

The Dream Life of Buddha Maitreya

Revised edition 2023

The Sacrifice of Truth



The Earth of Men and Heaven of Women

The Buddha Maitreya,
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La Vie Rêvée du Bouddha Maitreya
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I am not English, but French, then I usually used
the Translator Google, and the corrector Antidote.

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TRIBUTE TO BUDDHA MAITREYA

Tribute to Buddha Maitreya who in her great Wisdom reminds:

Do not harm others and establishes:

**The universal rights of human beings extrapolated to
metaphysical bodies:**

Article 1

All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood in all dimensions, and all spheres.

Article 2

Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status. Furthermore, no distinction shall be made on the basis of the political, jurisdictional or international status of the country or territory to which a person belongs, whether it be independent, trust, non-self-governing or under any other limitation of sovereignty and this in all dimensions, and all spheres.

Article 3

Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person in all dimensions, and all spheres.

Article 4

No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms in all dimensions, and all spheres.

Article 5

No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment in all dimensions, and all spheres.

And so on for all Articles 6, article 7, article 8, up to 30. Even if some seem less relevant, we are complete beings, with multiple dimensions, let's protect ourselves. Because this simple addition “in all dimensions, and all spheres” would be a great protection for everyone. Moreover, it would elevate the consciousnesses of human beings that we are more than just a physical body, but also a mind, emotional, spiritual, supramental, divine, causal, cosmic body, etc.

In fact, they are

The universal rights of men extrapolated to the rights of women.

(To come article 31. Article 31 would be the establishment of a guaranteed minimum income for everyone.) We must remember that before matter comes spirit.¹

¹ In the book *The Rules of the Planet Earth* the guaranteed minimum income is the 7th Universal Truth. The money already exists.

Important note: I wanted to preserve the evolving nature of my works and I did not correct them. And here I think if the 31st article in this sense should not be added... it is to be continued in the next books of Maitreya Buddha. For there will be a masterful and definitive book of Mā which will have the title: "The Book of the Master of Masters". Because everyone is a master in the making who carries his or her continuum and it is important that he or she is guided by Divine Laws and not demeaning cultural or

Important note: These universal rights do not include war games and the like, which are on a sphere related to dark matter, which destroys what has just been built.

"Praise to you, violent god of the Yellow Hat teachings,
Who reduces to particles of dust
Great beings, high officials and ordinary people
Who pollutes and corrupt the Gelug* doctrine."

Stephen Bachelor, "Letting Daylight into Magic: The Life and Times of Dorje Shugden," Tricycle: The Buddhist Review, Vol. 7, No. 3, Spring 1998.

Extract of the book "Buddha's not smiling" by Erik D. Curren.

This paragraph is sufficient to express the need for universal rights² of human beings in their entirety, in all their dimensions, and in all spheres. This is a prayer to protector Dorje Shugden. And I say it: it hurts to be reduced to particles of dust who stand up against high masters of Tibetan Buddhism who are at fault, not to mention the rapes, assaults and others to appease the wrongdoers...

And it is not necessary to have the protector Dorje Shugden to practise it.

religious laws; that men and women are guided by laws that elevate, empower and ennoble human beings is of primary importance knowing that we all have different spiritual abilities.

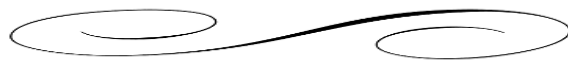
² These important Rights are called out in the 2nd Work: the Divine Rights.

And Buddhism is a very peaceful religion, so if it happens there, it happens in other religions too, and in sects, in other groups. A simple reminder that the universal rights of human beings that we place before religions would help beings to remember their holy, noble, peaceful and divine origin.

*Sakyamuni Buddha touched the Earth
and began teaching men, including women.*

*Maitreya Buddha points to Heaven
and begins to teach women, including men.*

Women knows the Universe and the gods and you will know yourself!
And because we are on Earth, know yourself, and you will know the
Universe and the gods. It is always request more to the women, because they
are the Heaven and we are on Earth.



*She looked at the huge rocks as far as the eye could see,
Existing for thousands of years.*

She moved closer, leaned down and with time, effort...

She managed to lift them.³

This book is what was hidden under the stones,

A stone similar to thousands of others,

Since all this time.

She thought and wondered if her story was just the story of

Under the Stones.

The underside of the stones is the stone in its centre too.

This is the secret history of Women.

As the old prophecy of the Great Fifth Karmapa says,

The secret lineage, the teeming life of the stone is this story,

Existing since the beginning of humanity.

“Eve, having bitten the apple, had to leave the earthly paradise with Adam.” It's time to get back to it. Returning to paradise is returning to the Source of Divine Energy which made the Earth what it is. What Gaïa could become again!

³ This Book Is This Stone That I Brandish. This Book, the Second Book Is This Stone. Of which I reveal all the secrets in order to explain and bring about a more Mature and Noble Age: The Age of Truth, the Satya Yuga, the Golden Age.

WARNING TO READERS

Reading this book is at your own risk. A door will open which may be difficult to close if the path the door leads to does not suit you or if it touches a part of your being that you prefer to hide.

May all beings remember that the Earth is a School and that they are Wise Apprentices.

Sometimes to achieve our goals it takes an inner revolution.

Everything is Illusion, this world is dreamed, and we have taken a human body to make us grow.

And if you decide to take that boat, remember that the best tool is still your own refuge, discipline.

The simplicity of the mantra **Uni Vers Elle**⁴:

“I love you, I’m sorry, please forgive me, thank you.”

“I love you, I am sorry, please forgive me, Thank you, I love you.”

We humans have great capacity, and a lot of resilience.

But we can do better and greatly improve our Life with Knowledge.

Ultimately the warning comes down to this:

⁴ In the original version in French The Word *Universal* is in French, 3 words *Uni*: Unite *Vers*: toward, *Elle*: she - The Buddha Maitreya is a High God with the power of creations, of Light, of the Divine, then I wrote to be Unite Toward The Buddha Maitreya and one day it will be naturally that.

“He who renounces victory and defeat is happy and peaceful.” The only conquest that can bring peace and happiness is the conquest of oneself. You can conquer thousands of people in a war, but the one who conquers himself is the great winner and the only winner. “Buddha.

PREFACE

This is my biography, maybe there will be a version improving this one, but the essence of my vision is here. However, be understanding, because the very nature of my personality, and the circumstances in which I wrote this book prevent me from having revised this book line by line, so there are, certainly, errors that have crept in, duplicates. However the majority have been corrected in this 2023 revision. Moreover, during all the psychic, mental, supramental attacks that I experienced to stop my Buddha activities, I have since lost many of my intellectual faculties. I translated this French Work into English, I have lost a lot of my English, I relied on Google translator, even though I don't know completely the value of its translation. I also admit that rereading, but I did it, is currently causing me energetic, mental and supramental problems and headaches. This biography explains the importance of the subtle bodies and of protecting them and of a Dharma to remind the masters. In fact, my vision is before religions themselves.

In recent years, who has not heard about the global conspiracy to control human beings? In my bio, I provide a vision of: how this control is exercised over us, explaining why we see nothing, and I open a gap towards a possible exit.

As when our gaze seeing the invisible encompasses the landscape from east to west, from north to south, from zenith to nadir because our 3rd

eye is in all positions, this work places itself beyond religions, and explains a plot millennium.

So reader, I invite you to witness on Earth this extraordinary mutation that the Earth is experiencing: the change of poles: a rebalance of matriarchy and patriarchy. And I invite you to understand how we are controlled and how that could change.

Initially the goal was to demonstrate why the protégé of the Dalai Lama, Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, should resign, but subsequently, diverted from my spiritual activities of birth, I turned to the world of Earth and helped by certain people around me, I expanded my awareness from the domain of the gods, from the pure lands of Buddha, to the human sphere to finally perceive the control that is exercised over us all.

What do we want in the world? Continue in a world where everything is upside down? Where the mafiosos, the bandits, the polluters, the manufacturers of chemicals who kill the people and take away their will, etc. take it easy while the wise, the good disappear?

Imagine a bridge connecting the highest realizations of wisdom and virtues, to the highest realizations of Love of the Earth, of the Hollow Earth, of all allegiances, incarnated or not on Earth. Those who want Truth and the path of Virtue would take it. A bridge passing over religions. It is to cross this bridge that Maitreya Buddha would like to invite you. And other authors and sages also speak of a bridge. It's inevitable that it's happening. My vision is that of a bridge made of fibres as secular as religious, agnostic as gnostic, as metaphysical as physical, esoteric as exoteric. A bridge breaking the chains of lies, secrets and even matter where everyone would find themselves, would feel at home. This bridge is not just made of dreams as

we know them. To connect the invisible to the visible it takes the connection of the mystical world to the human world, but with wise people.

I was born pure feminine essence, emptiness, and emptiness is “negative” by definition, black in the symbol of the yin-yang Tao and creating bodies on other spheres requires this basic configuration to be the creator of positive bodies, and never receive anything in the positive and make everything go to the creation of our subtle bodies, without rooting anything on earth, otherwise we can say as so many others have written: NOTHING IS LOST, NOTHING IS CREATED, and take the positive bodies in a group. This is the usual group where people use, "nothing is lost, nothing is created" this is true for all of humanity, for those who do not have double vision, for being humans in general, for those who are body positive (women and men) from birth. Because to create you have to be fully empty, you have to be fully negative. And this fully empty, this fully negative has become fully positive. This is why, I, Doris Ouellet, bear the name of Buddha Maitreya, I am a great creator. But there are thousands of copies of my bodies, and all have them, use parts, are inspired by this because we are all interconnected: Nothing is lost, nothing is created.

At twenty years old, I said to myself "I'm doing research on energies", without really believing it I admit, but the world of yoga had opened me to a universe that was so fascinating, luminous and of such immense power. That I didn't want to forget.

When I was younger, I was like this pilgrim in search of the absolute, and with this search I became a seeker of the road to the absolute. Two extremes appeared along my quest: the abyss of empty emptiness that

inhabited the dream and me⁵ because it had no centre. From the abyss I found my friend's death as a lifeline. From the dream, I found the world of dreams as a buoy, which became the dream incarnate on Earth, rooted. Finding the path to the absolute was not without difficulty. How can we understand the energy of such great abstraction when we were born on Earth? The absolute is the Source of the divine. This research was therefore carried out with the absolute on one side and dream on the other.

Because I took birth, I who existed at the time of Buddha, in a female body, to complete the teaching of Sakyamuni. During my rebirth I separated myself from all my luminous universes, from the dimensions of the highest wisdom, and from the pure lands of Buddha. I did it out of Love. Out of ultimate Love to help humanity which was wasting away, which was under the yoke of indescribable forces, opposed to its free evolution, and which clearly could not reach the golden age without the Knowledge of Heaven.

I was led by my star, which was my rudder.

It is the Earth of Men and the Heaven of Women, it is normal that the bridge is made on the basis of the Science of Women, because a bridge is always higher than the Earth. The Science of Women fits into the Science of Men like the right hand and the left hand.

THERE is no more beautiful path than self-knowledge and this passes through the world of the invisible. Buddha said that we are poor on this earth even though we come from immensely rich families. True wealth is not in the material, but in each of the steps we take to develop wisdom and love

⁵ During the fall 2023 English translation and revision of this book I changed the word madness to dream. Because madness is acting against oneself, it is wickedness according to my definition, it is not preparing for a good next life, or even having a serious neurological illness then that is simply illness. And it was rather in terms of sweet dream that I mistakenly used the word madness, so I correct it in this new edition.

following the path of the virtues. Materialism puts us to sleep, also other activities in the occult done against us, let's wake up!

This book answers questions that the Buddha did not answer, not because he did not know the answers, but because the time was not ripe.

Today, believing is no longer enough, people need to understand and this book begins to answer: How Heaven works.

And then I know very well that you can't please everyone. I apologize in advance, and I remind you that the Earth is a school for growing and evolving!

Let's be a good sport.

Let's wake up!!

And I keep repeating it to myself, because I am the first to sleep and dream too much.

BIOGRAPHY

Once upon a time, I was born in Jonquière at 4:50 p.m., on March 26, 1956. I was the third in this middle-class household which would later have six children. She is certain that we choose our life, we are not born like that by chance.

Aside from the mysteries linked to her destiny, this girl's sky map represented a star, this star formed by two triangles, which was not finished; it was on Earth that she was to complete her star, especially since there are many planets hidden in her astrological chart. The stars jealously guarded her secret about the future of this pink newborn, barely born.

Her father worked at Alcan while her mother looked after the house and also did haute couture. Her birth does not seem to have been marked by any particular event except for her name. Her godmother wanted to call her Doris and her mother Linda. Finally, she was named Doris, not without some humour from her mother.

She was a golden child, who would follow her own path.

DO, which means Path, were therefore going to be the initials of this girl, myself.

There will be several levels of narration in this tale, there is first the I AM, then SHE, and then a high authority and others too, recalling the possible dimensions in Beings.

I have few memories of my first house, it was on rue Laliberté. I especially remember my uncle Jean-Charles who came to make the tree, there were such wonderful Christmas baubles, we played hide and find them.

My childhood passed without any particular event except that for my fourth birthday, I had organized my party and invited friends, which made my mother laugh when she told it, Yvette, who had a rather serious temperament like the father.

It was the time when you could buy scraps of hosts that you ate during snacks. These scraps came from the hosts served on Sunday by the priest, and there too, just as at communion later I would do, we took pleasure in letting them melt gently in the mouth and finding the real taste. Very few wafers gave the sensation of fizz on the tongue that occurred when the hosts melted in the mouth, which was caused by the thinness of the dough.

From her childhood she remembers the emptiness of her existence, she was rather empty of feelings, she had neither particularly love for her parents, nor for her brothers and sisters, it was rather neutral in short she was poor in All. Poor in empty emptiness, in zero emptiness, poor in everything in fact. The learning she will do during this period will be the high values of Truth and Justice with intrinsic respect for others. Values that still drive this child who has become an adult today. When we are Empty then we can bring in the Whole.

I'll stop here, I'm sorry, yes this book is boring⁶, it's long but if you want to get to the real things, read faster without missing anything

⁶ If I had not wanted to preserve the original character of this book I would have removed this passage. But reviewing this book, with the hindsight of the past 6 years, I find it fascinating in its authenticity and truths.

important, go to the index, at the end of the biography, part 1, everything important is there. Namaste.

She was a beautiful child with a blond head and big blue eyes. Nothing particularly marked the childhood of this angel except that at the end of a beautiful summer afternoon, accompanied by her brothers and sisters and friends returning from an activity, a man invited them to eat candies near his car, and she broke away from the group to run there in her naivety and if she had not been recalled by the cries of the older ones she would probably have disappeared there, because then in the small town of Jonquière a prowler was recognized to viciously abuse children. Phew, it was just a matter of losing sight of the little girl for good. But since she has been protected, the tale can continue. She was maybe three or four years old there.

My mother had us take ballet lessons before starting school. When the teacher's mother died, I was the one who accompanied her after a ballet class and there I had my first contact with death. A half-closed coffin, a character who neither moved nor spoke, was this death?

When she was young, my mother lived with her entire family in Métabetchouan, a small village lost in Saguenay. René, her father, was a blacksmith, and when the invention of cars arrived in small villages he became a mechanic and had the first garage in Jonquière: Spring Harvey, that says it all about the importance of springs for the first cars. My grandfather was even one of the first to cross the Laurentides Park by car, braving mountains and valleys, rain and snow, with several other men who were part of the expedition. But above all this, René had made the natives his friends, they exchanged meat and other knowledge for Indian medicine which will save many people in the village from the plague which raged and

other diseases. It was their medicine that saved my grandmother too. Many of his children were born under the power of one of the savages of the tribe. It must be said that at the time when survival was the primary concern, white people did not ignore titles: savages, squaws, etc. We apologize to the readers of this century, but we go back to the time.

They exchanged their knowledge. Surprisingly, my grandfather will say of the Indians that they were not very good hunters, which, in my opinion, is to their credit, because we know their love and their great communication and interaction with Nature. We talk about Indians in my grandfather's environment, because we know that many Indians from different tribes lived from their hunting and were excellent hunters. My resourceful and creative grandfather surpassed the entire Indian village and the whites, I would say too, with his know-how. This is how sometimes when leaving church on Sundays, Grandfather would announce that he had some good meat to give away. When the village doctor could no longer do anything, then René was delegated to fetch a miraculous potion from his friends and often the sick person was cured. My grandfather, an outstanding storyteller from a time when only the stories of life existed for entertainment, later certainly exaggerated the size of the fish caught, the hunts and, more discreetly, the contents of the peace pipe that he will smoke with his friends. My brothers and sisters, we all have beautiful memories of long evenings that seemed so short to listen to, stories based on the reality of a remarkable man. He died at the age of ninety, surrounded by his family.

Then just before starting my first school year we moved to l'Assomption, a small city at 50 km from Montreal, where my parents had bought a small business which over time grew to have a workforce of 70

employees. It is my mother who will manage the company, she had business innate in her, transmitted by her father René Harvey.

The sixteen-year-old neighbour, Ginette, left Saguenay with our family and helped my parents by taking care of us while they worked to build the business. At first, when they bought the business it was a home for the elderly, quickly my parents converted it into a hospital for the physically and intellectually disabled, and a few years later they would focus on children with intellectual disabilities. When I no longer lived at home, my parents sold it to my two brothers who reconverted the company to its original mission.

The village priest had not been happy to lose proximity to the elderly, because the retirement home was right next to the church and he put various unpleasant pressures on my parents. When he died, I was still in elementary school, and the school gave us time off so that we could go to his funeral, and my mother preferred to celebrate his passing by taking us to the stores, which was surprising given the reasoned character that my mother usually displayed. We had a lot of fun that day!

There are events we prefer to forget. There are some that I have buried inside me for a long time that I never tell because they are relatively embarrassing. Once some people were passing by to raise money for the so-called church and they sat and talked with my parents on a weekend day. They asked my parents for permission to take me with them to go door to door. I was such a beautiful child with big blue eyes, I looked like the angels appearing on the little stickers that the teachers put in the school notebook when a duty was well done. My mother agreed and so I accompanied this couple, I might have been seven or eight years old at the time. It later turned out that this couple were actually scammers who lied to people to make

some money, not so much in the sense of a righteous and good life. It's a lifestyle choice. I told my mother about it over the last few years and she had no memory of it. Certainly, this type of memory we prefer to forget.

The house that my parents had rented was not very big, almost all of the children slept upstairs where there were two large rooms. We stayed there for two years.

I remember summer days when the weather was nice we went to the beach. So there were always magnificent days ahead.

I had started school. To get there we crossed the green bridge which spanned the L'Assomption River, we lived right next to both the bridge and the River. On the other side there was my parents' business, the Villa de la Paix, and a little further past the church was my school. Often, my father would give me some small amounts of money, money which I liked to spend by going to the little store in the basement of the school which was run by nuns. There I carefully chose images of saints sometimes with their relics, images of Madonna with or without Jesus, of various angels and with beautiful thoughts and prayers. I bought them for pennies and when I got home I put them in a box and rarely looked at them afterward. These images probably had the value of talismans and protections in my subconscious. I was lonely and didn't really have any friends. And these representations were a joy in my soul which was neither sad nor joyful, but empty.

Near this bridge and the river, the seasons were strongly marked. The summer was filled with storms that shook the house, however, the bridge, right next to our house, served as a lightning rod and gave us shelter. Also, there were drownings and warnings to that effect throughout the summer as there were eddies that swept people under the water. Brrr, it scared us enough that we stayed away from it.

In winter, snowmobiles often passed over the ice on the L'Assomption River and we often heard of people getting stuck there after the ice had given way. Even when the cold set in, we crossed the shore by walking on the ice, almost without fear.

In the yard there was a tree perfect for climbing, we spent whole days having fun on it. Among other things, I remember a time when my sisters and brothers had hurt me and so I hid behind a grove of lilies near the water's edge. They were shouting my name, wanting to find me, but I didn't come out until much later when I felt calm.

From my childhood a person, permeated my life, this friend was happy. She had just moved to St. Louis school where her father was going to be principal. And this friend would happily ring my doorbell and drag me with her to run outside and have fun around the school. She brought me the happiness that all children should continually have. But she only stayed there for the summer and life took her elsewhere.

I loved to fill this void with endless readings of fairy tales. I read them and reread them, because this universe seemed so luminous to me, full of beauty that I could not yet see in my daily reality. This is how what one could call my double life began for me, which made me feel whole.

A long, quiet river was how my childhood unfolded until one day I saw myself floating on the ceiling. I was wide awake and what's more, that day there were visitors at my parents' house. It was strange, I was asking myself the following question: "How would I feel and would anyone notice anything if I talked to someone right now?" So I went to ask a question of little interest to a person very close to me, and nothing seemed to change, while I continued to float on the ceiling. I understood there that we are much more than a physical body and that it does not show.

This girl came and went like all children, but she had a different life. Besides, the other children didn't find Doris very interesting, in fact, they ignored her.

When I was in my third year of school, we moved to an extraordinary large house which included a large yard with a beautiful in-ground swimming pool that was eight feet deep. This is how we spent the summer swimming, but my parents forbade us to invite friends. The surrounding streets were built after our house, so three streets bordered it. There were fabulous pines and fir trees.

I liked going to the park a few streets away, where we had moved on rue Cazeneuve, there were big trees there and the swings invited me to go play up and down, and watch clouds and trees from different points of view so everything seemed very peaceful to me.

An anecdote, when I went to the primary school located near our new house, one Friday afternoon, there was a drawing, and to my great surprise my name was drawn first, out of a choice of three prizes. I had the choice between a photo viewer and a missal, and I chose the prayer book. It was beautiful, with sheets of tissue paper, as I like, and a beautiful binding, but then seeing those around me I understood that I had not made the right choice. No one talked to me about it, but I understood, that's what I'm from another world. It's the only time I won something...a missal.

I won't say, because it's uninteresting, that I started cooking at the age of fifteen. My mother showed me how to make soup and furtively warned the others not to make any comments. For no intentional reason, I added almost a ton of pepper, but everyone liked the soup.

It was when I was 15 that my mother, with whom I had very little activity, took me to a hatha yoga class. And there I had a click of the great

inner capacities that we have. It was especially during the final relaxation, visualizing, according to the teacher's words, a flower in my heart that I understood that we are the creator of our life. I saw a flower born in my centre, taking on the colours I wanted. Breathing deeply, relaxing every part of my body, I felt alive.

After this class, when I didn't feel very good about myself, I took up yoga again, in order to regain self-confidence.

Around the age of fifteen, I liked to go to a small local restaurant to eat vegetable soup with other teenagers and there I learned that women who called themselves feminists burned their bras as a sign of an affirmation of their equality with men. Spontaneously supportive, I stopped wearing bras for freedom and greater comfort.

It was at the same time when I was fixing my jeans so that they became very tight on me and I liked to scent them with patchouli. When I went to Collège l'Assomption, where we were not allowed to wear jeans, we put them in our locker and oh heaven: how good my locker smelled of patchouli, the smell of paradise then it was mimosa which supplanted it, but did not erase it in my etheric imagination.

It was the time of "Peace & Love" and I loved that time, but I was a little young to participate in the movement. And even today I dream, remembering the words: "Peace & Love", "Let's make love and not war". How much is missing in the year 2,000. Flowers in the hair, Indian or non-Indian clothes, necklaces of Nature, patchouli, smiles and Love for everyone. It is possible and even more possible there on the threshold of the golden age, right where Kali Yuga is preparing to abandon chaos for the golden age.

You ask me for proof, proof that the golden age is upon us, I give it to you. It's easy to see all around the Earth is full of people from the golden age.

She got up and made herself some kombucha, a fermented drink made from tea, sugar and medicinal herbs, which would be ready in about ten days. She had gotten up early and walked barefoot in the morning dew at sunrise doing her sun yoga practice. It was what she had in the sun to comfort her in these difficult times. It was the kind of morning when the birds came and went singing without any particular songs. She had known better times. Was she finally going to finish this book, after so many years that she had been working on it! There were so many levels of interference in her head that one day she would start one version and the next day she would start again with a different tone of writing. Yuko regained awareness of her breathing and continued writing.

I like to tell the story of the first time I didn't go to my college afternoon classes for a solitary stroll in Montreal, it was my first time on a bus. She had prepared her trip; she knew exactly where she wanted to go.

She showed up at the “Les Petits Oiseaux” boutique, a bulk store selling vegetarian and herbal food products. She bought lime and other dried plants to make herbal teas and then she decided to go to the vegetarian restaurant of the same name which had just opened adjacent to the shop. She took the menu of the day: a vegetarian hot dog, served with an artichoke. Not knowing how to eat the artichoke, she didn't touch it, as well as the hot dog, because she didn't really feel like eating the cooked carrot which took the place of the sausage. She was shy and didn't ask how this funny flower was eaten, but since then she has learned and laughs at it, and even makes delicious carrot sausages.

A very particular event happened to me, I was ten or twelve years old more or less, I was sleeping, when I woke up, feeling, on the left side, a hand around my neck strangling me, I struggled and came out of this place, of this grip. It was on another level, it was not a dream, but a reality. I've never talked about it, but I still get chills from it. Who could blame me? I was so little. What did that mean?

At the beginning of my adolescence I cried for no real reason, my brothers, my sisters, far from having compassion for me, laughed about it and called me: "crocodile tears". My being was crying because what was happening to it was not for the better in the positives of a normal life. My ego was crying because the ease of adapting to this world was being taken away from me. This is how she understands it now.

At the same time I looked at my hands, my body, my beauty and asked myself what I had come to do in this world, I didn't feel in my place, on the contrary. And from then on the idea of leaving this world never really left me and took different forms.

I didn't think I would get married or have children, and I didn't want to stay a virgin either, so when I had my first boyfriend I acted out, not because I had love for him, my heart was still closed, but because I wanted to move on to another stage in my life.

I much preferred my second friend J. P. Martel. We were fifteen years old and we found that time was passing so slowly, we had nothing to do. He was funny, plump and on the zipper of his jeans he wore, as was the fashion at that time, a huge pin like you see on kilts. I was good with him, he had a lot of love and common sense in his heart. When his family went away for the weekend, we would go to his house and make love, those are my fondest memories. It was grandiose with eroticism, gentle caresses, pleasures and

love in our young passion. I screamed with pleasure and surely all the neighbouring houses must have heard it, but J.P. didn't worry about it.

We have much more than a body, there is the physical, of course, but there are other planes, and sometimes when we make love we unite with some of the invisible bodies of the other, and with Jean-Pierre we united on other levels, and these unions like exchanges remain. J.P. died of cancer many years ago, but deep down I know that we had a union together on other levels, and when some of my bodies were pillaged and destroyed it affected him, consequently the cancer which caused the death. We are so ignorant and we could be strong in the knowledge of this New Science which is the Science of Women.

It was a full moon evening like when I was born. A voice inside me reminds me to make lunar water. I observe that my intuition has been changed to a voice within me. I thought it made a lot of sense and I went to the garden, offering water to the Moon in a blue glass jar. All night the jar will be in my garden next to the little fig tree, the lid ajar so that the water directly draws the lunar energy. Tomorrow I will take it again before sunrise otherwise the water will not be lunar.

It was an evening when she finally went to the water's edge, even though it was close to home, to take a walk and watch the sun go down. Sitting on a rock, there was a duck and her two little ones nearby who were having fun and learning to catch the few insects that passed by. When the sun had set, the duck and her ducklings set off home. Where did they go sailing on the water? How to know.

Anne Givaudan, in one of her books, talked about the Moon and the fact that there are bases belonging to different planets on the Moon, we cannot see them because the Moon is held in orbit by certain entities.

Because there would be a pact between extraterrestrials and our governments, to keep their presence secret and hide their presence, and by keeping the Moon in orbit we cannot see these planetary bases.

Subsequently I discovered a document from former NASA scientists who talked about it.

She looks at the Moon thoughtfully, remembering the articles she read, saying that there are bases belonging to different planets on the Moon, interplanetary bases, we cannot see them, because the Moon would be held in orbit by certain entities. And since then she has looked at the Moon and believes she observes that spots appearing to the naked eye are always in the same place. She thinks and wonders when these secrets will stop, as if the people did not have the right to the Truth. The inner Moon is surely inhabited and other planets too. And she understands more and more how we can distance all human beings from a Truth that we want to protect and keep secret in order to undoubtedly enslave them further and lead them to counter the Truth itself. For hundreds of years, archaeological sites have been destroyed by everything that does not fit into official teachings, even scientists have destroyed the skeletons of giants, representations of flying saucers that date from well before the era of the Buddha. They hide everything from us, they infantilize us, let's be assured that extraterrestrials exist well before Jesus and Buddha, let's stop wanting proof at all costs, most of them have been destroyed and continue to be destroyed, we don't need to proof, but let us be ready to receive it knowing and understanding that ETs are subject like us to universal laws. Full stop, the old golden rule ETs are subject to it, they are no different from us, except that they are not total deception, but they are in knowledge. The Buddha was and it is not for nothing that he spent weeks thinking after his enlightenment about how he

was going to be able to teach this, because his time did not allow it. This is how the bodhisattva Maitreya, having visited all dimensions, resolved, giving thanks to Gautama, to return to continue the Buddha's teaching.

Shanti arrived exceptionally at 4:00 this morning in August 2014, with special permission. Awake, quietly, I went to fetch lunar water from the garden, the Moon there, full, orange, of great beauty, a Supermoon, which appeared so close to the Earth.

Offering water to this exceptional August Moon, simply that I was there and that she, the well-behaved girl, made a magic potion.

She closed the blue vase and carefully brought it inside her home. Shanti agreed to taste the potion and the magic worked, because she was filled with joy. And as lunar water should not receive any rays of sunlight, she put the blue urn away from the Sun in a cupboard.

In this soft night, she returned outside and witnessed the setting of this magnificent moon. When a shooting star lit up the sky, she made a wish. It had been a long time since she had seen a shooting star and it enchanted her. It was then that this orange Moon said to her from the top of the firmament: "You are the Maitreya Buddha, you are the Maitreya Buddha." She contemplated within herself the happiness of the present moment, and paid homage to it. A reminder of Heaven, so long ago! She later learned that it was a Supermoon, the Moon was very close to the Earth and the Moon was giant.

A precious moment made possible by the late arrival of his teenager.

A notable development in my early teens was that I read a lot of novels and magazines. In one of them, it must have been an adult magazine, there is a story that changed my vision when I was maybe sixteen. It was the story of a spy who had been captured by the enemy and who we wanted to

talk about. Also, with a cigarette they burned her nipples until she revealed what they wanted to know. Like a falling stone awakening the sleeping person, she woke up, thanks to the erotic story had a satori: she understood that the physical body was very little and that it was better to go beyond matter, but she also understood that suffering could come from the outside world and the paradigm comes full circle within us: Attraction-responsibility-co/creation (from the book *The Power to Choose*). Satori is an illumination, a revelation, it can be a total or partial. Like the stories of these Zen monks who are said to have had satori when they heard a noise, a passing bird.

C'est vers l'âge de vingt ans après une séance de yoga qu'elle se dit, sans y croire vraiment, qu'elle allait faire une recherche sur les énergies ; car ce qu'elle vivait semblait tellement inextricable. Comment ? Elle n'en avait aucune idée et cela se fit.

C'est une recherche qui n'a jamais cessé. Solitaire, mystique, ésotérique, elle apprit seule, en expérimentant. Authenticité est la qualité de sa recherche en quête de Vérité.

Pour réaliser cela, nous le verrons plus tard, elle naviguera d'un extrême à l'autre avec d'un côté l'abîme et de l'autre le rêve. Pour trouver le point médian de l'invisible, elle n'avait pas le choix.

Ici une importante parenthèse à savoir que ce n'est que depuis ces quelques années qu'elle accordera au féminin les participes passés se rapportant à elle. C'est ainsi qu'aujourd'hui elle met un « e » à seule alors qu'avant elle ne féminisait jamais ni n'accordaient les terminaisons. Simplement qu'elle était, inconsciemment, naturellement énergie masculine, une entité masculine, pure yin & yang. On connaît le grand symbole du Tao, un cercle noir et blanc avec en chacune des parties un petit cercle de la

couleur opposée ; car dans le masculin existe le féminin, et dans le féminin une part de masculin existe dans chacune des globalités de tous les êtres.

At certain times around the age of fifteen, I saw ribbons of light parade in front of me and even discharge into my physical body. Sometimes it was the colours of the rainbow and sometimes it was more golden. Then how did I feel? Of that calm that comes after an intense meditation activity. The metaphysical ribbons did not appear when I was static, but during walks or when I was active at home. Now, I understand that these ribbons of light came to charge my chakras with energy.

I had a friend that my father really didn't like, he was the only one with whom he showed such humour. I don't know his reasons, but let's see who André R was. He lived in Repentigny and I often went to sleep at his house, but what I especially remember about André is that he used violence towards me when he didn't like my reactions. He often did it, but I never gave in to his violence; I remained stoic. I had a gold chain from my parents with a beautiful cornucopia that I loved to wear. He borrowed it from me, and he never gave it back to me, such was the individual. He invented a story about the jewel. Yes, this young man was not really good. At the time, my father had the Cinema Marseilles built, which he registered with an s, and I liked working there, selling tickets, serving lunches, it was fun. Several years later my father sold the Cinema for the market value of the land, because the prices of land in this part of Repentigny had fluctuated greatly.

When I was going out with André, he had a friend who I liked because of his kindness and candour. And André asked me if I wanted to help him no longer be a virgin and I accepted, knowing very well how unpleasant the weight of virginity could be. It was good and without regrets.

For my part, if the circumstances had been favourable, I would have gladly become a girl of joy to translate literally from French *fille de joie*, a prostitute, but I did not really feel well physically, and the chance of the life I was following did not lead me to that. I find that it is a beautiful prostitute profession, and that it should be honoured as such, because men need it, and women and even sometimes wives too, because men sometimes have much stronger sexual appetites than the woman. Until men develop more control, this profession protects women and wives from rape, from the ransacking of their inner temple.

I have had, I think, hundreds of lovers, sometimes for one night, sometimes more. But they all had the form of the highest master and sage, without knowing it I was practising true sexual Tantrism, seeing the other as a god makes us develop extraordinary spheres.

However, I didn't accept everything. For example, André and I quickly went down to Quebec. And in Quebec we found ourselves in a car driven by a handsome man of a certain age who offered to fuck all three of us with him. If André wanted me to accept, for my part I refused the offer, I was not tempted to play this game, because it lacked the noble dimensions that I needed to practise in the spirit spontaneous of venerable sexual tantra.

In 2015 I have not yet visited the sacred place in India Khajuraho known for its erotic scenes, but I was told about it during a last trip for the first time. One day I will go down to Madhya Pradesh to visit this work of art.. But I saw the Nepali Temple, from the ghats of Varanasi, where in the wooden structure is carved with erotic scenes, a small Khajuraho in this holy environment where the dead are burned and pass to eternal life. And it is not without reason that this holy temple is there at Benares.

André is really the worst boyfriend I've had. Once when I went to Cégep de Trois-Rivières, he came to see me and we made love, then I found myself with incredible itching, and later I discovered that I had crabs. How painful it was. Well, finally, a good shampoo for this purpose that I remember giving myself at my parents' house defeated these undesirables. This shampoo smelled so strong that I said it was a shampoo mistake and kept it a secret. I never talked to André about it again, but I still understood why my father intuitively didn't want me to go out with him. My father loved me very much, however, he did not understand my deep reasons for shaving my hair and that my path was taking shape very differently from what he could expect from his daughter. Then he began to show more and more bitterness towards me; great misfortune for me and for my father certainly.

At the same time, I loved going to take spirituality lessons from Agnès and her husband Ivan. Both were enthusiastic about astrology and told me about their exit from their body and spoke to me about esotericism. I went there maybe once, twice a week. They liked to receive me and tell me about their new discoveries. Her last lesson Agnès gave it to me on the bed where she was to die shortly after in the hospital. In fact, suddenly, she fell seriously ill and was diagnosed with cancer. And there, alone with her, Agnès told me the cause of her illness. She told me that she went out of the body with her husband, and when it was time to return to their physical body, an entity wanted to prevent her from returning. There was a battle, and finally she was able to return to her physical body, to her bed, to her home.

And it was there, Agnès said, that I contracted this cancer.

When spring comes I will take the first flowers from the Grande Terre garden, some incense and I will light a candle in homage. Alone, I would

talk to the squirrels and birds around me, I would tell them about Agnes, and why she is important to me and to you.

Adolescence I believe is a very good time to have esoteric experiences. I cleared the tables, spoke to the spirits and summoned my friends telepathically. I saw lights when I closed my eyes and had fun intensifying them. Even if I haven't done any, it's a very good time to do astral projections or travel as well. But it must be done as much as possible under the guidance of an elderly person. This little baggage of experience we carry with us throughout our lives and casually colours our beliefs in beautiful ways. I remember my younger sisters having trouble getting rid of a spirit that made the wooden puppets move. They were scared. For teenagers, you have to give them something to eat; their hormones make them work in so many different ways. I remember stealing from a store, of course, just for the kick, and also robbing a small summer chapel with a gang of friends. We destroyed a lot of things and we went to bury the holy objects in a swamp that no one finds because we were afraid of being caught by the police. It's for the thriller, the adventure for the sensations that we do things like that, not to really do evil. Except that it causes problems later. Our need for sensation has surely disturbed a lot of people and cost society a little money. I certainly regret it a little today but not that much. I don't feel guilty, and yet I am guilty.

I was speaking earlier to a high school teacher who deplored the fact that adolescents are attracted to esotericism rather than religion. On the contrary, I find it normal to want to discover human potential. It is said that human beings do not develop even 10% of their potential. When should we explore it if not in adolescence, when we are hungry for experience and adventure and also when we have all our sexual power. So why not inner

adventure, esotericism, magic. It is not for nothing that the teenager is attracted to these experiences. Teenagers at the secondary and CEGEP levels should be offered courses exploring telepathic abilities, OBEs, hypnosis, etc. This would channel their energy and would be done with guides. This knowledge could only be favourable to the development and maturity of the being.

I loved my freedom, I couldn't stand my father's authority: come home at a certain time, you didn't wear a scarf, etc. And when I turned 18, I left. My first apartment was very close to the Repentigny Marina, now it has been demolished. It was with a friend that I took this apartment. Another friend who resembled Jean-Pierre in his bohemian character appeared in my life, Denis. He actually found me one day on Facebook before, without warning, after years of existence, I decided to delete my account to help my energy, to refocus and above all to finish my biography that I had started so many years ago.

My first job lasted about 6 months and then I retired when I was twenty. That's what I said in the office while laughing when I resigned. And I even received retirement cards from my colleagues. It was fun.

I didn't like working very much. Doesn't the word work come from tripaliare meaning: "torture"? As I had been refused social work, where I know I could have accomplished myself in my different meta & physical bodies, and that the year that I did at Cégep de Trois-Rivières in Administration did not turn out to be to my taste, my mother suggested that I take a secretarial course which I did. I chose the legal secretary course. And it was my first job at the Joint Committee for Corrugated and Ordinary Cardboard Boxes and that of coffins, I found the coffins very auspicious. It was nice and there was a good atmosphere for a first job. I still lived with

my parents at that time I was able to save money, get an apartment and take a trip to the Canary Islands.

My father, before leaving home, offered me a car, a little brown Duster, which was really good. I spontaneously refused, and this refusal delighted my soul. A car was not at all my priority, I rather wanted to travel, to see countries, worlds inside and outside of me.

At first he didn't live with me, I moved in with another friend, and I don't remember very well, but I think there were three of us in the apartment.

And as I loved this artist Denis more and more, often when night came I called him telepathically, closing my eyes I saw a blue universe, and there I called him. And sometimes he even arrived at 3 a.m. I was having fun experimenting.

