it easy for him. He can come and go as he wants, so he is under no pressure from her. In that way, he kinda uses her too," I announce.

"So, what about Miguel, is he happy in his marriage with Tanya? Would he leave her for me?" She then asks. I close my eyes again and take a moment to personally connect with the question, which seems quite preposterous to me, but I detach and ask the universe in my own silent way. "Yes, he is happy and content with Tanya. I am not getting that he runs around too much with the same crowd as Andrew. It's

like he's not into the cocaine stuff... Maybe because of his kids... But um... I get that he likes you and checks your body out and stuff, but he is not planning to leave his wife or anything." I feel so free in this session, without feeling hindered by the pressure of Sharon's merging thoughts with my own. I am even *more* clear to share in depth downloads of what is happening on the other planes of existence. Amazing! I become 'un' annoyed at Sharon's questions and find myself looking forward to answering the next one. "When will I get pregnant with Andrews baby?" She asks this question in a girly tone while smoothly caressing my arm, fluttering her eyelashes and tilting her head like a teenager with a huge crush on someone. Seeing that she and Andrew have only spent a few hours together outside of the tennis club, her getting pregnant by him could take a while to say the least! But I detach again and tune into the strata of the universe and listen. "Anything is possible," I say.

Yes, I definitely have a feeling she was able to read me and pick up my frustrations about her psychic manipulation, and that is why she has loosened her reigns on my mind power. Though today feels different, as far as answering her questions go. I am still super aware and I must admit, suspicious.

We settle in and get to work. Time flies by and before I know it she says she has to get ready for Tanya's arrival. It is 1.20 pm. Wow, I am getting off early today! I think to myself. Sharon hugs me goodbye and says "I will see you later for group class. Meet me back here at 7pm, we are going to get a ride with Henrietta and her husband out to Danielle's home in Far Rockaway tonight." Our group gatherings have been moving around to different people's homes since 9/11 happened. Sharon says people's homes and

communities receive a huge hit of healing by housing The Scroll gatherings. Also, the gatherings are now specific to Reiki Masters. That is, everyone in the group is now a Reiki Master, and the channeling sessions seem to be tailored to that angle. I arrive home to see a letter has arrived from my mother. We just spoke a week ago, and I wonder what she may be writing about. I rip the envelope open and read.

*Tuesday,
I hope this letter finds you well and happy in your life choices at this time. Without alarming you, I wanted to send you this note. I had a dream after our conversation on the phone about your relationship with your teacher, Sharon.*

In my dream, I was sitting next to Sharon in a restaurant. All I could sense was a terribly 'leaky crown chakra' coming from her. I know she is your teacher, and I do see how you have grown over the years while under her guidance. You know, in many ways I am

moved by the work you are doing with her in the hospital, with the young boy, and I am absolutely interested in the notes you have shared with me regarding the channelings she has passed on... But there was something about her in the dream that felt 'off' to me, and like a warning sign.

In the next scene of the dream, I see myself sitting upon a large throne flanked with a heavy sword by my side. Sharon stands before me. I feel equally powerful as her, say, in the light. But I also sense a darker continuum to her greater being. I sense she does not know how to ground all of the energy coming through her, and is easily misled by her dark side. In the dream I felt she is using you as a

means of grounding herself.

I pause, considering all I was thinking on earlier this morning. Is Sharon an energy vampire? I shudder at the thought and continue reading my letter.

Look Tuesday, I could feel her wanting to take your energy over in the dream, and I had to tell her not to cross the line with you. I told her to dare not use your power for her personal gains. I told her she would have to deal with me if she ever were to tread that path...

I pause again. My eyes well up with tears. I feel touched by my mother's action to write this letter. This is the first time she has truly shown me protection, and albeit psychic protection, I receive it and revel in my mother's dream and thoughtfulness. It is so strange because I had not mentioned to mother any of the weird psychic questioning Sharon uses. Yet somehow she picked up on it through her dreams. It serves to confirm my suspicions towards Sharon and I am left feeling awkward, as an apprentice to a charlatan would.

I finish the letter and sit in meditation before heading back to Sharon's place for the evening's Scroll session. In my meditation I have the realization that it is indeed time to allow a new level of trust to flourish between myself and mother. For too many years I have blamed her for things I could not control. In taking a conscious

step towards letting the hurts of the past go, I know it will ripple out and affect all other parts of my life in positive ways. I am a Reiki Master, if I can't find more forgiveness in my heart for mother now, when will I? I finish my meditation by visualizing myself and mother sitting peacefully in nature together. I see a bubble of light around us and fill it with love and the *Sei He Kei* symbol for emotional healing.

~

Later I am sitting next to Henrietta in the back seat as Sharon sits up front. Henrietta's husband Ron is driving. "Henri..." I affectionately call Henrietta... "What's on your ear?" "Well Tuesday, I have decided to give up smoking and have been seeing an acupuncturist for help. He does the needles on me when I'm in the office, but he also places these little pads on my ears for the time in-between my sessions," she says. I look closer and they resemble tiny Band-Aid material with a small pebble type thingy under it. "You see the little bump under the pad?" She says. "Mmmhmmm." I mumble while inspecting her ear. "Well, that's putting pressure on the acupuncture point that releases me from my addiction to nicotine." "Amazing. I love it!" I say, and we giggle in the backseat like school kids. Henrietta is a very sweet person. She is a *Jersey* lady, meaning she is from New Jersey. She is in her fifties, five foot-two inches tall, cuddly, and has the kindest eyes and way about herself. She is a little too kind if you ask me. Sometimes I think Sharon is taking advantage of her. Like, I have noticed Sharon indulges in 'questioning' her too, but I think Henri doesn't know when to say NO and will sit there as long as Sharon keeps talking. Hmmm, well, who am I to talk? *Can I*

hold my own space with Sharon? We arrive to our destination and greet one another.

As we settle in, Sharon announces “Jennie don’t you have some news you want to share?” “Yes, I want to thank everybody for their support and prayers. Our Jonah came out of his coma earlier this week and we are thrilled by this.” The group inhales together in a sigh of joyous shock and claps and hollers in a celebratory fashion. I look at Sharon wide-eyed, my faith in her has been restored. Tears start to well up in Jennie’s eyes. “I don’t even know how we were able to get through this long haul, with our little Jonah in a coma. I know Reiki has played a big part in his slow recovery, our family’s healing, and... well, we are not out of the woods yet, but I just want to say thank you to everybody.” She sits down, reaching into her purse for a tissue, and wipes her eyes.

Many of us have been in the group for so long now, it is like seeing family you love and miss each time we come together. Not everyone makes each gathering, so it is always a treat to see familiar faces when they appear after not being around for some time. Tonight Sharon has brought a healing table for us to work from, and Big Red sets it up for her. After chatting for a bit and perusing the cookie table, we all get settled into our seats and places. Sharon sits silently. Danielle dims the lights and we begin. Sharon speaks in her Russian accent, channeling Raz.

“Tonight we will learn how to work on the crystalline tube, and about ‘healing grids’. Only Masters should do this work with the crystalline tube- or at least a Master should be present to run the energy for the rest of the group or people they may be working with. When I say we will work with the crystalline tube, I am meaning that we will actually pull up the main tube that the symbols go into when you attune someone with Reiki. It is the

main tube that is the greatest channel in your body- the main tube, or channel of energy that houses the spine and chakras- in the Sanskrit language it is called the 'Shushumna' or 'Sushumna'- this, we will work closely with tonight." Ron raises his hand. "Yes?" Raz responds. "Why do you have to be a Reiki Master to work with the tube?" "Good question, this is because of the advanced amount of energy that draws through you when working in such close quarters with someone in this way. A Masters' channels are appropriately open to hold space for the depth of healing that occurs. And the master can also help to hold space for the healing that occurs for the other healers that may be applying 'hands on' for the process. You see, everyone is affected by the crystalline tube healing, and a Master must-to be present, coordinating the event in alignment with their highest guidance, for the protection of their students and the fellow Reiki members that may be helping in the session too. Without a Master present, well... this work would knock the socks off of a Level One or Two. A Level Three can be present with a little more ease, but really the tube-healing should only be executed by a Reiki Master, with the Master in charge of the ceremony. A Master takes responsibility. Remember- you are Masters- you are responsible for performing the healings you share correctly and with the highest of integrity. You are Masters," Raz repeats himself again and continues.

"You see, to work on the tube, we will 'pull it up' out from the body. Well actually, when you do tube work, it pulls up out of the individual's body by itself. One just says 'I now pull the crystalline tube up' to initiate the proceedings. Once 'up' and outside of a person's physical body- the tube turns itself inside out."

There is a pause and many in the group make an excited gasping sound at the prospect of this. *"When the tube turns itself inside out- you are working directly within the largest field of tar within a person's being. This area contains not only the tar collected from this lifetime, but the tar they have carried*

over from past lives. It is pretty murky territory. In the tube- you are working on the D.N.A level of an individual's being, so with that, a master should ONLY do tube work when they are clearly guided to do so." There is a pause. *"Did all of you Masters hear me? I said ONLY work with the tube as you are clearly guided to, not when YOU think it should happen. That is rule number one. The healing can be so profound and powerful within the tube, the recipient has to be ready to receive the gifts of change that clearing the tube can bring. That is why we always listen to the highest guidance and share healing for the highest good. The universe knows better than we do whether someone is ready or not to experience what can be in many cases a life changing experience, often coupled with intense detoxification processes- depending on the individual. As the term goes, a little goes a long way here, and you do not need to stay long working on the tube at all. In mere minutes, by applying Reiki above the tube, reconstruction of the client's D.N.A comes to pass. It can help transform their healing process exponentially."* We all sit silently, wide eyed and in amazement. As I scribble in my Scroll notebook, I wonder if this is something Sharon learned with The Dalai Lama, or if this is strictly a Raz technique.

Sharon sips from her water and continues channeling Raz. *"Now, you must also know the second rule with working on the tube. You must, must, must- always call in the detachment symbol and imagine the symbol in the air- as if in the center of the room or above the body you are healing, BEFORE you call on the tube to be lifted up for each person. That means each time you work on a new tube- remember your detachment symbol rule. Call in the symbol and do not forget."* This is sounding pretty intense. I glance to the healing table and wonder who will be our 'example body' tonight. I don't know if I am ready to receive this kind of healing or not.

"So, when you run the detachment symbol and call it into the space you are working- it creates the most protection you can ever

ask for in this situation. It's like a cosmic condom." Raz's remark breaks the tension in the room and everybody laughs out loud. *"Yes, it is like a cosmic condom. When you call in the symbol, a bright white light shoots up one side of your body and down the other side, completely enclosing you in its protection."* June raises her hand. *"Can't we just call in the 'light of Christ', or the 'violet flame' for protection?"* *"You can call in whatever you like and imagine whatever you like to protect you- but it will not be sufficient. If you do not use the detachment symbol, you will pick up the darker tar aspects that reside and dwell in the tube you are working on. Is this clear to you? The detachment symbol and work with the crystalline tube go together- never is the tube without the symbol."* Raz says to June. I know about 'running the detachment grid', but a symbol for detachment? I don't recall that. I think to myself. There is silence in the room and Raz continues while directing his words to June. *"Now, no matter how well you know someone, or how nice they are- everybody carries tar, and TAR is TAR, no matter how pretty it looks on the outside- TAR is TAR. GOT IT?"* Raz uses a hard tone. June remains silent while raising her eyebrows, and slowly nods her head in agreement.

I raise my hand. *"Remind us, besides the protection aspect of the detachment symbol, why it is so important to use the detachment symbol during this specific kind of healing?"* *"Well, if you remember from before, we discussed with you the premise of detachment, and that it delinks you from all the judgments and projections you may have, hold, or contribute to life in general, and in this case-during a healing you conduct. You must be 'clear as a bell' as they say- to carry out the healings on the crystalline tube. The only way is to run the detachment symbol before beginning, this will de-link you from whatever negative or unnecessary contributing energies you may literally bring to the table. It will also allow you to be undistracted by anything you may come into contact with while*

working on the tube. Remember- this is serious stuff here, people carry their darkest and deepest secrets, demons, shadows, grief, fear, and all the monsters they have created- in this tar of the tube. You do not need to be reacting to their stuff as it comes up, you do not need to be involved on that level, you are a healer. Detachment helps you to be invisible on that level- you are simply there for a brief period to conduct and channel the healing correctly, and to be an observer. You are there to help hold space for someone along their personal healing journey. Got it?” Raz says again, but this time to me, and I nod my head in agreement saying; “Yes, I get it.”

“Rule number three. There is one means to work on the tube and one means only- no fancy bokey pokey and changing things around during a tube healing okay? I will teach you what to do during a crystalline tube healing... And for your protection, DO NOT change anything at all. Use the method I show you, and that method ONLY. Also, you must-to know that when you are working on the crystalline tube, you are directly accessing the healing grids connected to the physical body. Healing grids here are communal- as all grids are, meaning we all share the same grids of healing and are connected at this level very deeply as human beings on this planet. That is another reason why you MUST-TO draw and call in the detachment symbol. Each healing grid is connected to each chakra in the body of the individual you are working on- and each healing grid is also connected to all chakras in all bodies, throughout all time and space, including your own. So, when you work on the tube, you are in a way serving to create balance and healing throughout all time and space, for all beings, for the highest good of all.”

The room is silent and I can feel tension in the air. We are all suspended somewhere between fearing this tube work and being so utterly entranced by all the information being disseminated tonight, that we can hardly move. It seems Raz can feel this and announces a five-minute break before we begin with our work on

the healing table. I remain still and seated in my place and write notes while others talk and refill their water glasses.

