

SOULHAVEN

State of AWARENESS



*A Soul Awakening
Odyssey*

GISÈLE BÉDARD

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Gisèle Bédard

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Synopsis

Have you ever wondered about the true meaning of life? If so, this book is an invitation to dive more deeply into this burning question, that has been asked by all seekers ever to embark on a spiritual journey. While the answers will differ for each and everyone, it is the same burning passion for truth that is fueling their shared desire.

This book relates the intimate story of one person's quest for greater understanding, as a direct result of a mystical dream she experienced at the age of 12. This most powerful dream ignited such a yearning from within, that it later became the motivating factor behind many of the life choices she was to make throughout her journey.

As she learned to follow her inner guidance and respond to the synchronicities presented along the way, she was led to follow a metaphysical path of learning. In these pages, she shares many of the diverse experiences she encountered in her quest, as well as numerous realizations these experiences brought to her awareness.

This inspirational story has timeless qualities that is presented in a simple and direct language, while offering a unique view into a journey of self-awareness and awakening.

Dedication

This book is a gift, from my soul to yours.

Reading it will give you a glimpse of the most intimate and personal experiences I have lived, while going through the trials and tribulations of the metaphysical journey I undertook, as I went around looking for my soul. You will also find some of my interpretations of the lessons I learned along the way, as I kept asking myself: 'Who am I?' and 'What is my purpose in life?'

If, by any chance, you have been asking yourself the same questions, I offer you my experiences as a reflection. Perhaps some of it may help you come up with your own answers.

Although the path I was led to follow came under the banner of 'Metaphysics' it is only one of the many access doors available to anyone in search of their truth. None of these pages are meant to convince you of anything, I am only presenting my own version. Expect yours to be different, because each of us is a unique manifestation of the God-energy that lives within.

Trust your soul to guide you and teach you all you need to know. That knowledge is already part of you. It is the gift your soul has to offer. All you have to do is learn how to become aware of its presence, so you can merge with that part of yourself and claim your spiritual heritage.

Preface

There are more dimensions to our lives than the majority of us realize.

For many people, living is done on automatic, and they spend most of their time sleepwalking, being only concerned and aware of the physical and social aspects of their earthly existence.

However, for some people, like myself, it is more complicated since we consider our lives to be a double experience. The physical and social aspects are still present, since they are

important to our journey, but there is an added dimension, which I call the experience of the soul.

Becoming aware and confirming the authenticity of my soul has been a long and intricate journey, that has affected most of my life choices. At first, I was just blindly following my inner direction, until I became aware that my decisions were actually motivated by my own God-Self.

Contemplating universal concepts and how they apply within the context of this dimension is a way of life for me. Although I can say that I am more emotionally inclined than intellectually motivated, achieving my deepest understandings through the internal process I have developed over the years.

One day, as I sat at my laptop, I had a 'déjà-vu'. I felt as if on another level, my book had already been written. This motivated me to keep at it, even though I still wondered how I could ever complete such an undertaking.

It was then that I told myself I hoped this book would accomplish one thing, and it would be for anyone who reads it, to get a confirmation of the reality of their own soul.

For anyone to get a glimpse at the beauty of their own God-Self is a prize well worth the struggle, and if only one paragraph gets to achieve that, it will have been worth writing. Otherwise, it is just the ramblings of a self-proclaimed metaphysical thinker.

As I watched my story unfold, I had to rely on my soul many times to continue to help and inspire me in co-creating this labour of love. This process increasingly becoming one of the most important and rewarding experience I have ever been able to accomplish. This is what our joint effort has produced.

Enjoy the ride!

Note: While my references to God are made in the masculine sense of the word, it is not meant to reflect gender, but is only used as a convenient lexicon.

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Part 1 - The DREAM

*Our emotions are the language of our soul
and dreams are the access door that
our physical and spiritual selves
can use to communicate*

.....

*We are all one and our capacity to become
part of God only depends on the degree
that we are aware of the God
within our own being*

1- Message in a Dream

There are very few childhood dreams that I can remember, but there is one in particular that I still recall quite vividly. So much so that it eventually became a source of inspiration and a guiding force, for I felt it was closely related to my purpose in life.

Even though the details were rather symbolic, they paled in comparison to the feeling the dream generated within my being. An emotion so powerful that in years to come, it would have a direct influence on the life altering choices I was to make, as I kept trying to recapture the extraordinary state of awareness it had been able to reveal.

In a way, I could say this dream left me with a gift, and I have been unwrapping it ever since.

The dream started when I found myself aimlessly walking on a street of what appeared to be a desolate town. At some point, I looked up to the side of the road and noticed an endless row of statues. While they displayed a wide assortment of men, women and children of various age groups, they were all the same, with the upper part of their body in the likeness of a human and the lower half in the shape of a small horse. It was not until later that I found out these mythological creatures were called centaurs, and could be regarded as a symbolic portrayal of the two aspects of our human nature.

Then, I stopped in front of one of the statues and focused my whole attention on it, as if I had suddenly become curious about what they were supposed to represent. While doing this, I started to feel a build-up of energy rising from the deepest source of my being, which was slowly expanding and feeding me with this incredible power. At the same time, a sense of self-awareness was emerging, shifting my perception and bringing me into a state of indescribable bliss and utter sense of joy.

When all of sudden, I recognized this emotional state of being, as the one I was most accustomed to experiencing, and represented who I really was.

Then the power altered slightly, becoming pure love, and it filled every pore of my being. I felt so full of this love energy that I knew I had to use it, otherwise I thought I might explode. When the idea entered my mind that I should at least experiment with it. Since I was

looking at one of the statues, I started to feed it with this great love, opening myself and letting the emotion flow directly into its form.

I had no expectation, it was only a convenient outlet allowing me to dispose of all that extra energy. To my great surprise however, the statue suddenly started to respond and became alive. It appeared a little disoriented at first, having no idea as to what had happened, or the fact it had just been awakened. Yet it looked around, straightened up and walked away, even if unsteadily. Although it continued to be oblivious to my presence, even if I only stood inches away from where it had been standing, while still being trapped into its statue form.

Realizing the effect my love was having on the statue totally amazed me. It made me wonder at how strong this love really was. So, I continued going from one statue to the next, loving them in turn, giving them life, and then moving on to the next one. Until I reached the end of the road and there was no statue left for me to awaken.

Then, I just took off and flew away, feeling like the God I knew I was at that moment. Still bathing in the joy and complete state of bliss I had been immersed into, since my first moment of self-awareness.

This felt more real to me than anything I had ever experienced in my life thus far. At barely twelve years old I knew, unexpectedly and with a certainty that has never left me, how this was my natural state of being - this was who I AM. It was not until much later that I came to realize the full impact of my experience, which had given me a glimpse of my spiritual heritage.

Waking up from that dream left me with a tremendous sense of loss and I felt trapped, captive in an inhospitable world, feeling as though my birthright had been taken away from me. I was depressed for many days following, trying to hang on to the memory, while I struggled to integrate this new revelation within the framework of what I had been taught to perceive as real, fully knowing there was no one I could speak to about this experience.

This is when I made a solemn promise to myself and decided if a way existed for me to experience that emotion again, I would find it. I did not know how or when I could ever achieve this, but I made it my secret goal. I was determined to find my real self again, and I wanted it to happen in this life. I was convinced somehow of being able to activate this part within me while living. That I did not have to wait to die and go to heaven to experience what I now knew, was the most important part of my being.

Having been raised as a catholic, I also thought that if little me could love this much, enough to give life to statues, then the real God could not be catholic or from any other religion. Since God was able to love thousands of times more than I ever could. For what I had felt was so far removed from any of the religious connotation I had been accustomed to associate God with up until then, that it seemed inconceivable that HE could be limited in such a way. Let alone man-made religions with all their rules and contradictions, since they were too restrictive and narrow in comparison to the un-limitedness I had experienced.

Not that I was free from religious influence, but it gave me a new level of understanding of what I was to look for in my own search for God. The bar had been raised much higher than I had ever expected. Although it was not until much later that I realized how my catholic upbringing was only one, out of the many rungs I would have to climb over, in order to find my true God-Self.

Going back to my ordinary life after that dream was extremely difficult. Many times, I wished I could have returned to the reality of my special dream. As being my real self for those few powerful moments of complete joy and bliss had been so authentic, that it made of this reality a poor substitute. Why do I have to stay here? I wondered many times, since I knew this was not the real world.

In the years that followed, I would find myself going around with this inner ache, which became like a constant presence and a reminder of not truly fitting into this world. Nothing soothed this pain and I learned to live with it. Yet the more I saw of the world around me, the less I wanted to be part of it. I thought for sure this world was crazy. When someone would die, I would go down on my knees sometimes and pray, wishing I could trade places with them.

The only ray of hope keeping me motivated, was the promise I had made to myself, to experience my true self while still in this dimension.

As the months turned into years, the challenges of growing up and going through the ups and downs of living became my primary focus, and the memory of my dream receded. Although the ache was always there, never leaving me entirely, as though waiting in the background, silently directing many of my life choices.

It was not until I started to write this book, that the memory of my centaur dream resurfaced again in full force and became my focal point.

While I contemplated on my life experiences, as my book slowly took shape, I realized that my secret goal had already been achieved. I also became aware that my inner ache was finally gone, and had been replaced by the joy of living within the awareness of my soul. Though I also understood that I should no longer keep it a secret. I now had a new goal, and it was time I learned to share its gift with others, so that they too may ascertain the reality of their soul and learn to claim their spiritual heritage.

For the discovery of our soul is the ultimate purpose we should have, since it represents our true nature, the part of us that is eternal and belongs to the real world. While the genetic substance of our physical heritage is only temporary, traversing this world of illusions for the lifespan of a few years.

The time has come to merge the two aspects of our duality. So that our journey of self-discovery can continue in a more conscious way, leaving behind the dross of our ignorance.

2- Childhood Faith

It seems that my entire life has been dedicated to one long spiritual quest. Even as a younger child, I would spend hours trying to imagine God, the angels and I wanted to be perfect so I would go to heaven. I thought for awhile how unfair it was that I could not be a priest, just because I happen to be a girl. I hoped that by the time I was grown up, the rules would have changed. But in case they did not, I took comfort in the thought that perhaps I could become a cloistered nun, something I might have done a hundred years earlier.

Since I attended catholic school, my religious upbringing was all the more focused on abiding by the precepts of that particular faith. Although I often questioned its validity, because of the inconsistencies and contradictions I perceived in many of its teachings. The two areas that bothered me the most had to do with baptism and confession. I had great difficulty believing that God, who was supposed to be loving and forgiving, could be so picky about a little thing like baptism. That a little baby could be sent in limbo, just because he died

before being baptized seemed cruel, and I refused to believe God could be like that. Or, that people who had the misfortune of being born into a different or 'false' religion could be damned, seemed unjust, and I refused to believe God could be so ruthless. I considered going to confession a waste of time, and could hardly wait to grow up, so I could abandon this form of pretence. Why do I need to tell a priest anything since God knows everything anyhow! The thought of having to go through a priest seemed redundant.

But I was told to have faith, not to question the mysteries of God as it was a sin, and that as long as I followed the rules of the Church I would be saved, and be allowed into heaven when I died. Until then, I was supposed to suffer, do penance and pray a lot for the salvation of my soul. I was also curious about other religions and wondered what the differences and similarities could be. Any inquiry was viewed as a transgression that got quickly relegated as being the work of the devil wanting to lead me astray and away from the one true faith.

So, I soon learned to keep my doubts to myself and did what was expected of me, by paying lip service to the faith. Yet at times, I would make extra efforts to be pious and have faith in what I was being told, but it still left me with a sense that there was something missing. The few times I felt a connection with God, the idea of religion disappeared so completely, that it left me even more confused. Because what I felt and what I was being told were worlds apart, and I did not have the necessary understanding to reconcile the two, leaving me more perplexed than ever before.

Letting go of the Church and its many layers of rhetoric was far from easy, and it took many years of peeling off layer after layer of excess baggage, before I was finally free from its influence. It was like having to slay dragons, as the heads of doubt, fear and guilt would crop up and threaten to undermine my desire to continue on my journey.

As a society, so much focus is put onto the physical reality that the soul continues to be ignored, since it is perceived as the domain of the Churches, as expressed through various forms of religions. Yet so often, instead of helping to merge the two aspects within the individual, religion contributes to separate them even further, in perpetuating the idea that it is inaccessible in this life. The focus is put on rules and outside rituals that have little to do with the message they are supposed to communicate.

Although religions acknowledge the existence of the soul, they often make it so complicated and difficult to access, that we are left with two choices. One is to blindly accept their views and follow their rules, in the hopes that their assessments of what we have to do in this life is accurate, so that we can reunite with our soul when we die. Or, we have to try to figure it out on our own, but in this case, our desire must be strong enough to propel us far beyond the security of organized religion. This is why someone who wants to know more, often has to look beyond the limitations of the Churches.

Not that religions are unnecessary, as they are tools serving a useful purpose. Though as all tools, they can be used either constructively or destructively, depending on the motivation of their leaders and followers. Religion is one tool that has been and continues to be used for both purposes. Negatively in my estimation, when serving as an excuse to encourage conflicts and fanatical type behaviours, or to instil the fear of God within the hearts of their followers.

Nevertheless, the time eventually came for me to go beyond what it had to offer. Even its most positive attributes had lost their appeal. I came to view it more as a rehearsal for the brain, feeding on rules and rituals that held no special meaning for me.

My next step presented itself in the form of spirituality, which I considered more of an exercise for the soul. Something I felt a craving for, as I slowly learned to take responsibility for my own spiritual advancement.

Religion and spirituality are not the same.

While religions, rituals, meditation techniques and various disciplines need spirituality to authenticate themselves, true spirituality has no need and no special requirement. It is mostly about establishing our personal link with God, which is often a secretive and intimate relationship, that does not require the intervention of the Church or of any other representative. A walk in the woods, singing a song, preparing a meal, or virtually anything and everything can become a spiritual experience. As spirituality is the simplest and most natural form of expression for the soul, and whether we realize it or not, we already are spiritual beings.

Spirituality is often no more nor less than getting to acknowledge this fact. For once we assume the responsibility that comes from knowing that we are a spiritual being, and align ourselves to this new level of realization, we are manifesting our spirituality. Thus, enabling ourselves to connect directly, with the various forms of expression God uses in HIS continual attempt to light our soul with HIS love.

3- Feeding the Soul

In my search, I have come to realize that one of the main purposes in life was to feed my soul, and that nourishment came from my emotions. As I learned to provide for my soul, allowing it to participate in my journey more fully, in turn, it fed me with insights and joy, while helping me navigate within the confines of this dimension.

Because of the vibratory scale of our physical plane of existence, we live in duality, a world full of opposites, which creates friction, which in turn creates emotions.

However, I know of only one way to connect with my soul, and it is through my emotions.

Our physical body is fed by the information it receives from the five senses, otherwise it would not be able to relate to this reality. In a similar way, our soul is fed by our emotions, and if we constantly deprive it or feed it with too much negativity, we are weakening our soul, cheating ourselves out of being able to receive the knowledge and wisdom it can provide for us.

The physical entity and the soul are meant to work together, and form a partnership. The more familiarity we gain about these two aspects within ourselves, learning how to look after their individual needs, the more meaningful our human journey becomes. This is the only way we can ever achieve true fulfillment in this life. For as long as we continue to ignore or deprive one of these two aspects, we are creating an imbalance, thus living in disharmony within ourselves.

The soul is meant to be the driving force behind our physical existence. It is that which gives it meaning, because it is the part of us that knows what we came here for. We would do well to pay attention to the clues it constantly tries to provide for us through our emotions. We

know if our soul is involved in any of our activities by the way we feel, as it enhances the experiences, turning them into a greater reality than what they would be without our soul's contribution. Whether we touch someone, see something, hear music or do anything that moves us from within, if it does, it is our soul participating.

In as much as our soul provides us with emotions, we in turn, have to allow opportunities that will feed it in return. We all feed our soul without realizing we are doing it. This is what gives our life meaning, helps to make us feel part of the rhythm of life, and strengthens our connection with the universe. We nourish our soul when we love someone, appreciate a beautiful sunset, meditate, contemplate, pray or do any of the thousand little things that give us a sense of being more than just a physical entity.

Living in the now is a delicacy for the soul, as it allows it to participate in whatever we are being or doing in the now. This is why in those moments, we tend to lose track of time. Because our soul resides in the eternal now, where time and space as we know it does not exist.

The now is like a door that gives us instantaneous access to our soul, and that allows us to tap into this internal fountain of knowledge, where all our answers lie.

In our Western society, the focus of our lives is directed so much on the physical level, that many souls continue to be undernourished, while their minds and bodies are bloated with excesses. Letting the soul go unnourished, creates a sense of lack and unfinished purpose within our being, that no amount of money, social prestige, status, toys or distractions can satisfy. A distress signal that creates all kinds of compensatory reactions such as addictions, self-destructive behaviours and illnesses.

Since our physical self gathers its input through the five senses, the spiritual self is left with having to interpret the emotions it receives from this continual flow of experiences, thus creating a link. The more we live in the now, allowing our soul to participate in our activities, the more we expand its perception of our world, the greater our capacity to feel becomes.

Perhaps paying attention to our dreams is one of the missing ingredients in a world obsessed with physicality.

Our emotions are the language of our soul and dreams are the access door that our physical and spiritual selves can use to communicate.

Dreams

We would probably feel more integrated within ourselves, if we were trained to tap into this source of inspiration from a young age. Perhaps it could go a long way in helping to remove our sense of disconnectedness from our soul.

Over the years, I have come to consider my dreams as internal teachers, that communicate with me through the symbols that are coded within my subconscious. They give me clues about my life, and I often learn from them. As well, they help me close the gap between the physical and the non-physical dimensions, so that I can learn from both ends of the spectrum, thus helping speed up my process of self-discovery.

Dreams have access to the entire tapestry of our life experiences. This is where our emotions get processed. They are all about the dreamer and his or her own personal codes of references. It is like a big jigsaw puzzle where each little piece represents a specific event to

which an emotion is attached. Although books abound on the subject, they can merely serve as general guidelines. The same detail for two people can mean something totally different for each.

There are so many types of dreams also, ranging from the normal to the outmost spiritual, that it would almost seem vital that they at least got to serve a purpose, and they do. Throughout history, dreams have even led to numerous discoveries and inventions, of which some of Beethoven's music, the sewing needle and insulin are only a few.

Many of the older cultures knew this, and recognized their importance, often treating dreams as messengers. Unlike our North-American society which still has a lot to learn in paying more attention to the dream world.

Nurturing a closer relationship with our soul through the use of our dreams is important enough, that we should at least make it one of our purposes in life. Especially when we realize what their contribution can do for our well-being as individuals, in helping understand ourselves better. My dreams certainly continue to offer me a good reflection of my growth process, as I watch them evolve at the same rate that my internal journey continues.

4- Purpose of Life

Having a purpose in life, other than making enough money to survive, or be able to afford all the luxuries we want may seem superfluous to a lot of people.

But why is it that in spite of being wealthy, people are still feeling like there is something missing in their lives. Perhaps making money is not the only purpose we should have after all. Perhaps our need for fulfilment could be better found in paying more attention to our soul.

For me, it is the exploration, the discovery and the relationship I have developed with my soul, that I consider my greatest achievement. I have made it my purpose in life to get to know my God-Self, and the rewards I have reaped have been far superior than my greatest expectations. They continue to astound me as I continue on my journey.

One small trick that has helped me maintain this outlook, was to remind myself that 'we are all spiritual beings having a human experience'. Putting the emphasis on the spiritual aspect as opposed to the physical, was essential in reminding me of my focus. The more I was able to emphasize this aspect, the easier it became to remember who I was, and by extension, to remember who everyone else is also. We should all formulate an answer with regards to our purpose in life, as there is no 'one fits all', right or wrong answer to this question. Or, the answer may change as we move from one level of understanding about ourselves to the next. But what seems important is to at least ask the question, and in doing so, we empower ourselves and start to take responsibility for our life experience. We also get to realize that we do have choices in what to believe, and can co-create our own reality in more ways than we know, since our reality is created moment by moment.

I like to keep in mind that the universe is constantly changing, never stagnant, and neither should we. We need to constantly revise and alter our beliefs, or our understanding of them, if we want to continue growing and evolving towards greater and greater truths. Even if there is no such thing as the ultimate truth, except when it comes to experiencing our own God-Self. When we achieve that, we get a glimpse of the divine. We realize the oneness of all and the inter-connectedness we share through the life energy that created us, sustains us and

is part of our spiritual heritage. Then we know that by hurting or taking advantage of the one, we hurt all, including ourselves.

When I was to wonder as to who or what had a soul I was told, if it is alive, it has a soul. No matter the outward shape or appearance the energy takes as a form of expression.

Unfortunately, the more we allow ourselves to become fragmented by our illusions, the more our perceptions get cloudy, and our ability to connect with our God-Self is diminished.

When our purpose in life is limited to constantly trying to fit in within the narrow limits of the structures under which we are forced to operate, the physiological component of our psyche becomes affected. The stronger we hold on to our illusions, the more power they have over us, until we get to the point when we lose our sense of identification entirely, and feel so disconnected from our inner self, that we can't even believe we have a soul anymore. When that happens, our impression of loneliness and despair can become so acute, that the illusions themselves suddenly lose their appeal and despair sets in. A process similar to our body getting sick, except that it is our soul trying to heal itself. This is not an outside God punishing us, by making us feel guilty, miserable or worthless, it is only that our perception has lost its link. But once we learn to reinvest our thoughts and focus our energies into becoming a more responsible spiritual being, we give ourselves the greatest gift of all. The opportunity to transcend the limitations that have been imposed on us, through restrictive thought patterns and old belief structures.

Since our soul is our direct connect with God, it already knows everything. The experience of living gives us the opportunity to rediscover what we already know, but within the context of this dimension of reality. Which is a challenge given the obstacles we have to surmount, but offers us the greatest emotional rewards imaginable, as we slowly get to remember what our journey is supposed to be all about. Then we know there is no separation between me God and them, that we are all one, and our capacity to become part of God only depends on the degree that we are aware of the God within our own being.

The good news is, we have access to these wonders right here on this plane of existence. We don't have to wait to die and go to heaven for it, heaven is right here in the now. Nothing can keep us from experiencing it, except our preconceived ideas, doubts and hanging on to old belief patterns that may no longer serve our purpose.

That is why finding our God-Self is so important, as it is the only way we can ever hope to discover our internal fountain of happiness.

Finding our God-Self

Although finding our God-Self is not easy, getting a glimpse of it can fuel our desire. But it takes determination, courage and a lot of internal cleansing, before we can hope to succeed in this holy-grail quest, that can only be found within.

Reflecting on our duality as human beings is an important step in understanding who we are. If we come to accept that our physical-body-brain connection is limited in what it can perceive, since anything that it cannot touch, see, hear, smell or taste is outside of its capacity to accept as real, then there is no point in trying to convince our intellect about the reality of our soul.

On the other hand, if we concentrate our efforts on our spiritual-soul-emotions connection, which I call our spiritual heritage, we have a much better chance of finding what we are perhaps unknowingly, yet desperately looking for.

As a society, it seems that every effort is made to stifle that part of ourselves. We are too often induced in seeing our emotions as rivals, that either need to be ignored or controlled. Yet, repressed emotions are what cause emotional instability, depression, illnesses and too many of the ills our society has to deal with on a regular basis. Even the negativity that surrounds us, be it through abuse, murder and all the countless crimes that plague our society, are the outward manifestations of how far we have deviated from our true nature.

On the other hand, having to sift through years of accumulated preconceived ideas generated by the physical-body-brain connection, mostly made up of past belief structures or other people's conjectures and ideas is a daunting task. Our attachment to what we have been programmed to perceive as right and wrong can also be difficult to overcome. But once we allow our perception to expand, and realize that what may be wrong one day, may be right the next, since it all depends on the circumstances, our perspective can grow. As we start to apply that same principle to all the other beliefs we have accumulated along the way.

In a way, we split ourselves in two in order to experience that which we are not, so that we can come to realize that which we are, otherwise self-knowledge would not be possible. It is the labour-pain we have to go through to birth the realization of who we truly are, and it is all part of the challenge.

Eventually, if we become curious enough about our true self and are willing to take charge of our own destiny, we may find ourselves being forced out of the complacency of our comfort zones, ready to start off on a spiritual search.

This is the kind of journey I embarked upon when I went looking for my soul. As I continually tried to break through the limitations of the beliefs structures that had been imposed on me. For as long as I remained caught in their netting, they interfered with the priorities that my soul had set for itself in wanting to reclaim its spiritual heritage.

Part II - My STORY

*The challenges we create for ourselves
in our individual journey are solely
there for our own benefit*

.....

*I had no expectation, and yet I felt as if I was being led
by some unknown force, that directed me from
somewhere deep within myself, and
nothing mattered, except that
I followed where it led*

5- Leaving Home

Although the religious focus I grew up with became inconsistent and often lacked intensity, I somehow managed to catch on to the idea that I had a soul. Especially after my centaur dream, when I knew it for sure.

Even leaving home was accomplished with the help of my soul. It was as though there was this little voice in my head, pushing me and telling me what to do. It got me to leave my hometown and also my first job.

Just fresh out of commercial school, having graduated as a medical secretary, I had to convince my parents to let me go. This was no easy task since they were worried that I would be too far for them to continue watching over me. Nevertheless, they finally agreed to give me three weeks in which to try, since I would be staying with a girl friend from home, Rose-Helene, who had moved to the city the year before. She had arranged for me to replace her co-worker for the first two weeks of my stay, which left me with one week to find a job in Ottawa, a primarily English city and I only spoke French. In spite of these limitations, I had contacted a few doctors' offices and the French hospital in Hull, in the hopes that somebody might have an opening. I was very naïve but determined to try. I can still remember sitting on my girl friend's couch on the night before I had to go back home, feeling depressed and confused. Because my little voice was still telling me that I would get a job.

Then the phone rang, and the hospital I had contacted wanted me to present myself for an interview. I arranged to go in the following day, suitcase in hand, since I was on my way back home. By the end of the meeting however, the supervisor said, "Well, if you want the job, you can start on Monday", of course I said yes. But before I left she asked, "Do you want to know why I called you, since I had a stack of application a foot high for that job?" "Sure", I replied, and she said, "Because you were the only one, in all these applications forms, that did not have a single spelling mistake". I was so elated, that what she was telling me hardly registered. All I could think about was that my little voice had been right after all, there was a job waiting for me. I also silently thanked my grammar skills. Then I went home for the weekend, feeling like I had grown wings.

My parents were shocked, as they never expected me to get work in such a short time. They had only agreed to give me three weeks, to curb my impatience, since they wanted me to look for a job closer to home, in Quebec City or in one of the nearby towns. Nevertheless, there was nothing they could do now, and had to accept this new turn of events.

Like their parents before them, they had a small farm that barely made ends meet. Family vacations were unheard of and something we only got to see on TV. My mother had a grade seven education, but my father had not been able to attend school. Being the oldest male of a large family meant in those days, that he had to stay home to help his father on the farm. His writing skills had never developed beyond being able to write his name.

Yet they were good people, and did all they could to provide for the five of us. Money was a constant worry, especially when the new policies being imposed on small farmers during that time, were aimed at squeezing them out of existence. The new mega farming practices were taking over, all in the name of progress.

Many times, I watched my parent's despair, in knowing there was nothing they could do to avoid the effects these new controlling tactics brought to their livelihood.

It is sad to realize how these same mega farms have contributed since then to polluting our soil and groundwater. What nature could easily handle in cleaning up the waste created by small scale farming practices, could no longer handle the enormous amounts produced by mega farms. Nature is much like our own body in that way, any imbalance can create an illness.

Not to mention the unfair treatments to animals that have become standard procedures, in often forcing them to survive under appalling conditions. Thus, having to pump them full of hormones and antibiotics, so they can be kept alive long enough for market. In turn, these same supplements affect our health, of which increasing our resistance to antibiotics is only one of the results.

However, as more people become aware of these consequences, and start demanding that our meat products and food sources not be tampered with or modified, will help ensure a better quality of our food supply. The growing trend towards more natural and organic products certainly is a good indication of the need to optimize the nutrients in our foods, as healthy foods have a better chance to provide us with healthy bodies.