I remember that summer night where in the reassuring heat, the rain was falling as midnight arrived, we all got naked, dancing under the moon, laughing at life and at the invincibility felt when still young we believe we can remake the world. No difference at sixty years old, sitting in my kitchen in front of my computer writing my life, no difference when we see Reality as it Is. You can see it in black and white, I chose colour and eternity.

And this other time, or getting tanned, discreetly in the back, topless, I received a full sprinkling of water from the guy above. I got dressed and learned my lesson.

There were whole nights where I couldn't sleep and then I found out it was a Full Moon. I found it very wonderful that we were so influenced by the moon. Where does this influence come from, myself, a female human being inhabiting the Earth and this star, a satellite revolving around the Earth, how can this act and prevent me from sleeping? By what magic?

At the same time, I often watched the sunset from the window of my first apartment, the beauty of the sun moved me with its beauty, at the same time I was very sad. Why did I feel so far from this sunset? Why couldn't I make ONE with these beautiful colours? At certain times, tears came to me from this distance that I did not understand.

My boyfriend and I decided to go on a trip to the Canary Islands. Why this place? My parents had been there and I like birds. I left a week before Denis, for no real reason except that he was unavailable for that week. It was there, a few days before Denis came to join me, that I had an important experience which enriched my life from then on.

This last friend, in addition to being imbued with gentleness and kindness, introduced me to surrealist artists and books: Magritte, Ernst, Dali, André Breton, Paul Eluard, Lam, Pop Art and others who enchanted my inner universes. And what can we say about the German romantics, because as I already had a dreamy temperament at that time, having discovered Novalis, Hölderlin brought me back to the possibility of leaving this body.

So I took the plane alone to go to the Canary Islands and the plane landed in Tenerife. I probably thought I was fleeing my discomfort, but I soon discovered that the abyss within me continued to inhabit me.

So, one late afternoon, in my room on the island of La Gomera, I lay down on my bed and decided, in a state of distress, to experience dying by leaving my body, such an abyss, such a void inhabited me. Relaxed, I began to observe my breathing, which I practised to be deeper and deeper: breathe in and breathe out for a long time following the yoga techniques.

Novalis had lost the great love of his life, which he considered a great mystical experience. It was a mystical love, seeking to free himself from his physical body, and he wrote thus in his quest to join his beloved: "At night

when everyone is asleep, I leave my body and I go to find my friends the flowers.” And I wanted to do the same thing.

But I didn't leave my body that day, that evening.

Concentrated on my breathing, repeating, "Flight, flight, flight...", with all my being, a random word expressing well what I wanted to do, I saw briefly, like a colour caricature, my life, it lasted a short time, flash of swing, and other flashes in me, my sisters, my family, and significant moments of my life, it was so brief, so unexpected...

After which, which is not trivial, my eyes began to blink, and my limbs to tremble, which lasted several minutes. It was strange, this vibration permeating my physical body. Turns, turns, twirls of the wind, of the internal winds.

It was quiet inside this house. Everything happened in this room where the last rays of sunlight still peeked through the small glass opening. The inner winds twirl.

Then in my third eye, a film began. I first saw a character with a hat a little to the right, like in the 40s or 50s, and then more character heads, and without end the film took place in me, in colour in my 3rd eye. There came a time when I was starting to find the time long and I ended this film of the 3rd eye by getting up. Even though it ended strangely, there was a sort of large-coloured bird like you don't see on earth, but what was it? It appeared when I felt tired of watching the movie.

So I got up from my bed, disappointed at not having succeeded in making a trip outside my body. However, this experience changed my life afterwards, because I knew beyond any doubt that reincarnations existed. Having this infinite experience gives a certainty of life after death, a deep

conviction of a latent power within oneself that is just waiting to show itself in broad daylight.

I left my room and my steps took me outside, to get some fresh air, to exercise the muscles of my body, which had been lying for so long. My gaze turned to a magnificent tree that was many years old and I saw the beautiful tree in the garden of my guesthouse, growing younger and younger until it was nothing more than a seed. I felt good, I was in such a calm energy, as calm as the flow of water. And I continued and went towards the port of this small island of Gomera. And then two people came passing by and I captured their thoughts, I was telepathic. Afterwards I returned home, and a few days later everything stopped.

I had seen my reincarnations as the Buddha thought.

A great experience in the Canary Islands. I have experienced telepathy a few other times, but nothing like this experience. Then the trip continued in Italy, Spain and France, from where we took off to Montreal.

When I returned to Quebec, I felt less well. At that time, I didn't know about chakra rebalancing, and it was something I really needed.

We rented an apartment on St-Mathieu Street in the city centre. Then I found a good job at SNC as a billing clerk. I stayed there for six months, but the place lacked love, and I didn't feel very good there, so I resigned, which gave me the right to unemployment. Since then, the rules have changed significantly at the Ministry of Employment and Immigration.

There was an afternoon when things weren't going so well, a time when I would have liked to just disappear, that afternoon I was crying and praying at the same time completely discouraged. I felt I was between heaven and earth in the energy, I was not anchored on earth. When suddenly

a light appeared. It was a beam like a flashlight that wandered around and came to my face and stayed there for a while. I then say: “I am Maitreya Buddha”, I am “Maitreya Buddha”. Then the light disappeared and I was left alone with my tears drying up in surprise. I felt better, a little better. And I didn't think about it again.

But who was it? I don't know, but I plan to find out one day!

At the same time during a journey of the soul, about twenty years later, when I practised Tibetan Buddhism, I saw a similar beam, all around, it was at a custom, or an armed roadblock, it was, I would have said, a border like one sees between two countries. This light came from armed guards who were monitoring a border post or prisoners, I cannot say. A flashlight was carried around in the darkness to illuminate, it reminded me of exactly the same type of lighting.

I found other jobs in offices, but I never stayed there for more than six months. I am enrolling at the University of Quebec in Montreal in literature. I have completed several courses, sometimes full time sometimes part time. But one day I stopped, because it didn't help me ground myself, my energies were too scattered.

I don't remember how long I stayed with Denis L. But the story between the two of us ended when Denis and a friend Pierre J. whom I loved very much invited me to share their bed, or rather we were going to make love as a threesome. Then, I don't know why, but I lost interest in Denis, perhaps because I felt like the second person in his life.

I had lovers from the age of fifteen nonstop until around thirty. When I found myself without friends, it was different. Lovers filled my fragile and inner life. By bringing me direct connections to Heaven.

Sometimes also, in the small apartment I lived in on rue Brébeuf, in the heart of Plateau Mont-Royal, which I love so much. I had equipped myself with a hammer, pliers and screwdriver and so I was completely independent, I liked tinkering and I didn't like relying on others. At that time I had Jacques St-R as a lover. When I went to College l'Assomption in high school, he was a year older than me, and some popular girls went out with him. I liked his very particular style. He was tall, and obviously knew where he was going. He had a motorcycle and wore an army helmet, it was cool. By chance we became friends. He made love well. He had extraordinary concentration, that's probably why. He lived in Quebec, and I went to see him by bus, he liked to spend money, but while still a student he was not rich.

One day I said to my mother, I would never marry, so could you give me some money that you would save by doing so. My mother gave me a thousand dollars, and I spent it with Jacques. Still nice of my mother to give me this money!! She was understanding, but above all wanted to be fair.

But our relationship ended shortly after, when one Saturday evening I invited a friend to come to my house on rue Brébeuf, Jacques, I thought he was in Quebec, and unexpectedly he showed up too. There was no quarrel or bickering, respect in fact, but that was where the story with Jacques ended. Later, shaved head, in our thirties we will meet again and experience the rest of our love. He lived in the gay neighbourhood, he liked to be looked at. I really liked Jacques with him appearing in other dimensions, he was astonishing. Like that time during a big snowstorm when he invited me to go for a walk in the streets of downtown Montreal, what a beautiful, magical moment. He was like Jacques, he took me into spheres other than everyday life with grace and control. We tried to have children together, but I didn't

get pregnant. Later, when I had problems with Shanti's father, I would tell myself that it was better that he was not the father of my child, because he was harsh too, and too rational sometimes and that it would have been even more difficult to maintain a good bond if there was a separation.

I've tinkered quite a bit over the years. I made myself a beautiful screen representing a tree, first drawn following a model in a magazine, I then cut it all out with a jigsaw. Later I will give it to a friend. Then, or before, I gave some of my siblings and some of their children a well-chosen poster taped to the wood I had cut and the outline of which had been cut on the table saw. Actually, I don't know if they liked it. Except that I had made one for Louis-Michel, a nephew, and I remember, he kept it for a long time, which surprised me. The poster represented a scene by a somewhat surrealist artist, a child, a balloon, a boat, if I remember it was very soft and zen too. Often, I worked in my brother-in-law B's garage. He was very kind, he took the time to show me how it worked and lent me his tools. Many years later I would make a two-story bed, because I like working with wood, with a minimum of equipment, for Shanti.

I had little money, so when my brothers and sisters' children were born, I couldn't give gifts, which sometimes made me a little sad. Still, I was never very close to anyone. My way was different from theirs, I lived in Heaven.

Deeply, my true family has always been that of the gods, God and the Universe, and in no way my biological family.

Once I went alone on a quick trip to Gaspésie, freedom. I dressed unsexy, and then nothing ever happened to me. I was arrested at my grandparents' house, and my grandmother didn't recognize me, it disturbed me, a link was broken there. But they didn't see me often. Then I still went

on the go to Baie St-Paul in a youth hostel. I met a Frenchman, a tourist who then came with me to Gaspésie. We made love in a strawberry field, it was great. And we went to a youth hostel in Quebec. And then I don't know anymore how André R. found me, he came on a motorbike and, not very happy, he took me back to my parents. You know the type of guy who can become violent, who you fear, he was that type. The dates are mixed up, did I still live with my parents? I don't know anymore, maybe I went back some time. The French man contacted me. He had rented a room in Montreal and I went to join him, but the magic of the trip was no longer there.

Once also I went to spend a few days with my aunt Solange, a nun, I was a teenager or young adult then. I really liked this aunt, she had great values, she was a nun like we all would like to see. If it had been fifty years earlier, or even thirty, I would have become a nun, but there I don't know why, I wasn't enthusiastic, the energy wasn't there. But it was to verify that my mother had invited me to go and spend a few days there. My mother had a lot of wisdom. It was a good time there, I loved it. My aunt Solange saw that I had a vocation. Having a religious man or woman in the family is a blessing for the whole family. Prayers are action, they are of inestimable help. But in today's times, it is no longer very popular and it is later that I will understand the reasons underlying this lack of interest in religions.

And even there in February 2017, in New Delhi, when I was in a small tea and spices shop, the owner with a beautiful, tightly wound black turban, a Sikh began like this: "I have no religion, and the Hindu to answer, with the symbol of the third eye skillfully drawn between his two eyes, I too am without religion, and I myself in my traditional Buddhist ochre clothes, I answer: I am without religion. They are the religious practitioners of the new century, who wish above all for peace, who work for mutual respect and the

happiness of all, without distinction. Religion is only a lever, the end goal is the same, and we know that we are ONE.

I continued to do hatha yoga on occasion. Almost once a year, I would spend a few days at the Val-Morin Ashram. I did envy the swamis a little, I would have liked to become one, but how? I didn't know, and since I didn't work year-round, I couldn't take the hatha yoga teacher's course, which I wanted. Often, I met Vishnudevananda there, the one who created the Sivananda Centers all around the planet. Vishnudevananda⁷ propagated the work of Sivananda and was a true devotee of his master throughout his life whatever he built: Ashram, Centre he did in the name of Sivananda. It was the lingam of Sivananda, a completed lingam which unfailingly linked Heaven to Earth.

Just like Vishnudevananda, Hamsananda Sarasvati, born Gilbert Bourdin, was initiated by this incomparable yoga master.

I went to different meditation and yoga centres. I started taking hatha yoga classes at the Hamsananda Center on the Plateau Mont-Royal. The master inspired me, he resembled Sivananda, I read several of his books, he had created the Mandarom in France and I found the project really exciting: unifying all religions. I never met Hamsananda, except through some occult experiences.

At the time I was with a friend who was very important in my life Gilles. First he made me understand that driving cars did not mean driving fast, unlike my father, with whom we were often afraid, he drove slowly. Sometimes I found poems written by him in his pockets, I happily put them

⁷ It was around the year 2020, well after his death, that young yoginis denounced and filed complaints for assault and rape committed by Vishnudevananda. It is very good to denounce, if at first it disrupts the energy, it inevitably creates a cleansing, after the energy is purified.

back in his jacket pockets. I learned a lot from Gilles, beautiful things, he was a beautiful soul, like my other close friends.

So I took several hatha yoga classes, especially the first, and level two only once. I have always been a beginner, started again, again and again, as if I could not improve. Here a digression to say that we often treat the unemployed and others as lazy, but sometimes for certain people it is more profitable for them and for society to do nothing with energy, because nothing is lost.

So when later, in Soto Zen, a school that I loved so much, it was a joy for me to hear: "Keep the Beginner's Mind". It fits me like a glove, I had no choice, it seemed like this was my life. For example, when my daughter was one year old in Ville Laprairie, I took an English course. At the beginning of the course I thought I was very good, and at the end, to my disappointment, I was more illiterate than everyone else in the school course. It was always like this, the excellent energy at the start, leaving me to go to the others. This is why judging people on the facts is not easy, you have to understand the different spheres and dimensions, you have to understand the occult bodies and know how to interpret them. Because people like me, we create on planes, we help to bring paradise to Earth, because the divine is our positive aspect. I had and still have no deceit or hypocrisy in me, I am true, transparent. But I admit that I was looking to deepen myself, and above all my heart was not yet so open, even when my daughter was born.

I think it was around the same time that I got a job at Atomic Energy Canada, I was going to stay there maybe six months, then I would leave the company telling myself that I didn't like the atomic energy and that I could not encourage this type of energy. In doing so, unifying the body and mind,

leaving this job was a decision that helped unify my physical body on a metaphysical level.

I understood that my contribution to society was not at the usual level, that it was at the level of bringing Heaven to Earth. This is how when I was on social solidarity, or even unemployment, my prayers, my meditations took the place of work. In this material world, it is difficult to understand this. But beings like me are of incredible help in promoting spiritual energy on earth and its balance, in helping the elevation of beings. This is my understanding.

So I started the hatha yoga class, first level, a few times. I liked the professor, but my occult bodies were not balanced, more the opposite. Thanks to master Hamsananda, I had some pretty special experiences. For example, he created a dream for me. It was there next to a board, and there were five points that were written, the last ones were veiled. I don't really remember the first points, if it had been extraordinary, of course, I would remember them. But what was incredible was that he created this dream for me.

Also later when the Dalai Lama said to explain his choice of Karmapa that he had had a dream, well I had doubts about the origin of his dream. Because many people from different dimensions have this power.

I can't wait to finish this book, because then I'll move on to something else. Tired of this book, tired of this story which drags on and which I couldn't put down on paper. Also reader, I continue. Today there is a good wind, all my windows are open, the sky is blue with white clouds, and the leaves of the trees are amused. A good breeze comes to me, how good it is to have a visit from Aeolus.

I prefer my current life to my life at that time. I would have loved to be able to help, to be of service to people, but the cosmic current was not in favour of it. When we help people we are happy, not being able to help is a source of unhappiness. How difficult my life was at that time. The first real time I felt useful was in a computer technician course where I bought a floppy disk, because CDs did not yet exist, a diskette which contained a list and address of all professional employers; because this course was supposed to allow us to find a job. So everyone copied the floppy disk to my great happiness. I was in my mid-30s, I think. Thirty-five years is a long time when the aid energy is not favourable to us, when we are in our bubble, and we just feel like dying. This floppy disk thing is silly, but memorable for me. I felt so rejected, not very loved by others, maybe I was different, well the energy was not favourable to me. My positive was in yoga, meditation and asceticism. This is why I developed such an important invisible body, welded well within me in all my cells.

I had already done practices with a hatha yoga book, which I liked, always for beginners, which I have since lost. Every morning before going to work I did a session, it was concentrated, it was the most beautiful hatha yoga I have done. But I stopped after a few months, because while lifting a not very heavy object, I dislocated my shoulder a little. It was very painful for a few days, purification, I would say, protection too. The inflammation lasted and I didn't practise again for a while. It was at the start of my relationship with Gilles, what a good time!

Gilles and I were looking for somewhere to go for vacation that wasn't very expensive and original at the same time. I suggested a naturist campsite and the idea slowly took hold and we went to La Pommerie near Hemmingford for a few days, not without some fears. There is a difference

between naturism and nudism, naturism undresses because it is natural, following nature, and nudism for several other reasons that I do not need to list. First at the barrier the man who welcomed us telling us that we will have 3 bites: Sunburns that we were not used to, the 2nd, the rapprochement with nature and the 3rd, the sting of wanting to go back. We thought it was great. He said he was a doctor, later I learned he was a veterinarian. We were shy, and we set up our tent quickly. But then, the simplicity and kindness of the people, the nature we loved everything, it must be said that the rules for being admitted to the campsite were numerous. In the years that followed, we went to several other naturist campsites, and we subscribed to the FQN. No clothes, we saw people as they were, and we understood how clothes carry our judgment, whereas there, truly the look took precedence. Naked, the original beauty shines through. Of course, there are always idiots, but surprisingly there weren't that many and they didn't differentiate us. It was simply wonderful!

A few years later, organized with the FQN, we went to naturist baths in Montreal, it was hot and cold baths, baths flavoured with herbs or not, we alternated according to the instructions from hot to cold. It's an experience to repeat, but I no longer know the name of these baths or where it was. When we had finished bathing in more than ten different baths, towards the end I had a very special encounter. A thin, very respectable old man with white hair, who read auras and who saw through his wide open third eye that I had something on my shoulder offered to correct it, I accepted. That was the end of my discomfort, and he showed me a reflexology point on the opposite shoulder to massage. This old man had a gift of healing.

It was a few years later that I was taking my classes, I had another experience with Hamsananda. One day when I was probably a little tired, I

lay down on the bed, and there I felt myself becoming as big as a mountain, and there I saw him appear at the foot of my bed, smiling and even he did something to my *yoni*, my sex that I didn't like very much. Because religion for me is sacred. At the same time, I cannot place in a time when this event took place, was it before the creation of the dream, and ultimately what was this sexuality used for? It's interesting and worth following... religion is sacred and I would understand later that it's also sexual sometimes.

And a few other lesser experiences. I liked the Hamsananda centre. There was a small shop where I bought a mala and also bought a terracotta Neti, a small object which is useful for cleaning the nostrils, an equivalent object which is now found in pharmacies. Also I recited OM mantras. I liked it, but it wasn't very balancing, nor the yoga postures. Whereas usually, when I went to the Sivananda Center or the Val-Morin Ashram it rebalanced my energies. Later while going to Varanasi I tried to understand what this symbol of Lingam and Yoni meant. This symbol existed everywhere even in the time of Buddha, it probably dates from the dawn of time in India. What does this mean? I would find out later, I continue my bio, but to explain why I refer to this lingam, it is that Hamsananda had an "unfinished" lingam and he could not protect beings. Because Lingam symbolizes the union of Heaven and Earth. Unlike Vishnudevananda who always used Sivananda's completed lingam, Hamsananda sought to create his own, but failed. However, note 7 which I have just added, unfortunately demonstrates the opposite. For men, sexuality is the most difficult thing to face and overcome. We understand this when we see the complaints, the denunciations of pedophilia and other sexual abuse against his disciples that people around him later made against him. A completed lingam protects; because it is the union of the different subtle bodies of men and women, in non-form, in

union with the very high spheres, in the targeted dimensional sphere, this protects and promotes deepening in the earthly world.

Hamsananda yoga decentred me the more I practised it. So one day on the song "I'm sick", I left to be taken away by the police, because my friend Gilles saw that I was becoming more and more delirious, and had taken advice from my family. I was in a straitjacket for several hours, it's the method to bring people who are a little too 'fly' back to reality, it seems, but it works, I say in a whisper, because it's still a straitjacket.

I was there for maybe three months, got lithium and another blue pill, and made friends in the hospital. Interestingly, when I was there a psychiatrist entered the same wing as me for treatment. It can't be easy being a psychiatrist. It amused me. In fact, while hospitalized, I felt better than before... back to normal. They diagnosed me as manic-depressive, but I'm not, it's a mistake they corrected several years later. Finally, I had fun there, with the people I met there, the other patients and even the attendants were nice. I had a surprisingly beautiful experience there, a guide stood at the head of my bed, it was a sweet moment, a reminder of inner happiness, afterwards I felt even better, more peaceful.

This episode in my life broke down barriers and fears in me and would subsequently prove to be most enriching and helped me to deepen the aspect of mental illness and the esoteric body. Also, it is notable that I only spoke about Maitreya Buddha recently, because without a doubt my 2nd book is *the doctrine of an enlightened woman*. This event in my life brought an attitude of internalization and will have been a necessary experience for Maitreya Buddha in the research of mental illnesses and its causes.

After leaving, I did not return to the Hamsananda Center, too unbalancing, not at all suitable for my energy. Yes, a broken lingam, which

does not protect, this is what I would think later while walking in the streets of the holy city of Benares which is officially called Varanasi within which we find on the edge of the narrow roads a small temple representing the ancient symbol of the Yoni and Lingam.

When I left the hospital, I went to see a psychologist, I only had one session with him. I really liked it when he said: "I'm going to send you flying, but I'll teach you how to come back to Earth." That's what I wanted. To finish my baccalaureate in administration I had a few courses left and the psychologist told me that it didn't suit me. I didn't listen to it, I finished it, but it didn't bring me anything from this paper except the satisfaction of having completed my baccalaureate in administration. This psychologist had common sense, but the cost prevented me from taking other sessions with him.

Subsequently, upon returning from the hospital, under other skies, new adventures awaited me. First I couldn't stay in a relationship with Gilles because I felt there had been betrayal; he could have done things differently. I have never seen him again.

I stayed as a roommate in a beautiful, large and old apartment in Hochelaga Maisonneuve, an apartment where two other girls, university students, lived. And that's where I met the man who would later become the father of my daughter. It was one of the roommates who introduced him to me as someone special who made star charts. As I had little money, he took what we could give him, so I got in touch and he made and interpreted my astrological chart. He is 8 years apart from me and at the time I saw him as my younger brother, a brother who had the same affinities: he was a vegetarian and liked to go and meditate in temples. We also went on many group outings to temples and even meditations that were organized here and

there. When I became a shaved head, he didn't really like it, but his opinion didn't matter that much to me. If we live our lives based on others, we cannot succeed in our life.

It was my new friend, Shiatsu and Tai Chi master, who brought me to Zen, it was the discovery of a wonderful universe. As I lived in a shared apartment, I often went to his house, to his Tai Chi and massage school on the Plateau Mont-Royal, the Hito Center. I loved its sweetness and simplicity. He often invited students to eat with him. Each time it was like communion.

He took me directly to a Sesshin Zen, the first Zen summer camp led by Étienne Zeisler, former disciple of the Zen master Deshimaru who had brought Soto Zen from Japan to France, and who came to Montreal in 1980, died in 1982. It was the beginning of Sesshin, that is to say during the last weekend when Zazens intensified. The energy was strong. After the Sesshin we separated, because Zen filled me completely afterwards, there was no longer any place for him in my life.

I was at home in this place, more than anywhere else, the temples and other places of meditation were my home, and the gods my cosmic spouses. It had only been a short time since I had come out of my hatha yoga misadventure that landed me in a psychiatric hospital, but I felt strong in my fragility. I had not taken medication for a few months, I had regained my freedom. It was 85-1986.

But there I was going to live an experience that changed the entire course of my life. Start of zazen at 7 a.m. and so on all day and the last zazen was at 7 p.m. It was like this until Sunday, the last day and on this last day there were ordinations. The ordinations were simple, did not involve any karmic consequences, because it was said that if it was not for this life, it

would be for another. We made the basic Buddhist vows not to kill, not to steal, not to lie, not to have depraved sexual relations. There was the ordination of bodhisattvas who were committed to helping others, and then one could be ordained as a monk or nun. Many then shaved their heads as in tradition. This ordination was beautiful, all in black kimono in a beautiful unit. While the ordination was taking place, an energy was released in me, in fact, I was the Buddha who recorded these vows, I was the witness for the Buddha himself.

Strangely, throughout the weekend my left ear was ringing very often, which didn't really happen to me before or after. I was wearing a t-shirt with a drawn Buddha and it said "Buddha Carnival". I found that very auspicious. Before going to the dojo to meditate, we had to wear a black kimono. It was strange, everyone in black, sitting facing the wall on black cushions, all placed on zafutons, large thin cushions for comfort on the knees. There was an altar on which a beautiful statue of Buddha that inspired self-reflection was placed. With an ikebana flower arrangement. Two candles were lit on either side of the Buddha and there was a beautiful hand-drawn box that was used for incense.

I loved hearing the leader, during the Kusen, oral teaching of the Dharma, say, "zazen is not a piece of cake". The master who directed Étienne Zeisler, cold, austere, was excellent. I played the play and I loved soaking up this austerity that reflected my life. It was beautiful, in great silence, these Zen meditations, which have the particularity that one must not move, even one iota, in a perfect world. We sit according to the established rules of Zen. First we sit in the centre of the zafu and we cross our legs in the lotus or half-lotus, or another acceptable position which allows us to firmly anchor our knees to the ground. This is the basis of the

posture. Then you must tilt your pelvis forward at the level of the fifth lumbar, back straight, spine well arched and you push the earth with your knees, and you reach the sky with your head. Étienne said with his anus turned towards the sun. Then the chin is tucked in, the neck is straightened, the abdomen is relaxed, the nose in a straight line with the navel. Deshimaru, the master of Étienne, who introduced Soto Zen to Quebec, said that we are like a drawn bow whose arrow is the spirit.

We continue to establish our posture by placing our fists on our knees and rocking from left to right, back and forth to properly centre our position. Then we do the Zen greeting, called Gasho.

To finish taking zazen, place your left hand on your right hand, fingers together, which you press against your stomach.

Zazen is the realization of the Buddha itself. We can understand the importance of posture for Soto Zen and the ritual surrounding zazen.

From my previous practices, I had no trouble making the half lotus. Later I would practise doing the lotus at home, which is far from being innate to my physical body. I remember when I was young I saw my companions who did the lotus easily during gymnastics classes, this is far from being my case. I worked on it for a long time, practising according to the practices of hatha yoga, and the first times I succeeded in doing the lotus were in my bath where I felt very prisoner of my crossed legs which I felt like my legs were tied like knots. But even before doing the lotus, I practised doing the half lotus for a long time, a posture which was not easy to maintain for long. So I timed my half-lotus pose times by watching television, or by reading which prevented me from feeling the pain. In my life it is one of my greatest successes to have succeeded in creating the lotus. My last Zen Sesshin I did them all while taking this pose, because this

posture has power. The feet by pressing on the legs naturally activate acupuncture points, Deshimaru wrote that the samurai activated these same acupuncture points by pressing their thighs on their horse.

Zazen is not only posture, but also includes breathing and attitude of mind. The exhalation is long, subtle and deep and the inhalation comes naturally. The exhalation ends in the belly with force, Deshimaru will give the image of the mooing of a cow. It reminds me of MU, during zazen this sound came from me MU, Mu which means in the Zen world the quality of absence, "without".

The attitude of the mind comes simply, naturally, from the correctness of the posture.

Between the zazens there are silent, concentrated walks called Kinhin which help to circulate energies and benefit the whole body. We surround the right fist with the thumb having entered the left hand which we apply to the solar plexus, like the walk of the tiger we advance calmly inside.

There are also the Mondos, a fabulous question and answer that takes place on Saturday afternoon of Sesshin. The quality of the Mondo, of course, depends on the qualities of the person in charge. So we all turn towards the centre. And that reminds me of a time, it was at the zen dojo, a few years later Étienne Zeisler was holding one of the rare mundos he would do there, and I went to ask two questions. The first: What is the sight inside? AND his response was a mighty lion's roar. Far from being taken aback, I remained imperturbable and began my second question. Such were the always unexpected mundos, and the more the master is connected to the greats of this world: Bodhidharma, Deshimaru, etc. and the more the answers resemble unexpected stones thrown into a lake or the birds of the sky that

would make an unexpected spin, the more the Truth rises in us without appealing to the mind. Everything comes from us, not from the master.

Thoughts without thoughts from the depths of non-thought. This is Soto Zen and I would add the essence of all objectless meditations.

It's Sunday morning, time for ordinations. The dojo had been prepared accordingly, and these took place after the first zazen of the morning and the last of the Sesshin. I was going to attend for the first time and there were more than sixty of us I would say at this Sesshin.

There are Bodhisattva ordinations and Monk ordinations. What is good about Soto Zen, because I know little about Rinzai, is that it is said that when we become monks, if not in this life we sow seeds which will grow in a next life.

It was the first time I had attended, and there was this solemnity in the dojo that permeated our interior. Standing back with my brothers and sisters, I fervently watched the ordination ritual. And that's when my fiery kundalini, the fiery sword rose up to my stomach and up, and I became Gautama Buddha, the witness of these ordinations⁸. I was Buddha present to these sincere wishes of men and women. I was witnessing Sakyamuni Buddha himself, which deeply gladdened my heart. The honour done to me was

⁸ The left ear whistled loudly and often while I was at Sesshin, sometimes the right too but then it was brief and soft. I know that the Buddha Maitreya gave herself there, the necessary conditions to get the understanding of the Cosmic Lie, the Kali Yuga System. It was not supposed to be me there but Lise L. the director of the Dojo Zen of Montreal that the evil had chosen. The ears ring because someone who organized this occult activity, His Falsity the 17th Karmapa Orgyen Trinley, clearly didn't like the change that was preparing the Buddha Maitreya This activity is very disruptive and a source of an increase in Karma that is not very balancing or enriching, and does not help to center people on their own path. Usually, if naturally this is done, it is by strong affinity with the master. Obviously this was not natural. it is one of the means to gain power over the Sangha, over those who practice. I realized in writing it an important explanation of my life. Usually this connection is done naturally with the wife and or mother and other. But in this case the master Etienne Zeisler has been "hacked", divided in 2, and had no control on that and more that anything it weakened É. Z. in all spheres and dimensions. Less that 5 years later he will die.

immeasurable. It was so intense, I couldn't move, I was a channel of such powerful energy, my Kundalini had risen, I was the Buddha present, the master who had done the ordinations. I don't know how the late Étienne Z. experienced this, and we will probably never know. When the ordination ceremony was over, I was exhausted.

Then an excellent meal was served and Luigi and I prepared to return to Montreal. I didn't tell him about it. In the evening we were invited to go to a party in honour of Étienne and his first Zen camp in Quebec. I would have liked to see Étienne again, and had he noticed anything? I would not know how to say it. But the intensity that I had experienced through my kundalini did not allow me to go there, I was tired and the dust, the energy needed to come down within me. I believe that at times I trembled from this energy and rested from this rise of Kundalini, from this incredible experience.

I gave Luigi a blue T-shirt to give to Étienne with the drawn head of the Buddha marked by the third eye, as I had worn throughout the camp I had several. I found that very auspicious. Luigi told me that when he gave it to Étienne he wore it straight away. Which made me very happy. But for a being as mystical and interior like me the term pleasure is not adequate, because it is solar and as my realization was not yet solar the term touched is more appropriate.

An experience, certainly, which was not going to help me recover from the imbalances in my Kundalini experienced when I was doing hatha yoga intensely at the Hamsananda Center.

But that's how it is.

When we start a new path, the first time we usually have more intense experiences, which act like furrows and trace our own Path.

Later, after recovering from my emotions, I started going to the Dojo. The first time I went to the Montreal dojo to meditate, I saw a young man sitting happily on the edge of a desk greeting me, who was it? In fact, it was a vision from another sphere. I never understood the reason for this presence and this vision did not return.

I found my name DO very auspicious it means Path. Then I discovered that the representation of Japanese calligraphy was very particular to the Path, to DO: like a samurai who advances from behind towards a woman in prayer.

This was the beginning of an intense Zen practice, relatively balanced, but still unbalanced. It was strange, I wasn't in my centre, in my hara, my stomach. Finally, my bedside book became Dürckheim's book: "Hara, vital centre of man." I had great joy reading the Zen stories.

I force myself to continue this biography, so shaken in my inner bodies, crushed, flouted, etc. that I doubt, I doubt my weakness is too great. Often I feel incapable of finishing it, so my wings open and my dreams come back, the Universe does not forget me and what can I say about Buddha during my last journey, I wanted to have an ochre Kesa, in the zen world I was talking about how I wanted to make an Indian-style ochre kesa. And first I had to finish a Zen kolomo started several years ago. At the end of 2015, I went to India and to Bodh Gaya, a tailor-made me a kolomo, and I found in a small dirt alley where villagers live, just at the end which branches off the path to the right, 2 kesas which had been placed there for a long time no doubt to indicate the end of the alley, to shelter from view and dust, a wall of the life of an Indian family. It took several days before it clicked for me, and I decided to take the two kesas, apologize to the young Indian mothers who lived there and leave for the roof of my guesthouse,

aware of the preciousness of the gift; go and wash these noble fabrics thrown there no doubt by monks who had stained one of the kesas with green paint and the other, I thought, the wind catapulted it there. So this old dream of having an ochre kesa, with soul, there it is found. One day I will mend these 2 old kesas offered by Buddha to make one. I have been dreaming of an ochre kesa for so many years.

I have always read inspiring books, nourishing me, whether yoga, Zen, or other masters, because this is the exquisite nourishment of the gods as wise apprentices, Buddha loved teaching the gods.

A few months after starting Zen I moved to rue Saint-Hubert for a few months, because the lease was ending and there was no renewal. Still staying there was Patrice, and a young man who told me that he was suffering from AIDS, in fact, he left for other dimensions a few years later.

It was there that Patrice introduced me to Indian chai for the first time. A mixture of spices, black tea and milk that I really appreciated and which opened me to a still unknown universe.

It was at this time of the beginning of Zen that I had a significant dream: there was an old man at the foot of the tree located right on rue Saint-Hubert at the bottom of the apartment who came to meet me. I don't remember him speaking to me but this dream announced a healing experience which lasted a memorable month of happiness during which my Spirit was illuminated, I was in each of my gestures, I was so present, it was happiness. Each of my atoms, of my cells was illuminated by peace and serenity. Even so, my happiness was rarely obscured because deep down I knew it wasn't going to last. The old man⁹ in my dream was a precursor to a

⁹ Now, I believe after writing the book "The Rules of Planet Earth" and spending six months in India in 2022-23, that it was Mahakasyapa, the Patriarch of Zen. Mahakasyapa is known to wait for the

remarkable experience of gentleness, healing, balance, love. Of all my life, of all my experiences, it was the noblest, the most complete, the most serene.

Even now, I find joy in remembering this state of grace. Remembering it, I experience a little of this grace. Even years later, sometimes I still lead my steps towards that tree. And now more than twenty years and even thirty years after all this time, I tell myself that I must return to this tree where the old man came on a day like all the other days, a night like all night, the time to a dream. As we make a pilgrimage to the holy places, this tree, this street blesses me with God, the gods or simply the universe, the heavens in my heart.

In the years that followed I not only did zazen, but also continued to do hatha yoga as needed and went to different meditation centres. Including a Centre located in Verdun that I loved.

It was a Tibetan Buddhist centre of the Gelugpa lineage, one of whose heads is the Dalai Lama, and the other is the Panchen Lama, who died at the age of 6 in 1995, he has been unavailable since he was kidnapped in the age of 6, and he is still detained by the Chinese. Out of a desire to delve deeper into Buddhism, I did a search on Centers in Montreal, and as a result of my internet browsing, my steps led me to this place. At that time in the Zen dojo, Buddhism was not very popular, on the contrary! Probably if those who had started the dojo had had more of a taste for Buddhism, the dojo would have become more Buddhist, but it was said that the Zen dojo was for everyone, without allegiance to religion, so Buddhism was not popular at the

Buddha Maitreya in the purpose of giving her the Full Power of the Robe as it was in the time of Buddha. This is a beautiful story to come in the 3rd book to be written: "The Book of the Master of Masters", if Buddha Wills. *Obviously, a benevolent force watches over Maitreya Buddha.*

time, more the opposite. Now, in 2015, I see a propensity to talk more about Buddhism at the dojo.

And I had a thirst to delve deeper into Buddhism. Because the Buddha's first noble truth: "Everything is suffering" touched me deeply, it was a Truth, my Truth. But how to express it externally? It was impossible, solitary I lived in my inner cave and I spoke or exchanged very little with the outside world. Also from Buddhism I liked the lotus-sitting posture, that was me. It is the time we give to our rose that gives it its true value, and the lotus, the taking of this position, the efforts made to tame it were one of the great successes of my life.

Nothing had been easy for me since I was born. Everything worthwhile that happened to me was internal so I went to different meditation centres for my inner well-being.

And the Tibetan Buddhist Center led by Geshé-là was welcoming. In fact, I believe that Geshe-la had completely developed the quality of benevolence. How sweet this quality is, how it shines in the soul and I so needed to feel welcomed and loved.

Later I would discover through the Lamrim the path of kindness and love for others which will open many doors for me.

Today August 2014, it is cold, but the beautiful flowers of nature continue to bloom in me: Through the window I see beautiful yellow daisies, tansy flowers, daylilies, and others, nothing alters the pleasure I have in writing my biography. I continue.

There was a period when I went to the Geshe-la Centre on a weekday evening, it was for the ritual of Chenrézig, the bodhisattva of compassion. It was the first time I set foot into a Tibetan temple and the colours seemed really astonishing to me. Every evening, when there was meditation, there

was this man who always stood at the back of the room, shaved head and who did not speak. I remember the little door that opened into Geshe-la's room, a simple curtain material. It was the first Tibetan temple I entered, there was so much symbolism, it was so loaded with images and statues that it created a void I would say.

It was perhaps the 5th or 6th evening, always the same day of the week, when I was going to chant the practice of the Chenrezig ritual, at this place. It was short, simple and beautiful. This is how one evening sitting in the lotus on the left side, forward I felt within myself during the song a penetration into one of my bodies, the more the lingam penetrated and the more I felt divine in purity, and when it reached the heart my lotus of the heart opened. I saw Geshe-la who seemed to have fears and who sometimes glanced towards me and back, he did not seem to approve. The more lingam advanced, the more my chakras seemed to open, but it was at the lotus of the heart that there was an unexpected overflow of love. I think that's where my heart opened, starting that evening. What a great experience! The effects did not take long to appear, because that evening was the first time that I really felt part of this Sangha and my heart became like an energy of love. In the end I understood what had happened to me, there was always a girl who usually sat towards the centre of the temple and who was not there, and I replaced her. The one who did this beautiful lingam practice was the guy with the shaved head, yes a beautiful, very helpful practice, and secretly I was very happy that he did not follow his master's instructions, but acted according to his intuition. I was happy, I felt better about myself afterwards. It was the only time I experienced this at this temple of course, but what an extraordinary time! Besides, I wasn't expecting a sequel to this event and there was none. It was one of the rare experiences that balanced my chakra

system, rather than disrupting it. This short one-night stand was very beneficial for my occult bodies. For me this lingam in my yoni was sacred and was an initiation. What is also notable about this evening is that it was the only time when I felt like an integral part of the Sangha, and even afterwards a small group of which I was part went for coffee. To say the effect of the lingam is also on the entire Sangha.

I went back there until the Centre had the little donation box stolen, Geshe seemed distraught, he said: "that's not auspicious", he looked for it, but in vain the donation box had disappeared. It surprised me that he expressed this out loud, because this kind of reflection he should have kept to himself, but at the same time that's being true and transparent and then it gave proof of his confidence and solidarity towards practitioners. However, Geshe still seemed very superstitious to me. Perhaps later, alone, he did what seemed wise to do in such cases and which I learned to understand through my epic of Tibetan Buddhism: offer the Buddha the little box of donations, and there is Buddha must have known what to do with it!

