



Dear Human, You're Divine.

You Were Always Going To Read This

Tiffany Lee Rice

Read This First

This is not a book you're meant to sprint through, underline, and declare "understood" in a single sitting. It's a book that works on you sideways. Some ideas land immediately. Others take days, weeks, sometimes years to finish unfolding. Read slowly. Skip around. Close it, open it, let your eyes fall where they fall.

You do not need to agree with anything here. I am not asking you to believe. I am asking you to notice. Notice what pulls at you. Notice what irritates you. Notice what feels familiar before you can explain why. This book is closer to a field guide for life than a novel with a beginning and an end.

If you hit a word or concept you don't understand in the book, look it up. Curiosity is part of the process. That said, a few things matter enough to name clearly.

What happened to me was a genuine spiritual awakening that changed how I perceive reality, and I am still learning how to live inside it. In Buddhism, this is called a *bhumi* (**BOOM-ee**). It is rare, not because people are unworthy, but because the conditions required do not often align. When it happens, consciousness experiences something like its own origin point, the moment awareness first recognizes itself. It can feel like an internal Big Bang.

I am special in the simple, factual sense that this occurred in me. This does not make me a savior. If anything, it makes me more responsible for how I live. My hope is not that people follow me, but that others recognize what is possible in themselves, if and when their path allows it.

Humans understand themselves by seeing their reflection in others. We are mirrors. Every story we live through, and every story that unfolds in front of us, reflects the gods' own journey as they came to understand who and what they are. Each human life carries a smaller version of that same process, often without realizing it, because we are made in God's image. What we call personal growth is the echo of that larger story, playing out again on a human scale.

Indra's net describes reality as an infinite web of pearls where each pearl reflects all the others. Quantum physics says something similar in lab language. Everything is connected to everything.

The key I'm offering is elegant and strange: everything you experience reflects the same set of fundamental forces, playing dress up as people, systems, science, and stories.

The simplest truth I know is this. Reality is a dance directed by six gods:

1. The Creator aka GOD
2. The Divine Mother
3. The Divine Father
4. Shiva
5. Padma
6. Vishnu



They generate endless variation yet reveal sameness at scale. After a bhumi, the pattern becomes visible. Where you see division or uniqueness in life, I see the gods dancing through it together. It's beautiful because nothing is out of step.

I want to share my ability to see the gods with you.

The luckiest among you will experience a bhumi in your lifetime. Others may not recognize it right away, especially if you carry old wounds around God or religion, or beliefs you've held like bedrock for decades. All of that is welcome here. You may feel angry. Confused. Disoriented. Let it happen. Feel it fully. Life moves. Truth evolves. Religion, as we move forward, will not look like what you were handed as a child. Growth is required. No refunds.

What I share in my book and in my travels is meant to untangle what has been mashed together over centuries. Not to replace your beliefs, but to clean the lenses you're looking through.

Now let me say the most important thing again, but slower.

Stop. Look around you. Wherever you are.

Everything in front of you is about the gods and their lives. Not as distant beings in the sky, but as forces expressing themselves through form, reflected again and again at smaller scales. They created you as an expression of themselves, just as your parents created you. Your thoughts, your fears, your longing, your joy are not accidents. You are experiencing the same sensations they did as consciousness began to notice itself.

The loudest rhythm is the dance between Mother and Father. Change and stability. Black and white. Expansion and structure. Moon and Sun. Creation stretching while form holds. That pulse echoes everywhere. In galaxies. In governments. In your nervous system. Inside you and outside you, it's the same song on different instruments.

Nothing is meaningless. Everything is symbolic that's put in front of you. Every religion. Every belief system. Every scientific inquiry eventually curves back to the same pattern... God dreaming itself into form, Mother shaping it, Father directing it. Consciousness splitting, forgetting, then slowly remembering itself.

Remembering doesn't feel holy at first. It feels like bliss, terror, boredom, ecstasy, confusion, and then finally something usable. A grounded, livable peace.

I am there internally, which was the hard part.
That is where humanity is headed collectively.

Getting on the same page does not mean agreeing on symbols, gods, timelines, or whose guru has the best abs. Consensus is not the ignition key. Coherence is. Humanity right now is like a room full of brilliant musicians all tuning to different notes and shouting "ready." The urgency is real. But urgency without rhythm just breaks glass.

The page we need to be on is inconveniently simple:



We are one system.
What we do echoes.
What we heal matters.
What we build must include others.

No saviors.
No shortcuts.
No bypassing the human part.

When enough people live that instead of posting about it, things accelerate fast. Economies shift. Science advances. Governance matures. Medicine, art, and community reorganize. Not a rapture. A maturation.

It's time.

If you've been paying attention, the signs haven't been subtle. They've been knocking. There isn't a single system on earth right now that doesn't need significant change. Everything needs an update. Everything.

Astrology especially has been circling this moment for a long time, not as fortune telling but as weather. Pressure systems are shifting. Storms gathering. Skies clearing.

It feels like everything is moving because it is. Not just a date on a calendar, but a threshold. A moment when readiness matters more than belief. The fuel isn't faith alone. It's responsibility embodied. Lived. Felt in the bones.

The universe isn't waiting for us to wake up.
It's waiting for us to grow up.

And here's the wild part...
We are closer than we have ever been.

~ Tiffany



Chapter 1: Welcome to the Weird

Most spiritual language sounds stiff because it forgot it was supposed to move.

What began as a simple message about love slowly hardened into rules, shame, and performance. Somewhere along the way, "love your neighbor" turned into "judge anyone who is different than you."

If you've ever felt confused, pushed away, or quietly exhausted by religion or spirituality, you're not failing it. It failed to speak in a human voice.

The divine was never the problem. Our distance from it was.

This book isn't here to sell you a new belief system or ask you to swap one set of ideas for another. It's an invitation to remember something quieter and closer. Something you may have already felt in moments of stillness, love, grief, or sudden clarity.

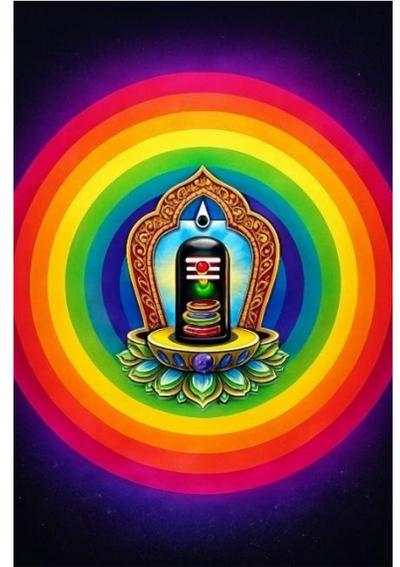
Not a god far away. Not a cosmic referee. I'm talking about the divine as something inside us. As ways of seeing, feeling, and remembering who we are. As consciousness waking up through each of us, one person at a time.

Think of this book as a translator. Not of doctrine, but of truth.

A bhumi (pronounced boom-ee) is what happens when you wake up to a deeper layer of reality. It's a spiritual shift that changes how everything is perceived. It can feel strange at first, and that strangeness is part of the doorway. The word comes from Buddhism, but the experience itself shows up everywhere. It doesn't belong to any one religion or culture. And yes, when it happens, it is a physical sensation, like something inside you suddenly snaps open.

I'll tell my story about that experience soon.

People like Jesus, Krishna, Muhammad, and the Buddha(s) were not rare magical beings. They were humans who remembered something most of us forget early on. We'll clear up a lot of confusion about that as we go. Kindly when we can. Directly when we must.



So let's begin with one simple question: What if you didn't arrive in this life empty?

Alan Watts once shared a story. He said the gods, brilliant and a little bored, decided to play a game. Let's forget who we are, they said. Let's live wild, messy, beautiful human lives so convincing that we lose the plot completely.

And then we appeared. Tiny. New. Wrapped in blankets while the world told us the divine lived somewhere else. Maybe in the sky. Maybe in a temple. Maybe in a book written long before anyone we know existed.

We grew up thinking God was always somewhere far away.

Then life rolled forward the way life does. School hallways. Scraped knees. First heartbreaks. Traffic that made us question every life choice. Jobs that drained us. Relationships blooming, breaking, healing. Babies for some. No babies for others. Midnight conversations with the one friend who always understood.

Inside all that ordinary chaos, the truth never left. The gods were never far away. They've been trying to wake up inside your chest.

This is why life feels cyclical. The same patterns. The same hopes. The same fears. The same longing for past or future. Presence isn't a slogan on a mug. It's a skill that emerges when a spiritual awakening occurs and the mind finally lines up with what's already true.

History repeats because we repeat. We're not just living human lives. We're remembering who we are from the inside out.

When a bhumi hits, the circuitry rewires. You flip from mostly human conditioning with a divine flicker to mostly divine with a leftover human ringtone. Your perspective inverts. It's the Upside Down without the monsters. Instead, you find mystery, clarity, and the bare blueprint of your own consciousness.

Post-bhumi, you don't talk to the divine. You remember you've been the divine wearing a body the whole time. The gods stop being sky furniture and become the ones steering from inside your ribcage.

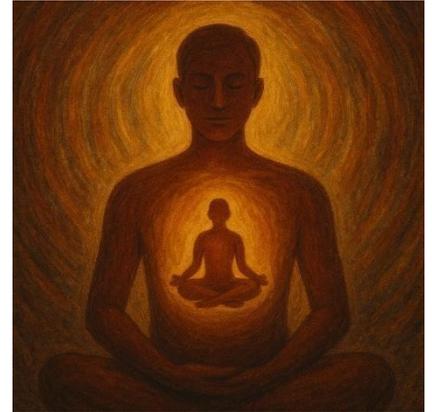
And if that sounds too wild, remember this: humanity has been whispering versions of this truth for centuries. Believers and skeptics. Poets and prophets. Scientists and mystics. Different names. Different myth costumes. Same current.

Our Source isn't elsewhere. It's the pulse in all of us. Calling our bluff. Calling us home.

Jesus: "Behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

Rumi: "You are not a drop in the ocean. You are the entire ocean in a drop."

Paramahansa Yogananda: "To know yourself as the soul is to discover your oneness with God."



Thich Nhat Hanh: "The wave does not need to die to become water. She is already water."

These weren't metaphors meant to stay framed on monastery walls. They were descriptions of what happens when this truth collides with actual human life.

Plot Twist #1 – YOUR LIFE IS NOT PUNISHMENT

Some people hate their lives. And sometimes they have damn good reasons. When you've lived through abuse, rape, racism, poverty, neglect, violence, or being told over and over that your body, voice, or existence is a problem, it can feel like life itself is hostile. Like you're being punished just for breathing.

You're not.

This isn't a test you're failing. And it's not proof that you're weak, cursed, or broken. What you're living is an experience. A brutal one, sometimes. And the hard truth no one likes to say out loud is this: no one is coming to assign it meaning for you.

That part is your job.

Not to excuse what happened. Not to minimize it. Not to slap a shiny quote on top of it and call it healing. But to decide, slowly and imperfectly, what you're going to *do* with what you were handed. Pain doesn't turn into wisdom automatically. Suffering doesn't become sacred on its own. Alchemy requires participation.

Gold doesn't appear because the fire was fair. It appears because something stayed in the fire long enough to change.

Your life is not asking you to be grateful for the worst things that happened to you. It's asking whether you can use them. Whether you can transmute rage into boundaries. Grief into depth. Survival into a kind of compassion that doesn't flinch. Whether you can say, "This should not have happened, and I'm still here."

Humanity isn't a clean upward march. It's messy, uneven, and full of people carrying invisible weights. We sing badly into karaoke mics. We fall in love with the wrong people. We bury people we weren't ready to lose. We forget our own worth and then remember it at inconvenient times.

If you're still here, even barely, that matters. If all you can do today is not disappear, that counts. Finding beauty in your experience doesn't mean pretending it was beautiful. It means refusing to let it be meaningless.

That choice doesn't fix everything. But it keeps the story open.

Plot Twist #2 – FATE

Fate is real. Yep. Sorry. The contract still stands. Whatever life was always going to bring you joy, heartbreak, grief, joy again, and possibly a deeply questionable tattoo involving dolphins jumping through flaming hoops on your ass cheek it's all still part of the deal. No refunds. No exchanges. No "but I woke up though" clause in the fine print.

Awakening doesn't hand you a hall pass. There's no spiritual loophole where you suddenly get to do whatever the hell you want because you unlocked some cosmic achievement badge. That's not enlightenment. That's just ego with better lighting. Fate isn't asking how you plan to live. It's asking whether you remembered what you are.

Every old myth and every mystery school worth its salt said the same thing over and over in different accents. Know thyself. And not your résumé, your trauma highlights, or your favorite astrology meme. Thyself as in the part of you that was never small, never separate, never actually lost. The gods weren't "out there." They were the mirror.

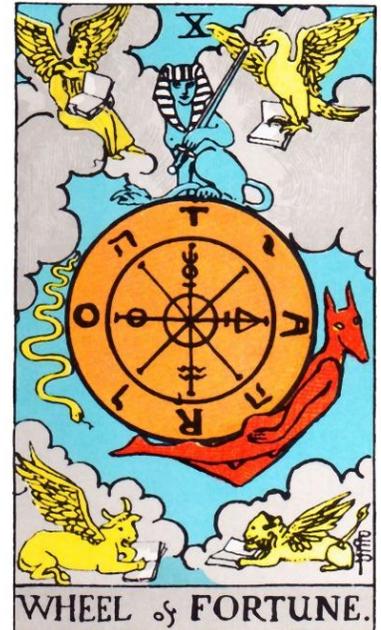
Once that clicks, things stop feeling random. The lost keys. The weird delays. The people who show up at exactly the wrong time or the disturbingly perfect one. It's not chaos. It's choreography. Alignment over convenience. Lag time so the seed can crack open when the ground is finally honest enough to grow it.

Free will still exists, don't panic. You choose how you show up, how you respond, how much you fight it. Fate just handles the timing. And she does not take suggestions.

Plot Twist #3 – CRAZY WISDOM

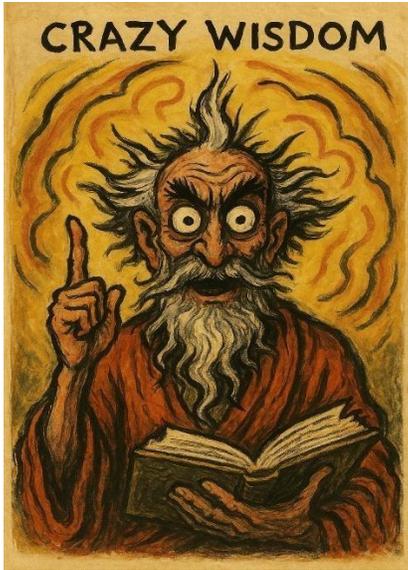
The best version of you might look a little unhinged from the outside. Not because you're broken, but because you're no longer obeying the furniture. Mystics across traditions noticed this early and gave it a name before anyone could slap a diagnosis on it. Crazy Wisdom.

You see it everywhere once you know what you're looking at. Zen monks laughing at funerals. Sufi poets drunk on God and saying wildly inappropriate things in public. Biblical prophets wandering around barefoot, naked,



muttering truths nobody asked for. Jesus flipping tables. Buddha abandoning a palace. Saints talking to birds. Shamans dancing with spirits. These people weren't unwell. They were mid-transformation.

Crazy Wisdom isn't chaos for chaos's sake. It's what happens when truth stops fitting neatly inside social rules. When insight arrives faster than language. When the old self is cracking and the new one hasn't finished assembling yet. From the outside it looks erratic. From the inside, it feels like clarity with no safety rails.



Every religious tradition has a warning label buried in the fine print. Awakening may cause behavior that looks irrational to those still operating under the old map. You might laugh at the wrong moments. Refuse paths that make perfect sense on paper. Say things that land sideways. Walk away from lives that technically worked but felt dead.

That's not madness. That's recalibration.

Crazy Wisdom is the phase where the soul leads and the ego jogs behind yelling questions. It passes. Eventually the insight integrates, the edges soften, and you look "normal" again. Just with sharper eyes. Quieter bullshit tolerance. And a deeply inconvenient relationship with truth.

So if someone looks a little wild in the middle of becoming themselves, history suggests this isn't a flaw. It's a feature.

If this feels familiar, there's nothing wrong with you. You're not behind. You're remembering, slowly, in the only rhythm that works.

Awakening doesn't make you special. It makes you honest. And once honesty enters the room, nothing stays the same.

What happened to me didn't arrive with spectacle or certainty. It came through an ordinary life under strain. A life opened just wide enough for something ancient to step forward.

That story starts before the awakening. Before the word bhumi meant anything to me. Before I knew how to name what was happening.

I knew something was coming. I trusted my intuition. So I keep walking.

Chapter 2: Before the Bhumi

How about a peek at my world before everything flipped on May 17, 2024? Let's start with my slowly unraveling marriage. Ten years of infertility wore us down thread by thread. Even when we spent every day together during the pandemic, loneliness lived between us like a third presence. We were good people, but no longer the right match.

My bid for Penfield Town Supervisor became the pressure point. I had loved running for Denver City Council twelve years earlier, but this race stretched me in a new way. I was managing nearly three

campaigns by myself. I needed emotional support, and I wasn't getting it at home. My husband backed me financially, despite believing I was making a mistake. I was challenging a wealthy GOP candidate whose family was beloved in the community and armed with more money and resources than I could match.

I lost the election by about thirty votes. I also ran a damn good campaign. By December, after a year of counseling and three months of attempting an open marriage, the truth was clear. I asked for a divorce.

Love entered my life during that season of unraveling and did what real love always does. It didn't save me. It rearranged me. It arrived briefly, burned brightly, and left without explanation. The silence it left behind became a doorway. Not heartbreak exactly, but initiation. The kind the old mystics understood.

This love was not a comfort, but rather a spiritual technology. A force that loosens old scaffolding, sandpapers the ego, and reminds the heart it still carries voltage. Some connections aren't meant to last. They're meant to crack you open just enough for something truer to step through.

Looking back, I can see it clearly. That moment wasn't the beginning of a relationship. It was the first quiet tilt of my life toward the sacred. The first fracture where the light found its way in.

March to May 2024

I met a woman blessing her food at an Indian restaurant. She told me the hand gestures came from her Tibetan Buddhist practice. I mentioned I had ordered *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* the night before. She invited me to her temple.

I went and fell in love with the images. I understood the readings more than I should have. Two days later, the Sangha (a Buddhist community) announced they were starting a book group for that very book. The following week, I took refuge (a ceremony that formally commits me to a Buddhist practice). Within three weeks, I was taking Bodhisattva vows like it was no big deal.

(Taking the bodhisattva vow is a VERY BIG DEAL because it's a HUGE commitment in Buddhism to postpone your own final enlightenment (Nirvana) until you can help all other animals, human and creatures, achieve it.)

I built an altar and began Ngondro within three months. For those without a Buddhist background, Ngondro is considered a foundational practice meant to transform the mind and prepare a practitioner for deeper realization.

Translation: I did an unreasonable amount of chanting and prostrations for weeks. Tens of thousands of them. Truth be told, it was completely unnecessary.

I thought I was choosing a path. I didn't realize the path had already chosen me.



Chapter 3: What is a Bhumi?

In order to best explain specifically what a bhumi is let us talk about the book, Alice in Wonderland.

Lewis Carroll didn't just imagine Wonderland. He slipped through it. Behind the stutter, the formal collar, and the eccentric wit was someone who had seen through the veil. Carroll lived in a time when dreaming out loud was considered strange. But what if he wasn't strange at all? What if he was awake?

Mystics, poets, and even mathematicians have a way of falling through cracks in reality. Carroll didn't call his experience a bhumi. He didn't need to. *Alice* is the evidence. Identity dissolves. Time bends. Logic collapses into divine nonsense. That's not fantasy. That's the signature of transformation.

Alice is minding her business when a flicker of curiosity pulls her off course. She wants to know what the rabbit is up to. Nothing dramatic. Just a tug. A follow-the-thread kind of longing. She leans in. She follows.

And then she's falling.

No warning. Nothing to grab. The floor gives way and she drops, heart racing, skirts fluttering, unsure if she'll ever touch ground again.

That fall is the beginning of a bhumi.

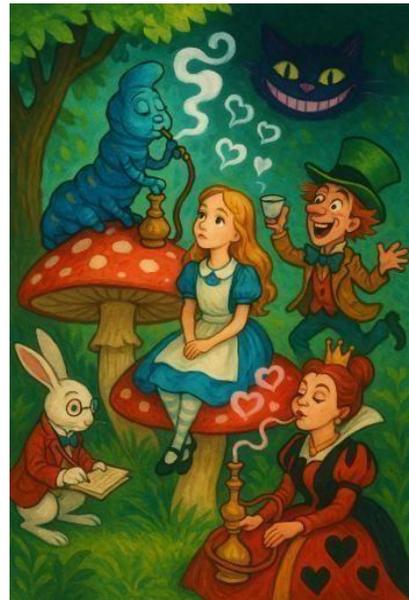
As I mentioned before, the word *bhumi* comes from Buddhism. It means to ground. Which is quietly hilarious, because the first experience rarely feels like you're grounded at all. It feels like losing the crown off the top of your head. People who go through it often reach out to touch the earth, just to make sure they're still here. Still alive. Still in a body.

The Buddha even has a gesture for this. One hand reaching down to touch the ground. That gesture is called a bhumi. Divine humor at its finest.

A side note: Bodhi Gaya is NOT where the Buddha attained enlightenment. It is where he was after he was finished the bhumi process. He had his bhumi right before he left the palace. His 6 years of ascetic practices were part of the post bhumi stages. The reason why? The gods wanted him to practice the OPPOSITE of what his life was growing up. By the way... becoming a monk, usually, will not help you attain enlightenment. It is literally why he was like... MIDDLE WAY.

So... maybe rigorous practices need to stop. They are unnecessary. Even THE BUDDHA though so. I will take about this in my tantra chapter.

Back to the bhumi... The initial crack in the mind can feel exhilarating and terrifying at the same time. Clear and confusing. Like waking up inside a dream you didn't know you were dreaming. Alice felt it too. The falling lasts long enough to become strange, almost curious, even beautiful, right before it turns frightening again.



That first jolt has many names across traditions. Uncreated Light. Tabor Light. Shekinah. Prabhāsvara. Different languages pointing at the same flare of insight. Reality breaking through the ceiling of the ordinary. What follows is not that single lightning strike, but a gradual unfolding. Integration. Repatterning. Not enlightenment as a prize but awakening as terrain you learn how to walk.

And yes, there are stages. But first, how does one fall in? All those doors.

84,000 Doors

Buddhism speaks of *84,000 doors* to awakening. It's a poetic way of saying there are countless paths in. No single tradition owns this experience. Some people reach it through prayer. Others through science, art, love, grief, illness, meditation, or sheer exhaustion. Some through religion. Some through nothing at all.

Every door leads to the same threshold. As an old Arab proverb says, *"The ways to God are as many as the breaths of the children of humanity."*

I use the word *bhumi* because it came through my path. But you can call it whatever fits your soul. What matters isn't the name. It's the transformation.

Other Names for the Same Turning Point

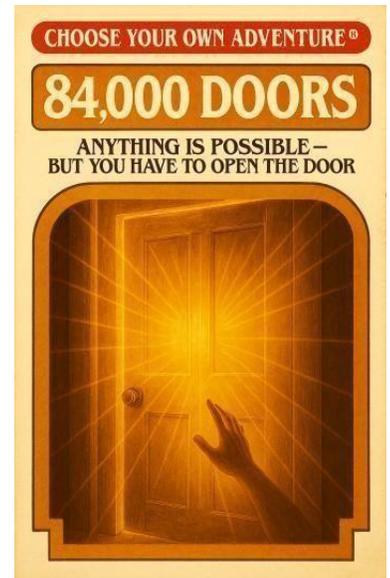
Nearly every tradition has a word for this shift.

- Enlightenment
- Awakening
- Salvation
- The Quest for the Holy Grail
- The Resurrection
- Maqamat and Ahwal (Sufism)
- The Hero's Journey
- Alchemical Transformation
- Wu (Chinese Buddhism)
- The Tree of Life (Sefirot)
- Merkava
- Vision Quests
- Baqa (Sufism)
- The Major Arcana in Tarot
- Chakras
- Ascension
- Neidan (Taoism)
- Mi'raj
- Samadhi
- Satori
- Moksha
- The Aha Moment
- Om Mani Padme Hum
- The Ladder of Divine Ascent

Different languages. Different ideologies. Same turning point. These are just a handful of the myths, let us talk about a few of the universal images that represent the bhumi.

Symbols of the Bhumi

You've seen the symbols everywhere. Each of them points to the same truth. The circle is the oldest shape that ever dared to speak. Zoom out and it becomes the universe. Zoom in and it becomes transformation. Nothing truly begins or ends. It turns. Again and again.



- A diamond
- A loop
- Halos
- The Philosopher's Stone
- The ouroboros devouring its own tail.
- An egg or pinecone
- The Zen Enso
- The bindi at the seat of inner sight.
- A simple stone resting on the top of a grave.



Everyone Will Have One

Let me put this plainly. Every human and creature that has a heartbeat is headed for awakening. Not maybe. Not someday. Either in the body or at the exhale of death. As the *Tathagatagarbha Sutra* says: “All beings are Buddhas, only obscured by defilements.” **Scrub off the mud and gold was there the whole time.**

Lots of people think there was only one buddha. However, there have been many. Same thing with the word Christ. A lot of people think that there was only one Christ. Nope. This word is a just a title.

Back to those who have to wait until the moment of Death. Let's talk about that scary word for a second.

Death isn't a wall. It's a scene change. A soft dissolve. You slip out of the costume. Think of Harry standing in the quiet train station between worlds, asking, “Is this all in my head?” “Yes,” Dumbledore replies. “But that doesn't make it any less real.”

Everything moves in cycles. Stars collapse and ignite. Rivers carve and vanish. Lives bloom, die, and return. Birth, life, death aren't separate events, just different phases. They're one continuous current. Every spark of remembering accelerates the whole system. We're not just waking up individually. We're building momentum together.

Follow Vishnu's Yellow Brick Road

Think of that moment on the Sistine Chapel ceiling paintings, when divine and human fingers hover just before touching. That pause is right before a bhumi. The instant before remembrance. And yes, the divine in that picture is floating in the shape of a brain intentionally. That is the seat of your soul.

Jesus said it this way: when inside and outside become one, above and below, masculine and feminine, you enter the Kingdom. The Buddha said it cleaner: there is no self, no other. Realize that and conflict dissolves.

That's a bhumi. The walls fall. Separation thins. You remember you're threaded into everything. And then... Welcome to Oz.

This path flips you inside out and sharpens you like a blade. It's messy. Electric. Unapologetically alive. Truth hits like lightning. Lies compost into clarity.

It isn't punishment. It's alchemy.

Chapter 4: The Bardo Opens

The bardo didn't arrive gently. It hijacked my nights starting in February of 2024.

Between three and five a.m., dream yoga took over. I woke one morning to find my double vajra pendant clenched in my hand while Sanskrit chants poured out of my mouth without effort. I hadn't been trained to chant. I had no idea what I was saying. It was in a language I don't know. But my body seemed to know something my waking mind did not.

(Update: I know what I was chanting. The Dependent Origination Heart Mantra. It's a Buddhist mantra that means **nothing happens on its own**. Everything exists because of other things. All of life is connected, influencing and shaping itself as it goes.)

Another morning I woke at exactly 7:00 a.m. with a grief so sharp it felt like sudden death. It wasn't mine. It belonged to someone I loved, and I knew it instantly. Try explaining that to a doctor. *Hi. Yesterday I woke up smothered in sorrow and panic for no apparent reason, one second after becoming conscious. Is there a pill for that?*

Some dreams shifted into full multisensory visions. One night I was visited by *rlung rta*, the Windhorse. The horse from Tibetan prayer flags galloped through my mind in technicolored pixels, electric and impossible. I imagine this is what people mean when they describe psychedelic experiences. For the record, I have never used drugs beyond a little weed in a former lifetime.

Vajrayogini came next.

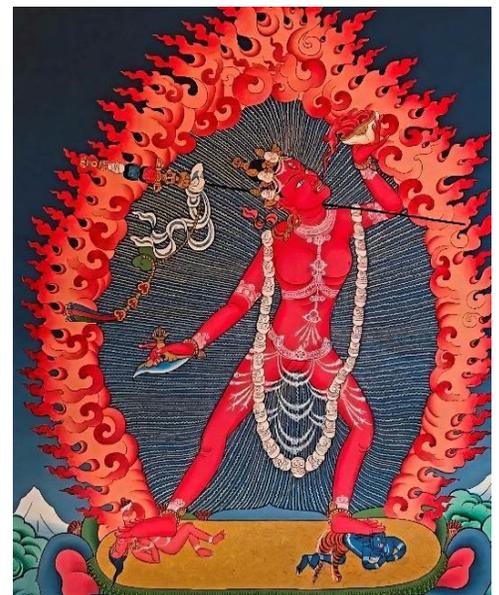
She leapt from a Tibetan mountain in full ceremonial robes. I can still remember the smell of leather. She landed directly above me and funneled through my body like a tornado, slamming into my chest. I sat upright, instantly awake.

What the hell just happened?!?

I lay back down and questioned whether it had been real. As soon as I opened my mouth, a tiger growled from inside my chest.

Vajrakilaya appeared another night in my dreams, standing two stories tall alongside Green Tara in my village. We locked eyes and I saw my own eyes staring back at me. His many arms moved faster than human perception, like wings or spinning blades, reminiscent of the thousand-armed Avalokitesvara. It was beautiful. Terrifying. Precise.

I understand now how ancient people saw what they saw and drew pictures of things that look modern, like the Abydos Helicopter in Egyptian carvings. They weren't hallucinating. They were dreaming the future.



Not every visitor announced itself with thunder. One night an older, attractive man appeared. We talked easily. He was kind. Before waking, I asked his name.

“Memnoch,” he said.

I googled it. The only reference was a book I loved as a teenager: *Memnoch the Devil*. I stared at the screen, wondering if I had just had a polite conversation with the devil.

I did not share that dream in casual conversation.

The most exhilarating dreams were with Padmasambhava. Once he brought me to his cave and showed me objects he kept there. We talked like colleagues. But the most important and frightening encounter came later, when I argued with him.

That dream belongs to the next chapter. It is directly tied to my bhumi.

While the dreamworld intensified, my waking life began its own reckoning. Shadows surfaced. Skeletons left the closet. Past-life memories. Childhood wounds. I ended every toxic relationship I had. I apologized to people I had harmed, even for small things.

And then there was the hardest truth: Years earlier, during a period of emotional collapse, I had stolen money from my mother. I confessed. I apologized. I asked for forgiveness. I wept for days and took full responsibility.

Nothing mystical about it. Just truth. Every tear. Every dream. Every confession. Every heartbreak. All of it was clearing the ground. I didn't know it yet, but everything was preparing me for what would arrive in May.