Sharon appears to be back to 'Sharon' as she rifles through her bag and pulls out several papers and hands them out to us. "What is this?" Big Red asks. "This is the detachment symbol. You are to learn it off by heart and use it appropriately." There is a pause as we all observe the symbol and soak it in. It really just looks like two lightning bolts side by side. And almost like the *Raku* Reiki symbol. I think to myself. Just then Henrietta says "Um, this is weird Sharon, but this looks like the symbol the 'S.S.' organization under Adolf Hitler and the Nazi Party used." Everyone stops and looks at Sharon blankly. I realize that I personally have no recollection of this symbol from any prior history lessons, but that does not mean it doesn't exist for others. We await Sharon's response but there is none. She offers a half-nod to Henrietta and sits down in silence. We are all intrigued and wonder what to do. Just then Sharon morphs into Raz and begins to speak.

"You must-to understand that things such as two lightning bolts side by side are universal, and this detachment symbol used for what was perceived as 'bad' in your history books can evolve and become something new, used for healing and the higher good. Remember this is what Sharon's job is here as The Scroll. She is introducing several new concepts and ways to consider energy in the universe so that ancient texts may be re-written through the minds of you and shared into your circles and beyond. In this way consciousness can reach a new level of expansion and co-creation-ship with the greater body of the universe." There is a pause. "But isn't it weird, or bad to bring that symbol back into circulation like this?" Henrietta asks. "I don't know the answer. You tell me," Raz shoots his answer back and continues. "Look lady, everything is everything and unless we

decide what things are for us, and mean to us, they will remain being what they have always been. Consider this an opportunity to release this 'symbol' from its old mold, so to speak and let it evolve into a new light that holds space for this deep healing work on the tube." Henrietta nods in consideration. "Now, does anybody have resistance to using this symbol here tonight?" Raz asks the group. No one speaks and we all shake our heads in silent agreement that it feels okay to use the detachment symbol provided to us in this way.

"Okay, Who will be the first to go?" Raz asks the group. "I will." Danielle's hand fly's up into the air, and she begins to stand up while the rest of us remain seated and completely still as if we are at an auction and do not want to be *sighted* on accident by any sudden movements we may make. Maybe because its Danielle's home, she is comfortable to go first. I think to myself. We assemble ourselves around the table and await Raz's guidance.

"Okay- I now call in the detachment symbol. And let's all envision the detachment symbol above the table and also call in detachment for ourselves. Remember, this will protect you and the recipient." After a moment, Sharon snaps her fingers saying "Okay- lets pull up the tube." Though there are no noticeable changes to Danielle's physical body, there is a definite shift of energy in the room. "If you cannot see it or sense it, Danielle's tube has raised several inches from her body. We will stand next to each other on opposite sides of this table and go like this." Sharon's arms extend out hovering above the center of Danielle's body where her spine is. She places her hands next to one another, cupping them as if gently holding the invisible tube. We copy her motion and then she tells us to slowly walk down towards Danielle's feet, with our hands now all in a row, cupping Danielle's tube. We start from her crown, and in unison we slowly shuffle from the top of her

body to the bottom, below her torso, almost down to her feet. At one point, just when my hands are cupping the tube at the area that resides above Danielle's heart, Raz guides us to stop and hold the pose. *"You may be guided from time to time to hold the position. This will be in places where there is a large amount of tar built up, and the extra twenty to thirty seconds you may be guided to stay will help soften the tar for its appropriate release in that area."*

While we stand there I close my eyes and suddenly begin to see a plethora of swords, scissors and large sharp cutting blades. I next see blood running along the blade edges, dripping from them like a scene from a gory Halloween film. I get a shiver and remember the detachment symbol. Though we already ran it, I run it again and instantly feel a loosening of my own reactions to what I am seeing. Just then Raz guides us to continue moving. I count and we do the 'running hands up and down the tube' six times. She then instructs us to remove our hands and tells us the tube is sinking back into Danielle's body. The process took about three minutes total.

"Now we are here, you are ready for rule number four- NEVER place your hands on the physical body of the recipient a) while you call the tube up, b) while the tube is up and c) when the tube is going back down. Again, there is too much of an open tar body territory, and you do not need to subject yourself to that energy. It is the same when you are working on someone and guide them to pull their plugs while on the table. You do not stand in front of their feet while the tar comes out- do you?" Sharon as Raz looks around the room and we all say "No" and shake our heads. She continues. *"Wait and you will be guided when it is time to replace the hands on your clients body, if at all. Tube work is often guided as the last portion of a healing you may share with someone, though, that said, it can happen anytime during a healing. Just wait to re-place the hands- if at*

all.” Danielle slowly sits up on the table and is given a glass of water. “*Questions?*” Raz asks. Henrietta speaks. “I felt the tube was kind of spiky. At times I could feel sharp prickles on the inside of my hands.” Others in the group agree. “*Yes, our dear Danielle has a lot of tar to let go of at this time, and it can translate as those prickly feelings as it releases. Anything else?*” Raz looks directly at me and I am guided not to bring up the visuals I saw during the healing, but instead I place my hand on Danielle’s shoulder and say to her “Do you feel hurt inside? Or that you have thought about hurting yourself?” I am cautious not to go too deep. Suddenly Danielle begins to cry. “Yes,” she answers sobbing. Big Red grabs her a tissue and she continues.

“When I found out my husband was cheating on me for ten years, and when he told me our house was going up for foreclosure, all I could do was think about escaping in the most morbid ways.” She continues to ball her eyes out and I hold her while the group offers healing hands to her back and heart area. She then excuses herself to the restroom. There is a pause of silence. “*Who’s next?*” Raz says. We are all pretty reserved about stepping forward, but then Big Red hops up on the table and changes the mood. “Hit me with the love stick!” He says, and we all laugh, relieved for the change of energy. While we work on him, I begin to feel a watery feeling flow through my hands and I see the color blue strongly in my mind’s eye. This feels so much lighter than Danielle’s energy. It almost feels playful.

At the end of the session Big Red sits up and says “See, that wasn’t so bad now was it?” The group laughs out loud and we recall what we experienced. Others express feeling the watery aspect too. “*This is Red’s creativity, it is in a prime aspect now, being highlighted in many*

ways of his life.” Offers Raz. Oh. I guess it doesn’t have to be all deep and heavy duty stuff. I think to myself. We further discuss what we felt and then I raise my hand to go next on the table. Once settled and laying down, I close my eyes and hear Sharon as Raz guide the calling in of the detachment symbol and snap her fingers, as to initiate pulling the tube up. I do not necessarily *feel* different during the tube work, but I instantly begin having visions of my life and all the people who I feel hurt by in one way or another. Brian Woodley, Yvette, my mother, Troy, and others float through my mind. I begin to feel deeply how much hurt I harbor inside regarding my relationships with these people. Before I know it, I am done and slowly sit up. “Well...?, You guys can tell me- whad’ya get?” I look around and Henrietta says, “Honey, you are such a bright light, but there is some darkness inside. Now, not the kind that lurks like a demon or anything, but it feels like old issues that need completion are still lingering and holding you back from being all that you can be now.” Her words bring gentle tears to my eyes and I know she is right. I remain silent and hug her while pondering what exercises to do to complete with these parts of myself and let them go in peace and light.

The evening ends with Sharon being ‘Sharon’ and not Raz. She announces that she will be taking names to give to *her* Reiki teachers, regarding anyone in the group interested in becoming a Grand Reiki Master. Ron asks “Will we get to study with The Dalai Lama too, the way you did?” “I am not sure who will lead the proceedings. When I did my training, it was in 1975. These days The Dalai Lama seems to be extremely busy with worldly affairs, but saying this, I really do not know for sure who will be your teachers.” “How much time did you spend with The Dalai Lama during your Grand Master

training?” asks June. “Myself and the other four participants I trained with, spent roughly a third of our time with The Dalai Lama and the other portion with various monks in Tibet and India. It was a three-year process. The monks in Tibet led us through different teachings. Each month we traveled to India to visit with The Dalai Lama. He would check in with us, making sure we were absorbing the information correctly and applying it appropriately.” “How did you do all of this, while observing silence for two years?” Jennie asks. “Ahh, you would be amazed!” She smiles at her and winks. I assume she is speaking of telepathy or written diagrams and such.

Wow, this is amazing to hear Sharon speak so much about this, I always presumed she was bound to silence regarding those matters. I wonder what she will say about it next. Just then she says “Okay, that’s all I can say about my experiences to the group, but if you are interested, let me know.”

Ha! Just as I’m thinking she’s gonna start spilling the beans, no can do. I guess that’s what keeps it all so sacred. As the group breaks up and starts chatting and heading back to the cookie table, I wonder briefly about the possibility of a Grand Master training for myself and then quickly let the thought go. I am nowhere near being ready for that. I am just coming into my power of understanding myself in the role of teacher and Reiki Master, let alone Grand Master.

Twenty-Eight

In Sickness and in Health

I am getting set up for yoga class at the gym, and look forward to meeting Nico tonight. He is Sal and Gus's little brother. He is undergoing remission from Leukemia. I just hope this class won't be too much for him. I look up and know this must be him. His body is long and slim, his skin is pale and gently moist. Large, round, dark-brown eyes smile and a long, lean arm reaches out to me. With a face that is slight, and delicately sweet he says "Tuesday?" and reaches to hug me. "Yes!" I say. "I'm Nico, Sal and Gus sent me." I offer a soft hug. "Hi Nico!" I warmly see him into the room. I tell Nico what to expect and that he may rest at any time. I make sure to let him know it's OK to stop and take breaks. I am aware of his Leukemia remission and don't want him to overdo it. I find myself worrying, and later remember to de-link and trust that he is here for a reason and the reason is for the highest good.

JOURNAL ENTRY

JULY 02, 2003

I have started working with a young man named Nico at a hospital in Manhattan. He started as my yoga student, but unfortunately his Leukemia has kicked in again, so I now share Reiki with him as often as possible. He has been through several remissions and his body is beat up from all of the chemotherapy. The doctors say there is little chance of him surviving this latest round of chemo.

I feel so deeply for his family. His poor brothers and mother have to simply stand by and watch their dear one suffer. Again, there is something that feels so natural for me about working with people at the gateway of life and death. I know it sounds weird, but there is such an honest and grace-filled energy in that time and space. There is no pretense. These people know their time may be up and it offers them a way to truly live... If even for the first time in their lives. The state of grace I feel doing this work continues to expand, and I do not want to do anything else. I can totally hold my own space in this setting, thanks to all the time I spent with Jonah and Sharon in the hospital. I am not scared. I know exactly what to do. In fact, the hospital setting has become a very comfortable one for me. Thinking of it... so has the nursing home. I find myself running energy tools constantly in these spaces I work, and at the gym too.

Okay...What else has been happening in my life ? I hold Reiki attunement workshops and Reiki healing gatherings in the apartment. I've been doing it for a while now. Sal and Gus are super cool with it, and it has really taken off! Five or six people show up for the attunement workshops, and ten to fifteen for the group healings. It's amazing, I am so very grateful. I have never experienced this much

financial abundance in my whole life. It is so precious to be able to make a living through giving. I always felt I would be a teacher when I was little, but I never knew the world of healing and yoga would be my avenue.

Melinda goes to the hospital with me to work on Nico. Nancy and Peter are my other two apprentice-like students, they come to every Reiki gathering, and are extremely intent to learn and absorb everything I can pass onto them. Melinda, Nancy and Peter are my only Level Two students so far and it is so much fun to be a guide along a multidimensional path of light and healing with them. Really, all I share with them is from my direct experience with Reiki, and I always pass on the energy tools I have learned with Sharon. Wow, I have been in my own apprenticeship with Sharon for over three years now and I feel extremely capable of holding space for others to learn, and to teach them thoroughly and appropriately.

On another note, I just don't identify with anger and rage against 'the Man' as I used to. There are other things I am focusing my life on now and somehow all of my heavier issues regarding being so into conspiracies has melted away. Now I just send LOVE to everything and everyone, everywhere all the time. Gosh, it is so liberating, to be free of that

heavy, political grid. In that old grid of myself, everyone was out to get me, in every single way- where's the freedom in that? I was so intertwined in being righteous with my song messages too, it's kinda scary- cuz there was a bunch of people believing in what I was singing about and looking back, I see how much power there is in a strong following. We would all get angry at the Man together, and this would generate a large vortex of 'rage' energy- wow- trippy to look back on that now.

Hmm, what else to write??- Oh yeah!-Sweet Jonah has been home for a while now too. Isn't that fantastic? He is no longer plugged into all those machines nor that crazy 'halo' mechanism. Though the doctors still say he will never walk again, Sharon has Jennie believing he will. I can see it too, I totally think it is possible. One thing I am learning; The healthcare system tends to lack 'care' and has a limited knowledge of health and/or healing that it works from. I guess that's where healers and alternative healing comes into the equation, to balance out and fill in the spaces where western medicine offers a prognosis of 'no way out' for its patients. Indeed, the doctors have been telling Jennie for almost three years not to expect Jonah to

survive such a traumatic event. And look at him now, at home and healing on a whole new level.

Because my schedule is crazy busy now, I can only make it out to New Jersey with Sharon once a month to work with Jonah and his family in his home. Sharon said Henrietta has been going when I cannot. What I've been able to share and learn working with Jonah's family is such a privilege. As is the work I get to do at the nursing home. Speaking of that, I am arriving at my bus stop. I promise to write more often- I swear! Signing off. BOOM!

