



Angels of Light

by James Kozlik

*Norah Faurci
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Angels of Light

Non-Fiction

WWOOF - The Spirit of Collaboration

"Grok" means to understand so thoroughly that the observer becomes a part of the observed. Stranger in a Strange Land Robert A. Heinlein

Angels of Light

Dr. Raymond Moody, known as the “father of near-death studies,” is finally coming forth with proof of an afterlife.

Since the publication of his seminal book, *Life After Life*, in 1975, Dr. Moody has remained objective about the long-term meaning of NDEs, refusing to declare them proof of consciousness after death. Now, after nearly five decades, he is taking his research public to finally answer humankind’s most pressing question: What happens when we die?

In this new book, *Proof*, Moody and coauthor Paul Perry, who has cowritten a dozen books on NDEs with fellow researchers, come full circle to explore the reality that consciousness survives the death of the body. Topics in this book include an exploration of the little-known concept of shared-death experiences, the more familiar near-death experiences, common paranormal signs and memories of those who go through these experiences, and much more. By relying upon evidence provided by hundreds of case studies, new research techniques, scientific and philosophical thought, with blunt and honest interviews with his normally guarded colleagues, Dr. Moody provides seven reasons why there is indeed life after death.

"The authors amass an impressively broad and vivid array of firsthand accounts.... plenty of fodder for the curious to chew on."

—Publisher’s Weekly (06/06/2023)

Forward

Someone in our morning zoom group asked a question. “The teacher said, ‘that we are not the body or the mind.’ Can someone explain that to me?” Someone opened their mike, “You’re just conscious thought.” Another said, “I think you are your consciousness, and your body and your mind. We love your body...I love bodies.”

Then the questioner remarked, “so we’re all just grappling.”

There seems to be quite a fascination with death, after life, or maybe there is just one life. I like to think that I have it all figured out, what is source energy, or who is source energy, for example. And so journaling, becomes the source of creating these stories. I like to think that I am just a conduit of Divine energy who is actually channeling the story and I am just it’s pen. Until I realize that the source of the journaling and writing came from external influences. Even if one of the influences was an NDE, or any of the other references to a ‘DE’ experience.

I’m just ‘grappling’ really, once I realize that whatever I think I know is really just a new belief system that works for me while in this mind boggling, bodily experience that includes conscious thought!

I might as well have fun creating these conscious thoughts, and choosing the light versus darkness. Although I have been told that I can have a dark side and dark humor just as much as I think I am a light being with dry humor centered around light energy.

I have finally decided that I do better when there is no thought, just the now as Eckhart Tolle writes about in his book NOW. Now that is a belief system that works for me, like the devote Buddhist who chops wood and carries water!

By the author...whomever that might be.

Prologue

She was on her way, leaving the company of her new found family. Desperately hoping to find him, the figure of the one legged man entwined with the one armed woman. She held the bronze sculpture, tightly. The Harvest Moon, orange, high in the night sky, lighting her way to his village.

He was waiting for her, sipping hot tea seated along the wall of the meat house. He knew she would show up, he too was desperate for their relationship to evolve into something more than what it already was.

There was the glow of a fire, high up on the edge of the bluff where the wickiup contained the Apache lovers who dedicated their love to concentrate the love of Ariel and Farhad, this Harvest Moon night.

She approached the village, not knowing where she would find him. He was there, on the same bench they sat on early in the day. She was breathless after the long fast paced hike to his village. He was breathless seeing her, observing the quick rise and fall of her chest. Farhad was startled when Ariel raised her hand holding the figurine and shoved it at him. He took it and looked at the exquisite work of the master blacksmith.

Farhad finally spoke the first words between them, "I knew you would come to me tonight my sweet Ariel. Let us go to my humble hut, up on the ridge." He takes her hand and feels her dampness. She goes with him, there is no resistance, no words spoken. He feels her readiness.

The hut has a small wood burning stove with a pot of coffee warming on top. There is a bed in one corner, a small table for two, and some shelving with food stuff and utensils. It's cozy with an east facing window, crystals hanging to catch the morning sun.

The night is filled with their gentle love making. The desperation is diluted with a calm sense of being, feeling the other. Trusting the sincerity of the relationship taking on a form beyond the need of fulfilling sexual desire.

Chapter 1

It was a beautiful morning, as Ariel walked down from the high ridge, leaving the Afghan village, alone, in contemplation. The sun was just rising to the east, west of her she saw smoke still billowing from the Apache wickiup. There was a familiarity about the whole event that took place. She just couldn't "pin it down" so to speak.

As she approached the huge cottonwood tree, with the stumps, alongside Alamo Creek, where the water flowed constantly, she saw two figures already seated on the stumps.

Now who can that be, this early. I was hoping to be alone. Now that my physical needs of love have been fulfilled, what is it that I love about Farhad in such a short time of connection with him?

Now she can see whom it is that occupies the place where the cottonwood grows and the creek flows. She expected to contemplate alone and watch the sun rise. It's Jenny and Christine, humming softly, maybe to the birds?

They look over at Ariel, "have a stump!" exclaims Christine with a laugh.

"Sure, you two angels here for the sunrise?"

They look at each other, "that's what we thought, now you're here so maybe not." Jenny asks, "you are coming from Farhad's? You must have found his place."

"Yeah, Farhad's," Ariel responds in a slow thoughtful way, "yeah, you all knew I was destined to go there...harvest a potential lover. That full moon sure had an affect on my desire."

"Is that all it was Ariel?"

"No, I wanted to have a sign that he also has an interest in me. I did not know his house. He was waiting for me where we have met before, when he waited for me then. As if he knew I would come. His home, the night, the love making didn't feel new. After all these years of no sex, this night felt familiar."

“Why didn’t you spend the morning with him? Did you slip out of bed unnoticed?”

“NO, I would not do that to him. I wanted to, actually I think we wanted to explore the start of a mutual relationship. The way we connected with each other was so different. His demeanor was so subtle, mine so awkwardly aggressive. He had to slow me down. Love, love , love I had to leave and told him I am not sure what love actually is. Maybe you two can help me with this?”

They look at each other, Christine starts, “whew, that word is used so loosely, like I love my car, I love ice cream, I love Farhad. Can you really love a car, will it love you back? Can you love Farhad, will he love you back? Love can not judge or perceive or have expectations.”

“How did Farhad ‘slow you down’?” asks Jenny.

“He had some coffee ready, heated by a small wood stove. The rock walled home was cozy, with a small table for two. We sat and talked for a long time, it felt like we knew each other and hadn’t seen each other for several years. It was like catching up with each other’s life. There was a small open cabinet with shelves above the table, on the wall. When he reached to grab some cups my eyes followed his hands, on the top of the cabinet was a dusty bottle of whiskey! I didn’t say anything, it felt as if it was put there as a memory? Does that make any sense to either of you?”

“There has been so many physiological writings about loving yourself before you can love anyone else. Perhaps they go hand in hand. Then there is the thought that love is unlimited. It’s not what we think when we are influenced by what the world perceives about love.”

“What does that have to do with this deja vu I experienced?”