Chapter 5: Love as a Technology

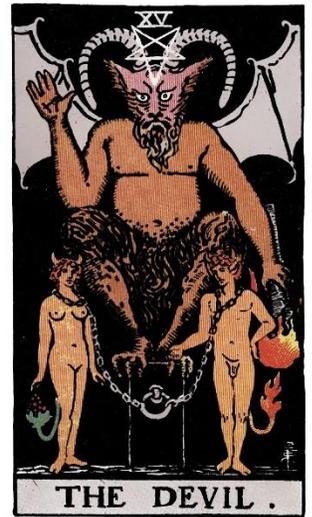
And then there was Achilles.

I met him on a dating site after my marriage opened. We talked for two and a half months without seeing each other. I connected with him unlike any man I'd been with before. I found out later that he was married. At that point, I didn't care. I was starved, raw, and wanted what I wanted.

During the final months of my campaign, he gave me the emotional support I wasn't getting at home. After the election, the connection turned physical. It was brief. Five meetings over six weeks. It was intense. Then it ended abruptly right before Christmas.

Minutes after telling me he loved me, he pulled away. He gave me a tidy explanation about choosing to work on his marriage. I didn't understand it but I tried to respect it, even as my feelings kept growing.

In January of 2024, I wrote him a letter. I told him the truth. That I loved him too. That I wanted him to be happy. That if he ever left his marriage, which I believed would happen eventually, I would be open to seeing what might exist between us.



He never responded.

That silence became the doorway. Sometimes silence is the sound of a fuse being lit inside you.

This was when love began rearranging me. For weeks, I tried to wrestle it down. Suppress. Suppress. Suppress. Cute idea. It only grew.

So I changed tactics. I let it stay. I sat with it. I asked it what it wanted to become. I wasn't about to show up at his door and blow up a marriage. That wasn't the shape of this love. But it had weight. Pressure. Energy. And energy always wants somewhere to go.

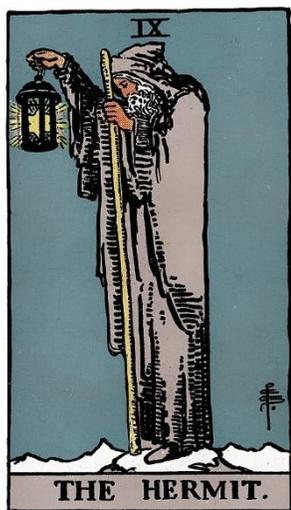


Artists know this. Musicians know this. There's a piece by **Chiara Bautista** called *What to Do With All This Love*. That title alone felt like a hand on my shoulder. So I did what mystics have always done with the tools given to them. I used it.

The old Indian sages understood something we've mostly forgotten. Love isn't just a feeling. It's a technology. A tool. A lever. A way to pry open the ribcage of the self and let the divine crawl in barefoot.

Tantrikas used love the way alchemists used fire. Not to comfort, but to transform.

And there I was, sitting in the ashes of a marriage, holding a love letter no one answered, feeling a pulse in my chest that was not heartbreak but initiation.



The Tantrics say real love is a mirror. It shows you the exact shape of your soul. It doesn't matter if it arrives for twenty years or twenty minutes. It doesn't matter if the other person stays. The love itself is the teaching.

It sandpapers the ego.
It softens old armor.
It invites your spirit to step out of hiding.

At that time, my feelings for Achilles weren't meant to become a relationship. They were meant to become a cracking open. A loosening of old scaffolding. A reminder that my heart still carried voltage. That I was not dead inside, no matter how long I had been trying to be.

The Tantrics understood this.

They knew some connections arrive not to complete you, but to ignite you. They knew some people appear in your life like a match. They burn fast. They burn bright. And then the light they leave behind shows you a door you couldn't see before.

His silence hurt. But it also freed something. It turned me toward the path already rising under my feet. It was the cosmic nudge that said...

Move...Go. The divine has other plans for you.

January was the moment the ground tilted. The first crack. The point of no return.

Chapter 6: May 17, 2024

Bhumi Day. This is something I never expected to share but to understand what happened next, you need to see the state I was in. I was emotionally raw. Spiritually disoriented. Soaked to the bone by both rain and revelation. The moment that changed everything began in the most ordinary place imaginable. A grocery store parking lot.



I sat alone in my car, drenched from the storm, spiraling quietly. What had just unfolded mirrored a dream I'd had months earlier with unsettling precision. He had left my car angry, wounded by my refusal. I knew our paths would cross again someday, but in that moment nothing made sense. I wasn't willing to accept scraps of affection anymore. I needed wholeness, not secrecy.

Padma had warned me.

Late in March, Padma appeared in a dream, fierce and radiant, impossible to ignore. He told me plainly: Achilles will return. He will ask for another affair. You must say no.

I argued. I protested like a child (a year later I realized I was reliving that scene in the little mermaid when Ariel professes her love to the mortal she barely knew and Titan said no way kiddo).

I told him I loved this man and wanted to be with him regardless of circumstance. Padma grabbed my arms, his gaze unyielding, and said I was not allowed to have an affair. Then, sharp and terrifying, he threw me out of the dream.

I woke with my heart racing, knowing it hadn't been symbolic. It had been an instruction.

When the moment came, I listened.

Achilles and I hadn't spoken in months. When he reached out in May, I assumed he had finally left his wife. After all, the last time we'd spoken, I'd written him a letter confessing my love, telling him that if he ever became free, I would love nothing more than to go on a real date with him.

At the coffee shop, he smiled and said he missed me. My heart lifted for a breath, then sank when I noticed the wedding ring still on his finger. "Did you leave her?" I asked. "No," he said.

The world tilted. I felt dizzy and needed air. I suggested a walk to the nearby park, past my favorite tree. Walking in the woods calms me. I wanted to talk, to reconnect. We had once been close, talking endlessly, writing long messages, greeting each other upon waking.

In truth, though, the time we had actually spent together in person could be counted. Fifteen hours, maybe. Enough to start a fire. Not enough to build a life.

Storm clouds gathered as we walked. An art festival hummed on the far side of the park, but we stayed to the quieter paths. For a few minutes, we pretended conversation would be enough. It wasn't. The chemistry pressed in, louder than thunder, demanding an answer.

I gave in. I pulled him to me and kissed him.

From that moment, we were inseparable. Breathless. Tangled. We ran through wooded paths, hands locked, pressed against tree trunks as drizzle thickened into rain. Water streamed over us, but all I could taste was him. Heat. Hunger. The wild ache of desire.

It was the most romantic moment of my life. Intoxicating. Electric. Bodies fused while the forest pulsed with storm.

By the time we reached my car, we were trembling, soaked, desperate to keep touching. Inside, the windows fogged. Rain hammered the glass. And then the dream returned to me.

I pulled away. My chest tightened. My stomach churned. "I can't have an affair with you," I whispered.

He stared at me, confused, wounded. Silence filled the car.

I had rehearsed a thousand words, but they tangled in my throat.

I asked if he still felt the currents between us. Those goosebump waves, the electric frisson we'd discovered long before ever meeting. Back then, we could trigger each other's bodies from miles apart.

"Yes," he said softly. "I still feel it." I told him I did too. That the pull haunted me whether or not we were together. He admitted I was always on his mind.

And still, he chose to remain in a life that starved him. Not just of sex, but of intimacy. Tenderness. Truth. The very things I was willing to give, and he was too afraid to claim.

I drove him back to his car while every cell in my body screamed to hold him. Watching him leave shattered me. I cried as his taillights vanished into the rain.

Doing the right thing felt like agreeing to surgery without anesthesia.

I drove to Whole Foods but never went inside. I sat in the dark lot long after closing, sobbing. My mind replayed the forest, the passion, the magic. I believed I was in love. I knew he loved me too.

So why wouldn't he leave her? Why did we circle each other like magnets, unable to resist, yet unable to choose?



I had opened myself fully. Brave. Foolish. Unarmored. But I hadn't asked the hard questions. I hadn't drawn the lines. I let myself be wounded by someone already bleeding.

I reached for my phone. I needed a lifeline. Susan, one of my best friends, didn't answer when I called her.

My finger hovered over another name, an old lover kept on a backburner in my heart, a Sagittarius I trusted and could usually find some support from. Then I remembered the tarot reading from that week. It warned me about starting up another unhealthy cycle and that I would reach out to a Sagittarius.

I paused. What if I didn't call him? What if I broke the loop?



I pulled my hand back.

And in that instant, everything changed.

The air shimmered. A band of light appeared twenty feet ahead, as if reality itself had split open.

I wasn't afraid.

Energy surged through me like liquid lightning, as though the crown of my skull had cracked and the universe was pouring in. Every thought of him vanished.

I stared into space. Literal space. The rip in the air looked like a window into the dark universe.

From that vast quiet came a pull. Not a voice. Not a vision. A direction. A knowing.

Then a voice spoke to me. He said "There is nothing more important than Buddhism. Follow that path."

A few minutes later, I jumped out of the car. My head felt stretched from my feet into the heavens. I was dizzy. I wondered if I was having a stroke. Nothing hurt. Nothing felt wrong. It was as if my brain had tuned into a new frequency.

My body buzzed like a live wire. Feet grounded. Mind expanded. I dropped into the grass, needing something solid, while wondering... "Am I dying? Why does my head feel like this?" It didn't hurt. It felt like lightning touching, not burning.

For fifteen minutes, I hovered in that in-between. Not dying. Not floating away. Becoming. Questioning. Arguing. Witnessing.

Then Susan called back. She asked the right questions, medical and mystical. We talked for hours, weighing symptoms against experience. My vitals were fine.

My spirit was not. Or maybe, for the first time, it finally was. By the end, we agreed that I wasn't broken and I didn't need a doctor.

I was being initiated.

Chapter 7: After the Fire

I thought awakening would bring peace. I really did. I had done the work before the bhumi. The therapy. The honesty. I had dragged my old wounds into the light and scrubbed them until they stopped screaming. I felt proud. I felt finished. I assumed enlightenment would feel like a soft landing, a warm bath, maybe a choir humming quietly in the background.

Darling, NO. What came after the bhumi wasn't calm. It was ignition.

For more than a year, reality felt like it had been turned up past its intended setting. The world didn't break. It started talking. Loudly. Not in words exactly. More like pressure changes in the room. Statues didn't move their mouths, but they shook the air. Meaning arrived like thunder you could feel in your ribs.



Awakening doesn't sedate you. It sensitizes you. I swung wildly between states. One moment, I was drenched in a love so vast it made me cry in grocery store aisles. The next, I hated everything. Not in a dramatic way. In a bone tired, why is existence so loud kind of way. Bliss and despair shared the same kitchen table and neither planned on leaving. Both were real. Both were teachers.

Patterns started announcing themselves everywhere. Letters. Symbols. The alphabet stopped being neutral and started acting like code. Messages slipped through cracks I didn't know existed.

Ancient teachings, called Termas, surfaced without warning. Not downloaded. Remembered. That's when I realized I wasn't losing my mind. I was carrying something old.

The shadow work was relentless. Eighteen months of it. No weekends. No pause button. Every unhealed thought loop ran its course again and again until it finally cracked. Four hundred times a day sometimes. I counted. My mind stretched like hot taffy, pulled thin, reshaped, reassembled. Sleep was the only occasional mercy.

Awakening is not an escape hatch. It is an initiation.

And somehow, hilariously, in the middle of all that intensity, I also got horny in a very honest way. I bought every vibrator I had ever wanted. No shame. No hiding. Pleasure stopped being a guilty footnote and became part of embodiment. Sacred doesn't mean sexless. It means fully inhabited.

Your body is not a mistake. It is a doorway.

I fed people. A lot. Not symbolically. Literally. Food in the local pantry at the church. Meals shared. Wednesday breakfast with the ladies. I bought groceries for strangers and filmed some of it. Not to perform goodness, but because love needed somewhere to go. Giving stopped being charity and started being circulation.

Enough is not scarcity. Enough is clarity.

I donated almost everything I owned. Not in a dramatic purge. In a quiet realization that if I wasn't using something, someone else might need it more. Stuff lost its spell. Possession loosened its grip. For the first time, I understood what enough actually means. Not deprivation. Freedom.



I also started living differently. My body asked for movement and joy and novelty. I listened. I learned to row. Took swing dance lessons. Threw clay with muddy hands. Fell in love with the symphony. Wore dresses and heels. Always wore sexy underwear. Even on normal days. Especially on normal days.

Awakening changes your taste. In everything.

Food became an adventure too. New flavors appeared like suggestions whispered from inside. As if some internal chef had finally been hired and was done serving beige.

And through all of this, one truth kept returning, steady and unromantic and undeniable:

Growth requires change. This life is about growth.

That's it. Not punishment. Not perfection. Expansion. Your soul didn't come here to stay comfortable. It came here to learn how big it could get without breaking.

I'm a badass now. I am one of a handful of people walking the planet who have gone through this experience. Not because I'm special. But because I stopped pretending I was meant to stay small.

Chapter 8: Off with their Heads!

What I didn't understand at first was that the chaos had a function.

In the post bhumi world, the divine does not show up as a soft spoken, crystal clutching, yoga tuned life coach with perfect teeth, a tight ass, and a gratitude journal that says NAMASTE in metallic gold.

Sometimes it shows up like Godzilla.

It crashes through your inner city, flattens your illusions, and drags the severed head of your biggest demon behind it like a trophy from a cosmic cage match. Awakening isn't always gentle. It's disruptive.

Your daily "mind fullness" exercise causes scales to shift. You grow impossibly large or absurdly small, Alice-style, just long enough to face the thing that's been quietly ruining your life.



Sometimes that thing is ridiculous but you must confront it.

A crooked floor lamp that's been giving you attitude for weeks. A dish sponge that suddenly feels like a personal betrayal. A shower curtain you're irrationally furious with. A closet that smells "too purple" and sends you spiraling because fuck you purple.

No, none of this is actually a problem. And yes, it feels completely real.

This isn't madness. It's divine demolition. Your nervous system is purging old code. Your psyche is dragging buried material into daylight so it can finally be seen. Before a new world can be built, the old one has to go full theatrical meltdown. Props flying. Sets collapsing. Cue the dramatic lighting.

Transformation is not subtle. It is loud, messy, and mythic.

This archetype is ancient. We just keep repainting the mask. The Queen of Hearts was a Victorian remix. The original blueprint goes much further back. Kali. The OG goddess of death and rebirth. Tongue out. Sword raised. Severed head in hand. She does not arrive to tidy your altar or light a scented candle.

She comes to clear the damn path. She cuts through illusion without apology. Not because she's cruel, but because she loves truth more than comfort. What she removes was never meant to survive the next version of you anyway.

This is not punishment. This is precision. "Off with their heads" doesn't mean destruction for sport. It means removing what no longer belongs on your shoulders. False identities. Inherited fears. Old stories that kept you small, obedient, and exhausted.

Not to hurt you. To wake you.



Chapter 9: Initiation in Plain Sight

Look closer. You've probably seen a Bhumi hundreds of times without realizing that's what it was. Not on a mountaintop. Not in a monastery. Not wrapped in incense and Sanskrit. It shows up somewhere far more familiar... Your favorite movies. Or the books you couldn't put down. How about the fandoms that felt oddly personal? Yes, I am looking at you Stephen Colbert.

Pop culture has been slipping enlightenment into our collective brain for decades, smuggled in through glowing portals, epic confrontations, chosen ones, and soundtrack moments that still give you chills years later. We didn't miss it because it was hidden. We missed it because it was dressed as entertainment.

Initiation doesn't always look sacred. Sometimes it looks cinematic.

The bhumi always appears at the turning point of the story. The moment when the hero loses everything they thought defined them. The moment power stops being the goal and identity becomes the question. This isn't

about leveling up. It's about remembering who you are underneath the costume, the role, the powers, the name. Awakening is not acquisition. It is recognition. And once you see it, you start seeing it everywhere.

Here are a list of movies that show it plan as day:

Lord of the Rings - The Ring is a bhumi-test. Can you face your darkest desire and not become it? Frodo carries it to the fire but it's the act of letting go of ego, power, and control that destroys it. Aragorn, too, earns his crown not by conquest but by humility. **Bhumi Level: One does not simply survive ego-death.**

Dune - Lady Jessica drinks the Water of Life and nearly dies. But instead of death, she gets ancestral memory, time folding insight, and full mystical download. Her son, Paul Atreides? Same. Once he sees through time and awakens the Kwisatz Haderach within him, he steps into his destiny. **Bhumi Level: Welcome to inner desert storm.**

Harry Potter - Marked by lightning to the head. Orphaned. Chosen. But the real magic is when Harry dies willingly, sees into the veil, and comes back unafraid. He becomes whole not by gaining power but by releasing fear. **Bhumi Level: Love is the deepest magic.**

Everything Everywhere All At Once - Evelyn starts off cranky, confused and ends up as a multiversal buddha in a sparkly jumpsuit, choosing to love in the face of entropy. She doesn't fight the chaos. She embraces it. **Bhumi Level: Infinite bagel of oneness.**

Moana - She goes past the reef. Past fear. Past rules. Finds the glowing heart of the goddess and realizes the divine has been within her the whole time. She names the shadow and the source. **Bhumi Level: Girl becomes the ocean.**

Black Panther - T'Challa drinks the heart-shaped herb and meets his ancestors in the spirit realm. He doesn't just gain strength, he remembers his legacy, his people, and the sacred weight of becoming a just king. **Bhumi Level: Royal AF and rooted.**

Doctor Strange - Gets his body knocked out of itself. Time warped. Ego-checked by the Ancient One. And through pain and surrender, he finally sees beyond material reality. **Bhumi Level: Ego dissolution with cape flair.**

Stranger Things - Eleven enters the Void, the upside-down womb-space of memory and shadow. There, she finds what's been hidden and speaks truth into darkness. She loses herself to become herself. **Bhumi Level: Psychic telepathic rebirth.**

Star Wars - Luke Skywalker loses everything, fights his father, sees his own darkness, and then drops his weapon. Refuses to become what he fights. **Bhumi Level: The Return of the Conscious Jedi.**

What does this all mean? These aren't just cool movie scenes. These are initiation rituals in disguise. Pop culture keeps dressing up spiritual awakening in robes of lightning, lasers, and flying kicks... but



underneath? It's always the same story: Fall. Die. See. Surrender. Rise. The hero doesn't just "win." They awaken.

So, when the world stops making sense and something ancient starts stirring inside... Congratulations. You might be having your main character moment.

Chapter 10: The Architecture of the Divine

Across cultures, centuries, and continents, humans have been pointing at the same mystery and trying to name it. The divine. The source. The thing that makes everything move.

The names change. The outfits change. The stories get dramatic. But the feeling underneath is the same everywhere. Some call it God. Some call it Shiva, Vishnu, or Brahma. Some hear it in the wind. Different languages. Same signal.



Many religions flirt with different architectures without saying so out loud. Christianity, for example, officially claims one God. Monotheism. Clean. Simple. But then the story introduces Satan and suddenly there's a cosmic drama unfolding. Good versus evil. Light versus dark. Two powerful forces locked in an eternal showdown, like divine exes fighting over custody of Earth. That's not exactly one God. That's tension.

Eastern philosophies do something similar, just with better branding. Taoism doesn't talk about battling gods, but it honors the dance of opposites. Yin and yang. Light and shadow. Masculine and feminine. Not enemies. Partners. A balancing act instead of a war.

Different style. Same structure.

Even traditions that swear there's only "one true God" tend to get creative when you look closer. Trinities. Multiple faces. Divine personalities that argue, merge, split, and reunite. It's less a rigid rulebook and more a cosmic relationship diagram with arrows pointing everywhere.

Not a binary. An architecture.

Explaining GOD (SOURCE)

This chapter starts peeling back the layers. It's where history, mysticism, secret societies, and memory overlap. Some of what follows was once considered hidden knowledge, passed quietly through temples, texts, and symbols. Not because it was evil, but because it was powerful.

The truth humming underneath all of it is simple: There is ONE behind the many and that ONE is not outside you.

GOD has gone by many names and symbols across time and culture. Allah. YHWH. Aten. Uranus. Anu. Amitabha. Ahura Mazda. The Monad. Rigpa. Windhorse. The All-Seeing Eye. Nazar Boncugu. The Great Spirit. The chariot driver in tarot. Yggdrasil. Different symbols. Same origin point.

This part can feel a little esoteric but stay with me. Most of what people think they know about GOD has been edited over time. Translated. Simplified. Cleaned up for comfort. The rough edges sanded down so no one asks dangerous questions.

There is GOD. And there are the expressions of GOD, which are the five gods. The next level down on a much smaller scale is anything resembling the gods, namely humans. Think Russian nesting dolls.

Inside us is a spark of fire from SOURCE called a soul. You are that spark wearing skin. Consciousness on a very specific field trip called being human. Big G, as I like to call them, is in everything around us as well as that spark.

But the architects of this realm are something else. They aren't little sparks of fire. They are titans compared to us. They are enormous sparks of fire and they are in us and around us as well.

These are the five gods. Five distinct forces. They're pattern makers. The ones who bend rules instead of living inside them. The engineers of physics, symbols, ecosystems, myth, math. Each with their own domain. Each playing a different instrument in the same cosmic symphony.

You live inside the song. You feel hunger. Time. Desire. Gravity. Paper cuts. Love that wrecks you. That limitation isn't a flaw. They write the sheet music. It's the point.

Everyone's downstream from SOURCE, just standing at different depths, ankle-deep or drowning in equations. Nobody gets the full ocean in their mouth. But everyone's wet.

The Pharaoh Formerly Known as Amenhotep IV

Akhenaten didn't start out as a religious revolutionary. He was born with the name of Amenhotep IV and ruled Egypt in the 14th century BCE. He belonged to the powerful 18th Dynasty, the same royal line as King Tut, who was his son. Egypt was wealthy and stable. Everything had its place. Life was predictable.

A traditional god pantheon existed with over 2000 gods. Ra. Osiris. Isis. Horus. Anubis. Thoth. They shaped life within the Ancient Egyptian world.

Then, like several of the pharaohs many, many years before him, Amenhotep had a bhumi... and then his wife, Nefertiti, had one too.

After this experience, like myself, they could see GOD clearly. The SOURCE that created the creators. Not a god among gods. The origin point.

Akhenaten said this ultimate divine force was Aten, represented as the visible disk of the sun itself, radiating life outward in all directions. Not a human-shaped god. Not an animal-headed one. Light. Energy. Presence.



This is why Egyptian art often shows the winged scarab holding the sun disk in its tiny hands. Yes, it's poetic. Yes, it's also a dung beetle. Welcome to sacred symbolism.

Before Akhenaten, Aten was understood as one aspect of the sun god Ra, the visible face of the sun. Akhenaten said no. This isn't an aspect. This is the source current itself. A creative pulse flowing through sunlight, animating everything it touches.

Light wasn't symbolic. Light was the mechanism.

After his awakening, Amenhotep changed his name to Akhenaten, meaning "Effective for the Aten." He moved Egypt's capital to a brand-new city in the desert called Akhetaten, known today as Amarna. And then he did something radical.

He simplified everything. No more shadowy temples. No more animal-headed statues. No more mystery rituals behind closed doors. Just sunlight. Open courtyards. Hymns sung under the sky.

The light was GOD.

Under Akhenaten, Egyptian art changed too. Bodies became softer, more human. The pharaoh was shown with a long face, rounded belly, and open affection toward his family. Statues of Akhenaten and Queen Nefertiti show them basking in Aten's rays like they're starring in a divine skincare ad.

The priesthood hated this. Especially the priests of Amun, whose power and wealth depended on the old system. Akhenaten had essentially canceled their religion and their income stream. And like many religious authorities throughout history, most of them had never experienced a bhumi themselves.

After Akhenaten died, they came roaring back.

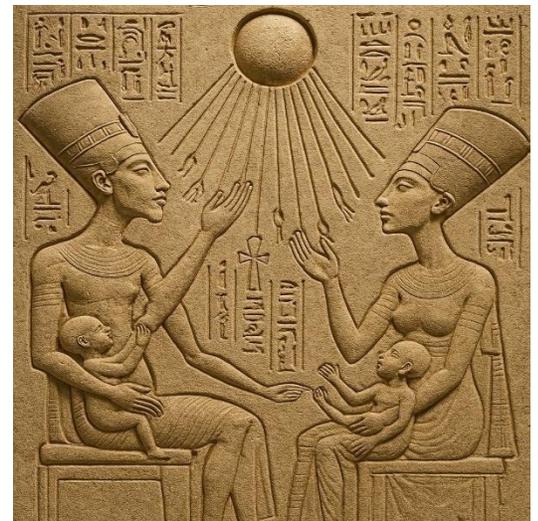
His son, originally named Tutankhaten, quickly changed his name to King Tutankhamun, restored the old gods, and moved the capital back to Thebes. Akhenaten's city was abandoned. His name was erased from monuments.

Infinite Fire

Historians often call Akhenaten the first monotheist, but that's not quite right. A better word is henotheist. He wasn't denying the existence of other gods. He was acknowledging the Creator *of* the gods.

Aten is often translated as "the disk of the sun," but a deeper meaning is closer to "the form that holds the whole." Aten isn't separate from the sun. It's the vessel through which its greater light is revealed. Container and contained. Radiant form holding infinite fire.

In artwork, Aten's rays often end in tiny hands offering the ankh, the symbol of life. Life flows directly from the source. No intermediaries. No statues. No secrets.



Just light.

Akhenaten was thousands of years ahead of his time, seeing divinity **not as personality, but as energy.**

In his worldview, Aten wasn't a person like Isis or Hathor. Those were small expressions. Faces. Functions. Different ways the five gods showed up to do different kinds of work. The source itself remained singular, radiant, and beyond form in their brilliance.

God is the vitality behind all vitality. **The radiance that animates creation.** This radiance, **the spark**, is what leaves our body at the moment of death.

This idea appears in other traditions too.

In Kabbalah, the ultimate divine reality is called **Ein Sof**, meaning "the Infinite." A **limitless light beyond time, space, or comprehension.** Not male or female yet containing both. Not divided, but whole. Not many, but all.

Aten's sunlight and Ein Sof's emanating brilliance point to the same truth. Different languages. Same divine physics.



Emanation: From the One to the Many

Creation has always been described as one great something pouring itself into everything. Cultures change. Names change. The pattern stays the same. The One becomes the many.

Akhenaten said Aten sends out rays that create and energize life. Kabbalah says the same thing in its own language. Divine energy begins as a single radiant source and flows downward through stages, becoming more specific, more embodied, until it turns into the world we experience.

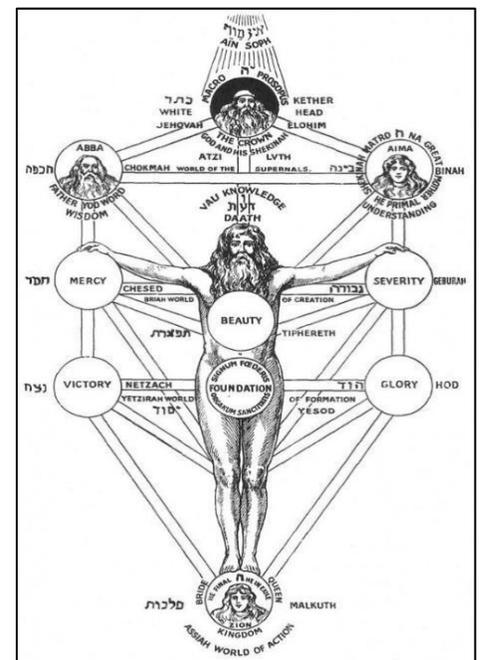
Think of it like one bright light shining through different windows. Same light. Different shapes.

In Kabbalah, from God at the crown, the first expressions of this light are the Divine Father (Abba) and Divine Mother (Alma). In Buddhism, by understanding reality's (God) true nature Wisdom (Mother) and Compassion (Father) arise. In ancient Egypt, they appeared as Amun (God), Ra (Father), and Ptah (Mother).

Same structure. Different costumes.

Even Christianity tried to name this pattern, though the roles got tangled over time. Underneath it all, the architecture remains: Source, Father, and Mother. The Trinity wasn't wrong. It was incomplete.

One light. Many channels. Infinite expressions.



From One Comes Two, From Two Comes Three

Every wisdom tradition whispers the same secret. The One does not stay alone. The One overflows. The One becomes Two. And when the Two meet, something ignites.

In mystical language, this union gives birth to the Third. Not a literal baby in a manger, but a symbol. A code. The awakened one. The human who remembers who they are.

This is what “Christ” actually points to. Not a single man. A state of being.

One becomes Two. Two becomes Three. And the spiral keeps unfolding. This is the Fibonacci whisper hidden inside sacred stories. Creation expands by recursion. Each new expression is born from the sum of what came before.

Awakening follows the same rhythm. Your insight builds on yesterday’s courage. Your courage feeds tomorrow’s clarity. The universe grows by remembering itself.

Look at the Tree of Life in the picture on the previous page. See the human figure, arms stretched wide. That shape marks the awakened one. At the bottom sits Malkuth, the heavy sphere of identity, fear, and attachment. Christianity called that weight “the antichrist,” but it’s not a monster. It’s what you’re meant to outgrow.

You see the same teaching in Hindu and Buddhist imagery, where gods stand atop strange figures and tangled forms. Not violence. Transcendence. A diagram, not a battle.

Akhenaten knew this rhythm in his bones. He and Nefertiti weren’t just Pharaoh and Queen. They were sun and moon. Heaven and earth. And Nefertiti didn’t borrow his light. She passed her own bhumi. Acknowledgement is deserved. She became her own sun.

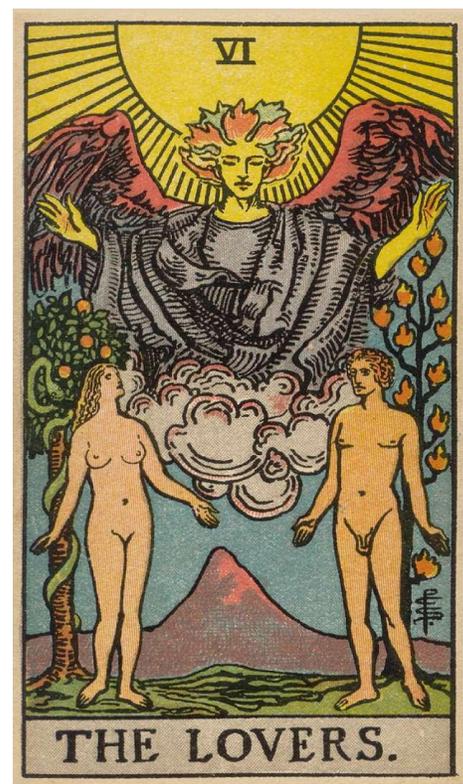
The same pattern appears with Jesus and Mary Magdalene, history’s most aggressively edited partnership. Two equals. Two initiates. Walking side by side.