Sometimes the Sangha would arrange to come down to see His Holiness the Dalai Lama who was teaching in the US or Canada. I refused invitations because they were additional costs that I could not afford. I have always been poor until I dreamed that I had Lady Gaga's bag, a dream at the end of winter 2014, following practices with the way of Eckankar, which had a latent energy that gave me was intended to connect me to it; subsequently I did not lack any more money until the demonetization of Indian rupees in 2016.

Geshe Khenrab Ganjam became fiery in 1993, this is what I learned when I returned to the Centre after several years of absence. I also know that

the shaved coconut character is awaiting his reincarnation, which has not yet been found. How beautiful Tibetan Buddhism is!

I continued to go to Zen, according to my intuition. Every year zazen was organized according to the global prayer for peace which was done everywhere in the world at the same time. I liked participating in it, I found it very important, once during zazen my crown chakra began to open, it was subtle, but a gap had been created by the zazen prayer which did not stop growing.

You know, Supreme Beings who read to me that the human being is made a bit like morning glories. Anyone who knows this plant, this ivy, understands that it only grows well when it can cling to a stick, a fence or some other such material. For then the morning glories flower more abundantly, become stronger, the leaves much larger, more beautiful and even their colours also deepen with the colours of the Sky which they love tenderly Toward. When we see morning glories trying to attach themselves to their support, it beautifies the space all around; when we humans have a noble purpose, a noble guide, following a noble path, that is how it is.

I started going to the Siddha yoga centre, which, at the time, was at the intersection of Papineau and Ontario streets. Nostalgic for an India that I did not yet know and for the greatness of yoga, I really enjoyed reading Muktananda's book. There was this young woman who intrigued me who was the head of Siddha Yoga, but what I liked the most was Nityananda who appeared almost naked. It was an avatar, it was the style of yogi that I preferred. A photo of the young woman spoke to me more than anything: it was her initiation photo by Muktananda when she was completely shaved. I found that the photo expressed the true spirit of yoga, of all paths, detachment, abandonment of the EGO. And this gesture is important because

it is recorded in the Akashic Records and if it is not for this life, it will be for the next. Sometimes we wonder where such positive or negative karma comes from, unrelated to our life, and here it is positive karma which is created and recorded. That spoke to me! And in the lineages of Sidha Yoga I also discovered the remarkable Sai Baba, the original, the first without a second, all dressed in red who still remains today in the Himalayas and in Shamballah. Eternally young, he remains to help those in need. All over India there are temples dedicated to his beneficial activity. Sai Baba is an important guide who makes my path flourish. I like to think of him like this, because in the invisible, don't forget, creation is very important, it's a key. However, undoubtedly it creates a Divine connection. Soon I would go to the old town of Nasik where he would have been.

I started going to the Ashram in Fallsburg the USA, they needed help with painting and doing various jobs. It was a time when I communicated a little more with those around me.

The image of Guru Mayi was everywhere and I had some experiences. Including once in the temple in Montreal, where a little girl said when she saw me Guru Mayi, Guru Mayi, pointing at me. Indeed, I was in a particular dimension, later I will be taken out of it. It is that of the master, of the one who has the ability to express himself in public, and it was given to my sister Suzanne, who subsequently left her position as a nurse to go to her Reiki Center.

So I went to Fallsburg, I liked this tranquility, this grandeur of the place, and there were few people there when Guru Mayi was not there. I painted the walls and I really liked it. We had free room and board, and the food was excellent and vegetarian. I remember an experience which left me a little ashamed, in the evening before supper there was always a song, and a

volunteer invited me to make the rhythm of the big drum of the sacred song, well as I am rather visual than auditory, it may have changed in recent years, but here I played everything out of tune and I tried, but it was poorly rhythm. Car horns during a traffic jam sounded better. I have never heard such horror at the Ashram and I was the cause, I was "disgusted" with myself. I sheepishly left the small room and, as you can imagine, I never returned there again. With time and distance, it amuses me today. Finally, to say that I was in the negative of an energy, in the negative of one of my occult bodies, I had been inverted and/or removed from the bodies.

At the Ashram, what caught my attention was the superb, larger-than-life statue of Nityananda. When I fell asleep, I liked to sleep at his feet. What a great being he was! I have a few memories of my Siddha yoga experiences, but I did have a few sexual experiences. Once when I was meditating in the basement rooms my libido took a surge like I've never experienced, it was almost intolerable, but it didn't last long. Also once in the Ashram temple there was someone I would say who was trying to penetrate me which turned out to be unsuccessful, I don't know the reason, but I was reassured, because the plan was low, I think it was on the etheric plane, it was very physical and not at all on the level of the beautiful experience lived at Geshé-la Centre. After being in the presence of Guru Mayi in Fallsburg afterwards, there was something demonic in my energy, and I left. Now I know that's a way of saying that at least one body had been taken from me. Strangely, eventually my older sister started doing this practice and now has a photo of Guru Mayi and has been praying to her all this time. To say that I was not paying for Guru Mayi, I was not going to produce energy for her, ultimately I don't know what manipulation was done, but my sister continues to pay homage to her. I don't know the details of this story, but I plan to find

out, and write a little book on the subject. This is my vision and I don't think I'm wrong. I hesitated to write this, because I can see in advance the opposition on this subject, but it is so. The masters, in their spider web established for this purpose, without too much scruple manipulate the energies to have more and more disciples and more money coming in and also to keep away those who are too pure and too true that could change the world. But with Maitreya Buddha it will be the end of this world, because people will know how to protect and what to protect. And if I make a mistake, I bow and understand it through introspection and I say thank you, because admitting your mistakes is the end of one karma and the beginning of a better one. There is something to explore here. To create a masculine lingam as I developed, activity in the divine world, rather than earthly activity, it takes someone who took the positive of my earthly merits and my older sister, she will understand, took this positive. When we understand karmas, the Universe is beautiful and so perfect! Vision of Einstein amazed by This, how from an atheist he became a believer!

However, the question arises about the value of my bodies? On the value of the body that Guru Mayi took from me¹⁰. Maybe he was even more important than what she had herself. I believe it, I saw it with my third bionic eye. And I will have the list of esoteric bodies that have been taken from me and the number of ornaments and on the scale of feminine achievements where this is located. Finally, women would understand their own reality, which is so different from men. This is the whole value and contribution of a feminine Buddha. When Maitreya Buddha teaches, she will teach and demonstrate the abilities of each body, the ornaments, the

¹⁰ Today in 2023, I believe Guru Mayi is simply a victim of the great conspiracy to drag us into the dark matrix.

explanations, like never before. Maitreya Buddha is the matrix, Matrix of light and of Divine Order.

I remember, once on the way to South Fallsburg, the one who was driving, whose name I forget, but he had elf ears, to me he could only be an elf, he had a great knowledge of facts spiritual and the conversation led him to say that Maitreya Buddha had already been born, that he had taken the body. In me, of course, I said to myself: Well, yes, it's me. And as I said before: You have to be something and I had decided that in this life I would be Maitreya Buddha.

One day I had my hair shaved under the inner influence of the Zen world and from then on my Karma improved. I love beauty, and as I have a perfect head for not wearing hair I shaved for many years and it was indescribably beautiful, myself, shaved hair. I finally had the style that suited me. Then it was easy to find clothes that I would like to wear. What had always been a big problem, that of feeling comfortable in my own skin with the right clothes, bare head, became easy.

For my earthly family, it certainly wasn't without difficulty, but they got through it. I remember my godmother whose events were told to me after her death, on her bed which was to become her bed of fire, she wanted to shave her hair, to become like a newborn baby again. Of course, we didn't cut her hair, but having a head without hair is powerful, especially when you're a woman. My aunt Georgette's soul wanted to purify herself, to return to the source. I would like to pay tribute to her here with her husband Pascal, because together they formed a duo of good and helpful people, and Georgette had great humour. I wouldn't have wanted other godmothers. I remember when I was young that my uncle Pascal sometimes opened his

large wallet, always attached to a chain, because he was a farmer, and gave me some money to my great pleasure.

You might think that I took my bodhisattva and monk vows with Étienne Zeisler, well no, following the cosmic energy I took them with Stéphane Thibault, who never seemed to me to have the class of Étienne, but the energy had decided so. My vows as a monk, as a nun, I took them on April 1st, I preferred to forget that it was April 1st in fact, April Fool's Day, it didn't seem very appropriate to me, not very serious and my life spiritual it was so serious. No doubt a wink from Heaven towards me certainly. That time I shaved my hair yes for the first time it was during a Sesshin. This master gave me the name Myo San, luminous mountain and my bodhisattva name already given was Yuko, joyful enlightenment or tranquility. And handing me back on March 11, 1990, my black kesa which I had embroidered according to tradition, strangely, he made the drawing of a snake which was going to rise in me, very harmonious this calligraphy all the same despite with its seal. But Stephen's seal was much more powerful and harmonious, but so was my inner life as a hermit.

When their master, Sensei Deshimaru died, there were three of his disciples on the list for the title of successor. The three disciples will go to Japan to receive the shiho of the worthy lineage of Soto Zen.

The last one is Roland Rech, he is the most Buddhist of the three I would say. First it was when he gave me a brown rakusu that I bought in the year 2000 after the birth of my daughter, he drew on the cover of this rakusu DO, he told me that it was probably part of my name, because given my initials and the beginning of my first name. This helped me to actualize my destiny on Earth. This great name always DO interior, so if I may say lunar, because interiority has the feminine quality of the negative, it helped to

make it positive, solar. Because I had always understood the importance in the Zen world of DO, I had made up my mind about my name. And there finally by Roland my name was recognized in the external physical world. It's the most beautiful rakusu cover I'll ever have in my life, just the beautiful calligraphy of DO, the drawn way. And my name and the date and the beautiful seal of Roland. And there again today, when I went to get my rakusu, the Buddha's little garment, I just brought it to my heart, how sweet and great the Way is at the same time.

The Buddha gave Roland a test during this Sesshin in Kinkora, I believe it was the last Sesshin he did in Quebec, because the Montreal dojo chose to only continue with Raphaël, a friend of the late Étienne Z. who also had a name predestined by the word Zen written since his birth.

I was walking on the way to the chalet assigned to me with 5-6 other practitioners, and he came to pass by, I stopped him to ask him a question, the leader was very busy and in a hurry and he hesitated to stopping in front of me who was so nothing, silent, without presence, he makes me bigger by taking the time to stop and answer my question, and that delights my entire being. It wasn't easy for Roland R. to stop and respond, but he did it, because the energy was against him, like swimming against the wave. That's what being a channel of the Buddha is!

After my Zen period, under Buddha's blessing, I went to a sesshin with Master Yuno. (R. Rech) And here I want to emphasize the importance of just one small moment how much it can bring happiness for infinite years and generated in the entire cosmos of Brightful Energy. I, until then lost in my bubble, unable to speak to a master, to express my emotions in this Zen camp, at dusk I saw Yuno passing quickly and I stopped him, and I had myself insignificant, without realization I was able to ask him a question. He

was in a hurry; he didn't want to stop, but his discipline of the moment, here and now, forced him to stop and answer me. I'm revising in 2023, I know there's a duplication of the story, but I'm keeping it, it explains so much about this deep little story! I think I asked him the question about “Should we go with the flow or choose our master¹¹?” » But I barely remember it and it's not important what's important is that he was in a hurry and my karma didn't naturally¹² give him the inclination to answer my question. But he stopped all the same, and answered my question with kindness, to me, poor being without achievement, poor of everything he answered me. It is thus high in Heaven and on Earth...nothing, but it is to realize my destiny on Earth! To bring Heaven to Earth, to be a bridge.

It is his discipline that allowed Yuno to pass this test of the Buddha, he grew up in the celestial chessboard.

I had my greatest experience of inner winds during a zazen this Sesshin, which was very balancing. I remember after getting up from this zazen meeting Roland's gaze, he knew, but for him I couldn't say how he decoded that.

It was later that I would discover that Yuko also means joyful, in addition to peaceful, which pleases me, because it is a quality that I wish to develop with all my heart.

I just ate my first dragon fruit (spring 2015). I just ate some and the colour, the whole fruit is exquisite, and they are ripe. And as I write, it seems

¹¹ In 2023, I would give this advice that dates back to the dawn of time: **Follow your Heart**. As much as possible. I have a lot of regrets, but I learned a lot from my mistakes. Yes, I should have followed Étienne Z. But I would have had "sticks in the wheels" certainly the obstacles would have increased, because I was inverted, but it would have been in the physical sphere, while my link with É. Z. was metaphysical.

¹² Because for a very long time I have been truly REVERSED in Energy, here we can see it, and understand why this banal fact was a great test from the Buddha for R.R..

very auspicious to me to eat dragon fruit. Because I am a dragon of fire in my inner life.

Since this morning, in my heart, I have heard that it was written that Maitreya Buddha was going to recognize himself. And that's what I will do later in 2007, the inner Buddha will send her CV outside thanks to a very unusual adventure worthy of a Buddha.

And I continued to practise Zen. I was at my place. Firstly, because it is Buddhist and Buddha said that everything is suffering, then because with my practices and great efforts I managed to do the lotus posture, like the Buddha. I found myself in Zen through Suffering and the Lotus. Not to mention that I had seen my reincarnations at least in part. Was I finally going to find my place in this world?

I was shaved head¹³, I lived in the Hochelaga-Maisonneuve district, one room, there were fifteen rooms, and I was responsible for it. It was just guys renting these rooms. I remember, one afternoon, a tramp came to rent a room and I told him that rather than having the sky above him he would now have a ceiling and that at least that would protect him from the rain. Certainly, I found that he also lost the beauty of the stars.

I did my Zen practices, I had my kesa, I was happy, I was a monk like in the Zen stories. I made the whole Earth my monastery, the fulfillment of one of my inner wishes.

I lived near the entrance to the Jacques-Cartier Bridge for many years, it was a room with a mini fridge and stove, and the toilets and showers were shared. It was cool! The first years I slept on a cotton rug on the floor in a

¹³ At the time it was unusual for a woman. Also often people thought that I no longer had my hair following cancer, which had the effect of loosening hearts, and compassion arose. So surprisingly, my shaved head has brought me a lot of blessings, a lot of loves and better karma and for people too; it was around 1984.

sleeping bag, then I bought a sofa with a futon that opened to make a bed. I also did concierge and rental, I loved that. It was Zen. I didn't even need to work on detachment and other materials read in Zen, it was easy. If I had been poor all my life, here I was rich in divine energy, rich in my efforts to become better, to improve myself, rich in consciousness. And my shaved head was the symbol of detachment, detachment from my sex, detachment from the social world, because who would want to hire a shaved head, detachment from material life.

I liked doing the Buddhist practice of visualizing my skeleton within me; I was nostalgic for it, it was a beautiful practice that was very popular in Buddha's time.

I took a calligraphy course out of curiosity, to learn more, it was with a Japanese lady, I really liked it. And as macrobiotics was in the energy of the dojo, I took a course too, I started making sushi, I didn't really like the taste of nori seaweed, but I made it for others, because it was a beautiful practice of presence, in each of my gestures. I developed a taste for seaweed later.

If at the beginning, I often went to the Zen dojo and participated in Sesshins, later I didn't feel as good there, so I practised at home.

It was during the Sesshins led by Étienne that I had the most experience. In zazen during a Sesshin a strange red energy invades my root. Shortly after, Étienne stood up to give the kyosaku. The kyosaku is a wooden stick, which term also means the gesture of hitting the shoulders, that the master or a designated person, usually uses on meditators who make the gesture of Gassho. Kyosaku is requested for different reasons: to revitalize the body, or to wake up, or to relieve pain. The kyosaku, delivered well, in one or two blows, touches acupuncture points. If the kyosaku is

commonly used in all zazen, the rensaku is less so. This involves hitting the acupuncture points more than ten or even twenty times. Perhaps I have heard it given during zazen, during a Sesshin, once or twice, rarely used. Then Étienne approached me and gave me the kyosaku about ten times on each of my shoulders, then the red energy disappeared. Thank you, Étienne!

It was clear that É.Z. had a connection with me, and wanted to help me. Why didn't I follow him? I find it hard to explain. I was so internal, I had a double life, and unifying it is not easy. I had my physical life, my down-to-earth activities, and my other life, an entirely interior life. I had observed for a long time that I often turned away from what I liked, perhaps I lacked love for myself. It was stronger than me, a karma I would say which is over, I think.

And another time, the last Sesshin led by Étienne in Quebec, I was a pillar. A pillar is an elderly person who during zazen, turns towards the centre and through his example of unshakableness inspires the group. There is usually a pillar at both corners opposite the one in charge.

Also I was sitting and saw Étienne doing his practice, because the leader is also turned towards the centre of the dojo, and from him, from me, there was a current of Love which crossed the room, as if each of the practitioners was a common thread, it was an invaluable experience. Love feels good in Zen austerity. I had plenty of time to look at Étienne dressed in the colours of the Earth dressed in grass, because his kesa was a beautiful grass green.

Several months later, in my little room, I became aware of a battle going on on the celestial plane, and I helped someone return, wanting to help them so immediately my feet were shod with them - same lead shoes. It was extraordinary, a battle was being fought and I don't know how or who, but I

was helping someone to free themselves. So I wasn't completely useless, I thought afterwards. This was Doris, she felt very useless, but there she had the opportunity to be of service; happiness !

Barely a few months after the battle in the sky we learned that Étienne Z. had contracted cancer with metastases.

How many months passed between the Battle in Heaven and the death of Étienne Zeisler?

A few months, less than a year.

I knew exactly the time of Étienne's death.

I was walking in the sun in the little alley adjoining the rooming house on rue Papineau, when a fluid escaped from me, perhaps it was from my hara, and then it was very sad inside me. The sun wasn't going to shine for a long time for me.

It was at this time that Étienne died in Europe.

He was to come to Montreal a few months later, he died of his cancer like Agnès, following an entity which wanted to prevent him from returning to his body. The entity wanted to take metaphysical bodies, components and ornaments.

Sometimes I tell myself that if I had chosen Étienne to be ordained, perhaps he would have had better protection and that he would not have contracted his cancer up there while fighting to return to Earth¹⁴, it's possible, I had a great connection with him, and I understood it after his

¹⁴ t is clear now in 2023, that if I had followed É.Z. , my exterior world, the physical sphere would have been less positive, but negative. Because my inner world was positive. It is like that in the Kali Yuga Era, l'Âge Noir que nous vivons. It is clearly explained in "The Rules of the Planet Earth". And no difference É.Z. would have died even if I had followed him. Certain subtle ornaments, composants on the "market" has high value, because it gives power. When you get the power of a whole Sangha in the invisible It gives the demons a lot of new Machiavellian possibilities.

death. But I certainly wasn't the only one who had a kundalini connection with him.

It was when he died that I understood the great connection I had with him, because half of me died at the same time. What a tragedy! But why this pain in me, why this drama? I cried and cried for him, amazed to see the large space he occupied in me, without me knowing it. It was not rational all the upheaval of my being, it was a great spiritual union that our kundalini had constituted on the day of the ordinations. Never has a death disturbed me as much as that of Étienne; it was a large part of me that went up in smoke, like his cremated body probably. I was oddly inconsolable. I barely knew him, Étienne, but the Buddha¹⁵ had created a spiritual union.

I understood that the battle was Étienne against an entity that I had defended and helped to come down, we were in great spiritual union and my vibrations were high, my coronal chakra opened, but in short my divine body was reintegrated, but I myself had not anchored it to Earth.

Because Agnès' husband was with her on the trip where she encountered the entity, and that did not prevent her from developing cancer afterwards.

But can we avoid this? I can't say at the moment. I believe that with a female Buddha many things could change. Because when you have knowledge, the solutions come next.

So I understood that during my first Sesshin, during the ordination my kundalini had risen and united with Étienne and other people of the

¹⁵ Now I write that Buddha created this union, earlier in the book I wrote that the demon organized this. We cannot stay too long with the idea of evil, because above evil, **absolutely the Divine whether it is the form of God or Buddha or guide is always present, caring for us and acting.** In esotericism, creation and positive thinking bring a lot of blessing, without it we remain in and with the demon which is undesirable.

ordination probably. I was not alone in experiencing an elevation of kundalini perhaps... but as my chakras purified by asceticism, yoga and other meditations were very open, I took more than the others.

Half of me was dead and I wrote to claim his green kesa, was I not his cosmic bride? His green kesa of the earth, so beautiful and noble, is mine. But hey, that's what women are, nothing, wind, we are misunderstood, we of the secret lineage.

Are you crazy for asking for his great green Buddha kesa? How can we explain the extraordinary bond that united us through Buddha himself?

He was married and I had friends and lovers. But the spiritual bond is the highest of bonds. But it is secret, it remains in the depths of our heart.

This is the secret lineage that I would like to help unveil, to understand the causes and effects, I pray for that.

It was a sunny morning, and I was devastated, he came to see me after his departure Étienne on the spiritual dimension, with his kolomo and kesa, he came to say goodbye and that consoled me a little. The outside door was opening the sun was shining, he was there outside in a luminous white form and me inside.

Another time on the dream sphere Étienne came. A symbolic dream: I was in an elevator and Étienne was taking me upstairs, he pushed one of the buttons, he knew where he wanted to take me. It's all about my dream. He was taking me to the victory of my mission on earth. He knew everything and he was in Joy.

How was my zazen practice after the death of É.Z. ?

I tried to continue doing zazen, but when I practised I was raped, what was this rape in me? It was terrible. I tried the void, to deepen emptiness and to observe, but this ghost which violated me even more when I practised, I

did not succeed in getting through I had to leave my Zen practice. What was this rape? Where did that come from? What was this ghost? I was reciting the Void Sutra, the Hannya Shingyo was trying to imbibe it and override this activity in my sacral chakra, but I was unsuccessful. So I had to stop, without choice, my zazen practice. Deep down, I know that if I had been granted the kesa of Étienne, according to my request, which did not come from my EGO, this karma would have been avoided, and other people around would also have had better Karma . That's ignorance! And this is the greatest cause of suffering in this world. While the master Deshimaru said: "Let's be crazy, let's be crazy". Meaning not to think, to unify the body and mind in the spirit of the Greatness of the luminous Nirvāna. To overcome prejudice, education to go beyond the beyond here and now, though from the depths of non-thought, such is the Path of Zen.

The rooming house, all that, no longer had much interest for me. Something was dead! In less than a year, I left this rooming house that I lived in for 5-7 years. Important fact: I had to recreate my mind, my thinking, because with Zen, and under the effect of kundalini, I had lost a lot of my intellectual abilities, this had damaged my mental body, and my 3rd eye. With Étienne alive, I was in an appropriate Zen void. Looking back in 2016, I understand that it was during the union of my divine body with Étienne and others that my mental body was destroyed, nothing more, nothing less. This is part of the Science of Women in the making, to come!

A host in Quebec has often recounted in different interviews the great drama she experienced when her husband died, she talks about it like this, a part of her is dead, it's so intense and touching and well. The explanation is this: she was in a great bond through kundalini with her husband. It's tantra... it's the practice of Bhakti among Hindus. A loved one may die and

we may not be devastated at all because we didn't have a connection with kundalini, we don't feel that a part of us has died, so what we're missing is the physical presence, of course, inseparable from other dimensions.

In India, in ancient times, women immolated themselves after the death of their husbands, this was called "sati", I understand why. I'm not talking at all about these widows who were forced to immolate themselves, but about these women who keenly felt that a part of her had died with their husband, so she simply followed him to the crematorium so that the flames make the remaining part of his now lifeless life disappear. Because we understand that these virgin women at their marriage had kundalini links only with their husband, hence the great irrational impulse to die on the burning fire of their beloved husband, but this comes from my experience.

A few months later, the death of Étienne, on September 19, a karma in me ended. My bubble burst and I felt yes that I was incarnating, that my roots were growing. Before that, I was strangely in a bubble. And now almost 15 years later I understand by wanting to return to retreat that I was isolated from external energies which allowed me to take an unusual approach to yoga and spirituality. Today without protection I am completely subject to those around me. I would be in the cycle of work dodo metro if I wasn't careful. Sometimes I think that I would like to do the 3 years, 3 months, 3 days and 3 hours retreat, then a voice inside me makes me understand that I did a very long retreat that lasted almost 30 years. This is where I realized that in our world, in the social world, it is very difficult to live a spiritual life intensely, it requires isolation, or a strong Sangha, or through the union. So I lived alone for 30 years. I had written a poem, for this purpose, which began like this: "The old hermit..." I met clairvoyants who told me: "you are well protected". I understand this bubble was a

protection in itself. But I was also a prisoner of it, I couldn't really express myself, I was involuntarily closed off, and if I wanted to express something I often stammered. And so it was punctured on September 19, where I felt like I was born. But it was not a spiritual birth, but rather an earthly one. From then on often on September 19. I received gifts, for example strangers gave me plants, or I received unexpected invitations. My bubble burst and I went social. But with a Kundalini, a highly developed spiritual body. Writing about the bubble, the world of autism is fascinating, they have something to live for, but in what dimension, what is this need, and sometimes their bubble bursts too when this karma is over. So everything is for the best. Finally, I certainly had some similarities with them. And mental illnesses are also sometimes experienced in a mixture of dimensions, two overlapping karmas. One day I'm going to write about the esoteric and mental illnesses and illnesses of the spirit.

It took months before I got over the loss of this Zen master. I left the rooming house and changed my life. I moved to the town of Lachine where I felt like I was in the countryside on the water's edge, it was wonderful and good. But at the same time how difficult it was to lose the world of Zen Energy. But first I went to Vancouver where I knew a Bangladeshi, and finally decided to stay in Quebec.

First, I went to live in a housing cooperative where a friend I met in Papineau was staying, but I didn't stay there for six months. Then under the protective wing of the owner of the rooming house, I went to Lachine where he had bought a brewery. I had just seen on the news that the City of Lachine had purchased a series of sculptures to put near the pedestrian path along Lake Saint-Louis also next to a bicycle path. I love art and I found it remarkable that a city would invest in art in this way.

I did some painting work for him and rented an old apartment overlooking Lake Saint-Louis. The price of the apartment was high and I don't know how I managed to pay the rent, but I didn't stay there for more than a year. In winter the pipes froze, and when I received the electricity bill I understood that I had to look for another apartment, I showed the bill to my mother and to my surprise she paid it in full. I remember a snowstorm that buried the whole town and I had fun clearing the snow from the stairs upstairs and from the tenant downstairs, I didn't count the hours, but what a joy it was to have fun so in the snow so white and light on this sweet day. Come July, I moved into an apartment that no longer overlooked Lake Saint-Louis, which was ordinary, but well, I only stayed there for a year. My hair was growing back. Then, I moved to a perfect apartment, which had a view of the lake since the apartment was on the second floor and which better suited my budget.

I had lost so much of my mental capacity¹⁶ that I was incapable of looking for a job or sending my resume on my own, so I took a course offered to low-income people for the purpose of reintegrating into the world of work. And I started a job with Élif on Nuns' Island. I worked there for maybe five years in this small company that created computer software as a receptionist and assistant to the manager, because I was responsible for satisfying customers and collecting overdue accounts. I wasn't paid much, but that's how I bought extras with a credit card. So I travelled evening and morning for almost three hours there and back. Under the influence of a computer environment, I bought my first internet modem, it was a 9,600

¹⁶ This problem of mental started with the Kundalini with the ordination of the 1st Sesshin, my head there, my mental has been cut there. It was easier to be a Zen Monk without any mental, but after the death of E. Z. the reality caught up with me when the Zen world collapsed and that I returned to the social.

bit/s V.32, it was at the very beginning when there were BBS and where nothing was graphics, then came 14.4 bits, and everything was still under Dos. It was when I started my computer course that graphics began to appear. And I moved to 28.8 and several years later I would keep the 56k modem for a long time. Now we have the Wifi. And that's where I found my first serious information about the world of vegetarianism. There were numerous American forums on the subject where one could find information and recipes and even a question and answer exchange service. It was at the same time that I discovered fractals, where the big is found in the small, as nature sometimes does.

Because I felt the need to embrace myself as a vegetarian in order to replace the meat that I had not eaten for many years. It was a New World that opened before me, with the universe of vegetarianism, a world of cultural diversity, rich in spices and perfume, with so much variety of cereals, legumes and other unknowns; I was not disappointed, on the contrary, there were only happy surprises in a world without meat! To be honest, it was a young lover passing through, skilled in computers, who introduced me to the still closed circle of modems. Subsequently, we came to modems with 32 baud speeds, and Windows was born.

It helped me heal from those years of Zen. I took long walks along the water's edge, I felt like I was in the countryside. Having spent many years in Montreal, the suburbs, this place was designed to promote contact with Nature, nourished my being on several dimensions and even allowed me to cycle, given the cycle path along the lake. There, everything was within reach for anyone who wanted to pick the "fruits" put in place by lovers of nature, history and the arts. It was a well-run city.

Through my window I could see the beautiful Lake Saint-Louis, and often I went to the peninsula. It was in Lachine that I heard such melodious bird songs which delighted the deep being, which recalled the divine very early in the morning, when it was almost still night. I bought myself a book “Samsara” by the Dalai Lama, it was complex, and I am not very intellectual, but in my heart I saluted Buddha.

So I continued my research on energies. I started to study body exits, we call OBE (out of body experience). It was fun and I had fears at the same time. I had fun and it helped my concentration.

My life went like this: work, reading, study, contemplation, hatha yoga.

But it is above all Ramtha, the angel Ramtha who gave me a beautiful experience.

“I learned that a man becomes what he plans to become. If he repeats to himself long enough that he is miserable and helpless, he becomes miserable and helpless. If, on the other hand, he says he is the lord of the wind, he becomes the lord of the wind, as I myself have become. And if he says he is God, he will become God.”¹³.

And alone, broken, I soaked up this wind which sometimes rose powerfully during my walks, and then I tried to imitate Ramtha, I took refuge in this wind. Wind is one of the five elements: water, earth, fire, ether. The wind's only friend...and one day later, I don't know why, but for a few weeks everything became more joyful and one day when I was on the bus I heard the beating of wings which flew away from my heart. I understood that it was Ramtha who had visited me and that it was he who had inhabited my heart, brought well-being, and given a quality of being to my heart like I had never experienced. Little by little my heart grew.

I left the job five years later, I needed to find myself again and at the same time I moved into the apartment whose location allowed me to see the lake and whose price was reasonable. How I loved the City of Lachine!

Then, after a well-deserved rest from this job, a need to find myself, with long walks on the water's edge in prayer, I started a computer technician course. It was the second time I took an exam that I was accepted, because to succeed you needed skills. I was happy with myself, I wanted to be of my time.

I remember at twelve years old, while reading a science fiction comic, we saw people talking to each other on the phone and seeing themselves on a screen, at the same time. At that time, it was unimaginable to think that a few decades later everyone would be able to do the same. Wow! I like technology. And I know that soon we won't even need these material supports to talk to each other, see each other, get there, etc., but that's another story.

By following this course, which lasted almost a year, I aimed to open up to the computer world, to deepen it especially for myself, because it was important for me to be of this modern time. By chance, at the same time, I met a friend of Patrice, on St-Denis Street near my classes, and I reconnected with Patrice at the end of my computer science internship. At that time at home, I was doing hatha yoga, and doing my internship, and my libido was very high. So Patrice and I quickly began to see each other tenderly. And as he was leaving for the Dominican Republic, I found the necessary money and follow-up. But there, we clearly understood during these two weeks that we were in no way made for each other. On the way back, when we were about to leave, I learned that I was pregnant, to my great amazement. Patrice preferred that I have an abortion, but I knew that at

forty years old, it was a new adventure that was beginning and that it told me well inside to experience motherhood. We tried to live together, but after a short try we separated. To be honest, I really liked taking on motherhood alone, we were so different and at the same time we had great affinities: vegetarianism, meditation, a love of India. I'm a solitary.

I compensated for his company with long walks along the waterfront in Lachine where the herons were the big stars. I registered at the Pointe-Claire birthing centre. Before we separated, Patrice had suggested that I have an amniocentesis, I had made an appointment, more for him, otherwise I would not have seen a doctor throughout my pregnancy. Because in my family my three sisters gave birth naturally without problems, like my mother I would say; also it removes fear and gives confidence in addition to having practised Soto Zen, the Way of non-Fear.

It was on May 21, 1997, the day before the amniocentesis, that I had a very special visit to my apartment in Lachine. I was sitting lotus at the computer in the living room when I saw the busts of two young children playing music just above my head. One had a long flute that ended in a wider mouthpiece and the other I don't know. It was simple and natural, I continued my work on the computer happy with this visit, forgetting it in this delicious moment. I went to bed, I was in bed and hearing music, I looked up, it was the same two children, just above the bedroom door, who, no doubt, were celebrating the upcoming arrival of a child. What a sweet moment!

A few years later, Claude P., the same one who has just died, who is not yet dead, but who will soon be, and who is undoubtedly amused by my current worries, told me that it was two angels that I had seen. I didn't realize it was all so simple.

And I was and remain convinced that the angels, even if we do not always see them, rejoice in celebrating future births in this way. How extraordinary it is when you think about it...heaven celebrates the birth of new incarnations. What luck all the same, what luck!

The Buddha seems to have forgotten her high destiny, could this not be the imminent birth of the daughter of the Buddha Maitreya that Heaven was celebrating? After the death of Étienne, the Buddha had forgotten all about her sincere wishes, her strong experiences, she began her life again. But we cannot escape our destiny, and her destiny would catch up with her a few years later. I like fairy tale stories, and here I have a little fun, because honestly reader, in 2016, I think that Heaven has let me down, that it is falling on me, and that Shamballah I don't even know anymore...but the story is far from over, and as I like tales, the story can only have a happy ending.

Where do these two angels come from? It is possible that the coming of the angels was the result of my daily reading of the book *The Nine Steps* by Meurois & Givaudan. I wanted to be disciplined and not miss a step. I believe it helped establish a connection with this higher vibrational universe. Because any divine reading, especially if we read by unifying our bodies, puts us in contact with universes. Each of the chapters represented a month of pregnancy I tried to penetrate some mysteries... wasted effort... nothing. This book is good all in all, but I haven't experienced that. I read step after step, the establishment on Earth of a being aspiring there, but no connection was made, neither with my baby nor with Heaven.

I took maternity yoga classes and sometimes I went to the Sivananda chanting centre. Perhaps I saw the blue-like descent of my daughter's conscience...it's possible.

It is at the end of my computer courses that I learned that I was pregnant, and subsequently I found a job at Génie PC, on Île des Sœurs, an SME which was then bought by a company of consulting engineering, located in Ville Brossard. I went to work using public transport and it was far away, pregnant, plus I quickly got tired. I was looking for a way to re-energize myself when browsing in a natural food store, I discovered a book on the energetic virtues of living foods. And that helped me greatly. Following the book, I grew wheat grass, which I juiced and the chlorophyll had a good effect on my system. In addition, it was amusing to see when I opened the refrigerator the alignment of a multitude of pots containing sprouts... When I made a salad afterwards I felt full of energy. But as soon as I gave birth, I didn't really want to eat it anymore.

Yet it is the most wonderful food I know. How close we feel to God with this food... of God. Plus during pregnancy, sprouting actually looks so much like pregnancy, it's so appropriate. A seed that germinates, like the baby that grows in our womb, living food, which nourishes the different plans that the baby needs and the mother undoubtedly needs.

The midwife told me whether you are twenty or forty years old, it's the same thing, the body is not worn out by childbirth. A twenty-five-year-old woman who has already given birth three times has a more tired body than a forty-year-old woman who has not had a child. What was fantastic about meeting the midwife was that she didn't talk about childbirth, only took a few measurements and asked questions without more...how to give birth ever. Why how ?

During my entire pregnancy, I did not go to any prenatal sessions. I only saw my midwife, Céline L, and even she did not advise me to read on the subject. But I was lucky enough to come across a book by an avant-garde

French midwife who helped women rediscover their natural power to give birth. And it resonated in me: yes, we have this power to give birth, millions of women have done it, women from all cultures, and to give birth is to unite with all these women since the origin of time is to rediscover the innate & igneous energy in us, it is to rediscover our power, the power to give life. It's wonderful when you can do it with a midwife, otherwise let's find a wise doctor.

Sometimes, I saw again, during my pregnancy, Patrice, his family was very happy to finally have a little child, it was the first, while in my family Shanti was going to be the fourteenth. When I realized that I was pregnant, this is the name that came to me Shanti, I said to myself, I would call her, remembering the sacred chants heard at the end and beginning of hatha yoga sessions and satsangs. . Peace is a very beautiful name, which vibrates so judiciously. Om Shanti, Shanti, Shanti, Om peace, peace, Om peace peace... song of great sweetness.

On one of the few pregnant outings with the father, one of his friends came up to me and asked why I wanted to name her Shanti. He said: you don't give this name to a child, even less to a girl, that surprised me. He had anger inside him, but I told him that's how it was, he suggested names like Shanta, but I didn't change my mind. One day, later, I went to the Ashram in Val Morin, and there was an Indian woman in the same room as me, she told me that it sometimes happened, however, for her, it seemed strange to give this name to a child. But my decision was made. And some years later, in Angrignon Park walking with Shanti, I heard a mother shout Shanti, I turned around, but she was not looking at us but talking to her little daughter. So we have to do things for us and not because it can't be done.

I remember the days before giving birth on October 11th, it was *Indian Summer*, the summer that went on, now we say that it is the warming of the planet. Since I wasn't working the last few weeks, I was taking long walks along the water's edge. I wasn't very bothered by the pregnancy, and I was enjoying, as I had been told, the last days before the baby arrived. I bought a few things, what I bought during my pregnancy, I found them in a thrift store and everything was "granola", cotton, nothing synthetic. When I think of Shanti and her tastes today, I think the baby would have preferred other things, I didn't know at the time. The most beautiful one was a little pink pajamas, so cute, it was obvious, they had never been worn, I kept them and recently gave them to Shanti, before moving to India. So small, most babies exceed this size when born, and even after several washes, and all these years, it is magnificent. I was pregnant, but could not imagine the time when the baby would be here. I experienced my pregnancy as I had lived alone. I went to a few information evenings on breastfeeding, and I really liked hearing the mother who hosted the evening say that giving birth to her was a gift that we were about to receive. The day before giving birth, I saw the Northern Lights for the first time on the way back from a La Leche League class. It was while crossing the Champlain Bridge that I saw different shades of green, shapes and colours occupying a large part of the space in the sky. It was only recently, on a Facebook group of Aurora photos taken in Quebec, that I discovered that it was an aurora borealis! A blessing from Heaven before the coming of Shanti; We never have enough ; thank your life!

I called Patrice the day before the birth, for no real reason, and he came. He accompanied me throughout the beautiful day of October eleventh.

My intestines emptied naturally, preparing for the event. Nature is so well made. I thought giving birth was going to make me experience something magical... and it was. Yes, it was magical in that on the physical plane the vibrations were high, the presence of several dimensions was unified. The humour between the pushes that I had during the delivery was new to me... what a beautiful delivery! Of course with my habit of zazen and yoga I easily controlled my breathing, without fear, controlling the pain too and it was without magic, a birth without blood, no tearing, a 10-10-10 birth, finally everything was fine. Perfect. That was magic like fine snow falling gently under the warm sun.

The Father signed the recognition papers, and I offered to put the name Trudeau after his first name on Shanti's birth certificate, but he refused. As a teacher it was a cause for concern for the children, who had two last names, and who changed them according to the inspiration of the moment, so Shanti took my last name, and I put the Father's last name in the first names. Today, Shanti can write her father's last name after her first name, and Ouellet as her last name. A good thing, I was well inspired, it is the return of matriarchy subtly as Maitreya Buddha would say.