Since I was the oldest girl, I had to become responsible at a young age, and developed a serious and quiet disposition. I also became introspective, and had stopped trying to express my ideas and feelings early, as our family was not the type to express their thoughts or affection easily or openly.

Even though I was attached to my family, I also felt a certain detachment, and as the years went by, my desire to leave became more pressing. It was so acute at times, that it made me feel as though something in me was going to die, if I was to stay there.

It was not until much later that I understood how my desire to leave had nothing to do with my family or surroundings. It had been my soul pushing me and motivating me to leave, as my destiny lay somewhere else.

6- New Relationships

For the first few weeks I was on my own, I still made an effort to go to church on Sunday. But soon after meeting Bert, my first boyfriend, it became more difficult to continue practising something I did not really believe in, no matter how hard I tried.

As our relationship progressed, I found myself letting go of more programmed ideas about the Church, even when the three-headed dragon of doubt, fear and guilt would make its appearance. Yet Bert kept encouraging me to understand the importance of finding out for myself what my beliefs should be. Instead of blindly following someone else's opinions, however well intentioned they might be.

I can still remember one of our many discussions about baptism. He would say, "When I have kids, I won't get them baptized, because I don't believe in it". At first, I was really scandalized, the only way a good catholic can be! And I would say, "Yeah, but why would you want to take the chance?" I saw it like taking out insurance. At least they would be covered in case there was some truth in it. In spite of my objections, he was adamant it was all nonsense, and I remember being quite put out by his audacity to criticize the Church in that way. I may not have considered myself much of a catholic any longer, but I still respected its teachings.

As the months went by, it became easier to let go of the religious beliefs that were holding me back. Not that I consciously knew what I was doing. I only felt as though I was exploring and taking my first steps into learning to become an adult. He was also successful in convincing me that I did not have to remain a virgin until I got married!

After over a year of Bert's tutoring, and although I was attached to him in a deep way, I did not truly feel in love with him. I felt as if our agenda together was over, and I had nothing more to learn in continuing our relationship. Even though we were sad to find ourselves at this crossroad, we both knew it had to be, as he had come to the same conclusion. So, we parted ways and only saw each other on a few occasions after that. Until the last time, when I knew we would never see each other again. He was on his way to Mexico and wanted me to go along, but I said no, since it did not feel right for me.

About a year later, my mother told me she had heard someone by his name had been killed in a car accident, in the area where he had been living at that time. I had no way of confirming if this was the case, but felt it might have been. So, I said my final goodbyes to his spirit, thanking him for the part he had played in my life.

In retrospect, I can see how Bert was instrumental in helping me examine and re-evaluate a lot of the preconceived ideas I had accumulated. The main lessons being focused on sex and religion, since these were the two aspects that needed to be examined at that time, and put into their proper perspective.

Since he was a few years older than me, he also thought I needed more experiences, and had been gradually encouraging me to meet someone new. So that between the last few times we saw each other, I met my second boyfriend, with whom I actually fell in love. Not long after meeting Claude, we moved in together and I embarked on a whole new chapter of my life, as I had just turned twenty.

At first, it was new and exciting, my first time at living with someone of the opposite sex, and we were both eager for new experiences. I was thrilled at the sense of autonomy this gave me, since my parents were unaware of my activities. The atmosphere of the early seventies still held a strong disapproval towards unmarried relationships.

There was also another opposition to our relationship. Claude had to deal with a previous liaison with an older man, who had been his tutor and lover since he was seventeen. He did not take kindly to our relationship, especially since they were still working together on various projects. But he was to die of cancer within the next couple of years, and the night he passed on, he appeared in one of my dreams.

In the dream, I was walking in an alleyway, when all of a sudden, I saw him come at me brandishing a huge knife. I started running to get away from him. I thought he wanted to kill me, and I could sense his dislike and frustration. Then all at once, I stopped running when I suddenly realized that no matter how upset or hard he tried, he could not harm me. This is the first time I became conscious of having a choice in letting someone else hurt me, and I had decided not to let his hostility affect my experience. Although I felt sorry for him, for being so locked up in his own resentment.

When Claude told me the next day that he had died, I already knew it, and was surprised at how strong his animosity had been. Strong enough for his thoughts to have affected my dream as he was dying.

Nevertheless, it did not take long after that for our relationship to start deteriorating. Claude thought he had some catching up to do with regards to women, for all the years he had missed during his youth. He was determined to take advantage of every opportunity that came his way. As a result, my life lessons became more painful, and I found myself having to deal with jealousy, betrayal and a host of other negative emotions that could have rivalled any current soap opera.

One of the most difficult episode was when I returned home after attending my father's funeral, and found someone else with him in our apartment. The fact that he could see nothing wrong in it, or that he encouraged me to do the same, did not make it any easier.

I eventually grew tired of having to deal with his lack of commitment to our relationship on a regular basis. So that after more than two years at living together, I had to accept that even though I still loved him, it was better for me that I left and continued on my own.

However, in years to come, and although our relationship was over, I did not feel totally free from him. Even long after we had separated and I no longer loved him, I still felt the need to see him occasionally. This used to puzzle me, but I did not give it too much thought, considering it to be a sign of our friendship. That is until my last visit, when I happened to be accompanied by my true love. This time, as Claude and I were saying our good-byes and sharing a hug, I suddenly saw a little spark of energy fly out of him and land into me, as if something had come back. This felt so real that it confused me for a few moments, and I found myself stumbling my way out of the apartment.

It was not until I had reached the car that I realized what happened, and it was as if something magical had taken place, as for the first time in years, I felt whole again. I was so elated that I could hardly believe I had gone around all those years with a little piece of my energy missing. I realized this was the reason why I had felt compelled to continue seeing him. Since then, I have had no desire to see Claude again.

This made me question if perhaps I had not been strong enough to reclaim what was mine, the few times I had seen him before. But by being accompanied by my true love, he acted like the catalyst I needed to help me get my energy back.

I have no idea if Claude was aware he had kept a piece of my energy with him all these years, but it got me wondering at the intricacies of our human interactions, and how we constantly exchange energy with one another.

Perhaps carrying little pieces of energy between each other is an integral part of our relationships, in helping to give validity to our emotions. For as long as this connection has not been established between two people, they remain strangers.

I would think the majority of our relationships are meant to last forever, since the love we feel for family members and friends never die. It is always present, living in the eternal now, constantly feeding our soul with a loving, positive source of energy.

Yet on rare occasions, it may become necessary to sever this connection, such as in a dysfunctional relationship or interactions that no longer serve a purpose. Under these circumstances, instead of feeding us with the love energy, like it is meant to do, perhaps it turns into negativity and depletes our energy. Then we have no other choice but to sever this connection, if we want to free ourselves from its harmful effects.

Negative energy is just as real as positive energy, and can greatly affect our life experience.

Not that these relationships are necessarily lost forever, as they may resurface again under different circumstances. Perhaps once both individuals have reached a higher level of maturity or understanding about themselves. Thus, allowing for a new link to be formed with a different agenda in mind.

Helping each other along on our trek of self-realization is all part of the play called life. We most likely get to meet the same individuals more than once, as it is all part of our internal journey of search and discovery.

Yet we are most often encouraged to keep our attention well focused on others, vainly trying to understand them. When in fact, there is only one path to understanding others, and it is through the understanding of self.

What we don't understand in ourselves, we judge in others. What we judge in others, we condemn, both in others and within ourselves. This is why self-knowledge is the most important element that can help us resolve this dilemma.

7- Introduction to Metaphysics

In spite of my failed attempts at forming lasting relationships with the opposite sex, I continued to look, although not consciously, for a more meaningful form of spiritual direction.

It did not take long for a new training ground to present itself, when I was led to take weekly courses in metaphysics. What I originally thought would be a few lessons on extra-sensory perceptions, turned out to be nearly ten years of intense living, made up of a variety of new and unusual experiences. It was as though God had called my bluff, by putting me through the ultimate test.

Someone I had just met, who shared similar ideas as my own, told me of a course about to start on metaphysical subjects. We agreed to attend the introductory evening together, and this is when I registered for my first course, yet I never saw him again. It appeared the only reason we had met, was for him to lead me into metaphysics. Being in my early twenties, I had never heard of metaphysics before, but I was interested in the topics, which included dream

analysis, meditation, astral projection and other subjects that I found intriguing. Even growing up, I was curious about the bits and pieces of information I found on any of these topics. Since I grew up in a small village, where the biggest buildings were the church and the primary school, with no public library, the availability of this kind of information was impossible to find. So as far as I was concerned, this was my big chance to get some real answers. Although by then, I had already started a collection of books dealing with the same subjects.

This was also the first course being offered in French and since I did not speak English, I was truly in luck. As the organization called the Institute of Applied Metaphysics or I AM, was predominantly Anglophone, due to their leader, a charismatic English woman by the name of Winifred G. Barton, who everyone called Win. Mrs. Barton was a professor of metaphysics, and had written numerous books on the subject. However, by that time, there were enough trained teachers to start giving the lessons in French.

The main reason it was called 'applied' metaphysics I was told, was to emphasize the importance of applying what we were learning. So that our internal journey of self-exploration could become more than just a theory, and hopefully turn into a living experience, as opposed to just another intellectual exercise.

Although I was extremely shy and reserved, mostly from my chronic lack of self-confidence, I enjoyed meeting the people who also took the course. Since we shared similar ideas and the same curiosity about the lessons being taught.

While the French course was given in a rented space in Hull, dances and other events were regularly held at their Ottawa location on Lyon Street. It was during one of those occasions that I saw my first aura, which I took as a good omen. Even if all these activities were performed in English, I did not mind, and was quite content just to be there and observe what went on. The 'vibes' as they were called were positive and fulfilled something in all of us, which could not be found anywhere else.

By that time, Win had many followers, including Americans, and her books on metaphysics were popular among the group. It was not until later however, when my English had improved, that I was finally able to enjoy reading them, since they had not been translated into French yet.

In terms of other locations, there was a center near Madoc, Ontario and another one in Nominingue, Quebec. Weekend seminars were held on a regular basis at either one of these locations. Other centers were to be added within a short time, one in Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan and another one in Coe Hill, Ontario which we called the Farm.

It was during a weekend session at the Madoc center, that I realized I might be continuing on this road of learning for awhile. When I stood in the middle of the group at the end of the last class, I felt some kind of recognition stir up, not for any of the people present, but deep within myself. As if a spark had been ignited, and I understood this was perhaps the best setting I could hope for, to serve as a springboard for my spiritual development. Although at the time, I could not have expressed it so clearly, since I felt confused and a little apprehensive, not knowing how to interpret my emotions.

Soon after finishing the first two courses of ten weekly lessons each, I was ready to embark on my third session. This more advanced course was referred as 'the Applied', and lasted for a period of two weeks. The next one was scheduled for the Christmas holidays of 1975, and was to be taught at their newly acquired center in Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan.

Although the course was to be given in English, I, along with a few other French speaking students, were encouraged to attend, as experiencing the 'Vibe' was considered more important than just being able to understand the words. Since Win herself was giving the course, this made it that much more appealing. So, I went along and observed what went on as much as I could, in spite of not fully understanding everything that was being said. Feeling in some sort of a bewildered state most of the time, yet enjoying the sense of mystery these new experiences generated within me. One night in particular, there was a beautiful display of Northern lights across the sky, my first time at witnessing this most spectacular phenomena of nature.

Even though Win was about fifty years old at the time, her new husband Pierre, was half that age. I say new, because by the time I started my courses, Win's ex-husband was no longer part of the organization. Although I was told he had been involved at the beginning, when Win first started her courses, and had been a major contributor to her work, especially when writing her books. He had apparently served as a medium, channelling information coming from an Atlantean by the name of Loliad-R-Khan, who was deemed to be Win's tutor.

Many of the organizational structures under which we operated, were based on the particular teachings that Win had received from this entity, and which was referred as the Atlantean system. Some of her books were thought to reflect the way of life and the beliefs that had been predominant during the days of Atlantis, which made for some interesting reading and a whole new set of perspectives.

But everything had changed on September 26th 1973, which was about a year before I started my own courses. I was told that a cosmic event of some magnitude had happened during an 'Applied' course given at Madoc, which had resulted with Win and Pierre entering into their new relationship. Many believed there had been some kind of UFO abduction or involvement, which had created a lot of speculations. But this particular aspect never made much of an impact on me. Although I considered the UFO phenomena a possibility, I viewed it more as personal impressions, much like dreams are, that can only have real meaning for those who experience them.

Yet in the years that followed, the significance of that date was to be referred as the beginning of the 'New Earth Era'. A group calendar was also started as a result of this event, and each year, there would be celebrations to mark this special New Year. We saw our group calendar reach up to year ten on September 26th 1983. However, by the following year, as that date came around, the organization had already ceased its operations.

Spiritual Wedding

It was during the early fall of 1975 that I witnessed my first spiritual group wedding ceremony at the Nomingue center. I found the proceedings interesting and significant in that they served to broaden my perspective. The spiritual wedding involved about thirty couples of all age groups, and was performed by Win, with Pierre at her side.

There was a strong belief that all the couples were Yin-Yang, as represented by the Chinese symbol. This meant they were joined for all eternity and it was taken seriously. I personally thought the concept beautiful, and part of me wished I had my own Yin-Yang too.

Something else I found interesting with this belief, was that it went beyond the age differences. In many instances, younger men were marrying older women, while older men were marrying younger women, and this was considered acceptable. The validity of their love was regarded with the same respect and honoured in the same way, no prejudice attached.

Same sex relationships however seemed to disappear, to be replaced by what was viewed as more normal relationships between men and women. In fact, the Yin-Yang belief was so strong that over the years, it almost, although not entirely, eliminated the transgressions of married couples with other partners than their own spouses. Couples who were married before joining I AM, and who had remained together, were assumed to be involved in a Yin-Yang relationship.

After my 'Applied' course in December 1975, a lot was also happening in my personal life. I could sense that I would be required to make some major changes. But I duly continued to attend classes, do my self-development exercises, which included mostly journaling, dream analysis and meditation, and practised conscious living as much as I could. By conscious living, I mean considering every situation I encountered as a learning opportunity, never mind if the lesson was unpleasant or difficult. The important thing was to pay attention to its message. A lot of personal issues had to be faced. All my programmed ideas were to be closely examined, to be either accepted, rejected or put into a neutral file. So, they could be dealt with at a later date, or until such a time that I would be more ready to face them.

Astral Projection

While meditating during a trip to the Nominique center, I experienced an astral projection that took me to my parents' house. Once I got there, I saw my father sitting in his rocking chair by the wood stove. While I knew all too well that he had died over a year before that, I was surprised to find his spirit still hanging around the house.

No wonder my mother used to tell me that sometimes at night, she could feel him climb into bed with her. She never realized how close to the truth she was when saying that. Seeing him there made me want to say goodbye to him, since I had not been able to do so before his death. I knelt in front of his chair, trying to penetrate what seemed like a transparent bubble surrounding him, so that I could get his attention. I took his face in my hands wanting to make eye contact, to tell him that I loved him, and also help him face his death, if I could. Despite all my efforts I was unable to get his attention, so I finally left.

Once I had returned to my body and realized what happened, I was thankful for the chance of seeing him one last time. Although I was disappointed for not having been able to communicate with him in any way. It seemed obvious he had not yet fully realized his condition, and was still going about his daily routine.

Since then, I know that he has moved on, most likely with the help of other beings, better qualified than I was, and whose task it is to assist the dead with their transition from one plane of existence to another. I perceive this transition somewhat similar to changing radio or television channels. While we are in this dimension, we are tuned into one set of frequency. When our physical body dies, we are left with our spiritual body, and have to re-learn how to tune ourselves to this other, lighter frequency.

Just like we get help when we land in this dimension, we are assisted when we cross over to this other one. Most likely by those we have known and loved during our lifetime, as documented by people who have gone through near death experiences, and seen loved ones welcoming them as they were moving towards the light. Perhaps once this initial transition is over, we go through a certain period of adjustment, and revisit places where we used to live, somewhat like a life review. Maybe this is what my father was doing when I happen to see him.

There are many conjectures about this other dimension of reality, and it is just as difficult to try and imagine what it is like, than listening to a particular radio channel, when we are tuned into a different one. It is unfortunate that our society still espouses belief systems that fail to prepare people adequately for this transition. There is too much fear involved. The easiest transitions are most likely those of children, who are still unencumbered by preconceived ideas and misleading information, making their transition that much simpler.

Although one thing is for certain, the death of our physical body is not the death of who we are. Also, we will see our loved ones again and when we do, it will be as if we had seen each other only yesterday. For once we leave the confines of this dimension, time and space as we know it, ceases to exist and we are left in the eternal now.

Even though I enjoyed visiting Nominingue on weekends, the thought of moving there had never entered my mind. Unlike my friend Paule, with whom I shared an apartment during that time, who decided to move to Nominingue in the summer of 1975. When she told me of her intention, I thought it was fine for her if such was her choice, but I definitely did not see myself doing the same. I considered it too drastic, and it reminded me too much of entering the convent. My days for wanting to be a nun were long gone by then.

Little did I know that my objections would not be strong enough to hold me back, when the time came to follow in her footsteps. As it seemed I had embarked on this internal journey, which often appeared like a dark, uneven road. Yet I trusted it, feeling as though it would eventually lead me to my true self. The only light I had was the flashlight my soul provided through my emotions, in showing me when and where to turn.

8- Moving to Nominingue

When I first moved in with Paule, I met Romeo, since I was taking over his room, and we went out together a few times. Little did I know that he would eventually play an important role in my life. But at that point, Claude had decided to come back into my life, and when Paule left for Nominingue, he moved in with me. Although I hesitated, I decided to give it another try since I still believed myself in love with him. It did not take long however for me to realize his ways had not changed, and left him again within a short time.

It was around the end of March 1976, when I began to entertain the idea that I should be moving to Nominingue for awhile, as a staff member. I resisted the impulse at first, remembering my reaction when Paule had moved there the year before. Yet the sense of rightness that it gave me finally won over my reluctance. So that, at the beginning of May 1976, after quitting my day job in the city and making all the necessary arrangements, I moved to Nominingue with all of my few belongings. I had no expectation, except the strong impression letting me know this was where I needed to be at this point in my life. We were only a small

staff of about six people then, yet a lot of activities always went on, especially during weekends when students and members would arrive for courses or other events.

Nominingue was a beautiful place, set on top of a small hill in the Laurentian Mountain range of Quebec. It used to be a convent and as such, was an ideal setting for holding seminars and courses, which were the primary focus of the Institute's activities. There was a small path leading to a forest behind the center on the way to a private little lake, with a small chapel among the trees. I was to visit it many times in the months that I lived there, mostly when I felt confused or needed a temporary refuge to help clarify my thoughts.

Not long after I had moved to Nominingue, Win made a striking declaration one day, when she predicted that the 'End of the World' as we knew it, would happen on June 13th 1976. She made the announcement over the radio, and was closely followed by the media, while touring Canada doing interviews along the way. Needless to say, this created a lot of commotion, and preparations had to be made in anticipation of the many students and followers that would flock to our centers for that day. As a result, many visitors showed up and kept us busy until at least the following day, when the hype started to die down, since the 'End of the World' did not happen after all.

Many people had stocked up on goods, some had pulled their monies out of the bank, while others had borrowed money, and all these goings-on had to be put right. It seemed the Y2K fever had just come a few years earlier for us! I for one had phoned my mother, and tried to convince her to stock up on essentials, in order to get ready for the 'End of the World'. She thought for sure I had been brainwashed and prayed everyday that I would come to my senses and leave that place. I only half believed it myself but acted on faith. Since I was raised as a catholic, I was accustomed to trying believing stuff that did not always make sense. In a way, I had only switched religion and kept my old patterns of believing what other people said. I was not strong enough to make up my own mind yet about what to believe. Yet I found it a good exercise in that it forced me to re-evaluate my belief structure and readjust my thinking. Not that I gave up the commitment I had made in continuing on this particular path, but it did serve to make me a little wiser. After that, I tried to be more selective in what I chose to believe.

I could also see how the challenges we create for ourselves in our individual journey, are solely there for our own benefit. To an observer, the things we do sometimes may seem foolish, and yet for the one doing it, the greater the challenge, the bigger of an accomplishment it often becomes.

From my mother's perspective, I was doing everything wrong. Throwing away all she had spent years trying to teach me in the difference of what she perceived as being right from wrong. The fact that she no longer had control over my life was agonizing to her and she lived in a constant state of fear for my safety. But I was determined to continue following my inner direction. Although I did not know it then, my spiritual search had barely begun.

Not long after the end of the world episode, a second spiritual wedding was held at the Madoc center. It was performed on the pagoda hill of the Peace Park, which was adjacent to our center. A beautiful setting for such a special occasion. Again, over twenty couples were to pledge their love and fidelity to each other as Yin-Yang for eternity. These events were always exceptional, serving to bring us closer as a group, strengthening our bonds with each other in a deeper way. It was like a religious event in many ways, which incorporated beautiful songs, music and special readings, designed to move the heart and uplift the spirit. Giving us the

sense of belonging and sharing that can only happen when interacting with other like-minded individuals.

While things appeared to get back to normal for awhile, Win was already devising a new type of course, called the 'three months' course, whereby students would live at the center for the full duration. Also, everybody had to take the course, even when it meant repeating lessons already learned.

Not long after that, a new concept was also being introduced, called 'citizenship'. This meant that members who decided to sign up, would sell their homes, leave their jobs in the city and join the group in order to form a community. The idea was that everybody would be equal, with all the monies pooled together and used for the benefit of all.

By the time August came around, a few people had already sold their homes and moved to the center, although few with children. It was decided that a new building would be erected to house the children, and construction began at a lot near a small village called Grand-Remous. This piece of property had been donated by a young couple, who had recently become citizens and had a one-year-old daughter named Mique.

At that point, I was about to start on the three months course, when I was asked if I would consider going to Grand-Remous instead, to help look after the children, which is what I did. This is when I first looked after Kyle, who was three years old at the time. He was among the first children whose parents had become citizens, and I enjoyed looking after them for a few weeks. This also gave me an opportunity to practice the little English I knew.

Every night, as I put the children to bed, Kyle would insist on holding my hand until he fell asleep. I had yet to meet his parents, Hugh and Judy, who I was told, came from Pembroke. Since they were Anglophones, I did not get to know them for some time. Although I got to know Judy first, within the following year, as there were more opportunities for us to interact, either while working together at preparing meals or doing some of our other activities. Yet Hugh was to remain more of a stranger to me for many years, since there seemed to be no real opportunity for us to interact.

While I was at Grand-Remous, I witnessed some difficult scenarios between parents and children, having to say good-bye to each other for extended periods of time. I thanked God I did not have a child to have to go through that process. Little did I know that I would not be spared having to bear the same emotional cross in the not-so-distant future.

It was also while at Grand-Remous, that I had an unusual experience with Mique. One day, as I came into the kitchen while she was sitting in her high chair crying, because her teeth were bothering her, all of a sudden, we happen to make eye contact. Within the next instant, she had stopped crying when we simultaneously realized we were seeing each other's spirit. Yet in that moment we were equals, and I was amazed by what I saw, especially when I knew she was perceiving it too, as we had recognized each other's soul, and the baby façade had come down for an instant. It was as if we had stepped outside the limits of this reality and connected soul to soul, as the true spiritual beings that we are. Then the spell ended, and she reverted to her baby-self and started crying again.

To me, this was like a 'moment in time', when time literally stood still, and I never forgot that brief but compelling connection. It also helped me realize that there is much more to us than what we see from the outside. I was more conscious after that when I met people, not to be so quick at judging them for their appearances. Instead, to try and remember that the real

being that lived within the confines of their body, was the same as the real being that lived within the confines of my own body. A one-year-old child taught me that!

Though the children's housing project was never completed, and by the end of October, as winter was fast approaching, we were all moved back to the center. Nominigue was undergoing a transformation by then, with all the new citizens who had arrived, slowly converting the center into their new home.

Even if I felt emotionally confused and tormented at that point, I knew I could not stay, or become a 'citizen' just yet. I felt as though there was something unfinished in the outside world, that I needed to complete, before I could come back as a citizen.

Part of me wished I could have quieted this internal push that wanted me to leave, when deep down I still felt this was where I belonged. These two emotions contradicted each other, yet as hard as I tried, I could not reconcile the two. The message was very clear, I first had to leave before I could come back.

It was hard to take the rejection I felt from the group when I was leaving. I knew I was coming back, but for some people seeing me leave must have been threatening in some way. Their silent rebuff made me feel as though I had suddenly become a deserter, regardless, I knew I had to follow my inner direction.

9- Unfinished Agenda

Since Romeo and I had gone out a few times before and he was also taking courses in metaphysics, we met again at Madoc during a weekend event. This is when we discussed the possibility of sharing an apartment when I returned to town. Yet the final details worked themselves out easily, and we soon found ourselves living together, sharing an apartment with our friends Bob and Susan, who came to collect me in Nominigue at the beginning of November 1976.

Although this arrangement turned out to be of short duration, it was a difficult one for me. For I soon had to come to term with the realization that Romeo was not interested in any long-term relationship. In spite of this, I felt close to his spirit somehow and developed a strong, compelling attraction for him, which made me feel as though I had suddenly fallen in love with him. This gave me hope for awhile, that perhaps he would return my affection some day, but it was not to be.

I tried to get a job and reintegrate into society. But it felt alien, giving me the impression that all the doors were closing in on me, as if I did not belong there anymore. I soon realized it was only a matter of time before I would return to Nominigue. I still wondered why I had felt compelled to come back out in the first place. I could have just stayed there and saved myself the trouble. Yet the feeling to leave had been so strong, it had been impossible for me to ignore. This whole process was confusing for my intellect, as all I had to go on were my emotions directing me from within, yet I was determined to continue following their guidance.

Then the Christmas season arrived and I went home to visit my family for the holidays, and while I was there, I had the strangest dream.

A Dream with Mary

In the dream, I found myself with my childhood friend Rose-Helene and we were in what looked like a basement apartment. When at some point, I was left all alone and my attention was directed to an unusually large window, and I was drawn to it. As I moved closer, I stared in astonishment at the vision that suddenly took place.

There, standing in mid-air, smiling and looking at me with the most incredible love I had ever experienced, was the Virgin Mary. She bid me to come closer and as I did, I was totally absorbed and magnetized by her presence. I had never felt this kind of overpowering love from anybody before, so I just stood there mesmerized and in awe for what seemed like a very long time. She looked so beautiful, that for years to come, I had difficulty looking at pictures supposed to represent her, since they all failed to do her justice. All I could do was to continue staring at her, as though transfixed, while I bathed in all the love she was giving me, until I suddenly realized she wanted me to go with her. So I flew right out the window to join her, and we took off, while I gladly followed where she led.

Then, I felt as though we were going up and up and up, speeding through dimensions. The sensation I got was so strange and yet wonderful, that I could not fully grasp what was going on. It was too fast and too vast for my limited understanding. But what I do remember is that she brought me in to this important meeting being held between Jesus, Gabriel and other beings, where a decision was taking place. I seemed to be able to recognize Jesus and Gabriel instantly, as if I somehow knew them, and they were asking me to do something. I found myself agreeing to their request, although I could not figure out what it was supposed to be all about. My mind just turned to jelly whenever I tried to focus on what it was. Yet nothing mattered at that moment, other than saying 'yes' to whatever they were asking me to do.

Then all of a sudden, I found myself speeding through dimensions again, but backwards, as though I was free falling from some kind of elevator. While I kept repeating over and over, all the way down, 'thy will be done', 'thy will be done', until I landed back into my physical body, hard, so hard that it woke me up with a jolt, but I was still repeating 'thy will be done' in my head.

Although I could not remember what I had agreed to do, one thing was for sure, I had said 'yes' to something. As hard as I tried to focus on what it was about, it eluded me. I also had difficulty believing the dream had really happened, and shook my head in disbelief a few times, trying to make sense out of this most unusual, but powerful encounter. Yet it reminded of a couple of other dreams I had, linking to this one. In one of them, I was in the church where I grew up with a few other girls. We were all lined up at the very front, and the idea was that one of us was to be chosen for something. As it turned out, I was chosen, although I had no idea what it was about, but I was told that in time, Mary would show me the way.