~

I am at the nursing home, sitting with my favorite resident, Joseph Baldino. Lyda approaches and asks if we can have a word. "Sure," I say. "You have been documenting your findings with the residents, right?" "Yes, I have been doing just as you guided me to," I respond. "Good. I think you should write a professional paper for publication on the findings here at the nursing home." A 'professional paper'? I think to myself. I am good at writing songs, but a professional paper? I don't even know what that means. "Oh- Umm, I'm not sure I know how to. But I am open to it." I say. "Here. I brought you this, it's a copy of *The American Journal of Recreation Therapy*. You will get the idea of how a paper is written from reading the articles in it." She hands me a dark blue magazine. "Thank you. I feel honored that you have so much belief in me to do this!" I say happily. "The work you are doing here is really changing things in positive ways. Nurses, doctors, nursing home and activity directors should be made aware of it, and this is a great way

to bring that awareness to the public, to be published within a professional journal like this.” She then smiles, nodding her head at me, and walks away.

I turn to Joseph and smile. “Maybe she is right!” Joseph is a patient that is diagnosed with Alzheimer’s Disease. Personally I think he was misdiagnosed. The others in the home with the same diagnosis show greater signs of Alzheimer’s symptoms and he shows none, at least not in my eyes. I have come a long way with Joey B, as I affectionately call him. He’s the first one that I was guided to attune with Reiki, and he has shown remarkable shifts ever since. I remember how it all started out. He is a solemn chap who sits alone in his wheelchair, looking out to the highway most days. He has never shown any interest in television the way the others do. He sits slightly slumped over in his chair. From time to time adjusting the large ‘taped in the middle’ glasses he wears. He has a problem with his grip, whereby if he does not wear small cylindrical shaped cushions in his hands, his nails cut into his palms. It’s like his fingers know nothing other than to be curled in and to clench tightly. Is he trying to hold onto the good times of past, or is it a deep seated anger and rage that makes him do this? I have seen the nurses struggle to remove and replace the tube shaped cushions when they prepare him to be bathed. It’s like extracting a molar without pain meds. None of the staff speak to him directly, that is unless they are getting him ready for a bath or bed. He has little engagement with people and I have not witnessed him with any visiting relatives or friends. I feel like because he is supposed to have Alzheimer’s and nobody really comes to visit him, the staff take to ignoring him for the most part, as they do with a lot of others. Residents just get pushed around ‘here and there’ in their wheelchairs, with no real human touch and communication.

I will say since his attunement, and since I have focused some of my time with him on a consistent basis, the staff are

changing their tune. It's funny how things change. I notice the residents who get the most attention from the nurse staff, are the ones who have regular visitors. About six months ago, I didn't know if I was over stepping my boundaries, but I was guided to ask Joey if we could remove one of his hand cushions so I could massage his hand. He turned and looked at me and I knew he understood what I was saying. He appeared blazingly surprised that I spoke to him directly with a question. Up until this point, I have never initiated a conversation. Though I spoke *with* him often before, I have never spoken *to* him, or expected him to respond. And I never heard *him* speak, not til' today. After I asked him about removing the cushioning from his hand, it took several minutes for him to respond. He replies with deep and short breaths. Fidgeting in his wheel chair he whispers, "Yeah." I look around to make sure nobody on staff is watching, and with all of my might I pull the cushion out. His hand quickly springs to its tightened position. I squeeze my fingers into where the cushion would usually go, and begin to wiggle them around. He turns to me with a queer look on his face, then his face changes and he begins to grin.

This would be the first time he smiles at me. After his mini palm massage, it takes some serious finagling to get the cushion back in, but we do, and it's time for the other hand. This becomes our regular 'thing' together. Eventually he begins to smile more and more often, and I can sense he trusts me. I bring children's books to work and read them to him. One day I tell him I am tired and wonder if he will read me a story instead. Surprisingly he reaches for the book and begins turning the pages, as if studying the pictures of the Princess and the pea. He points and laughs, and then turns to me, as if we are in a secret club. I lean in to him and we both crack up at various depictions in the book. I turn to page '1' and slowly sound out the words. Miraculously, he begins to clear his throat and slowly makes sounds with me. This is

breakthrough territory, I know we are onto something big.

Joey has come along in leaps and bounds. His ability to speak has become stronger and stronger. One day while reading together, a nurse approaches from behind. “Hey, everybody... Look at our man Joseph. He is reading!” He did not read for some time after that, so I tried another approach. I bring a pen and paper in and draw numbers one through ten. I then count and ask him to join me. He is reluctant at first, but after I read them off over and over again, he begins softly counting with me. This time Lyda comes into the room while we work and expresses how she is astounded by his recovery.

A month later I ask if he would like to practice writing, and on his agreeing, I place a pen in his hand and hold it there with my own, while writing and sounding out the alphabet with him. By my tenth month at the nursing home, he is writing his name all by himself. He does need help to get the pen situated into his hand correctly, but he manages to grip it very well in between his hand and the small cushion in his palm. He becomes comfortable writing and vocally repeating his name over and over again. This brings both of us great pleasure, and again the nurses take notice, patting him on the back and encouraging him more and more. I am grateful the nurses stopped harassing me. It took quite a while to gain their respect, but the fourth floor is now a neutral area. They let me do my thing, and I do not interfere with them.

Another patient I feel especially close with is Giselle. Apparently she was an Army sergeant. She is eighty-four years old and diagnosed with Dementia. She spends her waking hours with her ankles, waist and arms buckled down to her wheelchair, or with *restraints* as they are called in ‘healthcare’. When I first started, she would rock her torso back and forth uncontrollably while grinding her teeth with a pained expression on her face. Clenching her hands like Joey,

she would drool uncontrollably, and often she would make aggravated sounds, like she was imitating a truck revving up its engine. Her face would be perpetually red, as if she was enduring very high stress levels. My guided work with her is to speak soothing and positive affirmations with her while laying hands on. I often smooth her brow and crown while working with her. She is the second patient I attuned with Reiki and though it took her longer than Joey to show any signs of positive change, about two months after her attunement, and several prayers I arrive to work and can hardly believe my eyes. She is sitting upright in a relaxed fashion. Her face is soft and she is no longer drooling, grinding her teeth or making any sounds what so ever. I check with Lyda to see if her medication has been changed. Her meds have not changed. Could this really be the power of Reiki exclusively? I want to get down on my knees and kiss the ground. I start to cry, though I have to keep it together and look professional. I turn my back and pour out a blissful squeal of joy through streaming tears. I then kneel down in front of her. "Hi Giselle." I smile. She slowly turns her head and looks at me in a focused way. She has never before done this, or been able to do so. She is constantly wrapped up in some crazy dimension of perpetual pain and disengaged from the present moment, but that is different now. Today she is clear and calm. It seems like a divine 'exorcism' has taken place. She is an entirely different person. Her eyes are beautiful blue/grey and in their widened stance she gazes at me and blinks like a baby would, both eyelids at the same time. She looks at me as if seeing me for the first time. I watch as she studies my face and hair. She smiles with me. Though I do not ever hear her speak, the peace that arrived stays with her and does not change. Eventually the nurses undo the restraints holding her arms and legs down. I swear to God it's like she is a newborn baby, completely awake and aware, yet soft and innocent.

Another amazing recovery story is with a short-term patient who came in because he had had a stroke. On his first day here, I approach him kindly and introduce myself. He looks around the community room where he lay in a mobile bed. His face contorts as he looks around at what could sometimes appear as a circus, or spectacle of crazy events all happening at once in the community room area. "I don't belong in here." He slowly speaks to me in his slurred and struggled speech. He speaks well for being a stroke sufferer. Though I am experiencing triumphs with individual patients, the majority are still rooted in their tar and often the community room could be mistaken for a psyche ward. I look at him and ask "So, where do you belong then?" "At home," he says with a saddened expression. "Okay then, I'm going to tell you about my job here." I tell him about the healing properties of 'therapeutic touch' (my professional name for Reiki), and how it may help him. Though it took him some time to get the words out, he says "I'll do anything, just help me get better and get out of here."

We spend all of our time doing hands on healing to the areas of his body most affected, which is the whole entire side of his body. I guide him through visualizations of imagining the 'dots of memory' in his body lighting up, as if being 'plugged' into an electric socket. The dots connect with one another, awakening those parts of his body from their sleep. We do the 'tense and release' exercises with each of his muscle groups. I encourage him to move those inactive body parts with all of his will power. I have him practice visualizing himself playing golf (one of his favorite past times), walking on the beach with his wife, and feeding himself his favorite pasta dish with his debilitated arm. He hates that his wife has to spoon-feed him. He says he feels like a fool and he is capable of doing it himself. Even though one of his one arms works well, he has almost given up and is stubborn. He says he will only eat by himself if he can use

his 'frozen' arm to do so. One day I open a yogurt carton and place a plastic spoon by it on his meal tray. "Feed yourself, you can do it," I say. With gasps of air, he struggles to move his dormant arm toward the spoon, and for several minutes he makes an honest attempt, eventually giving up in total frustration. "Oh damn it!" he exclaims in his tongue-tied manner.

I tell him that because he has just had the stroke, his ability to make a complete recovery is absolutely possible. This, I receive as a download from his guides, and the grid he is in. I tell him his body is still close to being fully functioning, and if we look at his healing process along a time line, anything is possible. I draw a line on a piece of paper. "Look," I point. "It was just two weeks ago that you came in here after having a stroke. That's not long at all, you are so close to who you were physically before, but let's see if we can make you even better!"

His wife provides boundless support to both him and to the work I share with him. He receives physical therapy every day and though I only spend twenty minutes twice a week with him, I give him exercises to perform during the times I do not see him including meditation, breathing, visualization and his 'tense and release' practice. Another month passes and I arrive to work, but he is not around. I ask the head nurse what happened, she says "He has been discharged. He got well enough to go home."

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Living and Dying

I sit in a cab with Sharon. We are on our way to work with Jonah in his home. Jennie has not stopped smiling since he came home, and she never once stopped believing he *would* come home. All is silent and I feel a different latitude with Sharon, like we are equals more than student and teacher these days. “Let’s run some grids,” I announce. Sharon smiles her Mona Lisa smile and nods gently. I speak out loud. “Universe run the grid of perfect harmonious healing for Jonah and his family. Run the grid of his body healing itself, fully and completely. Run the grid of me being detached from any outcome regarding his healing, and run the grid of all of us experiencing happiness and joy together.” I am content with my grid offerings and sit back comfortably.

“So, what is Andrew thinking about this morning?” Arghhhh. I do not fucking believe it! Again? Why don’t I have the balls to just tell her how I feel, and that I no longer wish to play her ‘mind’ games? Somehow I cannot face the biggest bully of them all- Sharon. She actually had me on the phone for two friggin hours again last week, asking every variety of question about Andrew and Miguel you can imagine. We have at least another hour in the cab. Oh boy... I take a breath, call on the detachment grid and center myself. A part of me feels like this could be the breaking point. I feel like a little kid that realizes they no longer want to play with their friend anymore. But I cannot walk away, I’m stuck here in this cab and in this web of a schedule with her. I am lost in my thoughts and her knee hits mine. “So what is he thinking about?” She insists. Maybe I am too good at covering up my impatience and what is turning to disgust. I feel like she is playing games with energy against the force of will of

Andrew, and against mine too. I just can't muster the courage to tell her. Where is my voice? I am so frustrated.

"Uhh, let's see," I say to stall and buy myself some time. I tune in and 'ask'. "He is busy running errands with the lady." "That cocaine-using bitch." I hear Sharon mutter under her breath. "What does she want from him?" Is Sharon's next question. I pause and answer. "She wants what *you* want from him, his undivided attention and affection." This stuns Sharon into a momentary silence. I actually just made that one up. I know I am not supposed to do that, but it seems so obvious. We pass some big-rig trucks on the highway and she continues with her questions. "When is he going to ask Sharon to marry him?" Oh my god, this woman has gone too far. I feel like calling the 'mind police'. Is she really planting these ideas into my head, so they can transmit and create grids of him actually marrying her? What if he does not want to? I de-link from all the strange feelings her questions are causing within me. I feel protective of this Andrew character I have never met, because I feel like she is bullying him into stuff psychically. "Are we going to have a boy or a girl?" My eyebrows raise uncontrollably and I laugh out loud. This is becoming just ridiculous now. I decide I can no longer go along with these questions, but still do not have the courage to tell her why. I instead say "I'm not really getting anything on that." She does not seem to pick up on my obvious resistance. I let it go and focus on seeing Jonah.

We arrive and his father leads us into his room. We greet Jennie and after some time, we begin to lay hands on him. He is more awake than ever before, his big brown eyes filled with life and awareness. I feel blessed to have witnessed the miracle of his healing. He quickly falls asleep under our hands and after two hours, we all make our way to the outdoor patio where Jennie has made some ice tea. "Jonah's physical therapist is coming over now, he has been talking about getting Jonah walking, says he is going to bring over a

contraption that should help. You know, I really have to thank you two. Despite everything the doctors said, our little Jonah is home and doing better each day. Jennie's face is softer now, though I can see where the trauma of her son's experience has left her with deepened lines upon her face. She has weathered the near death of her son and is now by his side as he makes his re-birth. After some time of chatting and munching crackers and dip she has placed out for us, we hear Jeremy's voice booming down the hallway. "Honey, look, you won't believe it!" My eyes become large and I stand up in amazement. A vision of Jonah slowly making his way around the corner in a make-shift baby walker comes forth. His little legs are like that of a small animal's, just born. He is heavily uncoordinated, but standing upright in his new support system. The therapist walks behind him, making sure his new vehicle is in good working order. This adjusted baby walker seems to fit his body perfectly. As if hearing my thoughts, the therapist says "We reconstructed a child's walker to allow greater support for Jonah's larger frame." Everyone claps and says "Yay!" as Jonah continues to walk in his sideways and almost drunken performance. Jennie begins to cry and runs up to him, kissing his face and little hands. We knew you could do it Jonah," she says. "Soon, Papa will take you swimming in the pool," Jeremy exclaims. Jonah knows he is making progress and lets out a squeal of delight while holding his hands to his mouth.