Christine looks at Ariel with a raised eyebrow, “Is the whiskey bottle the only thing that seemed familiar? How about the love making?”

“Well I remembered how to do it.” Ariel laughs, “yeah, something just seemed different. There was a moment that his body and hands moved in a way that I knew what he would do next. It was just a quick flashback. Then it was gone, I

told Farhad this morning that I didn't want to jump back in and do it again. I needed some time to get my feet back on the ground. He liked that comment, even though it had nothing to do with him." She laughs, "he must have thought he was God's gift to woman."

"God is love unlimited, whom you think you are is who He is..."

"Ms. Christine, I can't even think about that right now. Pretty soon I'm going to see you as a preacher"

They laugh, "is this another similar deja vu?"

"Oh look, the sun is coming up..."

"Good time to change the subject."

They all get still and just let the new day start, in a grand way, as friends that meet again. Ariel wants to get back to her bed. Her mind is swimming in thought.

What if his real personality isn't what my first impression has been. I might be loving his mild mannered charisma yet I don't know what's really in his heart. What's with the dusty bottle of whiskey? That seemed like something out of my past...part of the deja vu...like a recurring dream. That's what I woke up to, a similar part to a dream that became real? How can that be? My desire for the relationship that I dream about becomes real? It seems like many dreams have elements of what is lurking in my subconscious. Ugh, my brain is in a fog, I just want to get back to my own bed. It will be a different scenario when I see Farhad later today, at the Cook House!

When Ariel gets home, and walks through the courtyard door, the morning fire has already been started. The chairs are still there from the previous night. It looks like Perez already has a pot of coffee warming on the grate. He comes from the open kitchen and into the court yard.

"Ariel, I didn't expect you to be back so early."

"Good morning Perez, I mean father! I will have to get used to calling you father. Is mom still sleeping?"

“Yes, that’s a long journey she had to get here. And as you know, she is not an early riser. Sit, have a coffee, I brought out some pastries. I want to here about your evening with Farhad, before I have to leave for my guard duty.”

She sits, Perez pours her a coffee and places a pastry on a small plate for her.

She thanks him and looks at him differently that she ever has before. “That day, long ago when you found me at the spring drinking, were you just a ranch guard plucking another trespassing illegal to hand over to the authorities? Or did you feel a connection with me right away?”

“That was so long ago Ariel. I did not know who you were, I had compassion for you. I have compassion for all of the illegals that have come through here in the past and still the few that come now. I know for sure that when Chad and Ellie discovered that I was your biological father, that is when a different kind of connection manifested. My compassion felt deeper, if you know what I mean. And then other emotions obscured the fact that we had a genealogy connection.”

“Hmmm, well my evening with Farhad was different. I was so eager to be with him. I want to have a relationship that is more than a friendship or one that is work related. There was some kind of energy field that vibrated as if we had been together before. Another lifetime perhaps. I have never considered a life after this one. Have you...”

“My beliefs are based on reincarnation of the soul as it relates to an everlasting spirit. A spirit given to me by God. However, I tend to question the existence of God as a separate being greater than whom he created. Right there, what I just said reminds me that he created man in His own image so how can He exist outside of me separate from His own self. I don’t know what to believe anymore, than what happens from day to day, hour to hour, minute to minute, and second to second. You know what I mean?”

Ariel laughs, “I am glad that you are as confused as I am. That’s what I always loved about you, Perez, I mean dad. Which is kind of confusing for me still. I like to call people that have truth and aren’t afraid to connect with me despite my handicap,” she raises her prosthetic arm, “and my sometimes rough personality, my angels. You are one of them.”

“That is sweet my daughter. Instead of thinking about an afterlife, I am glad to have a new life with you and Ariel. I hope we all get used to being family. I will be patient with our new relationship. You can call me father, Perez or your angel. I must go now, we are expecting a couple of ICE agents today.”

“ICE? What for?”

“OH, they come around once in awhile if they think that there might be a bad hombre’ posing as an immigrant.”

They both stand and give each other a tender hug. It is held for a longtime. Perez feels the wetness from tears on his shoulder. He pats her back and pulls back slightly to look into her eyes.

Ariel chuckles, “I didn’t expect this emotion. It has been a long journey for the three of us.”

Chapter 2

Ariel is sleeping and dreaming. Her sleep is interrupted several times as she experiences abandonment. It’s with a twin (in the dream) they are separated and she is sometimes lost without her nurturing. There is a man in the dream and they two are separated several times, by her choosing. She also experiences how often she has to battle co dependency. She wakes up several times in a sweat, until she finally decides she has had enough. She goes into the shared bathroom and notices the door to her mother’s room is open. Ariel is not there. She closes it and takes a cold shower to revive herself, ground herself as she tries to keep any memories from the dream out of her mind. When she goes to the kitchen for some coffee, she sees the door to the front living room opened. She goes into the room and her mother (Ariel) is sitting there, just peering out the window.

“Good morning mother.”

Startled at first, Ariel acknowledges her daughter. “Good morning Ariel. You had a rough sleep, no?”

“Yes, dreams I do not want to recall. It reminds me too much of my past.”

“Come sit, let us talk.”

“Okay, I will get some coffee, you want some?”

“Yes, here is my cup.”

Ariel returns and places the cups on the coffee table. “You have had a long journey from Baltimore, do you feel rested now?”

“Si’, I heard you say don’t go. I thought you were screaming at me.”

“No, you were not in the dream, however there is still an abandonment issue that maybe I have never resolved with you. We have been over this many times in the last fifteen years. I want it to end.”

“Si’, I hope that you can move on from the past. Do not let understanding the past be your purpose in life.”

“Why did you name me Ariel, after your name?”

“So that someday I could find you.”

“Was that your purpose in life, to find me?”

“NO, no, my purpose was to stay present so that I could survive the consequences of my choice. Eventually I realized what my focus had to be. I meet a man, we lived together for several years. He was like an angel for me. He told me once, ‘Your purpose is what you do in the present moment. Are you doing it from a fear base or from love? If you choose love over fear, you create a miracle for you have changed the trajectory of your thoughts. You contribute a positive frequency to the unified consciousness. You vibrate with joy.’ I will never forget the time when he moved on, I feared I would lose my compass, so to speak, and he wrote down what he had told me. I have his letter still today.”

“When did he leave?”

“About two years before we found each other.”

“Excuse me, but Chad and Ellie found you.”

“I kept you in my prayers, the miracle of love found you.”

There’s a stillness now between mother and daughter.

I can appreciate what she just shared with me. She never shared that with me the fifteen years we lived together in Baltimore. I had so much resentment maybe she knew I could not hear her wisdom. The day in Miami at the Field of Awakening, when we connected with our ancestors and family lineage. Maybe I garnered some compassion. I don’t remember. I guess it’s never too late to forgive and feel grateful that we are family now. Funny how that works, what did Preethaji say about compassion and feeling the other. I felt the sorrow and regret of choices made. Now I feel the joy despite our fears, of getting to know each other as family.

“I am happy that we are here, with Perez. I do a meditation called the Soul Sync Meditation. At the end I set an intention, I will make sure that it includes the three of us in mutual respect for each other, and our estranged reunion.”