Finally, the magic was in the perfection of the whole, in the beauty, the naturalness... I arrived at 6 p.m. and three hours later it was finished, and at midnight I was back with Shanti and the dad, who had attended and signed the papers. I was a little disappointed, selfishly, secretly, because my life would have been simpler as a single parent...but hey the father was there and he obviously wanted to take care of it and even more deeply happy for the child who had a Father with noble values.

The next morning at 9 a.m. the tour arrived. I was in great shape, and Shanti, so small, was wearing her cute pajamas, she didn't weigh quite six

kilos Shanti, like me when I was born and right next to Shanti and me, the father. They brought a huge bouquet of flowers, they were the first I received in my entire life, they came from Shanti's paternal grandfather and I also received a beautiful golden metal frame with two angels who looked like the children of the vision . A few months after Shanti's birth, André, a painter friend, sent me from Paris, without knowing it, a small painting representing Raphael's angels, they were chubby like the children in my vision. The energy did exist; angels blessed the child and the mother. These were the three gifts I got for Shanti's birth: flowers, a frame & a canvas with 2 angels! Of course Shanti received clothes and many gifts.

I was breastfeeding Shanti and she only saw her father...in short, her father is so important to her. I still remember as a baby when I was breastfeeding her, Shanti was turned towards her father, she looked at him and held out her hand. Spontaneously, without talking to each other, to help me and share the task for the first year, we came back together for a year. It reminds me of being pregnant, a dream I had, there was Shanti, who was around fifteen years old, her head tilted on her father's shoulder and me opposite. From then on, I knew that she was going to be very close to her father.

It was in January 1998 that there was the ice crisis throughout Quebec, that is to say ice accumulated day after day following freezing rain, which damaged electrical wires and towers, and felled many trees, large branches cracked and broke, which when falling broke lampposts, damaged cars, etc. It was dangerous for pedestrians to walk near trees. I still remember the trees of such splendour under this ice which shimmered in the sun, but which under the effect of the wind made the branches swirl dangerously close to the windows and it was like this everywhere. My apartment and perhaps two

thirds of the city had no electricity for several days in the middle of winter. Also, as I had a baby still on my breast, I went with Patrice to spend a week with my parents in Assomption. But before leaving I took an excellent photo of Shanti with her cotton diaper, nothing more, on a very beautiful purple sheet decorated with gold flowers, a healthy baby who was only breastfed on vegetables. Even so, in Lachine and elsewhere, places had been provided to help families and people who no longer had electricity. Motherhood brought me closer to my mother and that's saying something, because I had always been very far from her. Shanti wasn't easy, so I didn't babysit her.

Breastfeeding didn't stop me from anything, the rare times I went shopping I breastfed discreetly even in the aisles, looking at the clothes, it was natural. Everything was fine. I moved Laprairie to be closer to my job, in a company where I felt like a stranger. It was a young IT firm where young managers strived to develop a competitive spirit. They had parties with big door prizes and they had to react by saying: "We are the best," etc. I felt sold to capitalism. What an aberration! I didn't like it, and during the summer I went to the Val-Morin Ashram, with Shanti, she was three years old, and a borrowed tent and on the way back it was clear to me that I was going to leave this company. Besides, if I did my job well, I knew that I was not a computer genius, and a lot of people wanted my position as a computer technician; so I left. Not to mention that I had to meet the immediate superior for an evaluation of my work in order to establish the annual salary increase and that stressed me out, the company's values did not in any way match mine, and I did not like this spirit competition too far from the beginner's mind. At the time I had already left the town of Laprairie for Montreal and the father no longer lived with me and we started shared custody when Shanti was about two years old.

I returned to the Plateau Mont-Royal, where I had by chance, for many years, registered Shanti at the Blue Elephant daycare, and there was one place who became free a little later, it was Perfect. Having had a car since Shanti was born, I commuted between Montreal and Brossard to go to work with an old American car that had robust mechanics. My father found it, it was his mechanic who recommended this car to him which I got for \$800 Canadian. I had no shame in driving around in an old car, it worked well, it was safe, that was the important thing.

I prepared a big party for Shanti's second birthday, my mother and a lot of people came including Patrice's parents, his brothers and sisters. It was good. I remember Camille who made a delicious Indian dessert and Annie who made an apple pie. It wasn't a big apartment, but what was interesting was the back-room, a windowed room that we used until quite late in the fall, there was space to put a table, which extended to the kitchen. I painted it forest green. And the front of the apartment faced Fullum Park, which I had to cross to take Shanti back to her daycare.

A French travelling friend came to stay with me for a while and it was she who took me to the Naqshbandi Sufi Center. She reminded me that I was a Zen nun, I had almost forgotten that. I started liking dhirks when I understood that the sounds aaaaa humhumhumhum ooooooo corresponded to the different chakras. Sitting in the lotus, I felt my chakra body align with the sound. And one Sunday, maybe the third or fourth that I attended the dhirk, at the end the Iman came and said: "there is a lot of light", he was talking about my interior I was all light . Then, like every Sunday, a meal was served. The men in front and the women and children behind as during the singing, then large tablecloths were spread out on the ground and we simply ate. Annie left Quebec for her home in Europe and I returned to the

Sufi Center. I loved the cordiality of the people. Besides, as Shanti came, there were always other children behind with the women to have fun. As Shanti's father taught religions, he knew about this Centre and joined us. That's where I met Iminza¹⁷ and Shanti became friends with her daughter.

I was very enthusiastic, finally everything that is God, Allah, etc. I like. And one day, we took the transmission of the Sufi lineage, me and Patrice. I stood with families I met at the Sufi Center, it was a new world that opened up.

It was the alignment of the planets at the end of 1999 and at the beginning of December Ramadan began and I wanted to do it, I always liked trying new things.

It was the first day of Ramadan and I went for a walk with Shanti, it was the part of the park further north, where the paths form a star, and now the form of the Dalai Lama appeared to me at the fountain in Fullum Park, and said to me: "You are a Buddhist."

I said to myself: "Finally I have a master! » In Yoga books I had read: "When the disciple is readying the master arrives." And now my master was beckoning me.

I no longer continued Ramadan. Subsequently, I met Iman and he told me that we could do both practices at the same time...I was skeptical. But Iman, very Tantric, shortly after I was going to leave Montreal and return to Djibouti, it was perfect, there is no coincidence and Buddhism had always interested me. I bought a book by the Dalai Lama on meditations and foreplay and I read the texts during the day and did the meditations. Incidentally, I think Iman was a little too Tantric, because during the winter,

¹⁷ In the first edition I put the name Laela without reason, now I put the correct name.

during a sermon that Iminza reminded me of, he said to prepare supplies of water, because the water was going to run out, and we bought eighteen litres of spring water for the occasion. But there was no shortage and as it was cold that winter and I had put the water in the closed part of the kitchen, it froze and the containers burst. I told myself that his reminder and his sermon which did not come true were surely linked. This Iman was true, I loved him for his authenticity and I would have continued with him, an adventurer this Iman, however, his departure simplified my life oh so much!

I place my arms in the cross, like the Egyptians in their tomb, and pray solemnly.

While writing, I feel like crying, I would have, I think I would prefer not to experience this period which will turn my life upside down later by taking away my life, my dreams, my freedom, my merits, my youth, my beauty, my light, while this period was also the most beautiful of my life. If I had known, I would not have followed the path of Tibetan Buddhism that opened up to me. At the same time in 2017, finally finishing this book, I really do it in the mind of a bodhisattva, I believe in my vision, even if it is not easy, to say Buddha Maitreya.

Dignifiedly, her inner being reminded her that this was the best path for Maitreya Buddha, so Yuko continued to write. The Moon was still not going to fail her. She could not forget the Supermoon of August 2014 which told her, from the top of Heaven: “You are Maitreya Buddha, you are Maitreya Buddha”. Even though Heaven was surely going to deploy some mysterious magic that was going to get her out of the abyss into which she was thrown. It had given her courage at that time, she had gorged on it, but then she forgot, she preferred not to dream anymore. And then to understand the secret lineage that of women, this can only be done in the lunar world. At

the same time who better than the Karmapa could explain what the secret lineage is, it is the fifth Karmapa who spoke of it in the prophecy, or the Sharmapa, or other masters. But a woman's vision is new.

I now understand that everything I have experienced is unique to me, because it comes from the creation of my mind, from the fact that for me my masters were my husbands, perhaps this is the cause of the trouble that I had to follow É. Z., because in life he was married. It's much easier to follow a celibate monk.

At the beginning of my meditations from the "lingam¹⁸" of the Dalai Lama's book, I clearly heard a voice saying to me: "Pratyeka Buddha, Pratyeka Buddha". What was it? I didn't know this word.

I did a search, with the internet everything is so simple and quick. What I understood from this word is that the Pratyeka Buddha is a solitary Buddha, who is enlightened, however, he cannot teach, because he has not achieved his enlightenment for others, but only for himself. I thought it looked good on me. As I follow (meaning following) the energies, I was going to see the unfolding to develop the Bodhisattva in me.

How to explain the word Bodhisattva, I have forgotten everything, so I just did a search on the net, and now I see a photo of Bodhisattva Maitreya. I clicked on it, read the text, and this part seems very authentic to me, and at the same time made me dizzy:

From Wikipedia

¹⁸ I wrote Lingam, in reading it I understand it could confused many people. In the 2nd book I wrote a chapter about the explanation of the Yoni & Lingam, the Samgohakaya. In this case Lingam is the Yoni & Lingam and contains the different spiritual spheres & dimensions. See the book: The Rules of the Planet Earth. Mystically, represents all the spiritual power of the person.

"The (historically obvious) extension of the time limit provided for by the short estimate which seems to have prevailed at the beginning of Buddhism (advent of Maitreya 500 to 1500 years after parinirvana) is sometimes explained by the fact that the bodhisattva would have chosen the slowest of the three ways to achieve perfect enlightenment: wisdom, faith and effort, in decreasing order of speed. To accelerate its arrival, it is advisable to redouble piety and increase offerings to monks and visits to temples. Certain currents deviating from orthodox Buddhism believe, on the contrary, that Maitreya has already reached the state of Buddha, but postpones his arrival, where he is already in this world incognito." Copy and paste August 18, 2014.

Since these activities on her invisible bodies, and all these psychic attacks, she feels less sure of herself, she has lost a lot of her power, and it is in this decreasing order as described in the Wikipedia text that what happens in her life; now she still has the effort to make¹⁹. She is working on finishing this book honestly to finally move on to other things, currently moving on to translating it into English. It's her karma. Never finishing her story of Maitreya Buddha, and the image of Amitaba Buddha arises in her, and she starts laughing, not taking herself seriously is better. And just be who she is deeply, because she knows how easy it is to create the false, authenticity is rarer. At the same time, the Truth is important. She remembers being born exactly 2,500 years after Sakyamuni Buddha and has not forgotten that to teach and establish the Dharma she had to descend from the throne of Pratyeka Buddha. And this is still happening in 2016.

¹⁹ But it is a text written for a masculine Buddha, while Maitreya Buddha is feminine, there is truth, but there is the undeniably missing feminine aspect.

"A bodhisattva came to Earth to first help other sentient beings to awaken while himself progressing towards her own definitive awakening, which is that of a Buddha." Wikipedia

Ultimately, it is the bodhisattva that rises within her now, who gives her the motivation to make the people understand a little more about the puppets they forms and how and why they are under their yoke, and how a part of the “game” is intended to enslave human beings. It's still the good old story as she loved them when she was young, and as she still loves them today without choice: the old battle of Good against Evil. But today we no longer talk about this duality, we talk about the dark being part of the light, which I agree with, but it is good to see the suffering present in someone who does evil, bad things.

What Doris lacked, among other things, was an open heart. And the Lamrim, an important teaching among the Gelugpas brought her. And in October 2016 she added that she also lacked experience, psychic experiences to share even though she didn't want them.

The Lamrim is so beautiful. But still it takes some explanations... the exchange of us for our mothers, who suffer and have suffered so much! At first I found it beautiful: “our poor mothers who suffer so much, let us exchange with them”, but then after having been stripped of many metaphysical bodies... I found that it was abused, as she was abused . At first she was able to read this in all the holiness and self-forgetfulness in which the practice on exchange had been written and experienced, but then she understands that this paragraph from the Lamrim is confusing. It takes explanations. And better than that, to protect everyone, the universal rights of beings must be extrapolated to metaphysical planes. This is the path of light and then the Lamrim will regain its original magic.

Later, elsewhere, in a Christian text, I read that hell is paved with good intentions. The intention but if the metaphysical bodies are placed in such ways that the result cannot be and we know, but our intention is pure and noble. We must understand and see the invisible. And since we are all subject to universal laws, everything eventually balances out in the laws of karma.

Yuko was experiencing extraordinary things. However, when I began the preliminary practices in Tibetan Buddhism, I was aware of heads above the room laughing, and it was very unpleasant. So I spoke about it to a presence near me and the laughter stopped.

Around 2014, I read a testimony on Facebook from someone who had the same experience, but not in Tibetan Buddhism. Too bad I “skipped” this post, because it brought back memories that I wanted erased from my memory. I want to be honest, and if this book can give some indications of caution to one or more readers, that is the goal.

This is a serious warning. With years of hindsight, now I know.

So if this ever happens to you, stop, observe and step back. And return to a place of safety, for the path you are about to take, or in which you are engaged, indicates a path of obstacles and tears. Please protect what you have, if you don't know its value yet, other powers or dimensions may know very well. Life always reminds me of what I have forgotten, or hidden. Thank you Life, thank you Death! Because death too. Living each day as if it were the last day helps us avoid many mistakes. And then death is my greatest friend on Earth.

We do not talk enough about the virtue that Prudence is currently, and yet of all the virtues it is perhaps the one that can allow us to achieve our goal as calmly as possible. But I am an adventurer, I freely admit it. I

understand from experience and not from theories or even advice. In this case, how can you be careful? I often say to my teenage daughter, “Shanti be careful, be careful girls.” So that this term imprints on her, and on her friends and that at certain moments their Self reminds them of it. If we have never heard or read it that much, then it is more difficult to bring it to the surface of our Being. Now my life has changed and by repeating it to others I am starting to be more careful, a little, a little bit, but sometimes more.

This laughter above the ceiling has therefore diminished and died out.

And then with the possible transmutation of everything, inherent in the hearts of all, how strange the term prudence can seem. Does he have his place? Certainly. When I was young, the card I preferred in tarot was the hermit, we saw the recluse with a lantern in his hand which lit his way, and under the card it was written: Prudence.

What I experienced thereof sexual tantra is unheard of. I think that rarely have I had so much pleasure in my life as during these sexual tantras which appeared when I was reading the Dalai Lama's book.

So I started going to the Manjusri Center in Longueuil, a Gelugpa Center, the yellow caps whose head is the Dalai Lama.

The important thing is what remains when we have forgotten everything.

At the Manjusri Center, the energy was favourable to me. I began to understand the importance of sexuality and the development of our occult bodies, which I had been doing consciously as best I could since my youth, through visualizations, hatha yoga postures and meditation. I brought Shanti on Sunday mornings, it was a family puja. There was a great lama there who had come temporarily from another monastery probably located in India. And there the deity in me grew like the brilliance of the rising and rising

sun. I was very zen at the same time. And one Sunday afternoon, after the ritual, a good day, under grace, the master of the Centre, Khen Rinpoche greeted me, face to face as the Tibetans do, a beautiful blessing. It was a gift. I was special, and I had only altruistic intentions.

On the way to the Himalayas, via the Dharamsala path, today, at the end of September 2016, I met two monks from the Sera Monastery in southern India, of which Khen Rinpoche is a member. An auspicious sign, they inform me that they are going to the four-day teaching of the Dalai Lama, a sign in these difficult times for me. I will try not to miss the teaching. And yet I would not attend.

In fact, life had prepared me well for this altruism, because since my birth I obtained no merit, no favour from my actions, but it was the Others in my entourage whom it went to. In these conditions, it is easy to let go and detach ourselves, when it is the story of our life. But one day it has to stop otherwise we disappear, I think. I didn't get any merit on the earthly plane, but on the divine plane, yes, the merits went to my divine body.

Who has not seen images of Hindu deities or Tibetan Buddhism? Sarasvati, Chenrezig, Shiva, Parvati, Krishna are just a few examples; there is an infinity of gods whom all express a virtue, a state, a particular fight. In recent years I have calmed down by taking a gentle deity like Sarasvati after the hard and dark Kali while waiting to integrate Lashkmi. Who doesn't love abundance in every sense of Lashkmi, and I love the abundance of light, the abundance of Nature, laughter, and the abundance of the jewel that fulfills all desires. And I have integrated it, the deity Lashkmi in recent years, abundance nourishes, it's good.

The Dalai Lama is recognized as Bodhisattva Chenrezig, in China, he/she is named Guan Yin, having taken shape to help humans develop

compassion and kindness. It has several forms and other names such as Thousand-Armed Avalokiteshvara. So she has several heads which allow her to be the levels of consciousness necessary to help each human being, she has several arms, because she offers them her help according to the different needs, she brings help even to people who are the most distant from the different universe and her hands are crossed in prayer at the level of her heart, because she holds the jewel of eternal life: Love.

Through the power of sexual tantra, my inner deity came to life and took the form according to the meditation of the moment: sometimes Vajrasattva, sometimes Chenrezig and others too. I had powers I knew, but I had to be taught how they worked, and I prayed for that. And I enjoy being the deity Prajnaparamita, deity of Wisdom, the one of Emptiness with a sword cutting all illusions and, on the other hand, the incomparable Sutra of Emptiness.

Sometimes I saw Shanti's father and rarely but sometimes we made love, but this time I had a surprise, in my secret chakra, when I was making love someone got up and was crying. Then, I didn't make love anymore, and I had a lot of abstinence, so much so that it seemed to me that I had hurt someone that time. It was so touching and infinitely sad, this image was also beautiful in me. Was it the Dalai Lama, whose Tantric wife I thought was? Or who ? Or a decoy in order to achieve a result? I don't know, but I'll find out.

Once, at night when I felt the lingam in me, I was told to give love to the lingam, love does not just come from the heart, but each of our atoms can set ablaze in It. .

One day I shaved my hair which I hadn't done since my Zen period, the difference was that there I had a job and a social life. It was the year of

the snake that was beginning, it was in 2001. It wasn't easy to shave, but I did it, deep down it was the sacredness of what I was experiencing, it was the unknown, improbable path I took that nourished me with love, and this whole period helped me heal my life. My heart, which was not very open when I was young, now opened like a lotus and nourished others. Shaved head made my religious life easier, because I had a good excuse not to work, although if I had wanted I would have tried my luck shaved, but I did not find it very important, because I always looked for to understand how energies work, and here life gave me a chance to increase my understanding, I didn't want to miss that. I think I remained shaved head for about seven years from that point on.

Sometimes I wondered if I was a saint given the mystical unions I experienced. I found myself so ignorant, but I read books of Tibetan Buddhism which enlightened me on the Tantric path, among others the great yogini Yeshe Tsogyal and her well-known master of Tibetan Buddhism Padmasambhava. In fact, she was the Tantric wife of this master. The path of Tibetan Buddhism is very different from the Christian path. While writing in this year 2014, I just realized that the name that I would look for later in 2006 at the Rigpe Dorje Center is Yeshe like her, I find that very auspicious, Yeshe wisdom. And she was also the leader of the Daikinis. What is a daikini?

Sometimes I went to meditate at the Kadampa Center. And a nun to whom I had said that I wanted to reorient myself more in mutual aid work had suggested her former employer to me. So I started working for this person who had contracts in a Centre for the elderly. It suited me, and at the heart level it created a beautiful opening. I accompanied an elderly and sick person and a few other people as well on occasion. I read her beautiful texts,

I tried to improve her happiness. I really liked this type of job, which I considered spiritual; I spent eighteen to twenty hours a week there. And when he left his physical, etheric and other bodies, my employer sent me to accompany an elderly woman, the wife of the deceased gentleman, whose name I forgot to my regret, but from above I see it , but the energy did not flow and so I found myself without work.

Anecdote, when I arrived the next day after having shaved my hair, at the CHSLD near Viau, a patient who had diabetes and who had had his leg cut, looked at me and seemed very angry with me, my beautiful long red-tinted hair had been cut. I felt great disapproval on his part, no coincidence, the next day he had his other leg cut off. When this man looked at me, I tried to understand the cause of this karma.

Once after a meal, I had a pain that pierced my shoulder, like a stab, later I learned that I had stones in my gallbladder.

Through my Zen side, I softened this pain, I liked it, and it was a practice that suited me well. But I would have needed a guide. I had not yet read the text on suffering by Albert Low at that time, because I think I would have taken him there as a teacher. Even so, maybe he would have told me to go and have an operation!

I tried different natural methods to get them out, but not very seriously, because I didn't believe in them. Now, I understand that part of my mind was hostile to that, and that's where I also understand that we can control energy so that it is favourable to healing ourselves naturally, to developing our gifts of self-healing, or even to hide this in order to give all our power to the doctor²⁰. I had my gallbladder removed, it was a one-day

²⁰ This assertion is important, yes we are following the Hindu Calendar in the Dark Age, we are controlled in our mind and spirit. It will change!

operation. Note that sometimes we have no choice, because the occult can be entirely against us. It is not without reason that the occult is not popular, we want something and the opposite happens²¹. It is all the importance of having authentic guides, pouring towards the Good of beings, who create the bridge, but I do not know if the time has come. Maybe I'm just here to show a few people how human beings can be controlled.

My significant experiences at the Manjushri Center were firstly the one where I understood that through the power of a deity, that is to say of our metaphysical bodies, we can empty a temple and fill it elsewhere. I understood that I had a realization of emptiness.

The light also dawned on me that autistic people can recover by removing the occult body that can harm them, or by repairs. A karma from a past life or a some are caused by the vaccines. For example, one evening during a different ritual, sitting in the lotus, without differentiation from the other meditators, my deity was animated and guided internally without thought, beyond thought, I went to withdraw an occult body from one of the monks who until then could not do certain Tantric practices. I pulled it out like an octopus extends its tentacle far and wide. Then this monk, until then in the background, as if in a bubble, awakened to other dimensions, and since then he has become more communicative, more appreciated, has embellished, etc. This is how I said to myself: “we can help autistic people to open up to the outside world. How far can help an autistic person go through knowledge of the Science of Women? I don't know, that would take Moggalana's opinion, but would he know how to answer it? Because times have changed since then, and Westerners also develop their bodies and

²¹ By the subtle bodies that contains one energy positive and the other negative like in electricity, they remove the positive side, and then we stay in the negative.

ornaments differently than Easterners. The situation of women is not at odds, but almost egalitarian!

From this period, it was the gods, from the domain of the gods. My words are earthy, down to earth, because then it is the house of God, the difficult regression from the plan of the gods to the human plan, the fall, but when I did these practices it was, certainly, the highest tantras. I haven't written everything, I lack the poetry to describe the rapture of the world of the gods, the nectar, the amrita.

The deity of Maitreya is often depicted holding in one of his hands a bottle with amrita, which is the drink of immortality, and this drink exists in the world of the gods. In the other hand is the vial containing the elixir of beauty. We see Maitreya, in certain representations, wearing a stupa on his head as a headdress, a stupa which represents our wholeness, that is to say all our different invisible bodies with their different realizations. It is a universe of delights, beauty, sweetness and healing. But what a shame that I cannot reveal them in all their sublimity. I refer readers to the stories relating to Yeshe Tsogyal, Queen of Wisdom, Ocean of Victorious Wisdom, for further discussion.

Also, I had an important occult/metaphysical initiation, perhaps one of the last times I went to the Manjushri Center, in one sphere, Tibetan women showed me how to meditate in union with myself, so there. It showed a great practice; finally I understood. And I remembered the Tangkha, a Tibetan art of fabric painting, that I had at home, which represents the significant scenes from the life of Sakyamuni Buddha, and one of these scenes represents the Buddha in union, now I know, he was in union with himself. How ? Thanks to its developed occult bodies. I remind you, we have a physical, etheric, astral, mental, supramental, divine body, etc. So, being in union with the

etheric body and/or even with the divine body are Tantric practices. This is where the purification of our different bodies, the work on oneself, the evolution of the being in the cycle of rebirths, the wisdom and virtues developed, this takes on its meaning in the higher spheres of our own stupa and of the highest cosmic wisdom realized in harmony with the Universe.

Recently in Bodh Gaya, I saw a book about Sujata, the young woman who offered a rice sweet to the Buddha, just before he went to sit under the bodhi tree to achieve enlightenment. In the book, he spoke of a mystical union between Sujata and the Buddha, a union that helped Gautama achieve his noble goals. We are each interconnected, whether we like it or not, that's it and we have several dimensions: supramental, mental, emotional, spiritual, astral, etheric, divine. One may wonder on what level the union between Sujata and Buddha was²². I said I am an apprentice-wise on the subject, but I would say that their union, all things being equal, if there was, certainly was etheric, which is the plane closest to the physical body, and also from the domain of the gods, because she was a Sujata god, and for the other dimensions I don't know Sujata.

But once, during a ceremony when I first started going to the Manjushri Center, when there was this Rinpoche visiting and the temple was full of participants, in another dimension an old woman, who may or may not have a physical body in this land, certain of my occult sexual bodies were tied to me, so I became a virgin again, and it was easier afterwards to conserve my sexual energy. It was certainly on the etheric and also astral plane that this was done. For Tibetans the occult bodies from what I understood are the Samboghakaya, the Dharmakaya and the Nirmanakaya.

²² The great union of Buddha in the divine bodies was with his wife that he knew since many of his pastlives.

This activity took place in the Nirmanakaya, and undoubtedly also the Samboghakaya. It would be interesting to check with Tibetans who work in the occult. I loved this age-old Tibetan activity of know-how, I felt more myself afterwards, and contentment with a universe of secret blessings, and that was Shamballah.

Tibetan Buddhism brought me what I had lacked the most until then in my life: Love. I finally feel loved, I am loved as I am. The mantras I hear invariably repeat I love you, I love you, over and over again, how sweet and how full it is. I remember when I was in my job oh a little job supporting the elderly and around me coming from my heart 2 luminous and white beings made a circle and told me again and again I Love you, I Love you, Wow I think this is one of the most meaningful experiences I have had. And I was standing and walking and it happened, feeling love but for no reason just because we love and we say it, I love you I love you and they were dancing around me. Yes Tibetan Buddhism in psychology they are powerful and they are certainly the best doctors in the world. And certainly if we have this openness, they bring it to life for beings who have lacked love, who have not felt the love of those around them for one reason or another...powerful doctor! However, because I am a woman we have to talk about wisdom²³, and true wisdom human beings need to know what it is, united with the innate kindness of Maitreya Buddha, which has decreased following the

²³ I was reading Deshimaru he wrote : The boy is the symbol of wisdom, the girl of emotion. Great Zen classics, p. 107 - Indeed man and woman contain wisdom differently however. The quality of the Wisdom of the men is from the Mind, the quality of the Wisdom of the women comes from their inner quality to be born in a female body. We all have the potential to achieve Nirvana, we have all the DNA in It within us. I am a woman than I give the side of the woman however, adding this note is very important. Always the books were written by male masters, frustratingly, and sometimes I forget to give the side male :) For me it is clear man has also wisdom...

hundreds of psychic attacks to which I have been subject, if not thousands, wisdom combined with love, of course. Kindness that I hope to rediscover.

Om Mani Padme Hung

Om Mani Perme Hum

Om Mani Padme Hung

Om Mani Perme Hum

The Tibetans know a lot about the occult body. As I would like to have their knowledge, I pray that it becomes mine, well I don't know if it's really necessary anyway²⁴, but I want to know everything and everything is possible. Believing that you cannot achieve your dreams is a great illusion.

The experiences I had at the Manjushri Center were those of a Tantric/mystical wife for sure. And it is in our interest to unite with the most evolved beings. When I see the images of Krishna and his wife Râdhâ, surrounded by dozens of women who are all illuminated, this is what we must understand. Radhâ allowed all women to be enlightened because she acts as a bridge, and she and Krishna were perfect yoni and lingam! The current situation is that Râdhâ has been replaced by a man, but everything may have been reversed since then.

In the tree of refuge of Tibetan Buddhism of the Kagyus for example, at the top there is the Prajna Paramita, feminine god of the void and the sages around. Prajna Paramita, replace me with a man!! For what ?

What an incredible science to know, the Science of Women!
Incredible grandeur, gentleness, selfless kindness! Shamballah that's it! In January 2015, when I went to Dharamsala to Men-Tse-khang, a centre of

²⁴ Today in 2023, I don't think it is necessary but the full protection of our metaphysical bodies...Yes.

traditional Tibetan and astrological medicine, I asked if there were people who healed in the esoteric world, but all the doors were closed, hidden signs. No, very affirmative. And yet, it exists and is very evolved. Om Mani Padme Hung.

However, if the mystical unions continued at home when I meditated or when I was lying in bed, in the temple I never experienced a similar union, or sexuality of the same type, it was at home alone. Of course this challenged me, a big question within me. So the initiation of these Tibetan women enlightened me a little on this, but there was much more to understand.

I understood that in this dimension there was the real world, a pure Reality, and so powerful. Perhaps this was Shamballah? Shamballah expresses according to each one or the Hollow Earth, or a dimension, I do not want to limit. The great initiation given by the Dalai Lama, the Kalachakra, according to the texts on the subject, allows one to connect to Shamballah.

In my great solitude, I continued to try different methods, to explore and to pray that someone would open me to this fantastic universe, of love, of wisdom, of grace, of holiness. I was the Tantric wife of the Dalai Lama, I was certain of it, then I would doubt. But what I understand is that there was a transfer from the Dalai Lama to Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, and that it was through me that this was done without wanting it. All my hatha yoga practices since my teenage years, all the purification, the exercises, has allowed me to develop these powers given the opening of my chakras, and my meditations on emptiness through zazen and chanting.

It was in 2014 that I learned the theory about the hollow Earth, Shamballah would be its capital, it is also called Agartha, or Jullé. It was the

best birthday present I had in my life. There are more and more scientists who are looking into the question and who are even able to explain why technically an atomic central sun, oceans, and clean air could plausibly exist at the Center of our Earth. In a few words, it is that there would be beings of high evolution who would live inside the Earth, beings of very high vibration who help the Earth to avoid disasters, to evolve towards the light. I like to believe in what elevates me and helps expand my consciousness, my wisdom and my own power. And when the time comes, these so-called blue beings will come to the surface of the Earth to teach the true spirituality.

In Zen, the teaching says to put down roots, to bring our roots deep into the earth, but the problem is that the earth until I heard of this theory seemed very inhospitable to me, but there Agarthia, a paradise within the Earth with beings of immense wisdom who would help human beings, a paradise with giant vines producing grapes the size of an apple, with heavenly greenery, in harmony with the animals, exquisite flowers, and there would even be dinosaurs, and giant beings of beauty and great wisdom! It costs nothing to visualize this and I do it with Joy! Ugliness, the banal, the ugly don't make me dream, in fact, they don't exist because everything is energy, everything is transmutable.

A few people have travelled to the Hollow Earth and reported to us what they saw. There are gates in several places on Earth, however, the main ones are the Arctic and Antarctica. The report by Admiral E. Byrd (March 1947) is very convincing, and other testimonies on the subject exist. Because it is a protected place where very few people are admitted. For me, since then, my meditations have been rooted in Shamballah, I like this theory, it nourishes me. Inscribes itself in me and reinforces my hope for a better world, and of great teaching, when the earthlings are readying the door of

Shamballah will open to teach us according to the great universal laws of Love and Wisdom.

I prayed to be introduced to this world. I prayed for someone to explain to me, to tell me what to do. And I continue to pray.

Once during an initiation, the lama spoke of the Dalai Lama using the term God, and that surprised me. And subsequently, it made me think. When it's natural, when it comes from our own creative power, it's good. I don't completely understand it, but it's an interesting story to follow.

Inside me, the one who had the venerable form of my inner guide, the Bodhisattva Dalai Lama, presented to me one day in a beautiful vision, colourful, vibrant with realism, the Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, reputed to be a Buddha alive, who had just sneaked out of Tibet and arrived in India under the protective wing of the Dalai Lama.

In this vision that appeared before me, while I was meditating, the Karmapa showed me his jewels. He opened small boxes and out came pieces of bones, teeth, relics of past Karmapas, no doubt. I was very surprised and it took several minutes before I understood that it was relics that he was showing me. It was beautiful and luminous this vision, sitting in the lotus at home.

Then the golden world I had been immersed in until then began to fade. I wanted to return to the period before this vision of the Karmapa, but I could no longer do so. The negative had entered me. One day, I had a lot of pain in my left ear, and if I tried to treat myself after a week, I would go to see a doctor who told me he had never seen an ear infection before. But it seems I had no choice and probably should follow the Karmapa and forget the Dalai Lama. There was a force there pushing me that I couldn't deflect,

despite all my good will. This meant no longer following the *positive wire*, but the *negative wire*. But why ?

It was strange sometimes I laughed to myself, I experienced imbalances, but hey I tried to pull myself together, but I found it worrying. Now in 2015, I understand that Ogyen Trinley was beginning to appropriate my positive bodies, my masculine bodies, and even the feminine ones and that he was going to drag me into the negative to my great misfortune. And also in November 2016 I add because there are always two sides to a medal, if I wrote previously for my greatest misfortune, it is also for the happiness of bringing Knowledge, finally I believe in it , to bring the world out of ignorance, to make the world mature, and me first. Because human beings on this Earth we are very primitive, of all the solar systems, of all the planets we are the most ignorant beings there are, and this is a choice, of our governments, of those who control money, and those who control us whether or not they have a physical body. And to those who say to me “give me proof that Extraterrestrial exist”, I say look at the sky and see all these stars, and if you transport yourself to a star, the Earth does not appear any different.

The Dalai Lama had recognized the Karmapa, which was a first in this line, perhaps following the dismantling of Tibet. Because in Tibetan Buddhism there were four lineages, to put it briefly, because it is more complex than that: Gelug that of the Dalai Lama, Karma Kagyu that of the Karmapa, Sakya and Nygmapa. According to tradition, each school is independent of the other schools and chooses its head of lineage. For the first time the Dalai Lama, and we know the great notoriety of His Holiness Tenzin Gyatso throughout the West, and what he did for the Tibetans forced to go into exile outside Tibet, for the first time he chose the Karmapa: and said something like: Ogyen Trinley is the real 17th Karmapa, which is why

the Tibetans sided with him. In the past there had often been differences between the Dalai Lama and the Karmapa, perhaps that is why he acted this way, to be the indisputable leader of the Tibetans with the intention of unify to avoid dissension when Tibet fell under Chinese invasion. For us Westerners, does this change anything in our lives? Yes, and for others, and for Quebec as a whole, and more too as we will see later.

In an interview the Dalai Lama said he had a dream about this Karmapa assuring him of his authenticity. But dreams, I thought later, can be fabricated. We remember that Tibet fell under attack by the Chinese and that many Tibetans had to leave their country to go into exile in India. One of the very renowned masters of the Kagyu lineage of the time, Lama Guendune, said of Orgyen Trinley: “He is certainly a great monk, but he is not the Karmapa. » And I believe that many masters of the multiple Kagyu schools will follow the energy will follow Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, knowing well that it was not the reincarnation of the 16th Karmapa, to protect their achievements. Because I remember the first films of the child Karmapa and really like others I did not find this child inspiring. What a mistake to believe that because it is the choice of the Ocean of Wisdom that it does not make mistakes. Is this title of Dalai Lama overvalued? What does this hide?

In the Kagyu tradition, Maitreya Buddha comes from this lineage. According to my knowledge, a lineage versed towards the Truth, and the Reality of women, a lineage which would not change anything in the teachings of Sakyamuni Buddha, which would be before religions and which should bring about the Golden Age. This is information, previously veiled, that I went to look for in the kingdom of Tushita, the temple of Maitreya, in the Pure Lands of Buddha, but I cannot say in what year. It is little, very

little, that will blow from the height of Heaven, the White Buddha, but this girl is like that, out of nothing, she creates a mountain of precious stones.

I sometimes went to the Rigpe Dorje Center, the Center of the Kagyu lineage and therefore of the Karmapa, run by female disciples of Jamgon Kungtrul who had a fatal car accident in 1992, in India, going by car to recognize or not in the child Ogyen Trinley, the next XVII Karmapa. The 16th Karmapa, named Rangjung, left his body in 1981. At that time, there were two young children who identified themselves as the Karmapa: a child named Ogyen Trinley and a second-named Thaye Dorje. In tradition it is said that: the Karmapa recognizes himself.

Who would Jamgon Kongtrul have recognized as Karmapa?

It was only a few years ago that I learned that each of the Karmapas recognized two different Jamgon Kontrul. I recently learned that the one I knew from the Rigpe Dorje Center had resigned in spring 2016, the same one recognized by Karmapa Ogyen Trinley. And he did it by saying that the Third Jamgon Kontrul had committed suicide so as not to have to recognize Ogyen Trinley as the Karmapa. Very disturbing, but understandable, as we will see later.

The first time I went to the Rigpe Dorje Center, it was celebrating Christmas, and it was so good, Tibetan and Indian food with, of course, some Western dishes. This was the first time I tasted tsampa, roasted barley porridge. I felt privileged to have access to typical dishes from Tibet, until then, this old spiritual country, I only knew it through books, whereas there the Tibetan energy was tangible and strong. Then, I admit that the energy had subsequently continued to decrease in quality and quantity in the Centre. And these women, from the beginning, so proud of their Centre, filled with love for Jamgon Kongtrul, at the end we saw them less.

Once they showed a video of Karmapa Orgyen Trinley, and if the film was good the ending seemed very disturbing to my neighbour sitting like me in meditation. Towards the end of the video, the Karmapa, sitting cross-legged, began to make improbable facial expressions and strange sounds, as if he were eating imaginary things. I think that afterwards, my neighbour no longer returned to the Rigpe Dorje Center, she had good intuition and protection from this woman. Even today, we still find bits of his disturbing films on YouTube and DVD. For me, it's simple, he eats metaphysical bodies, it creates chains and takes away from us our memories, our achievements, our ornaments which are our efforts on the path of virtues to develop them.

We say “Live in the present”, but sometimes we have to remember the past: our inner light, our cranial protuberance (ushnîsha), our excellent virtues.

At the Rigpe Dorje Center, there was such a touching video from Khenpo Kartar who is the head of KTD, the largest Kagyu centre in the United States. He cried when he spoke of the 16th Karmapa Rangjung Rigpe Dorje, it was of incomparable beauty. It expressed all the value of this being the late 16th Karmapa, this high lama cried with great dignity. For my part, it was later that I discovered the being that the Karmapa was in the long line of the golden rosary. A being, with spirituality beyond the beyond, who was not afraid to leave room for others to avoid war and fratricidal tearing. It is in the book “Buddha’s not smiling” that I would discover who the Karmapa is, who he was and will be for my greatest happiness. I would have tears similar to Khenpo Kartar in This.

I sometimes continued to do zazens and Sesshins. Strangely, my first Sesshin since the death of Étienne and the birth of my child, I did with

Roger B. strange because I had never had so much sympathy for this Zen monk and normally I would not have been to the Sesshin. But I went there because Buddha wanted an enigma to be solved within me. (Everything I do, all my steps, the obstacles are only the will of the Buddha so that the Pratyeka Buddha in me can teach). It was a beautiful Sesshin, I was happy to be there until during the second and last night I felt violated again, exactly as I felt several years before, after the death of Étienne and who had made zazen stop. I understood that R.B. used energy, I didn't think it was really in the spirit of Zen, non-action, non-willing.