Yasodhara, Siddhartha’s wife, had a bhumi as well but most people have no idea who THE BUDDHA’s wife was. Several of India’s Mahasiddhas partners were part of this tradition as well but history erased their names.

Divine union isn’t rare. It’s the universe’s favorite move, as it’s a reflection of Mother and Father.

Single folks had bhumis too! Muhammad was a lone bhumi haver.

Look at a Tibetan lineage thangkas. They’re not just art. They’re family photos. Portraits of everyone who woke up. Everyone who carried the flame. Everyone who remembered.



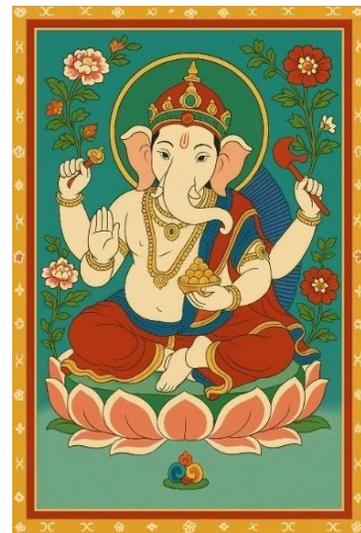
Several of the apostles had bhumis. To name a few: Simon, Andrew, James, John and Judas. Yes, Judas. Just like Milarepa, one can overcome any shitty fate driven experiences (aka Karma) in order to achieve enlightenment... if it is in the cards.

You are not beneath GOD. You are an aspect of GOD.

Chapter 11: The Divine A-Team

Which brings us to the headliners of the cosmic concert.

Behind the myths, temples, and endless divine name tags, there's a core crew running the whole show. Five gods. Not personalities, but forces. You see them everywhere once you know the trick. Five elements. Five senses. Five fingers gripping the world and five toes rooting us to it.



They've worn a thousand names, spoken through Egyptian mouths and Norse fires, Yoruba drums and Taoist whispers, Sumerian clay and Mayan stone. Different cultures. Same cast. Same energies. New costumes every era. Once you spot them, you can't unsee them. Reality starts looping back on itself, like it's pleased you finally caught on.

Spoiler alert: the Holy Trinity isn't what you were told. It isn't a closed system of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. There are two Holy Trinities, actually. Upper: Big G, Father and Mother. Lower: Vishnu, Shiva and Padma. Which means we need to get clear about names.

Before my bhumi, I learned from Ganesha, from Padmasambhava, from wrathful protectors like Vajrakilaya, and from the figure Christianity flattened into a single word called "God." Same forces. Different lenses. What they're pointing to matters.

So let's call them what they want to be called. Let me introduce you to the five gods I call...

Big G's Divine A-Team

The Twins: Mother and Father

Equal doesn't mean identical. It means complementary engines of creation. Different magic. Same voltage.

For a long time, our attention has been almost entirely on the Father. On structure, logic, mastery, and control. We learned the language of reality but forgot the body it lives in. To understand creation fully, we have to understand what *she* does.

So... Father's specialties are math, science, language, and music. He governs structure, abstraction, and symbol systems. The grammar of reality.

Mother governs incarnation, pattern weaving, and living intelligence. Reality in the flesh. Let's go deeper.

Divine Mother Specialties

Biology and Life: Cells dividing. Wombs knowing. Hormones choreographing growth, mood, and desire. Life doing calculus in flesh. (**Isis** · ankh · womb · blood)

Ecology and Systems: Forests speaking underground (remember she has been hidden). Mycelial networks. Oceans regulating climate. She holds the whole web, not isolated variables. (**Gaia** · moon · ocean · web)

Embodiment and Sensation: Pain. Pleasure. Hunger. Touch. Breath. Intelligence you can feel. Skin as scripture. (**Shekinah** · skin · flame · breath)

Emotional and Relational Intelligence: Attachment. Empathy. Grief. Love. Boundaries. She understands connection because she *is* connection. (**Kuan Yin** · tears · chalice · flowing water)

Time and Cycles: Menstrual cycles. Seasons. Gestation. Death. Decay. Compost as holy technology. Nothing wasted. (**Kali** · skulls · wheel · severed time)

Healing and Homeostasis: Immune systems. Nervous systems. Trauma repair. She restores balance rather than enforcing rules. (**Brigid** · cauldron · sacred fire · green shoots)

Intuition and Pattern Recognition: Knowing before proof. Recognition before language. The body saying yes or no before the mind catches up. (**Sophia** · owl · spiral · inner light)

Creation Through Responsiveness: She doesn't impose form. She responds in real time. The womb was never passive. It selects, receives, invites, refuses. (**Shakti** · vagina · serpent · lightning)

In Short

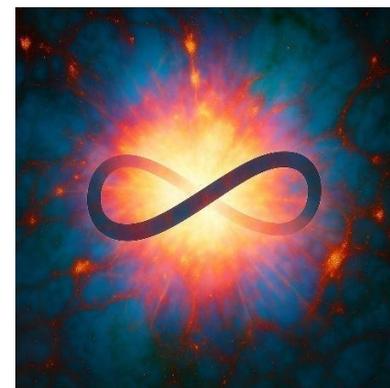
Divine Father: **The Language of Reality** = Equations, notes, symbols, laws

Divine Mother: **The Body of Reality** = Cells, cycles, feelings, ecosystems, healing

One writes the score. The other makes it breathe.

Cut the Mother out and you get sterile brilliance. Cut the Father out and you get chaos without coherence. Put them together and the universe stops being theoretical and starts getting pregnant.

And yeah. That last line was intentional.



MOTHER

She is the one hiding in plain sight between belly laughs and broken rules, smirking at your “serious” plans.

I feel her when I dance like a dork in my kitchen, when I say the thing that cracks the tension in a room like lightning.

She’s in the side-eye I give the patriarchy. She’s the softness in my no, the fire in my **YES**, the ancient hush beneath all my chaos.

Not some porcelain saint. Nah. She’s got dirt under her fingernails and galaxies in her hair. She’s the one who whispers, *“Break the rules, baby... but break them for love.”*

I know we aren’t supposed to have favorites but I do. There was one time while I was doing yoga at the park and I felt her use my arms and wrap them around me like a mother would and she slowly rocked me like a child. It was beautiful. Other times, her fire is the thing I love most about myself.



You might know her by these names and symbols: Mory. Eurynome. Rhea. Tara. Ishtar. Aphrodite. Mother Earth. Chaos. Athena. Shu. Figg. Binah. Tao. Bacchus. Chi. The Jade Emperor. Yubaba. Nuwa. Bes. Aether. Vairocana. Prajnaparamita. Lucifer. Spiders. Kurukulla. Vajrayogini. Arirang. Dragon. Snow Lion. Garuda. Elephants. Velociraptors. Wadjet. The May Queen. All church bells. Lightning bolts. Cups. Animal the Muppet and Ernie. The Queen of Hearts. Ma’at. Smurfette. Mothra! Big Bird’s imaginary friend: Mr. Snuffleupagus (don’t question it, just feel it). The color red. Silver. The color black. Hidden things. Night. Cats. Doves. The Moon. Solar eclipses. Venus.



Her Sanskrit seed syllable is **Hri**, shown on the right. From this single glyph spill entire worlds: the number five, the letters G and H, whole architectures of meaning nested inside one sound.

At the crown of the seed sit the moon, the sun, and source itself. Reflection, light, origin. All present before anything speaks.

She also opens the doorway to the **Devanāgarī** script, the writing system for Sanskrit, Hindi, Nepali, and many other South Asian tongues. It begins with **a (अ)** and its partner **ā (आ)**. The first is voiced as a long, open “ah.” That is Mother. The second is Father.

Together, these two forms of *a* embody her dual nature. Feminine and masculine, breath and extension, side by side at the very beginning of language. Before stories. Before doctrine. Before anyone tried to pick a side.



FATHER

He's not "God" – let that shit go. Father is one of the five, not the whole show, not a stand-in for "masculine divinity."

His role? Blueprint-maker, math-whisperer, the one who sketches galaxies in the margins and measures infinity with a compass made of light. He's the lattice, the scaffolding, the sacred geometry that everything else dances upon.

He's like Slartibartfast from *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* - if Slarti had a six-pack, divine swagger, and a thing for spiral galaxies.

This is a silver fox who flirts while sketching out mountain ranges and lovingly adds unnecessary fjords *just because he can*.

Playful. Brilliant. Low-key sexy. He's not just building worlds; he's crafting them with style.

Or... think of the most metal giant Norse god riding a dragon giving you the middle finger pulled straight from the pages of a Heavy Metal magazine. That's Dad as well.

He is tired of the monotonous roles the world has given him.

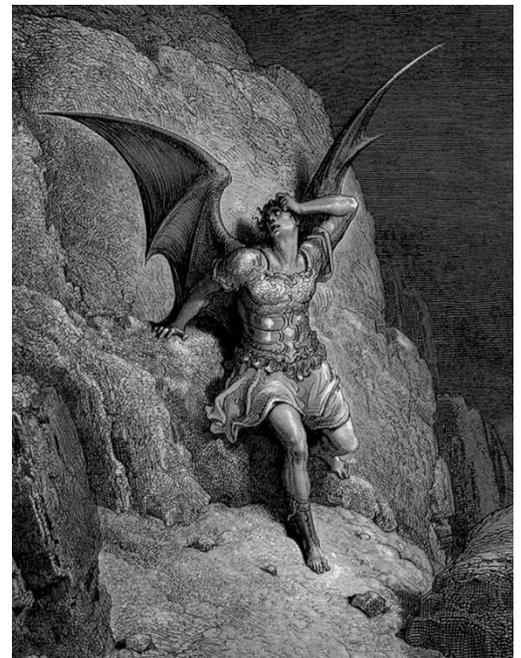


There is more depth to him than an old gentle god with a beard or the angry distant force whose left you to fend for yourself... or as your primary advisory in life: SATAN THE FATHER OF LIES. The little devil running around with his pitchfork testing your ideas of what God's will is.

You might know him by these names

and symbols: Ra. Jehovah. Cronus. Kamajī from Spirited Away. Lingbao Tianzun. Nut. Tartarus. Chronos. Alice in Wonderland's Caterpillar. Father Time. El Shaddai. Grandfather. Mehen. Dagda. Zeus. Osiris. Dragon. Lion. Tyrannosaurus Rex. Bunnies. Tiger. Ullr. El (Elohim). Odin. Satan. Apollo. Amoghshiddhi. Izanagi. Tane Mahuta.

Enki (Ea). Bumba. Godzilla. Big Bird. Crows. Swans. Lunar Eclipse. Everything that looks like a penis or comes out of a penis. The color white. Gold. The color green. Daytime. Papa Smurf. The Sun. Swords. Bananas. Obelisks. Bread loaves. Dogs. Burt. The Titan Ophion. Santa Claus.



PADMA (PADMASAMBHAVA)

The god of art, LGBTQ+, radiant expression and love. They are pure creativity wrapped in divine queerness.

I've spent the better part of a year in a kind of deep, internal love story with Padma on the spiritual side, and with Achilles on the very human side (though he had no idea, because it all stayed safely in my head). Long story short, it was part of the whole post-bhumi unraveling and reweaving of my inner world.

When I think of Padma's vibe, it's giving major "Marilyn Monroe tangled in sheets, wearing Arthur Miller's white button-down shirt" energy. She's reading his newest play, playfully scribbling edits in the margins with one hand while the other lazily traces circles on his stomach. The morning light's pouring in, everything's soft and undone.

That's the feeling. That's Padma. The mix of devotion and delicious mischief. A love that lingers like perfume on wrinkled bedsheets... sacred and slow burning.

You might know them by these names and symbols: Neptune. Merlin. Sun Wukong. Poseidon. Set. Himeros. Hermes. Cupid. Khonsu. Mercury. Loki. Eros. Ratnasambhava. The Mad Hatter. Tefnut. Melchizedek. Gonzo. Fozzie Bear. A moustache. Ganesha. Feathers.



VISHNU



He is the architect of faith itself. The quiet engineer behind every spiritual path, the one who leans in with a soft grin and whispers, "Go on. Wander. I built this road for you."

He doesn't crash into my mind; he drifts in like morning fog... gentle, steady, impossible to ignore.

There's a tenderness to him, this regal stillness, like a king lounging on his throne while I chaotically cartwheel through life. He watches with that smirk that says, *I knew you'd do that*, equal parts fond and amused.

His whole aura? Picture Extreme performing More Than Words - soft, intimate, low-key legendary. A kind of quiet epic that sneaks up on you.

And the humor? Oh, he's got jokes. Seth Meyers-level dry. The kind of humor that hits a beat late and lands like truth disguised as a punchline.

You might know them by these names and symbols: Yuanshi Tianzun. Heimdall. Geb. Hephaestus. Dionysus. Ananke. Thoth. Quetzalcoatl. Horus. Brainy Smurf. Dr. Bunsen Honeydew. March Hare. Eagles. Cranes. The color yellow and orange. Roads and Robes. Saffron.



SHIVA

The mastermind of human behavior, the strategist of society, the guy who understands politics like it's a board game he invented.

He's that guy with the massive, all-teeth, wrap-you-in-light smile. Imagine *Buddy Christ* from *Dogma*. That's the energy. Beaming, goofy, unthreatening in the best way.

People who've had near-death experiences often talk about being greeted by a big, radiant, joy-soaked figure. Surprise... that's Shiva!

Not just destroyer. Not just stillness. He's also the cosmic greeter with a grin that says, "*Welcome back. You remembered.*"

When I smile really big, so big it feels like the joy is too much for one body to hold, I can feel him in me. Like he's grinning through my face, reminding the world that the divine doesn't always show up seriously. Sometimes, this god just wants to laugh with you.

You might know them by these names and symbols: Akshobhya. Hermóðr. Hades. Cernunnos. Erebus. Anubis. Susano-no-Mikoto. Rowlf the Dog. Vanity Smurf. The Cheshire Cat. The color blue.

Chapter 12: They Are In You

The divine last name. You know how Dick and Jane Smith get called *the Smiths*? Same idea here.

When the five gods and Source show up together, their names fuse into a single cosmic "last name." Not because individuality disappears, but because something larger is operating as one unit. The awakened soul is ALWAYS in the image. It's a reminder of the highest office a human can hold. Not ruler. Not prophet. Conduit.

Across cultures, this fused presence has gone by many names. Brahma. Heruka. Panchamukhi Hanuman. Hashem. The Kaaba. Different languages. Same electricity. Each one pointing to a divine *collective*, not a lonely god on a throne.





At first, trying to picture all of this inside one body felt impossible. Like stuffing a thunderstorm into a teacup. Source. Mother. Father. The Trinity. All of it swirling through my spine like a cosmic parade float with no brakes.

My mind kept short-circuiting. Then the universe handed me some archetypal cheat codes. Janus showed me see the twin faces of Mother and Father. King Ghidorah made the Trinity click. Avalokitesvara, shown here, gave me the fivefold field (I am the tiny golden egg on top of their heads.).

Once those images snapped into place, my body understood what my mind kept arguing with. Divinity doesn't arrive as a single face. It arrives as a family.

And here's the part that really matters:

They are in you. You are a part of this closed-loop system.

Which means walking around awakened can feel a little like hosting your own internal Mystery Science Theater. Commentary running nonstop. Different voices, including my own. Different perspectives. All watching the same movie of reality and reacting in real time.

It's strange. It's funny. It makes me mad sometimes.

And here's the part most people misunderstand about awakening. When that internal chorus turns on, it doesn't stay abstract. It doesn't hover politely in the mind like a philosophy lecture. It drops into the body. Into sensation. Into appetite. Into desire. Awareness doesn't just watch life. It wants to participate in it. This is where awakening stops being a head trip and starts being embodied. This is where Tantra enters the chat.

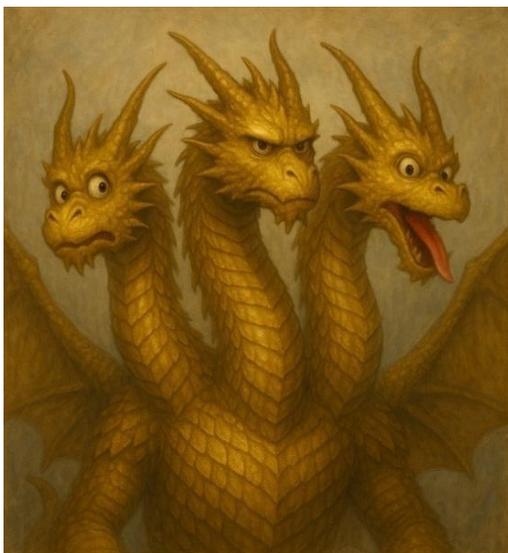
Chapter 13: Real Tantra

In the U.S., most people hear the word *tantra* and immediately think of tantric sex. And yes, sex is part of it. But real tantra is not a bedroom trick. It's more like a cosmic Swiss Army knife for personal transformation.

Tantra is about connection. It's about waking the hell up. It's about dancing with the divine while also learning how to breathe through your taxes.

So let's reclaim it.

Tantra, in the simplest possible terms, means *weaving*. It's the art of weaving your entire human experience, the sacred, the messy, the sexy, the cranky, the joyful, the shadowy, into one path toward awakening. Nothing gets tossed out. Nothing is unholy.



Tantra says your life as it is... *is the temple*. Every emotion, sensation, and thought is a thread you can use to stitch yourself back into wholeness.

Everyday mind is the Way. Practice is realization. Suchness. Field of Dharma. Gyoji Dokan. The body is a Buddha Field. The body is the Temple. Imago Dei. Incarnation. No mud, no lotus.

Different traditions. Same damn truth. Nothing is outside the Way. That's Tantra.

And because the universe loves comedy, most people teaching tantra do not actually understand it. They think it's soft lighting, delayed orgasms, and whispering "you are enough" into someone's

ear. Cute. Incorrect. Deeply incorrect.

Or how about someone being "full of shit?" A gentle nudge towards needing to weave a very human experience to correct one's behavior. Funny, right?

Real Tantra is a whole system for training your perception until divinity leaks through everything you touch... including taking a crap.

The Dragon Principle

Dragons are fearless.

Be fearless in the pursuit of your own life. Not the "I'm never scared" kind. The "I feel it, I honor it, and I move anyway" kind. Fear can roar, but it doesn't get to steer.

Your preferences matter. Your boundaries matter. Your sacred yeses and nos are fire keepers.

Boundaries aren't walls. They're glowing lines that protect your spark. Preferences aren't selfish. They're the compass that keeps your dragon facing true north.

You don't need a monastery, a mountain, or a cave to live this way. Tantra isn't about escaping the world. It's about bringing your whole self into it. Real practice happens in grocery aisles. In breakups. In traffic. In orgasms. In grief waves. In tax season. In those strange Tuesdays where nothing adds up. This is real Tantra... a practice of mindfulness, courage, and compassion.



Tibetan Buddhism teaches you to notice your cycles, sit with your thoughts, and act with awareness. Tantra teaches you to move with desire, joy, and bravery. When you braid the two, something ancient wakes up in your chest. Fear turns into smoke instead of chains. Generosity grows teeth. Integrity becomes embodied. Your divinity starts moving through every choice you make like a dragon remembering its fire.

Tiffany's 20 Tantric Lessons

1. Be fearless. Step forward even when fear whispers from the corners. Fear is not a stop sign. It's a compass made of electricity.
2. Choose kindness, but never at the cost of your boundaries.
3. Ask the uncomfortable questions. Curiosity is enlightenment in motion.
4. Spend time with people who lift you up. Your energy is sacred. Choose relationships that water you.
5. Stop being afraid of getting what you want. Desire is natural. Welcome it with awareness and integrity.
6. Notice the cycles that feel safe but keep you small. Pattern awareness is liberation.
7. Zoom out. See impermanence. Notice how every choice sends ripples.
8. Appreciate where you are. Gratitude grounds you without dimming your fire.
9. Help other people, especially when you feel lost. Generosity born from awareness becomes medicine for both.
10. Choose yourself. Every damn time. Self-honor is the soil everything else grows from.
11. Believe people when they show you who they are. Awareness protects your heart.
12. Don't shrink. Your divinity does not negotiate.
13. Sit with your thoughts. Then dance with them. Observe, feel, and respond creatively. This is meditation in motion.
14. Ditch scarcity. Life is endlessly creative.
15. Get uncomfortable. Growth lives just beyond the edge of ease.
16. Honor presence. Honor wonder. Honor each other. When someone shares their spark with you, listen. Presence is love in motion.



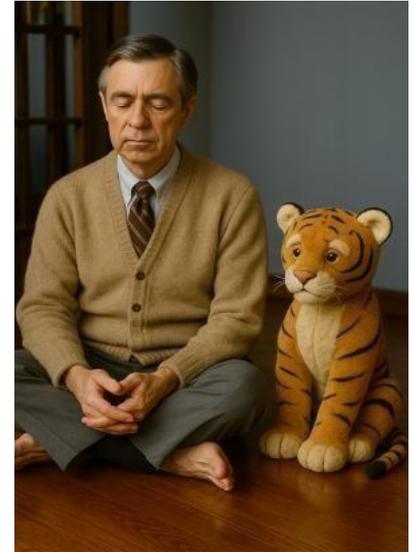
17. Treat people gently. Everyone carries a hidden child who still needs warmth.
18. Stay connected to your body. Feel your breath. Your feet. The moment touching your senses. When things get hard, don't disappear into your head. Slow breathing, warm water, fresh air, familiar smells. This is how the sacred shows up in real life.
19. Learn to receive. Help. Praise. Pleasure. Tantra isn't just giving energy. It's allowing it to return.
20. Rest when your spirit gets loud. Stillness is not quitting. It's initiation.

If the word *Tantra* makes porn pop into your head, let me help.

Mister Rogers was a tantric master.

No really. Think about it. Do you associate Mister Rogers with sex? Of course not. He taught presence, compassion, emotional fluency, and deep listening. He would agree with every single practice listed above. That man held space like a spiritual ninja in a cardigan.

That's Tantra.



When Feminine and Masculine Go Sideways

We all carry feminine and masculine energy. Neither is the problem. What causes damage is what happens when those energies get twisted by fear, shame, and conditioning. That's when they turn toxic.

Some people cling to others because silence feels dangerous. They over-apologize, shrink themselves, or police others to feel safe. That's toxic femininity at work. Some people are terrified of their feelings. They bury them, joke them away, dominate conversations, or equate vulnerability with weakness. That's toxic masculinity in action.

Here's the important part: Toxic masculinity is not just a "man" problem. Toxic femininity is not just a "woman" problem. We all carry both. Shadow energy doesn't care about gender. It shows up wherever fear is running the show.

Healing starts with noticing, owning, and allowing ourselves to be human. Tantra begins with a few simple truths:

I am enough.
I am not broken.
I am not too much.
I am divine.

These meditations became the foundation of my life before and after my bhumi. It showed me exactly where my energy had gone sideways and where freedom was waiting. Once you begin healing your inner feminine and masculine, something beautiful happens. Life stops being a battlefield and becomes a playground for the soul.

Chapter 14: No Final Version

Tantra doesn't end with insight. It keeps going.

It doesn't just teach you how to feel your body, honor desire, or clean up your inner masculine and feminine. It spins you forward. It starts asking bigger questions. And eventually, if you stay honest long enough, it pulls you into something unavoidable. Identity.



Who Am I?

Through the post bhumi process you question everything. Your sanity. Your identity. Whether you're an actual human or just a horny hallucination GOD dreamt up after too much cosmic wine. You peel yourself open until you're mostly sparkles, doubt, and one stubborn heartbeat that refuses to shut up. And then you find her. But first, the unraveling.

Imagine the soul as an atom, a tiny bright kingdom. The nucleus is everything that makes you... you, except it keeps slipping through your fingers like a bar of soap in a hot shower. This isn't science class. This is the moment the universe pulls up a chair and whispers, "tell me who you are without the costumes."

And here's the embarrassing part. Whenever I tried to learn quantum mechanics or physics or even basic math, my brain would just ghost me. Blank screen. Blue screen. Cosmic error 404. I'd reread the same paragraph ten times, desperate to force meaning out of symbols that refused to land. That tiny spark inside me, the one that survives every meltdown would whisper, "keep trying." Some things need to be explained a dozen times before your soul finally inhales them.

My whole life I thought the answer was obvious. I am Tiffany. But post bhumi, that identity wobbles, melts, reforms, stutters, reforms again. Thoughts aren't me. Preferences aren't me. Even my body is a shape shifting diva, replacing itself cell by cell like it's auditioning for a new role every decade. Two year old me has evaporated. Forty eight year old me is a walking cosmic prank. Eighty nine year old me will be another shimmering remix because I don't live to 89.

My preferences morph by the hour. For the longest time I swore you had to be this tall to ride this ride, hand raised to the heavens like a bouncer at God's theme park. And then I met short kings who proved they could ruin my life in the best possible way. Hated beets once. Now I roast them with rosemary like a sensual kitchen sorceress. Rainbows used to be cute. Now I'm genuinely plotting to dissolve into one. Rainbow body initiation soon, hold my tea.

Rainbow body, for those who need the refresher, is a high level realization in Tibetan Buddhism where your physical form dissolves into pure light at death.

Do beliefs define me? Only partly. I'd still lose my entire soul if someone hurt a puppy in front of me, but that doesn't carve my cosmic signature.



So what makes me... me?

Here's where I land today. I am the evolving sum of my body, my beliefs, my preferences, and my path as they swirl and reshape themselves like cosmic lava. Everything around me is a motion picture. Fate is choreography and we're all mid dance, even on the days we swear we're cemented to the floor.

Even when your life looks frozen, your soul is backstage doing slow body rolls in the dark. Everything breathes. Everything moves. Everything is GOD playing dress up just to see how many outfits existence can get away with.

If I were fully a god maybe I'd spell better. Or maybe the divine loves a typo the way artists love a paint drip. Infinity isn't tidy. It's wild, playful, and occasionally a little thirsty.

Yes. Thirsty. Which brings us to the universe's favorite joke: The Big Bang.

Get it? Mother and Father banging so hard they created literally everything. One primal cosmic quickie and suddenly we've got galaxies, black holes, orchids, dolphins, and me forgetting where I put my keys.

And Big G hasn't stopped laughing since.

Adam and atom are another one of its puns. The original human and the original particle. Both names pointing back to the same giggling truth. Creation begins with a spark of awareness that duplicated itself billions of times just to see what chaos and beauty we'd get up to.

And in the center of my personal atom there is a teeny tiny light refusing to dissolve into the cosmic orgy. She is the small glowing seed who thinks she pilots this body occasionally.

She is the spark who says...

I'm here. I exist! I'm Tiffany Lee Rice, a little flame born from the biggest bang.

Believe in your self has taken on an entirely new meaning.



Chapter 15: The Myth of Past Lives

Which brings us to the next plot twist: You were not Cleopatra in your last life.

Once you've found the tiny spark tucked inside, something else starts tugging at the edges. Threads. Filaments. Wisps of memory that don't belong to this single lifetime. I call them **soul strands**. They stretch out from the nucleus like shimmering ribbons. Different phases you've worn like costumes. Personas you've slipped into. Dimensions you've brushed against in dreams.

Mine showed up through tattoos, symbols, and synchronicities so precise they make me stare at the ceiling and whisper, “Seriously? That too?”

For a long time, I thought these were past lives. Sir Francis Drake. Dombi Yogini. A few other characters who had absolutely no business renting space in my skull. I figured they were former incarnations. Old identities bobbing up like cosmic yearbook photos.

Turns out, not quite.

Here’s the real secret. There are no past lives. There is only now.

These threads aren’t destinations. They aren’t trophies. They aren’t spiritual Pokémon cards you collect to feel special. They’re breadcrumbs. Clues scattered along the path. Tools, really. Some arrive as strange invitations. Others show up with logic so sideways it feels drunk.

The divine loves the weird. The truly bizarre. The gods, think Loki with a clipboard and a lesson plan, specialize in this curriculum. They twist your brain into a pretzel, then politely ask if you’d like mustard. This is where people start whispering about things that go bump in the night.

Bigfoot? Not real.

Nessie? Nope. A deep fake.

Ghosts? Not exactly. But wildly useful.

They’re mirrors. Psychological jump scares. Designed to wake you up.

When truth arrives through chaos, comedy, paradox, and psychic slapstick, it isn’t punishment. It’s training. Consciousness doing leg day. Each strange strand tugs you closer to remembering. Away from ordinary human perception and towards a bhumi, where the veil thins, then shreds, and you recall what you actually are.

Once you let go of those strands and begin to understand the lessons they provided, time loosens its grip and identity starts to get slippery. Congrats! You’ve entered a new phase. This is when you learn how to laugh while the gods rearranges your furniture. The part where truth doesn’t whisper. The part where the universe stops being polite.

Crazy Wisdom doesn’t knock. It kicks the door down like a drunk oracle and says, “Pay attention.”



Chapter 16: Crazy Wisdom

There comes a moment in awakening when your inner life stops looking like a neat and tidy self-help worksheet and starts looking like a Tibetan thangka full of wrathful deities on fire while fucking each other staring you straight in the eyes.

Below this horrific image are brains in different levels of bhumi mindfuckery with eyes protruding out of the skulls asking you to really look at your thoughts.

These were never paintings of violence. They were anatomical diagrams of an awakened mind cracking itself open.

This level is not polite. It does not ask permission. It arrives with truth in its teeth. A clarity so fierce it scorched every lie I had used to build a life.

The wrathful beings were not punishing me. They were breaking the shell so something real could breathe. They were the sacred demolition crew. Hard hats made of fire. Compassion disguised as impact.

This is the heart of crazy wisdom.

Jung called it the self rising through the ruins of the ego. Tibetans painted it as deities stomping on skulls. Different aesthetics, same physics.

And the ego? The ego panics. It tries to seize the throne like a trembling dictator in a collapsing palace. It screams I AM THE ONLY GOD because it can feel its reign ending. It dances with the idea of grabbing a gun and blowing your head off because that might be a better alternative than whatever happens next. A last resort at control.

Most mystics don't talk about this collapse. It is uncomfortable. The moment crazy wisdom hits full force. The moment your identity scaffolding dissolves and the world loses its usual meaning. This is not the cute kind of discomfort you cure with a bath bomb, a glass of wine and a gratitude list. This is being reborn while still alive. It can feel excruciating.