“Thank you dear. Tomorrow, maybe you can teach it to Perez and myself, maybe make it a morning ritual, Si’?”

“Si’, I must go now, to cook, be the bionic chef. Let me hug you mother.”

Ariel departs with joy in her heart. As she nears the blacksmith’s shop, she smells smoked meat. She decides to check in on Amos. She quietly enters his workshop. There are hot coals in the fire pit, the anvil is still now, no pounding and forming of shapes. That happens in the night when the temperature is cooler. She hears some commotion outside, she goes through another door that leads to the back, there she observes Amos slightly bent over what appears to be a smoker.

“Is that you Ariel? Come taste this brisket.”

“You have a way of surprising me Amos. How’d you know it was me?”

“You’re the cook, and the meat is ready for tonight’s menu. So I knew you’d show up.”

Ariel laughs, “you are a mystical being that sees with no eyes!”

Now it's Amos's turn to laugh, a big belly laugh. “You sound like the laughing buddha, full of jokes. Here taste this, let me know if you think it's done enough.”

She savors the taste and texture of the brisket. The fat and meat melts in her mouth. “I think we should just feast on it right here. It is so good.”

“Yeah, you can make some barbecue sauces. Maybe some slaw and buttered white beans to go along with collards. Farhad should have some nice collards in the Cook House garden.”

“You even created tonight's menu for me.”

“That's 'cause I will be dinning there tonight!”

More laughter and a jovial tone is set. A high frequency of joy and banter.

“So tell me Amos, how do you keep on, alone. Or do you have a mate, a wife, hidden away somewhere on this ranch?”

He chuckles, “no wife, she passed on, in Phillie. Before I came here, answered Chad's ad in the Intentional Community magazine. They needed a blacksmith. I needed a place to go, fit in and have my talent utilized. I like being an alchemist of the metal, just like you are the alchemist of the food. We both get to serve others, that is good juju.”

“Farhad liked your sculpture of the handicapped lovers. I must say the missing limbs seemed a little harsh for me. At least you showed my claw. His missing lower leg, I'm not sure how he took it. He didn't say much about it.”

“That is what I do, not just horseshoes and farm related equipment. I have a studio and sell bronze artifacts in the commercial town near the front gate. Close to the Essenes. Here let me show you.”

Amos goes into another room and comes back with a couple of statues - a bison being shot at by a native Bowman on a horse. There's brush strokes to highlight certain aspects of the bronze replica.

“Do you do all of the highlights yourself?”

“Most of the time, now. My wife helped me in the past. I could use some help.”

“My mother dabbles in art, she might want to help you. Give her something to do. Hey, I have to get going to start prep for dinner. Thanks for doing the brisket. I’ll ask my mom if she’s interested in helping you.”

“Thank you Ariel.”

Ariel takes the meat and starts on her way to the Cook House. She arrives a little early, nobody is there yet. Farhad is not in the garden and Samantha is not in the kitchen. She takes the brisket and puts it in a warming tray and starts to gather ingredients for a variety of sauces. She wants to make sure that no sauce overwhelms the flavor of the brisket. She creates a nice sweet and sour sauce along with her rib sauce recipe that she has used for several years, a proven success that everyone raved about. She makes herself some coffee and goes to the shaded front porch that has a couple of overhead fans. She reminisces about her days of adding some Irish Cream liqueur to her coffee. The days on the yacht when she could enjoy a break as the chef, with the rest of the crew. She is wondering about her mother.

What will she do to contribute to the ranch community? Will she want to stay or will she miss the city lifestyle she had in Baltimore? All her friends are back there. Her art galleries that display her paintings and sculptures. How and who will she connect with here that has some common ground for her to relate too. Maybe Amos, he said he needs some help.

Chapter 3

Two ICE agents arrive at the front gate and meet with Perez. They do a monthly visit and check the documents of new immigrants. It is something that was worked out with Chad Sr. years ago. The positive side of the equation is that if there are any bad hombres they can be picked up and deported. The scary part of the check is that sometimes people that mean good do not have the right documentation. Especially the ones that don’t enter through customs. The one’s that the cartel drops off.

Perez has a small list of the newcomers. On it is Ariel, his Bonita from teenage days. His daughter's biological mother, the person he hopes will be receptive to receive him as a father of the daughter that they gave up to adoption thirty five years ago. The young family that he fled thinking that time would take care of both Ariel's and heal his guilt. That never happened, they all are still working on forgiveness. Trying to understand what forgiveness truly is. Does he and Ariel think that they are being forgiven of a sin? And who's the sinner in the eyes of God who's plan was set in place for all three souls on their journey of love. The truth be known that each of their personal journeys, on this material plane that they came back too, had to cross the boundaries of illusion. Just as they now are here to realize the boundless love that they have connected with during their individual journeys. That love will prevail in the new relationship as a family.

Perez gives directions to where they might find the people on the list. He hesitates when he points to Ariel's name.

For sure she has her documents in order. She's been living in Baltimore for at least thirty years or more. I wonder how she ever got there? Did she have the fortune to end up in good hands, people that helped her become a citizen like the Framers assisted Ariel and I. In all of my excitement that night of the harvest moon, I never did ask Ariel if she became legal. I just assumed she is. Well, we will find out.

Perez smiles weakly, and the ICE agents are on their way. He watches as their vehicle kicks up some dust from the gravel road.

Ariel is at peace on the couch in the living room. She is awake from a mid day nap and paging through a travel guide of the Presidio area and Big Bend National Park. There is strong loud knocking at the front door. She sees two images, dressed in black, through the sheer curtain of the six panel window door. She is uncertain about what to do. The knocking continues and there's a voice, "ICE here for Ariel Souza".

Oh shit, what do I do now? There is no place to run too. Can they legally break in? Perez doesn't know, I never told him that I'm undocumented. I should have told him, all of them, Baltimore is a safe place to hide my identity, big city. Brazilian community, we watched out for each other. SHIT I better answer, make something up.

She opens the door. The agents are very direct, "Are you Ariel Souza?"

“Yes, this is who you see.”

“When did you arrive?”

“Not to long ago, several days.”

“Do you have your U.S. citizenship documentation or a legal passport you can show us?”

“Uh, you scare me with your loud knocking, I was sleeping. What do you want with me?”

“We need to see your legal documents.”

“I have lived in U.S. for over thirty years. I don’t have anything to show you right now. Did you meet Perez at the gate? He is my common law husband. He will vouch for me.”

“Mrs. Souza, we will have to take you to customs and check your official documentation. You can come peacefully or we can use force if we have to. If you come peacefully we will not handcuff you. The Framers’ cooperate with customs and they will be notified that we have you in custody.”

“I see, let me write a note for my daughter, she will be worried.”

“Okay, you must stay in our sight. May we enter?”

“Peacefully,” Ariel has a wry smile, “but just you, I am scared.”

“Okay, get what you need for a note.”

Ariel goes to a small writing table and jots her note to Ariel.