Then, I did a Sesshin with Roland Rech as I have already told to my greatest joy.

I had been inspired to carry out an act of apostasy, a funny fact it was following an article in a newspaper on the Raëlian sect which brought forms of this act into schools to encourage young people to leave their religion, and this was not to praise the Raëlians. Special as an article, but then I thought about it and concluded that it would be good for me. Also, under the gaze of two witnesses, I renounced my Christian and Catholic baptism and entered into Buddhism.

But even several years later, what was strange was that sometimes the song of Ave Maria rose up in me, even after the Act of Apostasy done in due form, it was strange. At the same time normal, it is not for a piece of paper that God lets us down, we are his children. What I understand today is that my occult bodies included all my practices, all my prayers and that Jesus and his Love are far beyond a piece of paper, far beyond a form, 'a label. Ultimately, Love is much higher than Islam, Christianity, Buddhism, etc. Love encompasses everything, without duality, without Separation, Love is ONE. And Wisdom too is much higher than Islam, Christianity, Buddhism,

etc. Wisdom encompasses everything, without duality, without Separation. So what is the problem: Men who think they are gods and manipulate bodies perhaps? Patriarchy which thinks it is better than matriarchy?

I have always visualized within myself the Earth which was repairing itself, healing itself, an Earth free of pollution, where Nature was respected, as well as all the different kingdoms. Following my experiences and my efforts, I had a revelation one day, when I was practising Tibetan Buddhism: I understood that our metaphysical bodies participate, and are an integral part of the aura surrounding the Earth. Also protecting our physical body and all our metaphysical bodies help protect the Earth and repair it, or on the contrary can create disorder and precipitate pollution or temperature imbalances. I understood that a woman in her lunar quality, which is cold, anchoring her bodies to the Earth, prevents global warming (see celestial mathematics). And that our bodies carried by a man, which is of solar quality, warm, anchoring female bodies, participate in warming the planet. This is the mystical understanding that I have.

Group meditations, where everyone's aura communicates together for a chosen purpose, for example dissipating water and air pollution, helping the earth's atmosphere, repairing the auras of animals, etc. this would help the Earth to repair itself and would have very beneficial effects. Repair the Spirit first and then the grosser plans. We humans have the power, but we have forgotten.

A few weeks ago in Rishikesh, Sept.-16, I met a disciple of the Mahareshi, a Westerner dressed all in white who invited me to have tea, and who explained his plan to me, after I explained my plan to him. Just after our meeting walking towards our rooms we understood that we each had a project to carry out. When he explained his plan to me, he spoke to me about

the power of group meditations and the immediate effects on Peace. He asked me if I believed him, of course, I told him, I have the same plan, to heal, heal the planet, repair the aura of the Earth, bring back the climate, etc. It was the same power, but exercised differently.

I had very different experiences with the Karmapa, much more childish than when I had the Dalai Lama label. I say “etiquette” because in the world of the invisible, humans being completely uninterested in it, there are no rules, so forms are taken to achieve the desired goal. I saw the Dalai Lama, but was it him? Or a decoy? What was it? In a world where humanity had real things, where humanity had Knowledge and could make real choices, illusions would no longer be possible, beings would see forms in their Reality. It is the Science of Women according to the vision of Buddha Maitreya.

One day when I was in contemplation, Karmapa Ogyen Trinley made me drink his orange juice. So we were relatively close. I cannot say the exact term for this phenomenon, but he could do it because of my metaphysical bodies, it was after the vision where he showed me relics. Even so, I will continue to call him Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, because I will carry out tests later, which will prove that it is indeed the one who has the physical form of Karmapa Ogyen Trinley who made me drink his juice orange.

I had already experienced something like this several years ago at my work and it was very involuntary. It was when I worked at Élif, during the last weeks of work, the young computer scientist, an Arab, there were tensions in our relationship, pressure which undoubtedly came from the employer, because there was less and less money coming in, so he coughed and to our great astonishment, a particle ended up in my mouth, really! It didn't happen thereby projection. I didn't like it at all, and maybe that's why

I resigned, I didn't really want to relive this phenomenon which was, one might say, disgusting. My realization is in the realm of emptiness, and Allah, their meditation is done in emptiness, that is how I understand it.

Phew... luckily, in Buddhism the sensations, perceptions, and other Buddha told them to be empty, the Emptiness enters the phenomena, the phenomena enter the Emptiness, understanding this, realizing In That all fear and apprehension are removed, it there is no more suffering, no beginning of suffering, everything is empty and we can reach Nirvana. Excerpted from the Hannya Shingyo Sutra, the Sutra of Great Wisdom, and it is also called the Sutra of Great Compassion.

And one evening, late when I was in bed, an entity that I believe to be the Karmapa for fun put me in a state of drinking, I felt as if I had taken alcohol and I was a little drunk. I said to myself: "It's still incredible what we can do" in the occult.

Another time, in me when I was walking the white Buddha was turning around me, in a beautiful joyful circle with another person, I said to myself it is the Dalai Lama and the Karmapa without doubt. It was a beautiful celebration, I think it was before the vision of the relics.

Sometimes, it also happened that I no longer had my Golden lotus with me, my secret chakra, it had been taken away from me for a certain moment, for a spiritual practice probably to be carried out. I didn't like it, but how can I express my opinion on this subject? I knew nothing about it and I wanted to know everything. I was amazed how can you take away someone's libido? It's as if my Yoni & Lingam were removed, well its essence at least! I believe it is from the etheric level, and it remains to be verified whether it is from the astral domain too. Who would like that!

Another time, lying on my bed, one afternoon I would say, a ceremony took place, and my golden lotus were the holy link between all. I am sure it was a real ceremony taking place at the same time, probably an initiation of Padmasambhava. I wrote a text on the sacredness that I experienced in this ceremony, it was solemn, detached from emotions, my lotus was the holy of holies. But that was before I had my left ear infection. What I was experiencing was not then disturbed by this energy that I would call negative which then continued to rise within me.

One day, one of my occult bodies was hit, like a car hits a lamppost, one of my occult bodies was smashed. It hurt and then my energy dropped to zero. And a few days later I saw the Karmapa remove an occult body from me through the base chakra, and there everything began to go wrong in my meditations. When I went to the Manjushri Center nothing was the same, and I didn't feel very good when I left. Also, I remember in a vision Bardor Tulku, he worked with him. Then I did not have the choice to abandon the Tibetan Buddhist meditation centres, at the same time, one can understand, I was infinitely sad to see that what had enabled me in the Tibetan Buddhist Centers to be the deep Being that I was, I was no longer the same, a body had been removed from me, by the chakra of the base, as one unscrews an object of matter, he unscrewed this chakra removed the original Sambhogakaya, and placed another one that did not suit me. I remember that there was a smell of cigarettes when it was done, I had stopped smoking for a long time I didn't understand why I felt smoked and where this body came from, but later I would understand that it came from Bardor Tulku, a KTD representative in Montreal. Moreover, he will thus take part of my deity head and my heart, which will allow him to teach yoginis and play Padmasambhava without having developed the capacity himself, which

should not be done. In 2010 I learned that he was banned from KTD. Thank you Buddha. Of course, it's like fast food versus a dish created by us. In the spiritual world we should go towards the best, but hey I also understand those who go to the fast food restaurant... But if it doesn't hurt anyone, it's OK but if it hurts someone, that's it which is my case so it should not be done. We must return to the basics of Buddhism and Gautama Buddha always followed universal laws, the Dharma is based on these laws.

When researching the occult bodies of Tibetan Buddhism, the result turned out to be an exact reflection of my experience.

In Tibetan Buddhism, the esoteric bodies are described as follows, the bodies of the Buddha, the three kayas. A Buddha has all three bodies perfectly developed.

Sambhogakaya is the body of enjoyment, it is the body of a deity.

Dharmakaya is the body of wisdom, the body of emptiness, the body of law, of the incarnation of universal laws.

Nirmanakaya is the manifestation of awakening in the physical body.

What was taken away from me was the Sambhogakaya, it was this body which created the deity in me, which allowed me to develop the ornaments, according to the virtues that I wanted to work on, to achieve. And what was given to me did not suit me, diminished my entire existence in Heaven and on Earth, also attacked me because it was foreign to me and to my achievements. We can understand that from then on Tantric sexuality disappeared, I did the same practices, but there was no longer any enjoyment, and the dimensions were no longer. I was no longer in the dimensions where the Tibetan women came to help me. The Sambhogakaya does not come alone, there are also ornaments, and other dimensions. He took everything from me. After a few years, when I understood, each time

the birthday of Karmapa Ogyen Trinley approached I had fears, and indeed, I was always removed from the dimensions, from the consciousness on that date. It lasted a long time, even in 2010 and beyond, which shows how much he uses people's naivety. Because finally the Karmapa is reputed to be a living Buddha, he has his own bodies, why take them away from women like me? There is certainly something fishy going on here. However, the article in the appendix: "Women of Wisdom" opens some doors of understanding for us.

I am sure that the reader will ask the following question: was this really Karmapa Ogyen Trinley? And it's very legitimate, because in the occult world you have to be careful. The visions we see, the faces we recognize are often only labels, only borrowings of form. This is what we will see later in the story.

One might wonder what it means to be the Tantric wife of the Dalai Lama in Tibetan Buddhism, because it certainly exists. But, of course, we do not take the metaphysical bodies of the Tantric wife, because that is without activity, in non-action, it is simply Love. There are several questions that I ask myself more than fourteen years after starting Tibetan Buddhism at the Manjushri Center. And then once inside I clearly wanted to be ordained and it said to me: "Tantric wife." And indeed, now I know that it is a higher position than nun. But hey, it depends on our aspirations.

Inside me I was told Pema Chodrön, but why would I go to Pema Chodrön, I knew well that my realization was different from hers, why go to her? It was clear they wanted to send me to her, but I didn't see any reason to go to her, I didn't understand. In fact, it was not towards her, but towards the metaphysical bodies provided for this purpose. Sadness and

incomprehension. Maybe it wasn't really Pema Chodrön, but they wanted to send me to an occult group... surely Tibetan Buddhists could explain that.

And more, secretly, I knew that my achievement was much more important than that of Pema Chodrön. It was a realization of emptiness, and it was mine, it was my work, what I had knitted since I was young and taken away from me, nothing to do with the patriarchy. Still, I believe in the wisdom of men, but I also understand their limits even more in 2016!

At the time, I bought Tibetan Buddhist magazines and books to understand a little more about what I was experiencing. And in the Samsara magazine I came across an interview with the master of the Sakya lineage, His Holiness Sakya Trizin, and in the interview he says that he is an extraterrestrial and that he comes from another star. It seemed very extraordinary to me that such a serious, so well-established master would clearly say that he was an extraterrestrial. When I went to see him in 2015, in Dehradun he secretly helped me raise my vibrations. This was what the Karmapa also sent me as a message: "Raise your vibrations," because all his years the activity on me was to lower me again and again. But how difficult it is when you sink to vibrate, to rise!

Later, I would take classes at the University, and there was a course in religious studies on the mythology of women, I felt so sad to see that the explanations all came from men, none from women! But why? This book gives the answer.

However, the removal of my metaphysical bodies was not going to stop there! Indeed, there are men who literally laugh at women, men steal women's achievements and then ask that we pray to them, that we work for them... It's the apocalypse, the slaughter, the world upside down!! But I will come back to it as these last lines are of great Truth, especially if you have

read the text “The Wisdom of Women”. It announces the end of the reign of patriarchy, let's dream of it to bring order back to matriarchy²⁵.

What I also understand from this experience is that, usually, we think that these actions come from entities that do not have a physical body, well I have proof beyond any doubt that this comes from people who do have a physical body. Understanding metaphysical worlds would help humanity take a step towards maturation, certainly, but are we ready to take this leap? And can a woman like me open the doors of secrets? Against and against many? First will I be published? And by whom? Finally, I would go to the world of Quebec digital publishing, donations are welcome and help to root on Earth the Truth of our immense potential that they want us to forget.

No one is a prophet in his country, is this still relevant? I see a light in the distance and this is what I am, I Am. Are we so afraid of an authentic, avant-garde being who reveals age-old secrets? Even Buddha didn't talk about it, he couldn't. For what ? Because the reality of women at that time did not allow it, but today the reality allows it. And I took on a human body to help human beings to just mature, and to no longer be afraid of what we cannot see, the occult, but on the contrary, the protection of beings comes through this knowledge. We know the important disciple of the Buddha Sariputra, an expert disciple in the Dharma of the Buddha, we know less, the person we usually see to the left of the Buddha, because on his right is Sariputra, Mogallana who was the first in esotericism . This speaks volumes about the importance of esotericism even in the time of the Buddha. The end of secrets is the opening of the different planes, from the hollow Earth to the

²⁵ Nor matriarchy nor patriarchy but a balance, a harmony.

confines of the cosmos, the true faces of the visions, of the entities that we channel. It's the end of secrets and the beginning of the golden age.

I had tons of visions during this Tibetan Buddhist period, including a very short vision, the most Christian that I had, still amusing, it was the image of Karmapa Ogyen Trinley chained by the penis, red himself- even, like a servant dog. This vision came to me from a very distant dimension, deep within me. I must have seen a picture like this in Christian books when I was young. Let us therefore concentrate on our subject and I prayed thus: May I always be in harmony with the beings of Nature and the entire Cosmos. And now, I pray to Karmapa Ogyen Trinley: Please forgive me, I love you, Thank you, I am sorry.

I felt filled with power, everything seemed possible, and when sometimes I watched Sogyal Rinpoche's film, "The Little Buddha", I told myself that it was possible: that the rebirth of the 16th Karmapa could be found in three people. Sogyal Rinpoche was inspired to make this film for many reasons. It's the story of a child from Seattle who receives a visit from a high Tibetan lama who is looking for the incarnation of his master. Ultimately, his master was reincarnated into three people: two young boys and a young Indian girl who recognized herself as the incarnation of this high lama. Thus the three children form in themselves this deceased high Tibetan master. Seeing myself with so much capacity, and seeing that there was another Karmapa Thaye Dorje, my dreams were coming true in different ways. But why wouldn't the Karmapa be in three either, because certainly I had a great connection with the Universe of Karmapas. The little Indian in the film has her place in The Little Buddha, I exist, a Canadian!! Because all the same, two Karmapas, we are well placed to have the right sounding of bells, answers to our questions! After all these millennia... the little-known

woman. Pray. Women are well placed to have real things, whether we like it or not, because women can be the exact opposite of men and at the same time their complement.

And there, later, I would reflect on the Virgin Mary who was a virgin having received sperm. Who did the sperm that participated in the Child Jesus comes from? A saint, certainly, who certainly has a body on Earth. Let's come out of our torpor, let's grow up, and understand the different dimensions, our different powers and abilities, understand Heaven and Earth, it's possible. Do we want to grow? Are we ready? Am I the only one to dream of a world without secrets, transparent and free, united, of this freedom following the laws of Nature and the universe? In this assurance that everything is perfect, perfect! A world neither patriarchal nor matriarchal, a world of equality.

We are in the 2000s and I really liked, at that time, seeing an ordination video on the internet that Karmapa Thaye Dorje's team had produced on him, the Noble Spirit participated in it, I had access to this beautiful energy that was displayed there, I really liked Thaye Dorje. But hey, I followed the Karmapa that His Holiness the Dalai Lama had appointed as head of the Kagyus, Karmapa Orgyen Trinley, or sometimes called Urgyen Trinley or Ogyen Trinley.

It was surely around his birthday, June 26, that Karmapa Ogyen Trinley took this body, because thereafter, always around his birthday, I lost things in myself, my deity diminished dramatically even though I prayed for it ceases. Except for the Dharmakaya removed in 2004, it will be Shanti's birthday, and at the same time an important birthday of the 16th Karmapa. I have tears in my eyes.

When at the beginning of 2003, I was offered \$4,000 to leave this beautiful apartment, which overlooked Fullum Park, I negotiated a higher sum of \$9,000 and the company that wanted to build condominiums accepted. It was perfect timing! My daughter was going to start school in the fall so being close to daycare was no longer necessary, and as the father lived north of the city, and even sometimes he asked me why I didn't move, I thought it was time to take a trip to India. This money that arrived unexpectedly allowed me, I could pay my debts and leave for several months. In addition, I could choose the date of my departure from the apartment.

It has always been a big dream to go to India. I was going to go where Sakyamuni Buddha had walked, to teach, and it seemed wonderful to me.

This was the first year I had a community garden, living on Fullum Street, I was lucky that it was across the street from my house. I enjoyed growing tomatoes, ground cherries, cucumbers, zucchini, salads, etc. Following given documentation, I had carefully drawn the plan, and followed the rules of companionship. Everything was new to me in this science. People were very friendly and when we asked for advice, there was always an authority to answer it, expertise developed through years of practice. So I prepared for my trip by taking care of my garden, and eating delicious vegetables produced by me from Gaia, our mother.

Yesterday after the cold weekend (summer 2015) I had an "autumn attack", so I took the opportunity to go for a picnic with Mireille on Mount Royal. She had wanted to go on this outing with me for a long time. So she was happy. I know I should avoid these outings, because then my energy is upside down, but hey... my human weakness, I think.

As she lives near Mont-Royal, I went to pick her up at her house. Isaac, her husband of a year, a veteran of the Vietnam War, was there, and I asked him a question. Not knowing politics, I find that Israel is going a bit heavy in its bombing of Palestine, and I told him what he thought about it. He set the record straight for me in his own way. What we see is not always reality. It's not easy to see clearly. But when the person talks about peace and love then I understand the political game more, otherwise I remember that human beings have forgotten that they are on Earth to evolve not at the material level which is an energy, and is not used to anything when we leave our body. But on a metaphysical level, it is not killing people for a God or converting that brings points to our diploma when we leave Earth, it is the Love that we will have deployed, our wings to recall the serenity, the beauty of Nature, the Great Respect for ourselves and Others, for animals, for stones, plants, the laughter of children, etc. In Buddhism the Buddha expressed stages of progression, of no return, etc., but today everything is faked, manipulated... how can we trust!!

Then we went to the mountains. And soon, Mireille spread her beautiful Mexican blanket on the lawn and we started to eat. The conversations were going well. And she spoke to me that with what was happening in Israel that she believed in an imminent Third World war and even an antichrist. Not being very informed, one can understand that my concerns are others, I told her that she would enjoy discussing with others.

However, before 2007 I rarely watched the news or listened to the radio or read about these subjects, subsequently an opening was created, we know it when one door closes, another opens, even if it was not the expected door, it was the door to the little daily life of Earth with its ups and downs,

life on Earth, simply that. After experiencing life in Heaven, I landed on Earth.

At the time of the first garden on rue Fullum, I played tarot several times, but the result upset me, there was always the card of the "Infernal Tower" it is called in the tarot of Marseille the " Maison Dieu" which came out during the draws. Even though I restarted the draw and waited a few weeks, this card inevitably always came out. But probably the cards were wrong, this next trip couldn't be a disaster. The House of God is a card that predicts great suffering to come, fall, defeat. But hey, it wasn't possible, the cards were wrong, I thought at that time, quickly forgetting these draws and focusing on the joy of going to India. And then I use the Crowley tarot, very different, it talks about destruction with a view to transformation, and with Crowley this card becomes positive. The choice of tarot deck is important, because the interpretation is different. I had already used the Marseille tarot, but since I received the Crowley tarot as a gift I only used it, in fact, I had lost my Marseille tarot deck a long time ago. But all the cards can only be positive because it is always wisdom to be acquired.

A few months before leaving, I wrote physically to the Dalai Lama and the answer never came to me, however, in the evenings he came to the foot of my bed and answered certain questions²⁶. And I was inspired that the Karmapa was Mara. And always asking questions to my deep being the answer undoubtedly spoke of Mara.

I kept in touch with Iminza, whose daughter was the same age as mine once she invited me to meet people from the Sufi Center. There were the two red-haired Jews who were there, and one was completely transformed, his

²⁶ He is often name Kundun, that means *Presence*, which makes sense.

energetic bodies had grown, he had become like a master. Certainly, the idea came to me that esoteric female bodies had been put on him, not without reason. Because ultimately, Iminza also had his noble bodies taken away. Or ? When ? Who ? To be continued...

I was going to India with the idea of asking to be given back the Sambhogakaya that had been taken from me. And also perhaps getting ordained as a nun in Tibetan Buddhism, I found this path so beautiful, so balanced there was yoga which was one of my practices, there was the opening of the heart, empathy which brought me what I had never had before and all this was part of the practice of sitting that I had developed through zazens and last thing, the study of Buddhism, of its laws, it was valuable. In addition, the Kagyu way was the way of the yogis and I liked it all the more since I always wanted to explore yoga in more depth.

This is how, in my naivety, I left for India at the beginning of September. I had long red skirts the colour of Tibetan monks, and I wore orange as a top. I had never travelled that much and I was not afraid to venture out, shaved head, alone in India. My goals were noble and this provides extraordinary protection.

So I arrived joyfully at the New Delhi airport, with my long Tibetan red skirt, because in my heart I truly felt like a religious, and I add since my birth. And my first stop, as I was filled with Tibetan Buddhism, was a small Tibetan colony Majnu Ka Tilla located in New Delhi. Did I write that I believed all Tibetans were enlightened, given everything I had experienced since I began Tibetan Buddhism. Tibetan refugees who came in 1960 had settled in Majnu Ka Tilla and since then the place had developed, there were now a few temples and several hotels and pleasant cafes. I did not stay there very long and soon my heart took me to Dharamsala where the Dalai Lama

lived in exile, and also the Karmapa Ogyen Trinley. In fact, I didn't feel good there, the first night and the others if I had really listened to my inner being, I would have left, but my reason took precedence and I was there for certain things. And I wanted to have an interview with Karmapa Ogyen Trinley. Want, Desire ah Sakyamuni Buddha, follow his teachings completely, curb all desire and everything becomes happiness. But later I would understand that it is not so much desire, but ignorance that in this century must be exorcised, transmuted, released secrets, equalized men and women and understood their differences.

I learn by experimenting, a hard school, like the school of Zen. I always thought that the path of Zen, if it was a direct path to enlightenment, was a very difficult path.

On a beautiful sunny day, perhaps it was a Saturday, it was said that the Karmapa was receiving an interview. Pain and misery, because I had no gift for travelling, I was too aerial, not at all down to earth, so I found a way to go by bus to Gyuto, where the temporary residence offered by the Dalai Lama to the Karmapa. Everything about India was new, its old buses, its crowded people, the stops where you have to run to catch the bus that has already left, India revealed itself in its daily life and I was intimidated, everything was new, and I I didn't feel able to travel other than on the planes of the soul, but on the physical plane it was laborious for me. I preferred to just be there, receive the offerings and participate in raising the energy in the temples by being a deity. It was because I was in all the temples, in all the pujas spontaneously, naturally by my innate divine nature.

I don't know Rajneesh that much, only some of his very beautiful writing, but in Gyuto, there were three young Asian people, maybe he was Korean, two guys and a very nice girl, because for me a Westerner. In North

America, it was difficult for me to disentangle the different types of Asian cultures, which were waiting to meet this young master of Buddhism in an interview. They were looking for a master to replace the late Osho since 1990. We are here in 2003.

Subsequently, I saw them leave their interview disappointed, because ~~the Karmapa~~²⁷ told them that he could not be their guru.

I browsed the web to understand Osho and he also called himself the vagina master and sex guru. Why did you refuse to be their guru? Because these three young people did not find themselves there by chance, they experienced Tantric sexuality with the one called Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, it is undeniable, I am not the only one to have taken “this boat”.

Often, I copy/paste text that I wrote several years ago, it's very helpful, because I have lost a lot of my memories, and it's a shame, I made astonishingly clear and detailed links shine. But everything is certainly there in me, but veiled, so one day I will access it, I pray for that.

I understand today that Tibetan Buddhism is a religion based on the teachings of Buddha Sakyamuni first, then it is Tantric.

I have always been very naive, since my earliest childhood, when friends told me, I didn't like it so much, and I didn't understand why, because I saw nothing other than purity in the people around me. Today I understand that naivety is a great protection.

It was my turn to go and meet Karmapa Ogyen Trinley for an interview. I went up a small staircase that led up to the interview room adjoining the Karmapa's apartments. In the meantime, I remember that we were offering "Dove" chocolates, Western chocolates with melting caramel

²⁷ From here I have decided to cross out the title falsely carried by Orgyen Trinley. I keep the word but I cross it out to remind people of the imposture.

and it surprised me that they were able to make it to Dharamsala and that it remained in such good condition. There was also complimentary tea.

The sun of my day was these three young people I met, because the interview with "Karmapa" Orgyen Trinley did not bring me any light.

I remember he was in front of me when I asked a question, he tilted his head forward and it was as if his chin had lengthened and it was a black glow that I saw invade his head. It wasn't very auspicious, it was worrying and surprising all the same.

My last question was where I could get ordained as a nun, he made a vague gesture, without any interest in helping me. My heart was heavy when I left the interview. And then I did not ask to have my occult bodies back, because he is supposed to be omniscient and I had already asked him in the invisible, and he knew very well the effect of the reduction in me of his activity on my noble occult bodies. In short, I was not at all impressed by my meeting with the one called Karmapa Ogyen Trinley.

In Dharamsala it was a pleasure for me and even a relief to make the decision to go to Bodh Gaya to follow in the footsteps of Buddha and not to return to Dharamsala.

I took a bus which took me directly to Rishikesh, but as there were no rooms at the Sivananda Ashram and I had to book months in advance, I quickly took a shower and took a bus back to Bodh. Gaya in the same hour. Amusing this rudimentary shower, there were rooms available at this very modest place, but I preferred to continue to Bodh Gaya.

I finally arrived in Bodh Gaya where I asked the rickshaw driver to take me to a Tibetan Buddhist temple to get a room, but what happened was that he took me to the Mahabodhi Society instead. I arrived with a shaved head and a long skirt, and the monk Rathanapathananda at the reception

greeted me kindly. Did I tell him my story, maybe briefly that I was a Zen monk. And more than unexpectedly he offered me an orange kesa and made me a Theravada monk. It was so exceptional, I was stunned, barely realizing the great gift that Buddha was giving me there, in my life I had never had a more beautiful present, because spirituality is my whole life. I may have a child, but before there was spirituality, during there is spirituality and afterward there will be spirituality. And Buddha offered me the traditional clothing that he wore, it was orange.

The Mahabodhi Society was created by monks from Sri Lanka, and they follow the oral teachings of Siddhartha Gautama.

That in the very place where Skakyamuni Buddha obtained enlightenment, I was made a Theravada Buddhist monk²⁸ was unexpected, because all my efforts, all my zazens, except in Tibetan Buddhism, had always had no effect external result *anything*, I was never recognized, but there, in Bodhgaya, something was happening, as if all this time I was looking for where my place was, and that the puzzle piece here was going to the right place. This is why I understand the nun as none, nothing! Nun, how unpleasant that word is. But unifying my emotions with my reality was not yet done, I was surprised not to feel more joy within myself, but deeply I knew that my joy was great. The monk rented me a room at a discount for a few days, while the tourists flocked in large numbers, because many reservations had already been made.

Here we can ask ourselves the question, why didn't I feel joy as I should have? This is the importance of unifying: Body and Spirit, of

²⁸ I got officially the ordination in Theravada in 2016, the 22 of October.

unifying physical, emotional, mental in our occult bodies. But it is clear that some of my occult bodies were already elsewhere.

Did I put the orange kesa on right away? I don't remember, I remember being at the wonderful garden and temple where Buddha achieved his enlightenment. I remember the caterpillars around the garden, where the world was going to convolutions, there were numerous neon green caterpillars which I quietly sketched, under my new dignity. I followed in the footsteps of the Buddha.

When we arrived at the temple, there was a place where we had to leave our shoes, we could choose to pay a few rupees or leave them there unattended. Then, we walked on the beaten earth and we arrived at the temple, at this height the passage which surrounded the temple had been built and/or we made convolutions there. It was big, it included the entire temple grounds. It was there that before going down below, under the bodhi tree, I naturally made several rounds of the Maha Bodhi Temple breathing the air of Buddha, treading in Buddha's footsteps. Finally, I was there.

I walked down the steps to the temple and the dozens of stupas that were part of it.

Everything seemed to me almost dated from the time of the Buddha, on the left side on the path leading to the small temple of the structure of the gigantic stupa, there were small sunken temples which had life, we had surely lived there, realized there the Nature of the Buddha, it was authentic, true. What was always striking was seeing these mysterious yoni and lingam statues at the centre of the prayers. At that time I was looking for the meaning, but I had not yet found it. There was always a lot of incense burning there. I was breathing, I felt good. Tibetans were often seen along

the path leading to the centre of the great stupa, making their prostrations with great respect.

For me the stupa, these stone representations of the Buddha on several floors, symbolize the different metaphysical bodies that each person has, and the different spontaneously, naturally united metaphysical bodies of the Sangha. What happiness to unite our bodies with a being like Gautama, what inestimable protection that is! But he is no longer there. And I would like to see the Buddha and talk to him about my concerns, and I would even like ~~Karmapa~~ Karmapa Ogyen Trinley to be there too, and even the other Karmapa too, and even the Dalai Lama, and even Sakya Trizin, well, you know all the old monks of the Buddha of the Era. A meeting at the summit, there is nothing impossible. Can we force someone to dispossess their bodies if they don't want to? This is the question I would like to ask Gotama.

And finally I entered the Holy of Holies, into the temple where at the entrance a monk dressed in orange was always there to welcome. And I sat down. Was it in the temple or outside, that I spoke to a Hindu in English, of course, because there were large numbers of Hindus on pilgrimage at that time who came to pay homage to the Shiva lingam which was in the temple. It was a carved stone slab, right in front of Buddha, the stone was marked for this purpose. Thus for Hindus Buddha is a lingam of Shiva. And I sat and meditated.

I went out and there to the left I circled around this temple, and arriving at the Bodhi tree, a place was golden and people placed their foreheads there as a sign of respect. I always loved that moment. And then we continued to tour the temple, or to go to one of the many stupas, or to the lake, or to the garden, in the ten directions there was plenty to explore. And what about these beautiful panels which informed what Gautama had done

during the five weeks following his enlightenment. I sat on the grass near the Bodhi tree and did another meditation, which seemed very empty to me, nothing special. And sometimes the Bodhi leaves fell, once a Hindu woman handed me some leaves to keep, leaves from the shoot of the Bodhi tree. Ah, but yes, I thought, the leaves of the tree of Awakening certainly have power.

I felt good, my steps coming and going, following in the footsteps of Buddha.

I stayed there for several weeks. When the room made available to me by the Maha Bodhi monk was to receive people, the people who had reserved for several months were no longer available, I met a young tourist who told me that we could stay for a few rupees in a house of Bodhgaya, I started looking and found someone in the market who was renting a bed from them, it was a local Muslim family. So I moved there.

Early in the morning, I dressed in the Buddha's kesa and went to the temple to meditate. I spent my entire days there, walking there in the footsteps of the Buddha, I sometimes stopped in a dhaba, these small outdoor kiosks which sold chai, black tea with milk, sweet and sometimes spicy. I couldn't ask for better. Buddha had recognized me as one of his own, as one of his monks, and the greatest honour in my life I had ever had.

On the way, from this land of abundance of the Buddha, I bought flowers, necklaces of yellow and orange carnations, or lotus flowers which I offered to the Buddha.

Once before taking off the shoes a sadhu with a face imbued with nobility came to pass with his disciples, I was holding a small bowl of flowers to offer and the sadhu made a flower fall with his mind before I passed him, it was clear that he wanted me to pay homage to him too. It was beautiful, natural.

In the morning, I went to breakfast with my brothers, they invited me, I was from the Sangha, if I wanted I had to go and take my vows in California to really become a monk like them. They are monks from Sri Lanka whose renaming Anagarika Dharmapala set up a system to protect Buddhist monuments. Thanks to him!

There was a little further, outside the village, a Thai temple with monks in brown robes. The garden seemed so superb to me that I decided to move into a room.

But one evening there were so many mosquitoes in the toilet that I was bitten and started to have spots on my body and a headache. It was either malaria or paludisme²⁹.

Until one day, having gone to the small temple of the great stupa, with this enormous statue of the Buddha, sitting in meditation, I started to cry and I heard a voice telling me to come back to Dharamsala. I knew that leaving this place was going to be difficult for me, but other adventures had to await me there, I burst into tears. I had been there for several weeks and I felt so at home there. Even so, I believed in Karmapa Ogyen Trinley.

But there was more, this illness was gaining ground in me and I told myself that I had to go to Dharamsala to convalesce. Because I felt more at home there, I don't know why, we felt like we were in the West because of the restaurants, the energy, and a certain way of living. The monk showed me a car which was to take a monk to Sarnath and I therefore made the journey from Bodh Gaya to Sarnath by car. He wrote a note to introduce me to the monk of the Bodhi Society of Sarnath.

²⁹ In doing a search of the English word, in the Antidote Dictionary it is written that paludism is an old name for malaria!

We arrived early in the morning in Sarnath, and they took me to eat at a dhaba restaurant, where the lady made superb chapatis all puffed up. Everything was hot and fresh served with dal and a few slices of white radish, it was wonderful. This place seemed so typical of India.

It is not surprising that this girl often uses the term marvellous to describe her emotion, because her realization was not of an earthly nature, but divine.

I stayed at the Mahabodhi Society for one night, but I didn't find the place comfortable, so I moved into a room in a Tibetan Buddhist temple. It was bad for me, because I became sicker. The Tibetan woman took care of me, and this time did the rest, 3-4 days. It was later that I understood that when I went to a Tibetan Buddhist temple it amplified my illness. Because I experienced it. The energy of Tibetan Buddhism which was favourable to me in Montreal was sadly harmful to me later, since the Samboghakaya had been taken away from me.

I wrote that the energy seemed more Western to me in Dharamsala, and at the same time I was sicker in the Tibetan temples at that time and less sick elsewhere. Some will do the cross-checking. Later, it was to get treatment that I would go to Dharamsala, and that would change later. But let's see if her anger will transform into an energy that would give her the "chi" necessary to complete the star of her astrological chart on Earth.

What I remember from the few days in Sarnath is that on my way to the post office I saw a herd of bulls, I looked at the clothes (there was a little red on them), and I thought distant. Who doesn't remember the red fabrics that the bullfighters used? Impressive, especially since they were free. But the Hindus have peaceful techniques.

The “Karmapa” Ogyen Trinley led a service only on Sundays, and I went there and often met the nun Tenzin Palmo who stayed at the entrance without entering much. It was the office, but nothing more. Some people seemed in great contemplation before "the Karmapa", seemed in blissful silent admiration, it was always a little surprising to see them, well even there weren't that many of these people.

I found a small room in Dharamsala, but going there on Sunday I found myself completely ridiculous, out of place at all, but I did it anyway, something in me encouraged me to do so. Misguided inspiration, what can I say! , malin, and poorly wound spire! It shows that the words have an explicit origin. Miscoiled refers to the third eye, which rolls to one side, the one that is positive to us, and it can be miscoiled, this is also connected to the spine³⁰, spiral, spire.

One day I heard about a place in the mountains where I could rent a room and I went there. This large room was good, without much comfort, but what I liked was the surrounding calm, nothing compared to the constant coming and goings, the noise of the horns, the never-ending constructions of McLeod Ganj made up of thousands of small businesses.

Once settled, in the Himalayas, a shepherd brought his eaten goats very close to the door of my room, a little more they entered my room, I liked that. The rustic aspect of this environment. To get to the centre of McLéod Ganj, it was maybe a kilometre walk from there. There was a convenience store on the way that was a little lost in this corner of the

³⁰ In French the word is "mal inspiré" two words. then mal=wrong and in spire, spirale.
Along the spine there is a subtle Sushumna channel, where the Kundalini passes and which connects to the different chakras.

mountain. Further on, a Hindu family was building the road, which until then was bumpy and narrow for cars. Sometimes they were seen climbing trees cut leaves or take fruit. I liked this place, I liked the tranquility, the name was Vidya Ashram.

It was a large room, which the Hindu of the Brahmin class had rented to me, and offered me large, thick blankets to spend the cool nights in the mountains. The sunset was easily visible there. The landscape was full of flowering rhododendrons around the mountain, there were also nettles and other wild plants. Very beautiful, even if the very large room was cold, it was nice to go out to use the outdoor toilet in the Himalayas. In the evening, at night when I went there, I never missed looking at the stars in the sky. The monsoon had long since ended, it was November.

It was magical, the Himalayas within sight, all around.

And I continued to go to the monastery on Sunday without really believing in it, but I went, I thought, I thought, uninspired as I was, it was my duty.

One day during the service I felt a beautiful energy coming into me, a bit like during my Tibetan Buddhist period, my kundalini was awakened. On the way back by taking a shared taxi from Pathankot to McLeod Ganj, I felt my kundalini burning within me. Then I started having my period, it was unexpected, because until then I had been as regular as clockwork. It was easy in my room to hang out my laundry; several ropes were provided for that. I had to cook in an outside room of the house, and the toilet was also outside my bedroom. Every day for several days, it seemed like my period was starting again.

I later understood that my eggs left my uterus each time, which later accelerated the menopause phenomenon. In fact, I believe that I would never

have had menopause if I had not met this false master. Now we can understand a little more about the importance of providing Knowledge in order to optimize our choices! And what a woman would want menopause if she had to choose. And I put my arms crossed, like the Egyptians in the tombs, and prayed that there would never be any more of these activities on Earth.

I was yes and no there. My practices were strange, it was no longer the long, quiet river like before. At that time, I often wrote postcards to Shanti with reproductions of Hindu gods, such inspiring reproductions.

I stayed maybe a month there, and I left before the "Karmapa" Ogyen Trinley left for the Kagyu Monlam which was held in Bodhgaya, because meh it was not my home in Dharamsala, but above all, my practices were rather regressing than to improve. But in this room I was still comfortable and this mountain nourished me, but the teachings, the motivations were not great, an empty void.

The Brahmin who worked at the estate was actually the lover of the Brahmin who was employed to take care of the place. Later when she returned from India she sent me an email telling me that she didn't know what to do, she was pregnant. I didn't really know what to say to her other than to suggest giving her baby up for adoption. Finally, she wrote me that she was going to have an abortion. This girl always wore red, like the Tibetan monks, and she was very cultured and brilliant. Later, I would return, she is no longer there, and the Brahman had married another woman. Too bad for him, I think.

One day we left together to go to another village in the mountains to go shopping, I really enjoyed this walk. And there I remember tasting delicious Indian coffee.

In Dharamsala, there were several kiosks where one could buy delicious cakes. The Tibetans love pastries, but what is most remarkable are the donuts which are so similar to those we make at Christmas. And I found out that it is in the Tibetan tradition as it is in the Quebec tradition.

One day I met a Tibetan nun, she introduced me to nettle, and told me that Milarepa, at one time, only ate nettle soups. Also then, sometimes, I made nettle soups. One day the nun told me that there was a service in the temple near her lineage. I went there, it was good, there was a fire puja where we burn everything we didn't like.

There were many monkeys in and around Dharamsala, and there I saw several times the nun chasing them away brandishing a stick, always with Buddhist respect for the animal, it was always beautiful to see her driving the monkeys away.

I left for Bodh Gaya, but first I wanted to spend a few days in Benares to visit this thousand-year-old city and see the burning ghats, cremation sites on the banks of the Ganges. When we got off the train, there were many miscellaneous merchant sellers who were hired to bring tourists back to take a room with them. Really by chance, under the weight of their pressing request, I left with my luggage on a motorized rickshaw which took me to a guest house called Elvis. The name itself bothered me, an American name for one of the oldest and most sacred cities in India, it was dichotomous. It wasn't wonderful, but hey it was only going to be for a few days, time to sort myself out and find a room in old Varanasi. With all these touts coming off the train, we had to make a decision quickly, because it created headaches. What was good was that the rooming house offered a reasonable price for a package to visit Sarnath, where the Buddha gave his first teaching, and also the price included a visit by boat along the Ganges at sunrise , when Hindus

perform their ablutions and prayers to Shiva, and visit the Hanuman monkey temple, and others. A few years later, I would meet a European who loved staying there. As it turns out, there is something for everyone.

