

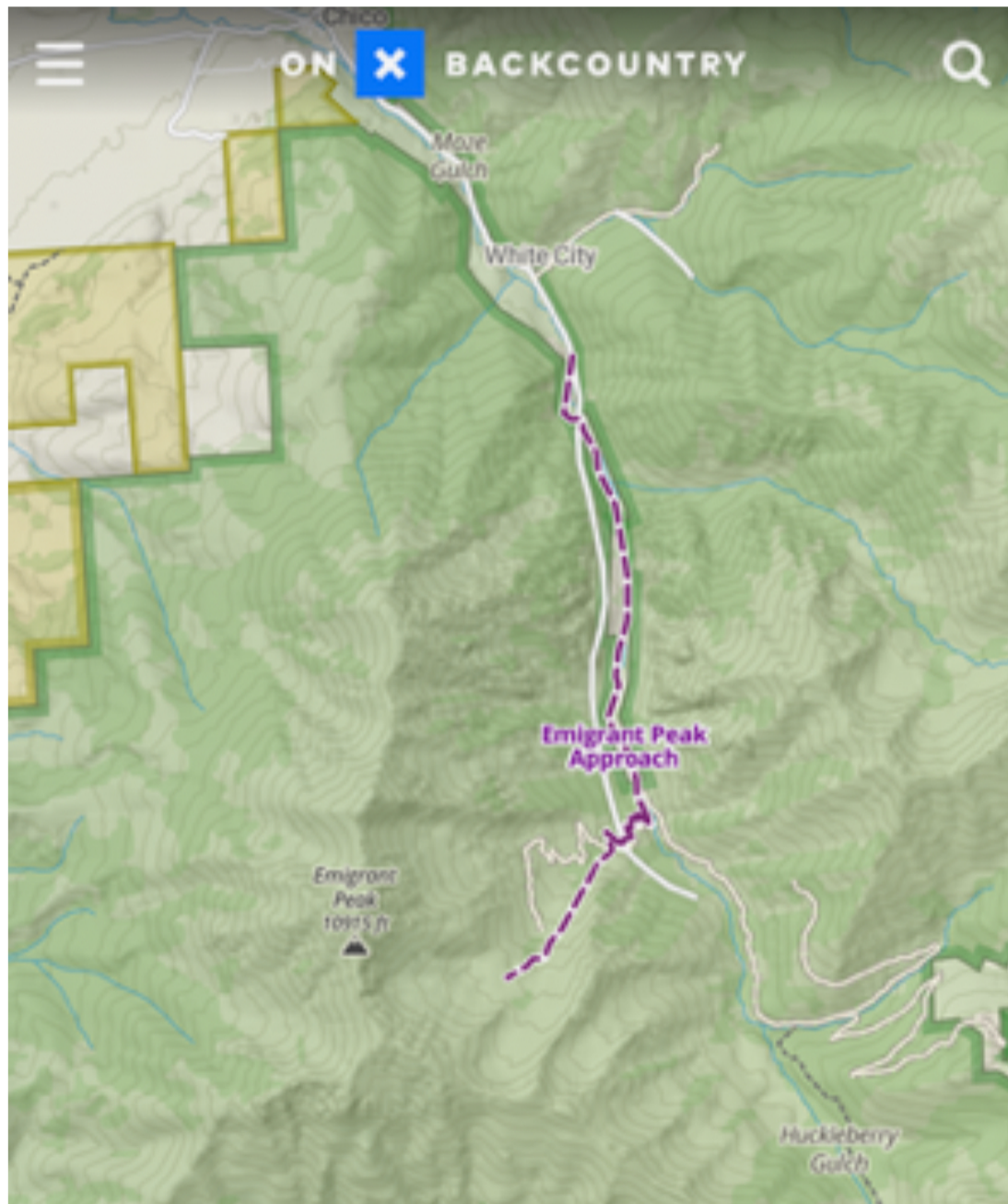
A wide-angle photograph of a snowy mountain landscape. In the foreground, a series of curved ski tracks are visible in the snow. Several bare, dark trees stand scattered across the middle ground. The sky is filled with large, white, puffy clouds against a darker blue background. The overall scene is serene and wintry.

The Ski Journals

By James Kozlik

The Ski Journals

By James Kozlik





This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2024 by James Kozlik

All rights reserved. No part of the book series A Journey Of Love - Circumstance and Consequences, The Essence of Existence, Tapas, The Sawtooth Community, and The Ski Journals - may be reproduced or used in any manner without written permission of the copyright owner except for the use of quotations in a book review. For more information, address: James@inspiredbookwriters.com.

First edition January/February 2025

Book design by James Kozlik

[Https://www.inspiredbookwriters.com](https://www.inspiredbookwriters.com)

The Ski Journals - a novel

The ski season always starts with biking. Not just flat road biking. No, I search for hills to climb. As the fall progresses into nasty weather patterns I hike up slopes and run down as if I am making ski turns. Right, then left. I skirt around bushes, stumble through rocky terrain and slide sloppily through loose shale. Then the first snows hit, and I get on the rock boards with torn old skins. I slowly make ascents up the thin layers of snow trying to find pockets of wind blown early season surf. Maybe enough to make twenty turns in iffy conditions. But it is the early season ascents that is conditioning my body and mind for the long uphill sojourns. Sojourns filled with thought, and rest breaks to know the stillness of the mind consumed by nature.

By the Author

“It isn’t the mountains ahead to climb that wear you out. It’s the pebble in your shoe.”

Mohammad Ali

“Life is simple. Everything happens for you, not to you. Everything happens at exactly the right moment, neither too soon nor too late. You don’t have to like it... it’s just easier if you do.”

Byron Katie

Chapter 1

She was sleeping, I slowly and gently rolled out of bed. In a slow motion, I mimicked a rolling fall in the snow. I got up on all fours and before standing I did ten push ups just to feel the tense muscle. I went out to the main room of the Grizzly cabin. We stayed here last night because on the way back from a shopping spree in Bozeman I kept my eyes glued to Emigrant Peak. Way up high there was early season snow. Julian was driving and I willed her to agree letting me do my first trek of the season into the high country. There are several areas I have skied up there late season, and sometimes early season. A week earlier we had hiked up there late October and got snowed on. By the time we hiked down there was about ten inches of snow before it let up. Since then this early winter was shaping up to be a good one, if you are a skier. The drive alone is an adventure, and Julian has become leery of my solo sojourns. Especially after last year in the Big Horns when I went to find the Medicine Man and our mentor Joseph. There was that dang little slide, deep enough to bury us. But there wasn't a lot of debris and somehow we ended up next to each other and pushed our way up and through what covered us before it hardened.

I get some wood fired up in the wood burning stove and put on a pot of coffee. I pulled out the massage table and put some sesame oil to warm up in a pot of water.

Then I headed for the kitchen and started scavenging for breakfast fixings. I get the cutting board out and before I start prepping I go check on the fire. And there she is in all her beauty fingering the massage table. We eye each other.

“Are you getting ready to ask me something, or tell me something?” ask Julian. “I saw you eyeing the peak while we went by. You know how I feel about you going at it alone. I didn’t really say anything, I know what you desire. Are you trying to manipulate some kind of a blessing from me, with a massage? Are you seeking ermission to do what you want to do. Or do you take in consideration my feelings? Can you do an inquiry on what I might be feeling?”

I take a deep breath, “Okay, let me process, can we take a pause here while I get some greens from the greenhouse.”

“Sure, go ahead. I need to be with my feelings, too.”

I open the front door and am greeted by a light skiff of snow on the deck. The greenhouse is set just below the deck. It was carved out of the slope by Julian. With pick and shovel while I stayed in Bozeman with some people from our community. We started a therapy group. While I was in Bozeman Julian started what became our little winter greenhouse at the Grizzly cabin in Grizzly Meadows at the mouth of Tom Miner Basin. I go down the steps and then enter the greenhouse. It’s relatively warm, considering the time of day. Okay, Julian still has that scare from last spring when we trucked up Old Chico Road and Emigrant

Gulch. I wanted to see how far I could drive before I'd have to hike to my late spring backcountry ski slope. I tried to power through a drift and practically slide thirty feet down into the gulch. With the two driver side tires teetering on the edge of the road I said, "Julian, get out of the truck." Her immediate response was, "not without you." And I said I can't get out my side, your side is the only way out." So we got out chained the truck to some trees on the opposite side of the road and realized that the sun had set, it was getting near dusk and we had 6 miles to hike back down the canyon before we'd see civilization. And she had a bum knee at the time. To our surprise we heard the roar of an ATV. Turned out the guy just bought it and was on his first trial run. He drove us home since it was street legal. Anyway, that's what I am recalling as I pick some veggies for the omelet. I get back into the cabin and Julian has placed some sheets on the massage table. So I sensed she was ready for connection.

I look at her and she's got that look, like she is ready to hear what I have to say.

"Well, I was recalling our last venture up Emigrant Gulch. So I am guessing that you do not approve of me going it alone."

"You're guessing?" Is Julian's response. "Come on, you can do better than that, we almost died!"

Humph, “Yeah it was pretty scary come to think of it. My obsession with skiing, I don’t even think of the consequences when I am so focused on getting to my destination. When I get beyond the craving self centric thought then I can take you into consideration. Yeah, I feel your concern.”

“It’s more than that, I don’t want to lose you again. That is the truth, it would change my life. It’s not that I am co-dependent on you, it’s that I love you so dang much. You know what I went through about abandonment. Every time you go out there, solo, in the snow and elements, I want to be with you now.”

Now I am feeling a bit unsettled. My heart feels her pain or is it grief as if she has lost me, buried in an avalanche or frozen because of injury and no way to get back home. Yeah, and what if I were to lose her to death? My grief would be great. Okay, I get it, my obsessive behavior has no place in this relationship.

“Uhhh, Julian, would you be willing to learn how to ski the backcountry with me?”

She laughs at that, “you crazy dude, sure on a sunny warm day with no wind! But here in the basin, on the ranch!”

“Really, you just committed to being my new ski partner?”

“Get on the table, you’re first. I am going to still your mind!”

And she does just that with a Midas touch. There’s something to be said and appreciated for touch as a

means to connection with another being. A easy smile creases my lips as I receive Julian's love flow.

Chapter 2

We drive over to the TM campground. It's early season snow which is not that deep but deep enough if one knows of a grassy, clear sloped meadow. Just a place to skinny up and glide down. With a few areas to practice a few turns, just to get the legs adjusted for winter use!

Julian is paging through a journal that she found tucked in some obscured shelf that has a lot of reference material. "Jim, when you and Megan returned from India and your Tapas experience. I am reading here about your dichotomy of learning knowledge or experiencing wisdom."

Ahhh, "I'm glad you flipped to that page, because you will experience why I call skiing my Zen especially this backcountry skiing."

"Okay, I'm going to read it to us." Julian continues, "When I am just absorbing knowledge learned from other sources, how I flow through life is different then living my life experientially. Tapas exposed this dichotomy. The daily schedule and routine of yoga, Sadhana, lessons from the Gurus and Dasas had a flow of schooling. The processes became the experience. And there was a different flow during the nature walks or just sitting in nature and observing. Observing the sunrise and sunsets, the waking up and settling down of the noises from the locale town and how it settled

my mind. All of these aspects amused me, to witness my natural way of being, is a very personal way that I gain wisdom. To be able to slowly flow through life makes it easier to connect with all of creation. It allows me the time and space to devote to the whole of what is happening at the moment. I get to pause and connect.”

“This next page is dated, but it must have been just a few days later. You okay with me continuing?”

We are driving to our destination. “No, you are missing out on the scenery, Julian.”

“That’s okay I think this is the page is relevant to our sojourn today.” Here we go, “What is happening to me during the aftermath of Tapas is connection with my self realizations. Today I realized after two days of a trance like experience, I needed to ground myself. I needed a landing and grounding in Montana, this home base. Despite it being minus one degrees below zero, my intuition said that maybe there was an inversion going on. It’s just before early spring. So I went skiing and upon arrival at the higher elevation it was twenty seven degrees. All I felt was every bodily function as I buckled my boots, adjusted my outerwear, checked the back pack and put skins on the ski bottoms. The warmth of the chinook like wind didn’t bite like a cold gale. Instead it bathed me in warm humidity coming off the new snow. It whistled through me and cleansed my soul. I felt the drifted snow beneath my feet as I saw what resembled ocean waves receding from a beach leaving ripples to glide on. I felt the sweat starting, then in a short while drips of sweat trickling down my

back and dosing my hat. I saw the sun, clouds and surrounding mountains of this special basin. I observed all of the varied patterns, where trees populated the northern slopes and open barren southern slopes basking in the sun. I saw the valley and the winding, great Yellowstone River looking like huge GS ski turns. When I skied, I felt and saw what seemed like a slow mo fall the moment I knew the weight shift was too late to navigate a submerged log under the powder. I had no other thoughts until after the final descent and my text message to you. That's when I knew I was grounded in Montana as I passed a field mixed with Antelope, Elk, Mountain Sheep and Deer. Much like this community we are destined to be part of."

Julian closes the journal and looks straight ahead at the familiar treelined roadway leading to the trailhead. We go in silence the last mile and park. Julian, looks my way, "thanks for inviting me, at least now I feel invited instead of coerced." She chuckles, there's a smile emanating from her, "so now I understand better why it is that you brave the elements. I always thought you were crazy, but what you get to experience is all of nature."

"Yes that is one of my absolute truths, bound by experience. I am bonded with the Earth Mother and the universe."

"Okay my great sage, take me to your universe."

And so we trek up the path. I know this well, a gentle upgrade before the steepness of the mountain slope.

We pass through the first open meadow, then emerge in a huge Aspen glade. It opens up to another meadow. We can hear the running water of Tom Miner Creek. The pines and firs present themselves as aged old growth, mixed with Aspens they surround this huge meadow. The west end starts to steepen as the path starts to curl up into the higher elevation. We stop at a small slope that is steep enough to make a few turns. We turn and take in the view of distant peaks and the Sawtooth. The Sawtooth is the name of our mixed community.

“Hey, I have a few energy bars in my pack and some water. We can take off the skins from the skis and relax a little.”

“Sounds like a good idea. My legs are feeling the up hill climb. I can see why you need these early season treks just to get in shape for when the heavy snow comes.”

“Julian, you remember how to do the wedge turn?”

“Yeah, we raised our kids doing wedges down Holly Gully! What a scream that was.”

We remain silent for awhile while we savor the bars and water. We clip back into our skis. Make all of the adjustments we need to make with our gear and clothing.

“Okay sweetheart, let’s try a few turns before we glide back down to the car. Now just kind of stay in my tracks. Keep your weight sifted to the downhill ski when you want to turn. All you need is a small pie shape and link a couple together. Remember to plant

your pole in the direction you want to go. Now just watch and then follow.”

So I start, nice simple wedge turns in total control first a lefthand turn then right, followed by a left turn. As I start right again, I feel my ski grab and not let go of the last turn. I am too late in the turn to change and can feel my weight go backwards as the skis slide out from under me. I hear laughter then, “Oh are you alright down there?” Julian is still laughing, when I look up still lying in the snow. She has her downhill ski lifted up out of the snow as if she is going to do a giant step turn. Somehow she gets it down in the snow, sifts her weight and preforms a turn and does the same thing again. Looking like a big, lanky gazelle down comes the downhill ski and up goes what was the uphill ski as she heads for me. I am amazed she’s still up then I notice, it won’t be for long. There’s a screech, I shut my eyes and cover my face as snow sprays over my whole body. There is just slight contact, so most of her crash stopped just short of snowballing into me. The last of the spraying snow settles and we are staring at each other covered in snow, first expressions are of shock, then laughter.

“I did just like you said, teach!”

We shake the snow off like dogs shake off the water from their bodies after a jump in the lake. We readjust our selves into sitting positions. We are mostly on our hips with our boots still pinned on the skis. “You comfortable Julian?”

“Yeah, we’re not turning all the way down, are we?”

“No, it will be mostly staying in the track we created coming this far. Kind of like a toboggan ride down with some cross country gliding using our poles and sliding our skis.”

“Great news, It seems like something is missing in your ski instruction.” Julian giggles and I chuckle.

“Look at that snow just glistening with the sun shinning on it.”

“Yeah it’s sparkling, like your eyes, high-me.” High-me is Julians nick name for me. It came to her while we were in the Baja. Instead of Jaime.

“All this white is like the band of light I experienced a few years ago. Makes me feel as if I am home with the souls of the universe.”

“You’re home with me soulmate lover!”

We look at each other. Flip our goggles up and peer into each others eyes. It’s pretty automatic as we place our right hands over each other’s heart. We quietly exchange the energy flow between us.

“Julian, I am honored to have you as a ski partner. It will be a lot of fun.”

“Yeah, I better learn in a hurry.”

“Why? There’s no rush.”

“As we sit here, and I look into your eyes, I am also getting an intuitive message. I sense that there are people living close by.”

“What do you mean, like a group or clan?”

“Yeah, you know how Joseph’s vision was for small thriving communities in the new world scheme of things to come?”

“Yeah, well up towards Cannery Peak there is a trailhead to Buffalo Lakes. When I found Joseph, his vision quest camp was next to a large pond. Water a main source for survival.”

“Okay, I’m just saying, I have a sense that there is a group of people near here.”

“Here, let me help you up.”

We rise. Get situated on our skis. We traverse to the track we made on the way up. And we start our glide down. I want to fly, like the Olympic nordic skiers, speeding in downhill fashion. Then I rise and start my glide with one ski thrusting forward getting a kick from the trailing ski. Along with this movement I use the poles to push right, then left as if making turns. Using small pressure on the skis, as if doing GS turns, I do divergent turns but still in a two track mode. Then I get enough momentum to tuck in downhill fashion as I catch a section of downward slope. Now I am getting ready to stand, push shuffle and glide through the last stretch before gliding the remaining 20 yards to the trailhead gate. I am breathing heavily and look back. I

see Julian, mimicking my moves. She's looking graceful as a deer on the run. I was like a freight train. She pulls into the station, looks up with a broad smile, teeth gleaming.

"That was fun, I am hooked. I think a storm is supposed to get here later this week. How about staying at the pioneer cabin tonight, maybe do a sweat in the lodge?"

"Yeah I like the idea. You think we still have a stock of food?"

"I can call Frank and have him put some food stuff together. He knows what we like."

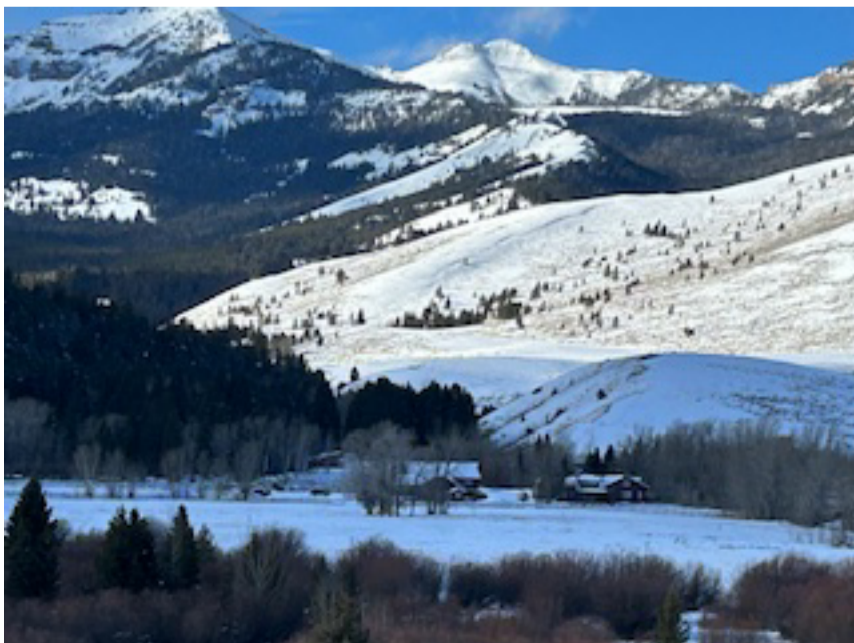
"Nice, Julian, our relationship feels different to me since India. I'm not sure what it is, I do feel more connected. Journals seem so personal, like a secret set of our experiences. I want to keep sharing how I experience life with you. You'll know me better just like you read in the journal about one of my ski trips. Did you observe different thoughts on the ascent today?"

"Yes, I did, there were plenty of thoughts especially about our destiny together. I think that is what triggered the intuitive sense of a clan up there under the Ramshorn or near Buffalo Lake."

"What say we keep a ski journal of our treks. Our thoughts, something to share with each other."

"Okay High-me. Now I'd like some silence as we drive to the cabin. I'll make a quick call to Frank when we get coverage. Then I'd like to absorb this time just spent."

And that is what we do. We are just being one with it all. When I stopped the car at one point, after Julian called Frank, we got out and stood looking at the cabin, the colorful bare branches of the reddish, yellow dogwoods. The stream curling and meandering through the brush disappearing around a corner and appearing again. We looked at Ramshorn Peak to the west, and east towards the State Land we just came from. We saw a plum of smoke coming from the cabin. We could see the community in the heart of the ranch. There was some smoke streams coming from a distant hill top west of the community center. This was Blue Clouds clan. Some people chose a teepee camp. A few stayed in the housing at community central with the rest of us.



Chapter 4

Jim - It's early December and the warmer, drier, weather pattern is back. Julian has been skiing steadily with me and it has paid off. Her telemark turns are good and she has great balance and is able to go into downhill turns when she needs to.

I decide to go solo today. The drive was beautiful. Blue skies and not a bit of wind. I left the cabin early so I could make sure I was skiing the best snow conditions. When I was ready to "skinny up" I stood awhile and considered my route. I saw a swath of elk foot prints trailing straight up a slope into the trees. So I decided that was going to be easy, with the packed snow underfoot. Then I saw my old traverse and got on that tract. It took me to a shorter route than I had planned. The snow patterns changed every several yards. I keep pausing to visualize the direction of my route. Also, I take in the view, surrounded by massive mountains. Before I left the house this morning I was paging through a previous journaling from a year ago about this same time. And came across this quote from Crowfoot, a Blackfoot Elder "What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a Buffalo in the winter time. It is the little shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset." It became my mantra for this ascent. I was in Samadhi, a mindless mind that transcends all thought just being a part in the circle of life. The shadows of the canyon walls change from sunrise to sunset. Then they appear

to be gone except for the night shadows from the moonlight. And suddenly the early morning shadows appear again and change at sunset. The circle of life is always present like the medicine wheel.

I am thinking of Julian's intuit vision of a clan near Buffalo Pass and before I ski down, I look in that direction, across the basin, deep into the next ridge that is southeast of Big Sky ski resort located along the east part of Gallatin Canyon. We can access it from TM campground. I wonder what she is feeling. It will be a tough uphill and might take two days.

Julian - I am left here alone as Jim takes off on a solo. I am recalling a line from a Judy Collins song... "he loves his damn old rodeo more than he loves me, but I'll be going with him someday soon..." I'm not even sure if those are the right lyrics, but I have them buzzing around my brain just like a buzzing bee! I'm humming it and singing it when my eye catches the glint of light emanating from the whiskey bottle on the top shelf above the table. I stop in my tracks and take a deep breath. I am suddenly in a stupor wondering if I am a worthy partner for the man I have loved all these years. Even when I left him I still loved him. I slowly reach for the bottle and place it on the table. I dust it off with my bare hand and cradle it like a very small baby just out of the womb. I observe the sunlight crossing part of the table and push it there so I can admire the amber color. I grab a cup go over to the wood burning stove and pour a cup of coffee. I set it down next to the whiskey. This was once my truth

serum. Frank got me started when we were together and needed some comfort. Now I am free from all of that, or so I thought. Why now? Do I really need it? I crack open the seal, and open the whiskey pour a shot in my coffee and slowly, ever so slowly savor a taste and sensation that I thought was a long ago memory.

The cabin door slowly opens, that hinge still squeaks, Jim never fixed it. Two eyes peer through the crack.

“Blue Cloud?”

“Am I welcome?”

“Yes, come in. You might not like what you see?”

He enters and his vision takes in the whole scene. He sits and puts the cap back on the whiskey. “The two women that we need to be strong, both have the same weakness.”

Julian defiantly takes another sip off her “Irish coffee”, I am sorry to disappoint you Blue Cloud. How has Maggie managed with...”

Maggie is not part of this discussion. After you have your coffee, place the bottle back on the shelf to collect dust. I will wait until you have finished then we will talk.

Julian - What am I to do now? Dump my coffee? Throw the bottle over yonder again, like I did a year ago? I am in the midst of enjoying this pleasure of an old addiction. Just once, and Blue Cloud has to show up. Frank might have joined me! Now what am I doing, talk about self worth, maybe I am not what he or

everybody thinks I am. I will finish this cup of delight and he can just wait. God, he is just staring at me, as if he can see inside of me. All of my vulnerability, and the whiskey is my strength. But he knows, that I know it is just temporary.

As Julian takes her last pleasurable sip, defiantly measuring the non reaction and patience of Blue Cloud, she is stunned by his nonchalance. She places the bottle on the shelf, grabs another cup, walks over to the coffee pot and pours two cups.

“Thank you sister.” He raises his cup.

Julian raises hers, and tears are streaming down her cheeks. It is a quiet cry. She wipes her eyes. Blue Cloud reaches for her hand as it leaves her crying eyes. He turns it palm up, and gently, glides his finger in a figure eight flow over her palm. It’s a sensuous touch and has Julian’s attention.