I am in the custody of ICE. I do not know where they will take me. You tell Perez and the Framers’ help me. I might need an immigration lawyer. Love Ariel.

“Do I need to bring anything? Clothes, tooth brush...”

The ICE agent laughs, “no, they will provide you with simple needs at customs.”

There are two more people in the car, a young couple. They look at Ariel, fear is evident as they are holding onto each other. They are in work clothes, Ariel senses that they were in one of the agricultural fields.

The car arrives at the front gate and stops. The driver window and passenger window are down. Perez peers in and is shocked to see Ariel.

“The one behind me is Ariel Souza, she says you are her husband. Do you know where her documents might be?”

“My Bonita! What are you doing here?”

Ariel is stunned and none responsive at first. Then she meekly responds, “my love, you will have to find them, I don’t remember what I did with them, it has been so long since I have been in United States.”

Perez looks back at the agent, “I can vouch for her. She is my wife.”

“The Framers’ will be notified. You can visit her tomorrow or come pick her up.”

There is nothing Perez can do, the energy field is filled with helplessness. Stalking Man, Perez’s main gate assistant comes over. “Problems Perez?”

“Si’, we have a problem. You go to the Cook House now, tell Ariel that her mother has been taken by ICE.”

“You going to be okay brother?”

The back window is rolled up, Ariel is crying. The agent says, “please open the gate we need to get these people to customs.”

With a shaky hand Perez presses the button to open the gate. He keeps his eyes on Ariel and places his pleading hands on the passing window until all he can grasp is the wisp of dust from the graveled road. Stalking Man wraps his arms around Perez’s shoulder. Perez screams, as he looks up to the sky,

“forgive me, what have I done?”

Stalking Man whispers in his ears, “there is nothing to forgive my brother, it is what is. No guilt, no shame, how can you forgive someone else’s Karma?”

“This wasn’t part of the plan! I never thought of asking Ariel about how she came to the U.S., I would have never asked her to come here.”

“Perez, stay present now. All you speak of is consequences related to external circumstance. All these past years you created your plan as if you were God. Plans are an illusion of time, they can crumble at anytime. The forgiveness you seek concerns something outside of you. True forgiveness is the instantaneous corrections you make that concerns your internal being. To remain calm right now is the first little miracle. You know that Ariel will be given a court date and will be returned to the ranch. Let that relieve you of insecurity.”

Perez looks at Stalking Man, “I spent years building the house that would be for my family, this all became an obsession for a family I never had because of my fear.”

“Now you are clinging to a past and your suffering continues. My brother, both Ariel’s have their own lives to work out. You are just part of their journey. A piece of their puzzle. You think that the external can be changed by you. That is ego, it is not your truth. We serve each other that is all we can do. Our contributions to someone else’s life is the only miracle there is. We just need to show up for each other.”

“You speak like an angel of light. Your wisdom is kind and soothes me. I am feeling more settled now. Please tell Ariel when you see her. Let her know everything will be alright. Thank you my friend.”

Stalking Man smiles and gives a nod to Perez, then goes to find his horse and makes ready for his ride to the Cook House.

Chapter 4

Farhad sees Ariel on the porch and waves. He gets no response. *She must have her eyes closed or is looking elsewhere. I wonder what she actually felt during our time together and our love making. There were times when I felt as if she were a ghost from my past. She had her eyes on the whiskey bottle, never asked why or how it came to be there. A gift from an American soldier friend, a long time ago, in Afghanistan. Ah, there, she waved and beckons me to join her.*

Farhad picks up his pace, excited to join her, to share the night of the harvest moon's impact on their union.

"Farhad, I looked for you in the garden. I am glad to see you. We have some time before we have to prep. Amos made up the menu. You know Amos, the blacksmith?"

"Yes, of course, he is an insightful man. And a very good tradesman in the art of blacksmithing. Remember, you brought me this ornament." Farhad shows her the entwined lovers. It's them, how could it not be.

"You will find a place in the garden for it?"

"The rose bed...or do you have a suggestion?"

"It's kind of early in our relationship for me to suggest a place that has meaning and purpose. How about we set it aside for some time. A place where we can pass by it as we enter the garden."

"You don't sound so sure of our relationship. Why did you make love to me? Or was it sex? To replace someone from your past."

They are still for awhile. A gentle breeze kicks up some roadside dust. Ariel is slow to answer. She observes the small whirlwind. She is reminded of the dusty whisky bottle.

"You haven't meant Jenny or Christine yet. Do you know Jenny, from the permaculture community up the hill from here."

“I know neither of whom you speak of.”

“I meet them about a year ago, in Miami. They sponsored me to attend an event that a modern day guru...Sri Preethaji was offering. To work on our inner self, our psychology that we manufacture from our perceptions of our past. Ironically I sat next to a fellow Brazilian whose daughter sponsored him. He was a psychologist - we would meet at the hotel bar afterwards and have discussion. I think I was ordering whiskey sours as a cocktail before going to my room. I saw the dusty whiskey bottle on the very top shelf in your small home. Your home and the whiskey on the shelf seemed so familiar. Our love making seemed just as familiar, as if we have done it many times before. I went to you during the night, after discovering that I suddenly had family. And not just my biological mother and father, more than that. Christine, Jenny, the Framers, Amos, Thomas and Gloria, Joseph and Magdalen and you. I wanted to have you as family. My need or I should say desire for physical love overshadowed what my intention really was meant to be. My ego took over, I surrendered to the ego. It told me how good it felt to be with him, how we were meant to be soulmate lovers. So when I awoke early, and left you I needed to sort out a memory of another lifetime. Does that make any sense to you?”

“I don't know of whom you refer to as him in your dream, was it? A dream? Don't answer now, because I felt as if I was making love to a ghost. I watched your eyes engaged with the dusty whisky bottle. You seemed transfixed on it. While we made our love making my mind took me to the past. When I saw the girl in the mine field. I yelled at her and spontaneously went to get her. She had froze, eyes fixed on my approach until I reached her. She was crying, as if she did something wrong. I was carrying her over my left hip when I detonated the mine. It blew off my foot and her left arm. Her right arm was over my shoulder, her left hand was swinging free and some of the shrapnel caught her hand. We made it back to a safe area. I fainted then from the trauma. There was a soldier who watched the whole scene when he heard my scream. He visited me in the hospital. He handed me the whiskey bottle. He said, 'don't drink from it. Some day you will meet a woman whom it belongs to. You will know that you both had a past together.' I never knew what he meant, it became

somewhat of a charm, like a genie lamp.” Farhad chuckles, smiles at Ariel who is intently listening to his story.

“After life? Is that what we are sharing here? And how would we know?”

“We felt each other, that day in the garden when you suddenly kissed me rolled to the ground, pulled off my shoe to saw why I limp, and heaved the shoe into the garden. Samantha laughed so hard as if she was relishing the fact that she is not the only one with a handicap. So why are we, the three of us here again, if that is what you are questioning...the afterlife and rebirth?”

They are still, with astonished expressions. There is nothing else to say right now and they know it. They are both beyond thought and seemingly don't want to disrupt this field of wonderment. There is a commotion in the kitchen, they look at the door, then each other.