In another dream, I was in a huge building going up an endless circular staircase. As I went to the window of every level, a face would appear and look at me with a smile, and it was always the same face. When at some point, I met one of my teachers, who I also considered my guide for awhile, and asked him if he knew who the person in the window was. He said, "Oh, you don't recognize him? This is Gabriel, the angel." From then on, I could often feel his presence, as though he had suddenly become my new guardian angel.

Following the Christmas holiday, I returned to my apartment. Although by then, I felt like it was time for me to go back to Nominique.

I thought the whole episode of returning to town had been a waste of time after all, and could not figure out what had made me come back out in the first place. Although I had been following my inner direction, it looked like a poor excuse at this point in time, since as far as I could see, nothing had been accomplished.

I started making the necessary arrangements and contacted Frank, who along with Edythe were in charge of these matters. He asked me to write him a letter to explain why I wanted to become a 'citizen'.

We were encouraged to seriously question our motivation, to make sure we were doing what was right for us, and also to think about what we could contribute towards our new lifestyle.

After some deep thinking, I sent him the following letter, dated January 5th 1977, which translated as follows.

Letter of intent

Hello Frank, I must admit that having spoken with you, has allowed me to realize deeper things that had remained, up until then, more or less hidden.

At first, I questioned the desire I had to take the next three months course. And I realized that my desire was really sincere as this is what I want to do. I also thought about my request of becoming a citizen and realized that in my head, it was already done and I had been considering myself as a citizen already. I forgot I was not the only one to decide on the pros and cons of this decision. But I have no intention of changing my mind. Personally, my choice is made, the final decision is yours, and I hope it will join with the desire I have of being accepted as a citizen.

When I left Nominique, I did not know yet if I wanted to become a citizen. This is why I opted to go back to town and find out what it was that I really wanted. I hesitated since I had the opportunity of taking the three months course, which was about to start. But it did not feel right within myself, knowing I still had some connections to close in the outside world.

Then I came back to town with the intention of finding work and dealing with my issues. This was not the time for me to become a citizen or to take the three months course. I really wanted to be sure of myself before making that choice.

And, it is as if the choice started to reveal itself. Having looked for work for nearly two months, without success. It was as if all the doors of a world I was trying in vain to hold onto, were closing before my eyes, one after the other, leaving me with no other choice, but to say thank you.

And as the glow of the city's attractions was dimming, I felt the desire of becoming a citizen growing, until I finally came to the realization that all I had to say was yes, this is what I want.

In reply to what you asked me, I want to say that I can do whatever is necessary. I can do any housework that may be needed. The same goes for office work. I could also help look after the children or work in the library, etc.... I don't know what type of duties could be available, but I am quite certain to be able to do most of what could be required.

I fully realize that financially speaking, I have nothing to offer the Institute and all I have to give measures four foot ten inches high. It does not weight much on the scale but I hope that my sincerity will be able to make up the difference.

I don't know if these few scribbles were able to show you where I am at in the now, but in any case, all I have left to tell you is that I love you.

Within the next couple of weeks, Edythe called to inform me that I had been accepted as a citizen. I could start making the necessary arrangements for moving back to Nominique by the end of the month.

10- Preparing for Citizenship

Although I was happy to be accepted as a citizen, I was not surprised. It just confirmed what I already knew from the inside. I had made the commitment to act on my internal motives and strongly believed this was where I belonged at this particular point in my life. Even if for most people, this lifestyle was considered highly unusual.

Less than three weeks before I left town, Susan told me she forgot to buy her new box of birth control pills. She needed to start on them that same evening and it was too late for her to go out for more. Although I had a box of the same kind, it was my last one, so I didn't say anything and just went to my room to get ready for bed.

But as soon as I got there, I could not sit still, as a loud voice in my head started to hound me and would not leave me alone. It kept repeating, again and again, "Give her your box of pills", "Give her your box of pills", until I could stand it no longer and finally had to give up. So, I got my box of pills and although I still hesitated, finally decided to give it to her. Getting this annoying voice to stop badgering me was all I cared about at that point. She said she would replace it, but must have forgot.

Then again, I knew that I would not need them once I moved back to Nominique, since I would be living the celibate life. I figured why bother, as it was less than three weeks away. At that point, I did not think it mattered, and I suddenly saw it as a test of faith in God. I figured that because God wanted me in Nominique, HE would not let me become pregnant, because children were not part of the agenda.

Besides, as far as I was concerned, HE was the one that had made me give away my last box of contraceptive pills, with his loud voice in my head and I trusted HIM implicitly.

About a week before I was due to leave town, Romeo and I unexpectedly found ourselves in a lovemaking mood one evening. Given that I still believed myself in love with him, I was glad for the opportunity, since I knew this would most likely be our last time together. As it turned out, our interaction left me with a strange feeling, and I started to become elated, as though I was being emotionally transported somehow.

Then Romeo left the room, and the strange impression I was getting, instead of abating, just kept increasing in intensity. Until I felt totally enveloped by it and nothing else seemed to exist, as it gradually but steadily brought me into a state of complete ecstasy. Yet there was nothing I could do to stop this emotion from expanding, as though it had a mind of its own. Then my awareness started shifting and various emotions would pulsate through my whole body in a strange mystical way. When all of a sudden, it was as if my brain had split itself in two, and I could see each part individually.

On the left side of my brain, a baby suddenly appeared, all dressed in white, and I felt this overwhelming love take hold of my emotions, as I looked at this little being. At the same time, the right side of my brain started saying, "I am getting pregnant now, the sperm just met

the egg”, but the thinking process was happening in slow motion mode, robot-like, and kept on repeating it several times. While I kept admiring and loving the baby I was seeing with the left side of my brain.

I have no way of knowing how long this experience lasted, since time and space had completely disappeared from my perception. I only knew I was being privileged to a rare mystical experience, as the euphoric feeling kept washing over me again and again.

Even much later, after Romeo had come back to bed, and I lay there totally absorbed by what was still going on inside my being. I briefly wished I could have shared what I was experiencing with him, but knew he probably would not have understood. I also had no wish to talk or prematurely break the spell holding me bound.

So, I just lay there, continuing to bathe in this rapture, of another worldly kind, for what felt like a long time. When I turned to look at Romeo at some point, instead of seeing him, I saw and felt Joseph lying beside me, with his long beard and curly hair. Even his features had changed, and from somewhere deep, I remembered loving him. In that moment, even that phenomenon seemed normal.

Although I was baffled by the strange impressions I kept getting, I had no wish to analyse what was going on, it felt too wonderful.

I eventually fell asleep, and it was not until the following morning that I came to the conclusion that my experience must have been a blessing from God. That since I was never going to have a child, I had been given this wonderful gift in compensation.

I was quite certain at that time that I could not have a child, and had been taking birth control pills as an extra precaution, only starting on them close to a year after becoming sexually active. I thought that if I had been able to conceive, I would have most likely gotten pregnant long before, when I was still naïve and unprepared.

When I was about fourteen years old, our family doctor had prescribed me some tablets to alleviate menstrual flow, and the whole time I took those pills I felt sick. They gave me headaches and I gradually became lethargic and apathetic, so much so that my parents eventually became worried. But because the doctor had prescribed them, my mother would not let me stop taking them, as in those days, the word of the doctor was almost as sacred as the word of the priest.

After a few months of not knowing what to do with me, my parents finally decided to bring me in to see this elderly woman for a consultation. Although she was considered a ‘charlatan’ by many, my uncle had been satisfied with her help and had convinced my parents to give her a try. But as soon as she saw me, she said “What happened to this child?” and was really upset, proceeding to tell my mother that my ovaries were full of cysts, and that I should never have been given those pills. They were much too strong for me and were slowly destroying my insides. No wonder I felt sick all the time. Then she gave my mother a mixture of herbs for a special tea, that I was to drink twice a day to try and dissolve those cysts. The last time I went to see her, she said most of the cysts had already disappeared and I should be OK, although scarring might remain.

I was quite taken by the experience and also by her story. Apparently, she had been a nurse during the First World War, and while taking care of a priest dying from his wounds, he had transferred his special ability to her. From then on, she had been able to see what was wrong with people. The rumour was that she had x-rays eyes and could see right through you.

It was not until years later that I understood this meant she could read auras. Although I admired her dedication in wanting to help people, I also felt sorry for her. Since she was over eighty years old by then, and had appeared so weary whenever I saw her. Yet her office was always full, since no appointment was needed to go see her.

Following that episode, I always thought the internal damage I had suffered was enough to prevent me from being able to conceive.

I also learned a valuable lesson in realizing that doctors were not infallible after all, that although they provided a valuable service, they could also make mistakes. I started to develop a new appreciation for other, less intrusive and more natural forms of healing.

Over the years, I have learned to be careful in using pharmaceutical drugs, as my body has a low tolerance level to these synthetic cocktails, that can easily develop into negative effects. Even getting a tetanus shot a few years ago got me a bad case of shingles.

I think more emphasis should be given to preventative, less intrusive and more natural forms of healing, as opposed to the heavy reliance on drugs that, in many instances, only camouflage illnesses.

Yet, the pharmaceutical industry has become so powerful, through lobbying, that you can easily recognize their influence among various government regulations. Starting with the way our health care funds are distributed, mostly finding their way into the coffers of the drug companies. While the natural health care industry is left with having to defend the safety and reliability of its products with no funding available.

Yet, the track record of the pharmaceuticals does not necessarily prove safety nor reliability, the list of side effects associated with their products, often being longer than the benefits they are supposed to provide.

Any product that is used inappropriately, whether natural or synthetic can be harmful.

But how can a synthetic, lab-created substance be more in harmony with our body, than the natural substance it tries to emulate. Herbs and natural medicines have been used successfully for thousands of years, what other proof of reliability does one need. It is a shame that our medical doctors do not receive the necessary training, that would allow them to offer these viable options to their patients. Leaving it up to us to educate ourselves about our choices.

But at least we still have a choice in what health-giving products to use. However, if we are not vigilant, we may lose that option one day, if the pharmaceutical giants succeed in gaining control over the natural product industry, which they have been trying to undermine for years. One only has to follow the money trail.

A week later, I moved to Nominique again with my few belongings, although this time, it felt more permanent. Even if I had no indication as to what the future would bring, I knew this was where I belonged. I had no expectation, and yet I felt as if I was being led by some unknown force, that directed me from somewhere deep within myself, and nothing mattered, except that I followed where it led. Even the people I would be sharing my life with, although I had grown to love them, had no direct impact on my decision. Or, finding out later that I had really gotten pregnant after all, did not change my focus. Still, in the circumstances that I was in, it looked more like I had been tricked by God. How could HE have allowed this to happen!

Something else I later came to consider as significant, was that during my mystical experience of becoming pregnant, all the aspects of my being were in perfect alignment. Since

I was alone, I had no distraction, and my body was in a complete state of relaxation and receptivity. My mind, although split in half, was aware of what was going on within my body, and my spirit was loving and embracing the new life form as it was being conceived. In short, the three aspects of my being were in perfect alignment, the mind-body-spirit connection was complete. This is such a rare opportunity that I felt privileged to have been given this new gift.

In years to come, I used to ponder upon these strange mystical experiences. Especially since I was in the process of letting go of all the religious beliefs that had been part of my upbringing, to which these real and important characters were an intrinsic part.

But I eventually came to realize that in order to go beyond my beliefs, I first had to go through them, and this is how that process manifested. I had to cross over the sea of religion, made up of all its numerous beliefs and symbols. Until I could reach the other shore and realize that, as wonderful as these might be, the reality of God did not stop there. It was as though the same beings that had been part of my childhood faith were right there with me, to encourage me and help me along on my journey.

In a way, it was like the religious beliefs of my childhood had led me to imagine the earth was flat, and I was slowly becoming aware that instead, it was round.

Part III - The I AM Experience

Could there ever be a system where equality, justice and freedom can truly exist? In which the motivating factor of the decision-making processes are done according to what is right as opposed to what is profitable?

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As I stood alone before God, still choosing HIM in spite of the anguish this whole process was inflicting on me, I was as determined as ever to conquer myself, whatever that meant!

11- Becoming a Citizen

Being back in Nomingue felt natural, since it was to become my home again. We all had our duties to perform, and I applied myself to all I did in the best way that I knew. Even though the real challenge lay in the lessons that I learned about myself on a daily basis.

I was aware of having made the decision to live my life in a more conscious way, where everything I did or felt was to serve as a learning opportunity. This is why I had come here I reasoned, and was determined to find my real self no matter what it took.

Nevertheless, as time went on, I started to suspect that perhaps I was really pregnant after all. What was I to do? Even when I had my interview with Frank and Edythe about finalizing my citizenship, and was asked if there was anything else I wanted to share. I was tempted to tell them about the possibility of my being pregnant, but could not. The voice inside my head was adamant, and said to wait before revealing this information. I felt somewhat confused since the last thing I wanted was to be deceitful, but I knew it was more important that I listen to my internal voice, so I kept my suspicions to myself. Until over three months had gone by, and I started to think that it was time I spoke to someone about it and made the situation known. First by visiting a doctor to confirm what I already suspected, and then to ready myself to face the consequences. I knew for a fact that my situation would create complications, as there were a number of other factors involved, aside from my being unmarried.

For one, of the numerous people that lived in our various centers, I was one out of just a few who did not have a spouse. The rules regarding couples were stringent, and did not look kindly to transgressions.

Therefore, once the rumours started to circulate about my newfound condition, this was enough to raise suspicions that perhaps one of the married men was involved, and a lot of questions were asked. Although I managed to convince someone of authority, that I had gotten pregnant while still in the outside world, albeit just days before I had come back. I heard that a few discussions were held regarding my situation, but I was not invited to these meetings.

Since we operated as a school and dealt with the public constantly, with students coming in for weekend seminars or longer periods, having a pregnant staff member, who was single, did not look good. This was seen as a direct assault on the reputation the organization was trying hard to protect.

In addition, all the men who joined the Institute were strongly encouraged to undergo a vasectomy, because children were not considered a priority. It was believed there were enough children in the world as it was and there was no need to add any more. That our group energy could be better spent in helping other people rather than having to raise children. For certain, the 'Jardin des Enfants', which was the area designated for the care of the children, was not set up to accommodate newborn infants.

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The situation with the children is one that I was to look upon with some regrets in years to come, although at the time, it seemed like the best arrangement possible. In retrospect, had it been handled differently, both parents and children might have had a more positive experience.

Whether the children gained more than they lost is up to each of them to discover, as they unravel their own journey, and the same applies to the parents, including myself. We were an idealistic group that failed to take into account that perhaps the leap was too big. Children still needed to be with their parents, and felt rejected when told they could not be with them. This alone was heartbreaking for the children and parents alike. I for one still felt some regret at times regarding this issue, but I have accepted that my choice at that point in time was my only option. Furthermore, my spiritual experiences had led me to believe this was where God wanted me to be with my child, at this particular point in my life, and this mattered more to me than anything else. I was also committed to following the rules established within the organization.

As a concept, the idea was to create a new world and this was viewed as part of the many sacrifices that were expected. Although parents were still in contact with their children, they were not involved in their daily activities. The children all lived together, and were looked after by qualified staff members. Thus, leaving the parents free to fulfill other functions, which often meant living in different locations. All the adults considered themselves as foster parents of sort, and regarded all children as their own, at least in their heart. It was believed the older children would help with the younger ones, and that a strong bond would develop between them, which would help them as they grew older. A private school was also set up for awhile.

In retrospect, I can see that although our motivation seemed to us at least, of the highest order, some of the manifestations in this and other areas were far from being perfect. Yet as Win used to say, this was a classroom for the Gods, our God-selves, as we were slowly and often painfully learning to walk, talk and think outside of the box called society.

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A few days later, the manager in charge of the center asked me to her office for a meeting. A decision had apparently been reached regarding my situation. This was difficult since she did not speak French and my English was still poor. She had to make an extra effort to make sure I understood what she was telling me, and went on to inform me that I would be

allowed to remain at the center until my condition started to show, at which time, I would be sent to Montreal to live until the delivery. They had already approached some of our students, a couple, that had agreed to help and shelter me until my time had come to deliver. However, once the baby was born, it would be my decision to make to either give up the child for adoption, if I still wanted to come back to Nominingue, or I could remain in the outside world, if I decided to keep the child. The 'Jardin des Enfants' was not prepared to accommodate a newborn infant.

As I began to grasp what she was telling me and her meaning sunk in, I felt a sense of complete devastation invade me, something I had never felt to that degree before. The hurt was so deep that it took all I had to keep my composure, as I left her office to go to my room. Once I got there, and the overwhelming feeling of devastation continued to escalate, I started crying and continued non-stop until I felt like I had no more tears left. I was so completely miserable that in the days that followed, I had difficulty keeping up with my duties, the ache being constant and all pervasive. I felt torn apart, betrayed and in a perpetual state of emotional agony.

The only small hope I had was that my little voice kept trying to reassure me, telling me over and over, "Don't worry, you are not going anywhere. This is where I want you and the child to be. All will be well." And I would argue with it saying, "But you heard her, how can you say that after hearing what she said?" Then all my misgivings would resurface and my tears would start anew. Yet the voice was always there, trying its best to reassure me.

As it turned out, my little voice had been right after all, and a few days later, the manager came to see me and happily informed me that a new decision had been reached. That Win had changed her mind, and I would be allowed to stay after all. It appeared that my being pregnant and unmarried was no longer perceived as the huge issue it had been up until then, and concessions were being made to accommodate my situation.

It was also arranged that I would take care of my child for the first few months, until the baby could go and stay with the other children.

I felt so relieved, and was thankful to my little voice for having tried to help me during those difficult days. Even if I had not really believed it when it spoke to me. I felt like I could be happy again, while my tears dried up for awhile.

It was also during this period that I wrote two important letters. One to Romeo, because I wanted to tell him about my being pregnant. Not that I expected anything from him, even though I did wish he could have been more present at times and shown more interest. Although he did visit me once during my pregnancy and I also went to spend a weekend with him. Yet neither visit did anything for us, except reinforce the fact that we had nothing much in common. So, I resolved myself to put him out of my mind, and continued on my solo journey.

The other letter was to my mother, and although I loved her dearly, our bond had never been close. The few hints she had gathered over the years about my way of perceiving life was threatening to her, and she would say "if that's really how you think, what kind of life are you going to have, what will happen to you" and was genuinely afraid for my future. Yet I suddenly found myself having to sever our relationship, as though I needed to free myself emotionally from her control. So, I wrote to her in the best way that I was capable, being as tactful as I could, and told her that I was breaking our tie momentarily, and to please let me go my own

way. She was deeply offended by that letter but respected my wish, even if she was convinced, I was being brainwashed and manipulated by a strange and unscrupulous bunch of people.

From an outside perspective, what we did was ominous, going against what society considered normal. We were viewed with suspicion by a lot of people, especially family members and friends who had our best interest at heart. They did not understand our motivation, we barely understood it ourselves. All they could see were the external manifestations of our imperfect attempt at wanting to create a better world for ourselves, something that was too illogical for most people to comprehend. Yet for us, this was a unique opportunity to follow-up on this internal yearning, that made us want more out of life, than what the status quo had to offer.

It was not until three years later that I reopened the line of communication with my mother, which was a little stiff at first but in the end, I think it did both of us some good. Though I had to admit that at the time, I still blamed her in part for my wanting to leave home in the first place. She was the detail my ego grabbed on for the need to blame, when in fact, it had nothing to do with her. I later came to realize how that same resentment had actually been the stroke of luck that had propelled me into the life I was meant to experience.

This made me realize how all the circumstances in my life carried a double edge sword. The perceived good situations held a negative aspect, while the bad ones carried a gift, and it was up to me to decipher the lessons I was meant to learn through each of these manifestations. It was all part of learning about myself, and went beyond judging, expectations and preconceived ideas.

I also understood how my perceptions shaped the reality I experienced, as I went about making my choices. I could continue to focus on the lower aspects of self, and get caught in the machinations of my mind, those of other people and society. Or, I could aim for the higher aspects of self, and validate the perspective my soul had to offer, in opening my eyes to a more authentic way of living.

Not that I was free from experiencing pain or heartbreak, but it helped me gain a greater perspective on the fascination the lower aspects held in wanting to keep me chained to any form of victimization. An attraction that still has an effect on me at times, as it is part of the human experience, and although it is important to acknowledge my moments of grief and honour my emotions, I have learned not to take them too seriously.

Once I acknowledge and integrate the good and the bad experiences as the gifts of learning they are meant to be, I have to let them go. So as not to let them take me hostage or destroy the contribution they make in my ongoing journey of self-realization.

12- Being Pregnant

How I enjoyed being pregnant! It made me feel special and I cherished every moment, even if as far as I was concerned, God had tricked me. But by now, everybody knew about my condition, and what other people thought about it, did not interfere with my experience.

Even though I was surrounded by a lot of people, I often felt alone. Yet I did not mind the solitude for I was never lonely, and I rejoiced at the transformations my body was slowly going through.

Shortly after this whole episode, I finally started on the three months course with a great group of people. Happily going to classes every day, learning about myself, or rather

mostly about who I was not. The group was composed of a few citizens like me and other people from the outside world. Our backgrounds did not matter and to this day, many of us still remain close friends.

As the course progressed, our spiritual journey of self-exploration was intense, varied and enriching, as we slowly learned to think for ourselves, feed our soul and apply the lessons we were being presented with on a daily basis.

One day, while I was meditating, I thought perhaps I should try to come up with a name for my child, and started ramming off names in my head, with no clear agenda in mind. I had gone through several names and nothing was happening so I was about to give up. But as soon as I thought the name 'Emmanuel' everything changed when I got kicked in the stomach, really hard. I sat there a little confused at first, since I had been in a meditative state of mind, and being kicked in the stomach that hard brought me back down rather quickly. So, there it is I thought, he must want me to name him Emmanuel. Still, I tested it again just to make sure, which got me another strong kick. By then, I felt pretty convinced. Yet I wondered after that what I would do if he turned out to be a girl. But I strongly felt it was a boy, and I had learned to trust my feelings.

It was also during the same meditation that I was told my child would be with me for six months. I wondered about the implication of that statement, but did not pay too much attention to it, other than acknowledge its message.

Once the three months course had ended, I resumed some of my duties, and helped look after the other children for awhile. There again, I looked after Kyle, and wondered about his stubbornness. He appeared to resent his new circumstances more than the other children, and at four years old, was already becoming a challenge. Yet for some reason, a nagging thought started to emerge at the back of my mind, making me feel as though we had an agenda together, although this impression did not make logical sense.

About a month before I was due to deliver, I was moved to another room, since the one I had was too small to fit the baby's bed. It had been one of the original cells the nuns used when the building was still a convent. Also, my new room was in a different wing of the center, away from both the staff and students' rooms, which was better suited to my situation.

Since I did not have a husband, and Romeo was out of the picture, one of the guys at the center was elected to assist me through the birth process. So, Pete accompanied me to my pre-natal classes, and was there when Emmanuel was born on the morning of October 21st 1977, at the nearest hospital of the area, in a little village called l'Annonciation. We let the hospital staff assume he was the father, since it would have been too complicated to try and explain otherwise.

The following day, the nurse came by and asked if I wanted the baby to be circumcised. After checking in with my little voice, I got the strong impression that I should not have that done to him. I felt unsure, since this was part of my programming, like an automatic consequence of being a boy, and I wrestled with the idea, in case they were right about the need for it.

But I decided to listen to my little voice instead, and declined the offer. I found the whole idea of putting him through that kind of pain rather offensive anyway. It was not until years later, when I did some research on the subject, that I understood how unnecessary this custom really is, and I was glad I had listened to my little voice.

A couple of days later, my good friend Rachelle, who had a two years old daughter named Chantal, came to pick us up at the hospital, and I went back to Nominique with Emmanuel in my arms. Feeling unsure of myself, but eager to fulfil my new role as a mother.

Although Romeo did make a quick appearance when Emmanuel was three months old, he was never involved with his life. It was not until Emmanuel was twelve years old, and started asking questions about his biological father, that I contacted Romeo and arranged for them to meet. I had hoped this reunion would spark some fatherly instinct on his part, which I thought Emmanuel needed, if only to feel wanted by his natural father. Especially when I had a dream that let me know how important this get-together would be for both of them, which spoke of a deep bond between the two. But Romeo's lack of continuity won again, and their contacts quickly dwindled, becoming few and far in between, leaving Emmanuel with an emotional void.

I know that although Emmanuel has been wrestling with this void for a long time, there is a lesson in it for him. In time, he will likely get to understand what it is meant to teach him, as all life experiences are lessons in waiting. I like to refer to them as stepping-stones, bringing us closer from one level of understanding about ourselves to the next, and we all have our own challenges to overcome. There is no such thing as a perfect life, at least as long as we continue identifying with the lower aspects of self.

On the other hand, once we start to identify with the higher aspects of self, none of that matters much anymore. As we get to transmute these experiences into the learning opportunities they are meant to be, in our continual journey of self-discovery.

13- My Child

Being back at the center was different now, since all my time was spent with Emmanuel, breastfeeding him and looking after his every need. This felt somewhat strange at first, but I soon got used to my new routine and took my responsibilities seriously, motherhood seemed to agree with me after all.

By the time Emmanuel was five months old, I started to decrease his breastfeeding times to mornings and evenings. I would bring him to the 'Jardin' during the day, since it allowed me to resume some of my duties. The other children were intrigued by this little baby and eager to welcome him among them.

I greatly enjoyed looking after my child, loved him intensely, delighted in all the changes that seemed to occur on a daily basis, and I grew more attached to him every day. I could hardly imagine him not being part of my life any longer. From one day to the next, he was taking more and more space in my heart. Until one day, exactly three days after Emmanuel turned six months old, when my whole world was shattered, as I was sitting alone in the refectory, peeling carrots for dinner.

All of a sudden, I sensed this great rush pass through me, as if a current of air had come into the room. I felt as though something had landed within my being, that settled itself in the area of my solar plexus.

Then, I gradually became aware of the presence of God embracing me, and enveloping my whole being with HIS overwhelming love. The strength of which just kept increasing, to the point that I found myself trembling from the emotion it generated from within. An emotion so powerful that I felt utterly stunned, awed by its intensity, yet unsure of what was

happening. After a few moments, I became aware unexpectedly that God was slowly, yet ever so gently opening my heart, until it laid totally exposed right before my eyes, so that I could see what was in it. What I saw next completely astonished me, as I looked into my heart and saw that my child had taken all the room, in fact, he had become my God. That sudden revelation shocked me, although it seemed natural in a way. Then I was reminded of what I was told, that my child would be with me for six months, and the time had come to let him go. I was not to worry, he would be well taken care of, since he was under HIS protection.

Then God proceeded to gently push my child away from the centre of my being, leaving him there, but just not in the centre, while HE took HIS rightful place at the axis of my heart again. With it, came the realization that this was how it had to be. Seeing God in my heart for those few powerful moments of intense love renewed my desire to dedicate my life to HIS love. The love that was overwhelming my being at this very moment, and that I knew was the purpose of my life. My journey was far from over, and I still had a lot of learning and experiencing to do. I had to surrender my child to keep going on my quest, God had to be first. This was the pledge I had made long ago and was bound to keep.

As I sat there for what seemed like a long time, bathing in the love of God, feeling blissful, I suddenly knew what this new turn of event meant. I also realized how foolish I had been in thinking that God would forget about the six months clause.

Once the intensity of the emotion I was under began to subside and my trembling had diminished, I slowly got up and went to see Mary, who was in charge of the 'Jardin'. I told her that Emmanuel was there to stay from now on, that it was time for me to let him go. She just said OK as she knew it had to be.

Oh, but the agony I suffered following that experience was excruciating. Even though I knew this was God's will, I still spent my days going around with my heart bleeding and my eyes full of tears and my nights crying. Even when I knew I had made my choice, that God had to be first.

But it was far from easy, and I still had to go through the heartbreak of the letting go process. The pain of having to let someone else look after my child was agonizing. Every time I would go by the 'Jardin', and I happen to hear Emmanuel crying, my heart would break anew.

It is one thing to say 'yes' to God when under the direct influence of HIS powerful love. Yet to keep such a promise demands such a high level of commitment, that I wondered at times if I would be strong enough to endure, or even if it was worth the effort, as it did not make logical sense. But direct interactions with God rarely do!

After the first few weeks of agony had gone by, the sharpness of the pain eventually subsided. Although I still felt heartbroken, the worst seemed to be over, as the fears for the safety of my child abated and I realized that no harm had come to him. I knew what this process meant, it was called 'breaking the genetic link'. While it may seem pointless when looked from an outside perspective, it is still something we believed we had to do in order to find our own true self. I had emotionally let go of my mother, now I was letting go of my child. Not that the love for them was less, only that it did not take precedence over my dedication to God.