“My sister, I have come to give you some guidance. I know that you have a fear of a trip you are about to take with Jim. This community is just one of many that has formed as a coming together of peoples that no longer want to be part of a global society. Yet we need to be able to connect with other communities in our region. We are retracing our steps in history. In time we will all see how the Great Creator meant for us to live. I find you here, absorbed in your self and not thinking of the other. Where is your compassion today?”

“That I can not answer Blue Cloud. But maybe you can answer this question for me. How do you know about a trip that I will take with Jim?”

“Just as you have an intuitive sense of things to come into your life. I have an intuitive sense of all who have formed the Sawtooth Community. I am your Medicine Man. I have come to show you the sweet surrender that a woman can give to a man. It is then that you will know how to support him. It is then that he will gain strength because he will know your true strength and nurturing ways. That is why we call the earth our Earth Mother. It nurtures us, we learn from nature's way. It tells us when something is wrong. That is nature's way, that is woman's way. That is when a man of truth respects a woman. That is your self worth. He will listen to you. You will be his guide. That is the way of the Earth Mother.”

Julian's eyes and demeanor has softened. There is a long silence. Then she ask, “what am I to do?”

Chapter 5

Blue Cloud speaks, “tonight you will take your man in the sweat lodge. You will give, and you will receive each other's love. You have done this many times before, but this will be ceremony. Walking stick and Nirvana will guide you and prepare you for this ceremony. It will give you both the bond you will need to complete your journey and find this community that you have intuited. I will leave now to be with you soon.

Julian remains seated, coffee in hand. She is in stillness when there's a light tap on the door. Then another one, barely perceptible to Julian's senses. Still in a bit of a stupor after Blue Cloud's visit and instruction, she gives a shout, "if someone is out there tapping like a woodpecker, you can come in, I won't bite."

The door creaks open, it's Maggie! Timidly, Maggie comes in and feels the heaviness of Julian's energy. She sits in the chair opposite Julian. There's a silence as the two size each other up.

"Did Blue Cloud send you over here?"

Maggie looks up at the whiskey then at Julian. "Yeah, he knows our past and penchant for the whiskey when we have a self worth issue. After all we all know more about each other in this community, than most people know about relatives. And he has warned both of us to stay away from the whiskey. What did Blue Cloud say, if you don't mind me asking."

"He didn't give you any details?"

"No."

"He just quietly sat there. Put the lid back on the bottle and told me to finish my drink then put the Whiskey back on the shelf. Then he told me that I was to have a love ceremony with Jim in the sweat lodge! This is to form a bond prior to our sojourn to find the community that I think is living up near Buffalo Pass and lakes."

“Ummm, and is there a fear that you might not find a community, or that something might happen like a blizzard up there? Maybe an avalanche?”

“Shit, Maggie, stop it! Look I was reading in one of his journals after he got back from finding Joseph. You recall the story, they were caught in a slide.”

“Yes, and they found Julie, your twin. Pretty fortunate that Jim followed his intuition.”

“Here, read this. It brought on my desire for an Irish Coffee. Good thing Blue Cloud showed up or that pint might be all gone.”

Maggie takes the journal and looks at the page that it is open to.

The Ski Journal December 2023 - “It’s still early season skiing and the snow pack is light. About the same as I found in the Big Horns when I went to look for Joseph. I skinny up following some elk tracks and the track that I used previously. Every year once I start laying down an early season tract I use it over and over again. It packs down and forms a solid base so when the deeper snow comes, I have something to hold me up. Makes for an easier ascent. Today, I go further to establish a higher track along the ridge. Since there is little snow there is still a lot of “Greasewood” brush to navigate. My eye is on a distant shot that I like because it is always in the shade and protected. The



snow blows into the draw so it's great for early season. But today, I decide to stop and save it for another day. I want to make sure I have enough leg strength to make it back down, especially since there will be a lot of navigating through the brush, that can grab a ski at anytime if I am not quick enough. Now I am just enjoying this three hundred and sixty degree view and grateful that I am still here. I am recalling two deaths and one rebirth.

I will share two things with you that I experienced. I was fortunate to be at my dad's side when he took his last breath. What happened was amazing. I heard a swish leave his body and literally followed it to the corner of the room. My peripheral vision saw the top of a window drape

move in the same direction as the swish. To this day I know it was his soul or spirit leaving the human form. The second experience was my personal NDE. Without getting into a lengthy story, I was in a coma, I was floating above clouds away from the sun with a blue/gray sky above. I had no body just mind and I remember saying, “if this is BLISS sign me up!” There was a band of formless white light to my right and a formless circular white blob just outside of the band of light. I recall that I started to “check out” and thanked everyone that I ever knew during my lifetime. Then I thanked my human body for serving me while alive then I thanked my being (soul/spirit) for choosing this body. What happened was a message from whom I don’t know, just a nudge saying, “you’re not done yet”. At that moment I recall having the will to live and focused on my breath and doing the Ekam prayer Hum Sa So Hum Ekam (I am you, you are me, we are one). I was given the gift of experiencing death. Now that I had that experience I don’t fear death. There are thousands of documented NDE experiences. Even books written but the common underlying experience is the recognition that something still occurs after death.”

“Oh, Julian, so your fear is of losing him again because he had a glimpse of where he will go after this life. That glimpse does not include you?”

“Well said Maggie, you have the gist of how this affects my attachment to Jim. When he left for his venture to find Joseph he told Frank to take care of me. He knew I had abandonment issues. His issue is no fear of death and a

stronger will to be in another realm, if there is one, than on this earth with me.”

They both look up at the Whiskey. Then each other and have a small chuckle. “It’s not funny, but we both looked at that pint,” remarks Maggie. “I’m still dealing with the fear of committing myself to be Blue Clouds mate despite a bunch of fears. So I can see a few parallels here of our situations, sister.”

“Yeah, and a situation is a stagnant place to be. So maybe the love ceremony tonight is a way to break the mold. To liberate me, from any kind of codependency I may have created in our relationship. Blue Cloud said we will each be the giver and the receiver of our love. We will be in union as one being.”

“That is a beautiful vision to hold. Wherever your soulmate lover ends up so will you because his seed is part of you and your power is part of him. What was that prayer you just read? I am you, You are me, We are one?”

Julian reaches across the table and grapples for Maggie's hands, instead of settling for a hand squeeze, Maggie rises, Julian follows and their embrace is long and loving.

Chapter 6

There is a fire smoldering outside the longhouse sweat lodge. Walking Stick is tending the hot rocks to be used in the sweat. Nirvana is positioning animal furs around

the pit in the four directions. There will be candles lit, the lodge will be smudged to clear any energies. The energy tonight will be of tantric love. A love of spirituality and mindful intimacy.

Meanwhile, Jim had returned from his ski day, and Julian had a meal ready when he returned. Their plans had changed and instead of going to the Grizzly cabin they would stay at the ranch, in the pioneer cabin that was Julians home during the several years that they were separated. The cabin smelled of good cooking and radiated the warmth of a cozy little home. Julian shared the events of the day that she experienced. Including reading in Jim's journal. They are on the couch and massaging each others feet.

“Julian, just so you know, I do not have a death wish. I am so much a part of you, your life, our lives together, my only intention is to live it at the fullest. I feel such a sense of Divine intervention these days, and the flow of surrendering to the Divine is quite a “spiritual rush”. It's like nothing I have ever experienced.”

“Yeah, I get what you are saying and sense that once in awhile. Ever since you returned from Tapas, there is a different energy you have. A quiet confidence, detached from any outcome. Like when you went after Joseph not having a clue of what you might find or not. Leaving me in body only, to follow an intuition, knowing our soul connection stayed with me. Intuition is that part of the Divine Intelligence that you speak of?”

“Sort of, but more than that. It’s actually taking the action to fulfill the intuitive sense of what is to be done without knowing how to accomplish the task at hand. Next thing you know everything is falling in place. Synchronistic things start to occur. One really gets to experience the universal law of it all.”

“I feel you are steps ahead of me in your approach to life these days. I know what you are saying. The difference is that you are experiencing it while I have beliefs that need to be tested to know if they are real. It’s so different to know something versus to believe in something.”

“Yeah, so that’s why we are doing this trip, because your Divine has planted a seed of intuition and we are going to take the action and see what happens totally unattached to any outcome.”

“Well, that makes me feel free from self doubt. It also frees me from the burden of proof.”

Jim looks up at the Whiskey and Julian follows his eyes.

“After Maggie left, Blue Cloud had her check in on me, I dipped into my journal that I had kept under the bed. I read a tidbit from The Way of Mastery book that Frank gave me long ago. “Along the pathway of this course, you are going to learn how to shake hands with the devil, and to do a little jig with him and recognize his face to be your own. When you can dance with the darkness that you have created, that darkness is

transformed into an angel. And light abides with Light.”

There’s a knock on the door and a voice, “Hey, it’s me Stephanie,” one of the “three sisters” the nurturers for our community.

“Come on in we say in unison.”

The door creaks open and a big smile and giggle greets us.

“You two soulmate lovers, are you ready? This is how it will be, a Tantric experience with ceremony to give you the protection and support you will need on your journey. Nirvana will direct you around the medicine wheel. Walking Sick will be drumming for your good fortune. I’ll keep the rocks hot and steamy. Furs have been arranged at the four directions. Nirvana will guide you with instructions. A bell will ring when it is time to give, receive and unify with each other as one being. We’ll see you both in about ten minutes?”

“Yeah, Stephanie, ten minutes.” We look at each other and one can feel the energy shift. We know that this will be special.

Tantric Love can be like that, a grounding experience not matter what level of commitment a relationship exists. The purpose is to awaken the couple to their purpose in partnership. It can be a healing process. And it can be a way to freedom from attachment or dependency of the other. The pleasure seeking is diminished to divine surrender of oneself for the

benefit of both as one being. I am he as he is she as we are both together.

Chapter 7

We enter the sweat lodge. Nirvana, in her white turbine and flowing sari is seated on the east side of the hot rock pit. The east direction represents wisdom. The wisdom of the earth mother. It is the spiritual aspect of illumination and enlightenment. She is on a fur, there are three other furs in the north, south and west nodes. The North represents air and receives energy it is the mental aspect of what is. The South represents the giving of energy, and the emotional aspect of trust and innocence. The West is the physical aspect of energy, it holds introspection and insight and can represent liberation.

There are candles abstractly placed throughout the lodge. The scent of the sage smudge lingers in the air. The lodge is very warm, Walking Stick enters with a hand drum and sits behind and to the right of Nirvana.

We enter and Nirvana instructs us, “greetings Julian my sister, and Jim my man friend, both of whom I love dearly. Blue Cloud wanted you to have this special sweat to immerse yourselves into each other’s being. These are his words. ‘To strengthen your union as you leave this community to find other enclaves during this troubling time when the white man is in conflict with his self. It has always been the nature of their culture to conquer indigenous peoples. Some have joined us

peacefully, this we respect. Those that have fled the wars and tyranny we need to find, as my uncle Joseph's vision saw the need for small communities to co exist in regions within a reasonable distance. To assist each other and trade goods that benefit each community. As you both follow Julian's intuition that there is a group living close by, you will need the strength of your union as one being for protection and guidance. Go in peace and dignity, for you are us, the Sawtooth Community.' ”

Nirvana gives instructions, “now you will circle the Medicine Wheel in Love. I will guide you in meditation. Then you will follow instruction and when the bell rings you will move from one fur to the other. Julian please sit on the fur at the north node for you are the woman of the North. Jim you will be in the South Node for you are the man of the south.”

We take our positions and a light drumming starts with a hauntingly, soothing chant from Walking Stick.

As Nirvana starts the first of several meditations I recall a past journal from one of my ski ventures as I made my ascent up the south ridge along the state land and what was part of Maggie's ranch. Now it belongs to the Sawtooth Community, a band of Crows, Christians, agnostics, lesbians, straight people and gay men. Then there is Nirvana, a black woman, a Sheik and my yoga teacher. But more than anything she has guided me as I navigated through grief, connection, death, and rebirth. She has observed me as, the Kundalini yoga that she teaches, started to become alive in me. It was

after I recovered from a NDE. What I wrote that day, after my ski was this... “What I am relishing is the details of nature, images and visualizations playing the role of self awareness. How much the material plane has to offer towards liberation, if appreciated for what it is. If I pay attention it gives me substance for the body and mind. We (as in soul or the being part of human being) live in union with the universal divine intelligence. Death and rebirth become a constant element for the souls’ transition to higher realms. After talking with Nirvana, we did a meditation with white light emanating from the earth, rising up



through our chakras and exiting from the crown chakra into a sea of universal golden light. I saw the

human form as a gateway to assist on this journey of self realization.”

Nirvana pulls a card from “The Lakota Sweat Lodge Cards”, Spiritual teachings of the Sioux, and starts. “Julian, woman of the North, you are the whirlwind. As your blood flows through your veins, as the waters rush upon the earth, so am I. I am the beauty in a newborn’s face. I am the intense yellow of the jonquil. I am the joy between two lovers. I am laughter, I am elation. My dance stirs all creation. The game of the whirlwind catches up everything, sets everything down on different ground, changed by the time spent with me. I am born upon this earth in female form. I find my home in the endless flow of Love through all forms, the timeless circles of swirling waters.”

“Jim, Man of the South, I read this card the eight directions of the winds. I am here from long ago when human beings chose to pursue a path separate from that of the brothers and sisters, the four-legged, and the relatives that swim and fly. No Longer would you humans live the life of instinctual knowing. That which you wished to know had expanded beyond that place. No longer would you talk with your relatives and be protected. So I come to you to offer a new protection, in order that you may survive: the wisdom of change. I come from the four directions and the four points between, brining you an opportunity to understand your unique soul. Your life is like no other’s life, your

needs are like no other's needs. I bring you the wisdom of knowing what to transform, that you may receive the gifts of Wani and celebrate your life."

Just a note: What came to me today was that enlightenment isn't just being aware of the present moment and state I am in. It is also being aware of purpose and the synchronicities that come my way when I am surrendering to the divine and recognizing divine intelligence.

Jim - A good friend was found dead, by us. We had finished a cross country trek in an old place where we once lived. We had been getting "bombed by snow". I wanted to check out a place that I have skied in the past. As we were driving to the highest point, we passed our friend's home. Both of her trucks were still there even though she had mentioned that she would be driving to Arizona for the winter. On the way down Julian had an intuitive thought to check on Janice. I didn't want to get out of the car, "you see if she's home I'll wait in the car." I thought to myself, I hope there's not a dead body. Julian came out from the overhang that shielded the front door from the weather. She waved, I came and she said, "there's something there, I think it's a dead body." It was truly a traumatic shock. Later after we called the sheriff we called some close friends that could truly give us council and comfort. The following day I skinned up Golmyer Creek drainage. I stayed in tracks that were made by earlier

skiers. As I climbed I was talking with Janice, I celebrated the parts of her I knew, we shared a massage office once upon a time. I told her to enjoy the bliss. Enjoy the embrace of the white light, existing with all of one consciousness. There was a place where I broke off the trail. My path took me through old dead fall. I meandered through a maze of the dying and the dead. Bodies left behind just as her being left the form of human existence to be in a higher realm. My eye was set on the pure white open meadow that waited for me. Not this time, no this time was going to be the bliss of a skier in pow mode. My mind had picked out my route and a decision was made to do downhill turns. But without any thought, I was into telemark turns and instead of going for my landmark before the steep section, I veered left and found a beautiful little shot that left me just above Golmyer. I looked up towards my intended route and the steep incline was a pile of more deadfall. As I looked towards the creek bottom, I noticed that I was at the best place to cross the water, over a natural snow bridge. I became aware of how I connected to Divine Intelligence even as I let go of Janice's death. How it was revealed to me that it's all an illusion. This life, this body the human form, is the illusion we live. I revisited my NDE from several years ago and know about the white light that we all merge into as one consciousness. The realm of non existence.

After awhile we come out of our dream states and find ourselves on the bed of animal furs in the direction of

the east. We are entwined, feeling each others warmth and pleasure. We are just peering into each other's eyes, in mona. No words need to be said, we gather ourselves and slowly make our way out of the lodge. Night has set in, the stars are brilliant. The moon illuminates the snow. We don't feel the cold, rather it's the freshness of the crisp air that tingles. When we get to the creek to cross the small bridge, Julian takes my hand and we walk over to the natural creek pool she made years ago to bathe. We take off our robes and slink down into the icy water, briefly. With a couple of whups, we get out of the water and head for the cabin. They started a fire, the three sisters did that for us. They cooked a meal and it was in a dutch oven on the fire stove. Candles were arranged and our covers were pulled back, ready for bed. And that was our preparation for a journey to find the clan that Julian had intuited.



Chapter 8

The morning light broke over the eastern ridge. Light filtered through a small crack in the window curtains. A hanging crystal permeated the room with spectrum colors on the west wall. The old Whiskey bottle up on the shelf had a bronze look. It was human bliss I was feeling. Snuggled together, us two soulmate lovers. We gently stroked each other admiring the warmth of the cabin.

“High Me, what are you thinking right now?”

“No thoughts just feeling the sensation of your tender, sensuous touch. Enjoying the natural colors of the prism light and the way the sun shines on that damn whiskey bottle. Why? You thinking about something Julian?”

“ Yeah, this trek we are about to partake in. The snow has gotten deep, wind blown. The weather temps doing it's thing with the snow quality. We might have quite a challenge especially with the route we need to take. I am worried about my skills as a backcountry skier, especially downhill. If we take the old skidoo trail over Buffalo Pass, that is a skinny treacherous trail for coming down. And who knows what or whom we will find up there? We are all relying on my intuition that there might be a community of social dropouts. That might not be the right description. Could be a beautiful group of people we find, or nothing at all...”

“Whoa, slow down sweetie. You got so much going on in that sweet head of yours, before you know it you’ll be reaching for the whiskey again.”

Julian gives me a hard elbow to ribs. “Well I do have concerns, the biggest being my intuition.”

“Hey, that’s probably why Blue Cloud and Joseph has told us a long time ago, that there might come a day for people like us to stay connected with other clans of the same liking. We are not social dropouts, we just choose a different lifestyle than the AI, consumer, competitive society. Anyway it’s your intuition and my adventurous spirit that Joseph and Blue Cloud knows they can count on.”

“You had the intuition that someday you’d find me, so what’s your intuition telling you now?”

“I have a hunch that you are right, we will find someone, perhaps a clan, between here and the Gallatin Valley. Up along the ridges of the Gallatin Range.”

Julian rolls over on top of me and pins down my shoulders, with piercing eyes talking to my “soul”. Nothing needs to be said, she slowly lowers her head until her lips are on mine and she is laying prone, over me. Our connection is getting physical and what I am becoming is one with her. My bodily sensations are sending messages of a union beyond pleasure. I feel as if I am her loving me as she is me loving her. Suddenly we are not form, our bodily forms don’t exist. It’s just energy and frequency exchanging what we define as

“sexual love pleasure”. But I do not recognize this energy exchange as “sexual love pleasure”. It’s something very deferent. Who am I, us? We break it off, Julian rolls off of me and we are looking at each other.

“What was that? Did you feel some sort of...I don’t know how to describe it other than I felt feminine and masculine at the same time!” Julian is befuddled.

“Yeah, I think you just described what I felt, as if I was you and you were me.”

“Did you feel the same on the animal fur in the sweat lodge?”

“Now that you mentioned that, our union did feel different to me. I sort of melted into our love energy.”

“Me too, it seemed as if I become some type of Goddess and you my consort sent by Divine source.”

Were both looking at the whiskey bottle, it’s illumination, temping us. We look at each other and begin to have a hardy laugh.

“No, no, no,” says Julian with a twinkle in her eye and a finger wagging back and forth.

I chuckle, “I would hope we have witnessed enough through your truth serum, and notice the difference when we witness through the light.”

“What we both just witnessed was an experience I will relish, High Me. As you have mentioned in the past, there is a telling sign when we are immersed in the Divine Intelligence. Trusting our Divine fully. Just as we trust that the outcome of our journey will be what we are meant to witness.”

“Well said Julian, let’s eat, finish packing and see if we can get Frank to take the snowcat out of hibernation and get us to the camp ground. There is a ranch road that will get us to the campground.”

Chapter 9

And so that’s what they do, finish eating, packing and find Frank who fires up the snowcat. They climb in with their gear and the cat follows one of the groomed cross country trails that are for winter guest at the ranch retreat.

Julian - As we travel up this trail I am feeling the anxiety of the past. When I left Jim and family thinking that I would be free of that part of my life. I recall the drastic reaction I perceived as right action for myself. I have thoughts of my relationship with Frank and the hurt he suffered when I told him that he was just a replacement for Jim my true soulmate. That’s my perception of Jim in my life, my soulmate lover. So now I move to thoughts of unknown relationships. Who will we find in this mountain community that I created intuitively. Is intuition some

made up dream mare? Am I making up something or is intuition a sense of energy that floats around this universe and we or I, in this case, connects with? How did Jim know where to find Joseph, our medicine man guide incarnate. And how did he derive the vision that has placed us on this journey of creating community? This sensation that we both experienced as the other, physically during our sacred love making, will I ever feel open enough to experience that with another human form? Or will I have a sense of how that might feel, no separation, just oneness and what will I do?

Julian looks over at Frank, then turns and looks at Jim as he is peering out the side window. Both past lovers in her life created out of different intentions. She turns and looks straight ahead and the anxiety turns into anticipation of the unknown. She closes her eyes and feels the vibration of the engine, hears the clatter of the tracks as they turn, and feels the vibration in her body.

Jim - Every time I climb, with skins on my skies, I think of what it is I am leaving behind. All of my backcountry sojourns are dictated by the natural elements. Sometimes the focus is always present and in the now. Other times it is in the past or future. So what am I doing with this thought now? I only possess my own consciousness yet I feel the consciousness of the “other”. Not all of the time, especially when I am so wrapped up in my own thoughts. When that happens how can I even listen to what the “other” is needing let

alone feeling? All those years I spent in grieving the loss of Julian, I missed out on connecting with life. Life, the energy of the universe. Instead I chose depression, frustration, blame, shame all the elements that close the heart and create walls so that nothing can enter. One by one as I tore down a wall, only by committing to a decision to enjoy life again, did I make progress. Just like committing to the climb up the snowy slope to a destination.

Frank has stopped just above the camp ground where it is fenced off from the TM ranch. There is a gate but it's half buried with snow drift. He turns off the engine and looks over at his passengers.

“Well darlin’, I sure hope your intuition serves you well.”

Julian doesn't respond. She lightly places her hand on his arm. “Thank you Frank.”

There is a warmth in her eyes, Frank feels it, he has seen it before and knows her sincerity. He looks over his shoulder and looks at Jim.

“You have enough supplies in case you get stuck with an overnighter, partner?”

“Yeah, at least for a night. Listen, I have set up this GPS tracking device, so keep it with you. You'll at least be able to find us.”

“Where you two are going it might be awhile before any of us can get up there. We’d need search and rescue.”

“I’m trusting we’ll be alright.”

Frank looks at Julian, “You take care of this sweet woman Jim, and yourself. You two be careful...don’t go setting off any avalanches. We’ll be praying for you at the ranch.”

Julian climbs down and goes to the back of the cat to retrieve gear. Jim grabs Frank’s shoulder, “thank you brother, and thanks for your concern for Julian.”

Frank nods. Jim climbs out and joins Julian. Their gear is unloaded. They put skins on their skies and packs on their backs. They give Frank a thumbs up and he starts the engine, they wave as he pulls away and disappears, heading back to the ranch barn. Suddenly it’s quiet.

Julian and Jim are set to go, small packs on their backs with emergency essentials, clipped into their ski bindings, they are ready to go.

“It’s so peaceful and quiet, Jim.”

“Yeah, no wind either, we should have a nice climb. Just remember, peel off the upper layers once you start perspiring. This is going to be a longer uphill than what we’ve been doing. And there are some sections of steepness that might provide more of a challenge since we won’t have a place to traverse.”

“You’ve done this before?”

“Yeah long ago, early season sojourns. That’s why I’m familiar with the area we are going towards. But I never went beyond the top of the ridge. I went along the north ridge above the trail towards Ramshorn Peak, but never south towards Buffalo Lake where you think that we might find a group of... comrades?”

Julian giggles, “comrades?... as in revolutionary brothers. I hope that we aren’t at that level of thinking.”

“What do you mean, you think we’re getting extreme with creating intentional communities because of, what climate change, totalitarianism, the end of the world as we knew it?”

Julian shakes her head and with a wry smile, “it is kind of crazy when you think of it, the way our life has been transformed the last several years.”

“Yeah, and we ain’t finished yet. We’ll have all sorts of stories to tell our kids and grand kids.”

“However, it is so, that they too will have their own adventurous lives filled with stories of which they are creating now. Maybe our stories won’t have the same meaning to them as they do to us.”

“I get what you’re saying, in fact the stories that involve them at their early age they might not be aware of.”

“Yes, unless they process sometime, do some inner inquiry.”

“Alright let’s get this story started.”

They cross over the half buried gate and begin their ascent. They push through deep snow and climb up and over snow drifts as they follow the campground road to the trail head. The trail head has an open gate. They stop for a short rest and check in.

“Whew, hang on High Me, I need to take off this jacket.”

“Okay, this first section is about three quarter mile. Through this meadow, then the Aspen grove and another meadow before we really start climbing.”