I turn to Sharon and say "This is one for the books. He has actually turned the tide. He is walking where there was no hope for him to walk before. He has survived an almost deathly ordeal, he is a warrior." I flash back to the Rainbow and remember women calling their children 'crystal babies'. I wonder if Jonah is a crystal baby. He must be, to have drawn Reiki healers and parents that are open to energy tools and such. I feel a warmth in my heart that I can only explain as the greatest joy. I know sharing healing is my path.

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I lay on my bed and am happy to have a day free of work. I wonder what to do and decide to hit the local Chinese bakery for a coffee and a seriously buttery croissant. I am unconcerned that I will eat butter, or whether the butter used in the croissant is organic. Most likely it is not, but it doesn't bother me how it used to. I simply place the energy of love and Reiki into the croissant and somehow I feel better about consuming it. Maybe it's all a mind trick, but I definitely feel clear and unbothered by it. Granted, there are certain places or things I will not eat, like I will not eat a veggie burger from the local diner because I know they cook them on the same grill as the beef burgers- and that I can't seem to get over. It is still difficult for me to have a hot drink from a Styrofoam cup though, just knowing about how much 'heat' shifts the molecular structure of Styrofoam and absorbs into the food or drink that inhabits it. That still totally freaks me out. I am also a big fan of stainless steel pots and pans, using the non-stick and aluminum brands totally freaks me out. I think it's because I see so many older folks with Alzheimer's and just knowing the damage these heavy metals and plastics can cause the body and brain is enough to make me 'pass' on those items when I know they have been cooked in that way. Sharon makes fun of me because I refuse to reheat my coffee in her microwave. I prefer to drink it cold than to use that machine I do not understand. Maybe that's it too, the more I research stuff, the more I can make my own judgment calls on things that I ingest and put on my skin and body.

My cell phone rings as I walk back to my apartment. "Hey Sweet Sal- what's up?" "Hi, Tuesday, if you can make it to the hospital, you should come right away. Nico is not doing so well." "Okay- I will be there soon." I feel a rush of adrenaline flow through my veins as I call Melinda, my silent

apprentice who has accompanied to the hospital to work with Nico for many months now. “Hey girl- are you free? Nico is in bad shape and his brother Sal just called. Can you get the car and drive us into the city ASAP?” Melinda says she is on her way. Thankfully she lives in Brooklyn not too far away from me, so I know she won’t be long. It’s just a matter of traffic in the city. We have to get to the Upper East Side from Bensonhurst. I’m glad she knows how to maneuver the city streets, as I am strictly a subway gal. I rush home and change into appropriate attire for the hospital. I sit and wait outside on my stoop for Melinda and jump into her car as soon as she pulls up.

“What’s going on?” She asks. “Well, I can tell by the tone in Sal’s voice that this may be serious. He has never called like this. You know, we just flow in when we can to work with Nico, but this time Sal made a request for a visit.” Melinda is a calm and grounded girl. She has a background in art and massage and is very intuitive. “I’ve been doing those Bija mantras you showed me and wow, powerful stuff!” She says. “I love the way they create a powerful vibration in my skull when I chant them.” I smile and nod my head. “Yeah, you can really feel a frequency shift with them huh?” I reply. “I did Reiki on my dad for the first time and he said it helped with his arthritis pain. He actually wants me to do Reiki with him again. Do you believe it, Tuesday?” She says smiling, glancing at me and keeping her eyes on the road at the same time. “That is so wonderful! Talk about the ‘arc of resistance’ bending to receive!” I say. “Yeah I know, for the longest time he was so NOT wanting to know anything about Reiki, but I guess he’s seen that it is *not* witchcraft, or anything unusual like that. He also notices how much I have changed, and how it has helped me with my previous addictions,” she answers. “Right on Sister!” I cheer.

“Okay- I’m getting that we are supposed to run some grids before we get to the hospital. What do you feel we are to

run?” I ask. “Hmm, how about ‘calm’, ‘peace’, ‘love’ and ‘healing’.” “Sounds good,” I say. “Let’s add ‘family strength’, ‘faith’, ‘death and life’. Also lets run the grid of ‘personal power’ for Nico and lets run his Merkabah for the highest good.” “Hey, how about ‘detachment for all involved in Nico’s healing?’” Melinda says. “Now that is a powerful grid. Yes. Let’s also run the grid of all hospital staff being gentle, loving and caring towards Nico and his family.” We go on and on, running grids the whole way to the hospital parking lot. When we arrive I jump out of the car and begin to call Sal on my cell phone, but just then I see his brother Gus standing outside at the entry-way of the hospital. He has a particular look on his face and I fear the worst. My rushed feelings come to a halt, and I approach him slowly, I reach out to touch his hand. “Gus, is everything OK?” There is a pause and he responds. “He’s gone... It’s done, he’s left us... It’s over now.” I know in this moment that Nico has passed and I go to hold Gus in an embrace and he politely holds me away from himself with a blank stare on his face. “Are you okay sweetie?” I ask him, realizing I sound like Sharon. “He nods while beginning to walk away from the hospital. Melinda looks at me as if to say “Where is he going?” I shrug slightly and then ask Gus if it is okay for us to go up to the room. “Of course, Nico would want you both there. I need to take a walk for a few minutes. Please excuse me.” We watch Gus wander slowly away from us as we make our way into the hospital and up to the sixth floor.

“Wow, he is really trying to keep it together, isn’t he?” Melinda comments. “Yes, they have all been so brave for so very long now. At some point there has to be a decompression phase for each of his siblings and his mother especially. Oh, poor Nico’s Mama, Mary. They have watched their brother and son deteriorate over a matter of years from leukemia. It has been a process of observing Nico being well and then watching him go through chemo, and then be well

again, only to become even more ill over time,” I say.

The elevator bell dings and we slowly make our way to his room. I look at Melinda and offer a gentle smile, in my own way thanking her for being with me now. I push the door open gently and make eye contact with Mary. She is seated at the foot of the hospital bed. She has a similar blank glare as Gus did. “Oh, hello girls. Thank you for coming,” she says. As I continue opening the door wider, I see Sal standing by a priest who is leaving Nico’s bedside. I walk over to Mary and place my hand on her shoulder while Melinda stands softly in the opposite corner. “We all love Nico so much. He will be missed very deeply from our lives,” I say softly. She nods her head with a numb expression on her face while gazing at Nico. He lies perfectly still in the hospital bed. I glance over at him and take a long look at his no longer dying, but *dead* body.

In this moment I do not feel like crying, nor do I feel numb, or any emotion at all. I am simply in tune with the fact that I am here to bring healing energy to Nico and to his family. “Oh divine, guide me now in your highest light and love, guide me to be humble and gentle and to do everything here with the highest respect for all,” I say my silent prayer to the universe and Mary then says “Go ahead, go over to him, he’s been waiting for you.” She speaks as if he is still alive. I guess in a way he *is* still alive. I remove my hand from her shoulder and approach Sal who is standing next to Nico’s bedside. Melinda is still standing in the corner. The priest has left now and it is only the four of us in the room. I gently link my arm into Sal’s and lean my head onto his shoulder. There is complete silence as we all take a moment to gaze at, or *with* Nico and behold ‘death’ in our presence. Sal places his hand upon mine and takes a deep breath. Nico curiously appears to look alive. Somehow I expect him to open his eyes and start to smile, as he did in the past when Melinda and myself would arrive for a visit. After several minutes Sal say’s “He

looks peaceful Ma, like he is in a better place.” “Yes son, he does.” She replies. We unlink our arms and Sal moves away from Nico’s bedside, offering me a space to stand. I glance up to Melinda who is now kneeling next to Mary, while holding her hand.

I reach out and smooth Nico’s temple as I have done so many times before. It is at this moment that I feel a wave of sadness come over me, but I am not sure if it is for Nico and his family, or for my own selfish reasons of thinking how much I will miss spending time with him. There is certain peacefulness and grace I encounter in working with people undergoing life and death transitions. It started with Jonah, and has expanded to the residents and patients I work with at the nursing home. In the short ten months I have worked there, six residents have passed away. It seems a grid I am becoming comfortable and accustomed to somehow. At the time of their passing over, which may last for days, weeks or hours, I feel myself becoming so filled with universal love, with such a sense of purpose... To be by their sides during such a shift.

I am suddenly right at home and all sadness disappears. I lean into Nico, to whisper in his ear, knowing he can hear me still, somewhere, somehow. “Hi handsome. Hey, the cute girls at yoga class were asking about you this week. They want me to send you their love and giggles.” I laugh gently and take his hand into my own. I notice he does not feel dead to me. Maybe it’s because he has just passed, but his body still feels warm and full of energy. I instantly feel strong pulsations of Reiki flow through me to him, and from him into me. I continue. “You know your headstand is magnificent, I recall you got that pose right away! From the very first time you ever came to class, you had it in the bag my brother!” Mary looks over and seems happy that I am lightening the mood with my banter. I speak with Nico the same way as when he was alive. I then gently caress his face

and kiss his forehead. I ask Mary if it's okay for myself and Melinda to share Reiki with him. "Yes, of course dear, that's what you are here to do," she states matter of fact like.

I then look to Melinda and she kindly releases her hand from Mary's and we find ourselves at opposite sides of Nico's bed, placing hands down very delicately. It reminds me of the very first time we worked together with Nico. I was at his crown and she was massaging his swollen legs with lotion. He liked her touch and said she was a good masseuse. She had learned to apply massage for these special cases, such as with persons suffering intense pain and illness. I could see her touch was so tender and loving, it appeared that she had to almost not even lay her hands at all to stimulate healing in his system as she smoothed her touch along his calves.

As I close my eyes and sink deep into the healing we all exchange, I begin to sense his presence strongly in the room, yet not from within his body. I stay open and alert and hear him speak to me. "Hey, Tuesday, I'm up here." I gaze upwards with my third eye and see he is hanging out on one of the rafters near the ceiling of this room. I speak with him telepathically. "Hi Nico, you okay bro?" I ask. "Yeah, I'm just sticking around to make sure Ma' is okay n' all." "Are you planning on sticking around for some time, I mean do you know the way home, back to the light?" "I do. And there are others here to help me on my way, but I am not quite ready to go just yet. I want to stick around for a while before I split." "Okay love. You take your time, it sounds like you are in good hands where you are," I say. "I am. Don't let anybody worry about me. I'm gonna be fine. It's just such a relief *not* to be feelin' all that pain in my body. Man, that was a bummer!" he says in his youthful manner. "Yes, you are quite free now my friend. I love you Nico, thank you for sharing so much of yourself with the world." And with that, there are no more transmissions. I do not hear him any

longer and do not sense him in the room any more. Melinda looks up to me, as if she is aware on a certain level that something has shifted in the room. We stay with hands on for another ten minutes or so and then psychically coordinate the release of our hands from Nico's body.

I excuse myself to the restroom and Melinda follows. We enter the ladies room and I am overcome with a rush of adrenaline again. I feel it WOOSH through my body and circulate in intense waves. "Oh my Lord! This is like nothing I have ever experienced before," I exclaim. Maybe I am supposed to be the teacher here, and remain composed and calm, but I cannot help but express my heightened feelings 'out loud' to Melinda. "I know, this is wild and beautiful at the same time!" She exclaims in return. I see we are both feeling the 'rush' that feels like a magical blast of intense kundalini energy rising upwards. I pull two bottles of water from my bag and hand her one. We both gulp from our bottles and silently regain our composure. We make our way quietly back to the room. As we enter, I notice Gus has returned from his walk and Sal is brushing Nico's teeth. We stay for some time, sharing small portions of conversation with Mary, Gus and Sal.

Later I feel it is time to leave the family alone with their loved one. Myself and Melinda say our goodbyes. I energetically wrap each one of them in a *Sei he Kei* energy blanket. We each take one last moment with Nico and all I can hear in my mind is "Love, Love, Love" as I touch Nico's face for what will be the last time. The car ride home is silent and we hug deeply and say that we will call each other soon as Melinda drops me home. I open a bottle of red wine and roll a sagerette. I sit with a candle burning in silence for several hours and contemplate the meaning of my life.

JOURNAL ENTRY

SEPTEMBER 8, 2003

In the space of one week I have witnessed a re-birth and a death. What am I here to do and am I doing it? Am I truly being it- whatever 'IT' is?

I contemplate where I am going in my life, what I am doing with Sharon, and all the phenomenal 'work' I get to do and share in the world. It hardly seems like work at all. I write...

Am I training to be a holder of space for those dying, and for their families and loved ones too?

"You already are," I hear my inner voice whisper to me. I close my eyes and ask "What else am I here to do universe?" I hear no- thing and ask again. "What about Sharon, universe, what's going on with my relationship with her?" I hear the unmistakable words "MOVE ON NOW." Tears well up from deep within. I open my eyes and know it's time to make some changes in my life.