As I stood alone before God, still choosing HIM in spite of the anguish this whole process was inflicting on me, I was as determined as ever to conquer myself, whatever that meant!

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Years later, I would ask myself if all the agony I had put myself through was really necessary. But at the time, I truly believed I was doing God's will, and the spiritual journey I had embarked upon, demanded that I follow my inner direction. As I watched my emotional ties being cut, my preconceived ideas and beliefs patterns being peeled away, I slowly began to get glimpses of my true self. Since then, I have come to regard this process as an essential ingredient to true spirituality.

We must all go through similar processes when we embark on such a quest, no matter what form of manifestation our individual journey takes. Even Jesus appears to have gone through a similar process when he renounced his mother, while undergoing his own spiritual quest.

Yet our desire to know ourselves and do God's will has to be strong enough to resist the temptation to give up on our journey of self-realization. Although extremely challenging and requiring a high degree of dedication, we can ask for the help we need in order to reach our goal. I have always gotten the help I needed to cross my bridges, and what God does for one, HE does for all.

In as much as we have to break the genetic link with our parents and our children, I have come to think we also have to do it within ourselves. I call this surrendering the personality.

We are very attached to our personality, that our ego is quick to defend and protect against any real or perceived threat. There is nothing wrong with that since it is meant to help us navigate while in this temporary world.

Except when we embark on a spiritual search, we are learning new rules, and those are the ones that govern the real world, the one that our soul calls home. Since the idea is to establish heaven on earth, we have to learn to integrate the rules of the real world into this transitory world. So that our God-Self can experience the totality of itself while in this dimension.

This process is not instantaneous however, and it took me many years to reach a point when I felt it firmly established within myself. It is like living in two worlds at the same time. One world deal with the human part, which I call our physical heritage. The other world deals with the soul, which is our spiritual heritage.

Unfortunately, our so-called modern world is so obsessed with the physical, temporary aspects with all its endless demands, that it neglects the needs of the soul. Constantly looking outside itself for salvation, when true deliverance can only be found within.

Yet what is it that we have to deliver ourselves from? Our humanity, not to annihilate it, but to merge it with our divinity. To become the living God and to claim our spiritual heritage, the destiny we are meant to inherit through our soul.

As we start applying the rules of the soul to our daily lives, as opposed to solely the rules of society, allowing our soul to participate in our journey more fully, changes start to occur. We begin to understand that everything that happens to us, the good, the bad and the ugly are all there for a reason. We start seeing them as the opportunities they represent to learn about ourselves, and we begin to understand that for each of us, there is really only one game in town, and we're it.

As our understanding of self continues to evolve, at some point, our perception of reality goes through a transformation.

Then we start seeing our resentment turn into forgiveness, our judgment turns into mercy, our anger turns into acceptance, and we become more tolerant, better able to accept things as they are. Instead of going through tantrums, clinging to an idea of how they should be.

The ranting and raving about how unfair life is becomes obsolete, as we learn to ride the waves of the good and the bad experiences. Until we finally get to recognize and accept how this life is just another journey for our soul, not our destination.

14- Community Life

Shortly following my heartbreaking period of letting go of my child, I was transferred to the Farm, our other center in Coe Hill, where I was to be tutored as a bookkeeper. I started my training with the new accountant, George, a recent graduate of the three months course who had recently become a citizen.

However, it did not take long for our daily interactions to develop into a more permanent relationship. Even though we had not known each other for long, we felt that our love had become strong enough to declare ourselves Yin-Yang, and we decided to get married at the end of June 1978. The ritual took place at the Madoc center and was performed by a local priest. Two other couples from our group were also married during the ceremony. It was a big event which got well celebrated afterwards with a great party.

Because we were all so close to each other, like a big family, our festivities were generally full of laughter, dancing and joy. They were always something to look forward to, and we tried to have them on a regular basis.

George and I remained together for five years, and aside from the fact that we were very different from one another, we managed to have a fairly decent relationship. We were both dedicated to learning about ourselves, practised our lessons regularly and applied what we were learning as best we could.

There were always new lessons being taught by Win or her closest aides, who kept us on our spiritual toes, so to speak. As a group, we were working hard at our personal development, trying to rid ourselves of our hang ups, while learning to relate to one another in a more truthful and loving manner. Age, race, culture, backgrounds did not matter in our interactions. In my understanding, each member was committed to self-knowledge, self-realization and personal responsibility.

Our ideals were high and mighty, but when it came right down to applying as a group, what we thought we believed individually, it did not take long to realize the magnitude of such an undertaking. A few people would recognize this lifestyle did not meet their expectations and decide to leave, while new ones would join us, once they had completed their three months course.

As time went on, we were being integrated, and our group's internal world was slowly taking shape. We had our own set of rules and our own hierarchy system. At our peak, we became a group of nearly two hundred people spread about our numerous centres, including the smaller satellites that were established in various parts of the world.

Most people traveled on a regular basis and experienced living in more than one location. No one owned anything except their clothes and a few personal items. It was referred to as the 'two suitcase reality', which worked out well when one moved so often. It was not uncommon either for couples to live in different locations for certain periods, depending on their respective activities and the priorities that came along.

We believed we were mirrors for each other, and that we all had something of value to contribute, as well as to learn from one another. Every situation we encountered, whether we liked it or not, was seen as an opportunity to discover something new about ourselves. All our emotions were closely examined. Battles were constantly being fought between identities and egos trying to define themselves, both on an individual level and on a group level. Since our backgrounds were so different, the belief patterns we held were also diverse and required constant readjustments. Yet Win was the one in charge, and kept feeding us with spiritual lessons, that we were to apply as best we could.

A few months after George and I were married, the restrictions that had surrounded the parent-child relationship seemed to relax somewhat. Even though most parents did not live at the same center as their children, they were encouraged to visit them more often, or to take them out to visit relatives when time permitted. At some point, the children were transferred to our center in Gravelbourg, Saskatchewan for a few months, but before they left, I was encouraged to spend a few days with Emmanuel, which I gladly did. I had not seen him since leaving Nominungue, and by now he was almost a year old. Needless to say, I felt a little apprehensive but happy to have him all to myself for those few precious days, as by then he was already walking. He was such a beautiful and happy child, the centre of attention of the children and adults alike. Yet the days went by too fast, for I soon had to go back to Madoc. Although I felt sad at having to leave him again, I knew it had to be, and I continued to love him at a distance for the time being, trusting that his welfare was being well looked after.

The next time I saw Emmanuel was in Gravelbourg, when I went to visit him for a few days, taking advantage of a scheduled trip from Madoc. A few months later, George and I were transferred to Gravelbourg for the last few months we owned it, since it was being sold, and the children were coming back to live at the Farm. During those few months, I was able to see Emmanuel more frequently.

By that time, I started to think that I should renew contact with my mother. I had yet to tell her about having a child and also about being married. I knew all would be well between us when I had a dream in which we were together, laughing and interacting like close friends. This told me that our relationship would start on a new level of appreciation for each other. So, I called her and arranged to go for a visit with George and Emmanuel. We were to go back for more visits as time went on.

The fact that I had not told her about Emmanuel was upsetting, but she quickly adjusted and was overjoyed at meeting her first grandchild. Also, knowing that I had a husband helped ease her fears about my well-being. She was still suspicious of what I had gotten myself into and remembered the 'end of the world' scenario, which was not something that was about to ease her worries.

Madoc had become my home by then, this is where I spent most of my time, keeping busy at doing bookkeeping, since it had become my main occupation. Although I had also

lived in Nominique, the Farm and Gravelbourg at various times, which I greatly enjoyed for the variety of experiences these opportunities had provided.

Win was very active in the decision-making process of what went on, but the majority of us did not get to spend time with her, on a personal level, although we did see her on a regular basis. She was too busy for personal interactions, unless it was a priority or something considered important. She had her appointees to help her run the organization and implement the activities she saw fit to initiate.

There was one time however, when I felt compelled to go see her, during one of her visits to Madoc. On that particular night, I had gone to my room after spending the evening in class, attending a session from Win. When all of a sudden, a great surge of emotion took possession of me, and I felt this acute and overpowering love emerge for her spirit. I could hardly stand still as this emotion kept washing over me, like an ocean wave getting stronger and stronger. It felt so powerful that I suddenly knew I had to go see her, right away. Even if it went against the proper procedures. I also knew I had to give her my most valuable possession, my gold ring.

Since authority figures still intimidated me and I did not want to disturb her, I was quite reluctant to follow-up on my sudden impulse. Yet I was not successful in talking myself out of my mission, as though my usual common sense had totally abandoned me.

The Gold Ring

Years ago, my boyfriend Bert had given me a solid gold ring as a symbol of his affection, which had come from Zaire. He had bought it from his brother, who worked at the Canadian Embassy in Africa. So, this was an important little chunk of gold to me, and I was quite attached to it. In spite of my emotional attachment, I strongly felt I now had to give it to Win, my feeling was that powerful. So, I held on to my courage while I headed for her apartment, took a deep breath and knocked on her door.

As I knocked, she came to the door, and although surprised by my late visit, was very welcoming and perhaps a little curious. So, she invited me in and got me to sit down beside her. I still felt under the emotion that had brought me there in the first place, so I was nervous, which made me struggle with my words. But she helped me relax and was patient, sensing my high-energy state.

Finally, I was able to present her with the gold ring, and told her I had felt compelled to come and give it to her. She thanked me gracefully and then I left, feeling relieved but happy for having had the courage to follow my impulse.

I never regretted my sudden urge but felt a little sad, when later she told me the gold ring had been lost. She was quite unhappy about losing it, and had looked all over for it without success. Then she gave me a small silver globe of the world, which I kept for over twenty years. Until I felt compelled to give it to my New Zealand friend Gina, who in many ways reminded me of Win. Both Win and Gina were to serve as anchors for me in years to come, as their spirits helped land important aspects of my God-Being.

Strangely enough, I felt that my gold ring would come back to me one day. This feeling did not make sense, since I had given it to Win, and then it had been lost. Even if she still had it, I would not have wanted it back from her, so this new feeling definitely did not make sense.

But like everything else that did not make logical sense, even if it made emotional sense, was put into my neutral file, as time would tell if anything was to come out of it. As it turned out, it took a few more years for this particular mystery to reveal itself.

Life at the centers

Life went on as usual. Our Nomingue center, also considered the school, was where Win's courses were being taught and where our magazine was produced with our own print shop. Our Madoc center was the head office, where the administration had its operations. Our other center in Coe Hill, which we called the Farm, was where Win and Pierre had their residence. This is where people would go if they needed a rest or to regenerate before going back into the world, to either teach or spread the word about our activities. This is also where the children stayed for the last few years. Since this was a large property with two lakes and an assortment of houses and buildings, it could accommodate many people. We also had twelve yurts where couples could stay for extended periods and a large structure that served as the main facility, which held an institutional size kitchen, dining room, sitting areas and bathroom facilities. Many activities were held there, including some of the best dances we ever had.

In each of our centers, we lived as a small community, where we all took turns at making meals and doing other essential chores, even if we each had our main occupations to keep ourselves busy and active. There were also times when we were encouraged to try new tasks, in order to gain more understanding or appreciation for what other people did, or to acquire a wider range of expertise. This went a long way in getting rid of judgment and keeping the emphasis on who we were as opposed to what we did.

Efforts were also made to come up with an organizational structure that could bring order and efficiency to our operations, while still allowing room for personal freedoms to flourish. As opposed to a system aimed at restricting and controlling people, where personal initiatives are discouraged. We tried to align ourselves to this new structure, although since we had our own hierarchy system, some people were still considered more important than others. It just shows how old habits die hard, and it is always easier said than done. Yet if we manage to hold on to our vision long enough, it becomes easier, as we slowly learn to let go of old thought patterns.

We used to refer to our centers as domes, to remind us of the dome of light and love we wanted to broadcast, from our unified vision of a better world.

Even if most people interacted with the outside world on a regular basis, the domes had become our refuge. The place we felt most at home, and where we could be ourselves. There was always someone we could speak with, a shoulder to cry on, or somebody ready to give us a hug, if we were in need of one. Even the disagreements that were bound to arise were considered part of the game, in helping to make stronger individuals out of all of us.

We had a technique called the 'ABWA', that had been introduced by Win's tutor Loliad-R-Khan, the Atlantean entity, which was there to help people who encountered conflicts of personalities come to term with their reactions towards each other. We were encouraged to use this method at every opportunity, thus cementing the heartfelt affection that can only come once our most intimate thoughts, fears and hopes are revealed. Leaving us vulnerable

with each other, yet gaining tremendous ground towards achieving a new level of internal freedom.

We were all in this together, and our spiritual family was getting stronger as a result of our interactions. The common vision we shared in wanting to create a better world for ourselves was slowly taking shape and becoming a reality. We believed that by improving ourselves, we could serve as an example, and thus be in a better position to help others.

Every one of our beliefs had to be re-examined, as we kept coming face to face with aspects that were false and kept us from our real self. There were many letting go processes as we constantly battled with our egos and slowly learned to overcome our limitations. Our emotions had to be faced and honoured, not swept under the carpet. So, they could not take us hostage later or down the spiral of negativity. We all tried to help each other as best we could, each trying to grasp the universal concepts we were presented with on a regular basis.

Our experiences were so varied and intense, that although we spent less than ten years in that environment, we felt as though we had acquired a whole lifetime worth of experiences.

The third spiritual wedding I attended was held at the Farm, and this time George and I were among the lucky couples that were to pledge their love for eternity. Although it was a special event, part of me felt more like an observer than a participant, which made me wonder why this should be. Yet it turned out to be another beautiful occasion, that was well celebrated afterwards with a wonderful meal, music, lots of laughter and dancing among friends.

The world we had created for ourselves may not have been perfect, but it was fulfilling, challenging and made us feel alive. It was during these occasions that the love and trust we had spent years building between each other became most apparent, while the details of our various occupations fell by the wayside. Leaving us with the heartfelt appreciation we had developed for each other, as we understood what it took to keep refining our God-Self, polishing our individual stones, as they rubbed against each other during our daily activities.

15- Different Perceptions

Eventually, Pierre and Win were put on a pedestal. Whether of their own doing or from other people closest to them, I am not certain. But all the same, there was this pervasive idea that they were GOD, King and Queen of the Universe.

I could certainly see how they could be King and Queen of our little universe, but the idea that they could be the real GOD, did not go too far with me. Even with my limited understanding, I could not see how that was possible. I saw God somewhat like a body, and each of us as one tiny cell within that body. For one or two cells to declare themselves the ultimate GOD did not make sense. As far as I could see, we were all equally part of God.

To think oneself more God than someone else, even if that person has supposedly achieved a higher level of spiritual evolution would be, in my estimation, like somebody thinking himself or herself more human than someone else. Is a two-year-old less human because he or she is only a child? Is a President more human because he holds more power? Is someone with a PhD more human than someone who is illiterate? Or is the colour of one's skin determines how human that person is? It was not so long ago that our human evolution was still debating that very issue! Yet to my understanding, there is no measure involved in either being human or spiritual.

Although Pierre did not appear all that involved in the day-to-day affairs of the organization, his influence was deeply felt and he was regarded as somewhat of a symbol. We all felt that he, along with Win, had attained a certain level of spirituality, which we tried to emulate in our own way. I could say that in that sense, he was our King. While Win presided over her troops and directed the goings-on with the help of the beasts, so-called to symbolically represent the four beasts of the apocalypse. These served to characterize the four quadrants of our internal system of governance, which we called the four-colour system.

This method was also known as the Atlantean System, and came to be applied through the rays of the four colours of blue, green, red and yellow. An excerpt taken from the 'I am' magazine no. 11 described it as follows: *"The four coloured Atlantean System is designed to serve the real needs of Earth in a way best suited to the particular expression of the participants' personalities and skills for the development of their full potential. All activities are synchronized to the overall plan, with each individual contribution linking in with all others, providing unimaginable richness of experience and contacts, and forming the silver network and living fabric of our cosmic home."* Each colour can further be described in the following manner.

The blue ray was dedicated to the maintenance of the balance in Nature and the purity of our ecosphere. It was concerned with the cycles of life, the love and respect for our habitat, community planning, health and nutrition, the environment and the husbandry of all life forms, including the animals and the earth.

The green ray was concerned with the realm of consciousness where learning and teaching were the art of giving and receiving freely of ourselves. It dealt with issues of education, from early childhood to all forms of research, study and creativity, where artists could explore their unlimited potential. It provided avenues for personal growth and human resources in helping individuals define and develop their true talents.

The yellow ray area of expertise was law and order. The efficient running of the legal, business and financial aspects to bring a happy and productive life for all. Concerned with the transfer of energy in all its forms, be it finances, transport and communications, goods and services, technologies, information, it comprised the logistics for an organizational structure that was efficient and administered with care for the preservation of the Earth's wealth.

The red represented the dynamic creative expression. Where promoters and publicists, producers and fundraisers, speakers, media people and individuals who liked to get out, meet the people and make things happen could express themselves. Spreading planetary goodwill wherever they went through their zest for life.

It was through this system that all our areas of activities were linked. Eventually, the four colours developed into a numerical grid called the 'CUBE'. An expanded version of the original four rays, but which helped define our individual roles even more accurately. As we constantly tried to align our activities with the natural gifts that were part of our individual personalities, and develop the talents that best represented who we were. There was never a dull moment.

As a result, our learning process was non-stop, intense, and we would go through what was referred to as 'quantum leaps' on a regular basis. We had the tools we needed to deal with the conflicts that were bound to arise between individuals, and were encouraged to meet these issues head-on, not to let them fester or turn into bigger problems. So that when we did come together during our festivities, the deep affection we shared was always bigger than any

personal disagreement, which may have arisen over some petty detail that had nothing to do with who we were as spiritual beings.

The more we separated the two aspects of the brain-body-reaction versus the mind-soul-emotion, the more we were able to see and accept ourselves, and the others for who we really were. Thus, making it easier to let go of judgment, prejudice, resentment, and all the things that separate people and keep them from loving and appreciating each other.

This was my first experience that while I may have disliked someone's bad habits, at the same time, I deeply loved them. Yet there was no conflict between these two emotions, as they were two separate issues. One came from the brain-body-reaction and the other from the mind-soul-emotion. To my understanding, we were starting to merge and apply the rules of the soul to our day-to-day lives and it was very rewarding.

Although I was not privy to the decision-making process of what went on, since I was only one among many participants. Therefore, my perspective is limited to my own understanding and experiences thereof. This is what I am presenting, one aspect only of the multi-faceted scenarios that were all going on at the same time.

Yet, even though we were all learning the same lessons, the individual experiences we were going through, were unique to each of us. As if the lessons somehow adapted themselves to whatever we most needed to learn.

As the years went by and the intensity of the experiences diminished at times, I would ask myself what I was still doing there. Not that I regretted my lifestyle choice, or thought I had made a mistake, but just the same, I would check in and ask. But the answer was always the same, as my little voice would tell me that I was exactly where I belonged, and to just keep observing and learning.

One night however, I had a very disturbing dream. In it, I saw that many people in our group had reached the top of a big hill. As each of us arrived to the top and realized there was nothing more to see, we eventually had to turn around and start back down. Then out of the blue, it seemed that all hell broke loose, and all of a sudden there were two camps, and both camps were at war with each other.

As I watched, I saw to my horror that some of our people were holding clubs, and they were hitting each other over the heads with them. Even couples were fighting and people were screaming, crying and bleeding from the wounds they were inflicting on each other.

Watching these various struggles going on between people, reminded me of some long-ago scenario of the battle of the apes, as if we had somehow reverted to that time period.

The whole scene was totally gruesome, so out of context with everything we were about, that it greatly disturbed me and I got scared. Still in my dream, I found myself suddenly hiding in the kitchen at Madoc, trembling with fear. I even tried to squeeze myself behind the fridge to hide, so scared I was, although it made me feel like a coward. But I had no intention of taking part in the bloodshed.

Then the scene changed and I was suddenly sitting at the kitchen table with an older man from the group, as things appeared to have gone back to normal. Although I found myself wondering if perhaps, I was meant to be with him from now on, as it seemed that some couples had split up while new couples were being formed. That alone was very disturbing, since we were so dedicated to the Yin-Yang concept, and the fact we were supposed to be married for all eternity.

Needless to say, I woke up from this dream in an emotional state of chaos. Yet I managed to take comfort in the thought that it was just a dream after all, and I put it out of my mind. I continued to enjoy our way of life. However, I did take it as a sign that our group experience was not going to continue indefinitely, that something would happen to cause it to breakdown, of this I was quite certain.

I felt saddened in knowing that our world would break apart. It might not have been perfect, but neither was the outside world with all its crookedness, false ideologies and the mighty triangle of control-power-money, that reigned and dictated its way of life across the planet.

16- The Outside World

The world of the late seventies and early eighties was not all that different from what it is today, except of course for the advent of the personal computer and the internet.

But the agenda, the policies and the priorities of the governments at large were all focused around money, much as it is now, except that it has gotten worse.

It seems the only thing that is considered of value is the mighty dollar. It is the only measuring stick that counts, and it is what rules the world. The politicians, the multinationals, the big corporations and the big institutions all dance to the same tune. *Money, money, money....*

By necessity, we all have to follow their lead, if we are to survive in this highly competitive atmosphere, but at what price?

Is money worth taking advantage of people in making their life miserable, so that big businesses can boost their profit margins?

Is money worth engaging into wars that perpetuates fear and misery?

Is money worth leaving thousands of people in the cold, forcing them to beg, steal or sell their bodies in order to live one more day?

Is money worth destroying the earth and depleting its natural resources for profit? When other more sustainable ways could be developed to provide for our needs.

Once we realize the earth is a living entity, otherwise it would not be able to sustain life, how can we continue to allow this to go on?

How long before we figure out that by polluting its air, we cut off our own oxygen supply. By contaminating its waters, we affect the water we drink. By poisoning its soil, the animals and the products we will be ingesting are bound to contain some of these toxins. Then we wonder at the emergence of new respiratory problems, cancers, mad cow diseases and other numerous health problems. While we continue to put our money and our faith into the same hands that too often helped bring about these conditions in the first place. Hoping they will invent the magical pill or the right mixture that will save the day for us.

How many products already lie around the average household with a poison symbol on it? Where does it go when we release them from their pretty little containers? In our air, our water and our soil.

If ever there was a time to become a part-time environmentalist, this is now. Because the longer we wait, the more these damages will become permanent. Eventually condemning our grandchildren to wear masks to go outside. We already have to buy our drinking water. How long before we have to buy our air also?

Is money really worth all that?

Is this the best incentive for the production and distribution of goods and services our society can come up with? Is this what a democratic system has become, merely a front for corporate crony capitalism gone wild, where the wolves get to be in charge of the chicken coop.

But as the free-market economy continues to get eroded by global markets, taking over more and more of our assets and resources, with the cooperation of our governments, the madness can only escalate. While the majority will be left having to slave even harder to pay for all the stuff they have been led to believe they need. All the things that are supposed to make them happy!

Is this what we are supposed to believe we came into this world for?

How long can this go on, before the resources are so scarce that future generations will have to go dig the garbage dumps left behind by their predecessors? Scarcity of resources is already an issue, how bad will it become, before over consumption and waste are really addressed?

Perhaps sustainability, which is the use of non-polluting renewable sources of energy and recyclable materials, could be a first step towards reversing this trend. Although already practiced on a small-scale, will the policy makers take it seriously soon enough to avert further damage, or will their hunger for quick cash still be their top priority.

Could there ever be a system where equality, justice and freedom can truly exist, in which the motivating factor of the decision-making processes are done according to what is right as opposed to what is profitable?

I choose to believe that it is possible, that if enough people were to wake up to what their life is really about, positive changes could happen. Therefore, helping to create a more harmonious existence for all beings, including the earth that nourishes and sustains us while being its guests.

Yet, how could such a utopian dream ever be possible given the state of affairs in the world of today. With all the wars being fought, the state of the under-developed countries and all the tragedies experienced by so many people around the globe, really makes it look like a losing battle right from the start.

Who Am I?

Yet I think it is possible for such a system to come into being, and the first questions we have to ask ourselves are, 'Who am I, and what am I doing here?' As long as the majority of people are unable to come up with an answer to these questions, the rampage created by the world of illusion will go on.

The way our society and the structures that support it are set up today, forces us to keep our focus on the material and physical aspects of our lives.

On the other hand, if we can find the desire to pull ourselves away from this single-mindedness long enough, we give ourselves the chance to realize who we are, thus answering the first question. Which brings us closer to being able to answer the second one in realizing what we came here for.

Although the answer to the first question is the same for everyone, that is why all the great religions of the world carry the same message, the answer to the second one is ours alone to discover.

By becoming aware of the duality of our being, we get to realize there is much more to our earthly existence than what we are led to believe. If we so choose, we can free ourselves from the one-sided limited version of our life experience, and include a much broader perspective to our perception of what we are about. When we allow our awareness to expand in forming a conscious partnership with our soul, we are starting to claim our spiritual heritage. We slowly begin to recognize and identify with who we really are – a spiritual being having a human experience. As it is only once we achieve this kind of perspective that we are finally able to lose our sense of loneliness and despair.

For a lot of people, the time may have come to cut loose from the various backgrounds holding them back from discovering their true selves. As they feel the need to dig deeper into their soul, to discover who they truly are, ready to take responsibility for their spiritual evolution.

The world we see on the outside is a reflection of the world that was created by our combined belief systems and the structures that serve to keep them going. By reinvesting our thoughts into the same patterns over and over, we keep the illusion alive. This is what we know, and we are comforted by the semblance of security it has to offer. Yet, we tremble in fear at the thought that death will come one day and shatter that world for us. The more battered and bruised we get by what life throws at us, the more we feel sorry for ourselves, and we are made to think this gives us a sense of dignity. God will take pity on us and welcome us into heaven when we die, and will make all our troubles go away. However, we would not trade our little dramas, as we are very fond of them. Many times, I have seen myself wrestling with my own little drama scenarios. Having to make a conscious effort to change my focus, and choose not to feel guilty, jealous, resentful or to wallow in self-pity.

By the sheer power of will, I had to pull myself out of those pits, and I was amazed at the attraction they held, reminding me of the seduction call of the siren. It would have been a lot easier to give in to them and continue playing the part of the victim. A role we are brought up to believe will gain us points in the heavenly realm.

Yet to let ourselves think that we have no choice is to give away our freewill and our power to change from within, as this is where the real world happens for each of us. The world outside the boundaries of our being, although it affects us to the degree that we allow it, has no real power over us, unless we give in to the illusion it has to offer.

As more and more people become aware of their true nature, leaving behind the spiritual poverty that has given rise to judgment, prejudice, racism, discrimination and intolerance, the ripple effect will ensure that policies eventually reflect this new level of realization.

Then the money fever will be abated, and go back to being the convenient method of exchanging goods and services it was first intended to be. Instead of the greedy monster enslaving the masses it has become, through the need for power and control of the few. As the malady for money disappeared, greediness would also, and a more uniform system of social interaction could be developed.

The idea supporting the values associated with the old mentality of divide and conquer, which is still considered normal and at the basis of much of the structures of our society, could finally be put to rest. The definition of normality could be redefined. As if there was such a thing as a 'normal' level of poverty, oppression, injustice, conquest or greed!

The era of the very rich versus the very poor would eventually disappear, since both end of the scale encourage criminal behaviours anyway. As greediness and desperation are poor mind-sets and restrictive at being able to achieve any form of happiness. This whole era could then be relegated to the history book, under the section of the time before the soul was acknowledged, and would most likely be titled, 'When the world went crazy for the money monster.'

Even our governing methods, which are constantly suffering from the pendulum effect, going from one extreme to the other, could finally achieve the right balance. By forming a new system that would integrate the best of each method, still emphasizing the individuality of the person, but taking the whole into account, instead of continually depleting the whole for the benefit of the few. Surely by now, we have seen enough negative consequences resulting from various forms of capitalism, versus various forms of communism to realize the inadequacies inherent in each system. By integrating the best of each, perhaps the right balance could finally be achieved.

We have become so scattered by our illusions and their incessant hold on our perceptions that, as the human race, we have reached a turning point. Threatening to destroy the very earth that made our human journey possible. Will we be able to reverse this trend soon enough to avert further damage?