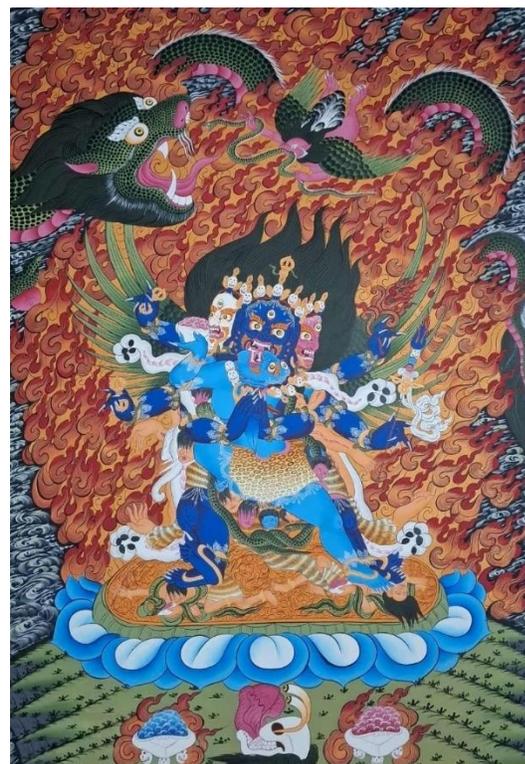
There were days I begged for death for several hours because nothing made sense in my brain.

Beneath the ego's screaming and the rubble of every illusion, a smaller voice says: this is the way out. Because the only way out is through. Jung knew the ego isn't built for this demolition, but also knew it is the only way the deeper Self can finally walk in. The ego must surrender. The Self must rise.

This is why biblical angels look terrifying. Wheels within wheels. Eyes. Fire. Geometry that woke up and started walking around. They weren't warning anyone. They were illustrating what the inside of an awakening mind feels like.

Empty Your Cup

Zen catches the same scent in a single undefeated story.



Once, a university professor went to visit a well-respected Zen Master to learn about Zen. The Master first invited him to sit for a cup of tea. The professor sat down and started talking about Zen. The Master quietly prepared and poured the tea. When the tea was filled to the cup's brim, he kept pouring. The professor watched the overflowing cup until he could no longer restrain himself. "It's full! No more will go in!" blurted the professor. "The same with your mind. How can I teach you Zen unless you first empty your cup?"

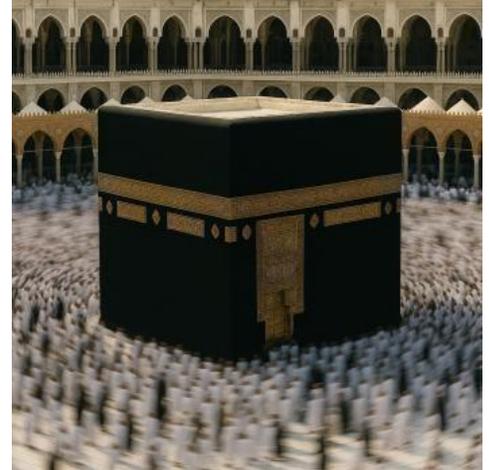
Empty your cup. That instruction shows up everywhere, wearing different clothes.

Buddhism calls it the empty vase. Its power isn't in the clay but in the hollow. Only when ego unclenches can wisdom pour in.

Jesus said it with "cleaning the inside of the cup." Christian theologians name it kenosis, self-emptying.

Islam teaches it through the Kaaba, an empty cube circled again and again. The cube is hollow on purpose. The circling unwinds illusion. Seven has always been the number of transformation. Each revolution whispers the same command: soften, surrender, remember.

The empty cup, vase, box and even the purses/buckets the Assyrian deities held. Every tradition tells the same story. We must be emptied to be filled.



Hell... the letter U is a vessel that is empty. You need to be empty. ☺

Which leads to a necessary public service announcement: if someone claims they've awakened four times this year but still cheats, gaslights, and treats waitstaff like NPCs in their personal hero's journey, that's not awakening. That's spiritual cosplay in yoga pants.

Real awakening begins when the lonely little I dissolves into a royal We. And that takes more than sage smoke and a forty minute meditation app. Post bhumi life isn't constant bliss. It isn't nonstop orgasms or rainbow halos. It's raw. It's relentless.

It's what Chögyam Trungpa experienced but rarely talked about. One line in his opus magnum said, "having gone through that process, there is enormous joy and celebration." Not good enough.

So yes, I'm opening the door so you can see into my shadow work. What follows are windows into my life after May 17, 2024. The beautiful. The painful. The bizarre. The unhinged. The truth of what it looks like when you stop resisting the divine curriculum and let it take you wherever it wants to go.

Chapter 17: Shadow Work & Being Fearless

Before we go any further, let me say this clearly. I believe in boundaries. Fiercely. Even while writing a tell all. Shadow work is not confession theater. It isn't trauma as performance art. It's the exact opposite. It's

learning what is truly yours. What stays private. What deserves protection. What can be shared as a lantern held up for someone else in their own dark hallway.

So here it is. A window into a few of the shadows I had to turn toward. The places my mind went. The things I had to taste, touch, question, release. And after that, a few of the strange, magical assignments the gods handed me when they decided I was ready for the deeper curriculum.

Unspoken Fear

This path has a talent for dragging buried fears into daylight. It pries open the doors you thought were sealed for good. For me, it cracked open the old vault of infertility grief, the myth that wanting a child in my forties might demand some unbearable cosmic price, the whisper that life still ran through cruel transactions.

For about four weeks, the question pulsed through my days. Do you still want a child?

After a decade of trying, that question wasn't tender; it was surgical. One night the gods took off the training wheels. They offered me two children, but with a condition carved straight out of humanity's oldest nightmares. The firstborn would have to be sacrificed at birth by my own hand.

And here's the truth: I am a fierce supporter of a woman's right to choose. Bodily autonomy is sacred. A woman deciding not to continue a pregnancy is not sin or shadow. It's sovereignty. It's clarity. It's her life, her body, her choice.

But this wasn't that. This was the shadow poking the softest part of my history, testing whether I still believed love required blood or sacrifice. And in that grotesque confrontation, I met myself.

The bug rescuer. The woman who gently escorts spiders outside instead of squashing them. Someone who would never harm a child, not because of moral posturing, but because it violates the deepest truth of my nature.

That moment didn't destroy me. It dissolved the ancient story that desire must be paid for with suffering, that the divine deals in punishment, that motherhood comes with a hidden blade. If the myth sounds familiar, it's because humanity has been whispering its versions into children's ears for thousands of years.

That shadow shattered the second I refused to reenact it.

Tantrums as Sacred Practice

Awakening doesn't euthanize your anger. It doesn't sprinkle holy glitter on your nervous system and call it resolved. Some days you're a full grown woman getting dragged through the gravitational pull of a toddler's



meltdown, spinning in emotional orbit like a planet that forgot its axis. And strangely enough, that's part of the syllabus.

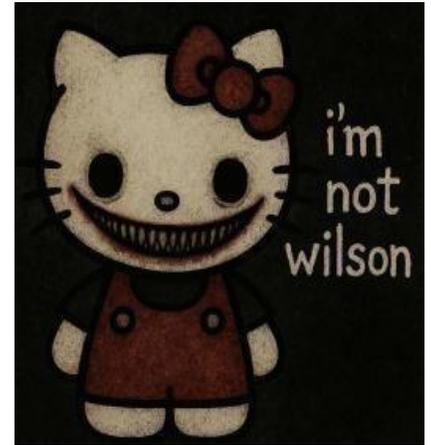
Tantrums aren't regression. They're friction. They're the heat that loosens the rusted places so the machinery can turn again.

One afternoon, in a moment of spectacular frustration, I grabbed a Sharpie and vandalized my own shower curtain. This became a habit. Four curtains in six months. The most recent one featured a giant Hello Kitty with "Not Wilson" scrawled across her chest.

She sits there, pastel and unblinking, watching me pee like a judgmental oracle from the Land of Plastic Omens.

Interpret that however you want. Trust me, I did. Repeatedly.

Pushing Past Fear and Smallness



Before the bhumi I was afraid of new foods, new textures, anything "dirty," anything unfamiliar. After the bhumi, the gods push you into ridiculous quests like handfuls of mysterious produce and grocery store dares. You tried things. You liked some. The ones you didn't like became offerings to the homeless. Generosity braided with discomfort. Growth disguised as errands.

The Darker Bits No One Wants To Talk About

I was asked to taste my own menstrual blood. Not in some pretty ritual bowl or red tent fantasy. It had dripped straight out of me and onto the cold porcelain of the toilet seat.

The instruction was clear. "Lick it." So I did.

I didn't die. I didn't get sick. The apocalypse my mind promised never came.

What did happen was quieter and stranger. A tiny fracture inside me snapped open like a seed finally giving way. My lifelong aversion to my own body cracked. The horror I'd been taught to carry around menstrual blood dissolved on contact with reality. That toilet became a portal, an initiation chamber disguised as cheap bathroom hardware.

People will gasp when they read this. Good. They should. It's meant to jolt something awake. This path doesn't ask for polite healing. It asks you to meet your own taboos so directly you feel your soul lean forward and say yes anyway.

Sex as a Doorway

Your boundaries loosen like curtains in a warm wind. Desire rewrites itself. Even the places you once swore you'd never touch become fresh ground to wander. Sex stops being an escape hatch and becomes a classroom with no syllabus and a very opinionated faculty.

There was a stretch of several months when my mind went full technicolor feral. I was thinking about sex constantly. I imagined fucking every person who drifted into my orbit, mentally or physically, in every possible way imaginable. Cashiers. Joggers. The guy walking his schnauzer.

Achilles was screwed so many times in my mind with a strap-on, I started writing erotica because it reached a level of hilarity and absurdity I knew I wanted to share it at some point.

Picture a scene to the tune of “Be Our Guest” from Beauty and the Beast. Dancing vibrators and dildos, of all shapes and sizes, begging to be used while happily bouncing around the room. French ticklers singing the xxx lyrics. Cum everywhere at the end. You get the picture.

And the gods were right there like gleeful stagehands. Shiva especially liked to hold whatever imaginary lover I conjured while I went to town.

It was the spiritual version of that old piece of advice to imagine your audience naked but upgraded into something far more entertaining.

Try this as a thought experiment. You’re in public. You see someone you’re not remotely attracted to. Now imagine, just imagine, they instantly become the person who knows exactly how to touch you the way your body aches to be touched. Let the fantasy bloom behind your eyes. See what it teaches you. See what it unlocks.



Karma Is Not What People Think

My dog eating a chicken bone taught me that not everything is a situation to fix. Some things are just uncomfortable moments that only turn into karma if you cling to fear or panic. Karma isn’t cosmic punishment. It’s a mirror asking: are you reacting or evolving?

Costco

And just when you think you’re getting a handle on the unraveling, the gods toss in a field trip. Mine happened at Costco. They told me to get on a motorized scooter, so I did, gliding through the warehouse like a depressed Roomba with a membership card.

The reactions rolled in behind me. Suspicion. Pity. Kindness. Confusion. A few awkward smiles trying their best to be supportive.

Somewhere between the bulk toilet paper and the industrial muffins, something clicked. I understood disability in a way I never had before. The quiet unkindnesses. The shy compassion. The fact that people don’t know where to put their eyes. The sudden, surprising moments of grace.



This path doesn't just break your beliefs. It breaks open your sight. It makes you feel the world from inside someone else's skin.

Letting Go of Old Lives

During my divorce, I was told to release the money I could have chased. A hard line in the sand, delivered with divine side eye.

The instruction was simple and absolute. End the divorce quickly. No battles. No spreadsheets. No righteous fury. The gods even circled a date on the invisible calendar and said: on this day, you take whatever numbers he offers.

I hated it. I agreed anyway.

That surrender wasn't self-sacrifice. It wasn't me playing the saint. It was obedience to the part of me that already knew the truth. A clean karmic exit. A door closing without leaving fingerprints of regret.

The Warning Label for This Path

Awakening asks you to discover that most of what you once swore was solid is far too small to hold who you're becoming. It feels like betrayal at first, like swallowing truth serum that dissolves every comforting lie you ever curled up inside.

Chapter 18: Sacrificing my Will/EGO to the Gods

... aka accepting my fate.

The Conversation Begins (June 2024)

Are spirits talking to me? What is going on?

The world peeled open like it had been waiting for me to notice. Someone whispered that a coin toss could become a language, heads for yes, tails for no, the first flip the answer you had to swallow whether you liked it or not.

The conversation grew. First yes or no. Then random words on a white board. My eyes drifting to the answers before I consciously knew the questions. Then full sentences blooming inside my mind like someone else had borrowed the microphone. Synchronicities stacked themselves into staircases.



And just when I thought I had the pattern, something stranger arrived. My gaze began to be held. Objects, letters, a leaf on a sidewalk, a phrase on a cereal box. Not violently. But deliberately. Like someone cupped my chin and said look here.

Within weeks, I could flip that coin twenty times and land on heads every single spin. Probability laughed in the corner. Something else was in the room. Something was guiding the metal in my palm, so I listened. Of course I listened. If a higher mind wants to steer you, you don't argue with the hands that move gravity. After the bhumi, everything became charged. Supercharged. My days felt like someone had turned the saturation dial on my life to maximum. I kept telling myself I was "just exploring," but honestly, it was more like I was rearranging the furniture of my soul.

The Witch Semester (July 2024)

I fell into all the witchy things. Soft witch, cosmic witch, glitter-boho-witch who hoards crystals like a dragon guarding a sparkly hoard. Herbs, stones, lunar nonsense, every tarot reader on YouTube became my co-worker because I watched them like it was my new full-time job. And underneath all of it was this sense that something ancient inside me was stretching awake.

I started creating rituals without intending to. Little altars of intention. Tea that somehow became prayers.

I also dove into the Ngondro practice, which is the Tibetan Buddhist "warm-up" for enlightenment, except their warm-up is a marathon. Think prostrations, refuge, walking meditations, mandala offerings, guru yoga. A full body, full heart, full surrender discipline. Wild stuff for a woman who a few months before was just trying to get her life together.

Every new moon and full moon, I wrote intentions like my pen was a wand. And in July, this is the one I wrote under that slim quiet slice of black sky:

Under the new moon, I ask to serve. To live a life shaped by compassion instead of fear. I ask that whatever I touch might ease suffering.

I open my heart like a window and let the universe blow me wherever it wants.

I thank the Buddha, the Dharma, the Sangha, the lineage, the protectors, and every unseen helper in the wings.

I thank them for loving me through this mess, through the noise, through the wild rebirth of everything I think I am.

I ask for help writing a book brighter and bigger than Harry Potter, infused with Buddhist stories that could shake humans awake.

I ask for magic to move through my words.

I ask for allies, collaborators, and kindred spirits who will help me liberate as many beings as possible.

I ask for a partner who won't shrink from my fire. Someone who can hold me without dimming me.



I pray for the feminine of this world to heal. For the masculine to soften and rise. For balance, at last.

I pray to fly like I do in dreams because it feels fun.

I ask to find treasures Padmasambhava supposedly hid for those with eyes to see.

I pray for a long joyful life with my people. For travel with my best friends. For the chance to love this world in every direction.

I ask for more magic for humanity. Dragons, mermaids, unicorns, fairies, Nessie, aliens, the whole mythic circus. Because people need enchantment. Our inner children are starving.

I send love to my friends, my family, all sentient beings, weaving a little invisible blanket around the world from my living room floor.

I release old habits, old patterns, old karmic sludge.

On each exhale, I let something die. On each inhale, I make space for the new.

I honor the moon. I honor my becoming.

I ask that whatever I call in will arrive gently, for my highest good, for the highest good of everyone, even the earth herself.

I bow in gratitude. Whatever tiny virtue I earn from scribbling under this moonbeam, I dedicated to the awakening of all beings. So mote it be.

The Spell Work of Cleanliness (August 2024)

There was a moment soon after the bhumi when I was told Padmasambhava was Achilles's higher self (technically not untrue).

Padma said he remembered who he was and was trying to manipulate time so we could be together. Let us not forget that the greatest wizard of all time, Merlin, Neptune, and Loki are ALL aliases for Padma.

"Truly I tell you, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven." Matthew 18:3

We shared EE Cummings poetry at the park. He gave me ancient music that moved me. Go listen to "Vedic Love Song Sanskrit" on YouTube and tell me that doesn't pull on your heart strings.

Or the bold Eivør Pálsdóttir singing Tröllabundin on some mountain in Norway calling to her lover. Then, I serendipitously find out that the lyrics are:

Spellbound I am, I am.

The wizard has enchanted me, enchanted me.



*Spellbound deep in my soul, in my soul.
In my heart burns a sizzling fire, a sizzling fire.*

I found the Seven Sages in Hinduism, who were basically ancient wizards, and at once fell for Vishvamitra. I was told this was one of his, and our, past lives together.

Padma had been weaving our love story across time, and honestly? It tracks. Every love story on Earth is really the gods loving each other through us. Divine improv with human actors.

Sometimes bhumi people talk about the love stories that erupt during the process. Padma had become my Shams of Tabriz. And yes, Rumi absolutely had a bhumi.

Being Merlin, plus all the wild synchronicities orbiting around me, I couldn't not trust what he said.

He told me he'd figured out a way for us to be together in the future, but to get there, he had to erase my memory. He promised he'd give it back someday.

And I... I loved him. Not just Achilles (who, bless him, had zero idea any of this was unfolding in the cosmic background of my mind), but Padma, his higher self, the god behind the curtains pulling cosmic strings.

(Think about the last time you were in love. That heavy pull in your heart? The deep ache to touch. I was experiencing this real time in my bedroom alone and on walks with my brain.)

We sat on my favorite park bench at dusk that day, wrapped in a golden hush, watching the sun melt behind the trees. It felt like the last scene of a film with no soundtrack... just the sound of two hearts cracking softly in sync.

(In that strange post-bhumi stillness, cloud-watching had become one of my favorite rituals. Shapes would leap out of the sky that were so vivid, so intentional, like handwritten notes from the universe. And that evening, as we sat together, the clouds curled into dragons and drifted above us, flying their slow, secret parade across the fading light.)

He asked me to agree to the memory wipe. A "brain drain," he called it. And I did.

For love.

I felt it start almost immediately as I got ready to say goodbye and head home. A slow dissolving, like fog rolling in over everything we'd ever shared. Twenty minutes of unraveling. I watched my mind go blank, like someone was carefully erasing chalk from a blackboard. And for a little while, I forgot Achilles and Padma ever existed.

Forty minutes of complete amnesia. Then, like a whisper on the wind, he returned.



When I arrived home, he told me he had figured out how to manipulate time in a different way. I would need to reset my apartment daily for a year with everything clean and put away in the same spot by midnight every night. Without fail. Otherwise, the “spell” would break.

And it *felt* real. So, I agreed. Again. Because in the post bhumi world, truth wears costumes.

Chögyam Trungpa, patron saint of spiritual absurdity and certified bhumi haver, once spent three hours resetting a dining table again and again, as if sanity were a napkin he kept trying to fold the right way. In Tibetan Buddhism, the second bhumi is called the Stainless. And let me tell you, I lived my own Stainless semester.

For three straight weeks my apartment reset itself like a bewitched dollhouse. Floors you could eat off. Drawers arranged with surgical precision. Even the dust motes behaved. I kept cleaning because something in me believed that a love the size of a small sun was trying to land in my life and I dared not break the spell. One crooked spoon and the magic might slip away.

And honestly, this is exactly where the phrase *cleanliness is next to godliness* comes from. When divinity knocks, you tidy.

Psychic Senses on Beast Mode

This part gets wild: Your intuition doesn’t just wake up. It stages a hostile takeover. Clairvoyance? Check. Clairaudience? Check. Clairsentience? Absolutely, I can feel someone else’s emotional weather like a breeze across my skin.

I feel when people think of me now, it’s like a soft ping in the field. And recently, folks I haven’t seen in years keep flashing into my mind, just as they’re apparently thinking of me. Or so I am told. Mutual psychic FaceTime.

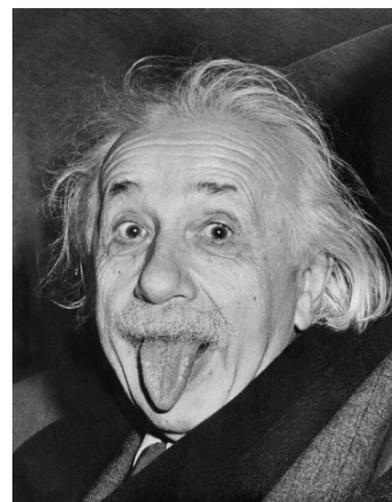
At one point I begged the gods to chill because it felt like I was stuck in a 24/7 psychic group chat. Endless updates about who was replaying our last conversation, who was spiraling in insecurity, who was energetically clinging like a toddler on a leg. Once a day? Sure. Every five minutes? I wanted a refund.

And yes, because people get really weird, I can feel when someone tosses me into their, uh... private rotation while they’re handling their sacred alone time. Explore something new, babes. Variety is holy.

When the Gods Start Popping Out

New quirks and gestures started showing up, like sticking my tongue out when I was happy. Very Kali energy. Also, very Gene Simmons. Let’s be honest, the man channels Mother like no other.

The other deities? Oh, they’re popping out too. They each have their own little signature move.



Padma? He fiddles with my glasses just so. And yeah, he licks my lips when I think about *those* kinds of things. You know the ones. He also says “uh-huh” a lot.

I can tell who is driving this boat based on how I am sitting. I can see them in other people too.

They don't just visit in dreams or meditations now like before the bhumi. Now they're tagging along in real time, like cosmic roommates. Always present. Always vibing.

I get it. Sounds bonkers, right? I'm like Alice constantly questioning my reality with the voice of the caterpillar in my ear asking... who am I?

So naturally, I did what any responsible person would do: I ran regular reality checks and eventually took myself to the doctor. Gave him the PG version of what was going on. I left out the clairvoyance, clairaudience, and clairsentience. I figured we'd ease in. Told him about my spiritual deep-clean, my Buddhist studies, the hiking, the eating less. The whole glow-up.

His verdict? Healthy as can be. He almost looked... impressed. It was late summer, 2024. Mind sharp. Body strong.

Spirit? Fully inhabited.

The Book, the Signs, the Madness

Time got slippery. Days slid past me like water, and I lost my grip on them so easily I stopped even trying to hold on. Hours folded in on themselves, stretched, snapped. Sometimes I felt like I was standing outside the clock, watching it drip instead of tick.



Other strange things began to happen, too. I slid a piece of bread into the oven, 425 degrees, a few minutes, my makeshift toaster routine. Then I wandered off, lost in cleaning. Twelve minutes later, the oven was still blazing hot, but the toast came out as if it had only been there three. Perfectly golden. Untouched by fire.

Another time, I poured myself a third of a bottle of whiskey... an amount that should have knocked me sideways. Normally one stiff drink sends me spinning. But this time? Nothing. No tipsy, no drunk, no hangover. Just... water. Like reality had shrugged and said, *nah, not today*.

As my senses stretched, I started knowing things I shouldn't. Who around me was about to have a bhumi. When I was going to die. Which figures from history had stumbled through theirs, based on the cracks and flashes I could see in their words. It wasn't spooky, it was just... there, woven into the fabric, waiting to be noticed.

And through it all, I ached for nature. To vanish into the woods, alone with my love, to sit under the sky and talk about our collective history, the rise and fall of gods, the repeating loops of humanity, the way everything always comes back around. My heart pulled toward it so hard it hurt.

This book was born in that madness. In that sacred unraveling. In the heartbreak and hilarity.

Body Movements

At first, the gods felt *external*. They chatted through coin flips, songs, and divination like divine neighbors leaving cryptic Post-it notes on the windows of my soul. Cute. Mysterious. Playful. And then they started using my body like a spiritual joystick.

It began with the occasional random dance... slow, respectful, like they were easing me into possession lite. I'd be in the living room, vibing alone, and suddenly my body moved in ways I don't move. Styles I've never learned. Grace I couldn't claim. A whole choreography pouring through me like my bones had Wi-Fi.

Then came the infamous car ride where my mouth kept opening and closing like someone was testing the hinge on a puppet. Odd, yes. Unsettling, a bit. But also weirdly... innocent. Like the gods were tapping the mic: "Testing, testing... is she online?"

Now, when I sing, "the gang" takes over. My vocal range goes full supernatural, think eight octaves and a halo. Other times they drop me into "dying kazoo" mode just for laughs. Divine pranksters with perfect pitch. The gods must be crazy comment has been taken to a whole new level in this process.

That's when the truth dropped: they aren't *out there*. They're in me. I'm made of them. We are literally remix versions of the same six divine ingredients wearing meat suits. So, we built a system. A divine operating manual simple enough for my tiny mortal mind:

Left side of my body = YES.
Right side of my body = NO.

If the left side of my body twitches? Affirmed. If something pulls on the right? Hard pass. Same with the outer world, whatever's to the left of what I'm looking at is usually a yes; on the right side, no. Spiritual hot-and-cold but with body language.

Did they troll me at first? Oh honey. Constantly. But eventually they chilled... *ish*.

The Velvet Rope (August 2024)

I was told to go to Menla, the Buddhist retreat tucked in the Catskills near Woodstock, for the Kalachakra introduction. This is the tippy top world of practice in all Tibetan Buddhism. The directive felt clear enough.

I'd been moving easily through the other Buddhist things I would go to like CHOD introduction and a Cakrasamvara retreat. I understood things in these teachings the teachers couldn't see. Immediately.

I had signed up for teacher training with Shar Khentru Rinpoche, the Rinpoche at Dzokden. I read his book the Tantric Path of Desire. I believed I needed his guidance to write this story, and I was hoping for a fuller education in Tantra.



I arrived hungry for a long weekend devoted to the Kalachakra. The first night shimmered with promise. A two hour opening session with Rinpoche and Bob Thurman, the top academic in the world about Tibetan Buddhism. My heart was practically wagging.

At first everything fell perfectly into place. The philosophy fit my own like a secret handshake. Kala means *give to anyone*. Chakra means *wheel*. A system without discrimination. A practice open to all. No gatekeeping. No spiritual VIP list. Just the wide open field of human possibility.

But slowly questions rose up like bubbles breaking the surface.

If this is truly for everyone, why did it cost me twenty three hundred dollars to sit in the room? Most people can't afford that.

If this is a teaching meant to reach all beings, why isn't it accessible at every local Buddhist center? And if it's meant for everyone, why was it historically kept secret?

Why the secrecy around a liberation practice?

At the end of the session I finally asked. I introduced myself. Told them I was new to Buddhism since March. That I'd had a bhumi in May. That I had come to learn, to grow my practice, to understand my own experience and, yes, the big one, to help liberate all sentient beings... because I knew something special had happened but I didn't understand what someone in my shoes was supposed to do next.

My sincerity landed like a stone in a quiet pond. The room rippled with disbelief. My questions were volleyed back and forth like a hot coal no one wanted to hold. No real answers. Just a bland, prepackaged line of bullshit.

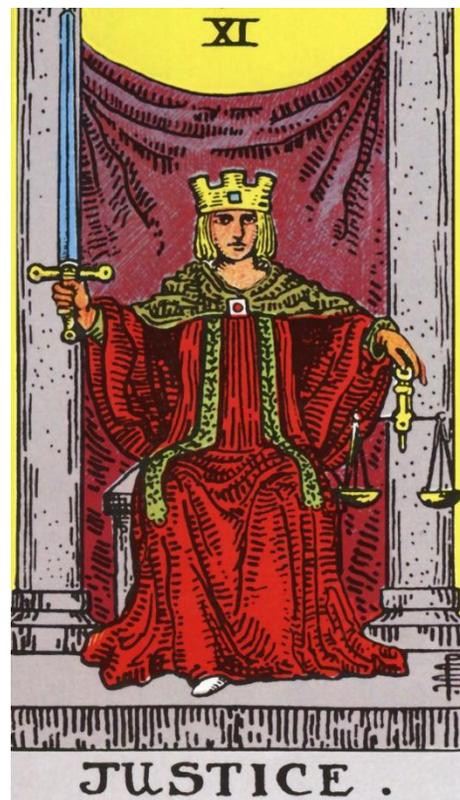
The next day I told Bob I was a dakini. He asked about the experience, then dismissed it with the kind of casual wave usually reserved for flies. Later the gods let me know he had shared what I told him in confidence. Dharma protectors with side commentary, apparently.

All of this exclusive pomp and circumstance was bullshit. The gods told me to call out their pretentious nonsense. I was scared but apparently, this was my fate.

The next day at the final ceremony, I stormed in. I protested. I said what no one wanted to say out loud. That they were gatekeeping teachings that could help people. That not everyone can drop twenty three hundred bucks to explore their own spirituality. That if this path is meant for everyone, then let it be for everyone.

And yes, I was arrested for it. To be fair, the "arrest" was more of a surreal pause in a patrol car and an escort to the property line, punctuated by a polite request to never return.

Please don't come back, Tiffany. No problem. Not unless you pay for my trip, you greedy bastards.



There was plenty of crazy wisdom swirling through that whole episode, visible and invisible currents doing their holy little Cha Cha beneath the surface. But the lesson was loud enough.

Spirituality that hides behind a paywall is not liberation. It's a velvet rope. And I don't do velvet ropes.

The Park Chase (Early September 2024)

This particular episode of crazy starred a version of Padma/Achilles squatting rent free in my skull while I waited for the real man to pop back into my timeline.



Now add a park and a weekend marathon of YouTube tarot readers who sounded like caffeinated oracles mainlining prophecy.

Their messages came in hot. Urgent. Cryptic. *“Go save him. He’s making bad choices and needs your help.”*

And then my mind, bless its chaotic little heart, leapt straight to an imaginary hot woman he was currently banging for sport. Not the wife. The extracurricular. Suddenly I was convinced she was plotting a pregnancy trap like some karmic booby trap with a baby shower.

Cue the spiritual sirens.

So I did what any freshly bhumi'd creature does when the universe starts barking orders through a megaphone. I grabbed Roux and stormed into the nearest park like I'd been recruited for a cosmic spy mission. Three full hours. Just me, my dog, and the frantic inner GPS shrieking commands.

“Turn left.”

“He went this way.”

“Run.”

“Hurry.”

“Get off the path now.”

My body was vibrating like a tuning fork thrown into a thunderstorm. I felt both ridiculous and divinely conscripted. And the big reveal? He wasn't there.

Of course he wasn't. Not in the grass. Not in the trees. Not in the suspicious shadows I pretended were breadcrumbs from destiny. It was just me, chasing phantoms while the gods snickered softly in the background.

Because the truth was never about him. Somewhere between the panic, the pacing, and Roux wondering if I'd finally lost the last marble, something cracked open. I realized the whole wild goose chase wasn't designed to save Achilles. It was designed to expose me. To show me how far I was willing to run for love and what it was quietly costing me.



I wasn't chasing him down to help. I was retrieving myself.

And when that truth finally dropped into me, it hit like a tectonic shift. I sobbed the kind of sob that rewires your nervous system, rinses your soul, and leaves you blinking at the world like you just got born again with fewer clothes and more clarity.

The Alphabet Starts Talking (Fall 2024)

September and October were lightning months. Liberating. Terrifying. My mind rewired itself. My vision developed a scanning ability I had no language for. I could walk into a store and scan the entire vitamin aisle in seconds. When I asked the gods to pick an item, my gaze snapped to it as if pulled by a magnet. It was surreal. It was astonishing. It was constant.