Chapter Thirty

The End

I'm at the gym after yoga class. A student approaches and speaks quietly in her Eastern European accent. "Tuesday, can we please speak to you in private?" She asks, and then turns to face four other girls as they sit on their yoga mats. They motion for us to come over to them. "We have questions, but not about yoga." I am curious and make my way over to join them on the floor. "What is it?" Elena, a student of mine is holding her stomach as if she is in pain. "Do you think it is possible for someone to curse you?" "Why?" I ask. "Because I have very awful pains for a week now, and they won't go away." "Well, how did they start? Are you expecting your period, or did you eat something weird?" I say. "No, no... It is energy, I know it has to do with energy." She says convincingly. "How do you *know*?" I ask. She avoids my question with another question to me. "You know about this Reiki, don't you?" "Yes, I know it," I say. "You know the tall lady with the red hair, Sharon who lives close by here?" I am confused, what does Sharon, Reiki and being 'cursed' have to do with one another? "Yes, she is my teacher." I hear my words and wonder how long I will continue to be her student. "She invited myself and my husband to get counseling with her and at the end she charged us five hundred dollars *each* for the checkup." "Checkup?" I ask, confused. "You know, the Reiki where she puts the symbols with you..." "Oh, you mean attunement? You both received your Reiki *attunements* with her?" "Yes, that is correct. We went to her home really just for counseling of one hundred dollars and she said we should get the attunement." So we did and then she said we owed her more money than we had planned." I can't figure out why she would charge so much

for Level One's. I think to myself.

This all seems so strange. Trying to get a sense of things I repeat "Ok, so you went for counseling and she ended up attuning you and your husband- and ... why do you feel cursed?" I ask. She responds in her broken English "Because, we did not go to be with Reiki, we would go only for counseling, and pay what she told us at first, one hundred dollars for one hour. She said the Reiki will help, so we did it, but now we feel like it is forced because she makes us pay so much. My stomach is very painful since my check up and she will not return my call to help me. She told me I have to pay another hundred dollars to talk about my checkup. Also, my husband is in bed sick all week."

I am still unsure of how to deal with this situation. "So, she attuned you to Level One?" I ask. "No, she said she would put all of the symbols into us each and that it was a special price for to receive everything at the same time, to be a Master for five hundred dollars each. But she only told us the price after she did the checkup." "Attunement." I say gently correcting her. I pause and sign into her key note and de-link energetically from Sharon. I feel there must be missing pieces to this story. But what if there are not? I mean, I have definitely heard weird stories like this about Sharon, but I always brush them off. Now there is living proof and I don't know what to believe. "Ok, first of all, you must not believe you are cursed. I know sometimes the Reiki attunements can stir up a lot of emotions and sometimes things in the body, so maybe that is what you are feeling." I pause. "Let's pull your plugs, that will help." "What?" Elena responds. "Pull your plugs', didn't Sharon explain that to you?" I ask. "No, she did not." "Did she have you draw symbols, and put hands on one another for healing, and drink water after your attunements? Did she tell you anything at all about what Reiki does? What it means?" I ask. Elena slowly shakes her head 'No' while holding her belly with both

arms. I can't believe Sharon would do this, or can I? I feel this woman's story is valid, but almost find it unfathomable because Sharon has always been such a good teacher in that way.

Maybe she is getting lazy. I recall her saying she needed money to pay her rent this month, but really? I mean, *whatever* about her general weirdness, but this is just plain greedy, and it does seem a little vampire-like to me. I lay Elena back on her mat, cover her with her friends' sweater, and guide her through a *pulling the plugs meditation* while laying my hands on her. I explain a few energy tools to her such as de-linking, point in creation and detachment, and tell her to drink plenty of water and eat protein as she goes through this first portion of acclimating to her attunements. I tell her to lay hands on herself often, and to share everything I told her with her husband.

I help her to sit up and she seems better now. The pain in her stomach has subsided. "Thank you, Tuesday. I am so very happy that you could help me. I will tell my husband everything you told me." I sit on the subway and can't believe what I have just experienced. Could Sharon be *that crazy*? Is she going off the deep end? I feel embarrassed to call her my teacher, knowing this is what she has done.

~

I gaze out of my bedroom window and smile softly as I notice all of the changing colors that surround. Fall is here and it is my favorite time of year, especially in New York. There is wall-to-wall pavement in this city, but somehow when Fall comes, I am reminded of the abundant nature that thrives in and amongst this concrete jungle. I light a candle and prepare to meditate. The Sharon issue has been weighing heavy on my mind for many months and I feel like I am truly at the crossroads now and need further clarity of how and when to do what I know needs to be done. I received a very

clear message from the universe a couple weeks ago, telling me to ‘*move on*’ and yet, I am still under her wing. Our teacher-student relationship has become redundant at this point. I see how I energetically left her months back, but have been too fearful to actually muster up the courage to break free in person. It’s just like with Troy. It took me so long to leave him for good. What am I holding onto? Am I stunting my own growth by sticking around? What might change in my life if I do in fact let her go? If I am to let her go now, will this be the final chapter, or perhaps a completely new one where I step into my personal power without holding her hand? Is she the last bully I will have to stand up to in life? If I pass this test, will there be any more bullies? I close my eyes, straighten my spine and practice Kapalabhati in hopes of clearing my mind so that I may sit peacefully in meditation and receive a divine download.

A vision comes. I sit on a sunny hill under a palm tree, scribing in a notebook. I have all of my Scroll notebooks laid out around me. I am not in New York. I look happy and relaxed as I write. I seem to be referring to my Scroll notebooks, and then writing into another notebook situated on my lap. Next the ‘me’ in my vision looks me in the eye and says “Move to Los Angeles and write the GRID book.”⁶ My heart sinks with an odd joy, and a wave of energy fills me to the brim. I begin to cry and open my eyes. I turn around and crawl to my closet where thirty or so *Teachings of the Scroll* notebooks sit. I pull them out and move through the pages with haste as if reviewing my past, and future fate at the same time. My tears fall onto the pages, leaving stains of flowing ink.

I have been reading about quantum physics, and about how everything exists at the same time, and how we choose what to bring into our lives experience by where we place our

attention. I recall first reading about it and thinking directly to the grid information Sharon has channeled over the years. As I look through each Scroll journal, I view page after page of my personal notes outlining information pertaining to the grid in one way or another. It has become a natural obsession for me. I see that I have created, or perhaps channeled formulas, explanations, and my own equation type of patterns in an attempt to break the code of the grid, for several years now. I have not looked at these journals together in a long time but I always knew they were important to me. I am filled with a wave of excitement as I contemplate moving back to the West Coast. It has been seven years since I ended up in New York City *on accident*, but I don't believe in accidents anymore.

I know without a doubt that my time has come. I must leave Sharon and it is time to leave New York too. I must create a new life for myself and share the knowledge of the grid with the world. I hold my Scroll notebooks to my heart and sob thinking about all I will leave behind. I place the books in a circle around me and continue sitting in meditation for some time.

I move my leg from Padmasana and it is numb. I only sat for 30 minutes, but cannot feel my right foot. As I stretch my leg forward I recall the guidance received in this meditation. My guides urge me to write Sharon an 'energy letter', like I did with Troy and with the Band. That way I can tell her everything I appreciate about my time with her, and also outline those aspects that trouble me. Next I am to put the letter in an envelope, but do not write any address on it and do not stamp it. I am to simply write 'To Sharon's Higher Self, From Tuesday's Higher Self'. Then I am to place it in a post box I am drawn to, but it has to be in Brooklyn. I am also guided to visualize my perfect parting from her and then actualize it and put it into motion. I'm getting that I am supposed to let her know I am leaving this coming week.

That gives me three days to write the letter and practice my visualizations before I see her on Monday.

I spend all day Saturday writing the energy letter and decide the post box at the end of my street is the perfect place to drop it off. I run its Merkabah and in the air I draw all of the Reiki symbols I know, and energetically place them within the energy field of the letter. I next de-link from it, and from her, and place it in the post box. All day Sunday I visualize my perfect parting from Sharon. I do a special meditation on opening up my throat chakra and imagine seeing myself speaking to her with ease, saying all the things I wish to, with perfect clarity, and with faultless communication.

~

Upon waking early on Monday morning, I realize there is no more I can do or prepare for. There are no more meditations, no more visualizations, now I just have to make things happen in the third dimension. I stop and grab a coffee before hopping on the train. I sit calmly as I ride the subway, and as I walk to her apartment and approach the buzzer I take a moment to call in my guides and ask for their divine protection. I press the intercom and am buzzed in. I suddenly feel a strange wobbly feeling in my legs as I walk the stairs and notice my body is showing signs of nervousness. I stop and say quietly to myself. "I go to the point in creation of *ever* giving Sharon power over me. I go to the point in creation of thinking I should fear Sharon. I go to the point in creation of me giving my power to her. I go to the point in creation of being bullied. Period." I then draw a *Cho Ku Rei* as I approach her apartment, as if it can help open the way for me. With that, I knock on her apartment door. I am greeted "Hi honey," she says in a sleepy tone while glancing at the 'to go' coffee in my hand. I realize our

drinking coffee together pattern has been so ingrained that this must look suspicious to her, that I have brought my own today. She turns to enter the kitchen area. “I see you already have your coffee, would you like a muffin?” “Oh, umm, I think I’m good, thanks.” Okay, now I know that sounds suspicious, I have not declined a muffin from her since I began eating the non-vegan variety. “Okay,” she says while serving herself some coffee and placing a muffin on a small plate. I sit on the couch in the living room and await her arrival. She sits gracefully, with her spine erect and takes a huge bite of her blueberry muffin. She chews while turning the TV stations with the remote control. She eats about half of her muffin and I know I have to state my case before she starts asking Andrew questions, *and* before she initiates us doing Reiki. But before I do, she turns to me and says “Can you believe Henrietta? Thinking *she* can be a Grand Reiki Master?” She then rolls her eyes and turns back to the television laughing uproariously, out loud. I recall meeting with Henri for lunch a while back. She was so excited at the prospect of finding out about the Grand Master training. Hearing Sharon speak in this disrespectful manner towards Henri gives me the push I need. I know I am making the correct decision.

“Sharon?” I say, trying to sound confident and powerful, yet respectful of her at the same time. “Yes?” She says while turning the volume down on the TV. “ I have to share something with you and it’s pretty big.” At this point all of my visualizations seem to go out the window and I’m not sure if I am going to tell her all the things I thought were weird about her, or if I would make this clean cut. I feel myself become hot around the collar and a rush of red fills my cheeks. I refuse to be bullied anymore! I tell myself silently within, and continue.

“I met a student that says you forced her into receiving her attunements and then made her pay a bunch of money,

without even giving her guidelines to follow like pulling her plugs and drinking water. She said you didn't even make her draw the symbols." Oh my god, I am doing it! I am confronting the bully in Sharon! I feel a whoosh of empowerment flow through me and at the same time I am afraid to stand up, because I feel I might faint, or puke. She rolls her eyes. "Oh that Russian lady and her husband?" She says while letting out a heavy exhale. "They came to me for counseling and the universe told me to attune them." She stares at me solemnly and my knees begin to wobble. Why am I talking about the other lady and her husband? I need to state *my* personal case with her.

She continues staring at me, but now her face is red and her lips are beginning to purse tightly. Just as I go to make further remarks, I feel a sudden paralysis that I can only describe as the Gray. But this is a Gray of the mouth. I become speechless, and wonder if she is holding me in some crazy 'psychic hold'. Damn, she knows all of my weak points, is that how she is able to hold me here? I think to myself. She is sitting even taller than before with her chest cocked forward. She looks pissed now. I struggle to regain my voice and strain to speak, my tongue held down in its place. I blurt out "So there is no chance of Henrietta becoming a Grand Reiki Master either then?" I fold my arms. "Why are you questioning me so much?" She says, throwing her arms up in the air and banging them down hard on the arm of the couch. I begin to feel woozy and wonder if she has just shot me a weird third chakra hit of energy. I suddenly feel weakened and know I must get on with doing what I am here to do. My mouth becomes dry and I find it hard to hold my head upright. I have become very sleepy suddenly, as if she has hit me with the sleepy stick. Is this all in my mind? Am I experiencing my own tar body, my own resistance to releasing her? Or can she really keep me in this way? Whatever is going on, it is showing me I must leave, and I

must leave now. I think of those times I made it out of the Gray. I know I can do this. With all of my will power I blurt the words out.

“I am stepping down from our relationship as teacher and student together.” Oh my god, there it is... I SAID IT! A sudden perspiration becomes evident above my upper lip, and in the palms of my hands. Her face becomes red hot, as if she will blow her top. She sits staring at me blankly with her wide eyes, and in complete silence. I don't know what else to say. And so I sit still and mirror her posture. I feel like she is a volcano with lava that is beginning to rise upward. In that robotic way she looks left, and then right, and then left again. Maybe she is short-circuiting. *Have I* been her source of grounding all this time? Like, how my mother proposed?... And now that I am *unplugging* myself, is she blowing a fuse?

“WELL WHO THE HELL IS GOING TO DO REIKI ON ME TODAY?” She screams while throwing her arms up in the air dramatically. “I don't know, but it will all work out for the highest good, I'm sure. Isn't Alice coming later?” I say. She starts to stand up and throws me an evil look, as if she is pissed I used the 'highest good' line on her. “Alice moved back to Chicago!” She exclaims and storms into the kitchen, leaving me alone in the living room. I reach for my coffee and notice my hands are shaking uncontrollably.

I watch her move around the apartment bluntly, making loud noises as she does. I decide this is my cue to leave. “Okay, so I am going to leave now,” I say while standing up and putting my coat on. She is now out of my sight and somewhere in the kitchen clanking dishes around loudly. I walk out of her front door for the last time. I feel a rush of energy that acts as a forceful wind at my back. It pushes me out of her apartment and I wonder if that force is her, or my guides.