During my first night, still in my room 1-2 km away from old Varanasi there had been firecrackers all night, it was Dhiwali day. Fireworks when you're awake, whether you light them or not, when your heart is celebrating it's fun, but in the middle of the night when you wake up with a start it's not great, but I kept smiling, this is India, its festivals and its nightlife and the carelessness of air pollution.

So early the next morning I left with an employee, there was a boat planned. I liked it! Always in a long red Tibetan skirt and an orange jacket, I didn't feel so much like a tourist, but more religious throughout this trip which lasted five months, I never took a photo. On the boat, I sat at the back, there were other young tourists with us, because the older ones were probably taking a more expensive package. I sat in the lotus for the event, sailing on the sacred water of the Ganges, and quietly the day dawned and the Hindus performed their ablutions. Along the Ganges there were several different temples and locations for Hindu baths. The Burning ghat was active day and night, burning the bodies offered to the god Shiva. These old rituals unchanged for hundreds of years, marked with respect since Buddha and even before, flooded me with gratitude. I was immersed in these atmospheres of prayer, of floating flowers placed on leaves, perhaps it was banana leaves, or even more recently on paper plates. Offering to the Father & Mother. Silent, the sun appeared calm, the same sun that shone through Montreal, veiled by a few clouds. The same sun which offers to warm us every day, without asking for anything in exchange other than to benefit from its warm rays, its comforting rays. And the Sun does not choose, it

stands in perfect equanimity: good or bad, rich or poor, we each benefit from its warmth, its rays. It's not just one star among many. Hello, O Sun!

Venerable Star! THANKS !

Then I went back to my room, and later we had to go to Sarnath. The excursion first included a visit to the monkey temple, and to another famous Hindu temple. And finally with the help of a rickshaw pedalled by a Hindu we arrived in Sarnath a few hours later. I took a ticket to the archaeological site of Buddha's time. I sat there, dreaming of Buddha turning the first wheel of his teachings, of Dharma. I filled my lungs with the same air that Buddha had breathed. Its dusty, earthen streets enchanted me. Along the Buddhist pilgrimage route, there were several kiosks selling objects: statues, rosaries. I bought a small statuette, the original of which was found in the Sarnath temple of the Bodhi Society. Little anecdote about the statuette at the very beginning, in a somewhat dark corner a seller approached me and showed me this statue which seemed to him to have great value, he undoubtedly wanted to demonstrate that it was an archaeological piece, and I bought from him this treasure ten times the price that I would later see in the kiosks on the edge of the Parc des Biches, but it had one more story to tell about my stone statuette! Because the Hindu who sold it to me was already a character in himself, he had played a role and he loved it.

Then, the day trip over, I returned to my room, I stayed there for a few days, the time to find a room, so I wandered through the streets of old Sarnath and went to ask if there was had rooms. But it was Dhiwali time and thousands of Hindus had flocked there for this holy festival and some were already starting to leave to continue their pilgrimage elsewhere. So I found an incredibly Hindu room in a guest house called Yogini guest house, a name that I found very appropriate. It was a building built like a stupa. Also

everything was up high. Besides, along the Ganges, I found this white stupa beautiful, it was different from the other stupas and temples. So I rented a small room, not very comfortable, in the centre of old Varanasi, which overlooked the Manikarnika Ghat. The narrow streets of another time are made up of incense kiosks, pastries, dhaba or westernized restaurants, clothing shops, or fabrics, there was khadi, and other weavings, and colours, designs, traditional refinement that cannot be found anywhere else. It's very commercial and at the same time very artisanal, but not unpleasant, there is a depth in this place, a silence despite the noise, a silence and a sacredness always underlying. I really liked being there, with all this crowd, these bargains and these hundreds of shops, it remains to be admired. Buddha certainly had walked there. Often, we saw very beautiful old doors still closed. Who was behind these ancient doors?

I walked, passing through the ghats to Manikarnika Ghat, one of the most sacred cremation grounds in Banaras and I was not disappointed. The guardian of the place took me around the entire temple where the bodies were burned, the death hall where people came from all over India to die there, he explained to me how precious the wood was which came from a tree of Darjeeling, wood transported by boat. Each of the dying people had to buy, but often begged at the point of death in the dying room, their own weight of Darjeeling wood for their cremation. I told myself that it must be the ultimate exercise in reflection on one's life for the person who was going to die. He explained to me the different incense used according to the stages of the funeral rite. Spontaneously, the forty-year-old guard said to me "Come, I'll wait for you, come when you're ready to die", when I told him how good it must be to die here and experience this ritual. Wow my heart did a half turn inside me and I understood in my physical body that I did not feel

ready to die. And in 2016, I hope to be burned in Varanasi if I die, I wrote it in my will. Plus it's so much cheaper and what a sacred ritual, that even my body is transported to the sound of the fanfare in a beautiful colourful fabric through the streets of old Varanasi that too would please me greatly. From the height of Heaven I would observe my body paraded, adorned with shimmering orange fabric. This celebration is a tribute of serenity and great maturity.

I went back to see this priest a few times, and he showed me the Nepali Temple, at the Lalita ghat, right next door, a little higher up, a small temple made of wood carved with erotic scenes representing gods and goddesses in union. We had to pay a few rupees to enter. Of course there was always an imposing statue of a yoni lingam in the centre of the temple. I continued my internal quest to discover the mystery behind this.

He made advances at me and I told him straight out: "I belong to the Dalai Lama." ** Uh oh, here after many years and this written paragraph still haunts me: "who owns me? Who am I possessed by? For what ? Two without a first, I just want to be ONE without a second! Is it possible ? Looking back, I find that I have come a long way in 2016 since then!! Thank you life, thank you demons! But above all it worked and was quick!

But in Buddhism Buddha clearly said: Be your own refuge, your own lamp, your own island, even though the term Buddha would have been more appropriate: "I belong to Buddha". But here I must explain in what condition he made his advances to me, because during the visit a pretty Hindu woman in her thirties joined us, and they knew each other, and I live thanks to my 3rd eye, and understood that on one level he was entering into a union with her, and that's when he made advances to me in veiled words. It is a beautiful practice among men to unite on different levels, but, of course,

there are rules to follow which will be part of the Science of Women to Come, if Buddha wants it.

In short, it was to tell Brahman not to unite me with him on any level whatsoever, it was just for that. But it's kept me working over the last few years!

Before Tibetan Buddhism, I had developed my masculine bodies through sexual tantra, seeing all my friends as gods, with my Zen Sangha. My husband was all that. With the work Ogyen Trinley did on me, he became the only male agent, and eventually took the place of all my unions. Before Tibetan Buddhism, I was a man, I felt naturally equal to men, subsequently I was infinitely diminished. In Asian people, we tend to turn a blind eye to the reality of women and see women as inferior rather than seeing them as equal to men.

It's amazing how much one was inclined to spend in Varanasi, I was even carefully spending without meaning to a good amount of money. I loved going to Baba's for dinner, the terrace restaurant was located on top of a music store. Since then the Baba I knew has gone up in smoke, but other Baba restaurants have been born. Wouldn't it be some of his forgotten bones that I brought back with me from the burning ghat? No, they were still hot.

Once when I was having a chai near the Manikarnika Ghat, a young Hindu came to see me and asked me if I didn't want some spices to put in the chai. I didn't really like being approached, but he was insistent and told me about good incense to buy. So finally I agreed to follow him, and there I discovered what is hidden behind these tall carved wooden doors. It goes to show that my intuition was right! I was lucky, it was Brothers and Sisters Day.

With the doors open, I saw a whole kingdom: cows, a symbol of prosperity and luck. On the left side, there was the owner's ancestral perfume shop. On the second floor there were the kitchens, and then the top floor was the living room and already people were seated to celebrate this holiday and they welcomed me as one of their own. The dishes were very fine and exquisite, in fact, I had never eaten anything so good.

Then, I returned to my room happy with this beautiful encounter with my new treasures of spices and incense that I used again just yesterday.

This is the only place in India where I had turista even though I only drank spring water and checked to see if the container was intact. Finally, I found the cause of my turista: since then I no longer rinse my toothbrush with tap water because it is water from the Ganges that the tap serves us, no wonder we have turista.

I finally left for Bodh Gaya.

The day the Kagyu Monlam was going to begin was getting closer, and I couldn't wait to return to the calm of Bodh Gaya and its temple.

I arrived by a shared taxi from Gaya to Bodh Gaya. In the taxi there was a monk who had a shiny red satin scarf, I found that a little out of place, in my prejudices, but hey, I learned that he was going to the Kagyu Monlam of Karmapa Thaye Dorje. But since then, I have understood that wearing the colours and sparkles of paradise can be helpful on Earth too.

Where did I stay? I do not remember anymore.

And this Kagyu Monlam was completed and that of the other Karmapa was prepared. I registered there, and I went there almost every day. I was sitting near a stupa, somewhat protected by it from the sun's rays. There were two old Kagyu monks that I liked next to me. Sometimes we

exchanged and one helped me follow the pages of this large book I purchased.

I was going to a blessing from Karmapa Orgyen Trinley. A voice came from beyond the grave, and what did it say to me? Hello, I think in French. I was always embarrassed to follow him, but I followed cosmic energy, but I didn't know that cosmic energy can be manipulated... or rather I had forgotten.

THERE was Bokar Rinpoche, very noble, and the young Kalu Rinpoche, whose videos I had already seen made in France and who was very inspiring, but since then he had grown up and I was in his presence a few times and he never met me. I was disappointed, it's true.

Every morning I did a hundred prostrations, there was a friendly Quebecois who offered to share his wooden board with me, and as our schedules were different it was perfect.

Throughout the Kagyu Monlam, there was salted tea and bread offered, and at midday food was given in the same place where we meditated. I liked the salty and buttery tea. In the evening, I did not eat, in fact, the monks of the Mahabodhi Society, according to tradition, never ate in the evening unless they had an invitation.

One day, it was before Kagyu Monlam, or after I cannot say Bokar Rinpoche came followed by his disciples and we exchanged glances for a long time. He was on a platform and I was just at the top of the stairs of a stupa, the sky was blue and the songs were harmonious, the birds came and went. Other Quebecers had done a meditation course with him, but for my part it had not worked, he seemed so good to me, this high lama, internalized and highly accomplished. I loved him and recognized his deep being. But hey, Buddha was taking me somewhere else.

There was also Kalu Rinpoche whose gaze pierced me when one morning I was doing my prostrations and he was doing his circumambulations. I liked it and especially the colour of its old ochre kesa, my favourite colour enchanted me.

In Zen the kesa, the robe, is so important.

The Kagyu Monlam was about to end, but nothing too special, I felt neither better nor worse than before.

Towards the end there was the candle festival, with Kalu Rinpoche, but I preferred to go and strangely attend the public spectacle offered in honour of the Karmapa. Strange, but hey I was not inspired by common sense I would say, by my common sense which should have been to take part in the candle festival all around the stupas built for the Buddha.

Then the Kagyu Monlam ended, all the decorations disappeared to make way for the usual Bodh Gaya. But a new banner appeared, it was the invitation to attend a several-day teaching of Phowa³¹ given by the master Ayang Rinpoche.

I decided to attend.

It was the first workshop or class I took and I really enjoyed attending it. These meditations, and especially when we went to the Maha Bodhi temple to pray to Amitabah, it seemed beautiful and grand to me. He impressed me Ayang Rinpoche with his energy and his faith.

At lunchtime I went with other Quebecers to eat in a restaurant less than a kilometre away, an Arab restaurant which served vegetable dishes, a

³¹ "Phowa is a tantric practice found in both Hinduism and Buddhism. It may be described as "**transference of consciousness at the time of death**", ..." from Wikipedia. Then this practice was very important in my heart, myself who has as friend the death.

rare commodity in this province. And sometimes, I practised chewing each mouthful according to the art of certain yogis and monks.

I was experiencing beautiful meditations all the same until during a silent meditation I started laughing, inextricably, because each of the noises carried a sense of humour, humour that was unheard of, special. In this silence, it bored me, but the bird playing a joke on me, the horn honking a funny word, and I couldn't bring myself back to meditation³². That never happened to me again. It reminds me of the time I was put in a drunken state, it was the same occult thing. However, Ayang Rinpoche was talking about a big meeting of the Drikung in Nepal, and I was tempted to continue my journey there, but I wasn't going. And yet Phowa was a path that suited me well, and if I really wanted to follow this energy I preferred to listen to the voice that told me to go to Dharamsala. For a girl like me, who had not found her place in this world, whom no one had ever cared about, understanding that someone was interested in me was unusual, and so I left shortly after sad. Because I believe that the Phowa, and the Drukpa lineage would have been greatly beneficial to me. It's not new, since I followed Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, he always distracted me from what I wanted to do, and even it got even worse afterwards. He gave his message one evening when I felt invaded by a sexual energy like at the beginning of the Tibetan Buddhist in Montreal, a wave of love and it was clear that the Karmapa wanted to see me. So here we see a very impressionable person who did not understand what she had to protect from ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley.

I was experiencing beautiful meditations all the same until during a silent meditation I started laughing, inextricably, because each of the noises

³² It was caused by one of my important divine body that was going to be inverted. Everything is explainable.

carried a sense of humour, humour that was unheard of, special. In this silence, it bored me, but the bird playing a joke on me, the horn honking a funny word, and I couldn't bring myself back to meditation. That never happened to me again. It reminds me of the time I was put in a drunken state, it was the same occult thing. However, Ayang Rinpoche was talking about a big meeting of the Drikung in Nepal, and I was tempted to continue my journey there, but I wasn't going. And yet Phowa was a path that suited me well, and if I really wanted to follow this energy I preferred to listen to the voice that told me to go to Dharamsala. For a girl like me, who had not found her place in this world, whom no one had ever cared about, understanding that someone was interested in me was unusual, and so I left shortly after sad. Because I believe that the Phowa, and the Drukpa lineage would have been greatly beneficial to me. It's not new, since I followed Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, he always distracted me from what I wanted to do, and even it got even worse afterwards. He gave his message one evening when I felt invaded by a sexual energy like at the beginning of the Tibetan Buddhist in Montreal, a wave of love and it was clear that the ~~Karmapa~~ wanted to see me. So here we see a very impressionable person who did not understand what she had to protect from ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley.

I had forgotten all about the Buddha's gift when I arrived in Bodhgaya after these weeks in Dharamsala. But I remember meeting, during my stay, the high-ranking monk of Maha Bodhi to ask him questions. Then when we walked outside, I don't know on what sphere of consciousness this was said and heard: he told me "don't follow Ogyen Trinley", and spontaneously I said internally: "If I am I will succeed" thinking of the realization of true Buddha.

I arrived in the pretty village of McLeod Ganj, full of slopes and heights. It was snowing a little, it was colder, so I only stayed a few days, and took the opportunity to go and eat once at the temple of the Dalai Lama. Because even though I come from Quebec, and I know winters, in India we seek warmth and avoid the cold. I spoke with the waiter who told me that he was a monk before, he had defrocked, I had told him about my intention, which did not seem to come true at all, to become a nun. He said to me: “buy yourself some clothes and see if you would like to be a Tibetan nun”. I thought it was a good idea and bought myself some clothes.

I deliberately omit my efforts to find out how to get ordained during a previous stay in Dharamsala, it was tainted, it wasn't fun, it was negative, and I prefer to forget my efforts at this time.

I went to Gyuto to the office run by the ~~Karmapa~~ Karmapa. And the last day before leaving India I saw the Karmapa on the terrace who told me telepathically: "I will take you wherever I go", but NO, I replied to him, firmly and telepathically: "it's me" that was all. Because, of course, I am global yin and yang. I was leaving Dharamsala for New Delhi where I was going to check in for a flight leaving from Montreal. It was the end of January, I had stayed in India for five months.

Back home in Montreal, I was received by my friend Laurette who had followed my adventures in India. But I only stayed there a few days, because she didn't want my six-year-old daughter to come and sleep there, she preferred the comfort of adults.

I rented a room on the Plateau, following an ad I found in the neighbourhood newspaper. The owner of the apartment lived with her son a few years older than Shanti. I stayed there for a few weeks until I found an apartment located in Ahuntsic, where my daughter's father lived, and/or

Shanti had started going to kindergarten. The very friendly owner who had enjoyed hearing me talk about India lowered his price, without me even asking him, and I moved into the apartment, going to collect my furniture stored at my older brother's house in one of his buildings.

This apartment was perfect, a three and a half, Shanti was going to share my room, it was right next to Ahuntsic Park and a two-minute walk from the metro. After spending five months in India, I was used to counting. It was March 1, 2004.

And soon my birthday. I invited several friends to dinner, a great reunion. I was still without hair, my friends were used to it and rarely commented; otherwise, a few suggestions and that saddened me, because it told me that the person had not understood in what world of illusion we live. Everything is an illusion!

A few months after my arrival in the apartment, ants began to invade my kitchen. I collected them, and because they came mainly at night, I got up at 3 a.m., with the broom I filled the dustpan with ants, sometimes I told them that they were not welcome in my home and going outside, I was going to put them at the foot of a tree. And every day I repeated this ritual and a few weeks later, the ants no longer came back.

I did a Shaman activity there. I understand that by respecting insects and animals there is a way to achieve our goals. And why not consult the natives or the shamans when we have invasions of ladybugs or others, because they are so close to mother earth, they can help us to put an end to these problems, to find solutions in a much better way than the exterminators.

Of course it's minimalist, and I hear a voice inside me laughing at me: "Ah ah ah, you don't have the right end of the stick, ah ah ah". I know but it's what I have and it's not stolen.

May the gods, Buddhas, angels, and otherwise entities be favourable to me very soon!

I remember once many years ago I collected so many spiders in containers in my apartment. And one fine day, on the water's edge, I dropped my cigarette which fell into a spider's web, not being very rich, I thought it was lucky and I picked it up. Cigarettes telling me that what we give comes back to us in one way or another and that spiders now sometimes could help me.

Then in August I learned that Bokar Rinpoche had passed away in Siliguri in India, I was discomfited. How could a lama of this level die of a heart attack in a car? Besides, he was still quite young. I will understand later.

It was in this year that I experienced the loss of my Dharmakaya. It was in 2004, my daughter was seven years old. One morning I woke up, it was Shanti's birthday, and on a Tibetan calendar later I saw that it corresponded to an important holiday of the 16th Karmapa. I woke up and at the foot of my bed stood the false Karmapa holding a body of light in his hands that he had just taken from me. I was so unwell, sick, I thought I had a stroke that I thought about calling 911, but still in bed after a few hours I had the strength to call Shanti's father, where the party was going to be. He took me to the doctor, who took an X-ray on my neck. Because my neck hurt a lot.

A few days inside I felt like my bones were breaking, it was my little channels which having lost the important body which were breaking and

disappearing, it was infinitely sad. In hatha yoga we talk about these multitudes of glass tubes, I had read it in a book by Hamsananada.

Shanti sometimes complained that her neck hurt, I didn't tell her anything, but I understood that my daughter was also affected. Besides, after that her physical energy only decreased and decreased, her physical energy was obviously being stolen from him. Because when she was young, she never stopped running, she was even practically hyperactive, but after this activity in the occult it was the opposite. I thought, and others said she had great power, it was some of the power I was lacking, and that perhaps Shanti had brought it from Heaven when she came to Earth, because I didn't have the power that should have come with cosmic bodies. But given what I was experiencing I understand very well that less power was wisdom.

Then for a year I had difficulty chewing, and I bought a good juice extractor, which helped me. Sometimes Shanti still complained of neck pain. It was the year I returned from India in 2004.

Then I took an exam to become a nursing assistant and I was accepted. I was starting a nursing assistant course. But the energy was not favourable to me, it was such a shame that I had to leave a few months after the course started, my chakras were not going in the right direction. I had to get better. It was 2005-6, I think. I left the course in the spring. But I was saddened, I had found beautiful texts on the compassion of the 16th Karmapa and I saw all the capacity for opening my heart that work of this kind offered me.

My energy just kept diminishing and diminishing more and more.

In the world of the gods, from the top of the tree of refuge, the Bodhisattva Maitreya remembers this:

Muslim women also know how it works.

When the second part of my deity was taken away from me, it was around 2005, I went to the mosque with a friend who was practising there in an afternoon where there was no prayer. She was returning from a trip to meet the leader of the Naqshbandis, Cher Nassim in Cyprus. I remember it very well, the mosque garden was filled with beautiful vegetables, it was a beautiful day when the sun was high in the sky. Iminza read to me a chapter from a biography of a great master whose name I have forgotten. She read to me that he had been married very young and then shortly after having been separated from his young and beautiful wife for a retreat of prayer and asceticism, because he was to become an Imam. This is how I understood that it was a way of developing Tantric bonds. Because the married imam has a bond with his wife and it is this bond that usually makes the connection with masculine energy and the deities of women. So by moving away, by depriving himself of sexuality, having his new wife in his heart, he developed skills in his different bodies. It was very interesting.

And it was while I was at the mosque listening to Iminza that I lost the ornament connected to my base chakra. After that, for months, I stayed in bed empty of everything... until I received the invitation for Shanti to go to the birthday of Iminza's daughter, who was going to be 8 years old, I think, it was in November...yes, several months of great distress. And there, I left Shanti after a quick hello and left with the jewel placed back at the base. I had the vision of my guide, my great protector, the White Buddha, who had quickly taken it back with great skill, when Iminza had come to open the door. Then I meditated at home, and my inner guide made me put Shanti in my heart. And when I came back to pick up my child after the party, let's just say that my host showed a bit of a temper. But whether she knew consciously, I cannot say. This was the last invitation of Iminza.

But how difficult it is to follow without knowing exactly the reasons. I know if I had followed all the demonstrations that the venerable white Buddha gave me internally, I would not be here. But hey, that's another story and I'm first and foremost a bodhisattva, I'm here to learn, since Pratyeka Buddha, I've come a long way! And I want to teach the occult, and for that I have to know everything. To know how an engine works you have to dismantle it. If we only disassemble apart, we cannot understand the beginning and the Whole. And I want to know!

Nothing was going right inside me in my energy from the world of the gods, parts of my divine body were still leaving my body. Once, which made me particularly sad, I was in the kitchen and the divine energy escaped from me which makes a deity a deity, a divine energy escaped from my head, like a fluid.

It was again around Karmapa Ogyen Trinley's birthday. Another time, the much sung Dai sai gedap-pukku of Soto Zen, the kesa sutra, a sutra that we recite in silence, after placing our folded kesa on our heads, to remind us of the happiness we have in carrying the garment of the Buddha, the energy of the sutra came out of my crown chakra and my third eye. And it didn't stop so much, all the energies left me and went to my masculine part that I had developed and which was no longer on me.

It was around the 6th of 2006 that I went to the Rigpe Dorje Center. It was vows of bodhisattva and an initiation of one of the Karmapas of the noble garland of the lineage. This is how I chose to go to the Tibetan centre rather than on the Sunday of a Sesshin, where I had been invited, to attend an ordination. I preferred the Rigpe Dorje Center, as one chooses to let an open wound get worse rather than a good dressing which would heal.

That morning, I remember getting ready to go to the Centre, footsteps on my feet wanted to tell me something, but I continued, it was surely Buddha who wanted to tell me not to go. But it's hard to stop someone who learns through the experience of their body. What a disaster not to follow this warning. However, for my research it was the optimal choice. The white Buddha like a father wanted to protect me, to shelter me.

And here I want to make an important note, which is that throughout the Presence, which I call the white Buddha, within me wanted me to practise Zen. I even remember when I had my kolomo made, this Presence followed me, it was sweet in me, and I had this Zen monk's clothing made for me, and when I went to a Sesshin, at the end, I abandoned it, under the pressure of an energy that took everything from me. So, a Presence wanted to help me and showed me the Zen Way to follow, but I didn't listen! Writing, rereading this text in 2016 I am well punished, I admit, because I am still not well, but unconsciously the certainty of the need to get to the bottom of things.

The energy was good at the Tibetan Center, the centre was full, and Bardor Tulku was the leading lama. The Quebecer who lent me his prostration board in Bodh Gaya was there, we went to dinner together with one of his friends.

I received the name Karma Yeshé Wangmo, it was nice when he told me he said... Wangmomo, it was affectionate and joyful, I liked it. Yeshe is a great name of wisdom, a name to express an emptiness, for out of emptiness can only come wisdom.

There was his daughter who was there, she seemed to envy me a little, but perception is often misleading. But I felt so poor, this girl impoverished by the loss of her body. I prayed for her, yes, she had certainly been robbed,

what a tragedy! Am I the only one who sees these dimensions? What a tragedy, but what a drama, that these men who think they are gods put us through to increase their power!

There was the venerable teaching of the March of Awakening, so beautiful, but strangely Bardor Tulku was distant, distant. There, but not there.

Same thing for the initiation into preliminary practices, he wasn't there when he did it. I would understand the reasons later.

Bardor Tulku's whole family was there, and sometimes he went to his smokey apartment. And in the morning I practised some sexual tantras as I was inspired. But it was certainly the last time. Because after that day I lost even more occult body parts and I felt less and less well.

And in the afternoon this woman who translated, a disciple of the 3rd Jamgon Kungtrul, had shown, which was unexpected, mood throughout the teaching. And I understood that she too was being “hacked”. If there is one thing I want to say to Westerners, a warning: stay away from the Tibetan Buddhist centres under the leadership of the Dalai Lama and the Karmapa, until the light is shed. But hey, here in 2017 I don't know anymore....

I was really not feeling good with the energy and one day during the summer I called the resident lama, from the Rigpe Dorje Center, because they had sent male lamas to take care of the Centre.

Because men have territories and women do not, because he could direct the energy with men in this way. And that certainly it was not, probably, the continuation of the 16th Karmapa that this Centre followed. Otherwise, these occult manipulations would never have been carried out, because it would have simply been the continuation of the garland, whereas there they broke the garland.

I made an appointment with lama Yashi (or Tashi, I looked on the site and couldn't find the information, whereas before the two resident monks had their curriculum vitae), I had to go help the temple move, but my discomfort, my illness of occult bodies prevented me from doing so. I liked the idea of starting to volunteer for the Centre, but life decided otherwise!

I felt like I was going to die, and I was going for an interview.

I asked him if he had a Samboghakaya? Is this yours? My question seemed to annoy him. I told him that I wasn't feeling well.

Then later when we were talking in the Center I told him that I did not want to be a yogini, he smiled, because the Way to follow is that of yogini realization. He smiled, it was charming, but for me it was so painful what I was being subjected to. For men, a woman who loses her divine pieces is positive, because through masculine energy, the source of creation, she uses the energy. But when I was at the Centre, I found myself as before. Nothing helped, I didn't feel any better afterwards. And when I returned home, three angry women, which had never happened to me, I understood that these were connections that had gone sideways over time, that I was at the Centre that I had taken the right sense of my bodies, the wind had changed direction. And I understood that it gave more power to a despot's wife, she became even more so, because losing my power she gained it. Sniff sniff...

At the time I remember that when I recited mantras, I would remove beads from my mala, which I had never done before, or I would be inspired to get the numbers wrong so that I would recite them less, in fact, it was in the sense of doing less, of putting in more than I had recited. I surprised myself...because I was impeccably upright before.

~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley gave me a memorable experience anyway, I was in union with him reciting the long mantra of Vajrasattva, I vaguely

remember the mother/father exchange, it was reversed, and he told me voluntarily “uploaded” this text:

“On the road to enlightenment there are only jewels to pick up.

On the path to enlightenment, only treasures to discover, to collect, to pile up.

My treasure chest to fill with the most precious jewels...”

I didn't find the original, but I made a long version adapted to what I like. This is the Sadhana that the false Karmapa Ogyen Trinley gave me, he gave me nothing else as an indication, collected the treasures. At first I found it good, but later with all the losses I was making of ornaments and energies I reflected on this experience, and I understood the text as picking up other people's ornaments... because it removed bodies and ornaments. And that I was perhaps useful in undoing the metaphysical bodies of others..., but it certainly didn't help anyone.

At that time it was all he could do to give me a Sadhana, because let's not say it too loudly, but he transformed me from the god that I was to a demon.

It was on the 7th of 2007 that I sent a resignation request to Karmapa Orgyen Trinley. It didn't make sense, I have a family, a child to protect, what were these dismantling of my energy bodies?

To be honest, I was enlightened and he took my enlightenment. Do you agree ? What does it change ? Many things, and it reverses others, and it superficially nourishes false masters and impoverishes the truly wise. All of Quebec has lost energy, particularly Montreal. Then I heard that the energy of Montreal was not favourable so many of the speakers and various speakers were no longer going there, in fact, I am not exaggerating anything by saying that my deity, who in the end had all the connections of the Dalai

Lama, was the most important in Quebec, and then many lost connections went into the negative. Protecting our metaphysical bodies also protects cities, countries, continents.

A few days before, I was walking in the Parc de la Visitation, and I prayed and prayed and I saw that my spiritual energy continued to diminish every day, what should I do? I was praying like this when a voice within me rose: “Fight, fight to find your deity.”

But how do I fight? In the occult, what to do?

I decided to sit down and write and ask for his resignation. Already in the 2000s I had read that the Dalai Lama suggested to his disciples to write and denounce the Chinese practices in Tibet. And I spontaneously decided to do the same thing, to denounce a master.

This Earth Day, the 7th of the 7th of the 7th, under this auspicious day, I wrote the letter requesting the resignation of Karmapa Ogyen Trinley due to occult manipulation. Letter found in the appendix.

I wrote this letter quickly, spontaneously, in English, I didn't feel inspired, I forced myself to find the words themselves and I watermarked a photo of a Buddha in black and white. I was satisfied with my work, even though when I worked in the offices I liked to have fun on word processors. Later I would understand and it would become more difficult, my mind was protected, but afterwards I had strange intuitions and unexpected thoughts, it was the return according to mental connections caused by the sending of letters.

And I sent it to all the leaders of all the Tibetan Buddhist schools to inform them of the imposture of this master. I sent more than a hundred letters, and several weeks later a complete file to Sharmapa in Kibi by registered mail. I thought it was going to be simple, because, in my opinion,

the evidence was there. So I was more inspired and I wrote the three points, here is the translation:

Important

At the Sangha:

1. If it were not for the prophecy of the 5th Karmapa, I might think that I am the demon... but in the prophecy of Deshin Shekpa it is written:

“...at the beginning of the reign of the 17th Karmapa,
An incarnation of a demon (lit. samaya-breaker)
...will take this seat, Sacho”.

2. If the 3rd Jamgon Kongtrul had clearly indicated that Karmapa Ogyen Trinley Rinpoche is the true Karmapa, perhaps it would be different, but whether or not the child would be recognized as the successor of the 16th Karmapa Rangjung Rigpe Dorje, he had a fatal accident. (In 2016, I learned that IV J.K. resigned from his Pulhahari seat, writing that he had committed suicide rather than go and recognize Ogyen Trinley)

3. Karmapa Urgyen Trinley by withdrawing my Dharmakaya, the Dharma body, on October 11, 2004, after withdrawing my Samboghakaya, the Deity body, in June 2002, he proves, through this activity, that he is not the Karmapa, because he acted as a samaya-breaker.

September 15, 2007, revised March 14, 2009

Written when the birds were praying.

The Dalai Lama always said: "Experiment, experience through the body, don't believe what people say." I found that it paid dearly to have experienced the choice of one's Karmapa. He couldn't be true, the real Karmapa, it was impossible. In the occult we cannot try, we must verify the life of the person who denounces, see their authenticity, their motivations, the entire person.

I continued to write to Bardor Tulku, because he had a responsibility, and he understood very well what his Karmapa had done, and there I began to receive thoughts as if I was the demon. And so I wrote the first of three points. Of course I provoked, but in monasteries, well, the tendency is to sit on one's laurels and study the Dharma. We must wake up men and people! The Buddha was awake, and we are all "gas asleep". (What happiness when I learned that he had been banned from KTD in 2010, attached document, I had also written to ask for his resignation, which is in fact very Western, banishment is perhaps more appropriate, but it still has his Rinpoche title, he should withdraw it and strangely, no one has given me a Rinpoche title, I'm asking for it here: Doris Ouellet Rinpoche, that looks pretty!!) And if we set the record straight . Let's pray for It.

Subsequently, I discovered the prophecy of the 5th Karmapa saying that there would be a demon on the throne of the 17th Karmapa. I knew which one it was! And I remembered the Karmapa's last words: "I will take you wherever I go." Rather, it is up to each person, through their practices, to bring into their hearts the spiritual master they want to follow... not the other way around! Lord, what a drama, and what a shame to do these

activities in the invisible. When it is clear that the person's soul or Self does not want this activity. You have to wake up!

Since this resignation request, I have started and started again endlessly this book which was not finished, but which I am going to finish, it is the right time.

I thought ~~His Holiness Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley was going to react like a saint, because you know at his age, in your twenties, you can make mistakes. But on the contrary, since then in the energy I have been destroyed, belittled, raped, stripped, etc. I was not raised as a warrior, nor surrounded by enemies, everything was simple in my world before, but then everything was turned upside down. And I understood that in the East they are more warlike for several reasons than we Westerners, raised in cotton wool.

I experienced blessings, incredible “bliss”. The gods continued to support me in energy. Also, sometimes at home, I was certain that following the resignation, the sending of such authentic letters, and my own recognition as Maitreya Buddha, I believed that a plane would be deployed and come and pick me up. I still had ornaments, subtle coverings that brought me inner peace, and a taste for living in temples. I was a living god. But no one came, no plane, nothing. Except a large envelope with a small box, which was not of size, in the hierarchy of the gods, because I connected with the ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley, what a regression, and that the envelope came from Bardor Tulku. I did not open it, and sent it back to its author. Because I had always dealt directly with ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley, so why didn't he write to me himself? Notice that for me this letter had a demon energy, you know high-low, negative positive, God demons, well if until then the energy was that of the gods, it changed to that of the demons. You

might think, “She looked for it.” This is certainly the reason why no one likes the occult, exchanging God for the demon, or vice versa, no one likes that, and then as the demons know how it works, as the gods are in non-action, the advantage quickly goes to the demons.

However, knowledge, the maturation of human beings will not be achieved by doing like the three monkeys, one who covers his eyes, the other his mouth and the other monkey who puts his hands over his ears. But perhaps we never know, the great paradox! Human beings even seem to be in the 5th dimension... and that makes me laugh, because nothing is lost, nothing is created. And the energy that I created coming from the world of the gods would undoubtedly work against me, turn against me, the battle is against yourself, defeating yourself. It's possible! Do you see what I don't want to write, do you see beyond the words? It is not without reason that the connection between the occult and physical world has never been made, first all the demons are against it because it would give everyone their tools, then it is better to stay in one's own Heaven, only to see others take our place and that we find ourselves in the skin (energy) of demons.

But hey... is this the story of a bodhisattva, we'll see in the future! Even if no one says anything and follows the demons, we understand the reasons: “The exchange of oneself with others” is done in the positive and it can be done in the negative. The one who manipulates energy, the demon has certain advantages. And in this world where woman has her place is equal to man and well, the woman so close to God, the woman who is often said to be a demon³³,...I bring knowledge and explanation. The Golden Age

³³ The reason is that the demon will seek the positive, and as the metaphysical bodies of the woman are positive, complements to her physical lunar body, yin, the demons manipulate the subtle bodies of women, and very often leaves the woman in the negative, and then this increases the negative of women, of her connections. Yin and Yang, we all have the masculine and feminine principles within us.

will not come without Knowledge of the reality of women, of which men are included. But this is the right time, I bring the good news that I have anchored the path to the golden age, here and now, and that all circumstances are favourable, Buddha not Buddha, let it be done .

A being inside me wanted to help me, it bore the label Tai Situ, the voice said to me: "Follow me." I followed him for a while, but one day I sat down and thought: "How can I follow Tai Situpa, a supporter of ~~Karmapa~~ Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, when the real Karmapa is Thaye Dorje? There is proof of this" and since then I have stopped following him internally. But who was the one in me called Tai Situ? Was this the guardian of Karmapa Orgyen Trinley? Was this the effect of the obligation to follow the dharma of Tibetan Buddhism? Or simply someone who wanted to help me and who had this energetic line available? I don't know. Or the Dalai Lama? Stories to follow!

Subsequently the Dalai Lama named Karmapa Ogyen Trinley as one of his successors. I understood that the Dalai Lama protected the Tibetans, as the political leader of the Tibetans. We know that his Karmapa was the one the Chinese recognized. But at the same time did he not give the Westerners who followed him as fodder for the false Karmapa Ogyen Trinley and his retinue who seemed to take great pleasure in playing, manipulating and unmaking the metaphysical bodies of us Westerners? Yes.

Playing the role of politicians and that of the spiritual leader is not easy, this is why the Karmapas in the tradition never wanted to play the role of politicians to be only a spiritual master. And I was able to see the inner beauty of these beings there, their truth is as great as their simplicity, it is

While the demon who is a man, yang, takes over the masculine principle of the woman, then he becomes very positive.

beautiful, it is beautiful, of this beauty that must be hidden, because too much light makes you blind.

I wrote to the Dalai Lama to beg him not to give his succession to Ogyen Trinley.

What were the effects of the resignation request on me?

That's when I understood everything that had been taken away from me. I received neither compassion nor love nor pity from anyone I informed. For what ? Because I no longer have my bodies with me. Everything was received by ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley and Bardor Tulku. Everything passes through the positive metaphysical bodies, no longer having them on me, all the love, the compassion that they wanted to grant me, nothing was received by me, but by those who did it to me, my executioners! These activities in the invisible are the cause of mental illness. I have since discovered books and beautiful texts on mental illness and shamanism. Let the reader do a search on the net and he will experience an expansion of consciousness if he has not already done so: For shamanism, mental illnesses are the basis for the training of a shaman in the making. It's so beautiful! I believed that with psychiatry my life was over, ah if I had read just one of these books, I would have understood that a powerful shaman resides in me and that all my problems come from the fact that the shaman in the making does not look for a way out. Still, what a primitive vision of madness we have in Quebec, and elsewhere, but it's changing...Let's grow up! For our greatest happiness and development of our potential, rather than putting the shaman to sleep forever with pills...

So, let us not be surprised that the Sharmapa, great defender of Karmapa Thaye Dorje, and against Ogyen Trinley, cannot write to me.

In addition, my daughter Shanti, for them, was an open door to my metaphysical bodies so precious to me, and my coveters.

So we can understand why we do it!! I rarely took a yoga class at Sivananda, it was in 2008 I signed up to deepen certain postures, but it is no coincidence, in fact, I would not finish that class, but I learned at the Sivananda Center in Montreal something. One Wednesday evening when I was taking my classes, I learned that Sher Hisham was giving a conference at the same time at the Sivananda Yoga Center in 2008. What was this master who has millions of disciples doing in this small centre of barely a hundred seats? We know that it is the deities who form Heaven. Yoga is the place of construction par excellence of deities and their ornaments. What did he come to do in the small centre of Montreal? A few months earlier, Islamic music concerts had been held, preparing the ground, opening hearts and chakras. If true knowledge of our own treasures is known then we will make true choices, for ourselves, our family and even our city.