They approach the west end of the second meadow. There is the first short steep slope they climb. Jim stops and looks over the edge.

“Julian, this might be a good place to take a few turns and gain some confidence about your ski turning skills.”

“Julian looks down, it doesn't look too intimidating. A lot like what we have been doing. I don't feel like having to climb back up. Let's keep going I'd rather conserve my energy.”

They are in the forest and come to the creek that has a frozen snow bridge over it. The other side is a very steep traverse to climb. Once over the crest of the climb the trail mellows out for awhile. Steep upslope on their right and a severe drop-off on their left.

Julian - So these are the climbs that Jim never talked about to me. This must be one of the ways he developed being so persistent and dedicated. Now I know what he meant by “bushwhacking”, having to navigate ascents and descents through forest with bramble and greasewood bushes. Looking for a “shot” to lay down turns only to have to bushwhack some more. And for what reason would someone put themselves through this? And here I am with my man. What am I giving him, support? Who am I doing this for, him, community? Is it because I choose to be his soulmate lover? What does he give me? Some depth, to look inward, process my inner workings? I am definitely being tested here. I wonder what my twin is doing right now in the Big Horns with her family? I wonder if she has any sense of my life right now.

Jim is stopped up ahead of Julian, waiting taking in the calm as he rest. Braking trail especially uphill takes a toll. Alas, Julian joins him. He notices some wary body language.

“How are you holding up Julian?”

“I am glad that this track so far is a long steady climb versus a steep traverse.”

“We are about to start that steep climb to the crest of the ridge.”

“I think I have enough in me to make it to the top of the

ridge. But getting down is what I fear. I may not have enough gas left in the tank.”

“You have a way with words sweetie. You mind me calling you sweetie. I never asked.”

“I got so use to Frank calling me darlin’ that sweetie sounds like western lingo, too. No I don’t mind especially since you have seen my not so sweet side often enough.”

“Hey, come here.” Jim spreads his skies out and motions for a hug. Julian slides between his skies and they are entwined in an embrace. There’s a short kiss and the taste of chap stick. They smile at each other. Julian pulls out a couple of energy bars she made for the trip.

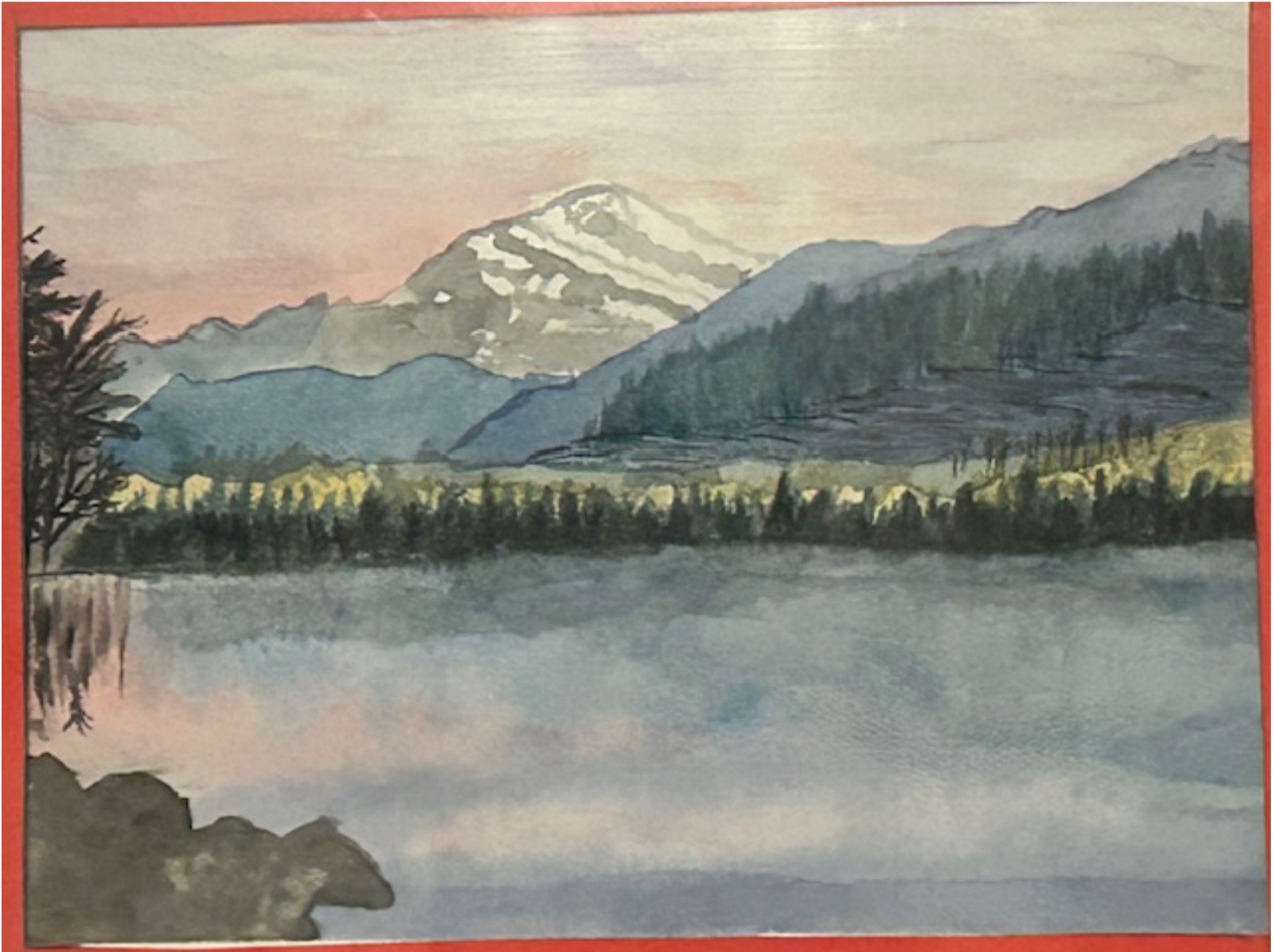
They finish and readjust their packs after drinking some water and taking off a layer of clothing. They continue upslope in silence, each with their own thoughts and the sound of skies moving snow. At last the trail levels off and they are at the crest of the ridge. They are looking up hill towards Ramshorn Peak. The trees are spaced out nicely, a regular glade.

Chapter 10

“This is where I used to do some late season skiing. Look I see some tracks!”

“Yeah, more than one set,” remarks Julian.

They follow them as the disappear towards the south side of where they are standing, towards Buffalo Lake.



“Let’s take off our skins and follow them.”

“Jim, you don’t suppose...?”

“I think your intuition has some merit.”

They strip off the skins and secure them on the outside of their packs. They put their coats back on and put on

dry hats. They straighten out their googles and get ready.

“Julian, there might be a lot of stop and go. The key here is feeling the snow conditions as we go along. We should have a good sense of it in a short distance. This type of skiing will test your skills in navigation. Do not hesitate to stop when you need to pick a line. For the most part we’ll follow these tracts. I hope they follow this ridge south and don’t turn downhill to the west. You ready?”

“Yeah, hey don’t get too far out front. I will be much slower than you.”

“Let your intuition dictate your turns and you’ll be alright. Let your automatic response, your divine intelligence guide you.”

“Okay, I got the picture, just stop once in awhile and give me a yelp if you don’t see me.”

And they start, the snow is awesome, easy turning. About six inches of two day old snow on top of a solid snow pack. The tracts they are following stay along the ridge line. They stop at the nose of the ridge before it takes a steeper slope out of the trees and opens up into a small meadow. They see some huts and a few

Teepees. There's a fire ring in what appears to be the center of a camp.

“Looks like your antenna is working just fine, Julian. Seems like we have a few hundred yards of downhill slope to ski.”

“I feel good about my skiing right now. The condition of the snow has been great. Very skiable for me.”

“Well now that we are out of the trees and facing south, this snow might be heavier, so be aware of changing conditions. You might have to adjust your weight a little more towards the tail of your skies. Just don't over do it.”

“I am wondering more of what we are getting into. You know, what or who are we going to find here?”

“Yeah, well focus on your skiing right now. I am curious about the teepee. With the cabins and a teepee it looks like an old pioneer camp, eh?”

“Eh, you you going to start that up again as part of you vocabulary?”

“I guess it's that French Trapper thing I connect with. Anyway, you ready?”

“Yes, I sure don’t see any activity down there. You lead the way. Ok? Wait, I just thought of something. The thought of accepting or allowing whatever happens to be exactly what we need.”

“What do you mean?”

“You have called it the sweet surrender. Whether it’s pleasant or not, the willingness to witness what is. To take action towards a solution. We both had to do that in our relationship and with the new ones we became part of.”

“Beautiful, it’s easy for me to forget that, just getting caught up in the anxiety of the unknown. Resisting what the moment has to offer. Especially if ego is dictating the course of action. Okay, you ready?”

“Yes, lead the way.”

The Ski Journals -After so many years of backcountry, the snow condition is the focus. It’s being aware of what I feel on the ascent that alerts my senses to watch for changing snow conditions during the descent. Feeling what’s below the feet. I’ve had heavy brutish skis that plow through anything. But take a lot of energy during the ascent. I’ve had light weight set ups that become susceptible in crusty conditions. I like to change between downhill and tele turns. And I like being ready to utilize all of the turns that I know can bail me out of situations caused by the changing conditions of the snow. All of this is what adds to the

experience of the sojourn. It really resembles the flow of life and how I learn to navigate through it. The joy of it all isn't an emotional thing rather it's a steady enjoyment of processing, for me.

We start, since we did not climb up this slope, the conditions are unknown. I start rather tentatively with some downhill convergent turns. Since this is a south facing slope I am aware of the heaviness of the snow. We begin slowly and as we start to approach a steeper section I decide to stay with downhill. But the heavy snow makes it tough to turn with a sense of ease. So I change into tele turns which seem ideal. Rather than the carve of a normal turn I end up with slow two track turns.

Julian - I am staying about two or three turns behind Jim taking my time and paying attention to the surface and subsurface conditions. He is making those tele turns look easy. Upper body facing squarely downhill with skis following. An easy two track now to follow. Wow, I suddenly realize that I am skiing tele turns with ease. I am unweighting and down weighting and the skis are doing the rest. I feel comfortable and free as a bird.

There is some movement at the camp. Someone is watching the skiers descend down the slope. Everybody is in camp, nobody is skiing, they are in

their huts. There are three people around a fire pit situated between three rough hewn log cabins. Two are similar sizes about twelve feet wide and thirty two feet long. The third cabin is small about twelve by twenty four feet. Beyond the encampment is a hut about ten by twelve feet. And situated a small distance from the dwellings is a teepee with some smoke coming out of the top which is open to the sky.

Scott, a tall well built handsome man, nudges Jillian. Jillian looks up as Scott nods in the direction of the skiers. Samantha is the other person hovering around the fire.

Samantha, "I wonder who that can be? You suppose word has gotten out about us crazies up here? Maybe a writer from the Big Sky paper or the Outlaw Mag?"

Nobody says anything as they wait, watching the skiers approach.

Jim and Julian get to the bottom of the slope and look across the meadow. There's about a hundred yards between them and the cabins. They silently get out of their skies and leave them in place. They jab their ski poles into the snow. It's only about ten inches deep where they stopped. A lot of the meadow appears to have been wind swept and cleared of most of the snow.

"Alright, Julian, I guess we make our way towards those three figures around the fire."

“Let’s wave, see if we get a response.”

They wave and get one wave back.

“Well, Highme, I guess that means there’s one friendly in the group. Let’s go.”

“Ha, Julian, you are the fearless one.”

“I think we both are, or very naive.”

They make their way over to the three figures standing by the fire.

Jillian, “Let’s go meet them.”

Scott, “uh, they are coming here, this is good. I’m sure they need to warm up a little bit.” He gives a beckoning wave.

“Hello, you guys lost?”

Julian, “no we came to visit y’all.”

Samantha, “and you’re from?...”

Jim, “we are from the Sawtooth Community, down yonder in the TM basin. I’ve skied up here years ago...”

Julian interrupts, “I had an intuition that maybe there’s another community up by the Buffalo or Ramshorn lakes. We saw some tracts heading in both directions from the ridge. We decided to follow the tracts leading south.”

Scott, “well... your name?”

“Julian,” she nods to her right keeping her eyes fixated on Scott’s piercing eye contact, “and Jim.”

“Well, Julian your intuition serves you well. We started up here this last summer. We are a small group. Cast off ski bums from Big Sky. I’m Scott, this here is Samantha and Jillian.”

Scott keeps direct eye contact with Julian. It is a hypnotic stare. Julian is locked in... *oh brother, what am I getting into I can’t or don’t want to take my eyes off of this guy. Which is it? Does Jim sense what’s happening?*

Jim is looking at Jillian and Samantha, “anybody else up here?”

Jillian, “yeah, there’s a couple, Patty and Ralph, also Sue, Peter and Jennifer.”

“Scott,” Jim’s voice raises a pitch, “who’s teepee down across the lake?”

Scott readjust his eyes to meet Jim’s, “you sure have a beautiful ski partner,” he glances back at Julian as she moves closer to Jim.

“Does someone live in the teepee?”

Scott, “I think so. A couple of Native Americans set it up a few days ago. We went over there and asked what they were doing. They just said this is their hunting lands and that some of their clan would come to live up here during hunting season.”

Everybody is looking over there now and notice some smoke coming out of the top opening.

Chapter 11

“We have been waiting for you, I was told in a dream that a woman would be searching for our Buffalo Lake Camp. She would have eyes that sparkle with great knowledge. Knowledge to help our community grow and connect with a greater community during these times of turbulence.” His eyes are locked in with Julian’s again, “Julian I am told that you are here to offer your service and understanding of the source that you know as your co creator.”

Jim gives a seemingly harsh retort, “and who told you that, Scott.”

Scott begins to channel, “I am the one you know as Jesus, and I have come to my fair maid Julian. You have found the tribe that you envisioned. It is with great honor and wisdom that you will be received as the Goddess of love and compassion. The traits that relationships are built on. I am Jesus, and I come with blessings for you and Jim who has made this trip with you, trusting your powerful intuition. Thank you my brother for your supporting role to bring us this messenger. I have spoken.”

Scott comes out of his trance like deliverance and opens his eyes as they rest on Julian.

“Come the ladies will show you two a place to rest and dry your clothes after your laborious trek up Buffalo Pass. I will see you again at dinner.”

Scott heads for the single cabin as Julian and Jim follow the ladies to a dormitory style cabin. They cross a large covered deck and go inside. “We, Samantha, Peter, Sue, Jennifer and I stay here. Patty and Ralph have a nest in the back of the other long cabin. They are the cooks and the cabin is our dinning hall and community kitchen. Actually we all take turns cooking or helping in the kitchen. We still need to develop our garden space a greenhouse for the winter. Do you garden down there, at the Sawtooth Community, Julian?”

“Yes, of course.” Julian seems a bit off with her response.

“Well that’s great. Hey, you two can sleep over there in the corner there’s a queen bed over there. We can set up a room divider for some privacy.”

Now Samantha pipes in, “that other hut like cabin is the shower house and toilet. In the winter we use the outside hot tub that is heated with a Snorkel Stove TM. Jillian and I will get a fire going in it. Maybe you can help us haul some water from the pond over yonder, Jim?”

“Sure, after I change into some dry clothes. Thanks for the invite to stay over night.”

“I sense that you will be here for awhile. At least one of you.” Jillian and Samantha look over at Julian who nods.

With a slight giggle Julian responds, “there seems to be some plans that I am unaware of, according to Jesus.”

The ladies don’t laugh and Jim is shaken.

“We’ll leave you two to get comfortable. We’ll be over there at the bath house Jim, getting the hot tub ready.”

“Okay, give me about fifteen minutes.”

There’s quiet and a stillness passes between Jim and Julian. They start taking off their sweaty under armor and clothes.

“Uh, Julian, where you at?”

“What do you mean, I’m here, we’re here!”

“What do you think about Scott? His channeling?”

“Woo, I don’t know,” she’s got a weak smile, “I mean maybe it is some sort of message? You know how much I like The Way of The Heart readings. So I don’t know, I mean how did he know to channel Jesus?”

Jim - I have witnessed this once before in our relationship. Many years ago, and I thought my time was over with Julian. She admitted to a small dalliance with the channeling vagabond. I was crushed, and told her it’s her choice. I loved her so much that I did not want to get in the way of her journey. That was a

turning point in our relationship. I think that's when we knew we were meant for each other. But it was like she went under a spell. I am witnessing that now. How I trusted her handling of the five year relationship with Frank. When I came back onto the scene. Soulmate lovers is what Julian thinks of our relationship. Me? I know we are meant for each other during these times and in this human, earthly plane, realm. I know that I do not possess her, nor she me. The strength of our relationship is the connection we have, and honoring each other's journey during this life time. I take a deep breath, it's always the breath that settles me.

“Julian, my love, how about doing a Serene Mind Meditation?”

“Hummmm, yes I am feeling your concern. And you must be feeling me from a longtime ago.”

“Yes, a distant past has surfaced. Where you at with that?”

“Serene Mind, HighMe.” She takes my hand and leads us to the bed where we sit cross legged with spines straight. “Let's settle with some natural breathes. Close our eyes and breath.”

We do that for a minute, then Julian..., “take three conscious breaths, now feel the emotion that is coming to you. Is it confusion, sadness, or anger? Or is it Joy, love, or peace?” We pause...

“Now are you in the past or the future or the present moment?” There is a long pause...

Julian - I know that Jim is feeling some fear. I don't blame him especially since I have so many thoughts racing through my mind right now. I am present with what is and it is not a quiet mind. Focus Julian...

“Now imagine a small flame between your eyebrows. And watch this flame travel to the middle of your brain.”

There is a long pause, then, “take a deep conscious breath, put a smile on your face...You can do it HighMe, and when your ready open your eyes.”

I am laughing, “you have a way with encouraging me my love. ‘You can do it...ha’, I settle down and see Julians authentic smile with a glister in her eyes.

“Jim, I am going to take a rest. Hopefully, the others don't wake me.”

“Maybe the tracks we saw going up towards Ramshorn were theirs. I’ll see you in awhile.”

I go out and look for Samantha and Jillian. I find them near the bath house where I see a sunken hole with rocks mortared in it. On one side is a wood stove made of marine aluminum. There are two round tubes that run horizontal to the stove pipe. I am guessing that the flame heats these pipes as it makes it’s way up the smoke stack. Water flows through these three or four inch pipes. There is already a fire started in the wood stove. The gals are coming over with some buckets of water.

“Hey Jim, you want to join us for a soak. We need a couple more buckets of water just to cool down the hot water a little.” Samantha is the one asking.

Jillian adds, “we’ll give it a little more more time and it will be ready to take a soak. In the mean time we can pick some Juniper berries. We need some to ferment our sauerkraut.”

“Sure, that sounds good. I haven’t heard of that method before.”

“We’ll show you later.”

We go a ways into the forest. Much of the snow has be trampled and melted where we go. As we’re picking Samantha opens up, “so you and Julian are a unit?”

“Yes, we are on this journey together. We have three adult children.”

“Yeah, we kind of figured that. You two are definitely a bit older than us, with the exception of Scott. Listen, we love Scott, but you might want to be forewarned he can be somewhat of a womanizer. He seems to use his channeling in a hypnotic way. So I’m just saying, we both noticed how Julian was being lured into his clutches so to speak.”

Jillian adds, “he is the main man that started this community, but he has scared some women away.”

“What about you two.”

“We are lovers and Scott confides in us. We are tempering his appetite for woman that he feels an attraction to. We also know that he is a hypnotherapist. Most of us here were his clients when he was practicing in Big Sky. He helped Peter and Sue rid themselves of coke addiction.”

“And why do you all continue to be in this type of environment?”

“All of us, including Scott spent years as ski buddies. We have a friendship and he has the money connections that afforded us to build the start of community. Being around an atmosphere of big money and the false pretense of a place like Big Sky wore off

on us. He started channeling Masters, and we all are hooked on the messenger. You've heard the saying 'don't kill the messenger'?"

"Yes, of course, but how do you, I might as well include me, too. How do we discern our beliefs from truth and fiction."

Samantha, "that is a good question. The words of knowledge are so different from wisdom gained. But even wisdom gained came from some sort of knowledge learned. So we end up in a loop of ignorance and innocently label it truth."

"Yeah, I flippantly label 'my truth', as a common description us seekers seem to relate to until we 'see the light'."

We all have a chuckle over those metaphors. We are paused in thought. I look through the trees and my glance sees the teepee.

"Have you met who is staying in the teepees over yonder?"

"No, Scott meet the two guys who put them up. But then they left and didn't say much."

Jillian, “let’s go you two, water should be just about right. Jim you okay with nudity?”

“Yeah, I am a massage therapist, I had to develop the attitude of flesh as just being anatomy. My learned behavior as a male massage therapist had to do with honoring the ‘other’ (sic person). Oh, I have attraction, I also have discernment, that’s ‘my truth’.”

Samantha let’s out a yelp, and Jillian a quick laugh. And I am weary of Julian’s personal predicament. Is it returning Karma? A test of a previous temptation. And who am I to judge someones mettle when I have my own judgements of self to work through.

“Listen,” it’s Jillian again, “do you hear the crunching snow, over there in that direction?”

“No, where are the others? Maybe it’s one of them?” I ask.

“They won’t be back for awhile. They trekked down to Big Sky for supplies today. They will come back tomorrow, late. This is bear country so let’s stay aware.”

We are all looking but don't see anything through the trees or in the woods. The sound has stopped. We head for the hot water and a soak.

Chapter 11

The bath house actually is quite nice with a small sauna, changing room and deck with bench and a place to hang towels and or clothes. We strip down and enter the hot water. Samantha adds another log to the fire in the Snorkel Stove. One by one we enter and sit in solitude for awhile.

Jillian, "have you two ever considered how thought is an energy that is sent out as a frequency and has a subtle impact on the whole of the universal consciousness.?"

I look at Jillian and am wondering myself how all of our collective energy merges and creates form. I have to ask, "where you going with your thoughts right now Jillian?"

"What did you see as we stripped down to our bare, naked bodies and what are your thoughts now? Do you still see our bodies in thought, or do you see our faces in real time, right now as you look at me?"

“Both, to be honest with you. Your bodies as a very recent memory and your eyes, lips and facial features as you talk.”

“Samantha?”

“I am strictly in thought right now. Like are you wondering if my thought has anything to do with attraction? And how I might turn it into fantasy? Are you predicting that my fantasy might have an impact somewhere out there in the collective consciousness?”

There’s a stillness now. I delve into contemplation. I am resisting wanting to look at the past. What I am sensing is how synchronicity works in my life. What am I thinking. What what do I create as an intention when a thought comes into existence. Am I a co creator for God to use me or am I resisting with the desire to control my destiny of the moment?

“So Jim, your outward demeanor is nonchalant being naked with us right now. Yet your recent memory is of our nakedness. What is the emotion that surfaces right now, where do you feel it?”

“Wow, Jillian, is this litmus test to prove that baring our bodies impacts my male hormones into one train of thought?”

“Maybe your answer will have an impact on Julian’s predicament,” Samantha interjects.

“Maybe you too are ‘swingers’,” Jillian quarries.

“Okay, you gals have gone far enough. What you already told me about Scott brings up fear and I feel it between my gut and heart. That is where the energy is stuck. My desire is for Julian’s discernment of choice. My fantasy is that she might make a choice similar to what was her choice in the past. Even though it was brief, she experienced it and gained her wisdom from it. I sure don’t know what to do other than put out a thought of forgiveness. What impact that might have on her or Scott is out of my control. I can only trust what is happens for a reason. And beyond this form of human body and mind is something greater in a multi dimensional universe.”

“Thank you for your answers and honesty.”

I have four sets of eyes on me. What I see and feel is true compassion. A causeless love with no judgment.

Chapter 12

Julian is sleeping on her side, in a dream state, with masters and celestial beings. She senses being

wrapped tightly with a physical body. An Alpha and Omega holding a torch to the heavens. Sparkles of light emanating into the universe. They are shrouded in bands of white light. She is deep in a slumber, as if drugged not knowing what realm she is in.

Slowly the door to the cabin opens and Scott looks over where Julian lies. He quietly takes off his shoes and goes over to the bed. He looks down and is mesmerized by the body that he sees, curled up in an almost fetal position. He deftly lifts the sheet and slides under the covers. Julian's body moves and she groans as she straightens out onto her back. Scott receives the body and has a leg between Julian's and an arm and hand gently across her chest, hand resting on her shoulder.

There is a figure standing outside the cabin door. It stands stoical, eyes look straight ahead into the distant meadow and sky beyond the ridge. It watches an eagle caught in a draft, circling over the fire circle.

Julian feels a warmth coming from another body. Still groggy she turns on her side. The body wraps around her once more as she feels the heat of a breath on the back of her neck. Not coherent yet still thinking she is dreaming, a startled Julian recites from Sir Francis Bacon's New Atlantis 1628 edition (Wikipedia) to Scott "But hear me now, and I will tell you what I know. You shall understand that there is not under the heavens so chaste a nation as this of Bensalem; nor so free from

all pollution or foulness. It is the virgin of the world. I remember I have read in one of your European books, of a holy hermit amongst you that desired to see the Spirit of Fornication; and there appeared to him a little fool ugly Aethiop. But if he had desired to see the Spirit of Chastity of Bensalem, it would have appeared to him in the likeness of a fair beautiful Cherubim. For there is nothing amongst mortal men more fair and admirable than the chaste minds of this people. Know therefore there are no stews, no dissolute houses, no courtesans, nor anything of that kind.”