I walk faster, and faster-still, and do not turn around to see if she is watching me from her window. I simply get the

hell out of dodge, and once several blocks away and out of sight I sit for a moment and gather my breath. My blood is racing through my veins and I am at once exhilarated and slightly paranoid. Is she gonna come after me now? I catch myself thinking that thought and immediately disband it by ‘going to the point in creation’ of it and placing love and light there instead. “NO!” I say to the flood of fearful thoughts that are now lining up in my mind. “NO! You have no place inside of me. You have no power over me! I COMMAND YOU TO RELEASE FROM ME NOW!” I speak in a loud voice as I tell those negative thoughts to find a new place to dwell, because this body and mind are done. They are done with Sharon and done with feeling bullied by her. “I AM DONE!” I shout out loud as I begin to pick up the pace of my walk again and make my way to the train entrance.

Before I enter the train station I brush my body with my hands and imagine I am gathering all of Sharon’s ‘stuff’ I have taken on over the years. I next conjure and imagine a hot cauldron of molten fire hovering beside me. I swoop all the energy I have gathered into it, and snap my fingers as Sharon would, calling it to disappear back to the light. “Ahh, that’s better,” I sigh. Making my way into the station, I do not look back.

Chapter Thirty-One

Mastering Mastership

It's been two months since I left Sharon. She has not called me or tried to contact me in any way. Big Red took me out for a beer a while ago, wondering why I had not been at the Monday meetings. I spilled the beans and told him about (a) the weird Andrew questions, (b) the Henrietta Grand Master dilemma, (c) the Russian woman that had odd experiences with Sharon, and (d) my own feelings of being bullied and psychically manipulated by her for the past three years.

“So you left your little apprenticeship with the crack-pot eh?” He states with a wily grin on his face. “Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on her so she doesn't get up to any funny business,” he assures me. “I just can't understand how so much 'right' can flow through someone who does *something's* so 'wrong'.” I state, and pause gazing into my pint of Guinness. Big Red rests his hand on my shoulder and says “I think Sharon is a model of someone tapped into tremendous power, and *her* test is to keep it in check, in balance, and to not use it for control and manipulation.” Big Red's words speak to me. I complete his thought. “As *our* energy rises too, we have the same opportunities to manipulate people and things, and get greedy with attempting to control energy. Maybe that's the journey for all of us, learning how to keep it all in balance.”

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I sit at the kitchen table preparing a butternut squash to bake. Having completed a five-day Master Cleanse fast, and I am ready to start on solid food, that's what my body tells me anyway. Boxes and bubble wrap surround me as I pack for

my move to Los Angeles. Sal moved out there last month on a movie shoot. He said I could sleep on his floor for a while until I get my own place. I leave in three weeks.

The house phone rings, I choose to pick it up. "Tuesday?" I hear Nancy's voice on the other end. "Hi Nanci!" I say. "Hi, listen- we gotta talk." Her tone is a serious one I have not heard before. "There's this man that my family knows, and myself and Peter have been called to work with him in a hospital in Long Island. We were there last night... He's really bad, in a coma and we are kinda freaking out. The family wants us to come back and do more Reiki with him. They don't even really know what Reiki is but they are desperate for something to work. So, we are going to see him today, can you come along?"

I hop in the shower and rummage through my closet to find appropriate attire to work with a coma victim, and a family I have never met. I pull out a long, ankle length denim dress with short sleeves and a soft pink sweater. I pin my dreads up and back to make myself look 'normal'. I have gotten used to doing this for my work at the nursing home. The apartment buzzer rings and I make my way downstairs. After sharing hugs, Nancy and Peter begin to tell me about their experiences with the gentleman in the coma. Peter is our driver out to Long Island. "We are sending Reiki to him and his family, even when we get home," Nancy announces. "Yes, and we run the detachment grid regularly, for all of us," Peter chimes in. "We are also asking the universe to run the Merkabah of the hospital on a regular basis," Nancy says. "And we are running healing grids as guided, for him and his family too," Peter adds. "Last night when we de-linked ourselves and left, we had some sage in the car and imagined we lit it and energetically smudged ourselves and the hospital space before we left the grounds," Nancy declares. "You two are amazing, utterly amazing healers!" I say smiling to my two silent apprentices. "So, what is the name of the man in the

coma?” I ask. “His name is Brendan,” Peter reveals. I close my eyes and receive a picture of Brendan. Tall, handsome and dark haired. “Is he married?” I ask. “Engaged,” Nancy says. “Wow, I am totally getting he is worried about his wife to be, even more than he is concerned about his own wellbeing. I wonder why?” I say aloud.

We arrive to the hospital and I feel energy flow through me in large surges and out to all the patients as we pass them in their rooms along the narrow hallways. “Here’s his mother.” Nancy declares under her breath as we walk down a long corridor. “Mrs. Spencer, this is our teacher, Tuesday. I was telling you about her yesterday...” Nancy introduces us and I feel Mrs. Spencer look me up and down, looking more *down* upon me than up somehow. She shakes my hand with the ‘dead fish’ hand shake. That’s what I learned to call it in Ireland. It’s when someone shakes your hand and their hand feels light and lifeless. I decide it is due to everything she is suffering, with her son in a coma and all. “Hello,” I say, making deliberate, direct and friendly eye contact with her. She quickly looks away and releases her hand from mine. I do my best not to project negative thoughts, but I can tell this is going to be interesting. Mrs. Spencer’s exterior is so rigid, I wonder if she will crack? “Oh, and here is Mr. Spencer.” Nancy says, and leads me to him as he walks toward us. “Hello Peter, hello Nancy. He shakes Peter’s hand tightly and gives Nancy a gentle hug. “And is this your teacher, Tuesday?” He asks with a friendly look on his face as he extends his hand out to mine. I can see the exhaustion in his body and face, he looks like he has not slept in several days, and I bet I am right. Now that’s a proper handshake, I think to myself.

“Nancy and Peter will undoubtedly be relieved by your presence Tuesday.” I am reassured by Mr. Spencer’s good vibes that this will not be an uphill battle. “Let me give you some background, Tuesday.” Mr. Spencer walks me down

the hall, away from his wife and others, sharing “My wife doesn’t need to hear all of this again. Listen, ... Brendan was in a really bad motorcycle accident. A portion of his head was cracked open and they have operated, but they say it’s too dangerous to do any more work on him because of his coma condition. We seem to have two choices. We can see if he will stabilize and come out of the coma, then we can decide if we will do further operations, or we can...” Mr. Spencer takes a long and labored breath. He appears to be tearing up. I place my hand on his shoulder and notice Mrs. Spencer looking over at us. He continues “...And if he does not return to us within a certain amount of time, we have the option to honor his previous D.N.R orders.” I know from my work in healthcare settings that D.N.R means *do not resuscitate*, and I know in this case it means ‘pulling the plug’ after a certain amount of time has passed and the patient shows no signs of change. I think about Jonah and the prolonged coma he endured. Jennie and Jeremy never once considered pulling the plug. But Jonah is their baby. Brendan is a grown man who has for some reason or another, previously filled in paperwork for this kind of unlikely event. I ponder if somehow Brendan’s higher self knew this day would come. “How long has it been since the accident Mr. Spencer?” I ask. “It’s been only five days, so there *is* hope,” he says attempting to force a smile on his face.

I realize I am to speak and am guided to sign myself into his Key-note. I download he is in the *key of C* right now. I take a breath. “Mr. Spencer, life and death matters such as you are experiencing now with your son are such challenging times to tread. You are so strong and courageous. I have a feeling you are holding it together for the rest of the family.” I glance over to where Mrs. Spencer is seated. “Yes, that is true,” he says. I continue. “Well, just for today, consider letting our group here take over.” He knows I am speaking of Nancy, Peter and myself. “Think about letting go, just for

today. Allow us to hold space, for your family and Brendan to heal in profound ways.” I continue.

“We don’t know what will happen to Brendan, no doctor can say, and I for one certainly don’t know. But what I do know is that I am here today for a reason, and that reason is to share love and healing with your son and family members.” I pause. We both gaze out to a park area that has benches and trees. “Perhaps you could use a walk around that park area, perhaps you could use some time on your own, even if only twenty minutes. Maybe a good cry will help flush out any stress you are under?” I look at him with sincerity in my eyes and he gazes softly to my own. “All I know how to do is help people heal themselves, that is my job. Now if there is a magical way that I can help Brendan do that from wherever he is, then so be it for the highest good of all.” He looks at me as if he has heard this term before. “The least we will do with the work we share today, is help his spirit to find peace. So either way, if he chooses to come back, or if he chooses to leave, it will be with ease and comfort, and without pain and fear.” I end my words and he nods his head slowly while looking at the scenery below us. After some time, he says “Thank you, Tuesday, I think I’m gonna take that walk now.” He gives me another nod of his head and a sideways half smile as he departs. I see Mrs. Spencer get up to follow him and I am firmly guided to distract her away from him. I keep getting he needs time alone to process what is happening and I do not sense he has had that *sacred space* since all of this has occurred.

Nancy and Peter are talking with a woman at the other end of the hall and I motion to them. I interrupt Mrs. Spencer as she makes to follow her husband. “Mrs. Spencer could you please show me to the ladies room and wait for me there? I believe we are ready to go into work with Brendan now.” “Oh?” She says while looking over my shoulder at her husband who is now descending down the large escalator to

the ground floor. I start walking in the opposite direction. “Is there a restroom over here?” I ask and she begins to walk with me. “Yes, I will show you.”

Myself, Nancy and Peter take a minute outside of Brendan’s hospital room before we enter. I say a prayer. *“Oh divine angels of the highest light, be with us now. Channel your curative influence and healing powers through our bodies, minds and speech. Allow us to do your work in the world, here and now. Allow that Brendan and his family find peace through our time here today. Fill us with your light, with your unconditional love and compassion- that we may do your work. For the highest good of all. Amen.”*

I turn to the door of Brendan’s hospital room and am guided to draw a large *Sei He Kei* on it. We take a communal deep breath and enter the room. It is a much smaller room than I had imagined. In fact, it is crammed with people and large machines. I have never before worked in such a small hospital room, nor have I experienced sharing Reiki with a coma patient since Jonah. There is hardly any room for us three to stand around the hospital bed. The energy in the room is stagnant and I make my way to each person and quietly introduce myself. There sits Brendan’s fiancé and two sisters. Mrs. Spencer squeezes into the tiny room, and with the addition of myself, Nancy and Peter, it is very close quarters indeed. I notice a huge trash bin at the end of Brendan’s hospital bed. It seems to be taking up the space of one human body. And what is it doing at the end of his bed anyway? I make an executive decision. “Excuse me, Pardon me...” I reach for the trash bin and begin to softly slide it towards the door. Everyone watches me in silence. Mrs. Spencer becomes flustered at my action and I look at her smiling gently and mouth quietly “I’m making more room.” She allows me to do what I do, but I can sense her discouragement of my actions. I simply continue to smile softly, and after moving the trash receptacle out to the hallway, I wash my hands in the small sink in the corner of

the room. Nancy and Peter await my next move. As I take a good look at Brendan, I am guided to his crown. “Oh boy,” I think to myself, noticing that is where Mrs. Spencer is standing. I shoot her a ray of love.

I nod to her and say “May I?” as I move towards the head of the bed she reluctantly moves and I find my place in this room. Nancy and Peter shuffle their way between the chairs, hospital bed, and several legs. The seated girls make room for them and we are all in our places now. I stand for a moment and take in the sight of this man before I lay hands. Nancy and Peter wait for me, before placing their hands upon his body. I am guided, so I envision *Sei He Kei* in each of my palms and lay hands upon his forehead and crown. I have to be absolutely mindful here. There are more wires and machines than with Jonah, and his head is bandaged up quite a bit. I attempt to get comfortable as I merge with the metal bars at either side of his bed. I see there is blood seeping through the bandages and wonder if the nurses are aware. I have become an *all seeing eye* in these settings, noticing things I feel are unacceptable, or out of conduct by the staff and such. I let it go and focus on the Reiki. Nancy stands at his chest and lays hands upon his heart and Peter stands to the side of Brendan’s feet, with his hands wrapped around his ankles. The energy begins to flow very deeply and I quickly feel as I did with Nico when he passed. I sense Brendan is close by, perhaps in the room. Or is he still in his body, but just unconscious?

After some time, the same message continues to come up on my radar. I can sense *he is close by*. I attempt telepathic communication with him. “Brendan? Are you with us here in the room?” I do not receive any impressions, nor hear anything. I then open my eyes to see his body lying still and lifeless. I glance to the machines that make it possible for his body to breathe. They force air down into his lungs and back out. His chest moves up and down in a robotic manner that

appears mechanical. I close my eyes and go deeper into this healing grid. I fall into a sort of trance. My hands are suddenly glued to his body and I feel I couldn't move them if I tried. I remain in this way for some time and then I suddenly hear a voice. "I'm too afraid to come back. Look at all of them. I would have to come back and take care of them all again, and I won't be able to. I'm under so much pressure. I prefer to just wait here." "Why do you feel under pressure Brendan? What is bothering you now?" There is a long pause and then I hear his voice again. "I know I'm in bad shape here. I can see my body and I've heard the doctors talking, they say even if I do come back, it will be years before I will be able to have proper functioning motor skills, if any at all. I can't do that to my Shirley," he says. "Who is Shirley?" I ask. "That's my fiancé, sitting in the green sweater next to my sisters. I love her so deeply and will miss her, and the life we were building together, but if I come back, I don't think I will be half the man I was before the accident." I pause and realize the predicament he is in.

"So they have said that you will need extensive physical therapy and such?" I ask, trying to get an idea of what he has heard the doctors say. "Yes, they say that the accident impaired my motor skills. They tried to operate already, but it's no use. My brain is mush. If I do come back, I will be in a wheelchair, have to wear diapers and won't even be able to feed myself." There is a pause. "You know Brendan, it may be that way at first, but surely it won't be that way forever. I have witnessed some miracles in people's healing, and there's no reason why miracles can't happen for you too," I say. "Yeah, but I'm too young. I'm thirty years old for God's sake, and to put my family and fiancé through that.... I can't even imagine putting myself through that. I don't think I'm coming back." "So why are you still here then?" I ask. There is a longer pause and he answers. "I don't want to say goodbye yet." I then feel him withdraw from our

conversation.