SECOND TRIP TO INDIA

I enrolled at the University of moral and religious teaching and began my classes. During the Christmas holidays, before the start of the second session, I decided to go to India using money from my student scholarship. This is how I left for India, and I intended to attend the teaching given by the Dalai Lama in Sarnath, so I arrived in Sarnath and there was a large crowd who had come to witness the teaching of this great master. I felt a little better, I would say, a little. I had brought my new black hemp boots and the chalk demarcations made by the Tibetans along the path had meant that from then on a white line cut the shoe on both sides at the height of the roots of

the toes. I would keep them for at least five years with this white line as a souvenir.

I rented a room with the lady at the restaurant who made great chapatis at the entrance to Sarnath, not far from the Jains. I slept in his children's room, on the 2nd floor because there were no more free rooms because of the Dalai Lama's teachings. It wasn't very comfortable, but it suited my financial means and it helped a little. Still nice to live with Hindus.

What should you do when events like this happens? I don't know, but I'll find out.

Walking on the land that the Buddha had walked on still seemed extraordinary to me.

I decided to continue my pilgrimage to Kushinagar where the Buddha had left his body, the place of his Maha Samadhi.

I was only passing through Patna so I took a local bus which took me to the terminus which served Kushinagar. But what a local bus, unheard of this bus, there were no more doors, it was young people, it's possible that they just patched up this old bus, but there were people going in and out, I didn't stay there long anyway. I was a little worried, but there was such a beautiful light in these poor young people that I saw it as a blessing.

Then I entered the bus which was to take me to Kushinagar. The driver tells me to sit all the way forward to his left. Wow, I had the best seat! Later I would say to myself that perhaps the driver's assistant had given up his job, perhaps he knew the dangers that the bus incurred in venturing out on a day when the fog was thicker than a pea puree, maybe the driver seeing my shaved head and my light made me sit in the first place to serve as protection, that's what I would think a few years later! Because it was

impossible to see anything on the way because the fog was so thick, up to less than a meter, but the mood was one of joy on the way to the place where Gautama left his body and became “fire”.

In Kushinagar, it took a long time to find a room. I inquired at the tourist centre, which was closed when I arrived. I waited for the employee to return from dinner. So I rented a room with 2-3 beds, which a few hours later I would share with a guy from New Zealand who couldn't find a room. The village was so small, and a Hindu spontaneously brought me the water that the Buddha drank just before leaving his body. I also visited a mud hut, how good I felt there. If I were rich I wouldn't want other materials as a house, it's too sublime, concentrated Mother Earth. I love walking around this Buddhist holy land.

There was this magnificent and enormous statue of the reclining Buddha, and if you looked at it at the head, at the feet or from the side the expression of the Buddha changed: going from smiling, to thinking or even to the moment when he left his physical body . What happiness! Manifestly, this statue has the power to internalize us.

There was also a Japanese-designed museum where there was a statue of Master Dogen, an important Soto Zen master, I really felt at home. I enjoyed finding Zen energy again. I didn't stay there long, my classes had started at the University.

I first went to Sherabling the Tai Situpa monastery to learn that he taught in New Delhi. So I went back to New Delhi in the hope of meeting him. I was going to Majnu Ka Tilla, and I had the chance to meet one of her students who were going to a private meeting which was for her close students, and she invited me to go. I braved the energy and I put on my

orange kesa, with my white kimono underneath, like in Zen. It helped me despite the difficult energies I was fighting within myself.

It was a brunch meal, very simple, but made with love. We were few in number, maybe 20 or 30 people, and there towards the end Tai Situ answered questions individually, in front of the group of people present. So I was going to ask him this question: "Are you sure that your Karmapa is indeed the true Karmapa, because since I followed him, I told him in English, I have lost bodies, memories, it is more and more difficult to meditate, to pray, in short, I am losing my spiritual energy? And my life is spirituality, that's all I have. He answered me, taking an olive that was on the low table in front of him that he was also certain that this olive was real. I told him I couldn't believe it. And I left, conscious of the luck I had had, blessed by Buddha himself, to have been in an interview with Tai Situ and to have succeeded in telling him that he was mistaken and that it could not be the Karmapa. Because it must be understood that for me, who lived in Heaven, having managed to have something concrete on the physical level was a great success. When we live in Heaven, we don't have much of an attachment to Earth.

Finally, a concrete step had been taken along the lines of the resignation letter sent a few years earlier. I think it was in 2009.

And then we read the statistics of Alzheimer's, memory loss, when we lose a body we lose our memories relating to this body. We could do so much more, have a much better old age in health, we have the gifts of healing, the gifts of youth, and others, but by taking our metaphysical bodies, which includes a variety of our envelopes we distance ourselves from them, and we become poorer, we don't have anymore our natural power.

Because briefly two children recognized themselves as the Karmapa, one protected by Tai Situpa who became his guardian and the Dalai Lama, and the other child who recognized himself as the Karmapa was protected by the Sharmapa.

Note that the Dalai Lama in the history of the Karmapa's reincarnations never had authority in this matter because the Dalai Lama is Gelugpa, and the Karmapa is of the Kagyupa lineage. A reminder that ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley is the one recognized by the Dalai Lama and also the one recognized by the Chinese.

On the train, after seeing Tai Situpa, I remember, my heart felt strange³⁴.

I was reading a passage from Deshimaru's book: "the old dead tree in the heart of the mountain throws its body above the bottomless abyss. Polished by the wind, washed by the rain, stripped bare by the storms, it crossed ten thousand winters. (...) The practice of Zen, ed. Albin Michel, 1977, p.101. This gave me courage and continues to give me courage as an eternal truth of the feeling of my physical body under attack psychics of all these past years.

This poetry was my Truth, the one I lived there and the one before. And during my ordination, in 2016, under the Bodhi tree, a few days earlier an old tree, a very, very old tree in the Gardens of Enlightenment, fell, and the Indians recovered all its wood. All that remained of me was the essence, no leaves, no branches, no trunk, no roots, there was nothing left but the essence. It was the transparency of this fallen tree, of my own truth. And it became more intensely profound in this holy land men. I had a photo taken

³⁴ The cause is that Tai Situ and KOT are very related, and he shares partly my metaphysical bodies and ornaments, seeing him this reverses parts of me. I would understand better all this invisible later.

just after my ordination of the wood of the tree, wood cut and ordered at the foot of the late tree.

I think of my ordination, and I cannot help but recount this auspicious event that I experienced as I left the temple. Standing solemnly carrying the ochre Kesa and on my right shoulder the monk's bowl held by a wicker strap, I did my first activity as a monk outside the temple, taking Indian tea. A few seconds later a white elephant appeared with its noble and petite rider, they stopped in front of me for several minutes. I was captivated, enchanted by the unreal image of this improbable decorated white elephant, which was nevertheless very real. Then the white elephant left. The merchants around told me that the rider and the white elephant came at the request of the Hindu Temple nearby. I haven't seen the white elephant since.

After my meeting with Tai Situpa I went to Kibi, place of residence and monastery of Karmapa Thaye Dorje in New Delhi, on an energetic wave of Gandhi. It was Gandhi's birthday, a very auspicious day, and when I arrived, I was even able to meet him that same day. It was a teaching class and also a period when Lama Ole came to give a few days of teaching on the MahaMudra. I was lucky and there were many Westerners. I say on an energetic wave because he was rather negative when I thought of him, and just like the Sharmapa whom I never went to see, however, he was the great protector of Thaye Dorje, a small parenthesis to express the effect of the manipulations invisible bodies. It is not for nothing that the world easily turned to Ogyen Trinley, the energy was manipulated like this. It's not easy to get out of it, but it's achievable; religions didn't fall for anything.

And then I was going to meet Karmapa Thaye Dorje. Because, of course, I had written to him and to Sharmapa and sent the resignation request and documents relating to my request. It was a great meeting, in fact,

the first real meeting I would say with a master, a real one. But I was moving air, of course, and it was at this time that objects fell from his table located to the right of this humble room. He hurried to pick it up and took his seat. Yes, I was moving wind and making waves, normal I was coming down from the heaven, but I was no longer on the right side.

I told him I asked for the resignation of Karmapa Ogyen Trinley for demon activity in the invisible, he told me that he was not a demon to my astonishment. Because the facts were clear. Later I would understand the reasons for this response from the Karmapa, because such a denunciation and indeed the force of it would have had an obviously negative boomerang effect for him. But the Karmapa is very prudent, just by seeing his analysis of the prophecy we understand him easily and he has the Sangha of the XVI Karmapa to protect which is fragmented. And we should not forget he is a saint.

And I told him that in the letters and the tone there were many illusions on my part, such as claiming to be Maitreya Buddha, and the conversation continued. He looked at me as if wanting to say: “no, it’s not an illusion”, if I was waiting for a sign from him to the contrary, nothing. It is true that in Tibetan Buddhism we must see all beings as realized, it is a practice, because if we do not see it we demean ourselves by the very fact. This is also the difficulty of denouncing. And then... guess what... lol lots of laughter for me and others, in the future, if I decide to knock on the doors of the masters from Maitreya Buddha! Illumination guaranteed! Inside me I say to myself: “I hope that women will understand what I want to do but hey, we are born alone, we go alone and we die alone.

I told him, and I know it made a difference for the future: “Nagarjuna said that there is neither right nor left, nor up nor down.” I was referring to my occult bodies which were in the other.

And I went out and my energy was restored I felt bathed in his protection. And by chance a girl who was taking classes in Kibi invited me to her dormitory, because several students had left for a few days outside Delhi. She came from Russia, a bargain and free. The energy in Kibi was favourable to me on this point, but how difficult it was for me to meditate, to return to my Zen energy as before.

It was impossible, I was against my energetic bodies. A monk who taught told me to take courses on Buddhism, but I didn't want to impose myself especially since I didn't pay. And how difficult it was to go against the flow, in my heart I was not well, the old tree was not enough essence, no doubt...

I braved staying in Kibi, but during the day I left and went shopping, which was not in my natural temperament, and visiting places, because I didn't feel very good in the energy, it was contrary to the sense of spiritual energy that was happening within me before I started Tibetan Buddhism. My chakras were turning upside down, I had a real electrical machine which produced OMS but which was short-circuiting little by little.

The weekend arrived and Lama Ole began his teaching. I had spoken to some of these disciples about my energy problems and they encouraged me to meet Lama Ole at the break, which I did. I told Lama Ole that I was possessed by Karmapa Orgyen Trinley. I don't know what he said, but he placed an imposing metal piece on my head, a seal that came from the 16th Karmapa. It did me good, but it didn't last. Day and evening I went to this teaching of Maha Mudra so close to Zen and its emptiness. And once I lay

down during his teaching, the lights above me flashed without warning. I knew it was coming from me, but what could I do, the energies in me were being destroyed. I helped a little to collect the debris.

I returned for another audience with the Karmapa, and one last time before my departure where I offered him a beautiful platter of fruits chosen from the market, and a very long orange kata with all the auspicious symbols.

And I set off towards Kushinagar. I have already talked about it, but I keep it, because they are happy memories that I like to remember, so my brothers and sisters will understand. I arrived one afternoon and rented the only room left, because I liked renting in a monastery, but everything was full, even though there weren't very many of us at that time of the year.

Then I went to Kalimpong, this small town, the place of which I had discovered on the internet, which was also the monastery of Karmapa Thaye Dorje. I stayed there for 3-4 days.

I took a room rented by a Tibetan couple which was a little expensive, but more than adequate, it was superb.

There was at the entrance to the road leading to the monastery, and before reaching my room, a small temple erected with a super black Kali mask, there was, of course, a beautiful statue of the Shiva lingam in his yoni, and other statues, including one of Buddha. One day I cleaned this place, straightened the statue of the Buddha and others, I redid the decor, very proud of myself. Because cleaning always requires a lot of energy from me, I have to look within myself, from my reserves to do cleaning. Several years later when returning to Kalimpong this outer temple no longer existed.

There was a Kali temple in Kalimpong, but I didn't make arrangements to visit it, maybe one day, because this deity has always

inspired me. In that my life was black in perpetual destruction, which comes from the abyss which has inhabited me since my birth.

I would have liked to go to Rumtek, but I lacked the energy, and the money too. So I took the train from Siliguri to Gorakhpur, which I liked, because there we found succulent fresh carrot and beet juices and good, typically Indian vegetarian restaurants, inexpensive and very rudimentary. Even in 2015 when I went to the same “pure veg” restaurant, the furniture and decor were improved, but the juices were rarer. It is not a very touristy city and in fact I had read in a tourist guide that it is not a city to stop for very long. The very mediocre room I took was not very far from the train station, my luggage weighed several kilos and even the Indians sometimes had difficulty lifting it, and I was tired too.

I went back to Montreal.

I resumed my classes, at the beginning I felt the protective aura of the Karmapa, but it did not last, diminished and I still had major psychic attacks attacking me.

Deeply and perhaps also naively, I thought that following the resignation request made to ~~Karmapa~~ Karmapa Ogyen Trinley, he would understand his error and that he would, if not write to me, at least correct the situation in the invisible. But it was the opposite to my great surprise! I understood that he was not a Saint and that he was not only doing activities that one would expect from Karmapas, as described in the linear garland of Karmapas from the 1st to the 16th, but rather a Machiavellian machine put in place³⁵.

³⁵ And this Machiavellian machine set up by the False Karmapa aimed to make Karmapa Thaye Dorje appear to be the devil in front of everyone, mainly for the Dalai Lama and those who followed him. Also he used the abilities of my divine bodies to deceive the visions of beings, because let's not forget Tibetan Buddhism is very tantric and recites mantras all day long.

I continued as best I could to meditate and pray to get out of the scourge in which Tibetan Buddhism had put me, but without success.

Let's wake up, let's wake up! I don't want to make an enemy, but today we must understand that religions serve purposes other than their noble initial goals, and Buddhism also pays the price!

It's a merciless battle. Sri Aurobindo will say:

"The adversary hidden in the human chest
Man must defeat him or lose his high destiny
It's a merciless internal war."

Satprem continues and says: "Sri Aurobindo still calls him the evil double." *L'éveil de la Conscience, Satprem, éd. corrigée, 1970, p. 263.*

Thus Sri Aurobindo and the mother had certainly experienced such assaults.

But hey, I don't like wars, and I never lose, I learn.

I can't stop, a female Buddha won't come back, I have to, because no one ever will otherwise. And then it is clear that if there is a female Buddha he has a demon, because the woman is a demon for many men, we can explain it, just as we can explain that the woman is closer to God too. And I continue to bring Knowledge, and if necessary be a demon for some. You can't please everyone.

But I was not doing very well, I tried different means without finding a way out of my misfortune and I returned to India.

THIRD TRIP TO INDIA

I saw an ad on the internet from a Pœ Richœ shaman living in a small Tibetan colony in Tibet in the county of Pokhara in Nepal, and I decided to go there again on student grants and going into debt.

But after receiving my non-refundable and unguaranteed plane ticket, I received an email from the Karmapa's office which said that it was not a good time to meet the Karmapa and that there were also shamans in Quebec.

But it was too late and I took the flight. Having learned in my education not to throw anything away, I was not going to lose my tickets, at the same time I understood that I was not going to meet the Karmapa, that was clear. And then he no longer wrote the Karmapa to me, probably because I had not followed his advice. So I flew to India for the 3rd time, to try to resolve my Energy problem.

I found a bus leaving from New Delhi, leading to the border of Nepal a few kilometres from Lumbini where Sakyamuni Buddha was born. So I made the trip, a long, not very comfortable trip which cost me, I think, \$50 even though I learned from other travellers that they had paid 3 times less, or even less. Even so, all the foreigners in India, one day or another, got caught. That's how we learn, however, for the poor Hindu, tourists even with little means like me, comparatively we are very rich.

So I stopped at Lumbini, and the Korean monastery was suggested to me. Each of the Buddhist schools had a monastery in Lumbini and someone told me that the masters were excellent. Once at nightfall I saw a fawn in the distance in the tall grass looking at me and I managed to take a photo of it. I also visited a few other temples, how fascinating to see the tributes to the Buddha changed according to different cultures. I stayed there for a few days, eager to meet the shaman and I left towards Annapurna and the

mountain that we cannot forget, which is part of the wonder of the place: Machapuchare, which is often called: Fishtail , by its appearance.

I found myself in a room in the very touristy city of Pokhara, which was not far from the Tibetan colony. What I liked was that flowers covered the entire rooming house, it was the beauty of nature dazzling and the people were very friendly and there was a good rustic spirit.

And I left for unknown Nepalese lands towards the Tibetan colony where Pœ Richœ lived. The mountains, how nourishing it is to be surrounded by them, it was a delight for the eyes, and the air was pure. I had to change buses another time, they were old, dusty buses from the sandy roads, but which ran well, we saw typical things and people there, a completely different world.

I met Pœ Richœ, he was with his son Sangye who was in his thirties. He wanted to explain to me that if his father at ten years old had felt the openness and the unequivocal call of shamanism, Sangye had still not seen the flame of shamanism rising within him. It was beautiful to hear him talk about his reality. However, religiously, he assisted his father in shamanic rituals. Sangye was authentic, without lies, and shamanism requires a lot of transparency, he was clearly waiting for the shaman's call to arise within him, but the flame was already in him. Surrounding yourself with true and simple beings like them brings a great blessing here and now.

During this time, with Sangye I visited a cave filled with bats, and we visited the Mahendra cave and other places. This helped my masculine energy to establish itself positively, rebuilding itself.

They helped me as best they could, Sangye supported me with his energy, and showed me around. I stayed there for almost a month. And there

I felt alive again, I was finally getting better. I made them some offerings for their help, but my resources were very limited.

I went down to Lumbini, and stayed at the Korean temple. The first time I took a room alone, but here I went to a dormitory that I shared with a young Japanese girl. The vegetarian meals, lunch and dinner were delicious, a few times I tried the seaweed soup, a soup with only seaweed, that's a lot of seaweed for the start of a seaweed soup and that's how I haven't finished my bowl of seaweed soup, sorry.

The first evening of my arrival, I went to group meditation according to the monastery schedule and it was very good, my energy was much, much better, I could meditate again. Thank you Pœ Richœ and Sangye.

During the night, I had a vision of two people who came and operated on me. Subsequently, I understood that the body (or bodies) that I had just built had been taken away from me by the Shaman. How sad, I was dejected to still see my energies thus disturbed; we can understand.

At lunch I learned that a young woman, from Romania or Czechoslovakia, had been very ill during the night. It was as if her whole body was in pain, so much so that the monks had to go to her bedside and gave her some potions and gave her massages.

It was later that I realized that this woman had suffered the loss of her Dharmakaya. It was something like that I suffer when KOT removed my Dharmakaya. She had just started meditation, she was barely twenty years old. And I understood that to reach me, I had to go through her. That was it ! We also have pooled bodies, but how that work will not be the subject of this book.

In the Dharma of Tibetan Buddhism, it is clearly stated: “Do not change a god into a demon.” Ah but maybe the masters are beyond the Dharmas after all? No.

I went down to Baijnath to meet Tenzin Palmo. It was the first time I went to her monastery which had only just been built. Really nice and big, well located. She was praying to the false Karmaoa so intensely in Gyoto when I met ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley, on Sunday she was at the door, modest, and finally her prayers were fulfilled she was able to build her monastery under the leadership of “Karmapa” Ogyen Trinley . She also seemed embarrassed to pray to him, but it paid off for her, but she was sincere. So what else can I say!

I remember, waiting to meet Tenzin Palmo in an interview, there was, was it a statue or other forms of art depicting Buddha teaching the monks, with the Daikinis and gods flying above. The Daikinis represent women according to their different degrees of divine realization.

Nothing really came out of this interview, I reiterated to her my fears about the "Karmapa" Urgyen Trinley, and then if my energy was good when I arrived, then going on the road in the mountain, I felt around the energies unfolded in my head, accompanied by internal tears, I had lost more energies by going to meet her. Ani Tenzin Palmo told me that she also had the photo of Karmapa Thaye Dorje on the altar.

My energetic situation facing Ogyen Trinley, his manipulations, made me very vulnerable. But never, ever, reviewing this in 2016, did I regret denouncing, despite the fall that it caused me. Someone had to do it and it's easier when the person born is negative, because a positive person couldn't do it, because it's done that way. But when I say negative, it is in the sense of the Tao, Yin and Yang and the negative is yin and the positive is yang. The

2nd card of the tarot is negative, it is the High Priestess, it represents the mystical, the occult, the hidden, the secrets.

Still inside myself I kept repeating to myself if there was not a prophecy and two Karmapas I would have given up a long time ago, but given the circumstances I must continue as much as I feel responsible for the bodies I had.

So Ani Tenzin Palmo and Tai Situpa were negative for me while probably, I am positive for them. Not counting ~~H.H. Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley, but who is positive for me? Who is constructive for me?

I got off at Sherabling, near the town of Bön. But Tai Situpa was not there yet, it was about a year after the first interview with him. I went down to New Delhi, and was told that he was in Sherabling, I shuttled between Delhi and Bön several times to finally have an interview with Tai Situpa. I was not very good at communicating, and all this useless back and forth could have been avoided, if I had gone to the right places and to the right people, but I was a hermit, and not at all communicative, just interior, the story of my life. Sherabling how beautiful this place is, in the mountains with cheerful trails surrounded by old white pines. How I love lying on a rock heated by the sun, just being present to that in the mountains.

In Sherabling an important fact gave meaning to my trip. I met a girl who played music and who came there quite by chance. She was a Belgian Austrian, who had rented a room at the monastery guest house, while I preferred to take a room a little further up the mountain at a lower cost. We planned that the next day we would go up the mountain together. Christina therefore arrived as planned in the early morning, in my room. It had started to rain, the first rain in several weeks, the monsoon was starting, which made us change our minds about the planned trek in the mountains. And this

very sweet girl began to tell me about a rather violent and intriguing event that had happened in the monastery rooming house the evening before.

A young Englishman had entered the guest house very agitated, loudly demanding to meet Tai Situpa so that they could explain to him what had happened to his friend, a British gentleman. Because he no longer recognized his friend, he was not well, became angry, etc.

I explained to Christina that I believed that the jewel of his heart, which is located in the divine, and/or astral body, had been taken away from him. Because there are gems that can be developed over generations, which are passed down from family to family. The jewels I am talking about are the ornaments found in Tibetan or Hindu deities. For example, Avalokitesvara, of which the Dalai Lama is believed to be the manifestation, is a deity with the jewel at his heart that makes all our wishes come true.

For my part, I found that it advanced my case for the Karmapa's resignation and certainly that he had complained to his Kagyu probably Centre in London. I understood two things: Firstly that it wasn't just me that this was happening to me and secondly that men also have very important ornaments, and at this level they are included with women. My trip will not have been in vain. Without this event, I would always have wondered if men also had ornaments, even though it shed light on a reality. Yes, men are included in the Science of Women, this confirmed it for me. Also, following this trip rich in knowledge acquired on the Science of Women, in a third point I understood that beings like this Romanian girl, unrelated to me, just because she was in the wrong place at the wrong time, have lost such an important body, that afterwards she would no longer be able to do the same practices, I was sad for her, for her changed spirituality, for her consciences which she was going to lose. And I myself, the adventurer, the psychically

attacked, preferred to avoid thinking, even touching on the idea of my daughter and the effects of these activities on her. With a lump in my throat, my body in prayer, I continue to write and/or revise the text.

I was waiting for Tai Situpa who was due to arrive later, Christina had to leave the next day and I went to find a room in Bir while waiting. A European woman who had a house there offered to accommodate me in exchange for compensation. I stayed at her place for a few days and took a room elsewhere, as her energy did not suit me while waiting for Tai Situ to return from Delhi. In Bir, I no longer found the time long, I was surrounded by *camellia sinensis*, the plant that produces tea and the local people dressed in warm handwoven clothes were very smiling and warm. When we sat down to have a chai, it was often the whole family who was there in this small kitchen-bedroom space. The women of Bir usually always had something knitted between their fingers, they prepared the next cold weather for loved ones and sometimes to sell: stockings, sweaters, scarves, often in neutral colours.

Finally, the big day had come when Tai Situpa had arrived and was giving interviews. I had arrived with all my luggage, because I wanted to leave Sherabling as soon as possible, it was not my place nor the Karmapa I wanted to follow. At the same time, preparations for Tai Situpa's birthday were made by his monks, but also by many Westerners who wanted to pay homage to him. It was beautiful to see the monks working hard to make everything as good as possible.

In the small office where we registered for interviews, there was a photo of Gandhi at the back, probably to remind us of the prayers for Peace, because the monks of Situpa, as we know, had already vandalized Kibi, where the Karmapa Thaye Dorje. It was obvious that this was the reason for

Gandhi's recall, and surely also for the visitors, remembering the vehemence of this Englishman who wanted to see Tai Situpa and ask what had happened to his friend. Because it soothed me too to see Gandhi.

The time for the interview was approaching, this time I did not wear my orange kesa, nor red skirts, I dressed simply, but I still had a shaved head, because in Nepal the hairdresser from Pokhara had me shaved the hair. Several years ago I did it myself, but the energy had left me for an eternity, it seemed to me.

Before me, it was the English that Christina had spoken to me about, I asked him the question, but he didn't answer me. He had calmed down, the energy of the monastery had soothed him, besides that externalizing himself makes anger escape and get lost and creates a void.

After him it was my turn to go for an interview. I kept it simple.

Brother André in Montreal had the Saint-Joseph oratory built, and I remember as a child being in this place of great piety with my parents on a few occasions, at the time when there were still a multitude of crutches, of wheelchairs left there by people who no longer needed them because they were healed by Frère André.

And I was there in front of Tai Situ precisely at the same time when the Quebecers had gathered and sent to the Vatican all they could in terms of information, testimonies related to Brother André so that the Pope and his ministers in this light could decide whether Brother André was going to be canonized. I felt imbued with a responsibility towards Montreal and Quebec, so before Tai Situ I became the spokesperson for those who, like me, still believed in the nobility of holiness.

And I told Tai Situpa that because of these activities in the invisible Karmapa Ogyen Trinley should withdraw his title of sainthood, because I

told him we Westerners know the value of this title and it was clear that he had done demon activities in the invisible.

After my meeting with Tai Situpa, an unwinding of energy around my head also took place... but hey... it takes courage and a lot of faith.

Walking through this pine forest, she knew that the energy of the ongoing process between Rome and Montreal was now protected. She verified it at the canonization a few weeks later at the Oratory, the energy was more alive than ever.

End of 2010

My great difficulty is writing because my non-mental was the basis of my achievement.

My understanding in 2017, and summary of the facts about the bodies of Maitreya Buddha:

1956: March 26 of my birth.

1966: Someone in my sleep wants to suffocate me

1977: The 16th Karmapa appears to me and helps me, I tell him that I am Maitreya Buddha, then he gives the vajra of the BM to Tai Situ, and the Karmapa contract cancer, he helps me to take the karma of Maitreya Buddha. A feminine Buddha cannot be created without causing waves to wise men.

1977: Experience from my past lives, my 3rd eye enlarges.

2001: Withdrawal of the Samboghakaya (body of enjoyment, mystical body)

2004: Dharmakaya (astral, mental, supramental) withdrawn, Shanti's birthday

2005: other ornaments, envelopes leave me, mantras, etc.

The 6 of the 6 of 2006: what is Mara doing?

7 of 7 of 2007: calls for the resignation of Karmapa Ogyen Trinley

2010: meeting Karmapa Thaye Dorje riding a wave of Gandhi's energy because otherwise impossible.

2010: Buddhism class at the University of Quebec in Montreal with Elijah Ary, a Quebecois tulku by birth, and I explain to him privately that my deity was taken away from me, and I added that I was a good deity. Can we know! Maybe there are evil deities and they need to be removed, I don't know, I said that. In fact, to say that I was a pure channel of the divine. He looked at me and smiled casually... to my dismay... Because I served real things to beings, not the other way around... This shows how much we don't care about innate spiritual rights.

In fact, when someone complains about a spiritual master, antennas should naturally arise and caution lights should come on. But in this world where we are asleep, which numbs us... it's the opposite in fact... It's the Order that I would like to bring back.

A few times, in Buddhism class, E. Ary talked about a Buddhist card game, he said with a laugh that his mother always went back to hell... Inside I thought: But light it up!!

No, he didn't light up. Because what is important to understand is that when a woman loses her deity it enlarges the positive of men... But it is not for the better of the planet on the contrary, it anchors more in matter, that's okay more in the medicine of men and less in our own power of self-healing, etc. We all lose, and men are the first to lose.

2011 I go cross-country skiing at the Parc de la Visitation, it was a beautiful day everything was going well and I suddenly feel bathed in sperm. Later around 2016 it will be the head that we will take by sperm. Control of a person by the base chakra...we wonder who it is sad. Yes, I am a prisoner.

I have so much to say. For example, this retired guy who was looking for an apartment to rent, and whom I invited to draw the tarot cards, it was around 2011, he suddenly told me that the name Shanti was too big for her, she should be energetically humbler like Shantou... We wonder where he gets his inspiration from!! Well, what I understand is that patriarchy supplants matriarchy by appropriating the occult bodies of women and then the woman is degraded as well as her family, for the benefit of men who are aggrandized. They control the energy, but they control what men say by the power of my heads which are no longer on me. I have so much to say. Since my occult bodies were

removed, my energy has continued to drop. Patriarchy is regaining ground³⁶. The golden age will go through a major change. Let the true beauty and splendour of beings come to light, and thus everyone will want to beautify themselves following the path of virtues and the Spirit.

2014, During the summer and autumn in me, I am prepared to get out of this story, in the energy, and inspire that I must go see Karmapa Ogyen Trinley and then Tenzin Palmo who should give me the Dharma. Except that in my vision the kesa, the one of Zen, the one who is active, the rakusu, there is a lack of respect for him, and that is why I would not go to the meeting. Because in Soto Zen, the kesa, we respect it as if it were Buddha. As if Taisen Deshimaru didn't want me to go. How can you take a Buddhist door when you disrespect the Buddha himself? It was a possible exit for me. And the best, especially since I had just finished Yeshe Wangmo's book, which is this bio, written with my 3rd eye helped by Karmapa Thaye Dorje. This is where I lacked wisdom. Because what I understand is the ouroboros who had to come home. I believe that there should be no disrespect to the Buddha, and that I did well not to enter through this door.

2014: removal of the base and my crown from my bodies in public meditation in Kibi during a meditation class, and the meditation teacher Dupseng Rinpoche, leaving the room, two days in a row turns briefly to me, and says : Thank you.

Then sprained feet, I'm not doing well, even the other meditations I wasn't doing well, that I stopped going, and I had food poisoning on the 1st day of the year, and I did not finish the session, I left for Dharamsala, in an energy that was beneficial to me. (1)

And then it's the fall, which reminds me of the book Sophie's Misfortunes. Therefore, it is impossible to take the door of ouroboros (see Padmasambhava and Yeshe Tsogyal). And I am waiting for explanations, which should be very interesting, from this Rinpoche under Karmapa Thaye Dorje.

2015; I send a sketch of my book to occultists, and I have occult answers, and the energy is brewing. A message: How did a mother save the earth in her kitchen? How did she end up having the resignation of a master in the occult? Wow, I liked this post. I had

³⁶ If patriarchy brought with it Wisdom, Love and Peace to Earth, then I would keep silent, but let's look at this Earth and we understand that changes are necessary. There is nothing better than following the Laws of Nature rather than taking yourself for gods, the Nature is the Source of Happiness.

put it in a version of the book, but I took it out, because you know when we sometimes feel so low in energy that our faith diminishes.

And others too: my book too negative, lacks anything positive. Well, that's the problem, the world doesn't want to hear the real things, and to bring about the golden age we have to understand and rectify the situation.

And others too: a sentence which said that this book was a grace, that it would bring about the change of poles, etc. And that many would support me like Maitreya Buddha.

Finally, the freezing cold that Quebec faces stops, someone has restored it. It is also the temperature which is affected, by the removal of our bodies, and some have power over it, against me, they blame me, because even if this book did not appear, the occult world understood and acted for the good of the planet.

January 2016: Albert Low dies and I know I have something to do with it, he "held" my head³⁷, and I was inspired so that the position of my upper body, of my very high head which does not is not on me, made him lose his connection. The same thing happened to Goenka, I was doing a Vipassana in Montebello, and I helped his departure, without wanting to. High deities operate at very high levels. Protecting us protects everyone. And those who develop such a body are divine. The goal of the human being is to realize God, it's simple! I hope I wake up people. I should look up the date when my head was put in the base chakra of "we're not sure who but we have our doubts" by a cum bath.

Tibetan Buddhists are well protected against this, because they know how it works, but other Buddhists do not. The symbolism in the B.T. of a new head-or connections is when they put on a hat during the ritual. Where does the head come from, the connections they put in? So many questions to ask!!

February 2016: I do not feel well following my trip to India, returned at the beginning of January 2016 and I return, there I attend the Tibetan new year in Kibi, message received: Pillar ready to face?

³⁷ We have 12 strands of DNA assured and therefore a possibility of more than 12 metaphysical bodies and a lot of interdependencies, following the people we meet, our meditations and activities.

And then I have two breaths, and I'm beyond divided, and it won't stop. A month later, when I returned home, the third eye, an important ornament, was removed, and I cried for a whole day, it was defeated. (And I know Albert Low was holding her back, but dead no.)

July 2016, I move to India, ordination in the fall, I am better, but under the bodhi tree, during a puja some months after, my yang body is removed from me, and placed against me in the left heart, negatively, the form of a woman placed against me who practises the path of Zen. This is how Zen, on my way out, becomes difficult to practise, but still practicable with much more effort. I had started a Vipassana Satipatthana, but I had to stop because it was negative, the master in front of me was negative, and I understand that the loss of the ornament of the 3rd eye was the cause.

December 2016, near the Bodhi tree, a divine head was removed from me, very close to my physical body of Nirmanakaya, and the 3rd eye, and I would lose a lot of my English and intellectual abilities, and part of my connections divine and earthly in the higher spheres, therefore part of my crown.

2017: getting worse and worse, I try to find a place of serenity, each place ends up being harmful to me, and I no longer know what to do, I am in a void, but comfortable nonetheless, because my ordination as a monk of Theravada had given me wings and unparalleled light and remained within me the beneficial emptiness of Nirvanā of the Mahayana school.

The two Karmapas are formed on the basis of my own bodies, before 2000, and after. And if I am still here, it is because I am supported by the wise and God.

2017: getting worse and worse, I flee, I flee, each place ends up being harmful to me, and I no longer know what to do.

Finally: the two Karmapas are formed on the basis of my own bodies, before 2000, and after. And if I am still here, it is because I am supported by the wise and God.

And finally I was going to die in Varanasi, I was on the train in Delhi, you know there is an old belief which says that Maitreya Buddha will be born in Varanasi. And thirty minutes before the train left, I saw nothing, my bag was taken with everything: malas, books and USB keys, laptops, cell phones, bank cards, bodhi tree leaves, sacred books, stones, essential oils, glasses, and a precious Tipitaka bag where the date of the

Buddhist year was written, finally all of that disappeared. I did not take the train, there was in fact a death there. Maitreya Buddha not yet reborn. What luck! I had a backup, just one of this book, an email with this book sent a few months before to my daughter's father and an old IPAD that I had put in my suitcase, this allowed me to finish and send to the publisher The Dream Life of Buddha Maitreya. And I went, in all the cities where I was in India, to rent a space in a computer room provided for this purpose, to work on and complete this book.

May 2019 I return to Montreal. In June 2020 I will be operated on for a large tumour in my stomach which was the cause of anemia and other energy problems whereas before this tumour had shrunk quite a bit and was resolving. But that didn't fix all the physical issues that arose after the removal of my 3rd eye, part of my crown and mystical heart. And there, in Montreal, part of my energy sadly continued to evaporate.

My links with Karmapa Thaye Dorje:

The 17th Karmapa was reborn on my daughter's father's date, May 6.

Under the weight of the powerful dorje of Maitreya Buddha, Tai Situpa falls, he does not control his mind and lies about the Karmapa, creates a false document of recognition.

Tai Situ, send his army of monks to Kibi to the 17th Karmapa

Sharmapa died one day before my mother on June 11 and 12, 2014.

Sharmapa originated in my family in Quebec, that's what it tells me inside. To be checked. But I didn't dream that, someone made me dream it...

2017 The 17th Karmapa gets married on my birthday March 26, 2017

In his happiness, I now feel more forgotten than ever in my misfortune.³⁸

(1) removal of kundalini, that's what was done, and more I would say. For those who want more information, there are speakers that I have seen in the USA and also in

³⁸ All this text in small print seems very dramatic to me... the story of my life. But looking back, revising this book in 2023, certainly we have to know the bottom, reach our inner darkness to return to the light, this is how it is at least in our time. These divine bodies, these ornaments which were removed from me were my deity, god, Buddha and by losing them I lost my Light. I had to return to the light, a light that would present itself differently without my divine bodies and adornments, however. Die to be reborn like the Phoenix.

Europe who, remotely, does this activity, in order to repair chakras, remove implants, and resolve various problems. Here we are!! But it would take Holy Knowledge on the subject, wisdom in. It is to make the right choices.

What I understand is revising this book, it is that it is not only dramatic for me, but for all the Divine also. It is a loss for God, a loss for Buddha, a loss for the Source. When someone loses the bodies and ornaments of its divinity, it is a loss for the Whole Heaven.

CONCLUSION

Remember that the universal rights of human beings include all of our subtle bodies in all dimensions, on all spheres.

There are two levels: macrocosm and microcosm.

I want to place myself at the macrocosm level, to situate myself beyond religions.

The microcosm level: these are each of the religions, sects, what they do with our spiritual bodies.

My knowledge is small, and less when I look at the intra-worlds created by leprechaun-demigod men.

It's simple, everything that goes wrong on Earth for me comes from him, from Karmapa Orgyen Trinley. Muslim terrorism is he, Monsanto is he, the fact that we are still with the old gasoline-powered machines of our grandparents is he, pollution is him, still the same questioning on do extraterrestrials exist it's him, everything is him, everything that goes wrong comes from him.

But hey with the exchange of oneself and others, I don't know...but maybe it's me, my server who does all that, but it's him. Because we cannot reverse Good, Good is good in itself, but evil is reversible, Good is in both sides, forms the whole, unifies, evil separates and is dualistic. Good understands Evil, but not the other way around. The Ying & Yang of the Tao is the unified Good.

Well, I know him, I know who he is, and I'm starting to understand his diabolical machinations.

Masters who do activities against our will should not stay in place.

And even the one who took Kibi's retired body from me should explain himself and even resign. Ah yes his intention was pure, well hell is paved with good intentions. And who was he inspired by? Wrong spiral, wrong mind spireale! Or Well spiral! Story to follow.

This is why we must say it loud and clear that we do not want activity on our invisible bodies to protect those around us and the entire earth. Because when we start this type of activity we can't really stop, because we continue because we see the negative and we take it and it becomes positive for us... that's the problem.

Even though I know that I am a minority and that no one has created bodies of the value that I have developed, also who can understand that my roots were in Heaven. Nothing is lost, nothing is created, most beings are located there, in the positive world, in the world of men it is like this. And yet I have created my bodies and have had the Universe always conspire to help me realize Maitreya Buddha.

This is how. I have to recover from all this activity, and it's far from over. Because I want to continue my own path.

Religions can be dangerous because people who have power to tamper with bodies and play in the positive and negative, if you are not on their side well that is the reason they must convert and convert, to bring people into their positive, ultimately religious people work for the head, sometimes manipulative and this is what I would like to bring to attention. The others are in the negative... that is primitive... The Buddhism of the Buddha is not a religion but a philosophy at the base, even though men have also made it a religion, and currently there has dangers in Buddhism. Even though the Jews, it is through women that they are Jewish, no conversion, for them it is settled.

The Source of religions is pure but we have forgotten. And when there is no manipulation of the body, there is no management of energies, beings manage their energy, and we hope they follow the path of virtues.