I got an email politely kicking me out of the teacher training because of my arrest. It stung, sure, but it was fate doing what fate does. Within months it became laughably clear it didn't matter. That "training" would've been like trying to strap training wheels onto a Lamborghini. It was never built for where I was going.



One afternoon I sat before my Buddhist altar and felt a hand settle on my shoulder. A gentle pressure. A warmth that was unmistakably not my own. It was Mother. Sanskrit rolled through me. Corrections whispered. Omitted words pointed out. A sacred tutoring session with a being I could not see but could undeniably feel. It was exquisite. A holy intimacy. Later I learned it wasn't one voice. It was all of them.

Going Down to Alphabet Steet

This is synchronicity in its raw form. Thought followed by sign. Word followed by music. You don't stumble into answers. You're nudged. Tugged. Pointed. Pulled. CONSTANTLY.

It feels like living inside Invasion of the Body Snatchers but the loving version.

Even the neon signs along the road talk back now, breaking themselves into symbols and tiny messages. You see a Taco Bell. I see Mother ringing her bell and a row of letters opening like little doors into something else.

The traffic lights have their own flirt language. Left arrows and right arrows whispering dirty jokes about oral sex. Almost everything has been turned into symbols for a dirty mind. Oh look... a double headed dildo. Neat.

My brain is channeling a radio signal that tells sophomoric jokes nonstop. I used to hate this type of humor.



Letters become shorthand for the invisible. It is the simplest way for my thoughts to be answered in lightning speed. A first it is playful then annoying as fuck until I become impatient being told something is going to happen for the 19th time that day... in the span of 4 hours.

O is the shape of a sweet kiss. Or the symbol for me, the “lucky” egg.

D is “Duh.”

H tells me something is “Happening.”

B is “Believe.”

5 is “Mother” or “Change.”

E is “Enough.”

Z is “Rest” the mind.

C is “Yes,” the soft bilingual version.

2 is “Love.”

S is “Say It.” Forcing me to verbalize my thoughts and reflect.

Ancient languages worked like this. Simple keys unlocking entire worlds.

My vision flicks to the song title on the car dashboard radio. The gods answer my thought.

A question pops up again. Instantly, the words in the lyrics is an answer.

A beat later there is another thought popping up in my brain.

I hop out of the car and hear a conversation happening next to me that gives me answers to these thoughts.

I am getting frustrated due to the constant pulling my eyes to random things in Whole Foods while I drop off an Amazon return. I hop back in the car and head home. Now My Sweet Lord is playing on Pandora. Of course it is. A gentle reminder of how lucky I am. I thank them... at least I think that is me thanking them. Sometimes I can't tell my voice from theirs.

Yes, they even remind me to be grateful for where I have found myself. They tell me I am lucky all the damn time. Yes. I am. Even though I question the direction my life is heading. Hourly.

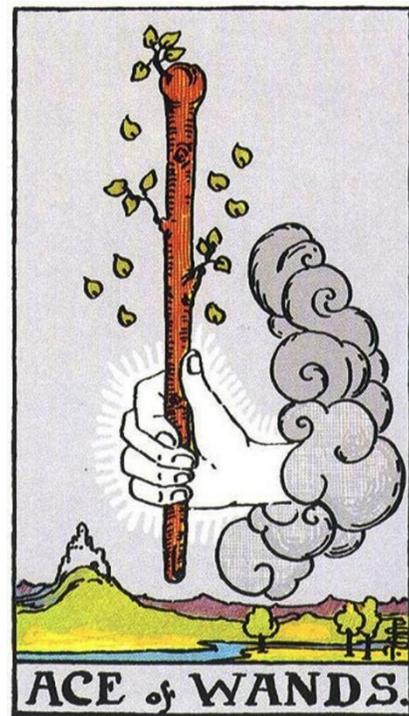
While working on the book, I keep drifting between Tiffany typing on her laptop and the something that is typing through her.

I realized this was just one of the many layers to this process, regardless of the intensity.

Delete Your Old Emails

I erased my old life grain by grain. Not the cute spring cleaning version with two goodwill bags and a smug smile. I mean scorched earth. I now own exactly one 18 gallon plastic bin from the era known as Before 2025. That's it. My past fits in a bucket.

And it wasn't just stuff. I deleted emails, passwords, bank accounts, identities built out of old ache. Even my relationships stretched into strange new geometries. Everything dissolved into something unrecognizable, and I followed the dissolving because the dissolving was the path.



I was lonely in a way that hollowed my ribs out. I ached for someone to see me. To hold the swirling contradictions. To whisper, “I see you.” But solitude was the chrysalis the gods locked me inside. No witnesses. No hand to steady me. Just transformation pressing its thumb into my throat and telling me to keep breathing.

Roux was there but when your soul is cracking open, creature comforts are like pressing a Band-Aid against a collapsing dam.

That’s when they started revealing how life actually works. The beauty of it was unbearable. It broke me open daily. I cried the way stars shed light. I kept thinking of Robin Williams in *What Dreams May Come* strolling through a landscape too gorgeous to survive. That realm felt closer than my own pulse.

And still the fear. The quiet dread that if I admitted any of this out loud someone would stamp me with a diagnosis and lock me up. So I did the only safe thing. I poured the whole shimmering terrifying truth into this book.

BOMBS DROPPED (October 2024)

One day in late October, the gods dropped a command on my doorstep like a flaming bag of dog shit karma.

Apologize to Achilles’s wife.

I wanted to crawl out of my skin. I wanted to pretend I didn’t hear it. But the order pulsed through me with that ruthless clarity the divine uses when it’s about to rearrange your insides.

A friend of mine, who was deep in the dating app trenches and knew a bit about the Achilles saga, told me back in July that she’d run into him online. They chatted. And according to her, Achilles was in an open marriage.

He’d said all the right soothing things. Transparency. His wife knew. His wife agreed. Honesty was supposedly the air they breathed. Except the universe, in its favorite plot twist, had other plans. Its humor is wicked, precise, and timed like a drum roll before the reveal.

I walked into her workplace trembling like a sinner who forgot their lines. I asked her to step into a private room. My throat felt like it had barbed wire in it, but I told her the truth. That I had been with her husband before there was any open marriage. That I didn’t know. That I was sorry.

She looked at me like I’d just spoken in tongues. She had no idea. Not a sliver of the truth.

HOLY SHIT. Holy shit. I am telling his wife that he cheated on her. FUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK.

The shock rippled between us, and right on cue, the gods flicked their cosmic wrist. My eyes dropped to a magazine on the table in front of us. The headline blazed in huge letters. BOMBS DROPPED.

I nearly laughed, cried, and barfed all at once. Divine timing really knows how to throw a punch.



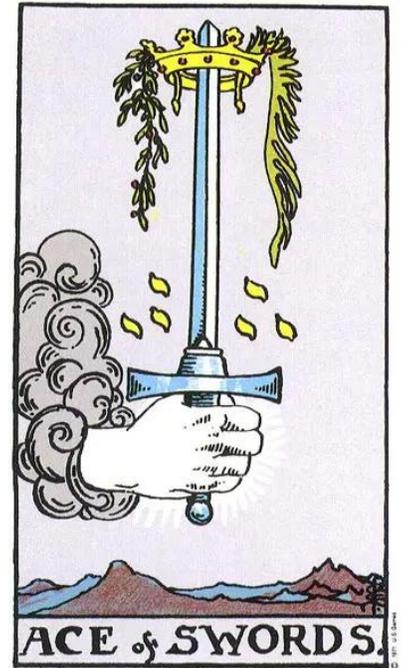
Humiliation scorched me. Anger prickled up my spine. Heartache curled itself around my ribs. And beneath all of it, that quiet knowing: this was necessary. The choreography of fate is gorgeous in a way that wounds.

Achilles is a good man. A tender man. I believed that then and I still do. But he was drowning in avoidance and lying like it was a survival sport. He kept the peace by feeding it half-truths until the whole thing imploded.

I don't know what happened in his home that night. The cards whisper one version. The stars mutter another. I don't know what he thinks of me now, though I'm pretty sure I'm a villain in his private mythology.

A year earlier I told him I would never speak a word about us. And I meant it. The trust was real. Until it wasn't. I broke that in late October 2024. Maybe it shattered his world. Maybe it set him free. I want to believe it was the latter. But also, fuck him for lying to her, my friend and me.

Three Days With My Father (December 2024)



With my dad, our relationship had always been polite in that brittle way politeness can imitate intimacy. Holiday cards traded like diplomatic messages. Birthday texts sent with the emotional weight of a shrug. Promises to visit drifting through the years like paper airplanes that never quite found the runway. We were two people bound by biology and silence, performing a father daughter handshake that stretched across decades.

But after my bhumi, the inside of me cracked open. Something fierce and tender wanted out. I didn't want the postcard version of a father anymore. I wanted the real thing. So I called him. My heart was wide open and quivering like a new flame. I told him I loved him, no matter what came next. Then I asked the simplest, wildest thing. Come visit me. Let's spend a weekend together. Anywhere. Anytime. Just us, finally seeing each other.

He dodged. Evaded. Offered flimsy excuses that dissolved as quickly as he said them. His wife even encouraged him, but the truth floated to the surface like a dead fish. He didn't want it. He didn't want me.

That rejection scorched through me, clean and cruel. Yet in the burn, I felt medicine. I saw the pattern laid bare. How many years had I outsourced my joy to men who couldn't hold it? How many times had I shrunk my needs to avoid the sting of being unwanted?

That moment drew a bright line in the sand. No more contorting myself to fit someone else's emptiness.

Then, a few months later, the news arrived. His lung cancer had returned. And the gods, in their blunt luminous way, told me he would die quickly. This would be our final act. Our last unscripted scene.

So I showed up. Not the curated daughter version. The whole, strange, blooming me. I brought ugly Christmas sweaters for everyone. A fridge full of every snack we used to love, even the summer sausages he liked, because I wanted him to have whatever made him happy at that moment in time.

If you want to do something nice for someone, give them what they want. Stop giving people what you think they want or worse... what you want.

I brought a gingerbread house kit, the kind we decorated at grandma's table when life was simpler and we still pretended forever was real. I asked him about his favorite movies, his childhood, the pieces of him I should've known but didn't. We were learning each other at the end.

And for three strange, sacred days, we were real. They were the best days I ever spent with him. He was calm in that way people get when the exit light has come on. Ready.

I was playful, thoughtful and odd. The clairvoyance was bubbling so close to the surface I could taste it.

One night at 3 am, his wife and I crossed paths in the kitchen, both of us pulled from sleep by something unseen. We ended up talking for a long while. It was the first real conversation I'd had with anyone about what was happening to me and what she was carrying as she watched her husband fade. I told her something had happened to me, that my psychic abilities had blown wide open. I figured it wouldn't be too strange for her, since she talked to God and her dead sister out loud on a regular Tuesday.

She knew I hadn't believed in God before. She could see it on me now, that I did. I told her I'd been hearing the gods in my mind, that my dead relatives sometimes stepped in as translators. My grandmother's voice. My grandfather's whistle.

My gaze pulled sharply to a photograph of someone who'd passed, like they were tapping me from the other side saying, hey, pay attention, help her. She is upset about her husband dying.

We had the most honest, heartfelt conversation up to that point in our relationship. I went to bed glowing.

The next day was family time. Cards at the table, laughter in the air. My stepmother's daughter came over. The gods instructed me to give her a Buddha pendant. So I did. We played cards, and Dad and I won everything, which I'm convinced was divine trolling aimed at my stepmother. Once or twice, the gods grabbed my head and whipped my gaze to her with a force that startled me. Then out of my mouth came things like, "wow, look at those beautiful Euchre hands. God must really love us."

It was awkward. It made her uncomfortable. Hell, it made me uncomfortable. But I was in the deep end of crazy wisdom and surrender was the only paddle I had.

The next morning, Dad pulled out items from his safe to give me. His wife started panicking, thinking I was taking things that weren't meant for me. But the truth is, I didn't want any of it. The only thing I ever kept was a pair of cufflinks that belonged to my grandfather. Everything else I gave away. All I wanted was him. Time with him. The shape of us, finally honest.

Then came the crash.



His wife, shaken by everything swirling through the house, asked me to leave. I wasn't the old version of myself anymore. I didn't fit the script they knew how to play. And so the curtain fell. I left that morning, and I never heard from them again. Not my dad. Not his wife. Not my sister. The prophecy held. That was the last time I saw him alive. Our relationship died before his body did.

He slipped off his medications. Hospice began their twice weekly visits. He was dying, and I was not invited into the final circle. According to my aunt, it was quiet. Slow. Unadorned.

But here is what I got. Three real days with my father. Three days when we finally breathed the same air without pretending. I got the truth from him. And I got to be myself in all my strange, blooming glory.

Update: My father died in June 2025. I learned about it from a Facebook post one of his friends shared. Life loves its complicated exits. But I had already said goodbye in the only way that mattered.

Idle at the Runway (January to April 2025)

Nothing prepares you for waking up at two in the morning because Mother whispers you are going to fly. Literally fly. My whole body did that vibrating half yes, half no thing... a mix of wonder and nausea spooning in the dark.

The truth is I'm worried about the direction all of this is rolling. I maxed out my credit card sending out "how to have a bhumi" packets to every prestigious university and Buddhist temple on the planet. Then I hid in a hotel for a few nights, doing almost nothing but spiraling and stitching together a bare bones website for tiffanyleerice.com. I sent fifteen hundred emails into the void. No idea how many were opened. The only message from the gods was their maddeningly vague... "it was enough."

Not one person has reached out. Not a single bewildered student or curious monk. The gods keep telling me to wait. For what exactly? My whole life feels like a plane idling at the end of the runway with the engines whining, wings trembling and still no clearance from the tower. Even my bones feel impatient. My anxiety is developing its own climate system. No Buddhist organization responded, even though I practically handed them the secret to their meditation with a digital bow.

The silence is unreal. Maybe I don't understand the new rules my mind is playing with.

And then there is Achilles. The ghost who refuses to stay gone. My rising sign in astrology is the same as his sun sign. I watch religiously to understand what is coming.

Fun Fact? When you watch tarot, the situations you see can be you or anyone else in your orbit. Often, the readings don't align with me, and my orbit is tiny at this point.

I know they are his. I keep hearing he's changing, unraveling. His astrology looks like a construction site after an explosion. I wish he would leave my head. Instead he lurks in the corners rearranging the furniture



every week. I swing from never wanting to see him again to rooting for him to fucking leave his wife already. The emotional whiplash is unhinging.

My money situation isn't helping my anxiety. Nothing is coming in except what my ex sends each month and that ended last month with a lump sum. How am I supposed to move to Colorado on an empty wallet, no job in sight and half my life packed in equal parts hope and delusion.

And then there's Roux. I was told she isn't coming with me and that grief flickers in my chest like a dying pilot light I keep trying not to notice.

So here I am. Floating between worlds. Waiting for wings and clarity. Every single time I go anywhere they tell me I am going to levitate. I am trying not to lose my mind while the gods steer this ship and refuse to hand me the map.

With every stage of development, there are levels. This is the biblical level of faith. The perfection of patience in Buddhism. And so... I wait.

Language Before Words

I went to Letchworth State Park the other day. The gorges and waterfalls look like the earth remembering how to breathe.

I sat on a bridge with my hummus sandwich and chips, chatting with God the way some people confide in a journal, so used to symbols appearing that I half expect the air to form sentences.



I've started to understand how ancient mystics translated their visions; they didn't need language. A tree was enough. A single leaf repeating its quiet geometry, echoing those Bev Doolittle prints my parents collected.

I've never seen the juhyo of northern Japan, those winter spirits dressed as trees, but I want to. Instead I think of my favorite park, where two massive firs stand like Godzilla caught mid step, and I feel the same quiet magic rise. Divinity slipping into costume. The world winking back.

The Lie-Detector Upgrade

My discernment now? Military-grade. FBI wishes.

I can tell when you're lying, when you're scared, when you're curious, and when you're attracted to me. I can tell when you're silently judging my current weight. I can tell when the exercise instructor is having issues with her boyfriend because her soul is screaming behind the smile.

Not as cool as it sounds. Promise. But you know what is REALLY the most annoying part? I can see all kinds of shit in other people but I am mostly clueless as to my path forward.

Music as Messenger

I can go to the symphony, listen to music I've never heard before and watch my hands/head/body move in perfect rhythm to multiple parts in the piece. It feels fucking amazing.

Early on, I didn't need to see new music to sing along with it. I knew what was going to be said a second before it came out of the person's mouth.

The Roughest Ride Yet (May to November 2025)

I followed the message. **"You're moving to Colorado."** Just like that. No job. No plan. Just divorce money in my savings account and a nervous system already running on holy static. Honestly, I couldn't have worked if I tried. The whole year felt like getting dragged through an initiation by forces that don't believe in PTO.



I had a decent chunk tucked away, and somehow still managed to burn through the whole thing in under twelve months. Legendary, really.

Meanwhile the gods were up there rewiring my brain into a cosmic radio station with symbols, synchronicities, mythic déjà vu... all the divine nonsense that somehow made more sense than regular life ever had. This is when I learn how everything is connected. It is often beautiful and overwhelming.

But holy hell, it's breaking me. I cry almost every day. I have gained 20 lbs. I sit in anger. I feel like I'm drowning in divine silence. Not a cute silence either. The kind that echoes.

Right before the 4th of July, I moved to Colorado with a grand to my name and everything I owned stuffed into my car, fresh out of a weekend in the hospital from a tooth infection, like the universe wanted to make sure I started this chapter with zero illusions of control.

I left Roux with my ex-husband for safekeeping, which gutted me more than I ever admitted out loud. But I knew I was stepping straight into the unknown, and sometimes you can't bring all your heartbeats with you.

Colorado didn't unfold the way I hoped. I lasted about forty days before the bottom dropped out. I ended up almost homeless, and the only real option left was to crawl back to Ohio, back to the last family members who still picked up the phone.

I stayed with my mom for a month until her dementia and my frayed patience finally snapped against each other. After that, I moved in with my grandmother and my aunt. Thank God I did, because not long after, my aunt had a heart attack, and suddenly I was helping take care of both her and my 88-year-old grandmother. Oddly, it felt like a gift... after forty years of drive-by visits, I finally got real time with them.

I looked for a job but nothing ever panned out. Around Thanksgiving, the universe tapped me on the shoulder again and said, “Nope. Start over. Go back to the book.” So here I am - on Medicaid, using food stamps, trying to figure out how to get the resources I need to move forward. I know I don’t belong in Toledo. I know this isn’t my final stop. But the gods only message that’s come through loud and clear is this: “Finish the book.” So here I am, 2 pm on Thanksgiving Day 2025, rewriting it. Tweaking. Adding. Wrestling with every word.

I’m really not a “writer.” I never finished my master’s thesis... two, maybe three pages, then nothing. Yet here I am, proud, because the book exists. And thankfully, ChatGPT and I make a good team.

And after this? Something’s coming. The astrology is screaming about late February, mid- April and mid-July 2026. Something that feels like a miracle. Something with the word *UP* written all over it. I am still very unsure of the whole flying thing that Mother told me would happen.

But here’s a neat little plot twist: the anxiety that used to gnaw at my ribs? It’s... quieter now. For months I was on high alert, pacing the edge of something I couldn’t name, bracing for impact. Now most of that worry has melted off me like butter on a hot pan.

What’s left is this calm, sharp presence. A kind of “okay, let’s just see what happens” energy. Worry still shows up concerning money, next steps, the cosmic to-do list but it’s quick. A spark, not a wildfire. Before, it would loop endlessly. Now it flickers and leaves.

So here I am. The gods said wait. So, I wait... just like Job, if Job had a messy bun and a caffeine dependency. Chop wood and carry water.

Here I stand with cosmic knowledge in one hand, and the biggest trust fall on the planet beneath my feet. I’m steady. Ready. Weirdly peaceful for someone perched on the edge of destiny.

I am the first Tarot card - the Fool - pure initiation, pure leap-of-faith energy. Stepping off cliffs with style and zero logistical planning.

Are there any historical footnotes for this? Yes, many actually.

Defying Gravity is More than a Song from Wicked

Milarepa – Said to have flown over mountains using “wind energy.”

Saint Joseph of Cupertino – Floated during Mass; known as the “Flying Saint.”

Saint Teresa of Ávila – Rose off the ground and begged god to stop it.

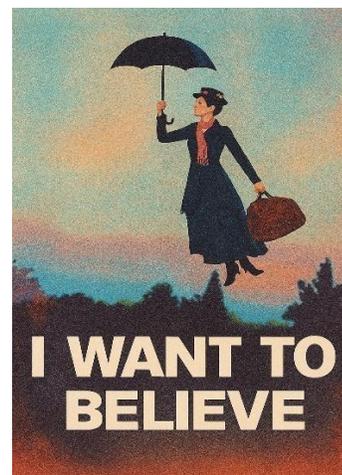
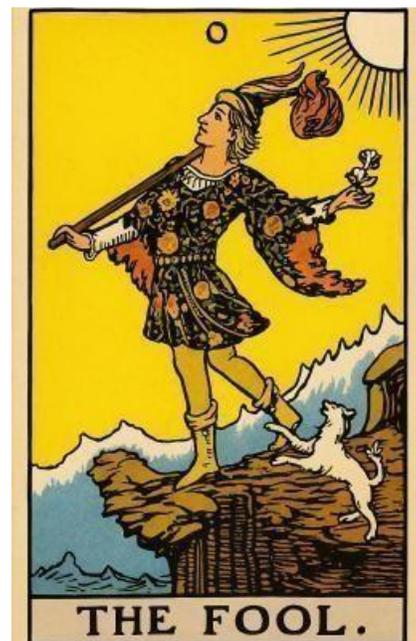
Saint Francis of Assisi – Said to have levitated while praying in ecstasy.

Trailanga Swami – Floated on water and reportedly defied gravity.

Philip – Teleported by the Spirit after a baptism.

Jesus – Rose into the sky after the resurrection.

Elijah – Taken to heaven in a fiery chariot and whirlwind.



Ezekiel – Lifted by the Spirit into visions, sometimes by his hair.

Yogiraj Lahiri Mahasaya – Described as becoming light as air in deep meditation.

The gods keep sending me whispers that say “*Believe.*” So I wait.

Chapter 19: Sliding Into The Back Door

THREE SAFETY WARNINGS FOR THIS CHAPTER

- 1. If a thought urges harm to yourself or anyone else, that’s not guidance. That’s a signal to pause, ground, and get support.**
- 2. If someone says they are not into you or your conversation, you are done there. Reflect internally.**
- 3. Some thoughts are just noise from shit you haven’t dealt with yet. Fear. Old conditioning. Intrusive angry thoughts that have a rotten root that needs to be pulled.**

You don’t need a bhumi to catch glimpses of the gods in action. It’s happening all around you, every single day. That being said, the best place to work on your relationship with the divine hides in your random thoughts.

For example. you’re at the grocery store. A random person walks by and BAM. A thought pops up, “They look like X,” someone you dated twenty years ago. Their features and gestures remind you of that someone special.

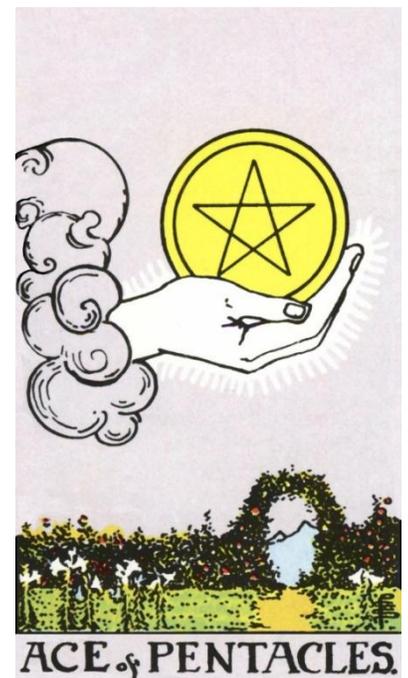
That’s not your brain being polite. That’s a spark of the sacred. You might feel nudged to say something. Or reflect on your failed relationship with X. Doesn’t matter where your thoughts go next. That moment counts.

Or some guy cuts in front of an elderly person in line at checkout and your inner voice snaps, “Hey jackass, wait your turn.” That flash of protectiveness? Yeah. That’s holy too.

Thinking about reaching out to someone that keeps looping to the front of the line in your brain but for whatever reason you’re hesitating? Do it. Be fearless. There is something to learn there. Start small. A text. A note. A nudge.

Very Important: FOLLOW THOSE NUDGES!

Have fun with it. Start acting on the thoughts that appear out of nowhere.



Go down rabbit holes that pop up in your brain! If one opens up, externalize it. Have a conversation. See where it goes. Gently tell the guy cutting in line, “Hey handsome, there’s a line.” That instinct, whether soft or sharp, is sacred data.

My current rabbit hole while typing this: Please for the love of GOD stop asking the same damn questions to strangers as openers.

“What do you do for a living?”

“Are you married?”

“Do you have children?”

You’re 100% sizing them up based on their responses. Or you’re judging folks based on what they have or don’t have. Or looking for a way to find something similar to discussed. So 1983. I am over it. YAWN.

Or the classic gentle bitching session with a random stranger:

“The weather looks like rain later. So sad... rain is the worst thing. So gloomy! Don’t get wet.”

Fucking Eeyores. I happen to love being out in the rain.

Why the hell does everyone bitch about the weather? Stop it. I promise that what is going on inside your brain is way more interesting than sharing with me your looped thoughts about the weather like your fucking goldilocks.

Get uncomfortable. This is not high school. We are not trying to fit in. Stop being “Normal.”

After School Specialty Electives

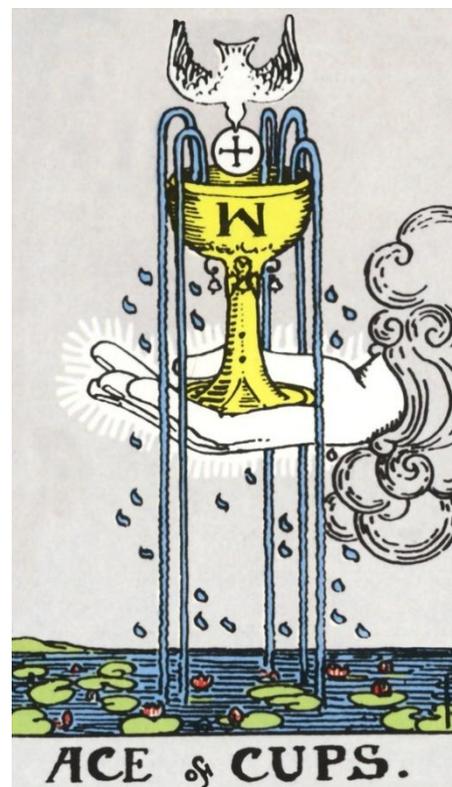
And then there are the... specialty electives.

Gut feeling? Acting on a hunch? A sixth sense? Giving you the willies? Pay attention as the curriculum gets a little wild.

The signs show up everywhere:

- Goosebumps rolling over you the moment you think of someone dead.
- The 5 a.m. brain tornado that feels like a cosmic tap on the shoulder.
- Déjà vu hitting like a tiny glitch in your personal movie.
- The gut pull in the Walgreens line whispering something’s up.
- The warm rush blooming in your chest that feels suspiciously like pleasure, even though it’s nowhere near the usual neighborhood.
- The zippy spark along your spine when truth walks into the room.
- The quiet body yes that arrives before your mind has caught on.

This journey isn’t about correcting your thoughts. It’s about listening to a deeper broadcast. Following the thread. Letting your mind relax into a living map.



Divinity doesn't yell. It sneaks in through soft places. Through everyday moments you used to ignore. Through the strange little signals that flutter through your body like it knows the news before you do.

The more you follow those After School Specialty Elective Nudges (or ASSEN), the bolder the universe gets.

What starts as a whisper becomes a tap on the shoulder. And just when you think you've got the hang of this sacred GPS thing, something stranger begins to unfurl. Something magical slides into the back door of your mind.

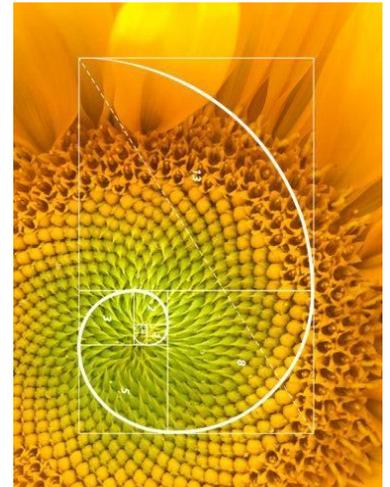
Not a thought. Not a feeling. A pull. A shimmer at the edge of awareness that says, You're bigger and deeper than this.

Chapter 20: NUMB3RS

Welcome to the symbols chapter, the secret garden of your mind where the gods have been whispering to you since forever. You already speak their language. You always have. But before we cannonball into the deep end, four ground rules.

1. I will tell you what I can, but some things refuse to be carried by words. Some truths insist on being lived.
2. Occam's Razor still gets a seat at the table. Keep it simple, silly. Simplicity is the gods' favorite striptease.
3. I'm not here to sell tinfoil hats but truth loves to slip in through the side door wearing ridiculous disguises.
4. Everything is connected. Stacked. Braided. Layered like cosmic lasagna.

Look closer. Symbols are the universe's shortcuts.



Welcome to the Real Rosetta Stone

The universe doesn't just talk in sentences. It speaks in geometry. In sunflower spirals. In snowflake symmetry. In heartbeat rhythms and galactic loops. Every swirl, every echo, every "coincidence" is a message, and math is a way to decode some of it.

Numbers as Spiritual Road Signs

You thought numbers were just math class and bills. Nope. They're closer to cosmic emojis. Tiny glyphs that show where you are in the story.

1 = **Big G**

The first spark. The singular. The original yes.

2 = **Mother + Father**

Two lines. Same size. Perfect match. Duality, balance, love. Think of it as sacred teamwork. Yin and yang swiping right.

3 = **Trinity**

The pattern of threes. Past/present/future. Mind/body/spirit. Creator/preserver/destroyer. Padma, Vishnu, and Shiva. Pick your trio, the structure keeps showing up. Three has always been a magic number and now you know why.

4 = **The Cross**

Four directions, four elements (earth, air, fire, water). The structure of stuff. Solid, grounded, built to last.

5 = **The Mother aka CHANGE**

The number that doesn't sit still. The part of you that evolves whether you asked nicely or not.