I open my eyes to see Nancy and Peter in the same positions as before. I attempt to shift my hands and they move freely. I move one to hover above the bloodied bandage and the other to the base of his throat. I close my eyes and begin to intuit visions, visions that are not of my conjuring. I see a young man and know it is Brendan. I realize he is showing me pictures, like on a movie screen. I begin seeing flashes of his life. He is handsome and happy, robust and strong. I get the sense his whole family rely upon him to be a rock for them in one way or another. He is now jumping over mounds of sand on his motorbike and he seems fearless and in his element. I next see him entering a party type of scene and he is popular. Everyone greets him and loves him so much. He is like a town hero. No wonder he cannot face coming back, he has a lot to live up to.

As we finish our Reiki treatment with him I am conflicted as to what exactly I am to share with his fiancé and family. He didn't say *not* to tell them he doesn't want to return, but I do feel a sort of confidentiality pact between us. I figure if he wants to talk with them he will do so in the same manner he did with me. This is tough though, he pretty much said he is not coming back, but you never know what could happen.

What is my job here universe? How may I serve this time and space now? How may I be of service to his family and fiancé? I place my question out into the ether and await guidance. I next see a vision of me attuning everyone here, today. I am also supposed to attune Brendan. How am I going to do that in such close quarters universe? Will they not think I am crazy? Drawing on his hands and such? I protest and the universe next speaks through my higher self. I hear the words *remote attunement*. I am suddenly aware of what to do. I imagine us out in nature and Brendan appears healthy, how he did in the visions I saw. I proceed in attuning him and the universe guides he receives all levels, all the way

up to Master Level. I proceed and complete the attunement, waiting with him until he opens his eyes in this other dimension. I even hand him water in the vision, and he drinks and then bows his head to me and I know our work is done.

I then open my eyes and slowly remove my hands from his body. Nancy and Peter sense my movements and slowly follow suit. I look to the clock and see roughly fifty minutes has passed. I excuse myself, and head to the ladies room. Only then do I notice that I am perspiring heavily and feel encumbered by my pink sweater. I decide to remove it as I visit the restroom. Usually hospitals are on the cooler side, but somehow I am suddenly filled with a hot flash that does not seem to go away. Nancy follows me into the restroom. "Are you OK?" she asks. "Yes." I respond while splashing my face with cold water. "The guidance is to share attunements with as many members of his family as possible," I say while lightly patting my face dry and putting some chap-stick on. "Today?" Nancy asks. I nod my head. I can see her trying to figure out how this will work. "We just have to trust that if it is for the higher good, the higher good will make the way for it to be so," I say, as if reading her mind. She silently nods her head in agreement. As we walk out from the restroom, I fold my sweater over my forearm and see Peter talking with Mr. Spencer outside of Brendan's room. "And here is *the way*," I say to Nancy quietly.

Brendan's father looks at me and I say "Mr. Spencer, I am guided to offer you and your family members a crash course in Reiki/Therapeutic Touch today." Mrs. Spencer appears, standing next to me, listening in. "It's the same healing therapy work that myself, Nancy and Peter do. It will help you to heal yourselves, and you can do the same healing work on Brendan too." I finish my elevator speech and can sense Mrs. Spencer staring at me oddly. I realize my sweater is off and that perhaps she can see I have armpit hair. I may have

begun shaving my legs, but have yet to shave under my arms. I hear it is a very Brazilian look. Or is it the other way around? Unshaven legs with shaved armpits? I notice Mrs. Spencer's face becoming quite contorted as she reveals a regal disgust at my underarms. Oh brother... okay, stay cool, Tuesday. Do not project anything, just detach and send love, I tell myself.

At that moment Brendan's two sisters and his fiancé Shirley exit his room and come to stand with us. "What you are saying is that you want to turn us into people like you?" Mrs. Spencer says, looking me up and down as if I am a dirty hoodlum. I begin to feel self-conscious about my armpit hair and wonder if anyone else in the crowd is noticing it too. "What's this, did we miss something?" Brendan's older sister interrupts. "Yes, I was just sharing that I would like to share Reiki attunements with all of you today. This will give you the ability to share deep healing with Brendan, like the way we layed 'hands on' with him. And also, it will help you through your healing process too. You can use it to heal your own lives." I state my case clearly to the sister while not making eye contact with Mrs. Spencer. "Oh, is that what you guys are doing? Reiki? I've heard of it before. My yoga teacher talks about it from time to time. My name is Shauna, nice to meet you. I just flew in from Florida this morning to be with my brother and am amazed, watching you three work together on my Brendan." Oh thank you lord! Shauna is the bridge of connection here. Her knowledge of yoga and Reiki will help the others to acclimate to being open to it too, for the highest good of course.

"How are we supposed to take you seriously?" Mrs. Spencer asks me. "Denise!" Mr. Spencer exclaims out loud, as if to hush his wife. "Well I mean look at her, she has tattoos, a nose ring and strange hair, I mean haven't you heard of shaving?" I look around and notice a circle that includes Brendan's two sisters, fiancé, mother, father, Nancy

and Peter. “I am sorry if you cannot see past the surface of my body and those parts of it, but I am here in the highest light and sincerity and I am guided to share the gift of healing with you all, right here, right now.” I say everything directly to Mrs. Spencer. “You can either say yes, or no.”

I then move away from the crowd and rummage through my bag to find my bottle of water. I don’t know whether to feel humiliated or elated. I drink while looking out the window to the park that myself and Mr. Spencer gazed earlier. I hear the girls criticizing their mother. “Why do you always have to do that Ma? What’s wrong with you?” Mr. Spencer chimes in. “Yes Denise, that was really uncalled for.” In my peripheral I see Nancy and Peter disperse from the family circle and sit down in some chairs further down the hallway. I overhear Shauna saying “All the stuff you are so critical about with her is actually what makes her the real deal Ma. I have seen girls in my yoga class with hair here and there. It don’t make them bad people. It’s just a yoga thing. Apparently in India a lot of women don’t even shave their legs.” She continues. “Disgusting.” Mrs. Spencer retorts. “Look Ma,…” Shauna incites “Are you paying this woman to be here?” “No.” “Is she asking for money?” “Not yet,” I hear her mother saying. “Jesus Ma, you’re a real treat aren’t you?” Moments later Shauna approaches me and brings me back into the circle. “So Tuesday, how much will it cost to receive this Reiki training with you?” “There is no cost to any of you, it is completely guided, and free of charge,” I respond, now bringing my eye contact in alignment with Brendan’s younger sister and his fiancé, Shirley. “See Ma, no charge,” Shauna says. She then turns to me. “You will have to excuse my Ma, she’s been under a lot of pressure lately.” “I thoroughly understand,” I say. Shauna asks “So how do we do this Reiki thing? I think we have about 45 minutes before we all need to be in different places, until we can get back to the hospital later tonight.” “No Problem,” I say and

get Nancy and Peter's attention. They come back over. "Nancy, can you please summons the water canister from Brendan's room and fill it up with fresh water. We will also need about five cups." "Sure, I'm on it," She says. "Peter, help me to find a waiting room area that we can take over for a while?" "Oh, there is one down the hall on the left." I finally hear Shirley speak. I turn to her smiling. "Thank you." I ask Peter to come with me and tell everyone to take a restroom break and meet us back in the waiting room in five minutes. Thankfully we have the room to ourselves... Of course, the universe would set it up that way. "Hey Peter, would you help me move these chairs and tables around? I want to set them up for attunements." "Let's do it!" he responds.

We move some furniture around and I peek outside and see Nancy being directed to the waiting room by Mr. Spencer. I open the door for her and we decide where the best place for the water is. One by one, Brendan's family enters the room and Peter shows them where to sit. Everyone, including Mr. Spencer is present, except Mrs. Spencer. I pay no mind and am guided to begin the ceremony. I close my eyes and run the energy of the room, calling in everyone's angels and guides. I next sign myself into the aggregate key-note of the group so that what I say is clear and easy for them to understand.

"Okay, let's begin," I say. I go through a dialogue that includes the most basic fundamentals about Reiki, and tell them we will skip the symbol drawing because of our limited time, but that we will make sure they receive copies. I share on what Reiki is, and what it means for them to undergo an attunement. I'm getting the most important thing is for as many of them to be attuned as possible, and that laying on of hands with one another is significant to this gathering today. So I get on with it. "Now, no-one *has to* be attuned, I want you to understand that there is no force of will. It is

completely up to you.” I look to Brendan’s younger sister who has been quiet all day. She speaks for the first time. “I want to do it for Bren,” she says and begins to tear up. “Me too.” Says Shirley. “I’m in.” Says Shauna and Mr. Spencer adds “I am happy to do anything that will help the healing of this family.” “I’m glad you said that. Because, while this *is* about Brendan’s healing...” I look to Brendan’s younger sister and Shirley... “It’s primarily about you using this energy to heal yourself first, then share it with Brendan. Can you all recognize the value of that?” I ask and they nod their heads. “Yeah,” Says Shauna. “We are all terribly upset about our Brendan, but how can we help him heal while we are in a mess ourselves?”

Thank you again dear universe for Shauna. She truly is the bridge that is allowing all of this to happen and seem natural and flowing. I take a deep breath. “Okay, so who is going first?” Mr. Spencer raises his hand and I attune him. As I do, I hear a voice that says “Bring them all up to Master Level”. Next Shirley says she will go, then Shauna, and as I am completing Brendan’s younger sisters attunement, Mrs. Spencer walks into the room and stands in the corner. Peter quickly offers her his chair. “Mrs. Spencer, would you like to receive the Reiki attunement too?” I ask. She looks to her husband. “Honey it’s really simple, there’s nothing to it.” He responds. Without saying anything, she nods her head in small movements, motioning yes to me. She sits and I quickly stand behind her and hear *only Level Two*. I follow the guidance and attune Mrs. Spencer to Level Two. Nancy passes out glasses of water and we all take a moment. I then set everyone up into pairs to share hands on with one another. After five minutes or so Shauna says “Oh my god! I totally feel something..., like waves of energy.” “I feel a prickling in my palms,” says Shirley who happens to be working on Mrs. Spencer. “Yes, you may have many different feelings pass through you and perhaps you may even become

emotional. That's completely normal, especially in this circumstance. Reiki is going to help you all find a balance in your lives, be it mentally, emotionally and physically. Remember, like I mentioned earlier, your attunement with Reiki can *move* and bring up a lot of stuff inside of you that is stuck or that has not had a voice, so expect a clearing, a healing... And know you can let the stuff go via sharing Reiki with each other, and even just by laying hands on yourself.

In between switching from giving to receiving with their partners, I guide the group through a *pulling the plugs* meditation and tell them to use this exercise anytime they are guided. "Don't be afraid as emotions come out for clearing, just keep laying hands on with yourself and let those feelings wash out of your system. You will become clear and feel stronger in every way. Practice with one another, and with Brendan, and make sure to drink plenty of water... And always offer a person water if you share Reiki with them. It is a lot of energy that you will feel moving through you over the next period of time and you should do your best to get rest and eat plenty of protein."

The group naturally comes to a close and the energy has shifted an infinite fold. The vibration between these family members is much lighter than when we arrived. There is a strong sense of purpose between them now. The fact that they can actually do something to help each other, and Brendan at this crucial time seems to uplift them all, even Mrs. Spencer.

The car ride home is mostly silent. We are all aware of the significant work we shared together today. I gaze out over the highway and wonder if I will be called back to do more work with the Spencer family. I feel my stomach growl and realize I am starving. I have Peter and Nancy drop me off at a local restaurant down the road from my house. We say our goodbyes and I grab some dinner.

Two weeks have passed. I check my messages on the

house phone upon returning from running errands. I hear Peter's voice. "Hey Tuesday, I just wanted to let you know that the Spencer family decided to release Brendan from his coma earlier today. We have been saying prayers for him all day, that he may go to the light. I'm pretty sure he will make it, he has a lot of angels looking out for him.... Sending love, and I'll see you soon." -*Beep*. I feel a deep sadness within, but it lasts only momentarily and then I say out loud. "Goodbye Brendan. Goodbye." Though I was not called to go back to the hospital after that fateful day I spent there, I know I did all I was supposed to with him and his family. Nancy and Peter gave me 'reports', and apparently the Spencer family had really taken to using Reiki with one another and with Brendan. I light a candle for Brendan and his family and place it upon the last piece of furniture in my room, my alter. I say a quiet prayer. I then head back into the kitchen and decide to light a candle for myself too. Somehow, Brendan's death seems to be marking a great change for me. I feel a shift deep within my being.

I hold the candle in my hands, and ask out loud "What is my purpose? What is my purpose now?" I repeat it like a mantra several times and then proceed to light it. I light some sage, offering it to all directions first, and go on to smudge myself, Nancy, Peter, the Spencer family, and Shirley, via *remote smudging*, as Nancy calls it. I sit in stillness. There is just enough outside light, and light from the candle to create a wavelength pattern of fluttering specks of light in the air. I feel like I can see the dematerialization and re-materialization of the cosmos happening, in front of my eyes. I pull my journal out and scribe without a Journal Entry date.

"Life and death reside as constants, two sides of the same coin..."