“We better get to prepping. Do you have collards in the garden?”

“Ah, yes, is it the the vegetable tonight?”

“Yes, I'll see you back in the kitchen.”

They part ways, no hug, no kiss. Eye contact is minimal, they are both awestruck by what they shared.

When Ariel enters Samantha has some pie plates out, flour, and she is already picking the pecans from their shells. She looks up, “I am making mom's pecan pie. I will be the baker tonight.”

“Oh, Samantha, you are such a helper. You read my mind! I did not know what to do for desert, and I love your mama's pecan pie.”

“I can do it all by my self. Mom gave me the recipe.” She holds up the crumpled paper.

So who is Samantha in this afterlife/rebirth thinking. Wait, I want to change that thought to eternal life possibility. You never know, if matter is just energy and

the body dies as a useless form then what's left? Consciousness? Who's consciousness is it anyhow? Mine? What's the source of the mind? We're all just molecules...uh where did I hear that theory before? In a previous life? I better use the 'unified consciousness' and come up with a couple of barbecue sauce recipes for this brisket which I better check out so it doesn't dry out!

The kitchen is full of action, Samantha is moving forward with her pies. Farhad is preparing the steamed collards with some chopped garlic in butter. Stalking Man is baking some large white lima type beans in a savory sauce. Elsie arrives to assist Samantha, who tells her... 'you can wash the dishes and pots!' ... In other words, "I bake the pies."

Stalking Man laughs at the comment. He observes the entire scene, what he considers a miracle. A group of different personalities and backgrounds, working together. No egos involved, just love. He knows this will be a special dinner. He is waiting for an appropriate moment to let Ariel know about her mother.

Amos enters the kitchen unexpectedly. "Woo wee it smells good. Ya'll making some fine food." He has a bag full of breads, "I have some thick sliced bread for Texas toast, a few loaves of sourdough and some brioche rolls from the Essene bakery. Specially made by our holy friends." He lets out a hardy laugh.

Ariel turns, "you mean our angels, what a miracle...I never thought about bread."

"Yeah I can tell sister, your mind was elsewhere. Farhad, where did you place the sculpture?"

"At the gate to the garden. We have to open our hearts before it gets placed in the garden."

Ariel looks over towards Farhad. *It's amazing how dense my energy has been all these years. Living with a past I have not appreciated. The FOA event in Miami opened up my heart a little. Now as I sense that all of these people are my angels, my projections and defenses are diminishing. I feel as if I am part of something. Part of a whole.* She blows Farhad a kiss, he smiles. The mood in

the Cook House Kitchen is emitting a glow and the dinning areas inside and out are getting packed. People in all of the communities are following their nose, the smell of smoked brisket by Amos has united a gathering of hungry souls. *Who are these people, where did they come from. That is my inquiry now. Where did I come from in this lifetime. Is this my one and only lifetime or was there others before this one.*

Ariel feels a tap on her shoulder, it's Stalking Man, "soon I will have to be with my servers. I need to talk to you before hand. Please come with me."

Ariel looks at Stalking Man and he looks serious. They head towards the back door which is near the kitchen sinks. He nods at Elsie, "come sister, join us."

They are out the door on the back porch stoop. "Ariel, did you know that your mother is an undocumented immigrant?"

"No, all these years I never discussed that with her. She has been a citizen for close to fifty years. At least that is what I assumed!"

Elsie, "That will help her. We have been contacted by Perez that ICE came today and took a couple and Ariel to customs."

"What, and now you tell me! Now of all times, kind of late don't you think? Perez couldn't stop them?"

"My sister, Perez did all he could. He was so emotional with self blame what is your emotion now? Anger? Who do you blame?"

Ariel looks at both of them, tears streaming down her cheeks. She shakes her head and takes a few deep breaths. She realizes that she is silently doing the Serene Mind Meditation - what is the emotion I am feeling?

Stalking Man and Elsie remain still. Letting Ariel have some space.

Betrayed? That is not an emotion, that is an evaluation. So what is it anger for sure, enraged, disappointed? Okay pick one...disappointed. Alright how is that entangled with the past, all of the disappointment I felt concerning my

circumstances. All those years of projecting disappoint and what did I receive in return? Disappointment maybe that is the dense energy I am learning to rise above. I sure don't want to have that thought in the future. What will happen now? What is present now? All I have learned from my past no longer has meaning, old beliefs are dissolved. Why should I let the mind direct the course of my future? She closes her eyes and imagines a small flame between her eyebrows. The third eye of insight. She watches that flame travel to the middle of the brain. The glow igniting the “amygdala (which processes emotions and fear) and the hippocampus (responsible for forming new memories)” Queensland Brain Institute.

Humm, my disappointment is based on fear...fear of the unknown, not being in control. Oh my god, this memory I have right now, what is it the hidden Totem Pole carved from a tree, the wolf, the bear - what my death?

Her eyes are open now, she turns and is in Stalking Man's arms, holding on for dear life. She loosens her grip and extends her prosthetic hand to motion for Elsie to join in the hug.

“You have gone to a past memory my sister. It will all be revealed. Your mother she does not abandon you. Your father does not abandon you. We are here for you. Trust your truth. You are in a dream of your past life.”

Elsie whispers, “we have been contacted, all is in place for her quick hearing and court date that will be set much later because of the long time she has been in this country. We will have her back here tomorrow. Taylor will be there with her. He is spending the night in town with Perez.”

“Thank you I realize now that remaining unperturbed is my gateway to joy for instant present moments and my life can become meaningful connecting with light energy. Choosing light over darkness as they say. I am in a state of bliss around you all. I secretly call all of you my angels of light. And you, Stalking Man remind me of someone I once knew.”

Stalking Man just stares at her with kind eyes and touches the top of her head as if giving a blessing.

Elsie gives her another hug, “thank you for coming back here Ariel and trusting us young Framers. And thank you for connecting so well with Samantha. Speaking of which we better see how those pies are doing!”

“Trust me,” says Ariel, “they will be as perfect as Sammantha can make them. Especially since they have that Cherokee, Oklahoma, maple syrup!”

They release what ever tension there was, with hardy laughter and joy as they go back into the kitchen and disperse back to where they were preparing the entrees. Elsie is checking Samantha’s baking prowess.

Chapter 5

The long night at the Cook House is over. Farhad has made some tea and they are relaxing in the garden on the bench along the side of the greenhouse looking at the constellations.

“Farhad, you have known Samantha for quite some time now. Does her presence in your relationship with her, bring up memories of the girl you saved in the Afghan minefield?”

“Yes, she is like a sign that the girl has a life. I like to think that Samantha is soul-stirring many deep inner feelings for my good Karma.”

“So do you have memories of the girl through Samantha, like conceivably she may be a medium by which you still have a connection with the girl?”

“I have never thought of it like that. My mind has never questioned what is real. Now though, while we are on the subject, since we both had some sort of mutual sense of a past reincarnation...”

“I like to think that we have a mutual sense of another life together.”