Scott turns Julian on her back, and remarks, “I doubt you are a caste woman. A Cherubim? You are a woman of age, I am sure that you have had carnal desires. With others, beside your mate?”

“Scott!, take your hands off of me. You need to practice some discernment here. Or do you channel these masters as a way to sway young women into your clutches? Jesus, I doubt, he would not do such a thing with another mans wife!”

There’s a knock on the door and the latch is turning. Scott scrambles out of the bed and Julian stands as Joseph enters in regal fashion with his walking stick in hand.

“Joseph? Joseph?! That’s your teepee at the lake?”

“Julian, my sister, it is good to see you.”

Scot approaches Joseph, “so it is you who lives in the teepee across from the two lakes.”

Before he can say anymore...

With a flick of the wrist, Joseph’s walking stick swings up from the floor and Scott is doubled over hands over his groin as he slithers in pain like a snake who squirms even after the head has been chopped off.

“Julian, come with me. Scott, when you recover come to my teepee. When you enter you will enter crawling like the snake that I bear witness to. If you refuse to be humble your encampment will become a Crow hunting camp and your ilk kind will be banished from our lands.”

Julian grabs the comforter and wraps it around her. She follows Joseph, barefoot with her hair disheveled and her hands clutching the quilted comforter over her heart. They walk to the bath house and stop at a soaking hole where Jim, Jillian and Samantha look up in disbelief.

“Joseph, it is you who crunched the snow! Julian, we heard a scream of a man come from the cabin. Are you alright?”

Julian shakes her head and looks at Jillian and Samantha. Not a word is said. All participants are frozen in silence.

Finally Joseph gives his instruction, “dress, Jim and escort Julian to the teepee, we will circle the wheel like old times.”

Joseph continues onward. My naked body rises from the water and I go to the bench and grab a towel. Julian comes over and sits. The two gals are staring in awe of the whole scene.

Samantha, “Julian, we consider you a sister even though we just met. Know that we have you in our hearts.”

Julian looks at them with a quizzical expression. “You will know me, and then you can call me a ‘sister’. Until then we are an acquaintance.”

Jim - That seems so harsh yet so true. I also know that Julian has just relived a karmic tie to the past. And what is Karma other than a recurring event that we have created.

We hear something moving, and see Scott crawling through snow and mud towards the teepees. We all look at Julian, waiting for a comment. None comes, besides it's none of our business.

I am ready and Julian rises, she wraps the quilt around us and hugs me with her head buried into my neck. I feel the warmth of tears and regret on my shoulder. I pull back as she raises and readjust her head to receive my kiss. As we turn to go to the teepee, Jillian and Samantha sheepishly wave and blow a kiss in our direction then flash peace signs. Julian finally smiles and returns the salute. "Peace brothers and sisters all over this land."

Julian - Clearing old Karma is the first thing that comes to my mind as we make our way over to the teepee. After some relationship break ups I was determined to find a man that had some spirituality. I was always attracted to the mystery of Jesus. The men I had relationships with had no spiritual compass. Even though they had some good attributes, there was always a distraction that had me relenting to their desires. At some point in the early part of our marriage, I was lulled into his life choices. There was a chasm forming - our interests we like night and day. I took dream classes and felt attracted to a class mate that fulfilled my desire for spiritual context. Then onetime there was a man who channeled Masters and we had become involved with a group of spiritual

seekers. I had an attraction to this channeling man and today, Scott was the returning Karma. The attraction was hypnotic, the old memories surfaced and my thoughts must have laid the ground work for his sense that he could have me. Circumstance and Consequences seem to play a huge role in how energy flows in this vast collective universe. The five years of separation when I walked out on family, because I felt as if Jim was always there for meee... oh how I knew somehow, we would come back together once more to be part of something greater than us. His grief and belief that I was alive and close by, I felt in some vibrational way. Yet I resisted until I didn't. And now here we are, asked to form community by Joseph a mysterious medicine man. And by choice I am involved because I chose to be part of this relationship. Our liberation as a couple has been amazing, a real journey of causeless love. Just loving what is. And this incident with retuning Karma and Scott, is something that I have learned to love as part of the journey. It's all external distraction. Internally, I am connected with knowing who I am by the experiences of this life. And I also realize it's all an illusion, all we are doing is connecting with other souls or beings that have taken on a material form. And maybe I am separate from my mind and body. All that comes through me is thought. And I am meant to co create whatever HIS will is. I am just a conduit for energy. I am just the messenger and maybe, just maybe Scott was used to remind me of my returning Karma. So that I could be made aware of what it is I am here on this earthly plane to serve the

creation. I am just a part of the collective consciousness and by being aware of this higher connection, I live to serve in a way I never thought of. When Jim had his NDE, when he came out of coma, he said that there was a nudge that lead him to believe he wasn't finished yet. I wonder how many of the millions of people who have survived NDE's had such a nudge?

“Julian, what are you thinking right now?”

I look at HighMe, “Are you kidding me? What are you feeling right now?”

“Past Karma in our relationship. What comes up is resentment, then empathy for my self. That feeling of unworthiness comes up. Maybe I still don't give you all you need.”

“And need I ask, how far back in the past you have gone with your thoughts? Does Richard, David and most recently Frank ring a bell?”

“Uh huh, they sure do. And now there's Scott. Gosh, having a long lasting relationship with you sure has been a Journey of Love.”

“Causeless love I hope...no judgements?”

“Oh, there have been judgements. Love always seems to bring you back to me. I stopped figuring out how that is. It’s better to just love you for who you are.”

We smile at each other, her eyes are sparkling as we enter the teepee.

Scott has already arrived, warming on the west side of the fire pit. A teepee is customarily set up with the entry facing east to greet the rising Sun, representing the Great Creator of all there is. West on the medicine wheel is for freedom from life that was and liberation for what is to be. Nirvana is sitting alongside Joseph, between the north node. Julian and Jim did not see her right away.

Together they greet her with great surprise, “Nirvana, what are you doing here, too.”

Julian, “Wow, what a joy to see you here, sister!.”

Authors note: Nirvana is one of the Three Sisters who assist Walking Stick, a niece of Joseph and apprentice of Blue Cloud who is the medicine man of Sawtooth Community. He is nephew and heir of Joseph and his Crow clan.

*Reference the previous novels starting with Circumstance and Consequences.
(www.inspiredbookwriters.com)*

Jim, “Hello Nirvana, now my Kundalini is really rising!”

Nirvana laughs, “Have you been doing your yoga?”

“Yoga of the mind!”

Joseph is busy packing his pipe, ignoring all of us. Scott has his head bowed, and his energy is in a very humiliating, suffering state. The aura field surrounding him is very muddled right now.

Joseph, “Jim and Julian you know your position, please sit.”

Julian is takes the north node, woman of the north, bearing the children of Jim the man of the south.

Nirvana speaks, “let us settle our breaths. Scott please join us, lift your head, you can keep your eyes closed. We will do the Serene Mind Meditation given to us from Sri Preethaji.” There is a pause as we all adjust our spines and close our eyes. “Take three deep very conscious breathes. Let your slow exhale be longer than your inhale.” Seconds pass and Nirvana guides us, “what is the emotion that you are feeling? Is it regret, shame, anger, resistance? or is it joy, compassion, empathy, love? Now, are you in the past distant or recent; or are you in the unknown future?” There is a long pause for contemplation. Then Nirvana continues, “imagine a small flame between your eyebrows and watch it as it moves to the center of your brain. Take three deep conscious breaths, and on the last breath, smile and then, when you are ready, open your eyes!”

“Ah, Ho now we will smoke pipe.”

Joseph takes the first long draw and blows out smoke as he passes it to Nirvana. We all do the same as the pipe is passed around the circle. We do this four times connecting us to the four directions. The pipe is rested as Joseph returns it to it's pouch.

“I have come to establish peace, cooperation and collaboration between two communities. During this time of disruption while the white man is in conflict with each other and the Earth Mother you all have chosen to live with, the Creator's abundance.”

I can't resist, “Joseph, how did you and Nirvana get up here considering all of the snow still on the ground?”

“Two Moose from a renegade Blackfoot who lent us two moose. They have long legs.”

I look at Nirvana and she is smiling while shaking her head. I turn my attention to Julian and her eyes are wide open. When I look at Scott, he appears to be hypnotized.

“Now we have business to discuss.” Says Joseph with a straight face.

“You sure know how to surprise us. I thought you were on another ‘final quest’ to be with your creator.” I remark. “I wasn’t expecting you to show up.”

“Are you not glad to see me, Jim? Next time I will come back as a bear. And you will know it is me.”

Julian has her eyes fixed on Scott. Nirvana observes her “sister’s” concerned look. “You’re intuition served you well Julian.”

Scott looks at Julian who is staring at Scott. His breeches are muddied and damp from his crawl.

Julian - Scott seems so venerable now. Not the domineering persona that I felt before. He is a handsome man I wonder what else or who he channels. Why do I attract these type of men. Of course I read channeled teachings and seem to rely on the knowledge of that type of reading. How do I end up in a relationship with these men?

“Scott, are you familiar with medicine wheels and the four directions? The West direction being freedom or liberation from all that is past,” ask Joseph.

Scott nods affirmative. “I do have some knowledge.”

“For our intentions with this sitting around the scared fire, I have placed you in the west and it represents adults or parenting for you are the hierarchy of this found community. Your element is the earth and your animal is the Buffalo. Your plant is sage. Your color is red. You are a taker, it is time for you to be a giver. It is time for you to honor woman. She is not for you to take nor to have. Your power has been diminished. My clan members have hunted this land in the past. They will establish a camp here and be part of your community.

I am in the east the direction of wisdom. I represent birth and children. This region was once where the Crow lived, there will be a rebirth here as the new world is changing. I am here to guide. My element is fire, my animal is the eagle and my plant is tobacco. The pipe we pass represents peace. The eagle observes all that is from on high. My color is yellow.

Jim, you are the man from the south. The south represents youth for you have the curiosity of a young boy and the vigor of a young man. Your heart is strong. Your element is water. Your animal is wolf and your plant is sweetgrass. Your color is black. You have been asked to connect with people. Your task has been great since you have been an introvert.

My “sister” Julian, woman of the north, bearer of children with Jim. The north represents elders and death, your element is wind, your animal is bear, your plant will be cypress even though it is not froths area. Your plant while in this dimension is cedar, your color

is white. Julian, you are on a journey of connection and you constantly bring attention to your inner state and your feeling of abandonment. You connected with your twin after a lifetime of losing her. You reconnected with Jim several times and with your family. So I ask where is your center of consciousness located, in you or in connection?

We will pass pipe once more for intention of peace and cooperation.”

As the pipe is passed around I observe each participant in this teepee gathering. Joseph has his eyes closed with a peaceful, confident expression on his old, wrinkled face. Nirvana, with her Sheik turbine wrapped firmly around her beautiful black complexion also has eyes closed and her face seems expressionless. Deep in meditation, she must be with her “Divine”. I wonder why she is here. I look over at Julian who just handed the pipe over to Scott. She holds it for a second, as Scott has his hands on it to receive. They look at each other, there is some kind of connection going on, I can’t tell what, it unnerves me. Scott takes the pipe and gives a slight bow to Julian. He puffs and hands it to me. We have eye contact and I am sifting my thoughts from distrust to...what am I feeling what is the emotion. The sensation is nervous, I am not trusting the situation. Is it Scott I don’t trust or is it Julian. I sense a special connection between them, or am I just dealing with jealousy. I take the pipe and inhale, hold the sweet tobacco then exhale a puff of smoke. As I turn to hand the pipe, Joseph is looking at

me like a father getting ready to send his son off to war!

There is quiet. Then Joseph instructs, “Nirvana, lead us in that meditation that you do that connects us to the vastness of this universe.”

Nirvana, “This meditation is called Soul Sync, Jim you know it from our time at Tapas. We are going to do breath work and become aware of body, mind and soul. We will set an intention to establish peace, cooperation and collaboration between two communities. Let’s hold our spines erect, close our eyes and settle our breathing. We will use our fingers when we start touching our thumb with each finger to count eight times. There’s six steps. If you lose your focus always come back to your breath. Let’s start; take eight conscious breaths with your exhalation being longer than your inhalation. Begin now.....now we will take eight breaths and on the exhalation we will hum like a bee, eight times.....Again we will take eight breaths this time observe the slight pause between the inhale and exhale.....Now we will take eight breaths and an silently chant Ah, Hum on the exhale. Ah-hum means I am.....Now we will hold a mudra with our thumb and index finger touching. We will visualize that all form is gone, see yourself surrounded by light, a white light or perhaps a golden ocean without waves.....Finally in this expanded space hold an intention for yourself or another. Experience your intention as if it has already

come.....Take a deep breath and slowly put a smile on your face and open your eyes. Take the time to connect with all of us here gathered in this space.

And we do that, Julian and I hold our gaze for what seems like eternity. I can feel her intensity and concern. She must feel my insecurity. I don't want to let go of our connection. It's as if nobody else is present. Joseph is very patient, then he says, "Julian, you will remain at this Buffalo Community and assist with building a relationship representing all of your people from the Sawtooth Community."

Julian is tearing up, I am not letting go of our eye contact. I do not want to hear what Joseph is about to say.

"Jim you will return to The Sawtooth there is council that needs to be done with Blue Cloud and the rest. You are deeded there."

Scott, you will collaborate with Julian and develop a situation with the focus on building relationships before building community. Your hypnotic powers will not serve you. Your channeling might not be believable unless it is pure with no ulterior motive."

Nirvana will remain with Julian as a support and spiritual teacher. She will form a sisterhood amongst your tribe."

The hunters from my clan will arrive soon with more teepees. They will show your clan the way of gathering the bounty of the creation.

For any of you who do not heed this channeling, you will watch the destruction and dismantling of the Buffalo Community. You will find your way back to new world order. There you might not find the common ground you have an opportunity to create here. It is our prediction that a cluster of like minded communities will surface as an alternative to what is coming. I have spoken. Ah-ho!”

Joseph takes his pipe and walking stick. He rises and exits the teepee. Scott, Julian and Jim sit in stillness, not knowing what to do next. Scott looks apologetic, Julian is in shock and I feel fear of losing Julian.

Nirvana breaks the silence, “let us lay on our backs in savasana, seek comfort on the warm fur beds. Process your emotions and just be aware of what comes up for you. Observe any sensations and witness your emotions, judgements, anger, or anything that is present in your being.”

Julian is first to protest, “Just like that, Joseph appears from nowhere and dictates how it’s going to be and we are going to do what? Process? Process my separation from Jim? Again? How many times must I do things I don’t want to do?”

Nirvana just listens to Julian's rant. I'm next, "I am already dealing with lack of trust for this whole situation. Come on, Two Moose brought you two here? Nirvana," I look over at Scott, "Julian and I have worked through a lot of discord in our personal relationship. I look at Julian, and we are asked to be without the other, for how long?"

Scott pipes in, "whoa, I am the one who started this community and we never had any intention of being involved with another community. I doubt this medicine man Joseph has the power to enforce his will on us!"

There is a silence. Nirvana puts a log on the fire. After a couple of minutes she speaks.

"Friends, we are all part of a whole universe. And this tiny particle we call earth is transitioning into a new age of Aquarius. There have been great nations that have fallen in the past and ones that are on the verge of crumbling now. We are witnessing not only a major shift in human kind we are witnessing a shift in the earth. A phenomenon much like the cycles that preceded this one we are witnessing, now. There is a disruption going on and our friends and guides are gathering the beings of oneness. As you lay, consider your choice. Are you claiming individuals like a possession, or are you willing to be part of a whole. Can

you love causelessly or do you prefer conditions. Joseph gave you a choice. He did not dictate that you have to do the vision quest that he is on. Of all beings that come back to partake in this earthly plane, this third dimension, his type has the hardest task, for they have visited the higher realms and chose to complete a task for the saving of this planet.”

Dazed and confused, we lay on the bear, wolf and bison furs.

Chapter 13

Julian rises and we watch in silence as she leaves the teepee. I look at Nirvana and she says be still. I look over at Scott and his eyes follow Julian until she disappears. We all remain quiet.

Julian - If I am to stay here and have to work on a relationship with Scott, then we are going to have a long night in the teepee. The four of us, I am recalling the past the time spent with the channeler David has not left my thoughts. Oh, the pain my promiscuity must have caused my mate. And he let me choose, willingly. And when I told him what he already knew, our, David's and my affection for each other was quite telling, he was crushed and still with his heart of courage he loved me so much it was I who knew then the man I wanted by my side forever. And Scott, all of the past sensations are crushing my heart. I could easily love Scott as his Goddess. What folly I tell

myself, with this fantasy as if I can remain footloose, when my life's purpose has been established.

Julian finds the door to the dinning hall/cabin, open and the skiers have returned. As she Their clothing drying out. Hanging on unoccupied chairs and. They are sitting around the table and appear to drinking coffee and hot chocolate. They look at Julian.

Samantha remarks, "this is Julian, our visitor from the Sawtooth community is it? Jillian and I had a nice soak with your mate when you found us, Julian. Scott has her in his hypnotic trance. Am I getting hot with my guess, Julian."

Peter hands Julian a cup of coffee, she takes it and looks at Samatha in disbelief.

"Oh, so I am guessing you heard the yelp from Scotty, you watched as he crawled towards the teepee and my facial expression must have given away my emotions?"

Jillian, "well we are familiar with the way Scotty, did you say, operates. Especially with pretty women. They don't last long around here. But you calling him Scotty sounds pretty friendly..."

Julian takes a sip of the coffee laced with Whiskey her once known “truth serum”. She spits it out spraying Jillian and Peter who is sitting next to her.

“Yikes girl, is it the coffee or my hazing?”

“Just point me in the direction of the coffee pot and some cups, Maybe we’ll have a chance to get to know each other some other time. Right now I have a date with Scotty in the teepee. And the whiskey is another challenge that I am dealing with on a constant basis.”

Peter points, through a door opening, you’ll see a fresh pot, just coffee.

Julian retrieves what she came for, walks by the group of on lookers and gives them a wink.

It’s Samantha, “whoa a chief, a goddess, a black Sheik and a little big man hast descended upon our hideaway. What will become of us?”

Julian grabs a log as she enters the teepee. She gets a smile from Nirvana. She places the log on the fire and hands out the coffee cups and fills them up, places the pot on a grate and goes back to her place around the Medicine Wheel. Nirvana has taken Joseph’s vacated position in the east. “I sense this is going to be a long

night. By the way Scott, you have whiskey on your premises. I am in a battle with it, so please tell your brood to keep it hidden and out of the coffee. Especially if I am expected to remain here and form a relationship with you.”

Scott nods his head upward as a response. “Julian, I think whoever gave you the cup of whiskey coffee is the one you need to talk too. I am sorry that happened, I can let people know of your situation. As far as your request goes, that’s an individual choice.”

Nirvana, “Hey, before we get into the details let’s discuss your positions on this medicine wheel and get some insight. Then perhaps we can discuss why and how neighboring communities can support each other and create fringe society that can operate without the entanglements of technocratic bureaucracy. Julian Joseph had you in the north node. You have been in that position for a longtime as Jim’s mate. The north represents elders and death, your element is wind, your animal is bear, your plant is cedar your color is white. What do you intuitively sense about that moving forward.”

Julian, “It seems rather bleak a great responsibility to be considered an elder. Death, does it have anything to do with the relationship and journey I have taken on with Jim, my ‘soulmate lover’?” Julian looks at me then Scott. She continues, “how many more times do

we have to be separated from each other in this lifetime? The bear, cedar, white all symbols of something maybe death will come in the form of a bear, Cedar trees of the everglades or are we talking western cedars? White as in the Great White Brotherhood. There is still the Church Universal and Triumphant in this valley. A connection to Divine Masters. Maybe I make my ascension in this cycle. Scott do you channel any of these Masters?"

"Yes in fact I do. And others too."

"Nirvana, you don't know this about me, I almost left Jim for a channel who channeled the Masters of the I AM movement. That is why I fear being left alone to establish or form a relationship with Scott and this community. And to think that Jim's animal is wolf. And Joseph has him looking for a pack like wolves do. Find neighboring communities was his request of us, together. Just settling into our community has not been easy for me, you know that. Julian crawls around Scott and comes to me. She gets behind me and wraps her arms around me. Her head peers at Scott, over my shoulder. She makes a request of Scott, "when you came to me, in bed, and I recited from Sir Francis Bacon you mocked me. As if you knew my past with David. You channel, can you recite from his book Atlantis?"

Scott, "Lord God of heaven and earth, thou hast vouchsafed of thy grace to those of our order, to know thy works of creation, and the secrets of them; and to

discern (as far as appertaineth to the generations of men) between divine miracles, works of nature, works of art, and impostures and illusions of all sorts. I do here acknowledge and testify before this people, that the thing we now see before our eyes is thy Finger, and a true Miracle. And forasmuch as we learn in our books that thou never workest miracles but to a divine and excellent end (for the laws of nature are thine own laws, and thou exceedest them not but upon the great pillar of light - Salomon's House, "eye" of the kingdom His prayer [for] great cause)

How Christianity Came to Bensalem

We most humbly beseech thee to prosper this great sign, and to give us the interpretation and use of it in mercy; which thou dost in some part secretly promise, by sending it unto us.'

"When he had made his prayer, he presently found the boat he was in moveable and unbound; whereas all the rest remained still fast; and taking that for an assurance of leave to approach, he caused the boat to be softly and with silence rowed toward the pillar. But ere he came near it, the pillar and cross of light broke up, and cast itself abroad, as it were, into a firmament of many stars, which also vanished soon after, and there was nothing left to be seen but a small ark or chest of cedar, dry, and not wet at all with water, though it swam. And in the fore-end of it, which was towards him, grew a small green branch of palm; and when the wise man had taken it with all reverence into

his boat, it opened of itself, and there were found in it a Book and a Letter, both written in fine parchment, and wrapped in sindons of linen. The Book contained all the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, according as you have them (for we know well what the Churches with you receive), and the Apocalypse itself, and some other books of the New Testament, which were not at that time written, were nevertheless in the Book. And for the Letter, it was in these words: “I, Bartholomew, a servant of the Highest, and Apostle of Jesus Christ, was warned by an angel that appeared to me in a vision of glory, that I should commit this ark to the floods of the sea. Therefore I do testify and declare unto that people where God shall ordain this ark to come to land, that in the same day is come unto them salvation and peace, and good will, from the Father, and from the Lord Jesus.”

Julian squeezes me tight, “during the years we spent separated from each other I have read channeled readings by Bartholomew and you know about the book Frank gave me ‘The Way of Mastery’. And here we have Scott, channeling, already I am fascinated by his knowledge.”

Nirvana, “dearest Julian, the three sisters were created by Blue Cloud so that all of us sisters could support each other. I will stay here with you. Your honesty is why Joseph chose you and Jim on this mission to form community. It is not you that will do it,

you two are just the vessel, the tool of Divine Source to connect with the unlimited consciousness of the universe. Our mission or purpose is not to change anybody or anything. It is to be free of our personal suffering. Once we do that then we can fulfill the one thing we were meant to do on this earthly realm.”

“Scott, do you recall what Joseph told you? Your element is the earth and your animal is the Buffalo. Your plant is sage. Your color is red. He labeled you a taker. He said it is time for you to be a giver. It is time for you to honor woman. She is not for you to take nor to have. Your power has been diminished. My clan members have hunted this land in the past. They will establish a camp here and be part of your community.”

“Yes, I erred by pursuing Julian so quickly.” He looked past me and directly at Julian who has her head over my shoulder. “You have such beautiful, alluring eyes. I feel your presence deeply.” Julian’s arms dislodge from my torso and she slides her body next to mine. Scott continues never taking his eyes off of Julian’s. “I crawled to the teepee to see what extreme submission might feel like. Joseph was wrong when he said I am just a taker. I have much to give to the one’s that I want to give. Red is an aggressive color, and so I pursue what I desire. Jim, Joseph, Nirvana do not pose a barrier to my pursuit of you for it is your choice. And you will be inquiring to self, the sensations you feel, the exploration you might want to discover with a new individual, one who ignites new dimensions of your

open mind. Yes the west is for freedom and liberation. I am liberated from what might seem honorable, or normal to your clan. The one's you choose to be with for now. You have been torn between two worlds, you found pleasure in both and came back to him as you always do." Scott nods in my direction but his eyes never divert from Julians'. I look over at her and she is riveted as if in a trance. "So you have been directed to form a relationship with me and this Buffalo clan. We will love to have you, even if it is temporary. I'm sure you have a lot to give in the way of mastery."

The fire crackles and sends a few sparks upward. Julian crawls over to Scott and circles him like a lioness. She continues to crawl back to her place as the woman of the north. She sits upright, crosslegged and closes her eyes. There is a silence.

Nirvana looks at me, "James, whew, I told you a long time ago that this Kundalini energy might take you for a wild ride. So now it is your insight that is needed.

The south represents youth for you have the curiosity of a young boy and the vigor of a young man. Your heart is strong. Your element is water. Your animal is wolf and your plant is sweet grass. Sweet grass is burned as incense, it is the earth symbol or Mother symbol. Braided it's meaning things of the earth are within our experience. [from Seven Arrows by Hyemeyohsts Storm] Your color is black. You have

been asked to connect with people. You have been asked to bring people together. Your task has been great since you have been an introvert. Recall from past medicine wheels that the man of the south is married to the woman of the north who bore his children. The man of the south takes a woman which could be seen as a balance of the two sides of an individual.”