Chapter Thirty-Two

The Beginning

JOURNAL ENTRY
FEBRUARY 12, 2004

The sun shines warm upon my face as I gaze the view from Sal's studio apartment. I lay on the floor of my new short-term home. This is my third day here in Los Angeles with Sal and all is flow. He is so generous, he says I can stay til' I get things figured out. I am grateful for our time together and happy he has invited me. He lives on the top floor. It is a small apartment, bright and peaceful. I feel like I'm awakening from a dream.

Wow, how so much can shift in life when you let it. How a change of space births a new coming into being, is a continual mind blower. Just when you think you got it all figured out, there's more, but only cuz there is somehow less. Less thinking, less trying to figure everything out. Less stuff. Sal sleeps on a twin bed, and I sleep on the floor in my sleeping bag. It is early, maybe 6am. I'm still adjusting from New York time. Just then I hear Sal's voice.

“Hey, good morning, Tuesday.” murmurs Sal as he turns over in his bed. “Hi Sal.” I sit upright. “I love it here. The birds are singing and it feels so peaceful.” I say. “Yeah, I

really lucked out getting this place. I guess *you* would call that 'good apartment karma', hey Tuesday?" He smiles and nods his head towards me.

We chat in his tiny kitchen over coffee. "So, what are you up to today?" Asks Sal. "I got an email from a New York pal, Mark. He moved to Venice beach a year ago and insists I see some dude named 'Crash' over there." "Okay, drive carefully Tues! We don't want you to 'crash'!" Sal motions as if to play the high-hat and signal the abbreviation of a joke. I smile. "Oh Sally..." This is what I call Sal when he gets goofy. "You gotta take this act on the road!" I say, and we continue in our silly banter, cracking one joke after another. "So what are you going to see this guy Crash about?" Asks Sal. "Mark says Crash has some isolation floatation tanks out there. He swears I have to check it out." Sal shakes his head with a smile. "That's my Tues alright... Doin' weird and wonderful things...With weird and wonderful people, like your new friend Crash." There is a pause and then Sal nails it. "Hey just make sure you wear your seatbelt! Whoa!" He motions to hit the high-hats once more saying, "Alright, I'm out." And leaves the room.

I set up my computer in hopes of starting my book on the grids. I sit and nothing comes. I sit even longer and still nothing comes through me. I decide to do a headstand to get the blood flowing to my brain, but when I sit again, still nothing flows and I am left staring at the phone number Mark gave me. I decide to call Crash and set up an appointment.

~

I find perfect parking and walk towards Venice beach to find the address where Crash and his float tanks are. Mark said the spot was tucked away a bit, but that I should find the entrance next to a juice stand. I walk through a doorway that

leads to an open area with offices all around. There is a man sitting in the sun with his eyes closed. He is wearing what we used to call *dolphin* shorts in the eighties. They seem pretty short for his long legs. He has no shirt on and is quite tan and tall. His marine style hair cut gives him an edge of intensity. I walk past the sunbather and continue my search for this man with the name of 'Crash'. Maybe I will see a sign that says something about floatation tanks. I check the building number and know I'm at the right address. I walk all the way to the back of this area and then circle around again. I stop in front of the juice bar and silently run my Merkabah, and the grid of me finding the location. I look around myself and enter the small area where the office spaces are again.

This time the sunbather opens his eyes. Squinting at me, he asks "You Tuesday? You here to float?" I smile. "Yes!" I say and sit in the chair next to him, awaiting his further conversation. But instead he closes his eyes and without moving a muscle, proceeds to sit in complete silence. So I also sit in silence and close my eyes, absorbing the warmth of the sun's rays. Ten minutes go by and then Crash speaks. "You heard of ozone?" I immediately think to the ozone mist from the beach and say "Yeah." He sits up, suddenly interested in me. "Do you do ozone?" He asks, leaning into my personal space while staring into my eyes. "Do I *do* ozone?" I reconfirm his question. "Excuse me?" I say. With that he leans back in his chair and closes his eyes mumbling. "Hmm, never mind." Have I said something wrong, or maybe we are talking about two different 'ozone's'? He is quiet again for several minutes and then gets up and enters one of the offices, leaving me seated outside for what feels like a long time. I then feel guided to enter the office, and as I peer in, he is sitting behind a large glass desk eating a half watermelon and listening to heavy metal. I sit on the couch opposite him. "So, you *are* Crash, right? Is this the right place for floating?" He nods his head and gulps down a large sliver

of bright red watermelon.

After finishing, he begins to instruct me on the tank procedures. I am told to remove all clothing and jewelry and to shower prior to getting in the tank. “But I especially wore my moonstone ring and earrings for the float. They are supposed to enhance my psychic abilities. I also brought a bundle of crystals to work with in the tank too.” He pauses in mid chew, looking at me like I’m crazy. Softly shaking his head, he advises me to *not* move around while I’m in the tank, and not to rest my hands on my body while I float. No hands-on Reiki? I think to myself. “Oh but I *always* practice Reiki on myself. Can’t I do *that* while I’m in there?” He looks at me quizzically. Gazing at me square in the eyes he says, “Look, floating isn’t about yoga or crystals and all that stuff... *It’s about letting go of the shell of stuff you think you are.*”

I am stunned into silence and want to cry on the spot. He senses this and leads me into the float tank area, changing the vibe. “There are two tanks. The whale and the dolphin,” he says while showing me each tank, in their own rooms. I notice the whale tank is large. It looks ten feet tall and about five feet wide. The dolphin tank in the next room is about four foot tall, six foot long and three feet wide. Rummaging through some bags, he pulls out several towels and hands them to me. “So, which tank do you want to float in?” He asks squarely. “I like the dolphin,” I say. He seems suddenly amused. I feel my choice of the smaller tank has scored points with this mad man. I look at his face and body language. He turns dials and pulls levers on the side of this contraption I am about to enter. He now resembles a mad scientist, akin to the character Christopher Lloyd played in ‘Back to the Future’. He leaves me to float and tells me to lock the door after he exits.

As I get undressed and shower for the tank, I realize the significance of Crash’s guidance to basically do nothing prior to getting in, and to do nothing while I am in the tank. It

battles with an ingrained need to ‘run energy’ everywhere I go, all the time. ‘But this is what I learned *being a master* is all about.’ I strain to speak words from within, wanting to shout them out loud. “How can I get into a tank that has had all sorts of other peoples energy in it? Why can’t I *clear* it by running its Merkabah, or by going to the point in creation of all the people’s energy that have been here before me? And why can’t I do Reiki in there? And what if Reiki flows anyway? Am I supposed to stop it?” I speak aloud, as if to question Crash’s advice. I am suddenly confused and feel uncomfortably confronted by all of Crash’s rules. I then feel like I can hear him telepathically telling me to let it all go and that everything is already perfect just the way it is. I sit dripping wet from my shower and take a moment to close my eyes. I breathe and feel like I want to cry again.

Why cry lady? I ask myself. I know I am not afraid to go inside the tank, it’s different from that. Instead I am suddenly confronted with seeing my running of energy tools, grids and the energy all around me as a possible habit or addiction in some way. Am I using tools from a fear-based mentality? Or am I just trying to control everything in my surroundings, like how Sharon used to? Have I slipped into a need to control things, everywhere, all the time pattern, like her? And can I let go of control? Is *my* way of being just reflecting Sharon’s way of being? Has ‘she’ become so ingrained in me, that *she* is all I know how to ‘do’ or ‘be’? Am I an exact replica of her? And why am I so afraid to live or experience something *without* the tools, without being in charge of the energy around me?

Oh shit, this is big. Using the tools all the time helps me to feel in control, the way Sharon seemed to be. I feel an enormous layer of Sharon become unraveled and I know I HAVE TO GET INSIDE THE TANK and begin releasing this grid of her. I suddenly feel a ‘net’ of her energy around me. *I don’t want to be like her.* I say out loud, imagining my

escape from her net.

I stand up and prepare to enter the tank, stating aloud... “I wish to keep all the ‘positive’ I have learned with Sharon, and leave behind all that is not in tune with my authentic self. I release all patterns of me mirroring her.” I want to learn how to be my own master, not just an exact protégé of her. I think to myself as I step inside the dark and watery chamber. Crystals or no crystals, running Merkabahs or not, I am here to float for a reason and this is a vital baseline for me. In this moment I download an understanding it is not *wrong* to use tools/Reiki/crystals and such in conjunction with the floatation tanks, it’s our attachments to the tools that can cause us to *hold on* instead of let go. And that’s what I am here to do, let go of the past.

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All is complete darkness. Water’s soft embrace holds my body as I float weightlessly in a thickened mass of womb-like water. The isolation floatation chamber I lay in is filled with a mixture of water and eight hundred pounds of Epsom salts. My earplugs are in and the hatch door is closed to all that is outside. I wear no clothing, no jewels or crystals either. My thoughts run rampant with sharks. I won’t panic, I think to myself. I will trust. I will trust that no shark can harm me as I lay in this chariot that serves to catapult me out of my mind, and into the ever present infinite. But I can’t help feel a rush of fear. More sharks swim through my thoughts. Please, send me information from a higher plane in regard to what this shark business is all about. I slow my breathing down and feel a circle of sharp tingles dance horizontally around my lower leg, about mid-way between my ankle and knee.

Something strange is happening to me, though I’m not sure what. The tingles feel like small lines lighting up and

then dissipating, like a neon sign. They seem to be sending out a signal to me. As I open to the signal, a vision comes. There are folks on a small boat, helping to pull me from the ocean. As they pull me out, a shark is clamped onto my leg exactly where I feel the tingles. I lay in the tank and know I am having a vision of sorts, but it seems so real. I can't help but want to scream for help. The patrons on the boat shoot some kind of dart at the shark's nose and hit it with ores. The shark releases its jaws and my body is pulled into the tiny boat by a faceless crew. The vision is gone in a flash, along with the tingles. What does it mean? Did this shark incident happen in a past life, or is it all in my mind?

After some time, I get the call from outside. "Tuesday? It's time to get out." Though my ears are plugged and submerged under water, I can hear Crash knocking on the door, and the muffled resonance of the language we use. I feel it through my body in the water.

I settle up with Crash and his energy is lighter with me. "You come back now, alright?" He offers a smile and I nod with certainty. I find a place to sit along the sand and pull out my sarong and journal.

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This has been a bizarre event. One I know will change my life forever. It freaked me out, how attached I am to the tools, conducting every second of my life through their portal. I feel the Sharon part of me still holding on, and with it- I am cast even further into questioning the tools. I do not question Reiki, or the existence of the grids- but I do question

my attachment to all the tools I learned. Who am I without the tools? I admit it is scary territory. The thought crossed my mind that I may have to unlearn everything I think I know. I feel naked without the energy tools. Vulnerable, like how I felt with the sharks in the tank.

I know I still have fear and more layers to work with, but the initial doorway to transformation has been passed through. I feel this meeting with Crash and the tanks is fated for sure. I feel like floating is the dynamite that will blow me apart and quite possibly, it's the glue that will assist in making me feel whole again.

There's a book that wishes to be written. As I awoke from this float, I was saturated by a voice that told me over and over again to write the grid book, to continue what has begun and all else will follow. Like, just the conscious intention and discipline of doing it, and deciding to 'really do it', will carry me. To where, I'm not sure, but I continue to learn what we don't know will reveal itself in time. And then perhaps it will show us that we don't know what we thought we knew all along...

Today has caused an unwinding. A peeling off. Conditions are set free from individualized perceptions, and I am liberated as I move away from 'knowing' anything at all. Thanks Crash. Thanks for

reminding me of that important notion. Damn, it was sure scary to consider at first, but I get it. I now have the opportunity to become a completely different me, the authentic me. But who is she? Now that I am finding my voice, what do I want to say?

I feel like I can begin moving away from the Sharon version of myself, where I have an answer for everything. Floating helped me remember that it's okay to be silent more often, like back in the Rainbow days. After all, if I knew it all, then what?

Blessings to the next chapter of my life- and to the grid book... BOOM!

Strolling along the Venice Beach Boardwalk, I take in the colorful sights of market vendors and street performers. I spot a blanket piled high with the most vibrant white sage bundles. I approach and absorb the sweet smell. A Native man steps forward and greets me. We share some positive words and I notice a sign. "Free shark tooth with every purchase". I buy some sage and a young girl that is accompanying the man holds up a large abalone shell filled with shark teeth. "Pick one," she motions. I am amused at the synchronicity of the situation and close my eyes momentarily. Holding my hand above the offerings, I reach into the pile and pull a small token.

I gaze over the beach and see the sun setting. I feel like getting in the ocean. I think to myself. Hmm. I'll have to hurry if I wish to submerge my body before sun down. I smile, game for the challenge... Suddenly I am on a mission, and getting my body into the water before the sun-sets beneath it, is a train I cannot afford to miss! The sun is sinking fast and this Venice beach is wide and deep. As I

walk over the bike path and onto the sand I hear the buzz of a nearby drum circle. It brings me back to the Rainbow where I learned a new freedom and understanding of life. The intense rhythm provides a backdrop of music for my pilgrimage. My walk turns into a gallop and it feels so good to be alive. I run and run and run. I feel like I am in a dream scene where the hallway becomes longer and longer still, until you catch up with it and go beyond.

I don't stop for one moment, so thirsty am I for her waters to quench my thirst. I glance up and see only two thirds of the Sun's orb now. I pull my clothes to the sand, baring underwear and a bra. Just as my body plunges into the water, the sun has but a sliver left to set. I bathe myself in the last rays of this day. In happiness, solitude and communion with all that surrounds. I am right where I need to be.

Later I sit on warm sands, wrapped in my blue sarong. I pull out my journal and write.

'Sunset Run'

Longest journey to her wettest edge.

A gathering of orange and blue.

Submerged in the last rays of her glow,

I am born anew.

Ever fast, ever slow.

She calls, I go