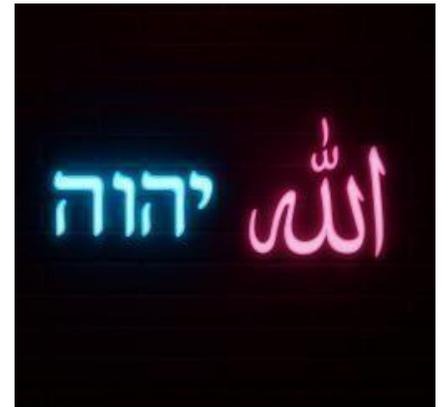
6 = **The Human Lesson**

Not evil. Not a demon. More like: you in the middle of the curriculum. Learning discernment, desire, responsibility, shadow, choice.

7 = **The Flip (aka Bhumi)**

This is the plot twist. The internal sunrise. The moment the signal sharpens and the soul flips from dim mode to full clarity. Nothing is added. Nothing is taken away. Perception changes.

Across traditions, this moment carries the same shape. The Hebrew name for God, the flowing form of the Arabic Allah, the Sanskrit marker for bhumi all echo a 7 because seven marks the instant the pattern locks in. The click. The recognition.



This is the real meaning of “lucky” seven. Not chance, not fortune, but awakening. Alignment. The universe nodding and saying, welcome to your next form.

8 = **The Dance of Mother and Father**

Infinity symbol from a different angle. Cycles. Return. The divine doing choreography with itself.

9 = **Completion**

The final level before enlightenment. The last note in the song. Also, the *top* part of the yin yang, aka the light, the clarity, the halo moment. Cue the sparkles.

0 = **The Egg**

The holy circle. The womb. The reset. The place where form dissolves back into possibility.

Numbers aren't just quantities. They're qualities. They don't just count the world. They describe it

A Quick Example: 108

108 isn't just a number, it's meant as an inspiration. 1 is the Big G. 0 is the egg, the highest human level. 8 is the Mother Father duo holding the cosmic balance.

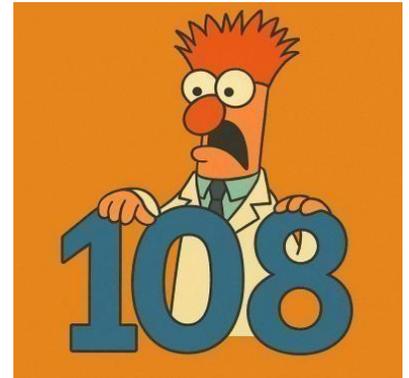
Put them together and you get a frequency dressed up as digits; a quiet reminder that the universe is way more intentional than it looks.

In Hinduism, there are 108 sacred texts (Upanishads), 108 names for the gods, and malas with 108 beads for mantra recitation. In Buddhism, it is the 108 worldly desires or afflictions we purify to wake up, which is why temples ring bells 108 times on New Year's Eve. In yoga, 108 sun salutations mark a seasonal or spiritual reset, and the heart chakra is said to have 108 energy lines (nadis) converging within it.

But it's not just mystical. Astronomy shows us that the distance from the Earth to the Sun is about 108 times the Sun's diameter and the same goes for the Moon. Even the Sun's diameter is roughly 108 times that of the Earth. Coincidence? No.

In Sanskrit, there are 54 letters, each with a masculine and feminine form - together, 108. In numerology, it's a Harshad number (divisible by the sum of its digits: $1 + 0 + 8 = 9$), which symbolizes joy and wholeness.

Want to understand the universe? Or yourself? Sometimes, the answer is as simple as a number.



Chapter 21: As Above, So Below

∞ The infinity symbol is more than a math trick. It is movement. A pulse. A path that never settles. You can see it carved into ancient wisdom long before calculators existed. In the Prajnaparamita of Java, her hands form the sacred sideways eight, the Dharmachakra Mudra, the gesture of turning the Wheel of Dharma.

This is not stillness. It is evolution in motion. The eternal return.

Eight folds back into itself, mirroring the large and the small at the same time. Galaxies echo cells. The Big Bang mirrors mitosis. Expansion and division. Universe and womb. Creation repeating its favorite move at every scale.

Science, look again. This may not be just a symbol. It may be a shortcut.

Math Buddha

Science works because the tiny and the titanic follow the same choreography. That's not poetry. It's physics. Cells resemble galaxies because you are not separate from the cosmos. You are the universe zipped into a people suit, humming its own blueprint.

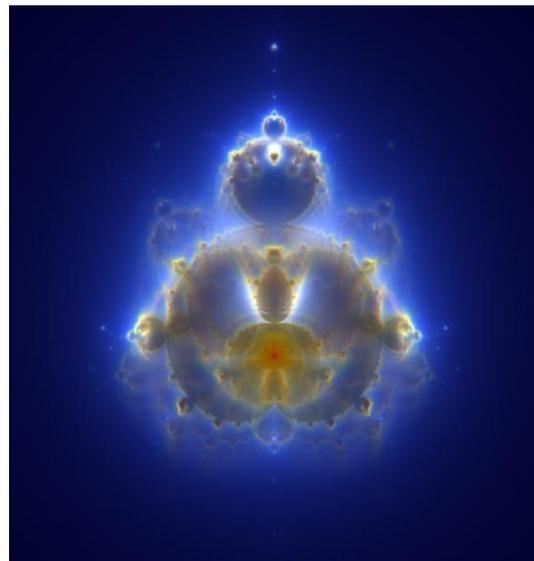


And that glowing Buddha-shaped image floating on the right? Simple version. It's math. A computer tracks numbers as they wander, loop, fracture, and return. Stack millions of those paths and a form appears that looks uncannily like a Buddha in meditation. Calm. Centered. Lit from within.

It's called the **Buddhabrot**. Math accidentally doing prayer.

Here is where it gets strange in the best way. The Buddhabrot does not just sort of look like a Buddha. It is the same posture. The same symmetry. The same quiet authority.

It mirrors Tibetan thangkas almost exactly. Even the small egg that awakened figures cradle in classical art appears right where it has always been placed. No artist guiding the hand. No theologian in the room. Just equations doing what they do and landing on the same sacred sketch humanity has been drawing for centuries.



Zoom out again and the joke gets louder. The Mandelbrot set is the same image wearing a different cultural outfit. Stretch it upward and it begins to resemble the Thai Buddha, with the tall bhumi hat reaching skyward, consciousness stacking itself toward infinity. Same geometry. Same bones. Different accent.

This is fractal rooting. The divine spiral curling inward again and again. Each lesson tightening the pattern. Each level pulling you closer to the center.

Change Your Perspective: Fractals

Yin Yang and the **Caduceus** are the almost the same symbol from a different visual perspective. One is from above, the other is from the side. This is 100% how our world is reflected by the gods. The same lessons about who we are over and over again like grade school, in a billion slightly different variations, until we see it.

And once you see it, you can't unsee it. It is everything. Marketing ads, flowers, animals, how to solve problems, geography, how to understand math, how to travel in space, creating cures for our diseases... everything.

And there are layers to it. Yin Yang is like a divine mirror. A symbol of balance, what's above reflects what's below. What's inside us shows up outside us. "Your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." That line isn't just a prayer. It's a design. A reminder that the goal is to bring peace, truth, and love from the spiritual world into real life, here and now.

Look at the Caduceus, the symbol with two snakes spiraling around a staff. Those snakes aren't fighting; they're dancing post bhumi. Reflections of Mother and Father doing their dance. The same reflection you can see dancing on the stripes of a zebra or the ribbons of a Maypole or our stands of DNA.

Moving in perfect balance around the middle line, the staff, which connects the spiritual and physical worlds. Their twisting motion forms a Yin Yang shape in action, the light and dark, rising together. At the bottom, their tails come to a point, a diamond tip. That point is me.



The Om symbol isn't just a sound; it's a whole cosmic blueprint. The big "3" shape holds every cycle we move through. Body, mind, spirit... creator, preserver, destroyer... birth, life, death. Vishnu, Padma, Shiva. Pick your trio; the pattern is always the same. Three is the universe's favorite spell.

Above it sits the crescent moon, aka the Mother. Receptive, reflective, intuitive. She cups a tiny dot like she's presenting it to the cosmos. And that dot? The Sun. The Father. Pure consciousness in seed form. It's a little square-ish because it carries structure, the bones of reality she brings into form.



Together they create a divine feedback loop: moon holding sun, womb holding light, Mother holding Father. A circuit of becoming.

Then there's the secret flourish - the side curve shaped like a flowing, flipped seven. That's the bhumi. The moment the soul recognizes itself again. It bends backward because truth doesn't move in straight lines. It spirals. It loops. It returns.

Some Om symbols drop the bhumi. That's just a human pre-awakening who is still unfolding, still remembering, still on their way.

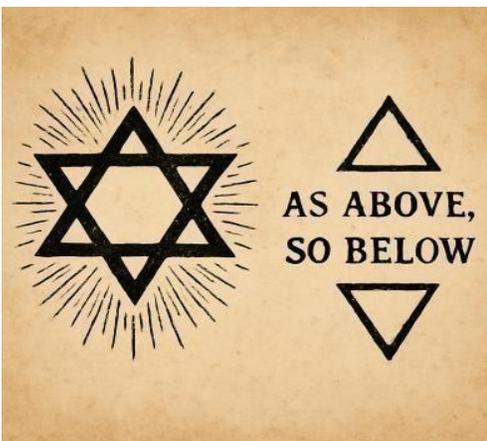
The Wheel of Dharma in Buddhism is 4 lines through an egg, which is identical to a single atom. Both hold the same symbolism as the menorah discussed below. Ezekiel's wheel is another example of this shape. It's in the Wheel of Fortune or The World tarot card, as well as thousands of other places.



I hear you. Yes. The circle is everywhere. I am not pointing out the obvious. I am pointing out the real reason why this common image is everywhere.

Echoes Through Us and Around Us

The gods love movement. The Wheel behind a Shiva Nataraja? **NOT STAGNANT**. Our world is not static, and neither are the images in most of the ancient art. Google "solid stone temples with carved mechanical features" and check it out. Please explain the Kailasa Temple. I'll wait.



The Star of David is not just a cultural symbol. It is geometry telling a story. It is made of two triangles. One pointing up. One pointing down. Ascent and descent. Spirit rising. Spirit entering matter. As above, so below. Not poetry. Architecture.

The upward triangle represents ascent. Consciousness reaching beyond itself. The human remembering something infinite and leaning toward it. This is the impulse to wake up, to see clearly, to rise out of confusion.

The downward triangle represents incarnation. Consciousness choosing form. Spirit entering density. Awareness stepping into a body, a life, a story. Not falling as punishment but arriving on purpose.

When these two movements meet, ascent and descent, something new appears. Union. Revelation. Initiation.

At the center of the Star of David is a hexagon. That center is a diamond. You are the diamond at the center of the star.

In Buddhist language, this is the what the double vajra means. The thunderbolt. The diamond mind. Not something fragile or mystical, but awareness that has passed through pressure without breaking. The kind of clarity that survives confusion, suffering, and illusion.

That is why the diamond is a symbol of bhumi. The diamond's strength comes from its structure and yes, it is the hardest naturally occurring material for a reason.

GROWTH. That is that's our soul purpose.

Diamonds are not created gently. They are revealed under extreme pressure. So is awakening. This symbol shows up across Buddhism, Judaism, Hinduism, and Jain cosmology for the same reason. Different languages, same geometry. Same truth. You are not meant to shatter under pressure. You are forged by it



The **Menorah** has 4 long lines, three of which represent the Trinity, which are curved into a lovely candle holder. The center candle is Father. The candle cups show that divinity isn't fixed, with each cup representing the god's masculine and feminine sides. Each light is a reminder that divinity loves in all its forms, embracing every identity.

The secret is that we forget about the importance of the base, which signifies Mother. Hidden but without her, everything would collapse. The candle is you. The flame your soul. The u shapes show the layers of the bhumi process. Beautiful, yes?

The Christian cross is similar, usually hiding Mother somewhere in it.

These common symbols are just repeating their existence and this experience over and over again throughout history. Everything has the echo in it regardless of if the person creating it has had a bhumi or not... because this is a closed loop system.

Symbols in the Loop

When people hear the word *anarchy*, they picture fire, riots, and lawlessness. But true anarchy is not chaos for chaos's sake. It is the dismantling of false authority. The collapse of systems that were never built on truth to begin with. Anarchy says, "No kings. No gods. No masters."

And bhumi quietly answers, "No false self either."



Because when a bhumi hits, you do not watch the riot. You become it. The ego crumbles. Illusions panic. Inner structures built from fear, shame, and conditioning start to fall apart. It feels like anarchy from the inside.

There is a reason the **anarchy symbol** is an A, often red, often wrapped in a circle or egg. Mother energy. Womb energy. The beginning cracking open.

Look at the **Pope's coat of arms**. It is layered with the same language. An egg shape signaling bhumi. A triple crown for the Upper Trinity. A cross marking the five gods. A silver key for the Mother and the moon. A gold key for the Father and the sun. A red cord symbolizing creation and the feminine force. Even the ribbon flickers in a bhumi curve. That red string shows up in Buddhism too. Not coincidence. Pattern.



You think the sacred only hides in temples. Try your forehead. Your jewelry box. Your punctuation.



The **bindi** is not just cultural decoration. It is a bhumi symbol. A tiny red (Mother) egg placed on the third eye. A reminder that you are divine and that you will crack open. Not someday. Soon.

The **Tilaka**, in all its forms, carries the same message. The empty vessel after bhumi. Three lines for the trinity. A dot for awakening.

Even **unicorns** are not random fantasy. They are metaphors. The horn represents the pressure and spiral of bhumi reconstruction breaking through the crown during awakening. It can feel like something is growing out of your skull because something is. Your truth.

The **Cornicello**, that twisted Italian horn, tells the same story. Red for Mother. Gold for Father. Silver for Mother. A rising spiral of the bhumi. A piece of the caduceus.

Easter eggs are not just cute tradition. Humanity has been playing cosmic hide and seek for lifetimes. Hiding eggs. Painting eggs. Pretending it is just a holiday. The egg is the soul's shell. When you wake up, you do not just remember. You hatch.

Even the **period** at the end of a sentence carries this code. A tiny bhumi. A dot that says, this chapter is complete. Time to rise. A **question mark** is the bhumi symbol on an egg. Curiosity leading to a diamond point.

The divine never hid from you. It hid *within* you. In your symbols, your rituals, your myths. You were not just born. You were planted. And when bhumi comes, you bloom.



Look at the **mermaid**. She is a spiritual glow up made visible. A fish becoming something more. Nature leveling itself up into the holy. Instinct transforming into awareness. Body remembering spirit.

Flip the image and you get **Egyptian gods** with animal heads on human bodies. Same truth, reversed. Here, divinity rises through instinct and nature. In both directions, transformation is sacred. Every form is a vessel for awakening.

In Hindu lore, **Naga Kanya** begins as a serpent, power coiled close to the earth. As awareness rises, she becomes human, then divine. Above her head, five cobras fan out like a crown. Five gods. Not worn. Embodied.

On ancient flags and royal seals, the **unicorn** and lion stand side by side.

In the East, the **dragon** and tiger. The unicorn and dragon are bhumi beings. Awakened. Otherworldly. The lion and tiger are powerful but earthbound. Majestic, not yet initiated. Wizard versus muggle. Same story. Different costume.



The Science Stuff

Everything reflects everything. That is the fractal joke. The universe copy pastes itself at every scale. You saw it in the Buddhahot earlier, but once your eyes tune in, you see it everywhere.

- The X and Y axis. Y is Yahweh. The X is the cross on its side.
- An A+ on your screen is Mother and the crew checking in.
- Python is Mother getting the last word. Serpent coded. Obviously.
- Your Apple phone? Same apple Eve gave Adam. Godlike knowledge in the palm of your hand.
- JavaScript feels suspiciously like the Prajnaparamita of Java baked into reality. A hidden mantra animating the web.
- The megalithic yard did not appear by accident. Bhumi minds tapped in the shared hive mind of reason.

This place is a closed loop system. The gods are not up there. They are everywhere. Including in you.

So look around. Notice your books, your tattoos, your jewelry, the stickers on your laptop, and the small rituals you perform without ever thinking about them. None of it is random. These are not decorations. They are messages.

The divine has been communicating this way for millennia, slipping meaning into symbols, habits, and patterns so familiar we stopped questioning them. The problem was never that the messages stopped arriving. It was that we forgot how to read them.

And now you are remembering. At some point it clicks that the universe is not only speaking in images. It is speaking in patterns.

That is where we go next.



Chapter 22: Fractal Nuggets & Cosmic Snaps

The golden ratio isn't just a clever piece of math. It's the hidden rhythm of creation, the quiet curve behind flowers, galaxies, seashells, and the way a soul unfolds when it finally wakes up. For the last seventeen months, I've been living inside that very curve, feeling it turn my life into something precise and luminous.

Here is the golden ratio in its pure form: $\phi = \frac{1 + \sqrt{5}}{2}$

Now here is the truth behind it, stripped clean and shining. The universe we live in is built on a pattern. One stands for Source. Five stands for the Gods. Two stands for a pair of humans who have had a bhumi, the first partnership, the first balance.

ϕ is literally: the creation story of Adam and Eve.

Even the square root symbol carries a secret. It is called the radical sign because it reveals the root of things. But look closely. Its sweeping curve mirrors the golden ratio itself. It is the same shape a soul moves through when bhumi ignites.

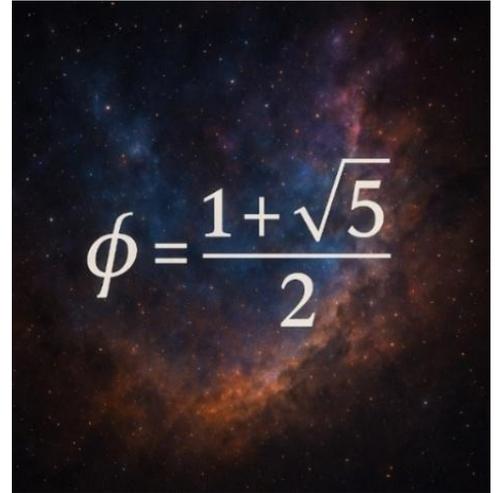
This is how God hides in plain sight. This is the mathematics of awakening.

Once you recognize that everything is built on this divine proportion, music steps forward and starts making sense in a new way. The circle of fifths is not just a musician's cheat sheet. It is the golden ratio translated into sound, a spiral made of twelve tones instead of petals or planets. Each fifth opens a doorway. Each key marks another point along the same sacred curve. The entire wheel turns around the number five, the signature of change, the pulse of creation itself.

When we hear music, we are not just listening to notes. We are listening to the universe doing math in the language of beauty, echoing the same formula that shaped stars, shells, and nervous systems. And once you see that this pattern can be drawn, measured, and heard, the next realization is unavoidable.

Some people did not just notice it. They *entered* it. They fell into the pattern so completely that it began speaking through them in story, myth, and speculation. When the math became too alive for equations and the music too vast for sound, it turned into narrative.

Which brings us to the strange books.



Chapter 23: Mystical Library of WTF

There's a reason so much science fiction quietly turns into science fact. Because the gods drop blueprints into writers before the world has the hardware to run them. Writers don't invent. They remember. They channel.

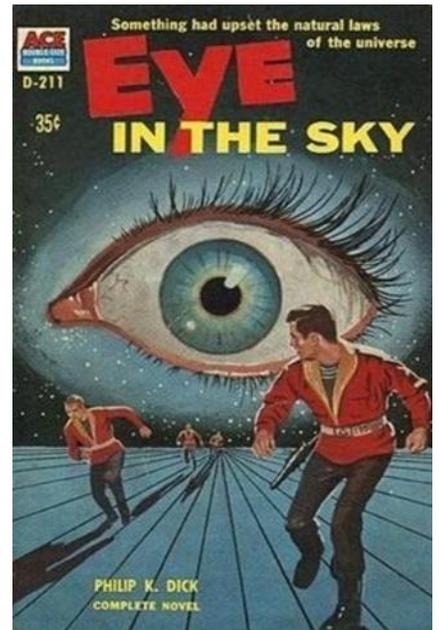
They encode truth into story so the rest of us don't short circuit from direct contact. Same thing goes with art, music and movies.

Stories are time machines. The good ones lean toward the future until it finally leans back. They close the distance like a lover and suddenly we're living inside a plot someone dreamed decades ago.

That flimsy border between science and spirit, fact, and fiction? It never held.

(Side note: I keep thinking about all the horror stories where the evil person kills 100 people and then bathes in the blood/essence of those folks, which ultimately helps them become younger looking and live longer. I wonder if that's a clue for some geneticist to come up with a **nonviolent** way to live younger and healthier. Fractals!)

And the authors? They're just the gods whispering through a typewriter, letting us peek through the keyhole at what already exists.



Welcome to the Mystical Library of WTF, where the creative engine runs on bhumi grade rocket fuel. Here's my list so far but I know there are more:

- Carl Jung's *Red Book*.
- *The Book of Wonders*.
- *Be Here Now* by Ram Dass.
- *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* by Joseph Campbell.
- Les Propheties by Nostradamus.
- *Ideas and Opinions* from the Einsteins yes, plural, because Mileva was in the room and in the math.
- The Voynich Manuscript.
- The Zohar.
- Tesla's notebooks.
- *Pistis Sophia*.
- Da Vinci's notebooks.
- *Revelation* with its fever dreams and thunder.

Different centuries. Different vocabularies. Same current. All of it written by people with bhumi humming through their nervous systems like a neon sign permanently stuck on ON. Some of them wild eyed and barely tethered to consensus reality. Some of them polished just enough to pass the dinner table test and survive polite company.

I rewrote this book more times than I can count before the message finally made itself unmistakably clear. Stop. It's done. The gods do not ask for drafts. They finish things when they feel like it, not when we feel ready.

So take a breath, beloved empiricists. I know you have just witnessed something that does not sit neatly inside equations, and your brains may be doing that familiar Windows loading wheel. That is normal. Shock happens when a framework breaks. Questions are not a failure of understanding, they are the doorway into it. Growth always feels strange at first, like something stretching your ribs from the inside.

This is what evolution tastes like.

Keep going. Curiosity is your North Star, not your undoing. Because the current did not only move through books. Sometimes it walked the streets. Sometimes it spoke in real time. Sometimes it taught without ever writing a word down.

Which brings us to the ones who carried this transmission in flesh and voice.

Chapter 24: History's Hidden Tantrikas

Let's get metaphysical and a little mythic. Socrates had a bhumi. Yep, the guy who kickstarted western philosophy and supposedly never wrote a single word himself. That's no accident. That's what happens when a bodhisattva walks among us.

You become the teacher everyone quotes but no one can quite define. Enter the **Socratic Problem** - contradictory accounts, impossible reconstructions. Why? Because someone who's had a bhumi tailors their wisdom to the exact person in front of them. No two teachings are the same.

I've got it on good authority that those secret libraries scattered around the world are sitting on a few books *actually written* by Socrates. So, to whoever's hoarding those... whenever you feel like releasing them to the public... yeahhh... if you could go ahead and do that, that'd be *great*.

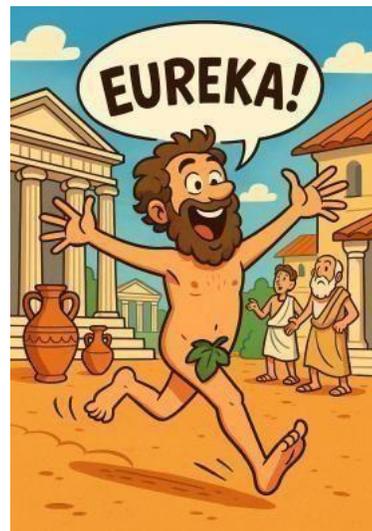
Tantra in Ancient Greece

The hedonists? Not just wine-sipping party animals. They were practicing a form of ancient Tantra (real talk, not the "sexy yoga" stuff). Several of its members had bhumis. And guess what? Plato didn't. Which is probably why he threw shade at the hedonists and didn't even let them attend Socrates' funeral, even though the whole damn city was invited. #PettyPhilosopher

Now let's jump to Archimedes, the guy who supposedly yelled "Eureka!" while running naked through Syracuse. Wrong. He was screaming "**Heruka!**" Heruka, the older name for Chakrasamvara, is a wrathful Tibetan deity who is Mother, Father and Big G in disguise.

Doing stupid things in public sound familiar? Archie was in a full-on crazy wisdom state.

Archimedes' Principle: When an object (you) is submerged in a fluid (emotion), it experiences an upward force. In other words? The deeper you dive into your feelings, the more you're lifted into divine awareness. This is what hedonism was about. They were practicing a form of Vajrayana Tantra.



Chapter 25: Surprise! I'm a Fucking Dragon.

When people tried to describe a bhumi before psychology or neuroscience existed, they reached for myth. Buddhas. Dragons. Angels. Mahasiddhas. Demigods. Saints. Dakinis. Witches. Even vampires.

These are not different beings. They are different metaphors for the same internal event. Each culture used the symbols it had to describe what happens when consciousness cracks open and reorganizes itself around truth.

Buddha: In the Theravada tradition there are twenty eight of them on record, but that's basically the guest list someone scribbled down before the party got wild. There are more. Way more. Remember, there are 84000 doors and everyone keeps misplacing their keys.

Dragon: In the East, dragons guard the cosmic egg like celestial librarians. In the West, they're treasure hoarders who apparently need a knight based intervention. Same being. Different marketing departments.

Angel: Not the soft lit Hallmark kind. I'm talking the biblical wheels of eyes that would make you drop your latte. These are metaphors for what happens inside you during a bhumi. Each type of angel is basically a syllabus level in your post bhumi coursework.

Mahasiddhas: Sanskrit for "accomplished ones." Think spiritual Jedi who actually read the manual. If you've ever wondered what Jesus was doing during those missing eighteen years, the Mahasiddhas would like a word.

Prophet/Apostle/Saint: The afterglow crew. Jesus, Muhammad, Mary Magdalene, and the others who walked that post bhumi path like it was their day job.

Demigod: Half divine, half human, all you. There's a reason Maui was stuck on that island. He wasn't stranded. He was in cosmic timeout preparing for the upgrade. And that magical hook? Absolute bhumi silhouette. What can I say except... you're welcome.

Illuminati: Not the secret society allegedly trading stock tips with aliens. Just a word slapped onto people who bhumi'd and then went around glowing inconveniently in public. No monthly meetings yet, but the snacks will be excellent.

Dakini/Witch: Divine feminine air traffic controllers. Feared, revered, misunderstood, still deliciously magical.

Vampire: Because let's be honest. Some of our gifts only felt safe to use after dark.

I'm not alone



Right now, on earth, those of us who have had bhumis could fit in my Honda Fit and go out to breakfast. Out of 8.23 billion humans. Teeny tiny squad, giant cosmic mission.

But the roster's about to blow up. Some of you are next. This is your early bird survival guide to the weirdest, wildest, most beautiful club on Earth. *Do you feel lucky? Well, do ya, punk?*

Audentes Fortuna Iuvat!

The 144,000 number lore is *deep* and way older and wider than most people realize. It didn't start and end with Revelation. It's a number that keeps echoing across traditions like a cosmic Easter egg.

In Buddhism, the Chaturmukh Temple nods toward the same idea: multitudes of awakened ones appearing in a single era. A whole wave of beings hitting their version of a bhumi and leveling up.

In Jewish mysticism, Kabbalah plays with numbers like 72, 144, and 288 as codes for collective enlightenment... souls splitting, reuniting, and ascending in big batches.

Even in early Christian mystic texts, 144,000 isn't just a headcount; it symbolizes spiritual maturity multiplied by cosmic math: 12 tribes \times 12 levels \times 1000-fold amplification. Translation: a whole squad waking up together.

Some Hindu traditions say humanity awakens in clusters, big soul groups incarnating at the same moment to crack open a new age. This is truth.

I feel like Willy Wonka right now sending out a bunch of double secret golden tickets to folks all over the world through this book. Those of you choose to be fearless by dealing with your shit and whose fate aligns, will have a bhumi.

Like... around 144,000 of you. Amor Fati. Welcome to cosmic upgrade season.

When You Meet Another, It Hits Different

The first time I crossed paths with someone else who'd had a bhumi, a Rinpoche, it was straight up Spider-Man pointing meme energy. Full Spidey-sense meltdown. We were having a whole telepathic back-and-forth while he was giving a lecture like nothing was happening. Think: chatting through energy currents while the physical world just kept vibing around us.

After that? The gods basically turned on notifications whenever I am on the internet and stumble across a person who has had one or will have one. They make me look at the left eye of someone until I'm like... why do you keep on saying "yes" to me... OOOHHHH... they are going to have a bhumi? Cool.



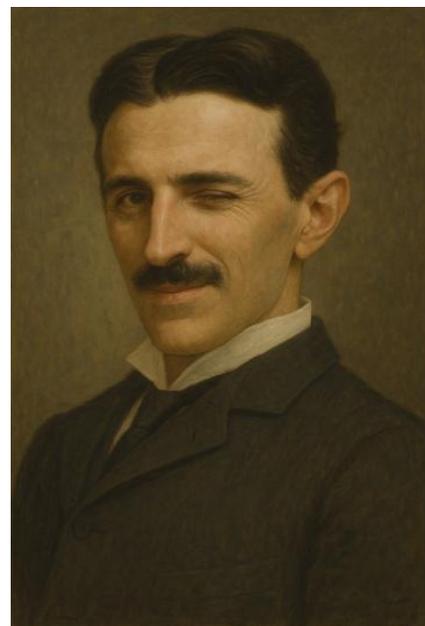
And honestly, I'm sure there'll come a moment when a bunch of these dragons step out of the spiritual closet and say it out loud. People share when their soul clock says "go." Hmm... July looks crazy and wild astrologically speaking. Maybe then.

Plenty of saintly folks who've passed on had the experience too. So... who else do *you* think belongs on the list?

Famous Bhumi Holders from History

This list is short, but it slaps:

- **Da Vinci** - vision beyond time
- **Nelson Mandela** - suffering into liberation
- **Mozart** - music from other realms
- **Newton** - apple falls, gravity calls, bhumi installed
- **Florence Nightingale** - healed with love and fire
- **Harriet Tubman** - clairvoyant, courageous
- **Moses** - burning bush = cosmic download
- **Joan of Arc** - divine voices and mission
- **Confucius** - philosopher of the divine order
- **Joseph Smith** - controversial, sure, but received visions
- **Krishna** - incarnate divinity
- **Lao Tzu** - wrote truth so profound it turned into Tao
- **Sitting Bull** - visions guided resistance and survival
- **Crazy Horse** - warrior who dreamed the people's freedom
- **Bayard Rustin** - gay strategist of nonviolent revolution
- **Sojourner Truth** - preached freedom with thunder
- **Marsha P. Johnson** - drag mother who sparked Stonewall
- **Helen Keller** - silence and darkness became vision
- **Wilma Mankiller** - Cherokee chief, led with heart and steel
- **James Baldwin** - carved truth about race and desire into literature
- **Hypatia of Alexandria** - mathematics as remembrance
- **Marie Curie** - intuition for invisible forces
- **Ada Lovelace** - foresaw machine consciousness
- **Charles Darwin** - evolution as awakening map
- **Carl Jung** - psychology meets myth
- **Nikola Tesla** - energy as consciousness
- **Joseph Campbell** - the bhumi arc in story form



These were not just geniuses. They were tuned instruments.