“I did not expect this riddle. It has become a paradoxical situation with many meanings, and consequences. What I am feeling is loss and an unknown future of surrender.” Jim looks at Julian who has tears streaming down her cheeks. Her mouth is trembling, the others might not notice.

Jim - I am feeling my mate and she knows it. Julian must be feeling the gravity of our situation. I sense that we are on or very near some sacred Crow grounds. I am experiencing a shift in thought. Maybe the “woman” represents my journey as two sides of the same person. The balance between the masculine and feminine energies.

“The color black for some Buddhist might be negative and others see it as a self- discovery. So it always comes back to resolving the ego mind. Frank asked me once, concerning your relationship with him, ‘you’re going to let your lady do that?’ If you recall, you were determined to resolve the relationship with Frank on

your terms. I told him that I don't possess you. He didn't quite comprehend what resolve meant. You the woman of the north have powerful teachings to give in relationship - I know."

Julian speaks with trembling voice, "my wolf man, you are devoted and loyal to family and clan. You have the knack to connect the spiritual world with the nature world. You have courage and though you seem like a "lone wolf" your presence brings people together. You I will always come back too."

Nirvana speaks, "you have all recognized roles that you might play should you choose. The underlying purpose is to continue to co-create a new part of society devoid of the status quo of protecting monetary wealth and power over. There are plenty of communities world wide that have or are becoming self sustainable. The strength of these communities are built on relationships that navigate through the self obsessive mind and control. Our spirit guides are directing us towards a higher state of limitless consciousness. A state where you can pass into higher dimensions or realms and into oneness with all. So now let us close with an Soul Sync meditation and this time when we get to steps five and six, visualize the limitless consciousness of the universe - a white band of light that you enter in a state of sweet surrender to the Divine. And then set an intention will it be for yourself or for the community, a new family formed?"

And so they start the meditation. Nirvana is drumming a beat that takes one to the depth of their soul. Finally, it comes to an end. The drumming stops and eyes are open. There is a stillness, the wind and crackling fire are the only sounds, for awhile. In the distance can be heard a howling wolf.

Nirvana speaks, “what are your choices?”

Julian, with all the dignity that she empowers says, “I will abide as a two-spirit individual in the Native American way and commit to forming a relationship with Scott to join two clans. My devotion is always with Jim my soulmate lover and confident.”

Scott, “I will be sensitive to the needs of others and will not use my power for self interest. I am aware of now of my connection with the Creator as part of the creation. My crawl to this gathering symbolized for me to not resist my place in this illusion. Rather I have witnessed gratitude and a love that is without a cause.”

Jim, “it is with difficulty that I leave Julian now. Bear, some consider this animal as the most spiritual, standing upright with dignity. Julian, I have asked Frank in the past to care for you if I ever again left this earthly plane. You were aghast at the thought that I

would do that, yet he was a good man to you. Once, I almost left this plane and was will back to complete something I was unaware of at the time. Now Scott, I am trusting you to treat Julian and be grateful for her presence. Know that she carries my physical love in her heart. When you love her, you will love me. And we will impact those close to us with that causeless love that you have witnessed.”

Julian and Jim have tears streaming as they are locked in a trance with each other. They started this journey not knowing what to expect. And now the mystery of it continues with the unknown yet to be revealed. They maintain this presence that is felt by all in this teepee and by way of energy frequency, all who are of the Sawtooth and Buffalo communities.

Nirvana speaks, “Julian, please strip down to your nakedness and wear this white garment. Your color is white and will symbolize a white buffalo that brings hope and abundance to all.”

Julian rises, a slowly takes off what she is wearing until there is nothing but her pure soul. Nirvana rises and wraps Julian in the white garment like a Sheik.

“You will sit in the west node with Scott as we conclude.”

She starts to go, but circles behind Scott and kneels in front of Jim who has a confused look of apprehension. She gently pushes him down and lays on top of his warm body. She is smothering him with a kiss, then whispers in his ear. “My dear HighMe, my sex is with you. Never forget that. Forgive whatever is to happen. It will not get between us. We will meet again, at the pioneer cabin. I will find you on your ski slope and you will come to me.”

She slowly rises and moves over to sit beside Scott.

Nirvana speaks with kindness in her voice, “there is a power that is beyond what any of us here has ever experienced. The willingness to face unknown circumstances and continue on a journey of love is truly a surrender to the Divine Creator. Let us pay

Photo from the TRANSITION NETWORK website transintionnetork.org

attention and open to receive Divine Intelligence. Some of your actions might seem conflicting, let it be. Now Julian and Scott, you can leave. Scott, Julian will bed down in the dorm cabin. Jim, you will bed down in the teepee with me. We will have council with Blue Cloud.”

Scott rises and extends a hand to help Julian get up. Julian gives Jim one last glance, and leaves with Scott



following. But before he ducks under the teepee door, he looks back at Jim and says, “I will take care of Julian.”

Chapter 14

Blue Cloud emerges from the other teepee and watches as Scott and Julian departs. He notices Scott getting ready to place his arm and hand around Julian’s waist so he shouts a greeting, “Julian, my friend!”

Scott’s hand drops away and goes to his side, as turns his head and watches Julian race towards Blue Cloud.

“Blue Cloud, oh it is so great to see you, here! Blue cloud looks down at her with a big smile and bows his head. My dear sister, it is with great remorse and joy to see you now! I am regret my uncles choice to have you in this predicament. I am also encouraged by your willingness to surrender yourself for the good of the whole.”

“Whew, well this will be some kind of Karmic balance is what I am thinking. Something I could have done differently in a past similar situation. So I am quite aware of what to expect.”

Scott approaches, “and your are?”

“Blue Cloud”

“One of the hunters?”

“No, a Medicine Man.”

“We just had a Medicine Man visit us. Where is Two Moose?”

Blue Cloud nods in a direction down by the lake, “he is tending to the horses.”

Scott seems a little annoyed, “Come on Julian let’s get you to your room. You must be cold in that outfit. Temps are dropping as night is settling in.”

“Let me see your hands.”

Scott, “why are you a palm reader? And who was the other Medicine Man?”

The other Medicine man was my uncle, he is the mystery, I am the enforcer. Let me see your hands.”

Julian, with tongue in cheek, “you better do what he says Scott.”

Scott reluctantly puts out his hands. Blue Cloud turns them with a firm grip and pretends to read the palms.

“Be careful where you place your hands on my sisters body.”

This startles Scott, “it was good to meet you, I think. How long will you stay?”

“Until Two Moose’s clan arrives and sets camp.”

“Julian?” Scott nods toward the cabin settlement.
“Good night Blue Cloud.”

As they walk out of ear shot of Blue Cloud, Scott reaches for a hand to hold, and Julian abides.

“What is going on Julian? It’s as if an invasion is happening. A forceful take over of our ‘Buffalo Community’ space.”

Julian looks up at Scott. The shadows of the evening moon and his handsome tanned face with a chiseled body like Franks’ is hard to physically resist. She stops and they turn to each other.

“Listen, Scott, what I am sensing are several things. You for one and I have an attraction going on. I’ve heard it described as a ‘Fatal Attraction’. There are people observing and they are not fooled. I know that my lover is suffering. So you ask what’s going on. It was of my doing and Joseph’s desire that similar communities merging together in a meaningful ‘brotherhood’, there might be a better word, as an alternative to the status quo. A society based on gratitude for companionship. So look at your situation as a transmission of energy, and wisdom (who receives it and continues to spread it - gurus, medicine man and the teacher to the student who becomes the teacher). It flows just like the ski turn. And we live in honor and develop our skills to share and create an impact. A safe world all form becoming one.”

Scott raises his right hand and wants to cradle Julian's cheek, but he remembers Blue Cloud's warning, and the hand falls lightly on Julian's shoulder. She lets it rest there.

The teepee is filled with Blue Cloud's presence. Nirvana and Jim come out of a meditation, Surrender to the Divine, over the years both have practically memorized the meditation guided by Sri Preethaji. They open their eyes and Blue Cloud is seated on the eastern node of the fire pit. Jim never left his position and Nirvana has moved to the north node.

"Greetings friends, it is my honor to be here. We have much to discuss. We will pass pipe."

Blue Cloud's clan was Cherokee from the North Carolina area. His tobacco is sweet and wholesome. He packs his pipe and they remain in silence. He lights the bowl and gets the smoke to draw through the long stem of his special pipe. He passes it to Nirvana then to Jim. They do this three times for the three directions that are occupied.

Blue Cloud speaks, "our circle is broken tonight. There is much to be done to complete this circle. Scott is in resistance to fulfill a situation that can benefit many. His power of channeling has been diminished by his actions. His talent to connect with guides, prophets and higher beings is tarnished since he uses it to gain

power over others to fulfill his carnal desires. Julian will need to be aware of slipping into his hypnotic trance.”

Nirvana speaks, “Jim, you are aware that her returning karma may be stronger than last time. She may falter uncontrollably. Her strength is found in your understanding of nature's way. Just as trees grow together in community, each tree grows separately during their lifetime. Your resilience will be your strength.”

“Thank you both for these insights. I too have battled with my physical desires. My outward actions may show restraint. My inner ‘demons’ continue to pursue my thoughts in the carnal desires. So what I am aware of is that my energy and frequencies that go out into the universe are directly tied to Julian's. We impact each other's senses. I do believe it is the reason that we were meant to be together on this journey as mirror images.”

Nirvana speaks, “that is what I would call cosmic insight.”

“You were there during my NDE so you know I had made a choice to return to this realm. You are aware that the millions of people that have experienced the light of the universe, and chose to stay and finish their earthly journey live as a secret unto themselves. When

we share our experience it is difficult for others to understand what we know to be true. The doubt becomes great as we are immersed once again into this material realm and the influences of it fade away.”

Blue Cloud speaks, “we as indigenous people believe in the spirit world and the connection with universal consciousness is understood. When we had council with Joseph up at the Big Horn, he knew that you swung pendulum and that your guide was Joseph. So why do you think that Joseph entered your life? Coincidence? I don’t think so. Your guide has your back. Your mission and purpose is being fulfilled. What ever happens to Julian now, will not prevent you from knowing her always.”

Jim - It’s too much, I break down in tears and cries. A suffering so great that I am shaken. I hear a distant voice telling me to move to the west node. I don’t recall how I managed to get here, only a few feet from where I previously sat. Did I crawl like a wounded animal? A lover tossed to the sea? I am now aware of my place and sit cross legged, looking across the fire pit at Blue Cloud.

“My brother, from days long ago, I was once the fire maker for your sweats in the lodge with Joseph. And I have been your medicine man since many moons ago. We are friends with each others blood. A white man

and brown man with this black woman who know that our external circumstance is in consequential when it comes to connection. Now you sit in the west. You are liberated from your suffering if you choose to be.”

Nirvana, “the Tapa’s at Ekam thought us that, Jim. What state do you want now. If you choose to suffer your impact will be felt, as a bluesman once said you have to suffer to play the blues. If you choose calm and a beautiful non suffering state, the whole of the universe is light and you have no enemies. Your mate lives free, your soul lives free and all you meet live feeling the freedom of this beautiful life. You move as effortless as the wind. Nothing can stop you from enjoying the great delight of surrendering to the Divine. You live with great delight. All that happens is harmless to your state of mind.”

Jim smiles now, he looks lovingly at his friends. How these friendships formed long ago in Maggies’ Sketch class that he modeled as a nude. Baring his soul and it was the start of deep relationships that formed into community.

“My dear friends and support, thank you for this council. I love Joseph and the mystery that he brings into my life. Seeking the unknown is the juice that keeps me energized. So what’s next?”

Blue Cloud speaks, “You will depart tomorrow, be careful, the snow is melting especially when you get to the lower elevation. Go back to the pioneer cabin. Joseph will council with you in the sweat lodge. He will share a vision with you. Nirvana will stay until Two Moose and his clan set up their encampment. May peace be with you my friend, and many blessings.”

“Blue Cloud, how is it with you and Maggie, will I be here for your wedding?”

Blue Cloud laughs, “Maggie and I are doing wonderful. We have a special connection that is as mysterious as your journey. Now she wants her son to move to the Sawtooth and he with a Hindu woman who has a son.”

“The wedding?”

“You will get an invite, of course. All our friends will be there. Maybe there will be several weddings on the same day. Let us pass pipe once more and seal this council.”

Chapter 15

Early next morning as the sun is rising over the distant Sawtooth mountain and other peaks across the basin, Nirvana quietly awakes and is prompted to head

over to the bath house and take a soak. She puts a log on the hot coals, and prepares a pot of camp fire coffee for Jim when he awakes. As she leaves the tent she see's that Blue Cloud's horse is missing. She sees a new horse mingling with Two Moose's other mares. She makes her way to the bath house in a robe with out her customary turbine. Her hair is loose and she feels the cool mountain air. It feels as if there is an inversion since the air is warmer than usual for so early. But then again the coldest temp is usually around six a.m.. As she approaches the rock formed hot tub, she sees a figure in the water already and smoke coming out of the smoke stack. It's Julian, she senses that immediately and she is feeling Julian's anxiety.

Approaching from behind she gives her warning, "Julian, good morning," she makes her way so she is facing Julian, "what a pleasant surprise to see you here, sister. Mind if I join you?"

"OH, Nirvana, yes please come and let us talk woman to woman."

Nirvana get's out of her robe and hangs it next to another robe. She slowly enters the water. "Woo, you sure like it hot."

“Speaking of which, I am in a hot predicament. There is such a duality going on, trusting how I will be with Scott. And wondering to myself, how is it that I seem to be crossing dimensions. Human form that wants and doesn’t want Scott’s, oh I don’t know what to call it.”

“Body? Or is it his knowledge that attracts you? Maybe, you feel like a sacrificial lamb and are in tune with the willing surrender as was Issac, Abraham’s son.”

“Yeah you are so in tune to the racing thoughts of my duel mind. And in the midst of all this attention on Scott, and the vision of our medicine men, I am swept up into thoughts that do not include Jim.”

“Ummm, maybe, he is part of you? You two soulmate lovers have become one in such a way that he feels what you are feeling. He knows that any disconnect is the human form disconnecting from one another. Like when you two might have a falling out, you don’t hear or see the other because you are so focused on self. But eventually during the process you are both tearing down inner walls to let the other in.”

Julian, “this all seems so cosmic. I mean, there are times when I feel nurtured by you, Blue Cloud, Walking Stick, and Joseph as if you’re all guiding me from another dimension.”

“You never made it to Tapas with Jim, Megan and I. There was a whole different experience there, in India. The Mutki Gurus, the Dasa’s slowly nurtured us and as time goes on the nurturing doesn’t cease. Now we seem to connect with that higher energy and being part of collective consciousness takes on a different meaning. So accepting the power of our medicine men and Native American brothers and sisters has taken on a special surrender into the mystery of life on this planet. That Sweet Surrender...Surrendering to the Divine, the meditation, has opened me up to receive guidance and allow the energy to flow through me trusting it’s all good. We become conduits for the Divine to channel energy.”

“And Scott, he channels just like the other guy in my life that I fell for. A very similar situation, their attraction is their gift to channel. I get mesmerized thinking that they have this special connection to source. I want to be part of that energy. I want, I want, I want so bad, that connection, that I am willing to abandon family.”

“Julian, you, we also have that power, or gift to channel source. It is our limitless consciousness that we own! The Soul Sync we did last night, what was your intention to manifest.”

“There was a verse from The Way of Mastery that came to me... ‘learn that regardless of the choice you may have made in the past. Once you have embraced it, once you have felt it, you remain perfectly innocent

and imbued with the power to choose again to feel, to learn once again to feel the glorious warmth that permeates the Kingdom of Heaven.' That was when I made the choice to be of service for the good of all."

"Go now Julian, let your innocence be your truth. You and Jim are like two bodies in space going in different directions but connected by a special thread, stronger than any magnet. You both have torn down inner walls to let the other in. You can't possibly abandon Jim he is under your skin!"

Walking Stick is standing on the deck of the cabin that Scott resides in. She is facing the sun, warming her body, when the door opens and Scott comes out to see the sun rise. He is startled to see the long slender body of Walking Stick dressed in Native American garment.

"Who are you?"

"Walking Stick, medicine woman apprentice of Blue Cloud, Joseph's nephew and my mentor."

"Are you part of the tribe moving in by the lake?"

"No, that is Two Moose's clan. The hunters, you'll get to know them soon enough."

“We are being invaded, how is it that suddenly you all decide to make camp at Buffalo Lake?”

“It is a special sacred ground. We must protect it. We must learn to live in harmony with your clan. Our Sawtooth brothers and sisters. Now you will be receiving a special guest, one of my many ‘sisters’ from our community. It will be good medicine if you make her breakfast and honor her presence in your life.”

“She has a lot of people watching out for her. Why do come, too? Tell me, what is this sacred ground, what is the relativity of our community to yours?”

“You are able to channel beings and masters as you call them. Joseph has diminished your power for he has sensed something that maybe you use it as a hypnotic tool to manipulate? Only you know your truth. I am not to judge you and neither does he. Maybe it was just a warning to treat Julian with honor. We all sense that she has a weakness for channelers and spiritual beings that fit the framework of her desire to learn what is beyond the scope of this earthly existence. Her human element is bodily attraction as a means for connection to what she is seeking. It might be something, perhaps a desire to fulfill and nourish her ‘soul’ in a way that Jim cannot, as a mate. It is her inner journey to discover her folly. The ‘Three Sisters’ of corn, beans and squash, grow together and care for each other

when sowed in the garden. Nirvana and I Walking Stick are two of the three sisters that nature members of our community.”

“Who is the third?”

“Stephanie, she will be needed upon Jim’s return to Sawtooth.”

“Jim is leaving without Julian?”

“Yes, Julian has a relationship with you. You represent a time past that is part of ‘her karma’, that is how Nirvana puts it. It is part of her spirit world is how we think it.”

“Our Buffalo Community, how do we fit in to this illusion?”

“The illusion is the world scene that you all have left behind to recreate a lifestyle with nature. But you channel, so surely you know the connection with nature is a connection with your spirit. This land is sacred, our tales have it that buried deep in this forest is a totem that was once carved into a tree. It tells a story of who was here before. It is a story of our ancestors who once roamed these lands until the white man took possession.”

“Walking Stick, what you are telling me makes more sense than the story of Julian having an intuitive

inkling that there might be a neighboring community up here. Especially with Two Moose and his hunting party moving up here. I am thinking that there are several reasons that we are all crossing paths. Somehow, Joseph must have realized that there is something sacred up here that his, or your people have never found. And it is tied to your past ancestors. Jim and Julian had no clue why they pursued this discovery when they started. I am not sure what role I am really playing. But I do know that Julian made a choice to stay, with me. And I am willing to take her as a mate.”

Walking Stick is still, considering how to respond to Scott’s matter of fact approach. She is sensing a real predicament and is not sure how to respond. She wants to choose her words wisely and protect Julian’s honor and her relationship to Jim.

“Scott, let it be understood, that Joseph is from the Crow Nation, Blue Cloud and I are from the Cherokee Nation. Because of the white man some nations stayed on reservations and others scattered. The totem that may be here is supposed to represent the union of two nations. Jim was mentored, willing, by Joseph who passed on his Medicine Man duties to Blue Cloud, a nephew from the Cherokee Nation. In the Cherokee nation and some other Native American nations women were given autonomy to have more than one lover. It is customary in your culture that sexual preferences are common. In your Christian culture monogamy is the norm. There is also history of the

Two Spirit world where the masculine and feminine is equally strong in an individual. Attraction to physical form among humans gets very complicated. In the case of the relationship between Julian and Jim they have experienced this realm, the human. The consciousness state of their perceptions allows them to look for new meaning in their experiences. The intelligence is the way they have been processing their experiences and how it relates to their life. It's quite a duality, and they honor the other in their relationship by causelessly loving the elements of life, the reality of human and nature's form, the spiritual aspect of what is, and the esoteric of infinite consciousness. They experienced the next realm when Jim returned from an induced coma. Julian experienced what it will be like to live without him. Jim experienced bliss without body only his mind continued in the Spirit world."

"Stop Walking Stick, now I know why you all have a concern for Julian's choice. Listen now, Brother Bartholomew is coming through, 'Enlightened ones are very rarely holy. In fact, they are often so outrageous that people look on them as crazy. And what is this quality that makes them appear crazy? They do what they are moved to do, and leave you to deal with your own reaction to it! They have the capacity to just be human. You can tell how close to Enlightenment you are by asking the question: How many people in my life do I allow to be anyway they might wish, under any circumstance, no matter what the appearances may

be? Enlightenment is nothing more than the realization that there is only One - the concepts of good and bad have no meaning.””

There is a silence between the two, their eyes are closed. They are both absorbing what was said. Walking Stick is first to speak, “how did that come to you my friend?”

“Back in the nineteen eighties I was in New Mexico, and a woman, Mary-Margaret Moore was channeling Bartholomew. Julian mentioned that she has read Bartholomew and The Way of Mastery. I don’t ever know when a channeling will come, I think if we found that book what I just channeled is verbatim from the writing. I have studied it for many years and some how I recall things like that. What you were sharing triggered my consciousness. I’m sorry if I sound like a plagiarist but it did come to me the way it came.”

“Thank you for listening to me. Now make your honored guest a breakfast, you both have a lot to inquire about. The why of this relationship.”

Scott, nods and quietly goes inside. Walking Stick waits on the deck for her white sister.



Chapter 16

Julian walks barefoot, still in her robe that flows in the soft breeze, above her knees. She is walking slowly, in contemplation, towards Scott's cabin.

Julian - Ahhh, these deep breaths feel relaxing, they are settling my anxiety. God you are so magnificent sending Nirvana to me for support. A real soul sister, I wonder what my twin is doing and what she might think of my situation. After all these years on separate paths, my connection is so meshed with Jim's it's hard to feel Julie Ann. I need to stop and look at the sun. Ummm, a sun salutation is in order here, on the cool damp patch of wild grass. Oh, this stretch feels good,

the bend as a praise to the Sun and Great Creator, yeah the pose like a track runner, the downward dog, butt in the air, ha, oooo, that cool moisture on my chest and knees, yes, the raising of my upper torso like a lioness on her front paws, the downward dog again, feels as if I am submitting, and the leg and knee swiftly back to the runners pose straighten up and reverse the 'bowing' into a bow. The feel of the sun on my moist chest, ahhh, so refreshing. The start of a new day and experience. What will it be like? I am nervous and wonder how my mate is taking this choice I made. It's crazy, and a pattern of desire that does not include any of my close connections.

Julian approaches the cabin, it was pointed out to her and Jim when they first arrived. As she gets closer, she notices that the breeze has shifted and is coming out of the west. She turns to look at the western sky and there are threatening dark clouds moving fast. The puffy clouds that precede the storm start to blockout the sun. She is feeling chilled now and wishes that she would have gone to the bunk house and put on some clothes. Now she sees an unforgettable site. There is long black hair flowing in the wind like a flag on a pole. She notices leather fringe along the side of the leather leggings that accentuate a long slender body. It is an unmistakable figure she has seen many times when she was beckoned for council with Blue Cloud.

"Walking Stick? Forgive my shocking greeting. It is so good to see you. You know then what is going on?"

“First my white sister, we need to hug and feel each others embrace.”

The hug warms Julian’s body, she starts to cry, “tell me to stop this nonsense.”

Walking Stick gently pushes Julian from the hug, but she maintains a grip on her arms. “My sister, you walk in three worlds, you experience all of life. It is you who are choosing, would you know any of the future if you always lived in the past? It is destined by you and ordained by nobody.”

“You are talking in parables that I understand. Something tells me that there is a purpose that has nothing to do with the Sawtooth and Buffalo communities. Scott is David returned. I can resist the temptation to find out why my attraction is for men that channel wisdom or is it just knowledge?”

“And how will you know? You have Cherokee influence now and women are not considered a possession. You have a soulmate who honors the way of the Cherokee. You are fortunate. We can all be sad and joyful. Know this, there is a state that you relish, to be non-suffering. It is either sad or happy, it is just the joy of

living. You are shivering my sister, go now, there is a man that means to do good. You can heal him.”

Julian, moves gently and places a kiss on Walking Stick’s lips. They nod at each other, Julian turns the door knob and Walking Stick walks away into the forthcoming storm.

Jim finds the coffee and has a breakfast on the grill, some biscuits and gravy with bacon sizzling. He looks out of the teepee entrance and sees the weather changing. His eye catches Nirvana in a short robe kind of doing a hop and a jog. He smiles and thinks watch out for cacti. He goes out and holds the canvas door open as Nirvana giggles and ducks inside.

“Haha, good morning brother, burr, it got cold in a hurry. Oh, it smells good in here, you are cooking breakfast, how sweet.”

Nirvana slows down her breath and excitement. She looks over at Jim who is staring at her black and beautiful body, as she is taking off her robe to dress.

“Well, you have seen me before at the massage office so why do you stare with that smile on your face?”

“Oh, one reason is that I am grateful for your contribution with this fiasco that is happening. It really has turned into a circus. When Julian and I decided to explore what she was intuitive about concerning another community, we didn’t know what to expect.”

“Humm, listen let’s eat, I am famished. I had a soak with Julian earlier and we can talk after we eat.”