Perhaps this is only wishful thinking on my part, but I do believe in a better world, a utopian world, and for those who may also be inclined to believe it could happen, remember, it has to start on an individual basis first.

One by one, we have to acknowledge our duality and change our internal perspective of the reality we want to see manifested around us. This is the only way any real change will ever happen on a global level.

17- A Vision of Utopia

My dream of a better world is getting clearer every day as I become aware of new aspects emerging within myself. It keeps expanding as my process of internal discovery continues.

I see smaller, more efficient structures of government run by volunteers or elders, who have a better understanding of global priorities. Greed, power and control are no longer running the show. Priorities are finally given to people as opposed to profit margins.

I see that the tax system has been abolished, since it was only supposed to be an interim measure in the first place. The wasteful habits of the political machine have been eliminated. As an added benefit, the interest rates, excessive fees, penalties, surtaxes and overpriced commodities have also been altered to reflect a more balanced level of exchange.

I see that the physical requirements of every individual are honoured, through the innovative universal basic income system. A revolutionary method that has finally been able to eliminate poverty for children, the elderly and the physically challenged. Everyone is assured of proper food, shelter, clothing, education and medical care for as long as they live.

I see people happy to contribute in maintaining their world. Working is no longer considered a chore, but regarded as a privilege, since it helps exercise one's abilities and increase their creativity.

I see that a fair and equitable system of remuneration is provided for all sectors of activities. Competition has been replaced by cooperation. Wages have stabilized and eliminated the working poor class. Everyone is assured of a generous allowance, while a cap has been established at the upper end of the scale, eliminating the greed associated with the unfair appropriation of assets. The false sense of happiness that ownership and control used to provide in compensation for spiritual poverty, has been replaced by more authentic forms of fulfilment.

I see local economies being supported and nurtured by their community, to ensure that local resources are used in a responsible manner. The pillage and rape of our natural assets have stopped.

I see every individual being recognized as a valued member of society, appreciated for who they are, not judged by what they do. The crime rate is non-existent since no one is threatened by injustice or social inequities. The rage is gone and all the lawyers with it.

I see living arrangements composed of little clusters of people sharing and working together. Spending quality time with each other is considered important, so that meaningful relationships can develop. No one is left in the cold anymore.

I see young adults being actively involved in training for the trades that best suit their characters and abilities. Learning about personal responsibility is high on the agenda as they go through their apprenticeship. The boredom and utter sense of frustration has disappeared from their brows.

I see children learning about the duality of their being from a young age. Classrooms are more open, and the subjects being taught deal with useful information. The emphasis is put on nurturing their emotional intelligence, as opposed to the heavy reliance of IQ tests as the measuring factor for success. Students spend a fair amount of time outdoors exploring and learning about the earth, its inhabitants, including mankind, and the individual needs of each life form. They learn respect, cooperation, and are taught how to help preserve the natural world for future generations.

I see a healthy populace, since all the chemicals and hormone disrupting pharmaceutical products have been banned. Foods are no longer over processed and manipulated, their nutrients being left intact to provide for the needs of our bodies.

All the medical practitioners have learned to work together, helping people maintain their health, using the most effective methods of treatment available. The emphasis is put on prevention and quality care.

The churches have come together, as they realized their message had been the same all along. Instead of focusing on the idea of sin, they have come to recognize the spiritual aspect inherent in each individual. They have put aside the heavy reliance on rules and rituals, in favour of a more authentic form of spiritual union. They are now working together in helping people take personal responsibility for their soul.

I see that discrimination and prejudice have finally disappeared. The differences between people are respected, honoured and considered as an opportunity to learn something new. No one is made to feel ashamed by the way they look, talk or by what they do anymore.

I see that knowledge is made available to anyone who wants to inquire about any subject known to man. Secrets were abolished since they harboured deceit, manipulation and control on a grand scale, and have since become redundant.

I see clean air and pure drinking water. The damages caused by pollution and contaminants have been rectified. With the advent of electric vehicles, everyone can now enjoy the availability of non-polluting transportation.

I see the reliance on fossil fuels and polluting means of power production has been replaced by state-of-the-art technologies for harvesting the free energy produced by the wind and the sun. Everyone can benefit from these new technologies that encourages all to be self-sufficient, and provide for their own energy need consumption.

I see waste has been eliminated. The era of excess consumerism and built-in redundancy is over. Products are being made to last, to be recycled or to be easily upgraded. A lot of bartering goes on between people, who enjoy exchanging items to promote new experiences and manifest new dreams.

I see a world of peace where wars have no place. The old lie of the politicians trying to convince the populace that building increasingly more powerful weapons is necessary for peace, has been found out for what it really is. An excuse to become or remain the super power of the world. Their old tricks of diverting the focus from their true agenda, and use the differences intrinsic to race, culture, language and religion as a tactical ploy no longer works.

Even the media has reclaimed its sense of integrity. The news has finally become much more enlightening, trustworthy and truthful.

I see people exploring and learning about the duality of who they are as the primary focus of their lives, as they gladly help each other discover their true nature.

The fear of death has disappeared and is now viewed as a normal occurrence, knowing that the goodbyes are only temporary. With it, the fear of living has vanished, and been replaced by the joy of experiencing life within the context of this dimension of reality.

Of course, this is only a small overview of my utopian dream but what if, by each of us individually doing our bit of self-exploration we came to realize our truth. One by one, we decided that the madness had gone on long enough, and it was time to change our world to reflect this new perspective.

I have carried that dream inside myself all my life, and I know other people who have a similar dream, therefore it already exists. We just need more people to turn it into the prevalent reality and bridge the gap between these two worlds. That bridge is made of truth (about who we are) love (for ourselves and all other life forms) and light (the desire to banish the darkness of ignorance).

This is our new agenda as the human race, to step into this new level of understanding of who we are. The time for the dark night of the soul has come to pass. It is no longer enough to pay lip service to a faith, to lose ourselves into superficiality or to continue letting our fears and evil mongering tactics keeping us hostage.

A new level of awareness is slowly emerging from the heart and soul of every individual who dare to step into their own truth. Our very unique and enlightened soul is the best ally we will ever get to guide us through the dark corners of our continuing journey of self-discovery.

Part IV – LOVE Story

*Being in love is a great feeling as it touches
the part of us that belongs to
the heavenly realms*

.....

*All these beliefs were not the real me, they were only there
to serve me. They were the tools I needed to help me
navigate through this physical dimension. Instead,
I had let them imprison me, forced to submit
to their restrictive rules in order
to fit in and be accepted*

18- Adam and Eve Dream

One night, I had a most unusual dream. Although it was to become significant in years to come, at the time, it left me puzzled and curious about its meaning.

In the dream, I saw myself with Hugh, who was just one of the guys within our community, with whom I never actually had a real conversation. Yet in this dream, we were hugging and holding each other intimately. We were stretched out, naked, on what appeared to be the side of a road, in a forest or some other natural setting. However, there was no sexual connotation to our embrace, which was untainted by any form of thought or desire. It just was and felt as though we belonged together.

As we continued to hold each other, this deep emotion started to unfold from within, enveloping us and holding us into somewhat of a suspended state, like within a cocoon. The feeling it generated can only be described as ultimate love, which enveloped my whole being with a sense of intense bliss. Time and space had completely disappeared from my consciousness. When all of a sudden, I found myself in two places at once. I was still in Hugh's arms, bathing in the love vibration our embrace generated. Yet at the same time, I was looking down at us from above, as if to witness what was happening between us.

As we continued to lie there, bathing in this sense of rapture, I slowly became aware of a new emotion emerging. When suddenly, it was as if a curtain had been opened and this powerful emotion took hold of my awareness, bringing me face to face with Adam and Eve, which I recognized instantly. All I could do was stare at us in astonishment, feeling mesmerized and in awe, not knowing what to make of this startling revelation. Yet in that moment, I felt as though we either were or had become Adam and Eve, it felt that authentic.

While I continued to be held captive by the impact this revelation seemed to be having within a deeper part of my consciousness, I was truly amazed. Although the story of Adam and Eve had never impressed me before, considering it to be more a legend than

anything else, it sure felt real now that I was experiencing the primal emotion of their mythical love firsthand.

Needless to say, this dream left me in a state of wonderment and wondering. Every time I saw Hugh after that, the big question mark would pop up in my head. 'Why would I have such a powerful dream with him?' Since I did not know him well, and certainly had no personal interest in Hugh, it did not make logical sense. As usual, things I did not understand were put into my neutral file. Time would tell if anything was to come out of it. While I continued with my real life, since I had more important things to occupy myself with.

19- Struggle for Love

For one thing, I was struggling with what I considered my lack of love for my husband. Although I loved George, I felt it was a shallow love, not deep enough to satisfy my thirst and I wanted more. Especially since I knew that I was capable of loving in a much deeper way. I was desperate to feel more deeply in love with my own husband, and dreaming about someone else in such a fashion certainly did not help.

Also, the thought of spending my eternity with George, and not be in love with him as much as I felt capable was disheartening. This made me feel as though I was caught in this maze, blindly trying to find the key that would unlock the magical love I was supposed to feel for my supposed Yin-Yang.

Yet I was hopeful, and figured it was only a matter of time before it happened. And I continued to concentrate on my relationship with George, taking it one step at a time, and appreciating the sense of camaraderie our interactions had developed into over the years. Although I continued to work on my internal world, which I still considered the most important element of my journey.

First encounter

My first interaction with Hugh happened more than a year following the Adam and Eve dream. It came quite unexpectedly, and since some of the details of our encounter reminded me of my dream, I figured I should pay attention to what was going on.

One afternoon, as my kitchen duties were done for the day, and before my replacement had to take over, Carole convinced me to go to the rapids for a dip. It was a hot summer day and we had plenty of time before she had to get back to the kitchen. Many of us swam at this particular spot of the river, but I was not in the habit of doing so, having a preference for taking walks in the nearby forest.

So off we went, bringing our towels for sunbathing, but not our swimsuits, since it was private enough to go swimming in the nude. Once we got there, she headed for the water, while I lay on the grass sunbathing, until she came back to dry off in the sun. Then Hugh suddenly appeared, and after a short casual exchange, both he and Carole decided to go in for a swim.

Once they had returned, it was soon time for Carole to go back for her kitchen duties, and normally I would have gone back with her. However, because of my dream, I decided to stay longer, saying to myself “Here is my chance to get to know Hugh better, perhaps this will give me a clue as to the meaning of my dream”. Also, the fact that we were naked appeared significant, and made a more definite connection to my dream, seeing it as the perfect opportunity to get acquainted.

I thought he must have something to teach me, otherwise what would be the point of having such a dream. Although I was a little spooked by the fact that his body, which I was seeing for the very first time, was exactly as it had been in my dream. To be seeing its exact replicate in the flesh form made me feel rather bizarre. I almost regretted having stayed behind at first, but as we started talking, I gradually began to relax and felt more at ease. Flashbacks of my dream kept going off in my head, in little bursts of light, that kept my attention focused on trying to find clues, that would give me an indication as to what the dream was supposed to mean.

At some point, he convinced me to go in for a swim. After some hesitation, I finally decided to be brave and dipped into the water alongside him. As he took off swimming, I slowly adjusted to the water temperature, taking my time before getting into the river to swim. Soon after, we rested on an outcropping of rocks, talked some more, swam again, this time with the help of a log he had found, since my swimming abilities were limited.

As I was getting more relaxed, I was amazed at the sense of freedom I was suddenly experiencing. Feeling as though we had been transported in time, as the water, the rocks, the trees and the birds all served to remind us of some forgotten magical Garden of Eden. Being sheltered by nature in such a way, made us feel at peace within ourselves and with each other, immersed as we were, in the harmony of our surroundings. Yet neither of us tried to analyse what was happening, the enchantment of the moment being the only thing that seemed to matter.

At some point, I told him briefly about my bizarre dream and how this was the reason I had stayed behind, instead of going back with Carole. That I thought he had a lesson for me, although neither of us had a clue as to what it could be.

Then we went back sunbathing, and as we lay there, a butterfly kept us company the whole time. It kept flying from one to the other constantly, keeping us amused and well entertained, but wondering what was wrong with it, that it would not go away like any normal butterfly should.

Eventually, it was time to go back for our meal, but we decided to go for a walk after dinner to resume our conversation. We felt as though we could have continued talking non-stop for days. We were amazed at how easy it was to share our ideas and explore universal concepts with each other, and we both really enjoyed these kinds of interactions. As Hugh used to say, “Where have you been all these years?”

It seemed incredible that in all the times we had been around each other, we had never gotten to know one another. It is true that our language difference was a deterrent at first, but it puzzled us that we had not taken the time to communicate more deeply with

each other before. Even though we were a fairly large group, we all knew each other relatively well. Although being scattered at different times among our various centers, meant we did not know everybody as well or in the same way. Also, depending on our primary activities and our main circle of friends, we interacted more often with certain individuals than others.

It was also during the same period that, as a group, we were exploring and learning about 'microdots'. A term we used to describe an emotional feedback system, which helped us, help each other deal with past emotional pain, that kept us from being able to reach our potential. As a result, there was a lot of sharing and genuine desire to help each other with these issues, and we all made ourselves available to anyone who needed our support.

So that, when I was telling George about how Hugh's influence was helping me define myself better, he thought this was a great opportunity to unlock my hidden potential, and kept encouraging me in my new friendship. Nevertheless, I was mystified at the sense of freedom I felt whenever Hugh and I were together. As though I could express myself more freely with him than with anybody else I had ever met.

20- My Journey ...

In July of 1982, we were asked to come up with a description of what we thought our life meant. This is what I wrote, making it a little poetic as I called it:

My journey...

*As my mind turns its inner eyes
Searching for a way to know love...*

*Coming into matter is not
An easy challenge to uphold
But I wanted my lot
In the partake of this play, that was going to unfold.*

*So, by sheer desire of the living
I soon took my first steps, into
Becoming a human being
And learning all the right things to do.*

*A childhood with much grief and distress
Has seen the passing of many days.
Many times, I wished to end this stress
From this world, I perceived as going craze.*

*As the days, months and years went by me
Family, school, religion were part of the play.
But soon enough I felt inside me
The hope for a love to brighten my day.*

*Love, which has been so deceiving for me
As I learned that which it was not,
As well as going through fear, and all of the
Many more classrooms of the same lot.*

*Mind you, I've had some pleasant moments
But they still were very few
So, to leave my surroundings and my parents
Meant freedom and the chance to discover something new.*

*Oh! how I remember those cherished days
When my appetite for life was being stirred.
The casting away of programmed ideas
On religion, sex and the like – all was being rediscovered.*

*Soon after experiencing all these
I found myself into a new classroom
Which was pulling me through, with ease
Into this reality, which I felt, as in a womb.*

*As I walked through this path
Where life became a journey, not a destination
It became clear that
I had embarked upon my life's real motivation.*

*As the onions skins of my past
Fell in front of my mirror
I was always given the choice, to cast
Away, that which was illusion or lure.*

*One episode has brought me great wealth
As I found myself with child.
Many agonies and ecstasy, in which I dwelt
As the dance of the DNA played its tune – how wild!*

*And the journey still continues, by
Now, with a mate as companion.
Not one jot or tittle must get by
So, the alignment can complete its mission.*

*Soon, I shall gaze into Thy Eyes
And, as I remember Thy Love...*

21- Conflicting Emotions

As the months went by, our conversations were always something to look forward to, whenever Hugh and I happen to meet. Although it seemed that every time we saw each other, the intensity of our interactions kept getting stronger.

During that period, Hugh and Judy were in Toronto, while George and I lived in Montreal for a few months. Limiting our opportunities to resume our talks to whenever we met for weekends or special events at either one of our centers.

Although I remember one time in particular, when we were saying good-bye to each other after spending a weekend at Madoc. As we hugged, before I left to go back to Montreal, I felt this powerful emotion take over me. I felt 'at home' in his arms, as if this was where I belonged. It took all my willpower to peel myself away from him. This was my first experience of 'feeling at home' and it shattered me, since this was the emotion I had been wishing to experience with George. But I kept hoping it would eventually happen with George also, so that we would both find what we were looking for in each other. It had to happen since we were supposed to be Yin-Yang.

I took my commitment to my husband seriously, and was not about to let other distractions interfere with my priorities. I saw it as conquering another aspect of myself, and I was determined to succeed. Even if I enjoyed spending time with Hugh, I considered ourselves friends, and this was the only thing I allowed myself to see in our interactions.

Then one day, during an afternoon together, Hugh and I were discussing universal concepts again. When all of a sudden, a new experience started to unfold, as we were sitting on a lounge chair outside. It was as if the physical reality was slowly fading away from our awareness, and this other, finer dimension was starting to emerge, taking over our perceptions.

Although we perceived it differently, we both felt as though we were touching the veil that separates the two dimensions from one another. I could even see it quite clearly on my mental screen, as it had the appearance of a translucent veil. Being so close to this veil made us feel as though time and space had been suspended.

As this experience continued to unfold, we felt the reality of the one-man, one-woman concept come alive within us. A metaphysical theory we had recently been learning about, yet had no clue as to what was supposed to happen next.

Then at some point, we suddenly realized that had we gone any further in our exploration of this mysterious veil, we could have left our physical bodies behind, and just kept on going. This is not what we had in mind, so we decided to stop focusing on this ethereal world for now, and made a conscious effort to bring ourselves back into this reality.

We decided to put a stop to our exploration of the universe for the time being, and concentrated on more mundane matters. Although we still felt as if something of importance had happened on a vibration level, even if we had no idea as to what this manifestation was supposed to represent.

So, we went our separate ways, bent on putting some distance between us, as our being together seemed to be taking us further than we had intended to go. But I could still feel the molecules of my body tingling, as though the glue that held them together had somehow been separated.

We went back to our normal activities, and even decided to join in the volleyball game after dinner. Unfortunately for me, it seemed that my ethereal body was still out of sync with my physical body, and as I jumped to reach for the ball, I lost my balance and fell flat on my ankle, breaking it in three places. This put a stop to the game momentarily when everybody heard the bones break. Shortly after, our resident doctor gave me a strong sedative for the pain and I was rushed to the Belleville hospital for repair. Since George was still in Montreal, Hugh was volunteered to accompany me to the hospital.

The car ride to the hospital was a little fuzzy, but I remember feeling extremely high both on painkillers and on love. Hugh was holding my hand most of the way, while Brian, who was driving, was shaking his head in disbelief.

In the state I was in, all my resistance evaporated, and I had no other choice but to come to the sudden realization that I had actually fallen in love with Hugh. I had not consciously known or admitted this fact until that very moment.

By the time I came out of the hospital, George was called back from Montreal to take care of me. Since I would be on crutches for the few weeks it would take to fully recuperate. By then, Hugh was already gone, and we did not see each other for quite awhile. Only on a few occasions did we spend time together after that, since we were both kept busy with our individual activities.

While I recuperated and returned to my duties, I continued to concentrate on my relationship with George. Although I also enjoyed my friendship with Hugh whenever he visited Madoc. I considered the sense of companionship we had developed important, and had no intention of jeopardizing it with a drug-induced moment of pseudo-revelation. This went on until I heard the following year that Hugh and Judy had separated. This news shocked me since I had not been expecting something like that to happen. Given that Hugh and Judy were married before they joined I AM and had a young son Kyle, they were considered a strong couple. For them to separate was surprising for everyone. Shortly after, I heard another couple had also separated, and this added to the uneasiness. These new developments were confusing and threatening for a lot of people, including myself. It made me feel as though I was at the edge of a precipice from which there was no turning back. Then again, I was used to dealing with emotional confusion, and figured it would soon pass and things would get back to normal.

The separation

Shortly after however, one afternoon, as I was busy working at my desk, I suddenly felt this great bubble of emotion build up inside me. At first, I did not know what to make of it, but it was so insistent that it totally kept me from doing my work. I could not concentrate, and it came to the point that I just felt like I wanted to cry.

When I realized this feeling would not go away, and that instead, it just kept increasing in intensity, I left the office and headed for my room. I had to try to figure out what was going on, or at least deal with these strange new emotions.

By the time I had reached my room, I felt as if this great ball of energy, made up of pent-up emotions, coming from the very centre of my being, was about to explode. I quickly searched my mind to try and determine the cause of this sudden emotional upheaval, until I could no longer contain the pressure it was putting me under, and I found myself breaking

into sobs, weeping from the deepest part of my soul. The emotion that seized me was so powerful that it brought me down to my knees, and I found myself praying. As the weight I was experiencing had become so heavy, that I could hardly breathe, and this torrent of tears kept falling, making me feel as though I had lost total control of myself. All I wanted was for this weight to be lifted, and I cried and cried, until I literally ran out of tears.

Once the initial explosion of the agony I was under started to abate, I slowly began to realize what was happening, as a scene started to unfold on my mental screen. I saw that I was standing at a crossroad, and I could actually see the two roads ahead of me. This told me I had a choice to make, and this was the reason that had brought me here in the middle of the afternoon. It was decision time and it was happening today.

Then my choices presented themselves as follows. I could take one road and continue working on my relationship with George, in the hopes that perhaps one day I would come to love him as I thought I should. This was the road I was used to and familiar with, and it was still open to me, if I so chose. Or, I could take this other road, an uneven and uncertain road, that was not familiar and perhaps a little riskier. But it was there as a possibility, if I so chose.

I looked at the two roads for what seemed like a long time, debating with myself, feeling confused and uncertain about what I should do.

On the one hand, continuing with George looked like the sensible choice. It was in line with my beliefs, and I took my commitment to our marriage seriously. We were supposed to be Yin-Yang after all, and this was an idea that I had supported for many years. Also, the thought of having to go through the humiliation of a failed marriage was heavy on my mind. I felt sorry for myself in thinking about having to go through such a process, I was not sure I had the strength for it.

However, a glimmer of hope suddenly caught my attention, when I realized that perhaps I could choose the other road after all. Since the thought of continuing on the road my marriage represented felt heavy, and I was tired of carrying all that weight.

Yet if I looked at this other road, I felt unsure of myself and scared by the unknown. Could I really be brave enough to face the criticism and the challenges that such a choice would entail? Although we had come a long way as a group, in learning to be tolerant and non-judgmental towards each other's life choices, the new belief patterns we had adopted were deeply ingrained in our new way of thinking. Especially about the Yin-Yang concept, and going against them would not necessarily be easily accepted.

While I still kneeled, sitting on my legs, thinking long and hard, my emotions eventually started to clear. I felt like a ray of hope peak through the clouds of my misery, when I suddenly realized that even though God wanted me to take the new road, HE was leaving it up to me to decide. I had to start to take responsibility for my own decisions.

After hesitating some more, I finally decided to be brave and admitted to myself that my choice should be in saying 'yes' to the new. This was the road that I really wanted, since it was the one that felt right and uplifted my spirit. Thinking about the old road was depressing.

As soon as I consciously made my choice and said 'yes' to the new, I felt as though a heavy weight had suddenly dropped off my shoulders. Then the vision on my mental screen continued to unfold, and I saw like a fabric being torn, being shred to pieces by this invisible hand. It was as if the part of me that had been repressed and limited by the fear of other people's judgments, and the layers of social expectations that had weighted me down since

childhood, were being shredded, turned into rags, by a part of myself that wanted to live life more fully.

Even the expectations and the new beliefs patterns I had adopted in the last few years had to be torn apart. All these beliefs were not the real me, they were only there to serve me. They were the tools I needed to help me navigate through this physical dimension. Instead, I had let them imprison me, forced to submit to their restrictive rules in order to fit in and be accepted.

Finally, the storm was over, and all of a sudden, I felt lighter. The weight of despair I had been carrying around on my shoulders was gone. I felt freer and was finally able to get up from kneeling and dry the remains of my tears.

Although I was apprehensive in knowing what I had to do next, to carry out the new commitment I had made to myself. My first assignment was to speak with George. I had no idea what his reaction would be, but I went to find him right away. As I did not want to wait, for fear that my courage would fail me, and told him that I needed to speak with him. Once I had finished relating what had just happened and my decision to end our relationship, I was amazed that after his initial surprise, he agreed with me so readily. In fact, he admitted knowing it for a few days, and had been waiting for me to come to my own conclusions. He said he felt relieved also, as if a big weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Then we both knew this was the right thing to do. We had come to the end of our road together, and it was time to start a new chapter, independently from each other. There was no need for blame, regrets or recrimination.

This is one of the real treasures of self-realization. As to the degree that we know ourselves, is the degree that we gain personal freedom. Once this personal freedom is secure within us, we know that we have to allow that same freedom to flourish within everyone else around us. We understand it is all part of our individual journey, and we alone are responsible for the choices we make along the way. Only then, can our sense of fear and insecurity be allowed to disappear. Although we decided to wait before spreading the news, and continued living together to give us and the others time to adjust.

Then one night, I had another powerful dream. In it, I was with Judy and we were both walking inside a big tunnel. We knew we could not go back, so we kept going forward, making slow progress. Until at some point, we finally were able to see a light and realized we were approaching the end of the tunnel. Then I saw Hugh standing there, waiting. I was happy for Judy, and as I turned around to tell her, “Look, Hugh is waiting for you at the end of the tunnel”, she had suddenly disappeared and I was left all alone, having to reach the end of the tunnel by myself. I felt a little uneasy at having to tell Hugh that Judy had disappeared but, as I reached the end and was about to tell him, he took my hand in his. As he did this, he looked me right in the eyes and said “I Love You” with such passion, tenderness and sincerity that it shocked me right to the core, and I instantly woke up. I felt so shaken by the impact of his words and the depth of emotions they had re-awakened from my innermost self, that I was left completely baffled and confused.

Hugh and I had not spent much time together since breaking my ankle, and I had chosen long ago to ignore my drug-induced love delusions on the way to the hospital. Yet these same emotions had now resurfaced in full force, even more powerfully than before, leaving me with no place to hide.

Although I did not tell him about this new dream for some time, since we were both dealing with our respective separations. Also, neither of us had the desire to entangle ourselves into a new relationship, at least not so soon.

Celebration

Shortly after that, during a weekend event, we all went to the Farm for a wedding celebration. Hugh and I decided to sit together at dinner, and even had a few dances afterwards. This almost felt like a tentative step towards courtship, yet we did not want to press our luck too quickly. We were still adjusting to our new sets of circumstances.

At some point during the weekend, George and I decided to go for a walk. We felt like sharing a few memories of when we had met, at this same location, five years earlier. As we did this, we could feel the circuit closing itself within us. It felt so smooth and straightforward that it made us realize even more, that our relationship was really over, and that we could no longer even share a room together. From now on, we would have to request separate accommodations.

Yet there is one thing I clearly remember about the dance later on that evening. While I was sitting by myself watching everyone dance, I became overcome with emotion at the sight before me. I saw that many people were dancing, some alone, others in groups of two, three or more, having the most wonderful time of their lives. It did not matter whether they were young, old, male, female, short, fat, tall, skinny, white or black, none of these details made any difference. The joy was so intense that it was almost palpable, and I could sense the heartfelt affection and the trust in the air, as it enveloped everyone in this powerful bubble of love.

When all of a sudden, it was like I had been hit by this compelling realization. I felt as though we had been magically transported into an ethereal world, just beyond the curtain of physicality. At that moment, I knew in all certainty, what heaven felt like, as we had stepped within its boundary. It was like I had perfect clarity of thought, as I bore witness to the validity heaven was supposed to represent, and I sat there for the longest time, as though transfixed, telling myself over and over, that I must remember this moment forever.

It felt important somehow that I make a conscious effort to imprint the emotional impact these moments created within my heart and soul. So that, no matter what happened, I would know and never forget that I had experienced heaven on earth. My soul rejoiced, since it knew this was its birthright.

I also thought if ever I could replicate moments like these for others, to help them realize the birthright of their soul, I would gladly do so. As this was the reason the soul undertook the journey of life, to fully experience the God within. To become God-realized while on this plane of existence, so that the cycle may be complete within our being, as we slowly learn to claim our spiritual heritage.

As a lifestyle, different in many ways from what was considered normal, it was a very rewarding experience. Not that everything was perfect, as there were plenty of challenges to overcome. But the structure under which we operated was such, that it encouraged and allowed relationships to grow, instead of keeping us separate and fearful of each other.