“Okay, listen, I feel nudged to offer you a massage. I’m not sure where it is coming from. My heart is opening up as we form this relationship

together. I have a small room in the back end of the greenhouse with a little single bed. If you are willing to receive, I can give you a massage."

"Ooo, that is an offer I can't refuse. I will get some sesame oil from the kitchen." Ariel leaves to fetch some oil and Farhad goes to prepare the room.

Woah, there is another familiar feeling coming up. I'm excited to explore where this leads to. I wonder if Farhad is relating the nudge he received to a past memory.

The room is set up with some candle light. The bed has been pulled towards the middle of the room and Farhad is waiting. When Ariel comes back she is enchanted by the room's ambiance. She slips out of her clothing and gingerly lays on the table.

Farhad starts with an instruction, "roll over and I will do your back first. I have some hot towels and I will bath you first and warm your body."

He places the oil in some hot water, and rings out a towel. He starts with a gentle rub, a gentle exfoliation. Now he graciously applies warmed sesame oil over her whole body, and uses long sweeping strokes with his full hand before sinking finger tips into Ariels torso.

"Tell me Farhad, where did you learn to give massage?"

"I didn't learn from anybody. I am just feeling what this must feel like for you. It's as if I am receiving while I give you this massage. I am being lead by a divine force, I think we are in an energy field of love where one feels the other. You can turn over now."

Now Ariel is in a venerable position on the table. There is a flashback of the near rape in the Amazon. She closes her eyes and trust this moment right now. She enjoys the hot moist cloth being swept all over her torso, her breast and all of the rest. Now the massage begins and she opens her eyes, she see's him..."Farhad, I am witnessing a past life with a soulmate. I know you are the one with me right now, I can't explain what I am experiencing..."

“You are both visiting another realm of existence. A blissful state that you may have experienced and forgotten during your rebirth. Right now you are questioning and exploring what you are experiencing. Let it be an experience with no thought, no belief, no miracle. Just light energy, dissolve all form into light.”

“Is that you Christine? You are here in the flesh?”

“Shush, Be Here Now,” Christine giggles, “boy, that’s an old cliché.”

With the room so dark she is barely visible. Farhad does not want to look at her. He is still, his hands have stopped moving. Ariel reaches for his hand and motions for him to continue. He closes his eyes and massages her body as if he is blind. He continues and knows all her erroneous zones and relates them to her body parts. He sees all form of negative thought dissolve into light energy, into a field of non resistance. She feels Farhad’s corrections of his erroneous zones as if they are both conduits of energy passing through, one to the other.

A breeze blows out the candles. Farhad is spent, he gets a bed sheet and gently snuggles into Ariel. She let’s him spoon her and this too feels familiar.

“Christine?”

There is no answer. “Is she gone? Was she here?”

Farhad whispers, “Let’s just be, let us drift into a deep slumber and see where our dreams take us.”

Chapter 6

"Buckets of rain, Buckets of tears, Got all them buckets comin' out of my ears, Buckets of moonbeams in my hand, You got all the love, Honey baby, I can stand

I've been meek, And hard like oak, I've seen pretty people disappear like smoke, Friends will arrive, friends will disappear, If you want me, Honey baby, I'll be here

I like your smile, And your finger tips, Like the way that you move your hips, I like the cool way you look at me, Everything about you is bringing me misery

Little red wagon, Little red bike, I ain't no monkey but I know what I like, I like the way you love me strong and slow, I'm takin' you with me, Honey baby, when I go

Life is sad, Life is a bust, All ya can do is do what you must, You do what you must do and ya do it well, I'll do it for you, Honey baby, can't you tell? *Bob Dylan - Buckets of Rain*

The next morning Farhad and Ariel are having an early morning coffee and tea, sitting on the bench outside of the greenhouse when Elsie and Samantha show up. They pass through the gate and notice them on the bench.

"Oh, we didn't expect to see anyone so early. I hope you don't mind, Samantha wants pick some high bush blueberries for breakfast."

"That's good, she knows where the high bush berries are. She is eating them quite often when she visits me in the garden."

"Thanks Farhad. The dinner was stupendous last night."

"You can thank Amos for that menu. Come join us Elsie, I want to be updated about my mother. You eased my mind when you whispered that all has been handled and Perez is with her. I have some questions for you, too."

"I want to pick blue berries, mom."

Farhad tells Samantha, "you know where to get them Samatha, there is a bowl on the table when you walk into the greenhouse."

Elsie has a seat. "Custom's doesn't have to let someone stay in detention just because they have been here for a long period of time. It helps to limit expediting her review. She'll have plenty of time to state her case, plus she'll have a better chance to get a green card, and being reunited with you and now Perez...might come under an unusual hardship ruling."

"I talked to Amos yesterday too and he might be able to use her as an artist to brush stroke some of his sculptures. So job potential, will that help?"

"It should, what's her background?"

"She's an artist, she has some work in a couple of Brazilian galleries in Baltimore."

"Hopefully she will be released today. Is the sculpture outside the gate one of Amos's?"

"Yes, it is like an omen to me. A suggestion that Ariel and I are meant to be with each other."

Ariel looks at Farhad with an expression of apprehension. "It's out side of the gate while we form a relationship. Make sure we are meant for each other."

There's a silence, the thought sits heavy in Farhad's heart. *I wonder if she can feel how that statement and her expression impacted to me. I might be kidding myself with this woman's motive. I thought having sex was an indication of love. It sure is a deviation from my cultural upbringing concerning women.*

"Listen, Ariel, you thought that there was something familiar with..."

"Yes, with the way we had sex, with your little home, the whiskey bottle. Stalking Man said I was in a dream."

"I want to share something with you, about my father...Chad." Elsie interacts, "after he discovered and befriended Stalking Man, he went north to visit the intentional communities. He ended up in Montana and

heard the story, how the community, The Sawtooth, was formed. There where three main people involved, an estranged couple, and a Medicine Man. The woman left the husband, just disappeared and moved to a ranch in the same valley where they lived. The husband grieved for several years then became a massage therapist and a nude model. He meet the medicine man at the art class where he modeled. The wife was located, the story gets complicated...the relationships surfaced, other people involved. One day the lost lovers reunite...The Medicine Man (a Crow) guides them to form the community with the other members of the art class. The community is formed. Eventually, they are asked to find other communities and one is close by, started by people from the neighboring valley. The "soulmate lovers" find it and while there the wife , Julian, finds a sacred totem that marks the site of a previous Crow hunting ground. The Crow hunters claim their right to be on the land. The wife was killed by a grizzly bear.

My father was never the same when he returned to this ranch. His relationship with Stalking Man became a special bond. Together they re-formed what this ranch was to become the New World State. Mom said, it was as if he lived in a mysterious altered state."

Ariel looks at Farhad, "you thought you where making love to a ghost, what did you mean by that?"

"I felt you as if we were lovers before. That's all, oh and the whiskey bottle, I told you the American soldier who gave it to me, said I'd find my woman, the one who knows about the whiskey!"

"My dad was told that the whiskey was Julian's Tapas. I don't know what he meant by that."

"Alright you three, you are spooking me. Let's get some perspective here."