Jim - I go get a couple of logs outside, the snow is light, but it has started. When I come back in Nirvana, is looking like the Sheik I know. Dressed in her flowing garments with turbine in place and hair neatly tucked in. We both get in a yoga pose, leg crossed and just enjoy the stillness and the presence of light that is radiating in this space. A short time passes and we look at each other, we both have hands in prayer form over our hearts, the namaste greeting. We smile, I am feeling gratitude and so I start.

“I bow to the light within you Nirvana.”

“And I, you, Jim”

“I - you? Does that mean we are one?”

“Ha, of course, yes hum sa, so hum, Ekam. I am you, you are me we are one.” She smiles.

“I am grateful for your presence and all who have shown up here so far, Joseph, Blue Cloud, Two Moose...”

“The entry canvas is pulled back and Walking Stick comes in.”

“...and Walking Stick.”

Walking Stick looks at me quizzically then at Nirvana who has a huge smile.

“I am grateful for your presence. Would you like to join us? Please say yes.”

Nirvana burst into laughter.

“What’s so funny?”

“If we had Two Mirror show up then you could see the reflection of your expression on your face.”

Walking Stick smiles, “hello brother, yes I’ll join you for breakfast all sarcasm aside, I am meant to be here. A task given to me by Blue Cloud.”

I dish out the food and pour coffee. We eat in silence. When we finish I pour more coffee, gather the plates and silverware and place them in a bucket of hot water.

We all readjust our sitting positions and take a sip of coffee. Suddenly I am feeling nervous, and feeling loss.

“Ladies, I am trying to be courageous and it’s not working.” My voice starts to ‘crack’, “ I need some news. You both have obviously been with Julian. The three sisters. By the way any chance Stephanie will be coming through that door?”

Walking Stick, “she is waiting for your return. She will be getting the sweet lodge ready for your meeting with Joseph.”

“Okay, I am getting grimmer by the minute. I think this mystery is getting the best of me. What in the hell is going on?”

Nirvana, “this human illusion is playing out as if we are between worlds right now.”

Walking Stick, “this whole situation has to do with a sacred ground that we are on at this moment. Scott and his community are on our sacred ground.

Prophecy has it that a woman is meant to find a totem that connects our world with the spirit world. Native Americans have always placed the human form at the bottom of a totem, all of nature the plants and animal kingdom was revered and considered with reverence as a gift by the Creator. It teaches us the way of the Sun's abundance. The Sun as a symbol of the Creator. We are here to support our white sister. We don't know if she is the one, but her intuition and willingness to come to this spot has meaning for us."

Nirvana, "I soaked with Julian, her choice to follow through and surrender to Divine Source, her Divine Intelligence does not mean she is leaving you for another man. There is something deeper and she does not even know what it is. She is as nervous as you. I sense that you will both be feeling the other as this part of your separate journeys as soulmates continue."

Chapter 17

Julian enters the cabin, shivering. She has a sheepish look on her face, and flaps her lips. She shrugs her shoulders and ask, "Scott, do you have something warm I can wear?"

Scott says, "sure, wait right there, gosh you are beautiful."

Julian blushes and waits, shaking her head. Scott returns with a long tail wool button down shirt. Oversized for Julian's build but it'll work, is what Julian is thinking. He waits, with eyes on her.

Julian, blunt as ever, says, "okay, Scott, I can ask you to turn around like a proper lady, but here's the deal, I am willing to bare my soul to you." She drops the robe and puts on the shirt.

Scott, "you can leave the top three buttons open?"

"Stop it! Gosh it smells like good food in here. I am hungry. By the way I really like the snorkel stove set up in the hot water."

Scott, "I am not channeling right now, I am recalling a channel from Bartholomew. You said you have read some. This is from the book "I Come As a Brother" channeling of Mary-Margaret Moore."

"I know I read it but that was several years ago."

Scotts closes his eyes, "Master is an interesting word for it reflects a requirement that is an absolute necessity. To be a Master you must first be a master of

your own life. You know at a deep level that you are a part of the on-going Divine process, but at the same time, you also know that there are areas of your psyche that you have not looked at. These are reflected in your conscious world as areas of fear. The reason that you fear those areas is that in not looking at them, you have not become a master of that energy. To become a Master does not mean that you become skilled, but that you become aware.”

Julian (is still) - This resonates right now. Back then with David, before him Richard, I was almost ready to abandon Jim. I had not connected with my twin since she left the family during our teen years. I felt abandon and my pattern has been to abandon, for real or in thought. Jim, the family, Frank, even these friends we made and the community we formed. It was Jim's world I step back into when he found me on the ranch. Yeah, there is a fear of making this choice now. To be with Scott, is this detour I decided to take because I have still an issue with clinging to someone, or something (a thought, a desire, a mystery) that I want to explore a a deeper level?

Julian opens her eyes, Scott is staring at her. She rises from the breakfast table and takes Scott's hand. He stands and let's her lead him to his bed.

Scott - So soon?? This woman is different though, from any other I have connected with. There is the whole Tantric thing to making love, but somehow, I feel reserved. Maybe, it was Walking Stick's concern for her safety. Or all these people that have given her a choice, but seem to be watching. It's like having many eyes peeping in on our connection. I am so use to being the lead, and all I want to do now is follow her every instinct. How can I not after what I channeled from memory? And is that how I channel, with the blessing of a photogenic mind. When will I actually deliver a true channeling where I am just a conduit of energy?

There is a curtain that separates the beed from the rest of the cabin. She notices the candles for setting an atmosphere. And the book shelf on the south wall. Still holding Scotts hand she leads him over to the books and gently runs her freed index finger across the titles. So many spiritual and esoteric books. And books of physiology Freud, Young, Skinner and theorist too, Hubble, Copernicus. So much knowledge , on the shelves. She turns and looks up into Scott's eyes, her hands move sensuously to his back and she kisses him. He obliges and returns the kiss. It's not long but effective. An invitation?

Julian takes her eyes off of Scott and lowers her hands to her side, then crosses them over her chest. "I'm not sure why I did that," she giggles.

She looks up at him, "funny how I somehow connected all of these books to you. All this knowledge to you.

And I stand here now, a free woman that wants to know your wisdom.”

“I’m not sure what you will find Julian, that reading I just shared with you applies to me too, right now.”

“I want to light some candles, it got dark outside. And I’d like it if I could sit in your lap, and we keep our eyes focused on each other. I noticed you tantric books too. And this is a way to be grateful for each others presence.”

“Sure we can do that, I’d love to.”

While Julian goes out to the main room to find matches, she looks out the window, the weather has changed drastically it’s snowing. A spring snow, sometimes they can be big dumps. She finds some matches and goes back through the curtain. Scott is already on the bed, naked!

“That’s quite an out fit you have on Scott. Do you mind if we place a towel over your lap? A white one if you have one.”

“Sure, over there third drawer, you’ll find a white towel. Is that for purity? Our pure innocent minds?”

“Yes, you are on the right track. Suddenly, I am not nervous to be here with you. I am feeling really present with our connection, and trusting with how we progress through a process of awareness.”

“Wow, you are so, how should I put it, in charge of your mind?”

“The only other thought I have right now is how Jim might be doing in this storm as he heads back down the hill.”

“And what about him leaving you here?”

“Here’s a meditation that we do when we want to get back to what’s present now.” Julian gets on the bed and straddles Scott sitting atop the white towel. She peers into his intense eyes. He into her sparkling blue eyes. There is an energy exchange. Julian takes a deep breath. Scott seems calm.

“Let’s take three deep, full conscious breaths. Now feel what emotion that is currently up for you.”

Julian - silently she feels...GUILT that is what I am feeling immediately.

Scott - silently he feels...WARMTH that is not just bodily.

“Now, is your mind in the past maybe sad, or irritated, or do you have regret? or is it in the unknown future? Or is it in the present moment?”

Julian - silently she feels...REGRET it goes so far back, how I could be promiscuous, depending on the guy. If they fulfilled a personal need for intelligent conversation around the subjects that mattered to me.

And the future? Unknown to a certain extent. My hormones are flying all over the place. It's like I was given a free ticket to ride. In front of everyone. And Jim, god what was he really feeling. How did I hurt him? And the present moment? I am not as calm as I appear to be. I wonder if Scott feels that in me? But presently I am here, my choice and as soon as this meditation is done...then what?

Scott -silently he feels...hummm, the past yeah, gaining all this knowledge while learning hypnotherapy. And the ladies I meet along the way. Never one that actually had me open up my heart. The future, with Julian? And how long will this last, somehow I think Jim is her future. Present, so what is this really all about. Julian giving herself to me. A taker is what Joseph accused me of being. And maybe he's onto something a taker just fends for himself. I would like to think he pegged me wrong. Present? Well my mind is not just "here now" as the old saying goes.

Julian, with a shaky voice, "now visualize a small flame between your eyebrows." There is a small lapse of time. Then, "now watch that flame move to the center of your brain." Silence prevails. Focus...

Julian - settle down, feel the warmth, burn off thoughts, just be now, just be...

Scott - a flame, a nice focus, yes just being in the moment, quiet the mind, watch the flame flicker...

“Let’s take a deep conscious breath, then you’re ready, put a smile on your face and gently open your eyes.”

“So you never answered my question before we did this meditation.”

“What was that? About Jim leaving me here?”

“Yes, are you so present that you don’t feel his hurt? Is your relationship an open relationship? Are you for the taking?”

“I take him for granted, my little big man, that’s what Maggie calls him from long ago. My desire and willingness to pursue what it might be like with you, exposed in front of everybody. No we don’t really have an open relationship. And I am not for the taking as you put it.”

“Then what are you doing here?”

Scott closes his eyes. He senses a message coming through... “Julian, you are a goddess that means well,

your purpose to come to me has been clouded by your passionate love of the physical kind. That is not love and you know that in your heart, your true love is with another soul. You know that to love without a cause means no separation from the rest of life. Your color is white, your animal is bear it has been decreed that you are here for a purpose. A purpose that you can not see, or know right now. You have been sent to fulfill closure on a past relationship that seems so present now. Now is your opportunity for deep inquiry. Your length of time in this realm may not be as long as you think. Go forth now, fulfill what you are meant to do. Make your amends, your humility will serve you well. You will save face and be honored as the Goddess that you are. The Twin Flame and soulmate lover of Jim. It is decreed as it is. I come to you as Lady Master Venus.”

Scott opens his eyes with a surprised look, Julian bends forward and kisses him with passion. He receives her adoration. It’s not a long kiss, but meant as affection. They back off with Julian still sitting on his warm lap. Instinctively they place their right hands over each others heart.

“Julian, what I just said did not come from me. I did not make that up. I have never felt what I have felt now. I have never channeled that way before.”

“It was powerful Scott. You know how Joseph diminished your power? I think he wanted to free you of the human element so that your Divine could use your purpose as a conduit to free others.”

Julian slips off of Scotts lap, and swings off of the bed. She stands and reach out a hand to help Scott rise up out of the bed.

“Thank you, let me get some clothes on.”

“Your perfect the way you are,” Julian giggles, “I mean maybe a robe, lets take a soak tonight.”

“Now? It’s tonight already?” He looks out the window, wow, how long have we...transcended beyond time and space?”

Julian laughs, “I don’t know maybe it’s been forty-eight hours.”

Scott chuckles as he puts on a robe and grabs a couple of towels. “Looks like about six inches of snow. The stars are out and the moon is cut in half.”

They go barefoot through the snow, and it doesn’t take the long, as they approach the hot tub they see the

back of a figure with head resting on the rock, a knitted hat on it's head.

Chapter 18

“I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul” Dylan

Jim (ski journals) - When it snows my quiet anticipation rises to the limit. I've learned to keep the anxiety level moderate. Ever since I started back country skiing I can be assured of vast acres of untracked to explore. Thirty six years of exploring this valley. My anticipation is wondering where I will choose to ski. My anxiety is hoping that I pick an area with good snow. But then over the years the conditions didn't matter as much as getting out in the elements. Pretending to be ascending K2. I called it Kumara's peak in reference to Sanat Kumara a Divine Master. The 2 represented the Twin Flame of Kumara, Lady Master Venus. And I have learned to observe how the wind blows and the sun shines on the slopes I ski and the forest I bushwhack through when necessary. Tonight it's all a blur as I anticipate my route back to the Sawtooth Community. It's been awhile since I have skied up here, but I recall some nice steep slopes under the auspicious, Ramshorn Peak. I know that I will be bushwhacking through a thick Aspen grove, But there is a narrow dry wash running down hill, so I can utilize the sides to gain momentum for some fun gliding. The traverse over there will be tricky but I think I can figure out when to start the high traverse so I

eliminate a lot of uphill. My goal is to maintain as much of a downhill as possible since I need to conserve energy for the x-country back to the lodge.

My restful dream like anticipation is disturbed by a surprise voice that I know dearly.

“Jim!”

I look up and there is Scott and Julian. She is dropping her robe as quickly as she can and dips in and sits on my lap for a kiss. It's such a liberating experience to know how much she loves me. My gratitude is returned as our mouths communicate.

Scott, “you are a lucky man Jim.” He slowly makes his way in and sits on the other side of Julian who holds both of our hands as only Julian can and get away with it because we both know it's about connection.

Julian, “I am so glad you stayed the night. I was concerned for you when this storm started earlier.”

“You know Walking Stick is here, she said she talked with you.”

“She talked with both of us, that's another special lady,” Remarks Scott.

Jim - Buy the time she came to the tent Nirvana and I were starting breakfast. She joined us. I was told about our folly, about looking for a community to unite with. She told me about the totem and this sacred land. I look at Julian. She was revealing her excitement in such a display of innocence it was heart warming.

“You should see Scotts library. I can stay up here for a long time just digesting all that knowledge.”

Scott looks at me with a concern. “Julian, we could ship books down to you at the Sawtooth Ranch. Once summer is here...”

“Jim, you know how Joseph dismissed Scott as a channel, well he did it, just out of the blue we were visited by Lady Master Venus. It was eloquent.”

“Jim, you are a man of value. You bring gifts to this world. Your nurturing is like that of a woman's. You care for people and are willing to share...”

Jim - I stopped listening to this dictation. If I had his ability I could carry on, but it sounds like non sense now. Mainly because I am suffering. I feel Julian slipping into that mistake she did long ago, not once but a few times to men with more academic intelligence than I ever had. And she hurt me back

then, and it wasn't that I didn't like the men she was attracted to. She would invite them into our presence. We'd do things together, friendships would form and under all of my bravado as a mate that did not possess his woman I was a shattered man that felt he didn't have enough to give. What was that lyric by Dylan, "I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul. And I have bared my soul for all to see. All of my venerability exposed to who? Myself for one, I can't hide from the fact that I have had a lot of inner work to get to the place I am at now.

"...I am Lady Master Nada."

I wonder how my expression must have looked, because theirs looked concerned. "Well you two seem to be hitting it off. I am so glad to know that you are really channeling now. What were you doing before?"

"Jim..." It's Julians sweet voice that settles me. "Come here, let me massage your shoulders and neck. Jim is always giving massages, he has great hands and he enjoys giving his love that way."

"That's great Jim," Scott trying his best to be accommodating. But he fumbles with his words, "I sure would love to get a massage from you someday."

This has become a feeble attempt to soothe my pain that I was in denial about because I did not want to SUFFER! I close my eyes and just want to feel her touch, her hands on me. There is silence, I listen to the wind blow and feel some snow flakes. It is my turn to channel from memory...

“Let go the memory of mistakes except in so far as not to repeat them. Hold in your awareness kindness done for you, for these will fill your mind with love and gratitude.” That’s from Elizabeth Clare Prophet, she channeled the Divine Masters, a long time ago, I wonder if you have any of her books in your library.”

Julian stops the massage. She subtly signals that she’s done. I stand to cool off a little. I know that I went to far. There is dead silence now. The snow falls in earnest.

Scott seeming a bit uncomfortable says his farewell, “whew, it’s getting hot. I think I had enough. I’ll see you back at the cabin, Julian? Jim, if I miss your departure in the morning, have a safe journey back down the mountain. Good night.”

“Good night Scott, may you be blessed. Thanks for sharing your channeling.”

He gets his robe and leaves. Julian is looking a bit irritated. “So what was that all about? You went way back in our past, didn't you?”

“Yes, it came out of nowhere. Maybe I never got to a resolve and this whole scene is in my face right now.”

“God, I can really be pissed at you right now. Shall we do a little inquiry?”

“I would rather cut to the chase, what are you doing?”
“You mean with him? I'm not sure to tell you the truth. And we haven't had sex if that's what you are concerned about.”

“You have a desire to?”

“Whoa, partner, ok truth, yes and human habit of attraction. This whole medicine wheel thing the woman of the north, the bear totem the plant, Cypress? And like a stoned out woman in a trance I end up with Scott. There is something different though with him, he seems to be wanting to change in his life. He admitted to his channeling being do to his photogenic memory. I am enjoying the connection with him.”

“I am glad that we are talking. I don’t feel so resentful now. Rather I sense that you feel like you are fulfilling a purpose.”

“Isn’t that what the medicine wheel was all about. The two of us fulfilling a purpose. It all seems mysterious especially with Walking Stick, and Two Moose and his clan making their way up here. And you have a council with Joseph. So now is a true test of the strength of our marriage. Even though we have been separated because of our purposes being different... I still feel you dear. Right here.” Julian points to her heart, “forgive me, please Jim, forgive me.”

We embrace, “there is nothing to forgive, is there? It’s just a habit to ask forgiveness especially since what we ask for forgiveness about is already past. Even thinking we need to forgive ourselves, what are we forgiving? A habit that we will do again until we break the pattern?”

There is a throat clearing, it’s Jillian, “excuse us, uhhh wonder if we can join you?” We look up still in our embrace.

“Almost simultaneously we say, “oh, sorry forgive our hogging, the, this...we start laughing. The girls are staring at us wondering what’s so funny. “It’s a personal joke.”

Julian, “come on in, I was just leaving.” She turns and gives me a kiss. Then slips out and gets her robe. “Be safe tomorrow, the bears are starting to come out. You going to let Frank know on the GPS finder?”

“Yeah, should be a good spring ski day. I love you, for who you are.”

Samantha and Jillian get in the hot plunge.

“Wow, you two looked like you were in a heavy discussion,” this observation from Samatha.

“Yes we were, this has been a strange string of events happening up here. Not what we expected, kind of a mystery now, and Scott is housing my wife. You think she’s safe with him?”

They look at each other, Jillian speaks first, “well Scott can be somewhat of a womanizer. And he knows how to use his hypnotic skill.”

“Just what I needed to hear.”

“You concerned or do you guys have an open relationship?” It’s Samantha making that remark.

“Now I am concerned. Should I be?”

“You know your wife.”

“Yes, in all honesty, I trust whatever she does is what her personal journey needs right now. I’ll leave it at that. Man, I have been in here for a long time. I will give you gals some privacy.”

It’s Jillian, “thanks we did want a romantic situation. Hey, sounds like you are skiing down the mountain tomorrow. Mind if we join you? You might show us something new to ski on the east slope of this area.”

“Yeah, sure, it will be fun. I have a cool route figured out that I used to do. If we get an early start we might have some decent conditions, then you can skinny back up the trail Julian and I took to get here.”

“Deal, we’ll meet you at the community fire pit”

“Okay, beautiful, it’ll be a fun time.” I climb out and get a towel to wrap myself. The light snow is still falling.

Chapter 19

Julian approaches the cabin and sees a figure obscured by blowing snow coming off the roof. It's Walking Stick standing next to the thick, rough cut, hand hewn door.

“Walking Stick, it's cold and windy, how long have you been here?”

“I am warmer than you Julian, I will wait for you until the sun rises in the east. I am glad you come now, but you must be cold with barely a garment on.”

“What is it that you need to tell me, we could go inside Scott has a fire burning hot.”

“Julian, don't drink the Whiskey.”

“I spat the Whiskey out.”

“The Whiskey comes as many disguises, it can take on many forms to a drunken man or woman.”

“You speak to me in parables again.”

“You had a choice at the medicine wheel, to drink the Whiskey or fulfill a purpose.”

“So Scott is the Whiskey, and what is my purpose?”

“Your purpose is not to re-live a past that did not materialize. You think Scott will fulfill your passion for knowledge. It is like the Whiskey bottle that the Sun

lights up into a beautiful golden bronze. It sits on your table and the hypnotic elixir becomes a distraction. Go then and do what you will do. I only hope that you reconciled with Jim for he deserves your attention as your soulmate. Unless you think that Scott is your Twin Flame that trumps your relationship with Jim. Are you willing to trade knowledge for wisdom? Pleasure for Divine Purpose?”

Julian - She leaves just like that. I am shaken, and the cold I am experiencing penetrates to my heart and the depth of my soul. I stand mesmerized, the door opens, it's Scott now pulling me inside. I hear a voice as I shiver, “it's cold go by the fire, I will warm you with some coffee.” I am handed a hot cup of coffee. I sip, it has the taste of Whiskey, my old friend. Someone gently takes the wet robe off of me, I stand naked, as I drink the next cup of Whiskey coffee. I am starting to feel resilient. I look at Scott sitting at the table with a pile of books and a smile.

“You look beautiful Julian, come sit let's talk and fill our minds with thought.”

There is the familiar button down wool shirt I wore last time. I put it on and leave the top three buttons open, so he can still see what he already knows about me.

There is a third cup of coffee and with each cup, the Whiskey gets stronger. I feel free from all parables, and thought of my friends who surely must be praying for me? I don't deserve that now, I have chose to re-live the past. I always wondered what that would have been like. We discuss it all, Buddhism, Hinduism, the Bible, our personal preferences and amidst all this talk I lose my senses as Lay Lady Lay gently plays in the background. He must have a battery CD player hidden somewhere. I am feeling very relaxed now, in Scotts presence. The cabin is warm as we are reading from a book about Men and the Art of Tantric Love. There are massage points to stimulate the woman. I feel so calm as a crystal is shining back and forth. It's Scott who is holding it. His smile is alluring. I stand up and cross over to the curtained part of the room and curiously pull back where the curtain is split. The candles are lite and the softness of the environment have me sensuously stroking the brass bed, Dylan is singing in the background...

Lay, lady, lay
Lay across my big brass bed
Lay, lady, lay
Lay across my big brass bed
Whatever colors you have
In your mind
I'll show them to you
And you'll see them shine
Lay, lady, lay, lay across
My big brass bed
Stay, lady, stay
Stay with your man awhile
Until the break of day
Let me see you make him smile
His clothes are dirty, but his
His hands are clean
And you're the best thing
That he's ever seen
Stay, lady, stay
Stay with your man awhile

Why wait any longer for the world to begin?
You can have your cake and eat it too
Why wait any longer for the one you love
When he's standing in front of you?
Lay, lady, lay
Lay across my big brass bed
Stay, lady, stay
Stay while the night is still ahead
I long to see you in the morning light
I long to reach for you in the night
Stay, lady, stay
Stay while the night is still ahead
Source: [Musixmatch](#)
Songwriters: Bob Dylan
Lay Lady Lay lyrics © Universal Tunes, Big Sky Music

Scott comes behind me, I feel his soft hands gently pull my tangled hair back and his warm lips caress my neck, his tongue licks the length of my neck and a voice beckons me. “Julian, you are a the goddess and Twin Flame of Kumara, Lady Master Venus. Come to me now, we will entwine and mix our...” And when he started that false pretense channeling of his I became sober, and lust ceased. I turned to him and with our face so close we could feel the other’s breath I recited knowledge from the Utopian - New Atlantis...

You shall understand that there is not under the heavens so chaste a nation as this of Bensalem, nor so free from all pollution or foulness. It is the virgin of the world. I remember I have read in one of your European books, of a holy hermit among you that desired to see the Spirit of Fornication, and there appeared to him a little foul ugly AEthiop. But if he had desired to see the Spirit of Chastity of Bensalem, it would have appeared to him in the likeness of a fair beautiful Cherubim. For there is nothing among mortal men more fair and admirable, than the chaste minds of this people. “Know, therefore, that with them there are no brothels, no dissolute houses, no courtesans, nor anything of that kind. Nay they wonder

(with detestation) at you in Europe, which permit such things. They say ye have put marriage out of office: for marriage is ordained a remedy for unlawful concupiscence; and natural concupiscence seemeth as a spur to marriage. But when men have at hand a remedy more agreeable to their corrupt will, marriage is almost expelled.

“Stop your photo centric channeling.”

“You come here by choice, my brothel as you put it, and suddenly...”

“You say sweet things to my ear, and then treat me like your whore.”

And with that statement, Julian pulls away from Scotts grip and heads for the door.

“Wait, Julian, please forgive me.”

“There is no apology nor forgiveness needed. We both knew our real intentions. Be grateful for the time spent, a process for both of us to witness. I will pray for you to read St. Francis, you have his story on your book shelf. I pray that some day you will heed his prayer. And I know now that I will not make the same mistake twice.”

Julian, walks out the door. Dawn has broken and the new light of the day has risen. Barefoot she walks by the bath house and other buildings past the fire pit and

the central portion of the encampment. She sees three teepees now, and the horses facing the sun. She heads for the new teepee with the bear paintings on the sides. She wants to see her Cherokee Sister.

Jim and Nirvana finish a yoga session and meditation. They have coffee brewing with biscuits and bacon on the flame. “I’m surprised that you’re eating such a healthy breakfast, for what, four days in a row now, Nirvana.”