In all our interactions, we always tried to operate within what we called, the spirit of the law. This is what we considered of value, as it helped us keep our focus on applying the golden rules of 'To thy own self be true' and 'Do unto others'.

Since our primary focus was not on how much money to make in order to survive, what expensive toy to buy next or what to wear to get noticed. We had the chance to focus on our spiritual evolution, which is what had brought us there in the first place.

Although the many attractions the outside world had to offer still had their appeal, we willingly put them aside for what we believed to be a higher purpose.

Then again, what higher purpose could there be after all? Than to become aware of our soul, continually discover new aspects within ourselves, find out how to enjoy the many simple treasures life has to offer and learn how to develop meaningful relationships.

How much money does it take to achieve that?

22- The Courtship

Back to Madoc, having moved into my little chalet, I felt ready to start a new chapter of my life, as a single person again.

Hugh was also there during that time, and we resumed our conversations and our walks, since we never ran out of things to say to each other. People were starting to associate us together, albeit some with reluctance, since it went against the idea that you were not supposed to switch Yin-Yang. Not that we were a couple yet, but our friendship seemed to be taking us into new territory.

Shortly after, I had another powerful dream and in it, I felt ecstatic, as my gold ring, the same one I had previously given Win and which had been lost, had somehow come back to me. I could hardly believe it as I was holding it in my hand, looking at it very closely and taking my time admiring it. I could feel its weight and stared at all the details that were exactly as I remembered. My gold ring had come back to me, just like I knew it would and I was elated with joy. It felt so real that upon waking, I thought for sure my gold ring would be on my dresser. But of course, it was not, and I wondered as to why I would have such a dream, since I had not given it a second thought in years, and certainly never regretted giving it to Win.

However, that same morning, Hugh stopped in to see me and proceeded to put a ring on my finger. It was the first ring he had bought Judy when they had first started going out together, while still in their teens. She had recently given the ring back to him, telling him that she thought he should be giving it to me. I was surprised and a little shocked, but as I looked at it, my dream suddenly came back to me in full force, as if to confirm that my gold ring had come back. That although it had been transformed, this was the ring I had been emotionally waiting for. I was amazed at how our emotions have their own agenda, in spite of our logical mind always trying to downplay their importance.

When I told Hugh about my dream of the night before, and how my gold ring had come back to me, he was surprised at the coincidence but pleased, for he also felt that it was right that I should have it. Although we continued to focus on our friendship, we were not sure where these new manifestations were leading us. We were still adjusting to our new circumstances, and could only take one day at a time.

Energy Exchange

It was around the same period that one evening, we experienced an intense energy exchange, as we rested together. When all of a sudden, we felt like a great burst of energy had awakened from our deepest selves, which took over the whole area of our solar plexus. We felt as though our energy bodies had connected and our souls were merging. While this energy was pulsating inside and around us, it reawakened our link to the one-man, one-woman concept we had been exploring earlier. But this time, it took us even further, as if we were actually merging with pure energy. It felt so powerful that we were transfixed by its intensity, until the energy seemed to reach a climatic point over which we had no control, but which made us feel as though we had been made love to by God. The closest term we could come up with, in describing this experience was that of a spiritual orgasm, as both our solar plexus felt raw, but fulfilled beyond description. It was as if we had bypassed or gone beyond the physical aspect of lovemaking, as our souls had merged with the source of love energy itself.

We had many other intense and beautiful experiences during those few months, of what I have come to consider as our courtship days, some of them more mystical than others. Yet most of the time, we felt suspended on a cloud of love. As if our need to be together was steadily increasing, melting away any of the resistance we may have had, as our intellect tried in vain to regain some sort of control.

Although I had been in love before, it was nothing in comparison to what I was now experiencing, which left me speechless, with my heart feeling so full at times that it almost ached. It was as though these new emotions were also opening doors within myself that I never knew existed. Yet these doors were now wide open, filling me with an endless sense of joy.

We felt as if nature itself rejoiced at our being together. Whenever we went for walks, we could perceive the energy dance of the atoms, as they collided together to produce the colours and sounds of nature vibrating, while creating our world of matter, an act of love in itself.

Whenever we made eye contact, people who happen to cross our path felt the energy so thick, some of them commented on having to duck out of the way, or watch out for the sparks as they flew back and forth between us. Some people thought this was wonderful, others did not share the same view. Nobody knew or understood what was going on, least of all the two of us, as we let this current of love energy carry us into this new reality.

Being in love is a great feeling, as it touches the part of us that belongs to the heavenly realms. That is why it cannot be controlled, dissected or examined under a microscope. It is the sacred link we all share with creation, the unifying factor of all the universes known and unknown alike - the soul of life itself.

Controversy

Yet there were times when we were subjected to criticism. Some people had great difficulty adjusting to these new sets of circumstances. The long-held Yin-Yang belief that had served us so well up until then, and kept us in line for all those years was being shaken to the core, and this created a strong sense of insecurity.

One time in particular, someone I deeply loved, who had a position of authority, made me feel degraded and under attack. I thought to myself, "How dare he pass judgment on me,

what right does he have to tell me who I should or should not love, he does not even know what he is talking about!" This kind of judgmental attitude was hard to take, especially when we were supposed to be non-judgmental, having spent years learning about respecting each other's life choices.

Though I eventually came to realize that judgment is mainly caused by the refusal to accept as valid, values that differ from the ones we have grown accustomed to consider as truth. Having to re-examine them is not welcome.

For someone holding a position of authority, the challenge is even greater. Because the need to perform according to pre-set directives and rules is more predominant.

Still, I thought we had moved beyond all that, but it seemed traces of it lingered. Perhaps this was a major test after all, one that everyone had to do battle with once again, in order to overcome the remains of the past.

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Although it is normal when we feel threatened, that our first reaction be to revert to the belief pattern that had the most influence on us. Even after going through a process of re-evaluation and adjustment to our belief making it obsolete, but it still comes up automatically.

The difference is in being able to make a conscious choice as to how to deal with it, and decide which one to follow, the old pattern or the new improved version. As it is only after we go through such a process that we are in a position to really make a choice. For as long as responding to our conditioning is the only option we know, this is not a real choice, but merely following a pattern.

Since then, I have come to realize that our old thought patterns never leave us completely, and keep confronting us at every turn, constantly making us to have to choose. But every time we make a conscious choice about something, we exercise our freewill, turning ourselves into a more conscious being, teaching ourselves to be present in the now, to be true to who we are instead of replicas. Then our uniqueness starts to emerge, as we begin to understand the difference between following the word of the law versus the spirit of the law.

Unfortunately, our society is strictly ruled by the word of the law, laws that are often enacted in reaction to people or events happening at the lowest level of the social order, yet they apply to all. Often turning ordinary citizens into criminals in the process. The complexity and lack of flexibility intrinsic to these laws, chip away at our freedoms, and instead of solving the very problems they are supposed to fix, often contribute to other difficulties that arise. Thus, creating a vicious cycle of unnecessary laws, all adding weight to the confusion and the prevalent sense of fear they can generate.

In many instances, laws have replaced guns in serving as a tool of manipulation for imposing various forms of control. Yet this approach is bound to continue for as long the focal point in all the decision-making processes are strictly done according to control, power and money.

In as much as the word of the law is authoritarian and rigid, the spirit of the law is changing and flexible, following its own course and adapting to situations as they present themselves. It is a much more suitable way of behaviour for the little God-Beings that we are, and becomes more prevalent as we learn to identify with the higher aspects of self.

But in those days, although we were starting to understand and apply these differences, they were still fragile realizations.

Each of us still had a lot of homework to do, before our personal choices were to fully reflect this new level of understanding.

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Since I had been working in accounting for many years, I felt this cycle was also coming to an end. I knew that I was ready for a change, and there was talk of sending me to North Carolina where we had a satellite center. There was talk of sending Hugh to Minnesota to join a group of people, who were already stationed there, and this was fine with us. Although by then we knew we loved each other and may decide to be together in the future, we thought we could use more personal time to adjust to our new sets of circumstances.

Then one day, we decided to send Win a note to let her know how we felt about each other, and expressed our view as to what we saw happening in the immediate future. That although we felt we loved each other, there was no rush for us to be together, and plans for our individual moves could proceed as intended. However, that same evening, she surprised us by announcing to the group that from now on, we were to be considered a couple. Since this announcement was made on April 11, 1983 we decided this would be our official anniversary date and it has remained ever since. Although a strange stipulation followed within a couple of days, when she reversed her decision and opted to let the group decide instead, whether we should be allowed to be together. Up until then, if two people from different couples were to form a new relationship, they were expected to leave permanently, as the break-up of a Yin-Yang relationship was considered reprehensible.

Though as a result of this odd stipulation, we found ourselves having to meet with each of the department heads, as they took turn at questioning us either individually or together. We suddenly found ourselves having to justify our motives for loving each other. While I agreed more readily to their requirement, Hugh resisted at being subjected to this unprecedented line of questioning. It really showed the degree of uncertainty that had developed as a result of this uncommon scenario, and the confusion it created was testing everyone.

Some people saw this as a new turning point, welcoming the unexpected changes, while others resisted its implications. Many couples found themselves having to re-evaluate their own relationships, while other people saw it as a sexual attraction, that should be stamped out before it went any further.

Yet we knew this was not what it was about, that we were following a sense of destiny, and the rightness of our being together was a constant presence in our hearts. They had no idea as to what had brought us to this point in our lives.

In spite of this opposition, we managed to rise above the obstacles, and continued to explore aspects in each other, that were to remain the foundation of our relationship.

While these interrogations were going on, we were invited to visit Win one day. She asked us if we would consider going to New Zealand, to join Paul and Sid who were already there, and explore the possibility of starting a new center in that part of the world. After some discussion, we saw it as a great opportunity and agreed to go.

Hugh went out for work in order to make some money for our trip. Since our airfares were the only expense to be covered by the Institute, and we needed extra funds for our other necessities. We also suspected that our continued presence may be perceived as disruptive, and sending us far away seemed like a good idea.

Part V – The VOYAGE

*We all have to sift through
our own sand box to
discover our gold*

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*This was my test of faith, not faith in something
or someone outside of myself, but faith
in the validity of my own God-Self*

23- New Zealand

So it came that at the end of June 1983, Hugh and I departed for New Zealand, spending a few days in Hawaii on the way. I was thrilled with Hawaii, as it was the first time my body responded to an environment in such a way. I could feel the molecules of my body dance with joy, in response to the perfect condition of the climate. What a contrast with our Canadian climate, where my body is always trying to adjust to the elements.

Yet it was exciting to be on our own, although we were also eager for the new experiences that awaited us on the other side of the world. Paul and Sid met us at the Auckland airport, and the four of us lived in the house they had rented, while the owner was on vacation. After the first month, Sid left for Australia while Paul traveled around New Zealand visiting his family, since he was a New-Zealander. We continued to look after homes for people holidaying in Australia, and once Paul had returned, the three of us rented an apartment in Auckland for a few months.

I began giving a course on metaphysics, but only one student showed up, and I was not motivated to continue once his lessons were over. As time went on, the information we were receiving from Madoc seemed to be getting more disorganized and peculiar, so that we found it disconcerting. Also, our dreams were becoming strange and nightmarish, adding to the confusion. Even though Hugh still thought we should spread the word, he had to wrestle with his inner motivation, and eventually had to stop forcing it. I decided to enjoy my stay for as long as it lasted, and no longer focused on our supposed mission, having recognized by then that nothing of significance was likely to happen. As for Paul, he finally decided to strike out on his own, and soon reunited with his ex-girlfriend Penny to start on a new agenda.

Therefore, Hugh and I were left on our own, and felt privileged to be on this most beautiful piece of paradise. We found the unique aura of New Zealand inspiring, and it was fast becoming like our second home. Hugh thought about Kyle often and enjoyed sending him postcards of places we visited. I also thought about Emmanuel on a regular basis, and was looking forward to seeing him again.

At some point, we were led to visit the Tauhara Center. A beautiful place located in Lake Taupo, that welcomed visitors from around the world. Its main purpose was to create a spiritual and educational center, where people of different viewpoints could come together,

to exchange their ideas through seminars, workshops or retreats. We decided to participate in one of their weekends gathering.

While at the Tauhara Center we met Gina, with whom we felt a bond had developed over the weekend. She graciously invited us to visit her, and even to come and stay with her, if ever we were in need of a place. Not long after, as we were getting ready to vacate our apartment, and before we looked for a new one, we were reminded of her invitation, and debated if we should follow up on her kind offer. After discussing it at length, we realized that although this was a peculiar thing to do to a stranger, something felt right about the possibility of staying with her. We had this rule between us, that before we did anything that affected the two of us, we both had to feel the same way about it, otherwise we should not do it. In this case however, we both felt strongly that although illogical, this was the right thing to do. Then we knew we had to go to the end of our thought, and it would be up to her to come to her own decision. It did not matter what the outcome would be, only that we followed up on our internal guidance.

So, we phoned her, and came right out and asked if her offer to come and stay was still suitable. In her straightforward way she said, "Give me some time to think about it and call me back tomorrow". Which is what we did and by then, she had already made up her mind, and said we were welcome to stay at Sunhaven, which was the name she had given her residence. That although it seemed illogical to her also, it felt right that we should be staying with her. Therefore, we spent the last two months of our stay in New Zealand with Gina.

We soon found out that she had gone through a similar spiritual process as our own, except she had done it all by herself. She was intrigued by the fact that we had gone through our process with like-minded individuals, and thought we were very fortunate, since she had so often felt isolated while going through her own search. This made for some interesting exchanges about our individual experiences and spiritual discoveries. Hugh and Gina in particular would have these intense discussions, which I found amusing to watch, but also saw as a great opportunity, as they were both more verbal than I was, and they thoroughly enjoyed their friendly arguments.

She took us on a few trips of the North Island at various times, when she had to go visit friends or when she was giving talks on spirituality, which she considered part of her work. She was also involved with the Federation of Healers at that time. Having her take us around places she knew was also a great opportunity for us, since we had not been able to visit as much of the North Island as we would have liked. Our budget was limited and did not allow for many expenses, other than what was strictly necessary, and we wanted to stay in New Zealand for as long as we could.

In years to come, Gina was to continue working as a healer and still today, it is her main line of work. In 1995, she published her first book called 'Gifts of Spirit, the journey of a Healer' detailing her spiritual process of evolution, and what she went through to find her purpose in life. I personally enjoyed reading it, since it gave me a new appreciation for the great spiritual being that she is. While reading it one evening, I experienced an intensely powerful mystical dream that brought me in direct contact with her spirit. The rapture I felt as a result of this experience is an emotion I still treasure. As having the opportunity to connect directly with the magnificence of a soul is always a joy beyond compare.

In retrospect, it seemed that meeting Gina had been the highlight of our New Zealand trip after all, and forming a relationship that was to last forever, well beyond the time we had spent together.

This is the kind of friendship that is most rewarding, as it focuses on what is real as opposed to mundane matters, that have little to do with our authentic self. Relationships that are based on this level of identification, that of one spiritual being to another, are the most meaningful and emotionally rewarding forms of interactions we can ever hope for.

Yet our New Zealand experience was coming to an end and we were called back to Madoc, a little earlier than anticipated. By that time, Gina had decided to come back with us to visit our centers and to meet our people. She was eager to connect with other like-minded individuals, and perceived this trip as a great opportunity to do just that. Unfortunately, and although we did not know it yet, this also coincided with the break-up of our organization.

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In 2004, we went back to New Zealand for a visit, and this time toured around both islands, taking our time visiting and exploring its many treasures, while we bathed in the beauty and diversity it has to offer. I was happy to feel the New Zealand aura again, which filled me with joy as though part of me had returned home.

As part of our tour, we also visited the Tauhara centre, which brought back memories, as we walked on the same grounds that had impressed us so much, twenty years earlier.

We also had the pleasure of staying with Gina and her family for a couple of days. This is when I gave Gina the silver globe Win had given me while in I AM. Offering it to her completed something within myself, as if to symbolize that a special bond had been created between the three of us.

We completed our visit by spending our last evening with Paul and Penny, sharing our experiences of the last twenty years as though we had seen each other only yesterday. Because love has no concept of time and space as it lives in the eternal now, the place our soul calls home.

24- Back to Madoc

Little did we know, that in the last ten months since we had left Madoc, things had changed considerably. The sense of peace and harmony we had previously enjoyed was not exactly as it used to be. It also explained why our dreams had become so peculiar in the last few months.

Soon after returning to Madoc, Gina was quickly taken away to Nominique and then Toronto as part of her tour, where she met Win briefly. This was important to her, since we had told her on a few occasions that she reminded us of Win, and she was intrigued at the thought of meeting her.

As for us, we stayed at Madoc, given that we had to be brought up to date with what had transpired during our absence. We discovered that certain events had occurred, which meant things would never be the same. As a result of which, the organization was going through a process of disintegration, following the recent separation of Win and Pierre.

By the time Gina left Canada, we considered she might think we had been misleading her in our assessment of our group. We were saddened that her visit coincided with the breakup of our organization. She could not have come at a worse possible time, since everything and everyone was in a state of turmoil. Had she visited while things were running smoothly, we thought she would have left with a totally different impression. This became evident in her book, which painted a poor picture of our group's activities. Then again, being the strong person that she is, perhaps it did not make that much difference. She most likely got what she needed to continue on her own journey.

During our first briefing meeting, we were asked to choose what side we wanted to be on. Did we want to be part of Pierre's camp or Win's camp. Upon hearing this, I was hit with the realization that my dream of long ago was actually happening. This was the breakup I knew would occur. Even if I understood it was meant to be, it was still disconcerting to be confronted with the reality of its manifestation.

Though the whole idea of choosing camp did not come up again and I was glad. I did not feel that I could do such a thing. Whatever circumstances had precipitated this state of affairs between Win and Pierre, I did not know. But I still felt the love and appreciation I always had for each of them. This was not about to change and has not even to this day. As far as I was concerned, they were on their own spiritual journey, the same as the rest of us, and we all had to sift through our own sand box to discover our gold.

In light of this new development, we knew we had to decide what our next step should be, since everyone was asked to leave the centers. Only a skeleton staff was to remain until the properties and assets were dealt with. We also had our children to consider. Since Emmanuel was at the Farm, we were told that he could remain there for as long as necessary. There were enough people to look after the few remaining children. As for Kyle, he had been living with his maternal grandparents for almost a year, so there was no need to change his situation in the now. We could concentrate on what needed to be done for our transition back into the outside world.

We decided that Hugh should go to Ottawa for work, to make some money, so that we could get an apartment, and that I would join him in August. Until then, I would remain at Madoc since they could use my help, and Hugh would come back on weekends.

Hugh first went to Pembroke to visit Kyle. He was anxious to see him, having missed him greatly while away in New Zealand. He also visited his parents, and they were kind enough to loan him some money, so he could get a car to help him look for work.

His parents did not know about our relationship yet, but were soon to find out. Although a little shocked at first, at having to accept the inevitable, they were to become an important part of our lives in the years that followed.

As for me, these last few months at Madoc were rewarding and distressing at the same time. I wanted to fill myself with the realities Madoc represented for me, so I would never forget my experiences. Yet I felt a real sadness at having to leave, even though I knew it had to be, as that chapter of my life was ending.

I understood the temporary aspects of life, knowing that everything that is created within this dimension of reality, carries the seed of its own destruction. All our beliefs, our systems, our structures, our inventions, our bodies, are all subject to this rule, as this is an intrinsic part of the temporary aspect of this world.

But it was not until much later that I realized, had we remained locked indefinitely into the new beliefs we had adopted, we might have missed out on integrating fully what we had learned. We all needed to exercise our own spiritual wings, and leaving the safety nest the centers had come to represent, was a necessary step that allowed us to do just that.

Although we could not recognize it yet, the agenda we had agreed upon as a group had already been accomplished.

We all come into this dimension as spiritual children. As such, we need security and the belief that we are being looked after by God, angels and guides that are outside of ourselves. These beings do exist, and fulfill these roles for us, acting like our spiritual parents. Yet as we progress on our spiritual journey in a more conscious way, and our understanding of who we are grows, our need to be looked after diminishes, as we start to make our own decisions.

By slowly learning to take responsibility for our own God-Being, we gain spiritual independence in a way, and this is what God wants, as it is part of our soul evolution. Just like our parents want us to mature and become independent, responsible adults as we grow older.

25- Starting Anew

As planned, Hugh and I departed from Madoc for the last time in August 1984, with no clear indication as to what the future would bring. All we knew was that we had to become normal again and re-enter society. We went at it the best way we could, looking for permanent work and staying in temporary housing. Eventually, we had enough money to get an apartment.

At the same time, the full impact of what had happened with the collapse of our world, weighted heavily on our minds. We were both going through periods of intense emotional pain, as we felt the fabric of the composite mind we had built as a group, was being torn apart by the divisions arising as a result of the break-up.

My dreams were full of medieval war scenes and turmoil, and I refer to this phase as the 'licking our wounds' period, when the hurt was still fresh. I suspect all of us went through similar emotional upheavals.

Although my I AM experience may seem to some, as some sort of experiment that went wrong, I chose not to see it that way. In my opinion, it was like a big play, a school for the little God-Beings that we are, which is really what life is all about. In spite of all the idiosyncrasies, the many scenarios that got played out, some better than others, I still felt privileged to have been part of it. I will always be thankful to Win and Pierre for being instrumental in allowing for such a process to develop.

I consider my I AM experience as a test of faith, not faith in something or someone outside of myself, but faith in the validity of my own God-Self. This was my search, and the

road I took did bring me closer to my Truth. This mattered more to me than anything else I could have done with my life, had I chosen not to follow this path.

There were times when I missed I AM terribly, and I would find myself aching for Madoc, our people and all it represented for me. I felt homesick, something I had never experienced before, and it surprised me that I could feel such intense emotional pain for simply missing a physical location. But at least in having found each other, Hugh and I were together, and in this we considered ourselves very fortunate.

Family life

Once we had found an apartment, we knew we had to bring our children to live with us, and start a new life with them. In a way, we were happy to get this opportunity, since we had some catching up to do in getting to know them better, and giving them the love they deserved.

The integration between Kyle and Emmanuel was extremely difficult, more so than we had anticipated. Although they knew each other well, having lived together for many years. Emmanuel had just turned seven years old, idolized Kyle who was eleven, and looked to him as the big brother he used to know and played with. But it did not take long for Kyle to destroy this affection, as he was extremely upset at the whole situation. Unfortunately for Emmanuel, he often took the brunt of his frustration. The integration between the four of us was also a challenge, and it proved difficult to adjust to this lifestyle of working full time and having children who often resented being under the same roof.

Many times Emmanuel cried wanting to go back to the Farm, as this was the environment he knew best. While Kyle was going through his own emotional anguish of dealing with his parents' separation, and still carried a lot of anger for the years he had spent in the Institute. Although we understood the pain our children were going through, it was not possible to give them what they wanted, and we hoped things would ease off eventually. This made for some stressful periods, and it took all we had to keep going at times. We even considered if it would be best to separate for awhile and raise our children individually. But the thought of not being together was unbearable, so we kept on, and eventually things leveled off and became more tolerable. We were determined to do our best to provide for them, and give them the stability and security they needed.

By then, we had also realized that although they had been cared for appropriately while in the Institute, there were aspects that had not been nurtured properly, mostly from a lack of consistency. There had been too many people over the years looking after them. This had created a strong sense of instability and insecurity, and we knew we had to compensate for that.

Our family life was not perfect, but it eventually became more stable, and we hoped they at least felt loved and appreciated by us, if not by each other. The continual presence of Hugh's parents in our lives also served to strengthen this atmosphere. We were glad to spend time with them and shower them with the affection they deserved. I also spent more time with my own family, and appreciated my mother and siblings in a new way, as they were just starting off with their own families.

Each of us have issues to deal with regarding our childhood. I hoped our children would eventually come to realize that although a portion of their childhood had been different from

the norm, when they were living in the 'Jardin des Enfants', the lessons they had learned as a result of that experience might have been worthwhile.

Having to overcome emotional pain is all part of the journey called life and cannot be avoided. But at least when we understand there is a reason for it, which is to ultimately teach us about who we really are, we can better accept the experiences we have to deal with.

As the years went by, we did our best to fit into society again, but at times, missed the intensity of life we had grown accustomed to while living in the domes. Work interactions all seemed superficial and not very emotionally rewarding. Making it more difficult to adjust to what was considered normal life, but for us it had become abnormal.

At some point, the desire to create our own reality made itself known again, and our first step was to build ourselves a new home. We chose a lovely neighborhood, where trees were in abundance and within walking distance of the Ottawa River. This gave us a sense of being in charge of our lives again, and we felt we were ready to resume our spiritual search. Although we still had to continue earning a living, our new environment suited us better, being more in keeping with our new vision.

By then, our children were getting older. Kyle was at the point of going to college, which meant he would be away most of the time. However, Emmanuel was just entering adolescence and was to give me a lot of heartaches in the years that followed. He seemed to be the type of individual that has to learn the hard way, by immersing himself fully into the various unpleasant situations he was able to attract for himself.

As difficult as it was for me to watch him go through his various scenarios, I had to learn to extricate myself from his experiences. I tried to help him, not always successfully, but was hopeful that he would come to learn whatever it was that motivated him to do things the way he did. My motherly lessons were emotionally painful, intense and brought me close to despair many times. I had to pull myself out of the pit of remorse and self-pity many times, before I was able to restore my spiritual outlook.

Although our spiritual inclinations are all different and manifest in their own time, I know Emmanuel will one day wake up to his own personal realizations. He certainly had an inquisitive mind about universal concepts as a child. Here is a short poem of his, which he wrote before he was fifteen, and that I kept since I thought it was quite profound.

*'As the power of the Universe collides
you can feel the explosion in your heart.
You fall to the ground crying and screaming
for the light of explosion.
Everything turns and winds up
for another world of Peace and Harmony.
People laughing, playing, talking and
asking for joy and more joy.
Until the other world disappears once again
in the darkness of the Universe.'*

26- Continuing Journey

One of Hugh's favorite hobbies was motorcycling, and he decided one year, to take a few weeks and do a major tour on his own, which he started at the beginning of June 1998.

He was gone only a few days when we heard that Pierre had died. He had remained at the farm since his breakup with Win and the collapse of our world, along with a few other people who had opted to remain there. He had been able to secure the rights to that piece of property when the other assets were sold.

We were saddened by that news, and felt like a big piece of our story had departed. Yet he was among the people I knew the least, since he did not often participate in our activities, except for special events that required his presence. Although the few exchanges we had were special, as we seemed to have an automatic, yet unspoken love for each other, the kind that just is, with no need for a reason or an explanation. Somewhat similar to my relationship with my father, who was a silent type of person, never expressing his emotions openly, yet I was aware of the affection he held for me.

In retrospect, our internal system of operations while in the domes, could be perceived as somewhat odd. Although I did not spend much time analyzing our external form of direction, since it had no direct influence on my internal process, and I took it as it came. As far as I was concerned, I was there to learn about myself, and the structure under which we operated did not matter all that much. It was just interesting to watch the interplay between the different players, especially the main characters who took their roles very seriously. The rest of us also took ourselves seriously enough, thus giving more authenticity to our experience.

The reality we had created for ourselves had become more real than the structures under which the outside world operated, thus having formed a parallel reality of our own. Determining which one of these two realities has more value, or made the most impact on our sense of self, is up to each of us to decide. The main thing for me was that love was there, and could be felt by any who wanted to bathe in its waters. There was love between all of us and even today when we meet, after twenty plus years, the bond is still there. The closeness we had developed as a result of our interactions during those few years of intense living, is the one true thing that has remained untouched by the years and the ups and downs of our individual lives.

Getting married

Shortly after Hugh had returned from his motorcycle trip, he announced that he wanted to get married. When we had first gotten together back in 1983, he had said jokingly I thought, that he would marry me in sixteen years. It seemed he took his word seriously and was bent on keeping that promise. So, we arranged for our wedding to be held on April 10th, 1999 which was the last day of our sixteenth year together.

For us, our marriage was to be a celebration of love. The kind of love that had brought us together and still kept burning within our hearts. We wanted to share this moment with our old friends, those who wanted to be there, so we might remember what we had shared. Since enough time had passed to heal the emotional wounds each of us had suffered, as a result of the collapse of our world. Many of them showed up, and even if most had not seen each other

since the breakup, the love was still there. For a few moments, I even felt transported back to the best days of our group experience.