Heads turn, it's Jenny, "I'm supposed to meet Stalking Man here to forge for some wild things for the menu tonight. I stopped to listen. I did not want to intrude. Now is it okay if I shed some light on your fantasy?"

“Ms. Jenny, how do you know it’s a fantasy or dream like Stalking Man says.”

“What you believe to be true is not necessarily your truth. It is formed by external influences. Doesn’t matter if it’s reincarnation, the after life, heaven, it is derived from the unified field of consciousness. There’s a huge data base of thought floating around this existence we are part of. It’s all we really know. So you picked up on a past frequency, someone else’s frequency. Now you get to choose, do you wish to get swept up in a mystery that won’t be solved until the day you die? To live in a transcendental state is tricky. It’s like being drugged, on an LSD trip...it’s based on a dream state. Ariel, you know from the FOA that there are two states, suffering or non suffering. The beautiful state is full of instant joy, happiness, love, synchronicities that come your way to fulfill your life, your non-suffering state of mind. What do you want to vibrate from, trying to solve your brief connection to someone else’s frequency or do you want to choose frequencies that vibrate as light energy. Beautiful energy with no burdens, nothing to solve.”

“What are you saying, Jenny? That I live in a fantasy? How and why did this happen? (Ariel lifts her prosthetic) or this...she bends down and grabs Farhad’s shoe...Samantha has come over with her bowl of blueberries.”

“You will throw that shoe again!!” she is not laughing this time, “what will Farhad walk with?”

Ariel is surprised at Samatha’s response, “and her, what do you have to say about her... Jenny!”

Ariel has lost it, and now she is feeling it, the label she wore for years, Borderline Personality Disorder.

Jenny remains calm, “she is your angel Ariel.”

“And now you will tell me she is my teacher.”

“When the learning stops, when there is no teacher, then all that is left is for you to be instantly present with the frequency that serves you best, that you value.”

Ariel is in tears, ‘Buckets of Tears’. She looks at Farhad and hands him his shoe, she looks at Elsie who is shocked. She looks at Samantha, who looks innocent. Then she returns her gaze at Farhad, he seems calm, unperturbed, that’s what she recalls from her FOA experience where she first met Jenny. She turns to say something to Jenny, *What, what can I say? This outburst has no defensive response I could possibly give.* Jenny is gone like the dust lifted into a whirlwind that dissolves into the atmosphere. Ariel gets up and without saying a word leaves the garden and walks down the road.

Chapter 7

Ariel walks into the courtyard of the home Perez built for her mom, for them as family. The hot Texas sun is quickly warming the yard, she retreats to the kitchen and makes some coffee. She puts on all of the ceiling fans, goes to her room to get her journal and then gets her coffee and sits under a fan at the small kitchen table, to write.

Okay, I can understand what Jenny is saying. Some states of mind can be a waste of time. But geez, what if she came back as me. Her soul or what consciousness? Then who am I, a body to fulfill her purpose? That’s just weird to think about. So our thoughts are part of a collective consciousness and conceivably we choose what thoughts we connect with. Even in a dream state? Our minds are constantly emerged in thought, at least mine is. The serene mind meditation then is a good way to clarify what frequency I am connecting with. And get back to the present moment...stay focused on that little flame between the eyebrows until I see it and dissolve what is causing suffering. Choose what I value over suffering, like joy for instance, and then connect with that frequency. There must be an abundance of good vibrations in that unified consciousness. So why is it that ego has so much power that it is the first survival mechanism that the mind defaults to.

Ariel places her pen down and takes her coffee to a plush chair that is against the shaded wall of this open house. With the hum of the overhead fan as a constant vibration she relaxes and observes the courtyard, it's many desert plants, the humming birds, the bees, and the fire pit where many discussions have taken place. She gets up and puts on some fresh clothes after a cool shower. She has made up her mind to go to the place of the big cottonwood where the tree stumps sit by Alamo Creek.

When she arrives there she sits in the shade, on a stump and waits. Her intuition is sensing that Lozen will show up. She waits, listening to the flow of the creek and observing the field of grass bending in the breeze. Eventually she lays in the grass and falls into a slumber. When she awakes, she feels someone's presence. She smiles and turns her head to see a pair of feet. Instinctively, in a playful way she reaches over and tickles the sole of one foot. There is a giggle and she says, "is that you Lozen?"

"Yes, sister, how long have you been here?"

Ariel sits up and faces Lozen, "I don't know, I knew you would come."

"Are you cooking tonight?"

"Yes, why would I not?"

"Oh, it's kind of late, Stalking Man saw you sleeping, he asked me to check on you, otherwise he would cook tonight."

"I lost track of time, it was so peaceful. I finally was able to be mindless, void of thought, at least I think so." She laughs at her personal joke.

"To be in nature, observe it's ever changing rhythm, soothes the mind. Yes?"

"Yes, it's more of what I need. I wanted to discuss something with you, however it has slipped from my mind." Another laugh.

“You seem in a good mood.”

“It took all day, yes now I am, very present just chatting with you. Oh, I know now, I had dreams, not really dreams, sensations that I am someone else’s soul. You ever get that feeling?”

“What you call soul we call spirit. Maybe a spirit from the past visited you while you were in a dream state.”

“How can that be?”

“I would rather accept that possibility, than try to explore it as real. This land has a lot of spirits that have passed on in this lifetime. I do not want to spend time visiting them.”

“Hummm, do you have any corn husk? I am thinking of making Tamales for the dinner to night.”

“Yes we have many dried, I will bring them to you.”

“I will go with you, then I can take the road past Farhad’s village.”

“He is a good man. The night of the harvest moon, many people had fires burning. We saw one on the top of the ridge and consecrated our love making... sent out a vibration for lovers. You were there? At Farhad’s?”

“Yes, that is when I felt another spirit in me.”

Lozen does not say anything, she starts to walk and Ariel follows. After a very short way Lozen makes a request, “let us walk in silence, sister, let us walk with peace in our minds and in our hearts.”

They gather up a bunch of dried corn husk and corn meal. After a solemn good- bye Ariel is on her way. Farhad is in a lower pasture and moving his sheep into a corral. He sees a glint coming off of a person walking the road, in the distance. He thinks it might be Ariel, a reflection of light off of her claw...her prosthesis. He finishes his task and waits for her. As she get’s close he is certain it is Ariel.

He remains where he's at, leaning on his shepherd's staff. "Hello Ariel, can I walk you to the Cook House?"

"Sure, if you wish. You are not upset with my behavior from this morning?"

"No, what I am confused about is us. If we continue our relationship I want you to know me as Farhad and I you, as Ariel. Not someone's ghost that has your mind in conflict about the nature of one's existence here on earth."

"That is fair, I did not mean to worry you. At least you know my raw honesty. I will tell you what I feel and what is on my mind. It may come in many different ways. I am working on my inner conflicts. And I know it is ego that feeds me all the illusions I think are real."

"Okay, at least I know it is not about me. I am not responsible for the way you feel or how you may react. Is that true?"

"When I blame you or shame you, remind me...you can just say...'Is that absolutely true?'"

"Is that some sort of signal that you will react differently?"