They laugh as they see a silhouette pass by the east side of the teepee where the sun is lighting it. Jim looks at Nirvana who has a wry smile and says, “Julian has made her choice, she is staying. With us, have safe travels Lone Wolf man. My little big man, you have been blessed all these years to have a mate like Julian. You two have a crazy journey ahead. I will see you back at Sawtooth when we are finished up here. I must go now my friend.”

And with that Jim is left to finish breakfast in contemplation and get ready for his ski sojourn with the girls.

Chapter 20

“Empathy is to feel what others are feeling, compassion is to consciously wish for the other’s well-being, and kindness is to reach out to them.”

From Freedom in Relationships by Sri Krishnaji and Sri Preethaji



The girls are ready, standing by the fire pit. Jim left a note for Julian, he left it at the north direction of the fire pit in the main teepee.

Dearest Julian, the last kiss and hug was at the hot plunge. Boy have we taken a plunge into the depths of our being. We were always affected when we left for the day without a kiss. Just in case it was our last. I sure hope that we came to a truthful resolve when we kissed and hugged last night. I honor your power and determination to continue the process of your/our journey together. The inner conflict that I suffered through our relation is what I hope you

understand. I never wanted to influence you by laying the pity card. What I realize is my envy of the way you are able to navigate all of your relationships whether male or female. When I picked up the book *Freedom in Relationships*, I had stuffed it in my pack, the first page I opened to was a saying - Awareness of resistance ensue resentment. Then the first sentence was Resistance lies in your obsession to prove the other wrong. I know now that for us to interfere with each others relationships is so possessive. Always Love HighMe.

“Good morning Samantha and Jillian, gosh, you are so ready and eager let’s do it!” They already have skins on their skis, we walk to the bottom of the slope where Julian and I made our descent into the Buffalo Encampment. “You gals have an easy route up?”

“Yeah,” it’s Jillian, “over there we have a nice uphill traverse with a much used packed trail under this fresh pow, follow us.”

We start and I am sandwiched between Jillian in the lead and Samantha bringing up the rear when I hear her ask, “that was a pretty intense exchange you and Julian had for awhile last night. We kind of caught most of it but didn’t want to interrupt until we saw you guys kissing.”

I hesitate to say anything, there is a pause before I respond. “Our relationship has weathered many storms, and last night and since we’ve been here is

similar to one we experienced early in our relationship. One thing that has changed in the last several years is honoring the others' journey. Appreciating the freedom we give each other to live life experientially."

"Jillian, "I am guessing Scott as a catalyst, we have seen Julian bedding down at Scotts cabin several nights now. Were you too curious to know what they were doing? Physically?"

"Yes, that was my resentment. A situation we both have our individual processes to inquire about. So it is a real inquiry we'll see how it all turns out. Julian made a choice to stay here. Best for me not to interfere."

We're breathing pretty good, Jillian halts the "caravan", turns and looks at me. So you are leaving your woman to fend for herself? What kind of lover does that?"

"One who respects the others' predicament without predicting the outcome, being non judgmental and with discernment. I still appreciate better yet, I am grateful for the relationship we have as lovers and partners on this human plane. We always seem to come back to the other in due time."

“Samantha, so it’s not an open relationship, just one that has some detours?”

I have a good laugh with her comment. “Hey, were we at on this traverse?”

“We are on the path you and Julian took to get here, pun intended.”

I chuckle, “Let’s go a little ways down the path then we’ll start a high traverse to the steeps.”

We ski down the path a ways and I carve an uphill turn to the north of the trail then let momentum carry me as far as it will carry me and come to a stop. They are right behind me.

Jim (The Ski Journals) - Last time I was up here I was onto wolf tracks. I actually had a glimpse of it. The wolf keep an eye on me, I guessed he was concerned about his pack. I always wanted to climb this ridge and get to the terrain I always had my eye on while ascending on this trail. I had a tinge of loneliness in this vast wilderness. My friend the lone wolf filled the void and became my partner. I called him my ski patrol rescue dog. He started to lead the way, so maybe the den was near, up in the cliffs. He knew the route I wanted to take. As I stood above the wide shot I wanted to ski

down, the wolf turned and ran down beside me as I made my turns. When we got to the bottom and into the Aspens, I lost for a short while as I maneuvered along the dry creek bottom. I saw him ahead just observing me as I continued on. When I finally came out into the meadow and on the lower trail I stopped and spotted him retracing his steps uphill. His tracks resembled my turns. We parted ways and I had so much love and gratitude for the experience of animal company. Now when I ski on the opposite side of side of this broad basin, I can see the terrain I skied and the memory is forever.

The gals are looking at me while I contemplate the Wolf totem that Joseph gave me, and Julians remark, “you’re like a lone wolf”.

“Is this the right way to where we’re going?” Ask Jillian.

“Yes, see the nose of that ridge line down there? That intersects the trail. If you follow it uphill, you will see how it levels off just below the rock formation at the bottom of the cliffs. From here, we can do this high traverse, and go make some turns.”

“Jim, you seem preoccupied right now. We know how skiers like to keep their best shots to themselves or special friends.”

“No it’s not that, I don’t even come up here anymore. Let’s go have some fun, before we part our ways I will fill you in on what is happening up there were you live. Come on...enjoy the ride!”

And so we get to the steeps. It really isn’t a long run out. If you make turns you can get in thirty to forty five turns depending on what section you ski. We descend down the middle shot wide enough for three side by side and gives us the most turns before hitting the Aspen grove. I hear some whups and yelps, we never stop, I get into the dry wash and ski the sides back and forth, Samantha is behind me letting loose some screams and Jillian is gliding through the Aspens next to us. Then has to drop into the dry wash which is clear of debris. We get to the meadow and it slows us to ski a straight line until we come to an involuntary stop. We are breathing hard. These gals are good. Te gals drop to the ground in mock exhaustion. I get ou of my skies and kneel to undo their bindings. The get up on their elbows to watch this act of kindness. Actually I just want to show my appreciation for being with me. We sit up.

“Wow, you two are definitely members of the bushwhacking club.”

They giggle at that. Jillian speaks, “okay Jim you want to fill in about the Buffalo Ranch Community.”

“You probably never saw Joseph nor Blue Cloud maybe not even Two Moose for that matter. But have you been counting the teepees?”

“Yeah, three when we left,” replies Samantha.

“There’s more coming. You guys are on scared grounds. Joseph is our Medicine Man and visionary. He retired his position to be on his last Vision Quest. Blue Cloud is the Sawtooth Medicine Man now and his niece Walking Stick is a woman apprentice.”

“Is that the tall, slender woman with long black hair? She has been hanging around Scotts cabin.”

“That is here she is Julian’s mentor. I think Scott has been called out as a fraud channeler.”

“Why did Julian choose to stay with Scott over you.”

“I told you before of our past with a similar channel. Julian has a penchant for that type of energy. Something I can’t fulfill in our relationship.”

“The black woman who wears that turbine? We saw her at the bath house.”

“Nirvana is one of three sisters who nurture the women of the Sawtooth Community. And she is my yoga teacher, a massage client and I do believe was meant to nurture me too. Let just say, that Scott has a predictable choice if he wants you encampment to exist. Julian is there not to become one of Scotts lovers, there is something else going on that I am unaware of. When I get back home I have council with Joseph. Last night something went “down” at Scotts cabin, Nirvana and I saw a shadow pass by our tent. Nirvana looked at me and said, “she’s with us” and then said her good by to me and took off after the shadow, probably Julian.”

“Whoa, Jim, whoa, this is getting weird.”

“Yeah, so listen, we have a lesbian couple, Sadie and Jenny at the Sawtooth. Sweet gals, like you and they are aching for peer group connection. So if you ever get an inkling to visit, we are just down the hill a few miles. Just stay on the national forest road out of the

campground and you will eventually see the ranch entrances.”

“Well thanks for the invite, we should get back. Gosh Jim I hope it all works out between you and Julian.”

“It will. Before we depart, there’s a heart salutation we started doing. It all started with Jenny, Sadie and I one night. We sit in a circle facing each other, I place my right hand on your heart, Jillian, you place your right hand on Samantha’s heart and her’s on mine. And then we go in reverse order with our left hands. We look in each others eyes and feel the love energy flow as a current of oneness from one to the next until we feel connected as one being, one light. We form a mandala of love. You both good with that?”

Samantha, “Yeah let’s touch our hearts.”

And so we do that and commit to stay in contact somehow. We pray for a connection between communities with a purpose to prosper together. We stand up and hug, say our farewells and they are skinning up hill and I am in a x-country glide back to the campground where Julian and I started several days ago.

Chapter 21

Scott is standing by the community fire pit. The rest of his clan took off skiing the fresh pow before it warms up and melts. There is a small fire going, enough to stay warm with. Two Moose approaches Scott and stands across from him. Scott looks up and greets him. “You must be Two Moose.”

“Yes, there are more of my clans coming. We come in peace, but you know now that this is sacred ground. Soon we will have proof and you will have a choice to stay or leave. If you stay, we can teach you the wisdom of being a gathering clan. You will know the plants of value, have game and wild mushrooms to trade with the Sawtooth Clan. Or you simply must move out of this part of the forest.”

“Is Julian part of your plan?”

“It is not a plan, it is Divine destiny, and Julian is the chosen sister that has been decreed before her time.”

“Will she be my woman?”

“No, her man has departed this is her destiny to fulfill.”

“And my role?”

“Joseph has diminished your power. His wisdom overcomes your knowledge. Julian was attracted to your knowledge and your stature. Your deceptive persona has been exposed. Now you must take right action in your life’s journey to correct your errors. Pleasure is short lived, right action last forever in your heart. Now you have that knowledge to ponder. I have spoken.”
Two Moose bows and departs.

Meanwhile in Walking Sticks teepee, when Julian walked into Walking Sticks teepee, she was waiting for her with a special herbal concoction.

“Take this tea, Julian.”

Julian swallows and immediately spits it out into the fire.

“Now you have spat the Whiskey, how many cups of Whiskey did you have with Scott?”

“Three.”

“Take this tea twice more.”

“She does as she is told and spits it into the fire twice more.”

Nirvana walks into the teepee. “Good morning sister, our prayers have been answered. You have witnessed your misguided folly. You now can fulfill your divine purpose.”

Walking Stick, “Are you willing to surrender your ego and serve those ancestors that once roamed these lands?”

“Yes, I am humbled to be considered despite my actions.”

“We will dress you and nourish you for your next journey.”

Walking stick dresses Julian in fringed leather leggings similar to her's. She gives Julian tall boot moccasins and drapes a long leather dress that comes to her knees. This goes over a cotton blouse. Julian is given a beautiful beaded hair band to wear. Then they all sit around the fire. There is nourishment for Julian.

After a short while Walking Stick speaks, “let us sisters go to the fire pit, my intuition is telling me that Scott might be there.”

Julian is feeling her exhaustion. She closes her eyes just to gather herself. “Ladies, rest will do me good right now. You mind if I stay back?”

Nirvana, “and you think your mind will rest after last night? It is time for reconciliation, and it is you who can show the way.”

They stand and as Walking Stick emerges from the teepee, it is Two Moose who she meets. They are all out now and Two Moose greets them, “good morning sisters, the sun is shining it’s golden radiance and you all are radiating in the light. Your beauty fills the start of my day with hope. Scott is waiting for you at the fire pit.”

Julian takes a deep breath. Two Moose is looking directly at her when he says this. “You gave him hope with the wrong action, and you rattled his mind with the right choice. Now go see him and shower him with your grace.”

With that Two Moose turns and starts towards the make sight corral to tend the horses.

They three women walk towards the fire pit, and when they arrive, Scott is sitting, bent over with his head in his hands. He looks up and there are tear dried streaks

on his checks. There is stillness in the air. A raven caws. He recites Rumi...

“In love that is new - there must you die.

Where the path begins on the other side.

Melt into the sky and break free.

From the prison whose walls you must smash.

Greet the hue of day.

Out of a fog of darkness.

Now is the time!’

I hope you all can accept my repentance.”

“If you are asking for forgiveness, surely you must know that repentance is a change in action,” remarks Nirvana with her statement.

Scott looks at Julian. She circles the fire pit and reaches for Scotts hands and gently pulls him up to a standing position. She looks up at Scott, “your face shows your tears, I am meeting you in your heart, can you feel mine throbbing?”

He nods yes.

“What happened to the three of us, you Jim and myself was a reckoning of reconciliation. We all visited a past that was never resolved. Other than the role you played, using your power for wrong action. Some might say there is no right or wrong, non the least our actions either hurt the other or lift them up and inspire.”

Julian pulls Scott towards her and give him a very heart felt hug. Then she looks into his eyes and sees his truth. She moves back next to Walking Stick.

“Thank you for that, Julian. Thank you Walking Stick for your council that I resisted. And Thank you Nirvana for being here, taking part during the Medicine Wheel and your last statement. For all of the knowledge I have acquired over the years, and this gift of memory I have, even though I have witnessed my ego desire to rule my roost, I have never been so tested.” Scott takes in his surroundings and see’s another teepee going up.

“Walking Stick, you can let Two Moose know that I am choosing to welcome him and his clan. And I, at least, I don’t want to speak for the others, am more than willing to be in brotherhood with his clan and this scared ground. If he will accept me/us, I am grateful.”

Walking Stick nods. “You have a learned ability use it wisely and soon you will connect to a higher spirit world.”

There is a silence. It lingers, then the ladies one by one start making their way back to the tents. Julian, turns and gives Scott the Namaste sign and quietly says, “I pray to the light within you.”

Scott returns the salutation and remains at the fire pit.

As they approach the teepee, Julian tells Walking Stick and Nirvana, “I am going to take a walk.”

“You need some rest now, sister”

“Rest will come, I want to connect with Jim.”

Walking Stick and Nirvana look at each other, and nod. “Be careful, the woods are thick around here.”

“The snow will reveal my tracks,” and Julian goes towards the lake.

Jim gets to the gate where him and Julian started their trek. The snow has thinned out from warmer weather. He comes to the gate and as he observes the patchy snow. He expects that he'll be taking skies on and off. The pioneer cabin is nearer than the rest of the ranch. He considers taking the national forest road route back to the cabin. Much of the road to the cabin holds snow longer. It will be a longer route, but he is content to contemplate what just happened over the last several days and what might be next. So, he continues through the campground and along the road. Both sides are part of the TM ranch, now called the Sawtooth Ranch Community.

Jim - Well, Julian, it has been quite a ride doing this life journey with you. How are you doing, with Scott? Have you loved him yet? Or are you getting to know him better? What am I feeling? What is my emotion right now? I know I feel anxiety just above the solar plexus. I don't know, the anxiety I felt was just before you chose to stay with Scott. I just hope it's for a short while and you take good counsel from Nirvana and Walking Stick. Maybe Scott is not the reason you are staying. Seems like a lot of activity going on up there with two Moose and his clan. Back to emotion, gosh how can I feel real emotion if I am stuck in my mind. Thoughts, always dang thoughts that get in the way of flowing with life. When I just let the Divine, God energy flow through me than there is noting other than presence. The pure ski turn always remains in the

present moment. The apex of the carved turn where centrifugal force is the greatest. The end of one turn is the beginning of the next and in-between for a fleeting moment is the carved turn, so beautiful when done within a flow. The trail it leaves in the snow.

He stops to get a gulp of water, and search for an energy bar. As he is searching in a pocket he comes across a note from Julian. She wrote it before they left on their excursion.

HighMe, It amazes me that we did this based on my intuition? And where did that nudge come from. Joseph so agreeable, he predicted we'd be looking for other communities. I just wanted to let you know that our relationship is very special to me. You will never leave my heart. I found that out the five years we were separated. It is so free to live 'The Way of The Heart' As channeled by Jeshua ben Joseph (Jesus). So whatever actions I take on this part of our journey is being guided by my Divine Source. This you must know, for we have tested this way of living on this planet for a longtime. Many times we where unaware of living in a flow. Especially when our relationship was young. From the Lifestream days, to now we have been seeking our own wisdom within this relationship. With us and with others, we have made connections that have impacted our lives. I don't know how this trip will impact us as a couple, but what matters most is that you will always remain in my heart. Always love, Julian your soulmate lover forever!

How beautiful of Julian to have taken the time and fortitude to write this note. Now my emotion is Love because that is all I desire to feel. It transcends thought.

Jim packs up and x-country skies about another mile when he spots the old pioneer cabin, low to the ground and protected amongst the dogwoods. He, crosses over a fence cover by a snow

drift, makes a sweeping turn and stops to. Admire the setting. From here he can see Ramshorn Peak and the area where he skied with Jillian and Samantha. Then he see's the momma Moose and her tall adolescent calf. So special, he looks towards the area where the Buffalo Lakes should be, on the west side of the high ridge. He has his image of Julian and the memory of their kiss and hug before she went to be with Scott.



Chapter 22

Julian - What am I feeling right now? The snow underfoot, the cool early morning breeze and a still mind. I just want this feeling of nothingness. Only thoughts of natures beauty and sounds. That caw seems to be following me. A raven, pretty smart bird, hopefully a good omen. I feels so go to be away from all

those people now. All their expectations of me, and my self centric thinking. All dissolved for now. Ummm, some old dried rose hips. Let's see, oh yeah, great two pockets in these leggings. I'll gather some for tea later.

Julian, continues through the woods, picking out some landmarks for her return trip, just in case her foot prints get drifted over by blowing snow. She has gone quite a ways from the camp and lakes. The sun is sending a ray through the clouds and she sees a peculiar looking tree. She makes her way to climbing over dead fall, and bushwhacking through the understory, until she is standing in front of a giant ancient fir tree that appears to have carvings that one might find on totem pole. The carvings are a bit contorted do to the tree growth. She figures it's an old tree, from another time. She looks way up high at least eighty feet, and to her amazement she sees a two top tree. Two trees growing from the same trunk, way up high in the canopy of the forest. Just like the ancient Redwoods. She stands there and can see the carving of a human head there appears to be arms along side reaching toward the top of the tree.

Julian - The head has some feline features maybe that is an earring I see. And the long neck with some kind of neck band? I wonder if the small round ball like carvings around the neck are a necklace? That looks like a bear above her head. I see what appears to be bear ears something like one would find on a soft teddy

bear. Hummm, what's this along the side peering out from under the arm? Looks like a dog? Maybe a wolf.

She circles the tree and follows the tail that touches the backside of a... As she traces the carving with her hand while coming back towards the front she steps back about five steps and can see a Bison with it's horn wrapped around the left arm. She goes back to the front and notices a bird like figure above the crown of the woman's head. The wings are spread, is it a Hawk, Eagle or RAVEN? Above the spread out wings there are leaves and flowers, with corn stalks. At least I think those are corn stalks. Maybe those are the threes sisters, corn, beans and squash. Two circles one with tentacles coming out of it. Moon and Sun? And the hands look like they are holding Elk antlers, with the tips touching above everything. The arms and antlers look like a frame. What's that rustling? OH MY! Two grizzly cubs.

Julian steps back very slowly and gets a better look. Then she spots a bear den hidden in the understory and fallen tree branches. Slowly she turns around and hear louder rustling and a humph sound. Like air blowing out of nostrils from a huge exhale. Her startled eyes set upon a big mother grizzly bear, who circles her from about twenty feet away.

She whispers to her self, "get big." And stretches her arms wide.

The bear comes in closer and cocks it's head as if wondering what this predator like creature might be. Does it want to hug me, the bear inquires to itself. It comes closer within a few feet of Julian who now haas the courage to...

“Mother Bear, I mean no harm. You are my totem of which I am grateful. I also have children, but mine are grown. Your cubs look like they are enjoying being out of your den. Are they digging for grubs? Did you bring them the rotting log?”

There's a huff, and advance by the mother bear who wraps her arms around Julian. And all Julian can think of doing before being squeezed is hug her animal totem back. Her limp body is dropped to the soft ground. Her vertebrae broken and nerves severed. She immediately passes to the next realm.

Julian, woman of the north looks down at the bodily form and the significance of the woman of the north, bear, elders, death, connection, cypress and bliss. She is gone from the earthly plane.

The mother grizzly gets on all fours and circles the body once more, she goes to the cubs and has them follow her, away from this area.

Julian's body lays in stillness. She enters a realm of bliss and now has a new choice. To remain in this

blissful realm or transcend to higher realms by way of reentering as another life form of human existence to serve another purpose. Now she understands Divine Source. The resurrection and eternity of the soul. The unlimited consciousness of the universe. The consciousness that continues to exist beyond matter.



This is a photo from an album “Goddess Rising” by Jennifer Zulli the song is Ho’oponopono (I’m sorry, Please forgive me, Thank You, I Love you.

Julian doesn't exist, it is the I am that exist. I am here in Savasana, floating in space, above the mountains now, just enjoying the Sun, the blue of the sky, above the clouds, I am traveling. Divine, show me the next purpose that needs soul. I will be that form as I continue to transcend beyond all thought. My plant was Cypress. Divine, I want to connect with Jim one more time, just to let you know. Before my next trip to earth. I like the Earth planet, I want to transport back there. I am presence, though art Master, I am presence clear the way let thy light and all thy power take possession here this hour. Lead the way, I surrender all that I am and all that I am meant to be with trust that you will care for me. For this I am grateful.

It's later in the day when Jim finally makes his way to the cabin. Jim notices a light on in the pioneer cabin, where he and Julian spent many nights together. Dusk starts to move in. There is a trail of smoke coming from the smoke stack. He makes his way down towards the cabin. The creek is running wide this time of year. He goes to the small bridge that crosses the creek. It's near the sweat lodge. He notices rocks heating in the fire pit. He crosses the creek and as he approaches the cabin Stephanie is standing outside the door.

“Hello Stephanie, waiting for me?”

(Author's note; Stephanie is one of the Three Sisters and nurturers for the Sawtooth clan.)

“Actually I was, Jim, good to see you. I am getting the sweat lodge ready for your council with Joseph. I’ll let you know when he is ready. There is food staying warm on the cook stove.”

Stephanie has known Jim for a long time. Typically eye contact comes easy for them. But this evening Stephanie averted her eyes, and walked away. She seemed on the verge of an emotional breakdown.

Jim is thinking, that was an odd connection with Stephanie. Ummm, the cabin is nice and toasty, the food smells so good. I think I’ll get out of these clothes, throw another log on the fire and take a cold plunge in the creek. He gets revitalized, eats and decides to take a nap before his council with Joseph.

He closes his eyes, and drifts off with thoughts of the beautiful, and sometimes unpredictable life with Julian. Sometimes the intensity was great. Other times there was fun and laughter. He stills his mind and goes into a deep slumber. Julian remains in thoughts wondering why she chose to remain with Scott at the Buffalo Encampment. He drifts, time lapses, suddenly he is being gently rocked and his relaxed body is rocking side to side. It feels good and wakes him. He keeps his eyes closed and lets the rocking continue for

awhile. Then he inquires who it might be, “Stephanie, is that you coming to get me?”

“Yes, it is time.”

He rolls over flat on his back and looks up at Stephanie’s eyes. The intense modeling session they did together in Molly’s sketch class comes to mind. But this time there is sadness in her eyes.

“Sit up Jim.”

He does as he is asked and looks at her quizzically.

She sits on the bed and faces him. “Remember our heart to heart modeling pose? It became the heart salutation of this community. As a way to connect heart to heart. I want to do that with you right now before you go to the sweat lodge. There needs to be no verbiage, let’s just be still and feel me.”

Jim - I turn to face her and we place our right hands on each others’ heart, and our left hand over the others’ right hand and look into each other’s eyes. I sense concern and intense sadness. I notice some tears starting up until they flow and Stephanie is balling uncontrollably. She grabs me with a fierce hug like someone drowning in water - an ocean of tears. Suddenly she lets me go and rises from the bed still

shaking, she points in the direction of where I am to meet Joseph.

“Go , go, now...see Joseph he is waiting for you.”

“Steph?”

“Go just go leave me alone now, please go...”

She is still trembling and aching like a lover who has been rejected, a relationship severed.

I get up, put on my clothes and silently depart with a heavy heart. Something is about to occur and I wonder if it pertains to Julian.

Stephanie - There was a time with her, Julian, when I found her in a drunk stupor, right here, her head resting on the table. I look up at the top of the shelf, it's still there, the pint of Whiskey had been replaced. I reach up and grab the dusty bottle. The sun of this new day is coming in from the eastern window and a ray is on the table. I place the bottle there so I can see the bronze color of this elixir and I know what this poison can cause. All I want to do right now is numb my grief, I just lost a dear friend. Why, and for what reason?

Jim arrives at the sweat lodge. He see Joseph and Frank sitting outside at the fire pit.

“Good morning Joseph, Frank, good to see you both. You guys are looking pretty serious and Stephanie is a mess.”

Frank, “you left the GPS tracker with Julian. Two Moose found her.”

“ Where? How?”

“Her soul has left her body. Julian found the Totem carved in great ancient fir. The history of the sacred hunting ground. Her animal was Bear her fate was with elders and death.”

Jim is shocked, he knew nothing of the meaning of a sacred tree. “Joseph, what counsel am I here to have with you, now. I need to grieve for my Julian. Her choice to stay with Scott, proved to be fatal. I warned her of an old pattern, I told her of my hurt and warned her of Scott’s motive. And yet it was her choice that I did not want to interfere with with. You had to have some kind of sense of the danger.”