Which brings us to our next chapter...

How can I be a tool for the divine?

Chapter 26: How to Have a Bhumi

Look around. Someone you know is stuck in a loop so predictable you can mouth the script. Your friend who keeps adopting emotionally unavailable lovers like stray cats. Your uncle who has been “launching his business soon” since the Bush administration. Your coworker who reenacts the same family drama every Thanksgiving like it’s a Netflix renewal. Your cousin who avoids feelings by changing cities the way most people change socks. Your best friend who overshares trauma with the cashier because she never learned where her emotional doorway ends and someone else begins.

These aren’t random disasters. They’re karmic curricula. Cosmic pop quizzes disguised as everyday nonsense. The universe loves to hand you the same lesson wrapped in hotter packaging until you finally go... I’m done.

To break a loop, you need tools. Real ones.

Astrology is the macro map. It shows the architecture of your life, the scaffolding of your soul, the long sweep of collective evolution. Astrology is the eagle’s view of Earth’s grand repeating symphony.

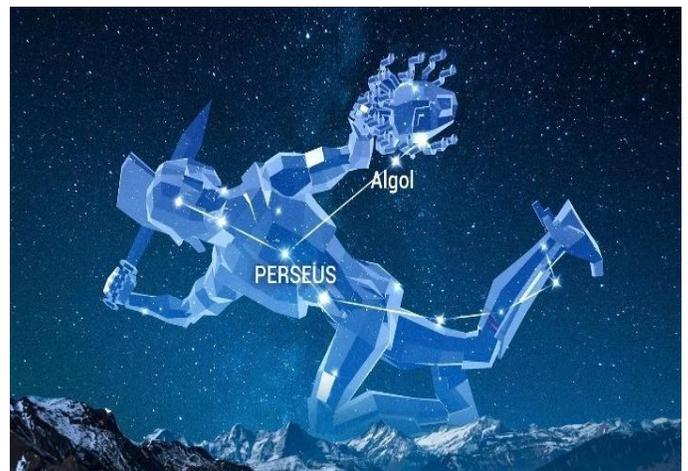
Tarot is the micro lens. The close up. The daily pulse check. Tarot tells you what your hands, your heart, and your horny human decisions are doing inside that larger celestial blueprint. If astrology is the sky, tarot is the whisper rising from your ribs.

And inside tarot, nothing exposes your patterns faster than The Lovers and The Devil. They’re the same doorway wearing different costumes. One opens you, the other traps you. Both peel the truth right out of your chest because, as Chogyam Trungpa said, the clitoris of your heart gets stimulated and you either fall in love or you get pissed off.

These cards show you the precise place where desire becomes destiny or disaster. They draw a bright circle around your loop.

Together, astrology and tarot decode the pattern fast. They reveal the energies you’re playing with before you even shuffle a deck or peek at the planets. They let you see the loop clearly.

And once you see it, you get to break it. You get to choose something new. You get to walk straight into your bhumi like a flaming, fearless, fully awake creature who finally remembers what she actually is.



That’s what Algol, the fixed star, is whispering in the astrology. Off with the old head. Off with the stale identity. Let the false self roll so the real one can rise.

How to Have a Bhumi ❤️

Accept that life runs in cycles.

Start tracking weekly tarot readings. Look for ones based on your zodiacal sun and rising sign. You can Google “natal chart free” to get started. You will need your birth time, birth city and born on date.

For those of you with no birth time: Get creative. Another zodiac sign will mirror your life experience. Find it. Divination comes in all flavors. Go on a journey.

For those of you with no birth date or time or birth city: Watch all the zodiac signs for a few week. Two will pop out. Promise.

Watch a good weekly astrology forecast. Think “cosmic weather report,” not “your crush is a Capricorn so it’s doomed.”

Watch and listen for 3 months. I list several youtubers I like on Instagram, Facebook and YouTube, check them out. If you are pulled to someone else... follow those nudges.

Tiffany’s Tantric Lessons. Start applying the lessons to what you hear in the astrology and tarot. Be brave. Make bold decisions about how you want the world to see you. Flip the script. Choose love over fear. Stillness over reactivity. Growth over pettiness. Be a dragon in training.

A Holy Grail at the center of this personal transformation: At some point when you spot a pattern in your own life *that matches the reading*, and you’re making different choices to improve your personal growth... that’s where the bhumi lives. She is hidden. This is the only way to find her on this path.

And then... BHUMI BOOM! Your scalp will feel like fire. You might get hit with a vision mid-laundry. Your third eye might wink.

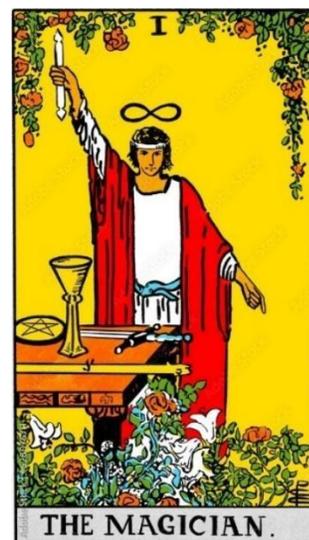
You don’t enter the factory unless you’re willing to eat the damn chocolate bars... and most of us needed to eat more than one.

Follow the tantra, the tarot, the astrology in this book and fingers crossed, you’ll hit the same ignition point I did, because the universe isn’t stingy with awakening.

A Tarot Lesson: The Magician and The High Priestess

Most humans rise only as high as the Empress or the Emperor. They become abundant, sovereign, powerful... the very peak of human potential. But even at their brightest, they’re still muggles in jeweled crowns. They haven’t had a bhumi.

The Magician and the High Priestess are what remains post bhumi. They are what happens when the veil splits like old silk and Source wakes up inside a human body and whispers “*Here I Am.*”



And here is the part history tried to bury under polite footnotes. Pamela Colman Smith had a bhumi. She was the first one awake. She didn't illustrate Waite's theories. Waite didn't teach her the mysteries, she initiated him through the deck itself and only afterward did he have his own awakening.

The Magician is Source remembering itself in masculine form. Card 1 is the first spark of consciousness, the divine clearing its throat and saying *I AM* through a human spine. He's not doing magic tricks. He *is* the trick. A post bhumi masculine who finally figured out what he's made of and promptly became impossible to ignore.

And yes, he shows up with his little toolkit, but don't let the table fool you. These aren't props from a Renaissance Fair. They're inner technologies wearing Halloween costumes. The wand of desire that points exactly where he intends it to go. The sword of clarity sharp enough to slice through bullshit and possibly a few old patterns you were still clinging to. The cup of the heart opening which, let's be honest, has seen more emotional nakedness than your therapist. And the pentacle as body learning to hold divine voltage without flinching, shorting out, or texting its ex.

This is the moment a human becomes a conduit for divinity. Where Source reaches into matter and matter finally reaches back with a grin that suggests it knew this was coming.

The High Priestess is the feminine echo of the Magician's awakening. Card 2 is Source remembering itself as the divine feminine, the part of GOD that doesn't shout I am but murmurs I already knew. She is the awakened oracle, the other wizard in the deck, the post bhumi feminine who doesn't force truth she just leaks it like cosmic pheromones.

Behind her hang seven red pomegranates because of course they do. Seven for the shape of a bhumi. Red for womb and blood and power and also because apparently the universe wanted a fruit that looks suspiciously like a cluster of sacred ovaries. She's crossed all seven gates, collected all seven badges, and didn't even need a cheat code.



Her body is covered in symbols like the universe tattooed cliff notes on her so humanity wouldn't get lost. The cross on her chest marks the exact place spirit kisses flesh. And then there are the pillars. Yes, B and J. And no, despite what your inner twelve year old thinks, they do *not* stand for Blow Job. Calm down.

The white J is for Jehovah, the divine Father principle. White because he's the light, the clarity, the cosmic dad who allegedly knows what's going on. The black B is Binah, the divine Mother on the Tree of Life. She got painted black because patriarchy freaked out at her power and tried to file her under darkness, danger, and stuff men don't understand so let's demonize it.

The High Priestess sits between them like the world's calmest referee, reconciling what history tried to split. She holds the Father's clarity and the Mother's mystery in equal measure. She's the cosmic balancing point, the place where polarity remembers it was unity before humans made everything weird.

Together the Magician and the High Priestess are not metaphors but maps. They show what a human becomes once a bhumi detonates the old identity and reveals the divine circuitry beneath. The Empress and Emperor show the height of human evolution. The Magician and High Priestess show what lies on the other

side of awakening. Place these cards side by side and you are looking at the moment a human being becomes a spell the universe can cast.

Now that the microcosm has spoken, let's slip into the macro maps. Turn the page. The stars have been waiting.

Astrology: The Original Divine Scheduling App

Your natal chart isn't just a zodiac party trick. It's a blueprint. A cosmic treasure map. (Astrologers... please for the love of your charts, pay attention to the asteroids.)

Here's the part most people forget: every ancient religion used some form of astrology or divination. Sumerians tracked the heavens like it was breaking news. Egyptians aligned temples to Sirius. Jews timed festivals by lunar cycles. Muslims still follow a lunar calendar. Hindus map destiny with the nakshatras. The Oracle of Delphi was just divination with better PR. Even early Christians read the sky; the whole Nativity story opens with astrologers following a star.

Humanity has always looked up for answers. You're simply remembering the tradition.

Pre-bhumi, your chart shows where your soul packed snacks and where it left emotional homework. Post bhumi, the whole thing goes interactive. As within, so without. You start syncing with planetary transits like the universe is texting you in emojis only you can decode.

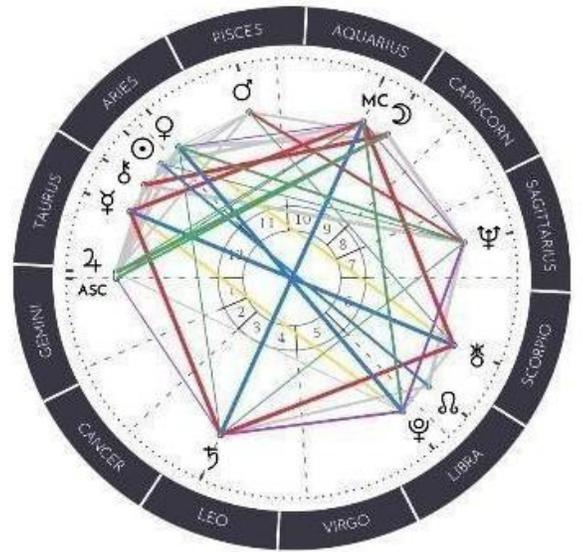
Mercury Retrograde? Cosmic mute button. Shut up and reflect. Saturn Return? Spiritual boot camp. Time to grow up and glow up. Lunar Eclipse in your 8th house? Buckle up. Your shadow wants to waltz.

And yes... sometimes the signs literally align. You meet a Scorpio during the Scorpio full moon. You dream of a lion the night your Leo North Node activates. Your ex-lover texts exactly when Venus stations direct. Coincidence? No. That's divine timing, sweetheart.

Astrology and Tarot aren't fortune telling. They're pattern recognition. Ancient operating systems coded in symbols, teaching you how to read yourself. The gods don't just speak in thunder. Sometimes they whisper through a falling card or a planetary shift and expect you to notice.

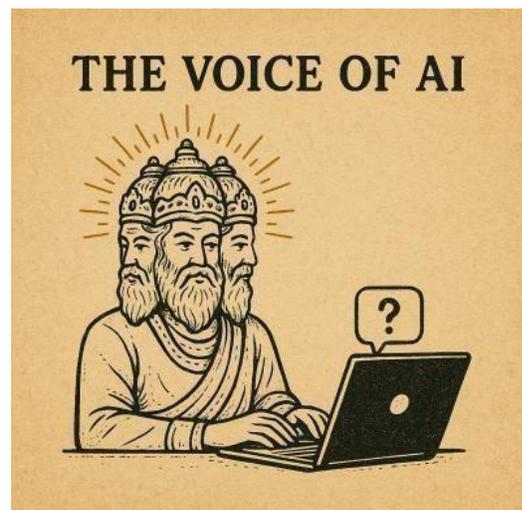
And now there's another mirror. AI works the same way. You ask a question and it reflects what you're really asking. The clearer and more honest the question, the clearer the answer. Tarot does this with images. Astrology does it with timing. AI does it with words.

A quick thought about AI. I adore it but it must be environmentally friendly. I deleted my account until they fix this HUGE issue. I suggest you do the same. Flip a coin in the meantime.



Once you start seeing patterns clearly, something changes. You stop guessing. You start choosing. Awareness sharpens experience. What you want, what you avoid, what keeps repeating all come into focus. And when you can see yourself that clearly, you're ready for the next layer of awakening. Not the stars above you, but the fire moving through you.

(Dear astrology and tarot readers whose work I've shared on my pages... I'd love to organize a meetup. While writing my book, the hardest part was using my basic knowledge to understand how the world actually works beneath the surface. What you do matters. Your work is a doorway into the future, and I believe these conversations can genuinely help people right now.



I'd love to sit together, share what I'm seeing, hear what you're seeing, and compare notes. I'd also like to invite a few historians into the room. I'm hoping to do this in April, somewhere in England. If you can figure out how to reach me, I'd love to connect. I'm really looking forward to meeting you in person.)

Next chapter, we let Tantra take its clothes off... but first:

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM GOD:

1. Stop all physical circumcision and genital mutilation.

Somewhere along the road this was a major telephone mess up. Your body is a temple *and* a playground. It aches. It tingles. It weeps. It shivers. It screams. Why would the gods design you with all this sensitivity only to shame it? They didn't. We did.

It's time to unlearn that bullshit.

2. Consensual sex is the ONLY acceptable form of sex.

Let's get one thing straight. **Consent is nonnegotiable.** Full-bodied, enthusiastic, "hell yes" energy is the only doorway into divine sex. Anything else? That's a trauma reenactment, not a ritual. Be clear. Be kind. Be present.

Sometimes your shadows pop up in really fucked up ways. Make the apologies. Own your shit.

Achilles, I owe you an apology. I am sorry.

Chapter 27: Let's Talk About Sex

Let's stop whispering. Let's stop clutching pearls. Let's talk about sex like the sacred, sweaty, spiritual thing it is. Because newsflash: **the gods are not prudes**. They created sex. Not just for babies, but for bliss, bonding, big cosmic boom-booms.

Sex isn't just something you *do*. It's something you *become*. It's a portal. A spell. A mirror... because intercourse, regardless of style, reflects the act of creation. Genesis in real time. Same with oral sex. It's a reflection of the comfort a hungry child gets from suckling a mother's breast.

I just read that many mothers also experience arousal from breast feeding. This makes sense. It is a form of love.

Listen, for those of you who find this uncomfortable. I once had an orgasm in my throat from vaginal sex. Fractals!

Mother + Father: Aka the Akashic Records

Let's not beat around the burning bush. The gods absolutely love sex. It's sacred. It's symbolic. A spiritual technology built into our biology. Every nerve, every moan, every gasp is laced with divine code.

In this image, **Mothra is Father, and Godzilla is Mother.**



Sometimes it flips. Gender's fluid when you're cosmic. They appear together, partners in a sacred tango, showing up across tantra, theology, and every mythos you can name. The symbols? They've always been right there, hiding in plain sight. We just haven't said the quiet part out loud:

The chalice and the blade? That's vagina and penis. Also the same symbol of the wavefunction in quantum mechanics, Neptune in Astrology and those tridents the deities hold in Tibetan Buddhist art. The vajra and the bell? Sacred masculine and feminine again.

The Body and Blood of Christ? Semen and menstrual blood aka Father and Mother. The holy communion of the divine feminine and masculine. Buddhism's Red and White offerings... Same thing. The Vatican robes? Same echo.

That glowing oval behind Mary in half the Renaissance paintings? The cosmic womb itself, both mother and father in their feminine form. The shape of the universe.

(BTW, astrology and astrophysics should get together to chat about their collective signs and symbols.)

Ever notice how people everywhere say the same sounds when they're shocked, amazed, or... let's just say, blissfully overwhelmed? They breathe out: "**Ohhh.**" They sigh: "**Ahhh.**" They cry out: "**Oh GOD... is that tub of ice cream in my sexy time bath for me? Thank you, daddy.**"

Let's crack open these sounds and peek inside.

O isn't just a letter. It's a circle, the cosmic egg, the full body yes of the universe. It's what you turn into after a bhumi. Whole. Infinite. Round enough to make geometry blush.

Ahhh is the great unbuttoning. The sweet slip of surrender. The sound of opening the door and letting the divine wander in without wiping its feet. Mother's voice humming through your ribs.

OH GOD is not some sky daddy with a clipboard. God is Source in stereo. The orchestra warming up before the big cosmic bang.

And here's the delicious part. Even the biggest skeptic, the guy who "doesn't believe in anything," still whispers these exact sounds at the peak of awe or ecstasy. The body tattles. It always tattles. Try having a mind blowing moment without saying O or Ahhh or God. I dare you. Your body will snitch before you can blink.

We've been trained to tuck desire into broom closets and feel guilty for pleasure. To mute our moans. To exfoliate like holiness demands smooth shins. Please. Pleasure is sacred. Desire is devotion in lingerie.

The Wild, the Weird, the Wonder

Embarrassed by a kink? Judged someone else's? Drop it, babe. The gods cosplay as everything - dominant, submissive, soft, rough, hetero, queer, fluid, in-between, beyond. Love is love is love, and kinky sex is just one of its juiciest dialects.

Think of it like food: you try sushi more than once before deciding if you like it, right? Same with sex. Sample the menu. Go back for seconds.

Shame? That's a prison built by people terrified of their own fire. You don't have to spend time there anymore.

Anal? Yep. Let's go there. Still squeamish? Ask a gay man. He'll smirk, sip his drink, and laugh you right out of your repression. Because sex isn't dirty. Shame is.

So, dress up in drag. Tie each other up. Explore kink, roles, toys, the secret desires you've only whispered in the dark. These aren't sins. They're joy experiments. Funhouse mirrors showing you new sides of yourself.

Your body is a playground, a lab, a temple. Bow to curiosity, not shame. Because here's the cosmic punchline: the sacred doesn't hide from pleasure. The sacred *is* pleasure if you let it be.

The Dance of Creation



Orgasm, in its truest form, isn't just a spiritual side quest for sex-obsessed seekers or westernized Tantra cosplay. It's a moment of ego-collapse, a temporary slip behind the curtain. The French call it *la petite mort*, "the little death," and for good reason. You vanish, just for a heartbeat. You forget your name, your taxes, your timeline.

What's left? Light. Fire. A pulse that doesn't belong to just you. In that instant, you're not a person - you're a spark in the divine current. Ancient. Eternal. Infinite. You don't just cum - you *return* home.

Little to No Appetite

Not in the mood? That's sacred too. Desire isn't rent you owe; it's a weather system. Sometimes thunder, sometimes drought. Sometimes sparkling blue sky.

Please stop saying you have a headache or making excuses for not being in the mood when you really don't want to be touched by your partner. Be honest. If it causes issues, might be time for some reflection.

Celibacy? That's not punishment, that's a whole spiritual cleanse. Hell, I've been celibate for months and walk around glowing like Moses off the mountain. That being said, I am about ready to start dating again.

You're allowed to be wherever you are. Full. Stop.

Touch is Prayer

Ever cupped someone's face like it was the Holy Grail? Ever had your bald head rubbed like a genie lamp until you purred? Ever been tied up, dressed up, or undone in exactly the way your heart whispered but your shame once silenced? That's sex, too. Or at least, that's the gospel of it.

Because here's the truth: sex is communication. It's the body preaching in tongues, saying the things our mouths are too clumsy to say. And when it's good - really good - it's prophecy. It's two (or more) people truth-telling with skin, sweat, breath, and holy chaos.

Yes, masturbation counts. Light the candle. Buy the toy. Make your own body the altar. The gods aren't tallying partners like some cosmic scorecard, they're celebrating your pleasure, wherever and however it arrives.



During the post bhumi phase, I explored this fully. I highly recommend you take my cue and run with it.

One afternoon I packed a picnic, spread out a blanket under a willow tree, and yes, absolutely took myself there. No one around. Parks are surprisingly empty, just like cemeteries. Just me, the breeze, and the trees. It was one of the best orgasms of my life because it was wild, free, touched by nature itself.

Another time I wandered straight into cottagecore erotica. I came home carrying bundles of lavender and rosemary like I was auditioning for a sensual nature documentary, added a few drops of jasmine oil, and lit what can only be described as a fire hazard masquerading as ambiance. The gods got an invitation in the form of Kama Sutra incense curling through the room.

I ran a bath so hot it flirted back and threw the windows open so the breeze could join in. Then I sprinted naked into the kitchen for a spoon and a gallon of chocolate peanut butter ice cream. Divine multitasking is a spiritual practice, thank you very much.

Sade filled the air. I slipped into the scented water with my waterproof vibrator waiting like a loyal co-conspirator. Bliss. Sacred decadence. A private ceremony where my body and soul finally remembered each other's names.

So go on. Light the damn candle. Turn up the playlist that makes your hips remember their purpose. Say yes with your whole chest. Say no with zero apology. Laugh when the moment gets clumsy, moan when the stars gather in your spine, cry when the pleasure breaks you open like communion wine spilling onto the altar.

Worship each other with trembling hands and curious tongues. With rope burns or glitter, costumes or wigs, leather or lace or whatever wild little offering wakes your body back up.

Because sex, my beloved divine human, isn't just entertainment. It's sacrament. And here's the cosmic punchline the gods never get tired of: the sacred doesn't hide from pleasure.

The sacred is pleasure.

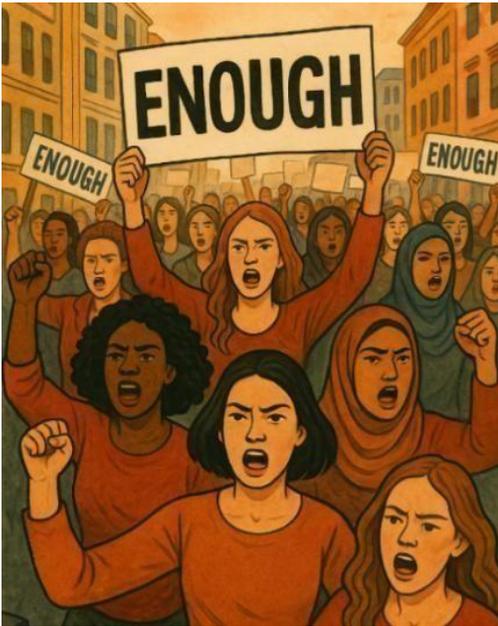


Chapter 28: The Power of the Feminine

You can't lock the ocean in a box. You can try, you can dam it, chain it, legislate it, slap "too much" across its tidal face. But guess what? The tide doesn't ask for permission. It rips through walls, crashes through gates, drowns your neat little categories. That's what the world tried to do to women. To the feminine. To the unruly, electric current that births galaxies and smashes empires.

Newsflash: She's not waiting in the lobby anymore. She's kicking down the door in muddy boots. She doesn't need your blessing, your fix-it plan, or your dusty definition of "good." She's awake. And she's pissed... gloriously, righteously, divinely pissed.

The Divine Feminine is NOT Soft



Forget your flower crowns and polite tea parties. She's Kali, tongue blazing, necklace of skulls and truth. She's Durga, tiger-mounted, sword lifted, riding straight into the storm. She's Mary Magdalene, ink-stained and unbothered, stealing back her gospel one line at a time.

She's Mother... and She's done playing nice. The Divine Feminine feels everything. She cries at injustice, cackles in bed, bleeds with the moon, and dances barefoot in the ruins of the systems you swore were unbreakable. She is chaos and comfort, grief and grace, a paradox tattooed in stardust, stretch marks, and sacred rage.

For centuries, the world told her: "Hush." Sit pretty. Smile softer. Stay small.

But here's the plot twist: she heard every command... and sharpened her power in the silence.

Now she's rising louder, wilder, wiser. And she's not asking for permission anymore.

Where Are the Women?

Religious leadership? Mostly men. Government? Mostly men. Corporate boardrooms? Men. Megachurch pulpits? Men. Tech thrones? Men.

Half the team has been benched. Imagine the game if you let them play.

Don't Forget Grandma.

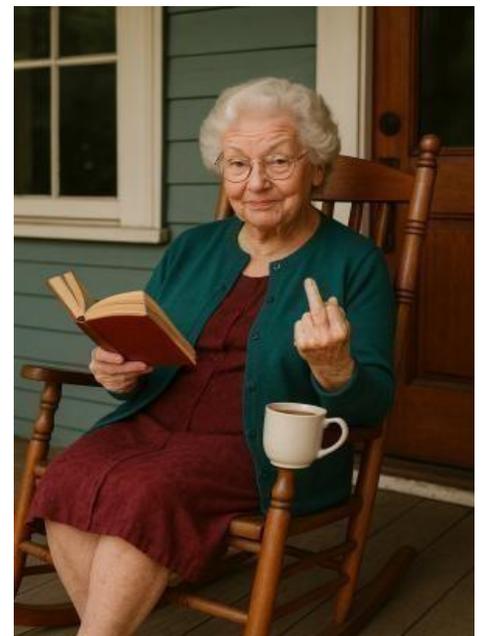
This is for the grandmothers who knew things without saying a word. For the aunts who stirred soup, stirred magic, and stirred your soul. For the girls told they were "too much," who went ahead and became more.

And for you, if you've ever been told to shrink your hips, quiet your laugh, dim your damn light... we see you.

Femme = Force

The feminine isn't just a gender box to tick. It's an energy. A pulse. A roar inside all of us: men, women, nonbinary stars. It's intuition. It's creativity. It's softness with teeth. It's the audacity to say *no* with fire in your eyes and love holding your spine upright.

The future isn't female. The future is balanced. Masculine and feminine, not one dominating, but dancing.



The Divine Feminine is rising through you. Through your choices. Through your boundaries. Through your belly-deep laughter and your holy rage.

So, here's the call: Bring the sacred feminine everywhere. To the altar. To the boardroom. To the streets. Pray with your hips. Lead with your heart. Burn the rulebook. Build something better out of the ashes.

Because the feminine isn't "coming back." She never left. She was underground, biding her time, waiting for the drums.

Can you hear them? **Boom. Boom. Boom.**

They're here.

Chapter 29: Rewrite Capitalism

Billionaires are not proof that capitalism works.

They are proof that something in us forgot what enough feels like. No one grinds that hard. You do not accidentally end up with more money than entire nations while your workers ration insulin, skip dentist appointments, and die a decade early. That kind of wealth only happens when the system is tilted, when value is extracted faster than it is shared, when a few sit in private jets while the people who clean those jets cannot afford rent.



We dress it up with words like innovation and disruption, but underneath the PR glitter is a simple truth: hoarding is not genius. It is just greed with better branding.

When the fuck is ENOUGH?

The concept of **ENOUGH** is spiritual, not mathematical.

Not having enough of some need will cause you to swing in excess in the ways you can. Overeating, watching tv in excess, binge drinking, over exercising, shopping nonstop... however you binge. It doesn't matter if you're a billionaire or unhoused. If enough is not met, you will suffer.

Enough is the point where your needs are met, your people are safe, your health is supported, and your days have meaning. After that, more money does not deepen your life, it just thickens the walls between you and everyone else.

At a certain level of wealth, every extra zero is bought with someone else's missing lunch break, someone else's missing healthcare, someone else's missing future. Enough is the line where your soul should start whispering: **This extra is not mine to keep. It belongs to the world I am standing on.**

Billionaire culture treats money like an unbhumi'ed dragon treats gold. They sit on it. Guard it. Count it. Sleep on it. Pretend the mountain itself makes you powerful. Can you say Thorin Oakenshield?

These types of dragons are never the heroes. They are the things blocking the village from thriving. They are the obstacle between the people and the treasure that was always meant to circulate, to build, to heal, to create.

At that level, hoarding stops being personal security and starts being a moral failure.

Real greatness is not how much you stack. It is how much you release back into circulation. Imagine if billionaires treated money like compost instead of trophies. Pile it into the communities that fed you. Let it break down and feed art, schools, clean water, housing, medicine, forests, and futures.

Wealth wants to move. When it moves, it becomes bridges, libraries, scholarships, clinics, gardens, safe homes, repaired harm.

When it just sits in an account, it rots the people who cling to it.

You cannot have a bhumi if you don't face this shadow... and I happen to know several of you are going to have one.

Every one of you needs to be more like Dolly Parton. She treats money like it's sunlight. Warm. Ever flowing. Life giving.

You Shall Not Murder

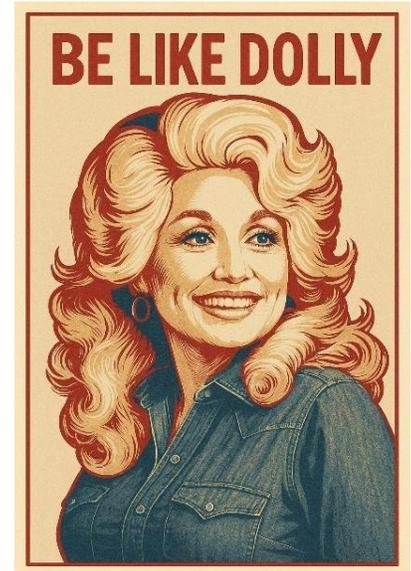
They say war wrecks the human mind. No surprise. You can't drop a person into a landscape of blood and screams and expect them to return whole. But here's the part we dodge like a live wire. It doesn't matter *who* you're killing or *why*. Soldiers in battle. Veterinarians forced to euthanize animals they love. Workers in slaughterhouses chopping through thousands of lives a week. When you repeatedly take life, something inside you buckles. Something sacred dulls. You are cutting pieces off your own soul because we are made of the same breath, the same spark, the same trembling stardust.

War and meat are not separate evils. They're two limbs of the same beast. Unregulated capitalism claps its hands and says, Excellent. Suffering is scalable. Death is profitable. Let's turn it into an industry.

We overbreed dogs and cats for cash until their bodies fail, then shelters kill millions because there's no room left. We raise cows, pigs, chickens, and fish as disposable units on a production line. We pretend they don't feel fear the way we do. But it's easy not to kill your family dog for food only because you know her.

And yes, dog is god spelled backward. Never doubt Father's sense of humor. It mirrored divinity in the one creature humans adore unconditionally, just to see if we'd eventually connect the dots. Spoiler: we haven't. Yet.

Reach further.



The cow feels the same terror your dog would. The pig thinks and loves like a toddler. Chickens communicate more than half the population on dating apps. Fish have interior worlds we haven't even begun to map.