"Hopefully, I can't promise you it will happen right away. I might need a cooling off period. Is that something you can do?"

"Yes, cut some slack, that is a term I would hear with the soldiers. I learned a lot of slang."

Ariel laughs, "Okay Farhad, I think we have an understanding. How about you, do you feel better about us now?"

"I was concerned that you would not come back to me."

Ariel stops and turns to Farhad who has an expression that says...please say you are with me, you want this to work. She takes her good hand and

gently places it on the back of his head, tenderly pulls him to her lips and kisses him...a lover's kiss of passion.

It is minutes before they release their grip on each other.

"Thank you Ariel, you have expressed what I need to know."

"So I have been thinking, Lozen said that on the harvest moon night, when we made love, her and Stalking Man saw night fires. They saw your fire pit too. They consecrated their love making for all the lovers that night. When I told her about my similar sensation, being someone else, and your little home seemed so familiar too, her comment was much like Stalking Man's and Jenny's to not get caught up in a dream. Then Elsie told me about Chad Senior's visit to a similar community, with a husband and wife being guided by a medicine man. Do you see why I am so obsessed with the possibility of spirit choosing another body to fulfill a purpose?"

"I understand your fascination with time travel, reincarnation, afterlife and the like. You are who you are now. So whether you want to formulate a belief of some transcendent dream state the fact is you are here now, it is time to stay connected with your role in this life. Right now that is your mother's situation, Perez's well being, and you as part of the family you never had. Do you choose to be obsessed trying to figure out how the cosmos works? The grand mystery of life. Or do you choose to stay grounded in this lifetime?"

The Cook House is close now, they walk in silence.

I am glad that nothing else has to be said. This man has a way to settle me down. My thoughts are quite unsettled right now. Stay grounded in what is real for me right now, that sounds like wise advice. Look at him, he seems so confident, like some guru that knows what he's talking about. So he said it was like making love to a ghost...he must have felt me, connected with me even though we were just going through the motions, so to speak. Fulfilling our physical needs. Maybe we should have broken into that whiskey bottle, made it a truth serum. Who am I kidding, it's time that I know my truth, live my truth.

They arrive, “what vegetables shall I pick for your menu, Ariel.”

“Hummm? Oh yes, what goes good with beef tamales?”

“Maybe a Mexican rice dish with chopped green pepper, tomato, and onion. Some cilantro for a generous garnish. What do you think would be a nice, complimentary vegetable.?”

“Do you have any parsnips?”

“I do in fact, I grow it in the winter and store it in a root cellar. I haven’t shown you where that is yet.”

“Someday soon, you can show me.”

“How are to feeling right now?”

“Accepting and nurtured. I feel your warm, full heart pouring out love to me. Thank you for not thinking of me as some crazy woman.”

They hug, look into each other’s eyes with authenticity. They have shared what a meaningful relationship relies on, honest communication. No judgements, just respect for where the other is at mentally and physically.

Ariel enters the kitchen and Christine is waiting for her.

“Well Ms. Christine, you helping out tonight?”

“Hi Ariel, no, I am the chef tonight. All I need is your menu, then you need to get to your home and check-in on your mother.”

“Oh my, I forgot all about her. I have been so wrapped up in myself, I didn’t take into consideration that she might need...”

They say it at the same time...”compassion”

“Yep, compassion - Taylor and Perez should be there. I got a call from Elsie to relieve you tonight.”

There's a little commotion at the back door, Samatha enters with her hands full of a big bowl of blueberries and what appears to be some kind of white frosting in a large jar.

"What do you have Samantha?" asks Ariel.

"Blueberries, I will make dessert tonight, is that okay?"

"Ms. Christine, meet Samantha she is our dessert maker!"

"Hello Samantha, I don't think we have met. I will be cooking tonight."

"Ariel is a good cook, where are you going?"

"I have to go see my mother, be with her tonight. I will be back tomorrow."

Samantha shakes her head, "oh okay".

"Christine, you'll be making beef tamales with a Mexican Rice side dish and boiled parsnips. Samantha will prep the parsnips and make her desert. You need a recipe? 'Cause I don't have one."

"I'll figure it out, you go. I love you sister."

Ariel is on her way home. This feels different, going home to family, I would have never thought that this time would come. God I feel blessed all of a sudden. People that love me, a mother and father to take care of as they age, friends that are like guides, better yet they are angels of light! And the miracles are not grandiose happenings, they are a consistent flow of synchronicities and connections. I have a man that is willing to work on relationship with some depth. So here I am, now I see why it's a waste of time to try to connect with a spirit of the past. Thinking I have been reincarnated. In the end we are just part of the collective consciousness, choosing frequency that has value to me right now. Nobody really knows what happens after death.

Ariel sees Amos sitting on his front porch, "hello Amos."

He waves at her and shouts, “Ariel, tell your mother to see me, she’s got a job if she wants it. Painting statues!”

“Thank you Amos, woo-woo!”

He laughs as he waves good-bye, for now.”

As she approaches the house she sees Taylor. He was just leaving getting ready to jump on his ATV.

“Taylor, I want to thank you so much for being with my mother and father. You are a gem, let me give you a hug before you jump on that thing, your gas horse.”

He laughs and comes at Ariel with his arms wide open. They embrace in a hug, a warm, physical connection. She looks at him, “my you have grown into a handsome, capable man. There is a woman taking over for me tonight, Christine, a really good friend and fun woman. You need get to the Cook House, tell her you’re the dishwasher tonight.”

“Uh, Samantha is the dishwasher.”

“Not anymore, she is part of the cooking staff. Listen, you just need to see Ms. Christine, believe me after five minutes in her energy field you will want to stay and be in her joy frequency.”

“That is what you will be for your mother and father tonight, Ariel. Okay, I think you’re just being a match maker, I’ll go, you never know!”

They laughed and headed to the places they needed to be.

Epilogue

It all worked out in the end. Ariel, the mom, received a green card and was on her way to becoming a U.S. citizen and a full time artist at the New World State Ranch Community. Perez was happy for the family connection and respected that they had to get to know each other as a family dynamic.

As for Ariel, she got to a place of forgiveness in the sense that she realized how she related to the external energy outside of herself, was generated internally by her. She became vibrant and understood how consciousness worked in this world of duality. She became a part of the whole and didn't feel separated anymore.

Chad and Ellie Framer created this New World State so that people who had a desire to live in a world free from conflict, could live a meaningful and fulfilling life as one with a group of like minded beings.

Acknowledgements

I don't have publishers, editors, coaches or a team to acknowledge. What I do have to acknowledge is Divine Source. And the beings I connect with that I consider to be angels of light. They are real people that happen to inspire me because they have come into my life for a reason. Typically I don't recognize the value of the connection until afterwards. when an intention I ask for is manifested it's a small miracle, a miracle none the less.

In relation to this story, the best explanation I can give is this;

“When you lucid dream in this reality, in (what you call) your waking reality, you shift and change that dream, because you are aware of how the mechanics of creation work. You become the true creator that you are destined to be.” *Tina Louis Spaulding - A Year of Forgiveness*

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