“My friend, I also grieve with you. The Spirit World is as much of a mystery as this human plane. The Crow do not use Totems like our Northwest brothers. I have been on a vision quest since I gave the medicine man power to Blue Cloud. You came to me many moons ago in Molly’s sketch class. All this time the Spirits have guided me to stay connected with you and Julian. It was decreed to me that you would assist for us, Absaroka Crow, to live on our lands once again. We

hunted Bison in the plains of the valley floor, along the Yellowstone, we hunted elk in these mountains of the TM Basin, our spirits where buffalos, birds and bears. The totem foresaw our future on the present day reservation... the three mountains, the Wolf Teeth, the Pryor and the Big Horn. The sun rays are our clans the crow is our transformation to embrace something new a change from old patterns. To find this totem that was once carved on a tree now partially petrified in the petrified forest was the purpose of Julian's human form. Your grief shall be short, for she is in your heart and you in hers, forever. I will take you to Julian soon, you will see her soul and talk with pure consciousness. I have spoken. Grieve because of your love for Julian, not for your hurt, or loss. I will see you in the Miami Airport next. Ah-Ho!" And with that Joseph rises and leaves through the bush as I am asking him to...

"Wait, wait, Joseph!" But he is gone like the wind. I look at Frank he laughs quickly, but refrains as he turns and looks at me.

"Typical of our soothsayer these days. He shows up for counsel, talks in parables and says, good bye...you figure it out. My friend I too, grieve for Julian you know our history. You will be in my prayers tonight, and so will the community be praying for the both of you. Prayer is strong, and your grief will be felt by all of us. And you will feel our resolve and gratitude for Julian to be with her Divine. We will also pray that your intention will be manifested. Use your intuition

wisely, connect with your Divine, that will be the way to your self mastery.”

“Thank you Frank, our friendship has meant a lot to me over the years. I know how you cared for our beloved Julian and I know your truth. God Bless.”

They rise, hug and part their ways. Jim goes back to the cabin and knocks lightly just to let Stephanie know he has arrived. He turns the latch on the creaky door...

The two women look up from their chairs, and Jim enters.

“Nirvana? You came down to deliver the message?”

“No, Jim, Two Moose did that. I am here for my sisters’ well being and because I am your Bliss.”

“My Bliss?”

“Do you recall when during your NDE as you floated above the clouds, you thought, ‘if this is bliss, sign me up’ do you recall that?”

I smile, “yes as a matter of fact I do.”

“Nirvana is bliss, and I was blissfully assigned to come back to assist you on this journey. Especially now as you are straddling two worlds, the human realm and the transcendental realm. You also chose to return to finish what you were meant to do. Fulfill a purpose that is not necessarily what you think your purpose is. Julian found her purpose. She listened to her intuition and everything she did, the choices she made, she had to let go of her resistance and tread lightly into the unknown. She listened to her divine intelligence and even though it was difficult she surrendered to the Divine with grace.”

Stephanie and I look at the Whiskey bottle. Nirvana's large black hand surrounds the pint and she replaces it on the top shelf where it belongs.

“That Whiskey has been here for a long time, unopened. It represents resistance that we battle with even when we mean well, resistance can be non-action. Here's what we can do now, today. Let the three of us hike back up to the Buffalo Encampment and celebrate Julian's soul leaving her human form.”

There's not much to say. Stephanie and I are in a trance of acceptance and following instructions at this point.

Nirvana, “Stephanie, I will go with you and help you prepare for the journey. I will stop by Molly’s Barn, that’s where our community is meeting in prayer. I will tell them about the ceremonial burial that will take place at the Buffalo Lake.”

Jim, “ I will want to contact our children before we leave.”

We all stand, place our arms around each other forming a circle and bow our heads with foreheads touching. A sign of brotherhood. We gently weep, and giggle and then laugh for we know that our memories of Julian are fond memories of joy.

Grief and hurt are truly suffering states. Having gratitude for the lovely times spent with Julian, lifts my spirit.

I look under the bed and find the lock box that Julian had keep. Her special keepsakes, I will bring them to the ceremony so that Julian can have them in the next life, if she wants them.

Author notes: Totem Poles were not used by the Crows. They used the circle or a four pole teepee that signified “The Path of All Things.”

The Crow buried their dead by wrapping them in blankets and tucking into them any thing that might have been special to that person. They would place the body on a scaffold or in a tree. They did not cremate the dead.

There are no known Crow petroglyphs found in the Gallatin National forest. There have been discovered Crow petroglyphs carved in sandstone cliffs in southeastern Montana.

Jim calls their adult children. They all decide to meet in a week and hike up to Julian's grave site. They don't question the method of burial, they have observed their folks living a life style very different from their own, What they all share is a love for each other. They know there will be times of grief once the shock is quieted down. The hike and time spent in the near future will be a time for all of them grieve together and to celebrate Julian's life at the same time.

He calls Julie Ann, Julian's twin sister who lives near the top of Big Horn Peak. She will join Jim Nirvana and Stephanie on the hike and burial.

Jim is resting in the pioneer cabin and has a fire going to take the chill out of the air. There is a knock on the door and he beckons the visitor inside.

The door creaks open, “Frank, come on in partner, have a seat. If you don’t mind I am comfortable just staying in the bed.”

Frank responds, “Not a problem.”

There is a quiet as they just look at each other. Then Frank, the ex preacher, whose relationship with Julian impacted him such that he returned to the Bible, speaks. “We both lost someone dear to our hearts. I just wanted to give you my gratitude for the times you trusted Julian’s handling of the closure of the relationship we had together, for the five years that you two where separated.”

“Thank you Frank, you know when I returned to be in her life, it was you that willingly brought her back to me. I wanted to let her choose whether or not we where to reunite as soulmate lovers. That what she called our relationship. Our history together was such that we knew we where destined to be with each other no matter what came between us.”

“Yes, and it was her grace, Jim, that honored the fact that I needed to realize my obsession before I could see how we used each other as a replacement for the person whom we where meant to be connected with in order to fulfill our separate destiny.”

“It is the mystery of this life, that we need to reconcile with. The grace of how we live in truth, so we can be co-creators on earth. Making a conscious effort to be the instrument that allows the energy to flow in a constructive way, so as to live with all of this material plane - people, nature, animals and exist as the one super consciousness that we are.”

“My brother, Jim, you will always have a place in my heart. Thank you for your innocence for it has impacted me. All the way back when we first meet and you shared your grief. I sense now that you choose not to suffer. Is it the beauty of your time spent with Julian that you a in memory about?”

“Yes. From, shock, to grief, to love my mind is in a serene place. My focus is on the flame that burns in my heart. I lay in bed feeling her warmth.”

“We share that vision left imprinted in my mind, and heart too. You have a wonderful hike tomorrow, and place a kiss on her lips from me, too.”

“That I will do my brother.” Frank stands tall, puts his “Stenson” hat on, nods and leaves.

Jim closes his eyes and connects with Julian’s spirit.

Chapter 23

Nirvana spends time in prayer and blessings with the Sawtooth community. She finds Blue Cloud with Maggie who once “owned the ranch” , Megan a fellow Tapavise, Deloris and Fay the seniors of the group, Molly the therapist and Peter the artist, Sadie and Jenny the lesbian lovers, Sammie the gay man and massage therapist, Joni the writer and massage therapist, Jerry and Frank, the ranch managers. This is the community that has befriended Julian and Jim over the years. Their relationships have depth and meaning. They are the foundation of a “New Atlantis” creating a subculture during this reset of the global order being created by “Mechanized Man” and Corporate democracy. Their choice is etched in ancient history and from that history the intention is to not make the mistakes that have caused the fall of many great nations. They have lost a member’s physical form, but not her spirit. May Julian’s soul continue to be present in the Bliss of eternity.

The following morning Julie Ann arrives. Blue Cloud made the long drive to the Big Horns and back, so that they could have counsel and she could have time to reconcile with the estranged life she had without her twin sister and their family. When she left during her teen years and cut ties with family, the scar of abandonment was a deep wound that Julian carried

deep within until they reunited when Jim found Joseph in an avalanche and the eventually brought Julie Ann to the Sawtooth Ranch.

Author's note: The series, A Journey of Love is the lead in to this novel. Even though each story (Circumstance and Consequences, The Essence of Life, Tapas, The Sawtooth Community and The Ski Journals) can be read separately, if read in order of sequence, has more meaning. Visit inspiredbookwriters.com

So it is Nirvana, Stephanie, Julie Ann and Jim as they begin the hike up to the Buffalo Encampment. It is spring, the path is muddy in spots, and the higher they go some snow remains. The stop by TM creek that is swelling with the snowmelt. There is a fallen tree that can be used like a bridge. So far the hike has been a trek of contemplation. They stop at the creek to rest, listen to the flow of the rushing water and have some refreshments.

Julie Ann is the first to talk. "When Blue Cloud came to our outpost my instinct was that something happened to my twin. I had been feeling her on the inner. She had this knack of communicating while we, our family, sleep at night. She used to do that, especially when she had a disagreement with our dad. When Blue Cloud stood at the door, I knew, she had passed. I cried and hugged Blue Cloud. He is such a pillar of calm strength. I had several nights of what seemed like a real live connection to what was happening to her at the present moment in her life. I didn't feel as if I was dreaming, rather I felt as if I was there observing everything. The counsel with Joseph, the choice she

made, the altercation with Scott, and finally her walk to her death.”

Nirvana ask, “did your grieve or have you come to the reality of her departure?”

“That’s an interesting way to phrase your question. Blue Cloud talked about eternal life. How we lost our sister. He talked of Julian as a sister. How I did not lose my sister, rather I gained truth that life is eternal. That she fulfilled her purpose, what she was called to do during this lifetime. That has helped me to understand that to grieve for my sister, would be my suffering. To celebrate her is to celebrate her steadfast path to her true purpose. To have joy for her journey and to know that we are still connected heart to heart.”

Jim, “thank you for that wisdom Julie Ann. It is what I felt but could not articulate. Even as she made her choice, at first I was resentful, then when I realized how it must be, the Divine order of what was to come. That is when I was able to let go of my lover, for I knew then that to possess her was to inhibit her journey.”

Stephanie looks at Nirvana, “when you and Blue Cloud announced to me that I was to be one of the three sisters to tour community, I didn’t feel worthy. I didn’t have the wisdom that you and Blue Cloud had. As time went on and I connected more and more with Julian, I felt her inside of me. It was like the session with you,

Jim, when we had our heart to heart modeling session in Molly's class."

Nirvana, "that is why you were chosen as one of the three, you already had the heart connection, Jim was the conduit to Julian's heart."

There is a stillness, the sound and power of the creek is felt deep within. We cross it and continue our trek upwards to celebrate a new connection with life.

Jim - As we get nearer to the top of Buffalo Pass the snow still has some depth to it. We are walking the trail and the packed snow from skis, make the hike easier. We get to the top of the ridge and follow old ski tracks until we can see the encampment. The cabins and what appears to be a full teepee camp of about a dozen teepees. There are camp fires and teepee fires. There is a small congregation around the main fire ring. I give a yelp and heads turn to look up. A couple of people wave. We head downslope, taking the long gentle traverse that has been used all winter by the skiers. We get to the fire pit where greetings and introductions take place.

Walking Stick, Scott and Blue Cloud emerge from Scott's cabin. They come to the fire pit. I am surprised to see Blue Cloud. We make eye contact and nod a greeting to each other. There is a stillness for a few seconds, then Two Moose speaks, "our sister's body is

ready. The scaffold is ready for the ceremony of the dead.”

Blue Cloud looks at Jim, Nirvana, Julie Ann and Stephanie, “my friends, you just arrived. Do you need to have some time before we honor Julian’s body?”

We look at each other and shrug, no.

Walking Stick, “my sisters, Nirvana and Stephanie, let us go to my tent and make the final preparations before Julian’s body is transported.”

They leave, Blue Cloud gives instructions, “Two Moose will take you all to the Totem where Julian’s body will be laid to rest. Scott, Jim and I will have counsel. Then we will take Julian’s body to the burial ground.”

The rest of the people leave except for Julie Ann. Blue Cloud turns to me, “my friend, Scott and the people of this Buffalo Camp will be friendly with the Sawtooth community and Two Moose’s clan. They will become gathers of herbs and mushrooms. They will hunt with Two Moose and provide wild game and other food sources.” We will have a transitional relationship, in return the Sawtooth community will trade. There is another intention for our people to co-mingle and know each other in meaningful ways.”

Scott, “Julian’s choice to be with me, made me aware of my selfish motives. Not only how I have treated her, but also all of my relationships, which were based on transitional outcomes. With guidance by Walking Stick I have become committed to reconcile my ways and live a more authentic life. This is the impact that Julian had on my well being. I hope you understand.”

Scott’s eyes have been focused on Julie Ann since he came to the fire pit. “You are a twin?”

“Yes, I dreamt about your time with Julian. I knew something happened. I did not know what but for whatever reason I just knew. She had the knack to communicate telepathically with me. Twins generally can feel the other. You look at me as if I am still here, Julian, that’s whom you want. I can feel your desire, your thoughts will be your salvation, Scott.”

Scott, abruptly sits down. He stares into the fire. Walking Stick puts a hand on his shoulder. “She is right, however, you played a role in Julian fulfilling her purpose. Your conscious awareness of your thoughts created by other influences, is changeable. In some form Julian’s spirit might return. Not to haunt you, rather through compassion. So be receptive my brother, of the mercy that the great creator grants all of us. You have understood what is changing on this physical plane in this present moment. Now you need

to understand all of your knowledge as wisdom. Are you willing to do that?”

Scott looks up at all of us, “do you mean I have to become a monk?”

Blue Cloud and Jim burst into a hardy laugh, Julie Ann and Walking Stick sheepishly smile.

Blue Cloud, still chuckling, remarks, “I am glad to know your humor. Joseph, would have appreciated your comment. But, as Julie Ann and Walking Stick have suggested, your salvation with Joseph is still to be determined.”

Chapter 24 - The Burial of Julian

Jim - I am fascinated by the ancient tree totem and the story that is carved into it. Now I understand about mystical phenomena. I am no expert, but the ancient ones communicated about the future by inscribing their history and in some cases what was to come in the future. At least in this case. I felt somewhat shallow, emotionally of grief that was so short lived. In the past it lasted five years. Now, I understand that our bodies are just forms to assist other beings. Just as I

have been connected with those that helped me. Before me is the totem, carved into it is a human face with two arms cradling a bear, bird, sun and moon. There is a buffalo skull on one arm, and a wolf on the other. Above the bird is the forest, flowers, and mountains. The two hands hold elk antlers. And as I look skyward I see two trees growing from one trunk. I recall Josephs predictions as we, Julian, Scott, and I, sat positioned in the four directions and assigned particular totems. It all makes sense now, the mystery, why Julian chose to remain with Scott. The attraction was the propellant for her to execute her purpose. She didn't know it at the time. I imagine that her hugging the mother bear was when she realized that her discovery was not fate. It was written as a prophecy many moons ago, and hidden by nature until the right timeline emerged. The time for the indigenous peoples of this planet started taking back their right place in the natural world of creation. Fortunate for us that we have guides in the way of medicine men and woman, so that we have done it peacefully and willingly. Not like in South Africa where bloodshed exist. And other parts of the world where there is conflict over land. And now we have the start of three merging communities and the acceptance of mixed culture and choices. Maggie and Blue Cloud, Sadie and Jenny, Samantha and Jillian, Sammie and...?

There is a wooden pine casket with Julian's human form placed in it. All who want to view her can visit the

corpse. I choose not to, for it is missing her spirit which left with the bear. Joseph assured me that he will take me to find Julian at The Lost City in the everglades? Nirvana (my Bliss) and I meeting him at the Miami airport. I am beginning to have no fear (resistance) of the unknown. My ski sojourns have served well to have no fear. But then what about love, God Love and physical love. What are my fears with either of those. How do I surrender to the Divine Intelligence when my thoughts have been influenced by what's right and what's wrong? Julian made her choice fearlessly and still kept me in her heart forever. Isn't that what she wrote me in a note. So here I sit, with eyes on me, not budging, since I do not want to see a corpse, I want to see her spirit. Julie Ann comes to take the box of Julians keepsakes from me. I hand it to her. She turns away, and opens it. I watch her as she sifts through the keepsakes. She takes a necklace and wears it. She has two photos in her hand and puts them in her pocket. From her other pocket she takes a folded paper and places it in the box. Then she walks over to the coffin and gently gives the box to the corpse. The lid is shut and sealed. Two Moose, Blue Cloud and two others lift the coffin onto the scaffolding that rest against the backside of the tree. As I watch them tie some rainbow banners on the post of the scaffolding, my eye catches a bear cave opening obscured by brush and fallen limbs. It's about twenty or thirty feet past the tree, in the thicket of the forest floor. I silently honor the Mother Bear. Her plant is Cypress, her purpose was to be with Elders and her fate was death.

The four of us were offered to spend the night. But we all decided to spend the night at our Sawtooth Community. So we hiked back down in contemplative silence. I was grateful for that since I did not want to be questioned about my resistance to see the corpse. I doubt if I could have articulated my thoughts without any subjective judgements. When we are back at the Sawtooth compound, Julie Ann is picked up by Frank. She'll stay there for the night until Blue Cloud takes her back to the Big Horn. Stephanie gives me a heartfelt hug, and a tearful smile. Nirvana will go to her residence, before we split up she ask, "you okay Jim? Wherever you go around here, you'll be feeling Julian's spirit. You know that, right?"

"Thank you, yes I am okay, and to feel her presence will be a welcome emotion of joy. I only hope our children will feel the same and as they grief they will grief with joy in their hearts."

"Where will you meet them?"

"We will spend time celebrating Julian's life at the Grizzly Cabin. Our home where we celebrated Julian's return several years ago. I will take them up to the Totem so they can see where she left this earthly plane. And I will share the whole mystical story with them, so they will know their mother, and my self like

they never knew us before. I will share our truth without fear of subjective judgement.”

Nirvana smiles and nods, “I will see you in Miami my friend.”

I watch as she turns and walks to her abode. Her garments flowing in the wind, her Sikh turbine standing tall on her head and I listen as she is chanting ‘WhaheGuru’.

I start walking back to the pioneer cabin and I notice lights on in the Massage or Wellness building. Molly is walking out and she sees me and walks in my direction. No words are spoken, she gives me a kiss and hug that seems to last forever. As we start to separate she holds onto my hands. I let her take my right hand and she places it on her chest, at her heart and I feel her hand on my heart. Ahhh, yesss, the heart salutation of love with no boundaries. We start to smile with each other until it turns into laughter. At about the same time we both say, “I am so grateful to have you in my life.” We both have wet eyes, have one last hug and continue on our ways. Not before Molly says, “They are still there, cleaning up getting ready for tomorrow. I bet they would be surprised to see you.”

I walk up the steps and open the door, nobody in the reception area, I hear some mumbling in one of the three massage rooms and I enter. They turn, feeling my

presence and stand there like statues with expressions of disbelief on their faces. We just stare at each other, then Sammie says, “our third masseur haas returned. Get on the table and feel our love!” And that’s what I do. I lay, naked like when I first meet these two wonderful people, Joni I knew from so long ago, she chased me down when she knew of Julian’s disappearance. And Sammie the gay man who wanted so much to give me his physical love. I eventually mentored him through his massage licensure. Now I felt their touch and love and I surrender to both of them. I surrendered as I would to the Divine. I surrendered as I did to Julian. I surrendered as I do to the flow of life. I surrendered to what I know is my truth. I felt Julian’s spirit, again.

Epilogue - The last Ski Journal

I was eyeing Emigrant Peak again. I was coming back from the airport, after saying goodbye to our adult children. We had all the emotions you can imagine when one loses someone so close to one’s heart. And Julian was that one for all of us. In the end, we really did celebrate, with food, stories, drink, prayer, hikes, laughter, tears, joy, and even planted some vegetable seeds, all in honor of Julian.

What caught my eye was behind the peak, I knew there was late season corn snow skiing still doable. A drive, a

hike, a climb, and sweet big turns through a wide draw above an old dredge from mining days. In the summer it is a gnarly boulder field with sharp rocks. This time of year it is still covered in a solid base. Hit it at the right time of day and the skiing is superb.

As I hike the last portion of Emigrant Gulch road, I know that I promised Julian to not ski back here anymore. No cell coverage, and especially going solo, it could be a recipe for danger. But she's gone now, oh yeah Joseph will take me to her...the lost city, that's where he said we'd find her. But all this mystical stuff is starting to wear off. I want her embodiment right now. For all of the soul consciousness, or oneness consciousness or any of the higher realm stuff, and rebirth ... considering all of that, I wish I could hear Julian's voice again, 'tell me you won't ski the Peak anymore.'

This has been a late season haven for me over the years. Gosh, I recall taking my oldest boy up here, one time the area we skied, we hiked way up high, past the snowfield I generally skied. It was in a storm. We got up on a bench above some steeps. The clouds broke up, they let in the sun rays. We looked at some shoots across the small, high basin and marked them for another time. When we descended the pow was bottomless, we dropped down an elevator shaft that reminded me of the steeps at Snowbird in Utah. Yeah, we did those chutes later with a couple of his buddies. That's another story of rock debris popping off of the

tall side walls of the chute. Rock dropping twenty or thirty feet above us. We had to bail quickly and it was tough skiing with no room for a mistake.

Julian disappeared on me and now I just want to disappear from the world. At least for now, I am in my element. The lone wolf, that's what Julian called me when she chose to stay at the Buffalo encampment. Her purpose to find the Totem, my purpose to find what more communities?

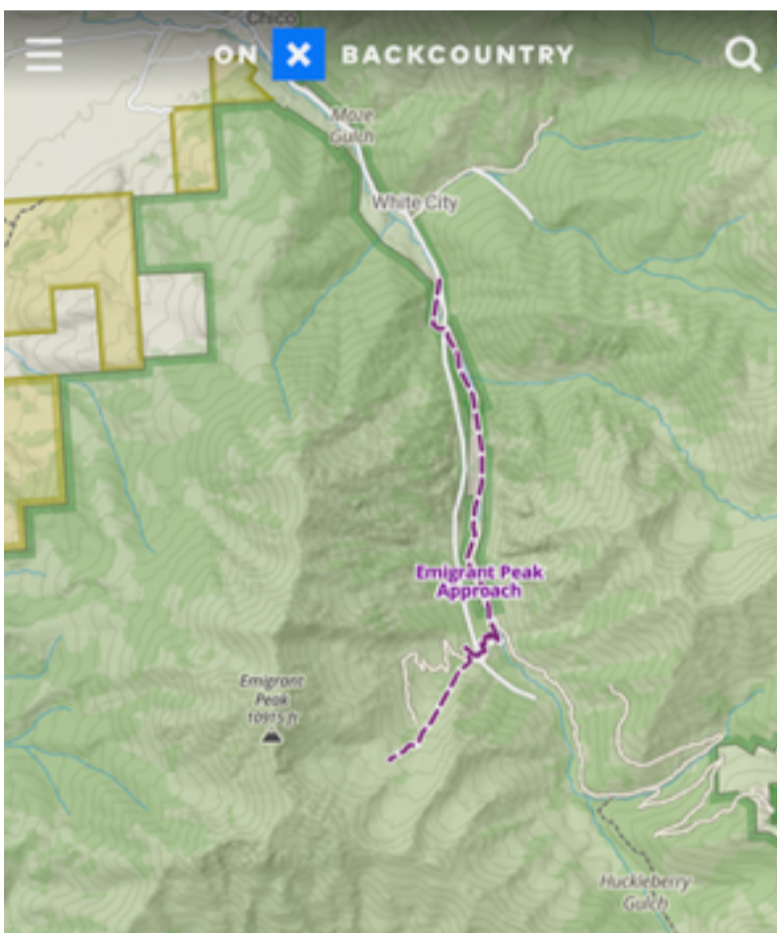
I head up now on the climb. It's boots only, no skins unless I want to take the long route. But before my years of telemark and skins, this is how I did it. Uphill with boots, downhill with clip in bindings.

It's been a long climb to get where I am in life. Gosh, that hug and kiss from Molly, I have been want to kiss her the day her eyes and smile lured me into her sketch class to model nude. And then the way she nurtured me through therapy when she realized how much I was hurting inside. And now, Joni and Sammie, my massage therapy partners at the dude ranch, how will we interrelate now that Julian's physical presence has disappeared.

I am sweating big time, even in this short sleeved shirt. I have come to the old mining road, way up here almost to the top of this high ridge. It's a good place to descend. All of the side chutes have slid all year long and there should be no danger of anything breaking loose. Everything up here has been "set up" into a solid base. I am reminded of skiing the Baldy Chutes at Alta in June! I am ready to go, I should get about sixty

turns, big ones, small ones, GS turns the freedom of just loving what is. The freedom to love with no perception of hurting anybody. I wonder if that's how Julian felt when she made her choice with Scott. I wonder if I will ever know how they loved? Love as compassion or as pleasure.

I ski now and enjoy the great delight of this pleasure that I am allowed to have. Doesn't my Divine want me to enjoy the flow of life?



Julian's soul is transported to The Lost City in the everglades in a fire tower among a stand of tall Cypress trees.

Julian's soul is considering how to re-enter the material plane. She spends time with Joni and Sammie as a massage client. And with her grieving children as a grief therapist. (Check out the mens group radio network for that show)

Julian goes to THE LOST CITY (sequel to this book) Joseph takes Jim to the everglades and a fire tower where he reunites with the spirit of Julian and they experience the next realm where Julian has to decide if she wants to reside there or return to have an

influence on the community maybe Harry and Saashini.