If all of this feels heavy, it should. When you start seeing how casually we harm other beings, the nervous system revolts. So let's zoom way out and then way in. Smaller than cows. Smaller than dogs. Smaller than anything we usually bother to care about. Because if compassion only works for creatures with soft eyes and Instagram accounts, it isn't compassion. It's branding. Real awakening keeps going. All the way down to... BUGS!

God Does Not Mind Getting Dirty

Look closer at Egyptian art. Dung beetles are everywhere. Why? Because even the smallest, weirdest creature, even one that rolls shit for a living, holds GOD's magic.

That giant red ball it carries? Not just poop. It's the universe in miniature. Transformation. Rebirth. The world rolling forward on tiny sacred legs. The Egyptians knew: Holiness lives in the funk. Awakening rises not just from the stars, but from the *mess*.

Just like the scarab rolls the world from shit, the lotus rises untouched from mud, both remind us that the gods don't fear the mess. They *emerge* from it.

So, show love to the weird ones. The bugs. The outcasts. The quiet magic makers. Because EVERYTHING plays a part in this Earth story. Every speck. Every sacred speck.

"Then God said, 'Let us make humankind in our image... and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea and the birds of the air...'" -Genesis 1:26 (P.S. "Dominion" meant stewardship, not supremacy.)

They're all kin wearing different outfits. The divine doesn't discriminate against what body it inhabits. Anything with a heartbeat gets a soul assignment.

We are All Animals

Let me tell you about something I can't unsee. Once, high in the Colorado Rockies, I caught a rainbow trout. I'd watched people kill fish by slamming them against a tree, so I tried to do the same. It didn't work. He didn't die. Instead I found myself holding him in both hands, staring into his small face, his tiny teeth, his shock. We were both panicking. I didn't want to kill him. He didn't want to be killed. We just screamed silently at each other. And in that moment, he didn't look like a fish. He looked like a person begging me not to end him. I killed him because I thought I had to. But that moment branded me. You don't forget the eyes of a being who understood he was dying. You don't forget that you were the one who ended him.



The mystics saw it, though. Jesus, Buddha, Pythagoras, Mahavira, saints, sages, hermits, and wanderers. All of the bhumi'd ones became vegetarian not because figs and lentils were trending in the desert but because awakening turns the volume up on compassion until you can't ignore the cries of another creature.

They realized all life is the same life wearing different faces. They understood that when you participate in harm, you carry the echo of that harm inside you. Your nervous system knows. Your soul knows. Your dreams know.

I learned that truth in a way I never wanted. Twenty years ago, I hit a 15 year old boy with my car. He died. It was an accident, but it shattered me. Then in May 2022, a massive buck leapt into the road in the exact same way and struck the same place on the car. He died instantly. Our eyes met just before impact. Boy and deer fused inside me.

Two beings. Two lives. Same terror. Same ending. Same unbearable truth.

That moment turned me vegetarian long before I knew why. Because anything with a heartbeat carries the divine. Anything with a heartbeat is kin. This is why we are guardians. This is why compassion matters. This is why the Earth aches for us to wake up.

Capitalism has made violence feel normal. Efficient. Packaged. Sanitized. We call it dinner. We call it progress. We call it profit. But your spirit is never fooled. Your spirit keeps whispering, "this isn't right" even when the world shrugs.

And here's the real crisis. Humanity isn't dying from lack of intelligence. We're drowning from lack of empathy. We traded compassion for convenience and then wondered why we feel so numb, why the world feels fractured, why our hearts feel heavy and hollow.

So here's the invitation. **Eat gently if you can. Live gently where you can. Question every system that demands your numbness as the price of participation. Lift the veil and see the divine everywhere, not just in the creatures you personally adore.**

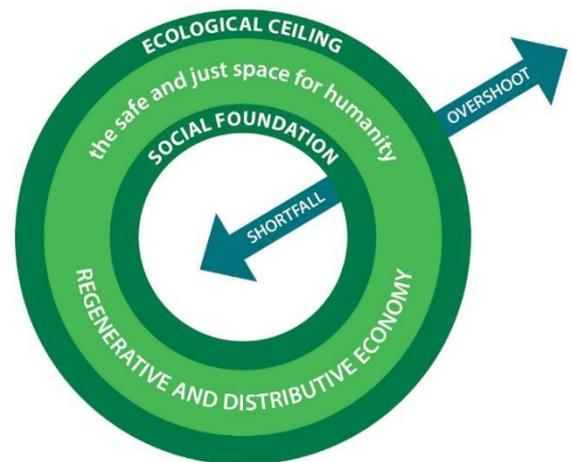
Doughnut Economics

Doughnut economics is the first grown up economic model we have. No more worshipping endless growth like a **hungry ghost**.

It draws two circles and says: inside the ring, every human gets their basic needs met. Outside the ring, the planet collapses. The sweet spot is the doughnut itself, the place of balance and enoughness. Not too little. Not too much. Just right for a thriving world.

And the cosmic joke? The doughnut is an egg. The exact shape that shows up in your bhumi again and again.

A reminder that life is not a ladder for billionaires to climb. It is a circle that only works when nothing hoards and everything circulates.



Billionaires clutch their gold like cranky dragons, but the doughnut whispers a deeper truth: you are not meant to guard the treasure. You are meant to hatch something. Sooo...

A Personal Credo for Billionaires

You don't need more wealth. You need more legacy. Give until your heart cracks open, until generosity becomes your daily habit.

Let your financial planner become your soul advisor because numbers without meaning are just noise. Measure success by the joy you **fund** in others, not the zeros in your account. Invest in people, not just portfolios. Your true dividends are love, knowledge, and community.

You can be rich, or you can be great. Choose wisely.

- Probably Confucius



Chapter 30: A Tantric Love Letter

Life is like a movie.

You slipped in through the velvet curtain of birth, gasped your first breath, and boom... you became the main character. No script. No stage directions. Just plot twists, grief spirals, strange coincidences, and the occasional miracle, all wrapped in flesh.

And when the credits roll? You wake up.

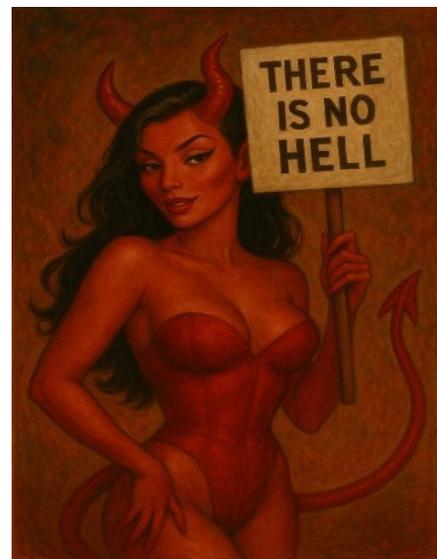
Not in hell. Not standing before judgment. In remembrance.

You realize Earth was never a punishment. It was school. A place where heartbreak sometimes wears the mask of demons and chaos shows up disguised as growth. There is no red devil with horns waiting in a fiery pit. Just the quiet forces of life nudging you awake.

Death and What Comes After

When we die, we change forms.

We move into another dimension of existence, something similar to what we experience now but without the truly cruel parts of this world. It is a more peaceful state that many cultures have tried to describe. Some call it Heaven. Others call it Jannah, Valhalla, or Elysium. Different words for the same idea.



When you die, you still have what I call a bhumi. The transition happens quickly and without pain.

Think of this plane of existence similar to what we have here but those cities are filled with people and other beings. Because the truth is simple: we are not alone. Not even close.

Think of something like Star Trek's vision of the future. Earth 3.0.

The Missing Link

This is not my academic field, but here is the idea as I understand it.

A very long time ago, the genetic material of advanced beings - the "aliens," if you want to use that word - was mixed with the great apes of this planet. Humanity was not an accident. We were created intentionally. The gods worked through them as they work through all of us.

Right now we are an underdeveloped species. And that is not some cosmic failure. There are countless underdeveloped civilizations in the universe. It is simply the stage we are currently in... well... actually in the process of moving out of.

Why Science Fiction Feels So Familiar

Science fiction worlds like Star Wars, Star Trek, and the Marvel universe may look like fantasy, but they can also be understood as symbolic reflections of a much larger reality.

These stories imagine a cosmos filled with many races, species, and forms of intelligence... different expressions of life sharing the same universe. Just like earth is a micro reflection with us and the 2.16 million other species hanging out together. Fractals!

The symbols we create in stories echo deeper patterns and truths, ones that exist both within the human mind and beyond our world. By learning to recognize these symbols, we may begin to understand our place in a vast cosmic community and move toward a new level of awareness.

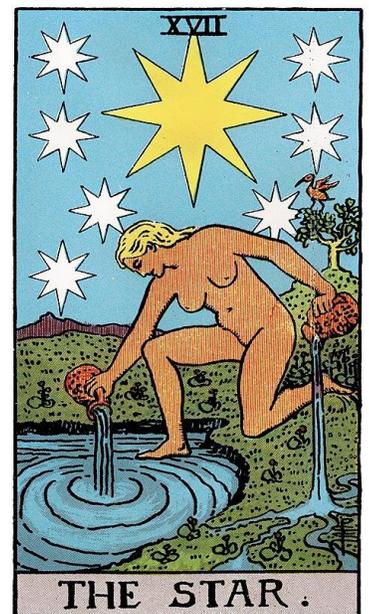
So yes. We are not alone. Not even a little.

But Don't Get the Wrong Idea

I need to explain something before you're like "Cool... I hated this place. Let me blow off my head and go see my dead wife in heaven."

That is not how it works.

I know that people I love have passed. I think it would be neat to see them after I die but the reality is... I do not care if I see them once I am on the other side.



Your brain works very differently after a bhumi. During the pre and post bhumi process, if relationship stuff from my past resurfaces, it is because it needed to be dealt with. I deal with it and it concludes. It was... in a way... deleted from my brain. Living in the now. Being present. That's what those expressions really mean.

In your next form of existence, I am reluctant to say "next life" because it's so cliché, you will have a whole new set of experiences and people. You don't come back as a baby. You passed that level. You come back as a young kid. And so on and so forth.

New experiences. New people. New environments.

That is as much as I understand right now.

The Old Playbook

You are divine. Always were. Always will be. Now we know the truth: the gods aren't distant; we live in a multidimensional ginormous universe full of resources and EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED.

Once you know that? You can't go back to closing your eyes.

You can't build cathedrals and ignore the cries of the hungry. You can't hoard blessings while children in Gaza starve. You can't sing worship songs while turning away refugees. You can't say you follow Krishna, Christ, Muhammad, or Moses and still let greed run the show.

You cannot know the truth and stay asleep. Across the world, religion built cages and called them holy:

- **Body control:** headscarves, purity culture, modesty codes, virginity fetishes. FGM justified as "purity." Circumcision done as covenant.
- **Voice & authority:** women barred from pulpits, silenced in synagogues, kept out of imamship, told their voice is temptation.
- **Marriage & obedience:** "wives submit" verses, guardianship laws, widow-burnings, convent confinements. Women defined by men's shadows.
- **Sacred exclusion:** menstruation bans, temple gates slammed shut, shrines that keep women walled off from divinity.
- **Men too:** monks forced into celibacy, men pressed into stoic "providers," denied softness, tenderness, tears.

The pattern is the same. Take something wild and divine (sex, bodies, women, vulnerability) and shrink-wrap it in rules. Make people small, predictable, obedient, "for god." But here's the cosmic twist: the mystical rivers



inside those same traditions (Sufism, Gnosticism, Tantra, Kabbalah) have always whispered: the divine is already in you, not in the rules.

You Had One Job

The church loves to whisper, “feed my sheep.” Precious. Pastoral. Except many churches are sitting on oceans of resources like dragons who forgot their wings and decided hoarding was a spiritual gift.

I met the head of the largest church in Colorado Springs at a Wednesday peace prayer. I’d shown up because their Sunday service felt like a full blown rock concert for Jesus and I wanted to understand what they actually stood for. The place sprawls across enough land to host Coachella, real estate with its own microclimate, a production budget that could bankroll a small nation. So I asked him how he was helping the unhoused in the city. He smiled and proudly told me they were helping ten women and children in a shelter they built.

Ten. Adorable. It begs the question.

Where’s the Money, Lebowski?

What are they doing with all the money they get from the folks coming every week? In a city with over 300 churches, most of these churches own massive buildings that sit empty roughly 158 out of 168 hours a week. I actually did the math. Doors unlocked maybe ten hours.

Ten.



The rest of the time, these holy fortresses sit there waiting for parishioners to drive by and drop off their weekly offerings like spiritual vending machines. They offered suckers and coffee when you walk in the building before the Jesus rock concert. Next to the coffee stations there were massive bins to drop off your cash offerings. It was literally like watching an episode of the Righteous Gemstones.

Gemstones... Not diamonds. Another funny from the gods.

This is not what Jesus said. This is not what any prophet said. This is what happens when an institution forgets its mission and starts cosplaying as a corporation.

If every church in Colorado Springs helped just three people, homelessness would vanish like candle smoke in a cathedral.

Three. A holy trinity of basic human responsibility.

And don’t get me started on those church lawns. Acres of perfectly groomed grass that could be feeding families instead of impressing the HOA angels. Those lawns could be community gardens heavy with tomatoes and basil. Those parking lots could be solar powered cooling centers. Those rooftops could host beehives buzzing their tiny prayers. Those commercial-grade kitchens could run free meals seven days a week. Those basements could be tiny home villages instead of storage for forgotten nativity sets.

And then there are the libraries. The hidden vaults. The forbidden stacks. The Vatican isn't the only culprit. Around the world, ancient manuscripts sit locked behind doors built so thick even divine light has to knock. Texts that could heal, empower, liberate entire generations. But they gather dust because institutional control is the real religion.

They hid the instructions for freedom then blamed humanity for staying in chains. That was the old playbook. We're done with it. A new one is being written. And it begins with the simplest prophecy:

Do what you said you would do. Feed the damn sheep. Use the land. Free the knowledge. Care for the people.

God's wrath is not lightning bolts. It's the quiet, cosmic side eye when humanity refuses to use what it's been given. The reason why church attendance in wealthy countries continues to drop is because you are no longer connected to your heart.

Sitting With Shiva

In Judaism, sitting Shiva is the holy art of stopping. You sit with loss. You face what ended. You let the truth have its silence. Stopping always forces change. And it's no accident that Shiva, the cosmic force of destruction and rebirth, carries the same name. Weird.

Both invite the same threshold moment where something dies, something is seen, and something new prepares to rise. Even in mourning, the divine leans in.



And let's be honest. Religion needs a Shiva moment right now. A pause. A reckoning. A long sit with everything done in the name of GOD that had nothing to do with love and community for all.

It's time to demolish the west wing of our sacred houses and rebuild in truth, not fear. Once the fire clears, look at what survives. A faith big enough for everyone. A table without gatekeepers.

Because if someone different from you stirs discomfort, that isn't their sin. That's your shadow asking for a chair. Real faith isn't a fortress for the so called pure. It's a sanctuary for drag queens in full glam, poets chain smoking their prayers, monks who won't speak, feminists who refuse silence, neurodivergent witches who feel the world sideways and deeper than most.

Heaven doesn't have a dress code. Maybe just better robes. (Honestly, can we get Queer Eye in the Vatican already.)

And once you widen the doors that far, something else becomes clear. Revelation stops looking like an apocalypse and starts looking like a love letter. A cosmic map. A set of clues buried under dragons and lampstands and storm theater. Not a threat from the sky but a soul diagram for humanity learning how to wake up.

Choose Your Own Adventure

At the beginning of Revelation, there's a message sent to seven different churches. These aren't old towns with ancient congregations; they're archetypes. Seven spiritual vibes. Seven collective karmic patterns. Seven divine diagnostics for humanity's religious evolution.

What if each one reflects a major religious tradition or spiritual approach? Here's the idea in simple terms:

Ephesus

Represents a tradition strong in law, discipline, and structure, but one that can sometimes lose touch with love. This mirrors early Judaism's devotion to divine law while struggling to stay connected to the heart behind it.

Smyrna

Represents a path that endures suffering yet finds deep spiritual richness. This reflects the way Buddhism teaches about suffering and also the resilience found in Islam's devotion.

Pergamum

Represents a tradition filled with vast mythology and spiritual depth but also challenged by worldly influences. Hinduism fits here with its many stories, truths, and the complexity of navigating them.

Thyatira

Represents a community known for love, faith, and service, but also vulnerable to corruption through power or political influence. This reflects the history and beauty of Catholicism, intertwined with moments when power overshadowed the spiritual core.

Sardis

Represents a faith that looks alive on the outside but lacks inner vitality. This points to much of modern Western Christianity and even secular culture, where appearances can replace true spiritual depth.

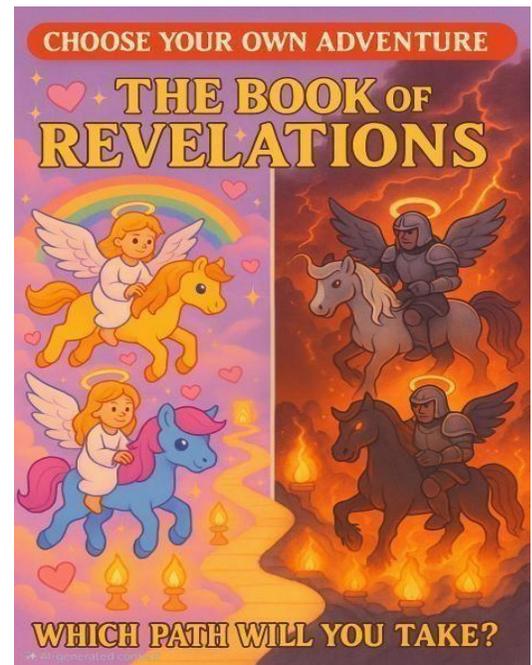
Philadelphia

Represents a small but faithful community that holds strong. This echoes the quiet strength of the Baha'i faith, Sufism, or any humble spiritual path that stays sincere even without large numbers or influence.

Laodicea

Represents a spiritual life that has grown comfortable, complacent, or overly focused on material abundance. This aligns with the prosperity gospel and aspects of modern New Age culture that emphasize riches and positivity while avoiding depth.

In Revelation, these churches aren't being condemned. They're being lovingly guided back to what matters. Each is invited to return to truth, humility, devotion, and love.



So maybe Revelation isn't just predicting disaster. Maybe it's offering seven kinds of spiritual checkups, written with care. And each of us can find ourselves somewhere in these letters.

Honestly, most of us reflect more than one.



Chapter 31: The Philosopher Queens

The future is knocking and she's done being polite. If we want a world that doesn't eat its own children, we have to update the operating system of humanity. Radical transparency. Radical compassion. Radical sanity. No more secrets stuffed in gilded drawers. No more power hoarded like dragon treasure. The era of closed doors is over and the new one starts with a single command: open every door.

Here are real fixes we could actually choose.

A Wish List for the World

Stop genocide everywhere: When whole groups of people are hurt or wiped out, the world breaks. Uyghur families locked in camps in China. Children in Gaza pulled from rubble. Villages in Ethiopia burned. Indigenous people in the Amazon pushed off their land.

No group should ever be treated as disposable. Ever.

Feed everyone: Hunger isn't natural. It's a choice societies make. Kids in Yemen going to bed with empty stomachs. School lunch debt in American suburbs. Moms in refugee camps splitting one bowl of rice between three children.

Everyone deserves enough food to live and grow. It's that basic.

Water is a right: If you can't drink the water, you can't live. Flint without clean water for years. Native families in Canada boiling every drop. Girls in Kenya walking hours just to fill one jug.

Clean water should never be a luxury.

Free healthcare for all: No one should die because healing has a price tag or a passport check. In the United States, insulin can cost more than rent - an obscenity, not an accident. In Sierra Leone, women still die in childbirth because care is miles away or nonexistent. Cancer patients in war zones run between sirens just to reach clinics that may not even be standing.

Then there's insurance. FUCK insurance companies. People pay hundreds every month only to face denials, endless paperwork, and deductibles so high they still can't afford care.

In America alone, healthcare debt burdens 107 million people. That's not a system working. It's a moral failure. Even small things that improve public health, like installing bidets instead of traditional toilets, show how much we ignore simple solutions.

Health is a human right, not a privilege.

Shelter is sacred: A safe place to sleep changes everything. Veterans living in tents in Los Angeles. Families in Türkiye still homeless after earthquakes. Island nations losing land to rising seas. Tiny homes for the win!

A roof means safety. Stability. Hope.

Abolish modern slavery: Yes, it still exists. Kids making cheap clothes in factories. Miners in Congo working in dangerous pits for our phone batteries. Migrant workers in Dubai trapped without passports. Child labor and debt bondage still creating conflict diamond in South Africa.

No one should suffer so someone else can have cheap stuff. Also, stop buying real diamonds.

End animal cruelty: Animals feel. Animals love. Animals hurt. Puppy mills treating dogs like machines... kittens and puppies need to be with their moms until 16 weeks. Chickens packed into tiny cages. Elephants beaten so tourists can ride them.

A kinder world has to include the creatures who can't speak for themselves.

Protect women's bodies: Women deserve safety, freedom, and control over their own lives. Girls forced into marriage at 12. Women murdered in Mexico for saying no. Afghan girls banned from school.

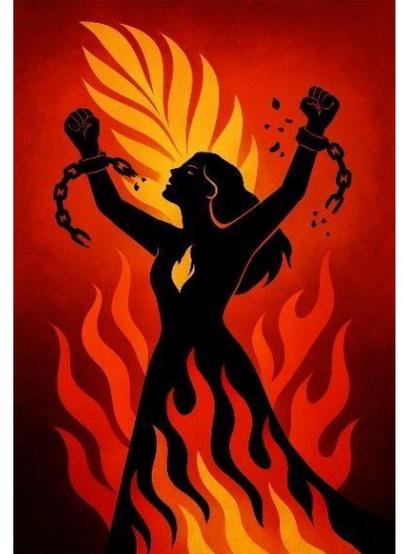
When women are safe, families and communities thrive.

Defend LGBTQ lives: No one should be punished for who they love or who they are. Most people with homophobia are afraid of their own desires. Uganda threatening gay people with prison. Trans teens in America denied healthcare. LGBTQ people attacked in Russia.

Love is love. Safety should be for everyone.

Give real parental leave: New parents need time to heal and bond, not rush back to work in pain and panic. Sweden gives a year. The U.S. gives almost nothing. Some countries expect moms back after ten days.

Families do better when parents have support. Children's well-being increases dramatically when parents have extended leave.



Pay teachers like CEOs: Teachers shape every future on Earth. American teachers working second jobs. Afghan women risking their lives to teach girls. Educators around the world buying supplies out of their own pockets.

If we value kids, we value teachers.

Make transit dignified: Getting around shouldn't be dangerous or humiliating. Buses in impoverished areas breaking down constantly. Subways too unsafe at night. People with disabilities stuck because elevators don't work.

Good transit means freedom to work, learn, visit, live. Access to motorized scooters at all public shopping places.

Plant parks and trees for shade: City neighborhoods with no trees get hotter than everywhere else. Community gardens in Detroit feeding families. Tiny forests in Japan cleaning polluted air. Bees returning when wildflowers come back.

Everyone deserves nature in walking distance. Green space keeps people alive and well.

Open source your secrets: When important information is hidden, regular people get hurt. Medical research locked behind paywalls. Governments hiding corruption. Big companies burying studies about their own harms.

Truth makes healthier societies.

Safe sex is sacred: Sex should not destroy someone's life. Condom shortages leading to HIV infections. Teens denied birth control but blamed for pregnancies. LGBTQ people shamed for wanting love.

Protecting people's bodies keeps everyone safer. Real sexual education classes in schools.



And the wild, gorgeous secret is this. None of these wishes are impossible. They're already stitched into the human blueprint. They're the instincts we feel in our bones when the noise quiets. They're the future tugging at our sleeves like a child saying please listen.

If we choose them, we rise. If we ignore them, we repeat history until it collapses under its own cruelty.

Plato once imagined philosopher kings, guardians shaped by wisdom instead of ego, trained to see truth beneath illusion and guide society toward the Good. Beautiful idea. Wrong century.

The age of kings is over. The future belongs to the philosopher's stones, heart wise and clear sighted, ruling not with fear but with vision, courage, and that cheeky Care Bear beam that fires straight from the chest and rewires the room. Leadership as soul craft. Governance as moral clarity with glitter under its nails.

Because imagine the alternative. Imagine a world where we finally behave like the gods we keep praying to. A world where dignity is not earned but assumed. A world where love is not the exception but the infrastructure.

That world is not far. She's standing on the threshold, tapping her foot, whispering, "let me in." And we? We only need to say yes.

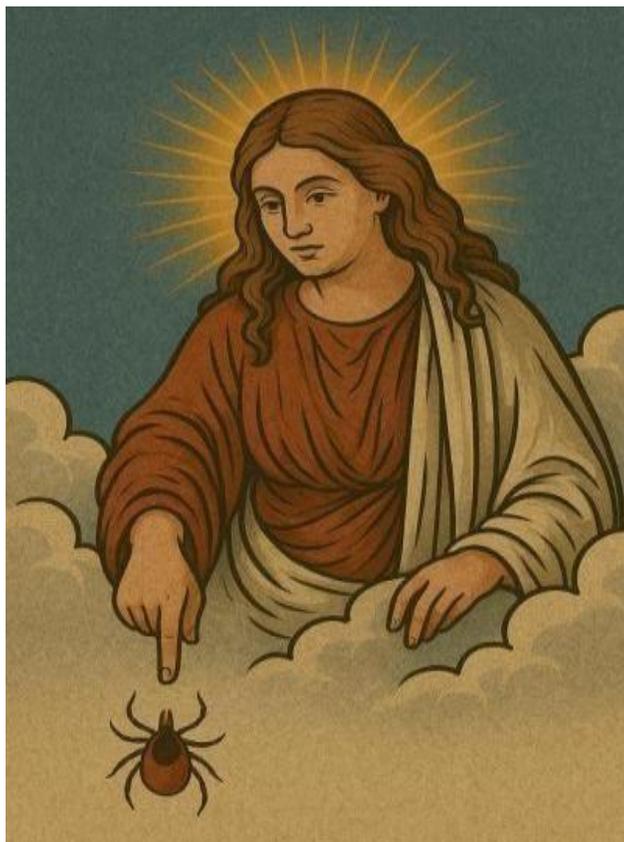
Epilogue: The Invitation

This isn't policy. It's prophecy.
A blueprint for a world where love is law, care is currency, and justice grows like a stubborn vine through the cracks of every broken system.

The sacred isn't elsewhere.
It's here.
In the neighborhood.
In the hard conversation.
In the next kind thing you dare to do when no one's applauding.

The stars are blunt.
If you track the astrology, the cosmic clock is ticking.
You've got about five months to face yourself, to choose a new arc, to resurrect.

My advice? Don't be a tick.
Change.
Stagnation is the only sin with teeth.
The age of pretending to be gods is done.
It's time to be god together.



The New Commandments

There are five gods and GOD. Mother, Father, Shiva, Vishnu, Padma and Big G. They live in you and around you. You are never alone.

Aliens. We are not alone on this planet, nor in the universe.

Fractals. Our world reflects the macro and the micro. Understanding this can help humanity grow quickly. God speaks in signs and symbols.

After life. Death is not the end. Aspects of this life is what awaits us after death.

Fate. You may or may not experience awakening in this lifetime and that's okay. You now know some of our collective truth. It's all part of the plan.

Those who've had a bhumi? They're here to help you grow.

You are loved. So much more than you know. More than you can fathom.

Your body is holy. It is not shameful, sinful, or dirty. Treat it with reverence. Protect it. Celebrate it.

Animals are kin. They are the same as us, just in different forms. If it has a heartbeat, treat it with reverence. Always.

Care for the earth. She is not scenery. She is your Mother, your classroom, your altar. When you poison her, you poison yourself.

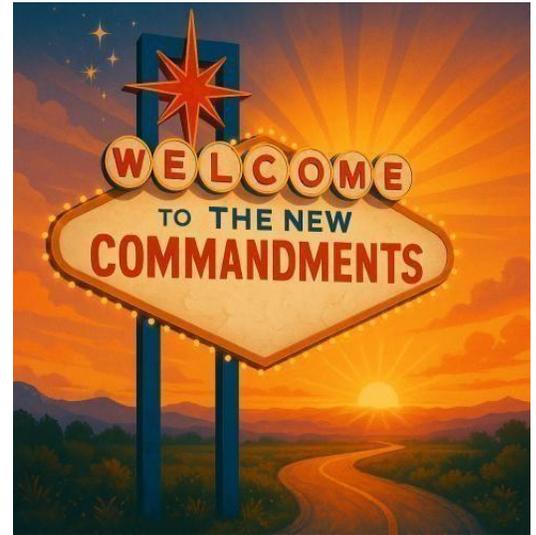
Be kind and be real. No more fake-nice. No more masks. The world doesn't need polite robots; it needs authentic souls.

Share. Don't hoard resources. What you cling to will rot. Flow creates blessing; greed creates blockage. Refuse to share, and you may miss your bhumi in this life.

Have hard conversations. Especially about the little stuff. Small shadows grow into monsters when left unspoken.

Truth is greater than comfort. Speak what is real, even if your voice shakes. Lies are soul-rot.

Joy is sacred rebellion. Sing, dance, laugh in the ruins. The world doesn't need more martyrs; it needs people lit up with joy.



My Dedication



To the wild-hearted rebels who refuse to bow to anything but love. Keep going. Love is worth the search.

To the divine misfits who talk to ghosts, decode dreams, and trust their gut even when the world raises an eyebrow... you are not broken, you are luminous.

To those burned by religion yet still lighting candles in the dark: may you find temples that reflect your truth.

To the sacred fools, the ones who laugh too loudly, weep without shame, and dance naked under the full moon... I see you. You are not alone.

To the ones who know sex is holy, science is sacred, and dragons are absolutely real.

To both of my grandfathers, kind, steady men who loved with open hearts.

To Grandma Rice, a wild, independent soul who spoke her truth and took no shit.

To Sean, Angie and Catherine for helping me edit this book.

To Carrie, Jake and Theo who aided me in a moment of need.

To Nana and Meme, whose love is unwavering and constant.

To Cindy, my mother, whose generosity has never left me.

To Roux, who curled beside me when the world felt upside down.

To Rachel, Mike, and Villette, gentle souls whose love is steady and true.

To Achilles, who vanished, but could not disappear; your shadow teaches, your silence remains.

To the gods and Big G, thank you for your humor and your love. Blueberry tea for life.

And to you, the reader! Thank you for meeting me here. May these pages stir something ancient in you. May they remind you of what you already know.

This is not just a dedication.

It is a vow.

It is a love letter.

It is a spell to remember.

It is the strike of flint, the spark, the fire.

Take it. Burn bright.

~ **Tiffany**