This is when I knew, that in spite of all that had transpired, the hurt and the resentment that many had gone through, was nothing in comparison to what remained. A love so strong that it proudly stood among us, daring us to discredit our experiences, when we knew in our hearts that the search for our soul had been our greatest achievement. As we celebrated together once again in the joy life had to offer.

In our hotel room that night, as I lay awake for a long time, still bathing in all the love I had been showered with on that special day, I felt truly blessed. It was as if everyone's soul had left its imprint on my soul, and I was able to recognize each note individually, even among the unified version of our togetherness.

Even Kyle surprised us that evening, as he stood there giving us his appreciation. We could sense a new level of maturity starting to emerge within his being.

It was also on that same night, we later found out, that Emmanuel and his girlfriend were to conceive Julien, our first grandchild, who was born at the end of January 2000. Our granddaughter Annabelle, was to follow two years later, turning us into the proud grandparents that we are today.

Our children made us proud that evening, and I felt great love for both of them. Even if our family life had its rough moments, I always thought we were thrown together for a reason. I hoped the contribution we made to their lives, was enough to help bring out the best in the adults they were quickly becoming.

The addition of family members and the new friends we had met in the last few years, also contributed in making this day a memorable event. I rejoiced at the thought of knowing and loving so many wonderful people.

It is moments like these that feed our soul!

‘Silent Partners’

Then Hugh continued writing the book he had started before his bike trip, but with a new determination. He found this process helped him crystallize many of the lessons he had learnt while in I AM, and this was giving him a better understanding of who he was. So that after three years of writing, editing and the help of many friends, ‘Silent Partners’ was finally published in 2001. Although it did not create the stupendous sensation I thought it deserved, since it was an excellent read, it remains for him, one of his greatest achievements.

Since the book contained numerous references to spiritual communities, not unlike what we had ourselves experienced, the idea of a discussion group on that very subject came up. We started inviting people to discuss community, and see if any enthusiasm could be generated.

Within the next two years, and in two different occasions, we even contemplated joining with some wonderful people we met, who had properties that could have served as a setting for something similar to develop.

Even if in the end neither of these possibilities worked out, we saw them as learning opportunities, and understood how our desire to manifest was becoming stronger and clearer.

Our learning process had been activated once again, and the thought of manifesting something tangible was exciting.

We were also happy for the opportunities they offered of meeting new people, who were dedicated to making a difference in their own way. Whether they were initiating changes through sustainable earth practices, supported issues on the environment, renewable green energies, ecological home construction, healthy living, organic food production or alternative health care. All these aspects and many more are all essential, and will need to be addressed, if our earthly existence is to develop into a more harmonious way with the natural world, as opposed to continuing destroying our limited resources.

All facets of life have to be dealt with one by one, as it is only once the physical, emotional and spiritual aspects are in balance, that our world will achieve the kind of stability we need, as humans, to be able to make the most out of our earthly experience. This is the kind of focus that can also serve to promote a more authentic way of interaction between us, and working together to create a better world is a good way to start.

Special dreams

It was also during the same period, that I began having a series of dreams about Win, which surprised me since we had not seen each other in the last twenty years. Yet these dreams appeared significant, and in one of them Hugh and I had gone to see her, and although we were shocked by her appearance as she looked quite old and sat in a wheelchair, she was happy to see us. But as I bent down to give her a hug, I suddenly found myself being swept off by this powerful burst of energy, that took us on a journey through the universe. And I found myself traveling at the speed of light alongside Win, exploring other dimensions of reality and parallel universes, and this was very exhilarating. It was as though these new impressions were igniting a new level of awareness within myself, one that I had not been able to perceive up until then, but which made of this experience, a more meaningful encounter. I felt as if our individual consciousnesses were merging, while our mode of transportation was made of pure love, as our souls had connected.

Needless to say, this dream left me perplexed, and I wondered at its significance many times, especially since Win and I never had that many personal interactions. I was also mystified as to what these new emotions were meant to teach me. Although I could feel a new level of awareness emerging, I struggled in trying to integrate its meaning.

This made me realize how understandings build upon themselves, the top end of one realization becoming the bottom end of the next one and so on and so forth. At no point can we ever say, this is it, I know it all. For as long as we keep holding on to what we think we know, we become stranded by our past, caught in the symbolic 'statue of salt' syndrome.

The veil separating my waking and dreaming states appeared to be thinner, and I was becoming more aware of my nightly activities, in which at times I found myself helping people. Some of them I tried healing, while I helped others to die, acting as a sort of angel. We all serve as angels for each other on occasion, I realized that a long time ago in a dream, and to become more aware of this particular manifestation seemed significant. This is where my perceptions were leading me, and I felt ready and willing to embrace this new level of responsibility in a more conscious way. As this is where parallel realities interconnect in a

way, although I am barely scratching at the surface. We don't often realize that what we allow ourselves to perceive, is but a tiny fraction of our real capacity. Even if we have to go at it in a gradual way, it is rewarding to at least remain open and receptive to the unlimited possibilities these experiences can offer, as well as teach us.

Many of the new children being born today, called the 'Indigo children' are already aware and much more receptive to these new realities. These children represent the next level of evolution for the human race, in our ongoing process of self-discovery. For some of these children seeing auras, doing astral projections, practicing telepathy, precognition or other similar manifestations are normal occurrences.

Our society has to learn to respond to these new abilities in a constructive manner, as it is essential that these children learn to understand, integrate and deal with this new level of awareness in a positive way. Instead of trying to find ways to destroy their latent skills, either by sedating them or ostracizing these children, because of fear and a need for control.

Soulhaven

In the summer of 2004, Hugh and I found another piece of property that would have been ideal for the realization of our community vision, and our desire became strong again. However, we did not have the necessary funds to make it happen.

But it was during this last process that I had my first glimpse of 'Soulhaven', the place I visualized as the ultimate manifestation of our dream. As while we visited this property, I was overcome by the same emotion I had when being at Madoc. This made me realize how the reality Madoc represented was already part of me, that I carried its seed within my being, and could perhaps reactivate its manifestation wherever I went.

I tentatively named the property Soulhaven, because I wanted it to be a place for the soul, where people could experience the reality and wonders of their soul. Learning about their duality in a more conducive and safer environment. It would have also served as a prototype to demonstrate earth friendly technologies, and slowly develop into a new form of community.

When I realized it would not be possible to materialize my Soulhaven through the acquisition of this property, I found myself continuing on my book, which I had just started. But with a new determination, for I felt as though I had found another outlet for manifesting the essence of my dream. I decided to use the name 'Soulhaven' as the title of my book, to remind me that it does not matter how my God-Self is expressed. It is the essence of who I am, as a God-Being that counts and, as long as I am in joy and involve my soul in the manifestation of my dream, my God-Self is being manifested.

I am not alone in carrying the seed of a better world within my being. In time, these seeds will grow. Such communities already exist in various parts of the world, building bridges of love, light and trust across the planet.

Then again, the real community happens at the level of our interactions, when we become aware of the spirit within the individual, and we allow ourselves to communicate soul to soul. Whether we live next door to one another when that happens, is not as important as the sense of joy it brings, in knowing we are all part of the same magnificent play called life.

Yet the more we become aware of our true nature and start identifying with our soul, the less of a need we have to hold on to our illusions. As we come to understand the reality that our soul represents is the only thing we should take seriously. Everything else is temporary.

Part VI – New Perspectives

*Our soul is a free entity and having to be confined within the narrow
limits of the physical and social aspect of our lives
is like keeping a bird in a cage*

.....

*When our soul speaks, it is with the voice of love, and as such has
no real understanding of the constraints and rules that affect our
day-to-day lives, as it is only concerned
with our spiritual evolution*

27- Reclaiming our Power

Allowing my perceptions to evolve has given me the internal freedom, and the kind of perspective I need to keep learning and growing from my life experiences.

Nobody has a monopoly over the right way of perceiving life. While trying to impose our own convictions on other people may provide us with a temporary sense of satisfaction and false security, it only serves to trap us even deeper into our delusions, thus making it that much more difficult to let go of the beliefs and preconceived ideas we have been accustomed to follow.

On the other hand, the more we keep an open mind and become flexible, the less of a need we have to hold on to our own ideas. We can better appreciate the glimpses other people offer of their views, and use them as the unique opportunities they represent to help define our own understandings better. Whereas adopting their opinions is not the goal, opening our minds to fresh ways of perceiving life can serve as a great learning tool.

This is how one of my internal processes has led me to question the idea of power. When I came to realize that there is only one kind of real power, and it is the one that comes from within, when we finally take full responsibility for our life journey and for the individual being that we each are.

We are so accustomed to giving our power away, that it takes determination and hard work to consciously take charge of our lives. In our society, there is a strong tendency to constantly put the blame on other people or events outside of ourselves for what happens to us. But what we are actually doing is giving away our power, in denying ourselves the opportunity to learn and grow from our experiences.

A lesson not learned will no doubt be repeated.

On the other hand, all external forms of power, the kind of power we are most familiar with, is either borrowed or stolen.

We lend our power to people we admire or those who have an influence on us. Whether it is a public figure, a movie star, a hero or a guru, they become powerful as a result of the extra energy they are fed by their admirers and followers. Yet when this power is taken away from them, their whole world collapses and they often become lost, feeling like the carpet has been pulled right from under them. Left having to deal with the withdrawal symptoms of the

sudden lack that borrowed or stolen power provided for them. Many will go to great extent to keep this addiction going, of which intimidation is one of the many tactics used by those wanting to increase their personal sense of power, at the expense of others.

Yet our power is stolen when we are forced to submit or subject ourselves to leaders, mentalities or regimes that exercise tight control over our affairs. They usually end up dictating our lifestyles, and the choices we are forced to make in order to try and satisfy their insatiable hunger for more power. You can easily recognize the tools of their trades, as they use fear as its main ingredient, constantly exploiting the insecurities of people to their own advantage. They are masters of deception, experts at stealing people's energies, of which money is only one of its many forms of manifestation.

We used to refer to money as 'canned energy' in I AM, meaning that it represented a certain amount of energy, to which a price tag had been attached. This 'energy' value could then be exchanged for things we wanted, whether we used it for our survival needs, physical enjoyment, emotional rewards or any other value imaginable, it is still a form of energy exchange.

While exchanging energy is an integral part of all our interactions, the give and take that happens automatically, be it on an emotional, physical or canned energy level, developing a better understanding of how this process works is a good exercise.

Looking back at my childhood, I can see how this process manifested, first by giving my power away to my parents, my siblings, my friends or to various authority figures. Yet this is a necessary process, where learning how to share becomes an important lesson. When the give and take is fairly equal, there is balance, and the relationship can become a win-win situation. However, if it becomes too unequal, the balance is lost and turns into a win-lose situation, and as one starts to feel superior, more powerful, the other feels inferior, weaker which can eventually lead to resentment or other forms of emotional responses. This is why it took me so long to work through my relationship with my mother, since it took a long time before our level of interaction reached a more balanced level.

When we apply this same principle to how the structures of our society work, we get a better understanding of why the imbalance has become so extreme. Because the power is all at the top, with money acting as its agent, demanding more and more from people than what they are willing to give, the anger and the resentment that creates has been steadily increasing, and is manifesting through various forms of hostility of which crimes, terrorism and social unrest are some of the results.

As long as we continue to put our faith into the hands of power-hungry individuals, whose priorities and decisions are based on self-serving agendas, our sense of powerlessness can only increase. While our world will continue to be depleted, and if we the people, do not wake up soon, our soul may not have a place of learning to come back to and exercise its freewill within the context of this dimension.

This reality is precious because it gives us an opportunity to learn more quickly about ourselves, and to evolve spiritually more rapidly, than if we were to just continue bathing in the ethereal world of where we come from. This earthly reality is our quickest way to heaven, but also the most treacherous, since we get to deal head on with the physical world and all its challenges. Some call this process the devil, but I prefer to see it as stepping-stones that bring us closer to our true God-Self, each time we overcome one of its hurdles.

Yet true power lies within, and we are able to recognize those who have achieved it, as they stand out as the true leaders of our world. Beings such as Confucius, Socrates, Teilhard de Chardin, William Blake, Ghandi, Mother Teresa and countless others known and unknown, who took charge of their lives, even if it went against the norms of their days.

Those are the real powerful people, and yet they usually are the humblest. As they know this gift is theirs to keep, and although they willingly share it with others, they alone stand in the light of their spiritual achievement. The choice was theirs just as much as it is ours, to either take charge of our spiritual evolution or deny the opportunity this lifetime has to offer. This is all part of becoming a more conscious being, and living in the now is a good way to start. Living in the past as our society emphasizes so much, by constantly focusing on it, only serves to perpetuate the illusion, while continuing to keep us hostage to old ways of thinking, and using its power to make us fearful of the future.

While it is important to recognize the contributions of the past and honor our ancestors, it should only be used as a point of reference, guiding us towards the future, not dictating our lives. As long as we remain stuck in an outdated line of thinking, and the only option we are aware of, is that of continuing doing things that do not reflect who we really are, as spiritual beings, the leaders of all walks of life will continue to take advantage of this free power, since we gave it to them. We elected them to think for us, to heal our wounds, to chastise our enemies and to pray for us. We can't blame them too much, however it is time to take our power back.

This does not mean that because the leaders of society take advantage of our ignorance, they are bad people. Like the rest of us, this is what they know, the only option they are aware of, as it is part of their upbringing, their culture and the beliefs they support. Because we are all limited by what we know, especially when we keep reinforcing the same beliefs over and over, through the various structures of society specifically aimed at keeping them alive.

Yet it is what we don't know that represents our true potential, and there is much more we don't know than what we do know. After all, we only use about 10% of our brain capacity. Does this mean we should continue to let the other 90% go to waste, when we realize there is another option we can add to our perception of this world.

The option of discovering our true self, of increasing our awareness and of lighting our soul with our love, so that it can illuminate our path, as the light shines from within.

Every time we love, increases our capacity to love. Every time we hate, increases our capacity to hate.

Every time we forgive, increases our capacity to forgive. Every time we resent increases our capacity to resent.

Every time we trust our inner self, increases our capacity to connect with our soul. Every time we distrust our own emotions takes us further away from our true self, allowing fear, doubt and guilt to fill the void and cloud our perception.

We are at a crossroad as the human race, and the choice is ours to either let our fears destroy us, with our fancy weapons of mass destruction, or stop this madness from occurring. The first step is to learn about our true nature, to become aware of the reality our soul represents, first on an individual level and then collectively.

28- Living more Consciously

The majority of people spend their lives in a semi-awareness state, and I often found that to be true in my own case. Though in the last few years, and considering the experiences of my life, I have made a more concerted effort to be more present in the now, to be awake, and I have succeeded in having moments of clarity. When these moments occur, it is like being transported into another world, or seeing one colourful picture among a series of black and white photos, as the moments of being truly awake contrast with the plain ordinary moments. What is remarkable also when that happens, is that I feel in a complete state of empathy, and I literally fall in love with everything and everyone I meet. It makes no difference what setting I am in. It has happened while I was walking on the street, doing groceries, and it is like being swept off your feet by the love vibration. I refer to these times as my 'heaven on earth' moments.

One time in particular, I was sitting in our truck while the battery was being changed, when I happen to glance at the older mechanic doing the work. All of a sudden, I was overcome by this powerful emotion that took hold of me, and I felt this incredible empathy emerge from within for this being that I did not even know. It took me by surprise, and yet there was nothing I could do about the intensity of this emotion, which was so powerful it brought tears to my eyes. I had to laugh at myself as I sat there in the truck, feeling in love empathy for a total stranger, while the intensity of the emotion I was under brought tears of joy. I gladly embraced this wonderful gift, as it enveloped my whole being with a sense of rapture.

While I have been consciously making an effort to be present during my waking state, it has also affected my dreams. I have been experiencing lucid dreaming as a result. In both cases, either while awake or dreaming, it seems to be only a matter of awareness.

Lucid dreams are when we wake up while still in a dream, where the dream world and reality meet in a way, and become one, the fine line between dimensions or levels of consciousness. When this type of dream occurs for me, I usually stop for a moment, not unlike stopping a frame when making a movie, and I say to myself in full awareness "OK, I am dreaming now, and my physical body is asleep", and I regain my full sense of identity. Unlike other dreams in which my perception of self is often too fluid or unfocused for a proper sense of identification. Then I become aware that I am inventing the scenario of my dream. Learning to alter their details will likely be next on my agenda.

The first time it happened, I called it my 'back to the future' dream. In the dream, Hugh and I were in a house, which was supposed to be our home. Yet the house gradually became so real that at some point, I started hitting the counter top with the palms of my hand, as if to test its solidity. When I suddenly realized that it felt as real as any physical object ever did in the physical dimension. Then Emmanuel came in with his daughter, a little girl of about ten years old, who we had never seen before, because she had not been born yet in this dimension.

Still in the dream, Emmanuel sat with Hugh at the kitchen table, and while they talked, I conversed with my granddaughter. Yet the reality of the dream kept becoming more and more solid, while my awareness was taking hold. Then it was as if a light bulb had been switched on in my head, and I started shouting at Hugh saying, "Hugh, do you realize what's going on, here we are in this dimension, which is just as solid as physical life, and yet our bodies are back sleeping in 2001!" and I kept repeating it several times until I eventually woke up.

I was still so energized by this dream, that I could not wait to tell Hugh what happened and woke him up. If nothing else, this was the clearest indication I ever had, that my ethereal body and physical body were two distinct bodies, independent of each other. While the physical body will die, the spiritual body will move on, and from what I can tell, as my lucid dreams demonstrate, will retain the memories of my earthly experiences.

To be really present in these different states, either while awake or dreaming, is also a confirmation that my soul is participating more fully in my life, and my process of awakening has begun. This reminded me of what Win used to talk about as the 'burning tip of conscious awareness', a term that fascinated me, yet without fully understanding its implication.

When we are awake, the true reality of our life takes on a deeper meaning, as we merge the different parts of ourselves. As our physical, emotional and spiritual aspects amalgamate, we become God-realized, and get to experience heaven on earth. This reality is accessible to us while in this dimension, it is but a matter of awareness, and it happens right within our own being, even if reality is one of the least definable elements that affects our lives.

We like to pretend reality is only made up of what we can perceive with our physical senses. If we cannot see, feel, touch, hear or taste something, then it cannot or should not exist. At least not until some scientific study has been conducted to prove otherwise.

But from what I have experienced, it is not that simple. Because reality is as unique as our own uniqueness can be, as it is our own emotions that defines our reality, and it is built moment by moment. Yet our emotions are triggered by an assortment of belief patterns, structures and past experiences, which shape our existence and serve as the basis of what we are able to perceive. It is within these parameters that we create our perception of what our life is all about.

If we want to change something in our life, we have to reassess our belief structures, which upon closer examination are mostly made up of past beliefs or other people's points of view. Unfortunately, changing these beliefs is not an easy task, and altering them demands determination and constant reevaluation.

Even the new and improved type of beliefs we come to accumulate in our individual search, have to be reexamined and used as tools of learning. Whether we become interested in chakras, yoga, astrology, reiki, religions, metaphysics, rituals or any of the numerous disciplines available, it is important to remember not to get too obsessed with the kind of results they are supposed to provide. It is also helpful to remember that sometimes too much information can create too many expectations, and instead of helping can eventually become a hindrance. Although dabbling in all those fields of knowledge can offer a great source of inspiration and motivation.

Yet it is important to keep an open mind, not to get too attached to these beliefs, and be ready to let them go, whenever we feel they no longer serve a purpose in our spiritual evolution. Then move on to the next lesson on our agenda.

During a meditation, in my early days of metaphysics, I saw a small being suddenly appear on my mental screen. While it made me laugh as it emanated a sense of such pure joy, that it was contagious, I also understood that I was witnessing a visual representation of nature. As if a little soul of nature had revealed itself to me, like a fairy or an elf would, in a playful manner. Although it looked like a five-pointed star, it felt more like a child, full of gaiety and eagerness at exploring and discovering a new world, full of unlimited possibilities.

This vision always stuck with me, and has helped me realize how joy is an important element of our soul. I have come to think that our life should be like that, a wonderful opportunity to explore a world full of infinite varieties of manifestations. It also reminded me of the saying, “unless you become as little children...”

29- Belief Patterns

One thing I have come to realize about belief patterns, is that I see them as filters, through which we perceive reality. They are the roots from which our mind grows and learns, and they help us discover this world and organize our thoughts, so that we can function properly within the context of this dimension, as such, they are useful tools.

We all need belief patterns to relate to one another and to communicate. Language is a good example, since we all agree to call certain things by a particular name such as apple, tree, snow, etcetera, otherwise it would get too confusing.

On the other hand, since belief patterns vary so much depending on upbringing, culture, race, religion, language, they often tend to create divisions and misunderstandings between people. As such, belief patterns give rise to discrimination, intolerance, prejudice, judgment and many of the factors that keep people separate and fearful of each other.

Because belief patterns are reinforced by repeated thought processes, each layer adding weight to a particular belief, the more we tend to perceive that belief as the Truth. Starting with our own parent's beliefs as the foundation to the particular set of values that we usually support.

We can all recall childhood situations in which belief patterns were created, sometimes even conflicting with one another. Here is one occasion I still remember quite vividly.

I was four years old and I had a friend, a neighbour, who was about fourteen, and her name was Suzanne. I really enjoyed playing with her, and we used to spend a lot of time strolling our dolls around. To me, even though she looked and acted a little strange for a big person, she was my friend and I enjoyed our time together. But one day, my mother sat me down and told me that from now on, I was not allowed to go and play with her anymore, because she was retarded, whatever that meant!

I can still see myself standing at the door, looking at my friend's house through the screen, trying my best to come up with a way to go see her, without my mother finding out. This was hard to do and required a lot of concentration, but I eventually had to give up, since I could not find a way out. Within a short time, it became easier to ignore her, and I even started to dislike her. After that, anybody I saw with a handicap, either mental or physical, I made sure to stay away, since I did not want my mother to get mad at me. So, I had successfully adopted my mother's belief that disabled people were to be avoided, and a new belief pattern was established.

I now know she was only trying to protect me from what she perceived as a possible bad influence, being afraid I might start to imitate her mannerism. But at four years old, her motivation was not what I was able to perceive, only its manifestation, which led me to adopt a judgmental attitude.

It took me a long time to unravel the roots of my emotional response towards handicap people, and to rectify the automatic tendency my belief pattern dictated, in judging them for their appearances. Because belief patterns play a role in how they affect our emotions. Once

we understand that the roots of our emotional responses can be traced back to our belief patterns, that the guilt, anger, shame, excitement, judgment, etcetera are the result of those memory triggers, we can recognize them for what they are, and stop taking them so seriously. Yet if we continue to invest into these same beliefs, they can eventually affect our health in creating tension points and blockages, that overtime overload our cells and can manifest as diseases.

On the other hand, if we learn how to unravel these beliefs, we can eventually free ourselves from their grip in learning to release them safely, as we get to recognize they no longer serve our purpose. Eventually, we can re-educate ourselves, and adopt the beliefs that best represent who we are in the now, not who we were at four, nine or twelve years old.

We can also be more understanding, and stop judging other people on account of their own belief patterns. Since we understand that their beliefs are mainly there to serve as the organizational structure their mind needs, so they can properly function within this dimension of reality.

Belief patterns also affect the whole idea of freewill. Since when we act solely on the beliefs we have been accustomed to follow, without asking questions, we are not really making a choice, but merely responding to our conditioning. Which can also be considered a weakness, considering that we are constantly being bombarded by advertisements and propaganda, specifically designed to take advantage of our vulnerability. That is why lobbying (the fine art of deception), marketing and advertising have become such sophisticated tools of manipulation. As these trained professionals know that to the degree they can affect our belief patterns, is the degree they will be able to control our ideological inclinations, our behaviours, our desires, our fears, and more importantly our purchasing tendencies. Trends, fashions, public opinions, popularity contests all serve to demonstrate how well these manipulation tactics really work. However, these tactics are only as effective as to the degree that individuals have not gone through their process of self-discovery.

I like to think of emotions as 'energy in motion'. Unfortunately, when they get trapped within a certain belief pattern, they end up dictating our behaviours, our likes and dislikes, our perception of good and bad, and we end up repeating the same patterns over and over again. The energy itself is without objective, it is our thoughts that give it direction. Thoughts are real as they direct the energy, giving it an outlet of expression. This is how we create our own reality in a way. The more we invest our thoughts into a particular belief, be it a positive or a negative thought, the more we feed that pattern, and the more we tend to perceive it as the Truth.

What is the Truth?

There is no such thing as the ultimate truth. The only truth that exists is the 'truth of the moment', which is mostly defined by our emotions. All other truths are basically abstract conjectures made up of belief patterns, preconceived ideas, past experiences and judgments.

The idea of truth is a great weapon that power hungry individuals like to brandish about in order to make themselves feel important. Yet it is as vulnerable as a hot air balloon that has to be kept afloat by the wind. As truths are constantly changing and evolving, as understandings build upon themselves in a continual flow of perceptions. Even the individuals

that we evolve from one moment to the next, one subtle change after the other. Have you ever looked at a picture of yourself at two, ten, twenty or whatever age and still be able to say, this is the same person that I am now? Not so. The truth of that snapshot moment was real for only that instant.

This is what life is all about, a constantly changing, pulsating and evolving flow of energy that permeates everything that exists. To try and stop change would be like trying to stop the wind from blowing.

Even our perception of death, which is based on our belief patterns, is part of this continual cycle of change.

Crossing over

Society is doing a lot of damage in perpetuating the stigma attached to the whole idea surrounding death, since it is seen as the worst thing that can happen. Everything is geared towards prolonging life at all cost, and every death is regarded as a failure, instead of the natural process it represents.

The main unnecessary deaths, in my opinion, are those caused by wars, and yet we are made to think these are honorable. But they only have meaning for those who profit from them, as wars are all about power, control and money.

It is normal for each and everyone to experience some apprehension about death, and I am sure I will too when my turn comes, even knowing that this is not the end of my existence. However, having to say goodbye to an old friend, even if by then that old friend may look rather unappealing, can still be saddening.

As a society, we could hold a healthier attitude towards death, although progress is being made, at least in some circles. As it is, there is so much taboo surrounding it, that a lot of people die in a state of fright, only making their transition more difficult. If they at least had an idea about what to expect, a little knowledge could go a long way in making their transition easier. Fortunately, there are many good books dealing with this issue and anyone who is interested can get the reassurance they need to help them face it when the time comes.

Ideally, death should be viewed as a normal transition between two different levels of reality. Although we shed our physical body when we leave, much like getting undressed, we remain the person that we are, and most likely go to the stage that best fits our degree of progression. As an example, we would not put a grade two student in a classroom full of grade nines. This is pretty basic, and if we know that on this level of reality, imagine what they know on this other level. So, there is nothing to be afraid of. On top of that, during our transition, we are met by people we love and who love us, as love is the vehicle that allows us to move from one dimension of reality to another.

Even in our physical dimension, love is what creates us.

We all know that our physical body is made of earth material, dust-to-dust and so forth. So, our soul or spiritual body is made of God material, which is love, and it is the same life force that impregnates everything that exists.

The best condition which we can hope for when we cross over is to have achieved a certain level of awareness. When we have learned about the duality of our being while still in this dimension. Knowing that our physical body is not the real us, but only our vehicle, and

we retain that knowledge during our transition, making our experience that much more meaningful.

Yet if we have not even learned this basic fact, we end up as spiritual children needing healing and comforting. Having gone through yet another lifetime of focusing on the world of illusions. A society of the spiritually blind leading the blind!

Many would say that this reality is the real world. But for me, knowing that my body and the physical reality it represents only lasts a few short years, is an indication of the world of illusion. While my soul, and the spiritual reality it represents, lasting forever, is an indication of the real world.

Once we leave the confines of this dimension, time and space as we know it ceases to exist, and we are left in the eternal now. This can be quite confusing for someone used to linear thinking since we retain some of our beliefs. The more rigid our beliefs are, the harder it will be to accept the new realities available to us.

Nevertheless, once we are on the other side, as we say, we may feel the need to come back and continue learning about ourselves, as growth is a never-ending process. We may decide to reincarnate, and eventually start a new life on this plane of existence. This would most likely be a choice we make since we all have freewill.

As we progress in our understanding of who we are, there comes a point when perhaps there is no longer a need to come back within the confines of this dimension. We can then move on and go exploring other worlds or other realities if we so choose.

Reincarnation

The concept of reincarnation has been around for a very long time. Although many people dismiss it, since it cannot be proven by real scientific methods, yet it has merit, and should at least be considered as a possibility.

Personally, I have come to regard it much like switching activities. Our own lives are a good reflection of that since we all get to play a variety of roles. For example, we can be a parent, a spouse, a teacher, a business partner, a cook, et cetera. Within each of these activities, we get to act and do things very differently from the other characters we play. We could not possibly exercise all these functions at once. So, we dedicate a portion of our time to each, and while doing one activity, we forget about the other ones, otherwise it would be too distracting. We also get to act and dress quite differently from one role to the next. However, the person that we are, i.e., our identity, does not change, only the roles we play do.

I see reincarnation as somewhat similar. Each lifetime, we decide on what part we want to play, according to the lesson we set out to learn. We forget about all the other parts we ever played, so that we can better concentrate on this one, and hopefully learn or do what we set ourselves to achieve. But our real self, our soul does not change, it remains the same within each of our various lifetimes.

The soul perspective that we hold about ourselves, while in the other dimension, is quite different from the physical perspective we get to adopt, once we are within the confines of this dimension. As the belief patterns of our upbringing add themselves to the many distractions the physical world has to offer, it is often enough to sway anybody from their

original goal. That is why our most important ally, in helping us remember why we came here in the first place, is our soul, and it speaks to us through our emotions.

Yet there is a difference between the emotions generated by our soul, which can be viewed as true emotions, as opposed to those generated by our belief patterns, which can be termed as reactions.

But when our soul speaks, it is with the voice of love, and as such has no real understanding of the constraints and rules that affect our day-to-day lives, as it is only concerned with our spiritual evolution. That is why in many instances, following our soul's messages takes us away from the norm, of what is considered socially acceptable. And, this can put us in a position of having to make choices, that may contradict the belief patterns or preconceived ideas shared by our peers, or those we were brought up to believe were the only options available to us.

Our soul has no use for those kinds of restrictions, and will push our desire to free ourselves from them if we let it. Our soul is a free entity, and having to be confined within the narrow limits of the physical and social aspects of our lives, is like keeping a bird in a cage.

Once we understand the duality of our being, it becomes easier to let go of the physical attachments that distract and restrict us at every turn. We can relax and take time to explore both aspects of ourselves. There is no need to amass a fortune, since it is worthless beyond this dimension. We can spend more time learning about and appreciating the other aspect of ourselves, our soul. The part of us that is eternal, and that will continue to live long after the bones of our physical shell have decayed. Who knows how many of these shells each of us might have left behind before?

On the other hand, beware of anybody who tries to convince you that by following their beliefs or doing it their way, it is the only way you will ever find salvation. It matters not how long the beliefs they espouse have been around, or how many books have been written to reinforce these views.

To me, it is like somebody trying to convince you they can go to the bathroom for you!

30- Salvation

From what I can gather, salvation comes from the idea that we are born with an original sin, to which other sins are constantly being added, which we carry around like a cross. Sins being made by the devil's influence on us, as he wages this constant war against God for the benefit of our eternal soul. Yet we have no idea how this battle started or how to stop it, except we are told that we need somebody to rescue us, to forgive our sins and to relieve us of our burden, before we can be allowed entry into paradise.

However here is my version of how this little scenario got started. Although it is over simplified and only stands as my own interpretation.

First, you have Adam and Eve. Originally, they were one complete being (in heaven) but in coming into this dimension (matter), a reality entirely made up of opposites (good/evil), they had to split themselves into two parts (male/female), so they could learn, grow and develop an identity.

This was a totally new adventure for them, but they were up to the challenge and started a family, had two sons who fought with each other, starting the very first war. Yet I have a little trouble making the link as to how there ended up being so many of us humans, when Eve only

had two sons and one of them got killed. I can only assume more beings were sent. Of course, this is only a metaphor.

Having said that, I think the original sin idea comes from our duality, as we are made of both God-material (our soul) and earth-material (our body) and these are the two aspects we have to deal with, within this dimension of reality.

In other words, for as long as we are here, we are in the 'no-God' (devil) zone area, as this is part of our physical existence, and there is no sin in that. It is just a learning experience that our soul has decided to go through, in order to achieve a higher level of understanding about its existence. It has nothing to do with burning candles, performing rituals or having sex without being married.

The trouble is that as time went on, things got more complicated, as the belief patterns and preconceived ideas started to emerge, and the little God-Beings that we were got lost within these illusionary plays. Then the whole idea of fear got invented. Some beings started to think themselves superior and decided to use fear to gain control over the rest of them, who were perhaps slower to catch on to this new game. Once they saw that it worked, more fearsome scenarios were invented to gain even more control and power was born. Even today, you can still find the same trio of fear-control-power, (although it is a foursome now, with money being added to the equation).

Yet our challenge lies in rediscovering our God-Self (resurrection) while still in the flesh, so that we can experience 'heaven on earth' with the identity we have developed as a result of our earthly experiences. But in order to achieve that, we have to do battle with our ego. That part of us which was brought up to hang on to the belief patterns and preconceived ideas reinforced by the social, religious, racial and political structures of our society. We have to go through the 'David versus Goliath' battle within our own selves to bring down these illusions and see them for what they really are.

Eventually, we come to recognize that no, we did not come here to make money, pay taxes, have a big house and a fancy car, there is another reason why we chose this life.

Then we realize the whole idea of letting somebody else 'save our soul' is ludicrous. As hard as it is, we have to take personal responsibility for our own soul and recognize that our earthly existence is only there to help us speed up the process. However, nobody else can do it for us, they can only inspire us.

It is pointless to fear our human side, we have to learn to let our soul take us by the hand as you would a child, and let it embrace us and guide us through our emotions, the language of our soul.

If we become really curious, we start asking ourselves 'Who am I?' and 'What am I doing here?'. If we want to know our truth, we have to dig real deep within ourselves to find the answers, until we come to realize that external salvation does not exist. Salvation is an internal process, a breakthrough that happens in our innermost self, after we have gone through a slow process of elimination.

As it is only after we have removed all the layers of social expectations, preconceived ideas and belief patterns which were necessary to feed our identity. Yet we have to abandon all these in order to claim our spiritual heritage. Just like a baby has to abandon the placenta that used to feed it, in order to claim its physical heritage.

31- Personal Responsibility

We live in a ready-made society where personal responsibility is shunned. The only thing anyone expects is to make enough money to afford all the bells and whistles that go along with supporting a wasteful, unsustainable way of life.

Our society is so well organized, we don't even have to think anymore. We have our religious figures to tell us what to believe, our social structures with experts in every field telling us what, where, when, how to do things. And our political system to make sure we have all the laws we need to support the priorities they decide are best to keep our wonderful system operational.

It seems that everything that happens to anybody is always the fault of somebody else. Suing has become a great scheme to convince us that we need compensation for everything, from losing our job to falling off our bicycle. Nobody wants to be responsible for anything, and the current mentality is 'somebody has to pay for this!'

Yet, if we were to take a different approach, and stop seeing ourselves as victims, at the constant mercy of other people or events outside of ourselves, perhaps we could reclaim our power and have better control over our lives.

What if everybody was to gain a new perspective, and looked at their life experiences as the opportunities they are of learning about themselves. Just imagine what it would be like!

People who understood that events happening to them were there for a specific reason. A lesson they needed to learn in order to help themselves speed up their process of self-discovery.

People who knew they had control over the choices they made, that whatever happened they would be able to deal with the challenges as they came.

People who believed their life had meaning. That it went beyond the people they knew, the job they had, the car they drove, the money they saved or the clothes they wore.

People who recognized their duality, and involved their soul in the creation of the happy existence they both craved. Knowing that the endless pursuit of the pleasures of the senses alone is a dead end, leaving the inner self with a constant ache.

People who realized they alone were in charge of their own happiness. That although other people add to their sense of joy, they are not the key for it, and should not be used as emotional crutches, to try and give themselves a sense of satisfaction and worth about their lives. As happiness is an internal process, that can only be found once a partnership has been formed between the two aspects of our being.

We already have everything we need to be happy.

Once people acknowledged who they were, and allowed this freedom to manifest within themselves, they would naturally extend that same freedom to everyone around them. The need to control or interfere with the rights of others would disappear. Personal responsibility would be born on a grand scale, while social systems and interactions would change to allow for this new level of understanding to manifest.

Truth, love and happiness are only a matter of perception, and they live in the eternal now. Our challenge is to become aware of the reality they can represent in our lives, as it is only a matter of choice, and no different than choosing to be angry, sad or confident. As it is all part of the internal process we must go through in deciding where to invest our thought energy. The difficulty comes in trying to break new territory within our own psyche, as it tries

to bypass the highway created by our usual, normal state of mind, made up of our preconceived ideas and belief patterns.

When we understand that simply by living, we participate in the manifestation of God, we can stop taking all the outside factors that affect our lives so seriously. Although the details of our day-to-day activities do not change, we can learn to transform our attitude towards them from the inside, where our real power lies. So that we can eventually experience the ultimate reward, that no amount of distractions or mood enhancing drugs can hope to compete with. As the emotional rewards these experiences generate are genuine. God is that real!

The life experiences we go through are the stepping-stones that help bring us closer to our understanding of who we really are. They are the opportunities we have set for ourselves to overcome our limitations. This is the playground of choice, in which opposites meet, and duality exists within the same dimensional framework.

We have to look at the darker side of our nature face to face, see it for what it is and learn how to work with it. For as long as this part in us remains hidden, fear will prevail and continue to keep us hostage.

Yet it is all part of us, good and bad, love and hate, pleasure and pain, heaven and hell, God and the devil, they all live within us and shape our existence.

How could light ever know itself if it never experienced darkness.

How could happiness ever know itself if it never experienced sadness.

How could peace ever know itself if it never experienced war.

How could we ever hope to recognize our own God-Self, without having dipped into the no-God (devil) zone?

Still, we don't have to stay in the dark, be sad, continue investing into wars or remain in the no-God zone. We can choose to turn on the light, be happier, stop the wars from continuing their rampage, have genuine experiences and reclaim our God-Self. Now that we know the difference, we can choose. We have the freewill to do so.

But exercising our freewill is different than clinging to the responses generated by our belief structures, our attachments and expectations, as these are merely the reference points we have come to rely on for our human journey. That is why it is important to re-examine everything we have been led to believe, and learn to recognize what is really part of our individual truth from what is not. Only then are we capable of making an informed choice and exercise our freewill. The best way to start is to learn about the reality of our soul.

Language of the Soul

I see learning about the soul as somewhat similar to learning how to read, do math or play music. Although we all have a comparable capacity to be trained for these skills, we each need to go through a period of learning. However, once we reach a certain level of understanding and we "get it", so to speak, there is no end to what we can read, write, count or the music we can play, as these skills open doors to worlds of unlimited possibilities, discoveries and choices. To be denied these simple techniques would greatly limit our experience of this world. The proficiency we attain only depends on the desire, dedication and hard work we invest in practising these skills.

For me, studying metaphysics was the schoolroom I attended, that taught me my ABC's of spirituality. My desire and dedication in wanting to know myself better, to discover my truth, was what lead me there in the first place.

Yet it was not until more recently that I could say the penny really dropped, and I understood that although I knew my ABC's, I was not using them to their full potential. I realized the spiritual language I had spent years learning about and practising was in fact, the language of my soul and my emotions were its ABC's.

This is the common language we share with all of creation and with each other. As more of us learn to speak its language, the delusions of the past keeping us separate and fearful of each other will eventually vanish, and be replaced by more authentic relationships.

Once we grasp how it works, we realize how simple it really is, just like reading or playing music becomes once we know the basics. But no one can do it for us.

Love is the ultimate emotion, the beginning and the end, the creator of life itself, as there is nothing else more worth being, doing or having. It is the only emotion that exists! Although within the context of this dimension, we also get to experience the illusion called no-love, just to get an understanding of what love is really about. So that within all our countless activities and experiences, we are in a constant state of either love, or no-love.

Because loving is part of our nature, the stuff our true self is made of, responding to it and activating it creates joy within our being. This is what feels good, right, important, and keeps us wanting more of it each day. Whether we call its many facets of expression by a variety of other names such as forgiveness, giving, kindness, empathy, caring, compassion, etcetera. Love is still the source that feeds these manifestations.

Yet when we dip into the no-love zone through anger, resentment, prejudice, judgment, etcetera, we experience pain. This is because we are acting against our true nature, against who we really are, and our pain is like our soul telling us, 'Hey, this is not who I am' and the anguish we experience is the illusion of feeling separate from our true self.

Love is our true nature. We are born with it, we don't have to learn how to love. A child loves automatically, without restrictions, limits or impositions. A child has to be taught how to hate, who to hate and for what reason.

We could just as easily be taught beliefs that are more in keeping with our true self. Thus, making our journey of self-discovery a less arduous task, than what it has been allowed to become through our fascination with the world of illusions.

Part VII – LOVE Awareness

*This is what God has become for me,
my Soulhaven, and it's access door
is through my awareness*

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*As we stand alone, naked, with no one to punish us or
to congratulate us, we get to claim a little more of
our spiritual heritage each time we conquer
a new aspect within ourselves*

32- Mystical Breakthrough

One evening in January 2004, I was thinking about and preparing myself emotionally for my upcoming trip to New Zealand. Hugh and Kyle had gone ahead to motorcycle around the islands, before I flew out to join them. Yet that evening, I unexpectedly found myself in a strange euphoric mood, for no apparent reason.

I felt as though a new level of self-acceptance was about to emerge, and I rejoiced at the thought of embracing the totality of my being in a deeper way.

I felt as though I could accept and appreciate the role my mother played in serving as the devil's advocate for me so many times. What I had previously considered as her shortcomings were becoming increasingly clear, and I was finally able to accept them as an integral part of my growth process, and thank her for the contribution she made to my life.

I felt as though I was ready to transmute what I had considered the bad experiences of my life, into the learning opportunities they really were. In teaching me that which I was not, so that I would eventually discover that which I AM, as though I had to lose myself in order to find myself. It was as if a new level of sovereignty was being born from within, and this blissful state of emotions was stirring my soul.

When all of a sudden, I felt this powerful surge of energy going right through me, as if a bolt of lightning had hit, landing at the very centre of my being.

My solar plexus began pulsating, while my heart was opening. Yet I did not know what was happening, as the amount of energy was so powerful, that it made my whole-body tremble. I thought perhaps this was a chakra opening after all, and decided to follow its course. As my solar plexus continued to explode in a series of bursts of energy, these spontaneous eruptions started to ignite emotions in me that were so overpowering, they sat me up in bed several times. I felt as if my insides were being ripped open, until all my emotions were laid bare, by this thriving force that was giving them a life of their own.

Although my thinking process was still functioning, it too was affected by the strange phenomena, making the experience feel more like a dream, yet I was fully awake. The intensity of the emotions being so strong at times, I thought perhaps I was becoming possessed, and I briefly wondered at how much my body would be able to withstand of such a charge of energy. I told myself I had to stay sane.

While these powerful emotions seemed to be primal at first, there was no clear indication as to what they were. Yet as they kept flashing through me, they gradually became more specific, as though they were slowly gaining an identity. I thought I should try to identify as many of these emotions as I could under the circumstances.

The first one I was able to recognize, which came back several times, linked my being directly to my New Zealand friend, Gina. I felt as if our combined energies were creating a bridge of love and light connecting us to each other right across the planet. Her name would come out of my throat with this outpouring of love going her way. I thought since she was a healer, perhaps I was one too in my own way, and as our energies aligned themselves to each other, this helped heal the planet.

I felt a torrent of love emerge for Win, just as powerful as the one I felt for Gina. While both emotions were unique for each, they seemed to come from the same source. As though they were feeding me with this overwhelming love vibration, that was gradually taking hold of my awareness.

Although I was able to recognize their individual notes or energies, it had nothing to do with either of their persona. I seemed to be in direct contact with their essences, as if the core of each of their being had merged temporarily, to provide my soul with this new gift.

I gratefully accepted their combined gift, when I realized they were serving as my anchors, so that a much deeper level of unconditional love than what I had been able to perceive up until then, could safely land within my being. This is what I now needed to integrate in order to continue on my soul evolution, so that I would be better able to complete my mission.

The love I felt for each of their spirits in return expanded so much, that it suddenly exploded from within, and started to generate increasingly more powerful emotions, over which I had no control. It was as if the door to my soul had been pulled wide open, while the emotions continued to pulsate, each new wave leaving me with a new revelation.

Within one wave, I felt as though I was being reborn, when I suddenly recognized the Christ vibration bursting out from within. The reality of its manifestation made me feel as though I was here to help mankind in some way, and at that moment, nothing else mattered.

Within the next wave, the presence of the Buddha stirred from within, and I suddenly understood what being awake really meant, as my inner eyes were wide open.

By the time the next wave arrived, my perception had already shifted, and I felt as if another being had landed. The only way to describe this unusual yet powerful emotion, was to term it of extraterrestrial origin. Even my features felt alien for awhile, as though my body had been unexpectedly transformed into a different shape, and I was amazed by it. Yet I had no fear, only acceptance, but the love I felt was exactly the same. And I understood I was still the same being, even if I was suddenly seeing with a different pair of eyes.

When the next wave hit, I was reminded of the spiritual dream I had as a child, and I could see the centaurs rising up again in response to my love. But this time, the love was for myself, as I experienced the ultimate love affair of the Yin-Yang within my own being, merging and becoming one. I understood that I first had to awake the centaur within my own self. I had gone full circle.

I felt in complete harmony with the Universe, as I watched the dance of the energy called God take full possession of my awareness. This energy was so vibrantly alive that I could

feel the molecules of my body respond and align themselves to its magic. As if this process was also healing my body, making me whole again, evaporating all the hurts of the past. Although the room was dark, I could see the energy moving around, leaving trails of light all over the place.

However, it ended just as suddenly as it had started, like a door had been instantly shut, as I looked at the clock and it showed 12:12. Seeing these numbers reflected on the clock at that very moment highlighted the significance of my mystical experience.

It reminded me of a concept I had learned while in I AM about 'Principles'. A term we used to describe the different elements that had been incorporated within the 'CUBE'. Each one of these elements being identified as a number, of which 12:12 held a note of celebration and accomplishment. As though to indicate that my mystical breakthrough had allowed me to claim a new aspect of my spiritual heritage.

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Acting within 'Principle' was an important element of our learning process, in helping remind us that who we were was more important than what we did. It also helped to motivate us into being and doing our best, in trying to find the right medium of expression for our soul. As we constantly tried to align ourselves to the vision we held about who we were as spiritual beings.

Being happy and fulfilled at what we did was a good indication as to where our true talents lay. Whether our particular form of expression manifested best in being a gardener, a cook, a teacher, a doctor, etcetera, every aspect was considered important and worthy in our attempt to manifest our God-Self.

Just like every cell of our body is important and worthy of our care and attention.

33- Soul Evolution

I was to ponder many times upon this mystical breakthrough, even after returning from my New Zealand trip. I wanted to better understand it, and decipher its message as accurately as I possibly could.

It is always a challenge to describe these types of experiences within a normal context of reference, and I won't try to justify it. In a way, it is like attempting to describe what falling in love feels like to someone who has never been in love. The details may seem too farfetched for them to relate.

Yet I felt extremely privileged to have been given this new gift, as it helped me uncover a few more mysteries about my soul evolution.

For one thing, the extraordinary love emotion that had been unlocked from within a deeper part of myself, as a result of the merging of Win and Gina's souls, was so overwhelming that it made me feel as though I had fallen deeply in love with their spirits. This lasted for a few months, and would grab hold of my emotions at unexpected moments, and keep me in a trancelike state of love for long periods. Yet there was nothing I could do to stop these waves of emotions. I had to learn to surrender to them, as the centre of my heart and soul felt like it was bubbling, concocting a strange new brew. But I understood this was a gift from their souls to mine, as they temporarily had acted like my angels, in helping anchor a deeper level of

unconditional love within my being. As though I needed to integrate aspects of their individual notes, before I could continue on my spiritual journey in a more conscious way.

Merging the two aspects of my internal Yin-Yang is still something I cherish. It helped me understand that although loving someone else is an emotionally rewarding experience, it is not until we reach total self-love that we become whole again. Getting to claim both parts of ourselves as One being, the true manifestation of our God-Self.

The impression I was left by the extra-terrestrial presence I had felt, gave me a clear indication that whoever or whatever it was, the manifestation of God it represented was just as valid as my own human way. It would be quite arrogant to assume we were the only supposedly intelligent beings in the physical known or unknown universe. Although our intelligence thus far may seem questionable when looking at the shape our world is in!

Perceiving the Christ vibration and the Buddha note within my being helped validate my mystical breakthrough. Although it held a more imminent note of the need to 'help mankind', as if I had somehow claimed, at least in part, that yoke of responsibility.

Yet it was not until a few months later that I started to understand its message more clearly. Until then, the idea of 'helping mankind', although glamorous in some way, still felt like too much of an undertaking. I doubted I could ever carry such a load of responsibility very far, even if I was to increase my desire a thousand-fold. Although by then, I had already started working on my book, however this seemed like such a small contribution, that I doubted it could ever be termed as 'helping mankind'. That is, until I started to realize that my view of 'helping mankind' was perhaps a little inflated.

I still had a tendency to associate such a phenomenon as 'helping mankind' as an act of bravery, or an exceptional feat of grandeur influencing the masses. Up until then, I had been too preoccupied with my own soul evolution to give much thought to acts of grandeur, this is just not who I am. So, I resigned myself to the fact that I would not be 'helping mankind' anytime soon, although it remained a bit of a dilemma, since I still felt the need to express something.

But I decided to concentrate my efforts on finishing my book, and hoped this would be enough to fulfil my desire to give. As I have learned the only way I will ever be in a position to help anyone, is by first helping myself, removing my own cobwebs of illusions. Certainly, my book was becoming increasingly helpful in doing just that.

By embodying who I AM, a more mature spiritual being, I can better serve my purpose, and broadcast a clearer note across the energy pathways, so that I can help others realize their own God-Self. Perhaps it does not need to be more complicated than that. Like I have been reminded of so many times, keeping things simple is often the most rewarding approach we can hope for in any of our endeavours. Complicating things needlessly usually takes us away from our goals.

This world of illusion is important as it is our training ground, a schoolroom for the little God-beings that we all are. No one is more precious than anyone else, as we are all important aspects of creation. To finally get to remember this simple yet important truth is worth letting go of all the false gods.

As we stand alone, naked, with no one to punish us or to congratulate us, we get to claim a little more of our spiritual heritage, each time we conquer a new aspect within ourselves.

We are all in this together as there is no real separation between us, except those we impose on ourselves in order to live our lives and gain our identities.

Perhaps our soul, which is made of God material, namely love, needs various aspects of love to help it expand in its awareness of self. And we provide these aspects for each other through the love we give, although we are often unaware of the gifts our souls make to each other. Yet we can recognize gifts of souls by how they make us feel. Be it through a special song, a kind word, a soft touch, a piece of music, a painting, an artful display, or any of the thousand manifestations souls create every day as a way of expressing their love. Although these things move us, we don't realize they are soul gifts, left behind by those who created them, for us to appreciate and remind us of our own soul. Even serving meals, driving a bus or cleaning windows can be a gift of love, if it is done with joy and a sense of purpose. Even though these things are simple, they are real opportunities for manifesting our love. Unlike stock market analysis or Swiss bank accounts that have no soul.

It is as if our soul is a huge garden holding the seed of every other soul within its being. When we love someone, the flower they represent starts to bloom and from that moment, no matter when or where we meet, our soul will always be able to recognize them, regardless of their latest form of externalization. Perhaps that could explain why upon meeting someone new sometimes we feel like we already know that person. It may be that the special flower they represent has already bloomed within our soul.

The real joy comes in reconnecting with the souls of those we love, and establish new connections in the eternal now, where time and space as we know it does not exist.

At some point, I started writing a love letter to Win and Gina's spirits. But I decided to extend it to all the people I knew, since I felt the spirit of everyone I loved contributed in some way to helping me anchor a deeper level of unconditional love within my being. As this is what God has become for me, my Soulhaven and its access door is through my awareness.

God is the ultimate symphony of our individual notes coming together, to create the most magnificent expression of love possible, the song of life itself.

Love letter

I want to be true to who I AM, and in order to help manifest it, to lock it within my being, I have given myself the assignment of contacting those, whose souls are helping me anchor a deeper aspect of my God-Self.

Just like I need the air to nourish the cells of my physical body, I need love to nourish my soul. Love, like the air I breathe is the gift of life. The more I allow myself to love, just like the deeper the breaths I take, the more vibrant, healthy and alive I become.

I know that expressing this outpouring of love energy, will allow me to better serve my reason for being incarnated in this dimension. Right now, I perceive you as my anchor, unknowingly helping me solidify the love I need to express. Thank you for being part of my life.

You are my mirror, my reflection, and I allow myself to open up to you, because I know you will understand and not judge or misinterpret my intentions.

Because of where I am right now in my search, for my true self, you are the stepping-stone I need, to help me cross over the abyss of fear and reluctance still holding me back.

I have come too far to turn back on myself now, and I feel almost ready to merge the two aspects of my being, and claim my spiritual heritage in a deeper way.

I feel your essence within my soul, and the more I experience your being, the more love I carry around, ready to give to all I encounter.

This is who I AM, a soul awakener, loving and nourishing the souls of earth, so they too may awaken more quickly to their true selves.

Sometimes lately, I think about you and when I do – I feel you so strongly within my being, that the love I feel for your being fills up my soul. Words alone cannot convey the depth of these emotions. It is as if I am being transmuted, I am you, you are me, we are God. It is all the same, and I feel this way with more and more people. It could be someone I have known for years, for days or a stranger, it makes no difference, I feel them in me, I know them, I love them as I love you in the eternal now.

We are all One, and knowing how true this is brings tears of joy to my eyes. I am God walking on this earth, as you are.

This is one of my God-moment and as such, I am reaching out to your God – let's all turn on the lights of our souls to birth in the ultimate expression of this New Era, which is begging to be let out.

Only LOVE can do that!

Epilogue

Nothing I have said is new. We all eventually follow in each other's footsteps. Like going up a big mountain, and once we are at the top, the view is the same for all. The only difference is in the road we took and how long it took us to get there.

I hope that by giving you a glimpse of my journey, this might help you develop a better appreciation for your own human expedition, however tortuous or challenging it may be at times.

It is quite obvious that many of my mystical experiences were greatly influenced by the symbols represented in the Christian faith. This is because the pre-established belief patterns I carried since childhood were based on these particular values. As such, they served as the filters through which these phenomena manifested, especially in the early stages of my spiritual growth process.

They were wonderful gifts that allowed me to move beyond the restrictions imposed by religion, and recognize its teachings as the tools of learning they were meant to be. These manifestations were not an indication that Christianity has more value as a religion than any other belief system. Had I been raised under a different faith, my messages from God would have been adapted to suit whatever symbols best fitted my particular form of conviction. Details do not matter, it is what we believe about the various aspects they come to represent in our journey, and the messages they carry that do.

We are all travelers on our way to the God-Self, traversing this dimension of time and space, so that we can learn about our true nature and develop an identity. The road we take to get ourselves there is unimportant.

It is just like an embryo that holds the blueprint of its physical heritage, and will strive to grow and mature until it has reached its potential. Our soul has the imprint of its spiritual heritage, and this temporary journey is just another step on its way to achieving spiritual maturity.

It is so simple, and yet we had to complicate it in order to be able to recognize it, by creating the illusion of separation. But God has always been part of us, residing within our awareness. HE/SHE is an inner knowing, a living emotion that can only be felt within our soul. No one can give it to us, nothing can fake it for us, but once experienced, nobody can take it away. It is the most precious gift we can ever give ourselves in our internal process of discovery.

We have gone far enough into our world of illusions. How much more tortuous does it have to become, before we allow ourselves to go back to the Source? We must not let these illusions destroy our learning ground.

When all we have to do is learn how to embrace our duality and reclaim our spiritual heritage. Only then will we begin to remember who we are, and see the fears, the games and the obstacles we invented, as the tools of learning they were meant to be in our search. When all we have been searching for all along has been our own selves.

It just shows how important we each are.

*Be not too attached to your beliefs.
Although they may serve you,
you are not their servant.*