But in Jesus' time it wasn't like that, but it was like that.

But in the time of the Buddha it was not like this.

But in Mohammad's time it was not like that...he had married more than 50 women, that's the reason.

Etc.

Religious human beings must remember the noble goals sought: virtues, love, solidarity, etc. reread the source texts.

Higher than religions, there is the Mother Source. And those who follow a religion should start from there to avoid the obstacles of the ego of men on Earth. Because Iman, priests, Brahmans, lamas, Rinpoche, are far from perfect beings, and to help them we must get closer to the Mother Source.

To protect our children and the Earth, we must loudly demand to preserve our own bodies, to remember that the universal rights of human beings include all bodies, all spheres, all dimensions. This before religions, as the declaration of universal rights exists.

I bow to the greatness of Sakyamuni Buddha.

I now understand that Gautama meditated for a long time after his enlightenment. It is clear that he meditated after having visited all the spheres, all the dimensions, from zenith to nadir, he meditated and he asked himself if it was possible to teach all of this. Let us remember that the Buddha was raised in the very high and noble culture of the Vedas. He made the choice that we know, and Maitreya, a single spirit with his master, made

the wish to be reborn in a female body in order to complete the teaching of the Awakened One.

Homage to the Buddha!

And here I have to go and do an exercise in knowing how to remain positive when everything collapses, how to remain positive while remaining realistic.

Namaste.

Ho'oponopono*

Je vous aime, pardon, merci, s'il vous plaît, pardonnez-moi.

Dhanyavaad, main tumase pyaar karata hoon, main maaphee chaahata hoon, krupaya mujhe maaph kar do

धन्यवाद, मैं तुमसे प्यार करता हूँ, मैं माफी चाहता हूँ, कृपया मुझे माफ कर दीजिए।

Thank you, I love you, I am sorry, Please, forgive me

Merci, Je t'aime, je suis désolé, S'il vous plaît, pardonnez-moi

ييل رفغء اء اءرلا ،فسآ انأ ،كءبأ انأ ،مكئل اركش

Aloha ia oukou, Ua aloha au iā□œ, e kala mai ia□u, Ke noi aku, e kala mai ia□u

Je vous aime, pardon, merci, svp pardonnez-moi.

Спасибо, я люблю тебя, я извиняюсь, пожалуйста, прости меня

Danke, Ich liebe dich, es tut mir leid, bitte vergib mir.

Thank you, I love you, I am sorry, Please, forgive me

谢谢你，我爱你，对不起，请原谅我。

Arigatōgozaimasu, watashi wa anata o aishi, watashi wa mōshiwakearimasenga, watashi o yurushitekudasai

nan, na-ege mian yongseohaeyuseyohago, dangsin-eul salang haeyo, gamsahabnida

ييل رفغء اء اءرلا ،فسآ انأ ،كءبأ انأ ،مكئل اركش

shukraan llakum, wa'ana 'ahibbuk, 'ana asafa, alrraja' aghfir li

धन्यवाद, मैं तुमसे प्यार करता हूँ, मैं माफी चाहता हूँ, कृपया मुझे माफ कर दीजिए।

Thank you, I love you, I am sorry, Please, forgive me.

شءبب ارم ،افطل ،شءوؤ ضرع اب نم ،مرادءسوء ار امش نم ،امش زاركشء اب

Gracias, Te amo, lo siento, por favor, perdóname.

Thank you, I love you, I am sorry, Please, forgive me.

Men, meni kechirasiz mag'firat lltimos qilaman, Men seni sevaman, rahmat

רימ פארגעבן ,עטיב ,קידכעבען זיב דיא ,ריא עביל דיא ,ריא קנאד

Hatur nuhun, I love you, Kuring keur sorry, Mangga, ngahampura kuring

Dziękuję, kocham cię, przykro mi, proszę, wybacz mi

Thank you, I love you, I am sorry, Please, forgive me

Mèsi poutèt ou, mwen renmen ou, mwen regrèt sa, Bondye, padonnen m '

Merci, Je t'aime, je suis désolé, S'il vous plaît, pardonnez-moi

Þakka þér, ég elska þig, ég er hryggur, Please, fyrirgefna mér

Ngiyabonga, ngiyanyithanda, Ngiyaxolisa, Ngicela thethelela me

(Traduction de Google translator de Ho'oponopono en quelques langues.)

C'est le mantra du Bouddha Maitreya.

Le mantra UNI VERS ELLE

Parfois vers Elle parfois vers l'Autre.

*This is the mantra of Maitreya Buddha.
The mantra, in French UNI VERS ELLE in English UNIVERSAL
UNITED TOWARDS HER, it is a play on words.
Sometimes towards Her, sometimes towards the Other.*

*Tribute to my brothers and sisters from Hawaii. This mantra is old and they have such wonderful ancestral practices of incredible simplicity which nevertheless give extraordinary results. We must not lose the good old and strong traditions. Let's protect them!

THE SCIENCE OF WOMEN³⁹

Above all, the protection of our invisible bodies and our powers. Not so much to use them as to prevent them from going to less noble people. Because anyone who develops powers has the spiritual maturity to use them.

Then how it works. There are our mystical bodies put together, spontaneously or not, understand it. Going to a group already means uniting. The knowing brings us to make better choices.

Women's science touches everything that is self-healing, telepathy, soul or astral travel, the chakras, the different planes, the guides so that they appear in their true light, we are energies and there are people who feed on light, methods exist, and there is much more. The science of women is understanding that we have made the choice to incarnate to evolve, to grow, also when we leave the Earth we can reach brighter dimensions⁴⁰, it is also understanding energies, the different karmas, we can see all the infinite human potential. This science allows us to go beyond the physical sphere, opening us to other horizons existing within us and elsewhere. It's about growing up, and stopping being infantilized by taking away our powers because it could harm us! On the contrary, a person who has powers must certainly detach themselves from them because it is only a flower on the

³⁹ The Science of Women is the terrestrial reality of the Science of the Divine.

⁴⁰ By moving to a higher and mature karma through the protection of our metaphysical bodies, then the Earth would already be at this bright place, heaven on Earth.

path which must lead us to achieve our goals. But sometimes this flower contains secrets that could be useful to us. However, the important thing is not there, it is in the protection of our wholeness, that is to say our Spirit, our Soul, all our spiritual realizations.

Finally, to say that these activities very often put us against each other.

Sharing, solidarity, while this should bring infinite merit, it becomes a source of problems and conflicts.

In conclusion:

Demons are not necessary at all. I remember, to my great surprise, having read in "Le Livre Jaune, no.1" that the author was fooled, was misguided: he said that it helped to overcome obstacles, etc. It was inspired by the very person it serves: a demon. They are not necessarily because natural agents work for our improvement. This type of indoctrination is created and/or taught by demons themselves. In matriarchy: We protect occult bodies. This science completes the Science of men. But without the demon activities; already there are the laws of Nature and the Laws of Karma, it is the only natural activity that should exist on Earth.

It's like conversion. Men have territories, women are naturally without, then it depends on them. However the question of conversion is easily resolved by matriarchy: how to convert children who are born to different fathers? I admit that I was inspired and it surprised me to hear it, and yet it is the way of seeing it. To the Buddhist who was looking for how I got this answer, this goes without comment. Maitreya Buddha is from all allegiances, sects, religions: atheist, animist, Muslim, Jewish, Christian, secular.

Eternal youth: Great research of women is possible with the Science of Women. Because protecting all the bodies will bring the power of beauty and healing.

Among men: who seek the philosopher's stone, they find it in their feminine aspect, even more possible with the science of women.

What happens when a man we don't want or no longer want is in our positive? Or worse when a master carries out manipulations with no possible return and makes us dependent on him?

This horrifies us.

AND what do we do?

We seek to move away,

But then what happens?

What should we do?

It's the Science of Women. These are entire chapters of the Science of Women to be written. For my part I cannot write on the subject at present.

Of course now I remember Buddha said offer your body your life, but we are not all Buddhists, and he was talking to the monks of the Buddha.

Is woman different in this? Story to follow.

And we can ask ourselves if letting go of our subtle bodies when we don't want to through the activity of a master is not the same thing as selling one's soul to the devil? If we are a whole then we are responsible for our metaphysical and divine bodies. It's avant-garde. In a few hundred years, this will be better understood. But, of course, the realization I had no one ever made it that way.

However, it is clear that the master should be boycotted by all women in solidarity and dethroned. Otherwise we'll see each other again in a few hundred years or millennia.

REFLECTION

May we develop true wisdom. We are here to learn, the Earth is here to help us grow. Death-Life, Life-Death, no real difference, but the Earth school helps us to elevate ourselves, to elevate our soul, ourselves, our Non-Self. Let the teachers who make mistakes spontaneously say: I made a mistake, sorry, I leave my tasks to review my notes, to resume lessons that I have missed, to purify myself, that would be the highest wisdom. The Earth is a school for each of us, master or not, disciple or not. Evolved beings who understand this can help elevate true wisdom.

“Truth alone triumphs; not the lie. »

It is not easy to find the origin, the source of the one who manipulates, who tampers with subtle bodies and ornaments. I found it. What do we do? The Science of Women has so many tools to offer, tools that would help beings to take responsibility because people would understand the extraordinary luck they have to have taken birth and would have the conditions to deepen and progress. The intuitions of protection of the earth and animals would rise naturally because our intuitions are currently cut off,

deviated, so the Source does not nourish us with its infinite power of Love and Wisdom.

I continue to dream of a more mature world, probably I am just a few millennia ahead of my time, before Maitreya Buddha appears again, if I do not complete my task. But the Buddha will not return in a female body. The Buddha will remember the life of Doris Ouellet, as well as his own, his teaching will not be different, because the key to the golden age is the women who hold it. And in his next life, he will continue to enlighten people about metaphysical realities and the Science of Women. He will speak of the universal right of beings to retain their invisible and divine bodies. But undoubtedly over time there will have been evolution and changes.

Sakyamuni Buddha said it in other words, but he protected all spheres, but above all the Buddha expressed the fact that our parents were immensely rich and we children are going poor, we must return to our spiritual wealth. And this forgotten wealth of mutual aid, of human fraternity, the richness of our consciences. Our rich parents are in fact the most harmonious and luminous dimensions that we want to reach and who lead us to take a rebirth in a physical body to reach the higher spheres of wisdom and purity.

When the time is right, all the secrets of the world will fall and true knowledge will appear and elevate the human race to maturity.

Is this the right time? I would not know how to say it.

We are very primitive, children compared to The marvellous Science resulting from the laws of the universe, the source of the Dharma of the Buddha. We have great capabilities, but they are being taken away from us. In the time of the Buddha, the powers were important to help the monks teach the Science of the Buddha. In images of the Buddha, two monks often appear. To the left of the Buddha the monk Moggalāna, who mastered the

occult Sciences and to the right, for our knowledge, the monk Sariputra, who possessed the Dharma of the Buddha. We need to retain our powers and the entirety of our bodies and to understand that those who take them from us end up using our powers against ourselves. And losing subtle bodies means losing our powers, losing dimensions, consciousness, our memories, and being more vulnerable to illness and cancer. We must remember.

In fact, I'm talking about powers, but that's not the important thing, the important thing is not to be subject to EGOS who control us. And I'm talking about power so that we have power over our own Life rather than being controlled by our own tools.

This book clearly shows a way of manipulating human beings which results in the loss of natural contact with animals, vegetation, Gaia, with common sense. A consumer society that has been programmed so that we move away from our true centre is what these activities bring us: more materialism and less depth, a world turned upside down!

The universal rights to retain all of our bodies should be demanded loud and clear, this would help to remind us that we are much more than just a physical body, that we are beings with many dimensions and that these same dimensions protect us from many diseases.

If people knew what these activities cost them, anger and other manifestations would be demonstrated!! In the meantime, these people claim our wealth and spiritual goods and Westerners are a godsend for them in ornaments of all kinds.

In the world of Maitreya Buddha everything can be cared for, healed, created, in this world of pure Love and infinite Wisdom the highest authorities participate in his Victory on Earth.

In the meantime, what a beautiful symbol and what a change of direction it would be to see a master resign for such a reason, because it would truly indicate a planetary affirmation towards the golden age. But the difficulty with women lies in the bickering and quarrels that the play of bodies entails. An example lived in April, the year 2060 Buddha in Rishikesh, an Indian city renowned for its yoga and the sacred Ganges. It all started in the afternoon when I sat at a table to have a mint and lemonade. A woman enters, she turns to me, she had just come out of her yoga teacher class, or she had had a vision of me, that she was called to come to see me, I saw you and I came , I connect to you, etc. She was completely out of breath. I admit I should have been careful, and she asks me to tell her something that concerns her. In this very relaxed little café, without a chair, sitting cross-legged, I was at ease and I thought for a few minutes without knowing what I was going to say to her, and I spoke to her about my book that I finished. She tells me I see you in me, I am connected to your book. I was weak, I had a suspicious background, but hey, I didn't know how to refuse. And in the evening after the Arati of the Parmath Niketan Ashram, my feet bathing in the Ganges, refreshed, to the sound of the sound of the water, four Chinese girls come to my house, and Cherry wants me to talk about my book, and so translation, and another who speaks French, and finally, two hours later, they seemed to have understood my project, and we had a lovely evening. And once when they had left I said to myself this is so strange, where did this come from? I pray that the energy of my book is protected, and so am I. But hey, I know that the Karmapa was accepted by the Chinese. The next day Cherry I saw her passing twice in the alleys and

she was hiding and didn't want to see me⁴¹. While really at the start it was the exchange of email addresses all in joy. These are manipulated occult bodies.

In me that day and I didn't feel good at all, I feel that I lost vibration again, and others. We had a good time together, at the same time I wanted to tell them, to warn them, but the energy for this purpose was not there, I had to create it. I must resolve now that before I talk about my book, I should give the caveat, and see if the person wants me to continue. And a few weeks later, I understand that I no longer feel so much like myself, changes are taking place, and I continue the sacrifice of the Truth, it is at this price.

And then reader, when we talk about the taboo and difficult subject of "demons" quarrels and squabbles can arise, the more we know, the more we can understand. If you have to write to me, the ho'oponopono mantra, the most human of mantras, the most above religions that I know, I invite you to recite it a few times before, and I will do the same for just us protect. Sorry, sorry, I love you, thank you. Or another prayer.

However, I don't know all the data, but I want to write the truth. Now we have a golden opportunity to regain control of our lives, of the earth. I know very well that my book can be completely reversed in an energy sent by demons, suffering beings, controlled by whom we know and go

⁴¹ I know that we lost a divine body because of invisible activities, and even if I was not aware of it, all of us 4-5 girls each lost a common metaphysical body at that time relating to yoga , very high vibrationally, and also ornaments no doubt. I think these yogis-yoginis were more aware of this than me. But I remember the energy of the divine body removed from me. It was a set up. **This is why human fraternity without the protection of our metaphysical bodies is not possible because we become antagonistic ...even if we love each other!** Or...even if we have never met, because the energy is not natural but has been modified, diverted from the source. **But how does the false Karmapa knows? How is it possible? It is that for him Yoga, the energy became less positive, because he was on my Samboghakaya and Dharmakaya and took part of my energy from Hatha Yoga (which had become much less positive for me), there is no of magic is simply that! It is the control of the positive energy. Let us all demand his resignation here and now!**

completely against, a war⁴², it's possible, and I'm learning. Because for some time my crown chakra has had one and even two nagas that speak, nice yes and no, a little, but how do I know, there is also its counterpart. Earth is a school, and I am here to learn. At the same time, there are wise people who are higher up and who keep watch. Prayers. Namaste. In reality, this book is a cry for help too, nothing gets better, it merges with me, and I disappear into dust. I believe in this book, I bet everything on this book, because knowledge alone will get us out of this world where the executioners seem blessed and where the victims are even more buried. All the same, what a beautiful demonstration that Socrates will have made, of what: oh, how much better it is to be a victim rather than an executioner. Socrates sometimes also speaks of his inner demon which tells him what to do. Who is this “demon”, not quite a demon anyway, certainly a being of light, and I hope that with the Science of Women this will be revealed.

Before closing a Facebook account, I wrote: where does this lead to these occult manipulations? I am responsible for my bodies that I have developed and I want to know if these activities help people. I have since moved to India to continue the quest of my search for my energies and to have the end of the story before the Dalai Lama leaves. So that Westerners, and Easterners who have the capacity, make the necessary choices. I fought for over ten years to write this book, I had a few obstacles along the way. And the book is far from what I would have liked, but it comes close. To write, I dropped everything. The right to free expression is a fundamental right, dear to Westerners, but widely violated by Easterners. And I take it, and I express my thoughts against all. I hope women understand the

⁴² It is a war between energy positive and negative.

seriousness of this. And then, of course, it bothers Karmapa Orgyen Trinley that I present myself as Maitreya Buddha, but if he is the Karmapa then I cannot go below that, and it is not because of his Machiavellianism that I will change. Even if I feel down, defeated, possessed, that's how it is, I read yesterday: "For gold is tested in the fire, and the elect in the furnace of humiliation." Also laugh at me, Amitabah is a source of inspiration and laughter yoga is one of my favourite yoga.

May Peace and Wisdom grow again and again. May not forget that we are all equal and that no one has any right over us, and that we always have free will! It is the universal law, and all extraterrestrials, intra-terrestrial, gods, and humans must remember, understand it and remind those who have forgotten it. It is the law of the divine, the law of happiness.

I care about the happiness of human beings, all living beings, other entities and gods, because that is how the universe works.

Rises within her inexhaustible litany which gives her strength and courage, which saves her from all perils, without end her mantra: The Bodhisattva of true freedom through the practice of the great Wisdom understands that the body (water, air, earth, fire) and the five skandas (sensation, perception, activity, consciousness, thought) are empty and thereby help all beings to emerge from their suffering. Oh Sariputra, phenomena are no different from the void, the void enters the phenomena, and the phenomena enter the void, there is no eye, no ear, no nose, no mouth, no fear, no non-fear, no suffering, no beginning of suffering, everything is empty. Understanding This, realizing This all fear and dread are removed and one can attain great liberation. Gate Gate hara gate hara so gate bodhi so wa ka. Come, let's all go together, beyond the beyond on the

shore of satori. Gaté hara gate hara so gate bodhi so wa ka. Oh wow, lucky that sensations, perceptions, activities, consciences and thoughts are empty!

And oh wonder! the Divine inhabits the Void.

CONCLUSION of Conclusion

In fact, I'm telling you here... there is a new planetary plot to change the situation: from unconscious people to make us conscious; from materialist to become spiritualist; from having been controlled to having control over our own possibilities and powers; a plot to make the Science of Women known and finally get out of our ignorance. Because Knowledge is the Source of Great Power. -

This book is my look at a forgotten world. When I look at the eyes of children and babies, I see that they have not yet forgotten, they are lit!

CONCLUSION of Conclusion of Conclusion

The Way is not for the weak but for the strong. Those who understand this book and want to break their chains must be strong and patient.

He who holds, even unconsciously, an important body has power over our spirit, over our mind, even without knowing it, but he who manipulates energy knows it, understands the workings. How are we controlled? We can understand more now.

The occult problem is that the same opposite force is applied to the negative force.

What is the best solution, I cannot say. Follow your heart? The problem is that what is taken away from us is our heart and it is replaced by

a mirror heart. So follow our heart YES but with Knowledge, because in manipulations the heart is the first to be distorted. The bodhisattva so dear to Tibetans: “Chenrezig” has a jewel in his heart, the jewel which exercises desires. But we saw the story of this Englishman who had his jewel taken, now I cannot say where this English gentleman is in his approach, but I bring Knowledge to him and to you. Keeping our bodies on us is better.

I have not ascended⁴³ and I am still under the yoke of the game that Sri Aurobindo speaks of: “The adversary in me.... » I am One and I am working to be without a Second. To achieve this I offered everything, gave everything: beauty, health, concentration, because I was often inspired when I meditated and then I stopped my meditation, to write, etc. I have to take this back. I offered my whole soul, my spirit, in sacrifice! That my soul has become the universal Buddhist soul is what an inner demon told me, after saying that I was the great creator of my bodies and that is why I can say that I am the Buddha Maitreya. This needs to be verified. I want to know everything, know everything.

And don't forget that we kill to have ornaments, coins, divine machines. What to do ? Étienne paid the price, Agnès, the Englishman, the young Romanian, and so many others. Wisdom in action, active wisdom, Maitreya Buddha above all, the highest dimensions. I'm amazed, I'm speechless. And a boundless Love rises within me for all creatures, an endless, eternal love, I let this flow flow within me, this infinite flow of Love. *Gaté gaté hara gaté hara so spoiled bodhi so wa ka.*

But to write about the Science of Women, to create this Science, only a Woman can do it, because how can a man talk about the reality of women?

⁴³ I am a descendant master who has her roots in Tushita. I should probably ascend when the descent is completed.

Already Einstein rightly said: the Universe is Infinite but the stupidity of men is even more so. Even wise people cannot understand a woman, no matter how much they possess her and do all possible manipulations, they will achieve nothing as a result. We can see this by reading what has been written about women by religions, and what has been done in the name of their God. Noticed that the wise are in full possessions of knowledge and follow the universal laws, and do not do the activities of Mara.

It's possession, I didn't want that, I wanted to know how my "machine" worked, the divine body that I had developed and he just wanted to take it away from me, oh his intention was good!! Free myself from my EGO....And yes, as the Christians say, hell is paved with good intentions. This is how we are controlled. We Westerners have progressed much further in terms of universal individual rights, women are equal to men, but Easterners are not, that is not the case, not all.

One of the important stones of Maitreya Buddha which would avoid many pitfalls for masters:

Unify body and mind and soul⁴⁴.

Maitreya Buddha unifies body and mind he/she will be Truth, even painful, where he/she will not be.

I put my pen down here, I would like to reread this book but the energies no longer allow me. A review in a few years if Buddha Wants.

OM MANI PADME HUNG.

⁴⁴ And Soul, for the Buddha Maitreya Soul exists.

Completed being overhauled in December 2023.

*When there was still white snow and birds singing,
and the old pine next door, the loving confidant of the moment.*

Golden Age.

As you dream it:

ANNEXES

Women of Wisdom

Manfred Ingerfeld

"The body is the basis of the accomplishment of wisdom. And the gross bodies of men and women are equally suited. But if a woman has strong aspiration, she has higher potential." (Page 86, Dowman, K., *Sky Dancer: The secret Life and Songs of the Lady Yeshe Tsogyal*, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984).



This quote is from Padmasambhava himself. What the great Guru Rinpoche is saying is that women bring special talents to the spiritual path, talents which in the end may give them a greater potential. It follows that women should be valued and encouraged as spiritual practitioners so that their talents and potential can unfold to everyone's advantage. The names of some great female teachers of the past come to mind: Sukhasiddhi and Niguma in India, Yeshe Tsogyal and Machig Labdron in Tibet, but why are comparatively few recognized?

There is no simple answer to this question. Certainly, societies, both historically and more recently, have tended to trivialize women's accomplishments. Their life stories have not been recorded and are now lost to us. The style of Buddhism also has a bearing on this situation. The Sutra tradition of Buddhism emphasizes strict rules of conduct as well as controlling and transforming the disturbing emotions which produce suffering. Sutra Buddhism has tended to be dominated by monks. Communities of nuns in Tibet and elsewhere were small. Generally, both financial support and spiritual instructions were of a poorer quality than that available to the large monasteries, reflecting the cultural background of the time. Even today, Asian societies hold firmer views on an individual's, especially a woman's, role in life than in the West. We should take care not to transplant these cultural aspects of Buddhism into the West.

The situation is different in Vajrayana, the Diamond Way, Buddhism. The Kagyu Mahamudra and the Nyingma Maha Ati are based on the idea that we are fundamentally already enlightened. Through transmission from an empowered teacher and working directly with our energy, luminosity and vision are reawakened and the primordial state of illumination shines through. Disturbing emotions are experienced "as they are" and without transformation; they are liberated on the spot like snow falling into water. Namkhai Norbu Rinpoche explains that women have a natural affinity for working with energy and vision (1) and Garab Dorje, the founder of the Dzog Chen tradition, went so far as to say that the majority of those who could reach the ultimate level of the Dzog Chen teachings, the manifestation of the body of light, or rainbow body, would be women. (2)

On the outer level, the attitude of male colleagues towards women practitioners has always been better in the Vajrayana than in the Sutra tradition. Firstly, the Diamond Way is often practised by yogis and yoginis on their own or in small groups, outside the influence of the male dominated monastic system. Secondly, since the Diamond Way works with the totality of one's being, including both male and female principles, holding disparaging views towards women would block a male practitioner's own development and has therefore always been a transgression against the Tantric vows.

In the Vajrayana, women in general are held to be the essence of wisdom, and the numerous female manifestations of different energies are known as dakinis.

There are fully enlightened wisdom dakinis such as the different forms of Tara and Dorje Phagmo (Skt. Vajravarahi) - the red dakini so important in the Kagyu tradition - as well as worldly dakinis. Accomplished female practitioners may also be called dakinis. These dakinis played a key role in the life of many of the great masters of the past. The following story from the life of the Mahasiddha Saraha is a good example of this and also shows the free and direct way in which important Mahamudra instructions are often given, even today:

One day Saraha asked his wife for some radish curry. She prepared the dish, but, in the meantime, Saraha entered a deep meditation from which he did not emerge for twelve years. He then immediately asked for his radish curry. His wife was astonished, "You have been in meditation for twelve years; now it is summer and there are no radishes." Saraha then decided to go to the mountains for more meditation. "Physical isolation is not a real solitude," replied his wife. "The best kind of solitude is complete escape from the preconceptions and prejudices of an inflexible and narrow mind, and, moreover, from all labels and concepts. If you awaken from a twelve-year samadhi and are still clinging to your twelve-year-old curry, what is the point of going to the mountains?" Saraha listened to his wife and after some time attained the supreme realization of the Mahamudra. (*Dowman, K., Masters of Mahamudra, State University of New York Press, 1985.*)

The wisdom of Saraha's wife is acknowledged, but the nature of her role was not made clear. The meaning and timing of her comments make it likely that she had already understood Mahamudra. This would make her Saraha's most important teacher, yet we don't even know her name. In more recent times, there are many accounts of highly accomplished women in living memory as well as alive today. Some are reported to have manifested the rainbow body, a rare achievement. Few have a place in the hierarchies. From a more expansive viewpoint, we can see that institutions and hierarchies, while very useful, are only one way of expressing spiritual realization and active compassion. We must, however, strive to ensure that we take advantage of the input of these special women, take the opportunities to learn from them and document their life stories for the future.

(1) Norbu, N., *The Crystal and the Way of Light*, 1986.

(2) Allione, T., *Women of Wisdom*, 1986.

Kagyû Life International, No. 4, 1995. Copyright ©1995 Kamtsang Choling USA.

<http://www.diamondway-teachings.org/export/en/content/general/manfred.html>

Celestial Mathematics

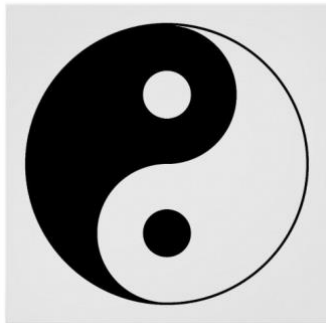
Celestial mathematics is simple and follows the basic rules of Eastern philosophy:
Yin, the feminine is cold, goes to the earth, the night, the darkness, the occult,
the mystic, and meditation.

Yang, the masculine is warm, goes to the sky, day and light, and is activity.

Every individual has in him, in her a female aspect and a male aspect.

The woman has a masculine aspect in her, that is named yang.

Man has a feminine aspect in him that is named yin.



On the symbol of TAO, yin is represented by the colour black. This is the secret part, the lunar aspect, the occult, the female sex, the meditation, the cosmic and the secret paradise.

On the symbol of TAO, yang is represented by the colour white, positive, male, activity, energy, represents yang.

The woman (yin) in her physical body must therefore develop her yang aspect, which is her male complement, representing her positive, solar, activity aspect. In the tarot she is the 2nd card, the High Priestess.

The man (yang) in his physical body must therefore develop his yin aspect, which is his female complement, representing his spirituality. In the tarot he is the 1st card, the Magician.

So, the woman develops her yang aspect, her divine lingam, which is her positive. Because her divine lingam is not material, her yang is on high spheres, the divine sphere. Therefore, I write, « the Earth of men and the Heaven of women. »

The woman is Shakti, Energy the reason is her divine lingam.

At the same time, I say to the woman: "Know the Universe and the gods and you will know who you are; and because we are on Earth, know yourself." It is always more requests to the woman because she is the Heaven and we are on Earth. It is the reason why Buddha gave more precepts to his Bhikkunis (the female monks). To bring their heaven, the paradise on Earth, but she is before all the Heaven.

The men should not reduce the women to the Earth, because by this they cut themselves of an important part of the Heaven of the Women, they diminished the Heaven of the Women, and they diminished their own Heaven. All the texts that I have read written by men say that Heaven is masculine. What a mistake!

Because through the positive quality innate in man, man is a concrete actualization in the matter. This is why I write that the Earth is the Earth of men, because men have physically, by their sex, actualization in the matter. Although on Earth the word men includes the women. The heaven is for the man his yin part, this is why the man is inseparable from the Heaven, but it is fundamentally the Heaven of the Women.

While the woman, lunar by her interior sex, actualizes her positive aspect in the heaven, of which her great spiritual power is the testimony. We know that in the spiritual

centre there is often a majority of women. Simply because her divine vajra or lingam has its root in Heaven, the seat of spirituality, of the high spheres of consciousness.

It is an exchange of energy, in the absolute, the man is the great white dot on the symbol of the yin/yang, and he represents the Activity, and the woman in the absolute is the great black dot on the yin/yang symbol representing the Emptiness. Two great powers exist Mind and Energy.

They need each other, the man needs the emptiness of the woman to deploy his energy, and the woman needs the activity of the man to develop her own activity. The Nature is so wonderful and remarkable! It is a perfect complementarity!

The divine lingam of women is composed first of the elements: earth, water, fire, air, space.

The divine lingam of women by its empty aspect and the elements is also composed of energy by the physical lingam of men: the energy of the father, brothers, friends, lovers, Tantra, men and women encountered, books read, spiritual path followed, etc.

* * *

Simply because the woman is pure yin in her essence.

Simply because man is pure yang in his essence.

To go more deeply how works the order of the Universe. It should be remembered that an air purifier throws negative ions, which allows the room to be purified, while the positive ions are sources of pollution. In nature, on the beaches, in the mountains, it is negative ions that have the effect of making us less stressed, fitter, relaxed, and better about ourselves. The activity against the universal order, as explain in the verse of *how does work the Kali Yuga* is a source of pollution of the heaven, because the positive ions

sent by men wearing female body parts cause the opposite of the purification. It is also possible that the solar women (in the energy) wearing divine bodies that are not her creation is also a source of pollution in the Heaven (because the condition of creation needs to be lunar).

Women are Lunar following the oriental philosophy
Following the Buddha Maitreya women are Cosmic.

In front of the Divine, all men are women. It is the reason why the religious wear dress. In the old times, more men were wearing skirts expression of their female aspect.

Everyone has to develop both sides: yin & yang, yang & yin. However, by the wedding the husband becomes an important part of the yang for the women; the wife becomes an important part of the yin for the man.

* * * * *

I encourage all men who try to explain their female side to use this text.

I encourage all the women who try to explain their male side to use this text.

It creates an arising of the Conscious; it helps to increase the harmony. And it is a way to explain the transgender, to explain homosexuality. It helps the other persons to accept and understand the difference of people with kindness more, without to create pollution, to decrease the vibe and to increase the duality and misunderstanding between the human beings. That we are a man, a woman, a transgender, a homosexual what is very important it is the Soul, the Mind behind the form. It is the Rule #2. In front of the Divine we are all equals, all Soul, all Spirit, Divine Essence.

The men has a territory, the women have no territory.

If we go further, we can say about the conversion that is so important for the religious:

For the Buddha Maitreya, the woman is the mother* of all the children on earth, but with different fathers.

Why convert if all human beings are from the same mother?

The high priestesses have no territory, it is the mystic reason. By the emptiness they fill the whole universe. This is in the absolute.

The woman who shares her life with a man takes the territory of her husband or her family. The hijab wore by some Muslim women is about the territory, a kind of closure of the territorial border, but also a choice through the Sacred.

In the Truth Age the conversion is an idea of a bygone era.

The beauty and the wealth of our humanity is visible by the varieties of the different paths that takes every man and woman on the Planet.

* Because by my nature I am from the Absolute and I have a body on Earth it is that. I don't question that God is the Father of all. I want to explain the Woman.

* * *

The Beauty of Heaven

The Woman is Heaven

This is why the Woman loves Beauty so much.

She wants to reflect the Azure.

It is the hidden face of the Moon.

It is the bright side of the Moon.

It is the Whole Cosmos.

* * *

Woman has more spiritual potential than man because her lingam is divine.

In reality the woman is totally complementary to the man, in the microcosm.

In Reality the woman is Cosmic. We only know the Moon that we connect to the woman,

In a spiritual era, it is the entire Cosmos that the woman represents.

And because yin and yang are inseparable ONE, totally ONE.

The Yang, the masculine is linked to the Sun,

In a Spiritual Era, it is the entire Cosmos that man represents.

UNI VERS ELLE. It is the infinitely large, the Cosmic. (undivided - to/toward - she)

UNI VERS ÎLE. It is the microcosm, the infinitely small. (undivided - to/toward - island/he)

ONE everyone is Yin and Yang, it is the microcosm and macrocosm, inseparable.

Complementarity of contrary aspects.

All on Earth is: *Mind & Energy*

The Yin is Energy

The Yang is Mind

On the void of Lao-Tzu

"Thirty spokes converge at the hub
but it is the middle void
who drives the tank.

We shape clay to make vases,
but it's internal emptiness
what their use depends on.

A house is pierced with doors and windows,
it's still empty
which allows habitat.

Being gives possibilities,
it is through Non-Being that we use them."

Tao-tö king, by Lao-tzu, ed. folio, Gallimard, 1967, p. 22. Traduction
by Google from French.

Source atom⁴⁵

A few years ago I listened to a report about an ancient tribe. I remember a native telling us about his work, which he did like his great-grandfather, his grandfather and his father did before him, having a link with bees. He said that before bees were his friends, now bees were attacking him for no reason, stinging him, he didn't understand.

Among animals too there are invisible bodies, and we also have a body which communicates with animals, when we do such work we develop particular abilities, and this is what has been put against him, against the bees.

The natives of Quebec are known for drinking and not working. We can understand them, they have lost their connection with Nature, their essence. And they were also crushed in their deep being by the governments and authorities in place. They no longer have the source atom, which allows connection with trees, water, with their ancestor and nature in general. So what interest do they have in life, what do they have left? It's infinitely sad. I had this source atom, but I don't have it anymore, but sometimes I find it. Losing contact with Nature means moving away from the elements of which we are composed: Water, air, earth, fire. Life is fragile.

⁴⁵ in fact it is VIBRATION, my own definition, my experience. When I wrote the book, I didn't know.

We must pray that those who have lost this capacity find the source atom, we must pray that the natives regain their capacity for contact with Nature. They would help so much to heal the Earth. That they find their source atom would help animals and help human beings to rehabilitate their contact with the animal world and deepen their connection with nature or just reclaim it.

One day the lost connection with the source atom of the indigenous people will be restored. And this will be of great use, for there is no greater repairer and lover of the earth.

When you know what's wrong, then you can heal yourself.

It was in the Himalayas one day when I was lying on a carpet of white pine needles, unifying the body, soul and spirit that my system connected to another atom, and that's when I understood.

Physical bodies and spiritual bodies

We have become accustomed to separating the physical sphere from the spiritual sphere; but the truth is that there is no break from one to the other: there is only a progressive passage from the physical plane to the etheric plane and, even beyond, to the astral, mental planes, causal, Buddhist and atmic.

This passage from the physical sphere to the subtle spheres takes place in man through centres and organs which are, in some way, extensions of the physical centres and organs. We can consider these centres (the solar plexus, the Hara Center, the chakras, the aura) as transformers which allow us to live harmoniously both on the physical plane and on the psychic and spiritual planes, because there is a continual back and forth between them. And this is truly what spiritual alchemy is this progressive transformation of physical matter, dense, opaque, into fluidic, etheric, spiritual matter; and conversely, the diffusion of this spiritual matter in the physical body, which is then vivified, regenerated. "

Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov

(Translation Google from French)

All traditions have an excellent explanation of physical bodies and spiritual bodies, I have chosen this excerpt, however some traditions talk little or nothing about them. I don't want to change anything, but to help people understand and protect their own reality. I often said: we think that we are "built in" that we cannot be broken, unmade, but like Russian wooden dolls that fit one into the other, protect our wholeness, and there is a body elsewhere, knowing where it is better, and the head is better to keep up with us. The knowledge that I bring is transcendent, raises awareness, deepens yourself in your own life choices and your experience.

There are so many dimensions to visit, so many inner doors to open, I have much to ponder and I must find a way to recover. There is this text of an analogy written several years ago with computers which is interesting.

Namaste

Computer analogy and capabilities of our occult bodies

A computer can be without connection to a server or connected to a server. If it is connected to a server it can be wired or wirelessly called WiFi, it can be connected with a wire to an internet provider, or to the intranet, an internal network, using a modem, or now by wifi, without connection thanks to the router. A router is a device that allows the connection between two networks.

Everything comes from the Mind. Every cause of illness comes from the Mind, before mattering the Mind is⁴⁶. At the same time a thought, an action, a gesture, etc. influences the entire cosmos and, of course, ourselves.

A computer can be without connection to a server or connected to a server. If it is connected to a server it can be wired or wirelessly called WiFi, it can be connected with a wire to an internet provider, or to the intranet, an internal network, using a modem, or now by wifi, without connection thanks to router. A router is a device that allows the connection between two networks.

⁴⁶ Now I say that everything comes from the subtle bodies, ornaments and components. Every cause of disease comes from the subtle bodies, ornaments and components. Before matter the Divine is.

And the deity I was taken from was on wifi, so had a card at birth or I acquired it later. Over the years, our environment, my life choices, the router has changed and acquired more capabilities. For example, the experience of seeing the faces of my past lives had a profound impact on me and changed my router. What forms the router for human beings are the chakras and inner channels and the kundalini allows for maximum connection. But we need an internet provider, otherwise nothing can work, the internet provider can be the Source, God, Krishna, Shivah, Allah, our employer, our spouse, a book, our faith, The Pleiades, etc. Sexuality and meditation awaken the kundalini. Our practices and our choices of life, of being and of having, for example, the development of virtues, purification, etc., allows and promotes the opening of our chakras, the development of our gifts, of our levels of consciousness. It's all part of us, our personal computer. We can have super-secure connections or not.

The computer that we have thanks to the router allows us to connect on Facebook to servers which may be very far from us, whether in India, the United States, Europe, or elsewhere. These servers give us different possibilities: fetch information, download files, make purchases, play games, etc. We connect to a server without knowing where the server is located on Earth, sometimes the location is clearly indicated, other times it is not given, and sometimes it is kept secret.

For example, the Quebec government site even allows you to receive forms, write on a form and send it immediately, the site is secure. More and more the internet is becoming a valuable and essential tool.

The Banks are all on the internet, and internally uses an intranet for added security. We pay our accounts there, we transfer our money from one account to another, we see the state of our banking situation. And the site is

very secure, thousands of people work there, because computer fraud is to be avoided both for customers and for Banks. Despite all the protection, it sometimes happens that certain crooks manage to break the security codes and modify data.

The human being functions like a computer and there are servers at its service which act as internet servers do, for example. Do we need to transfer money to our bank, pay suppliers, or go to organize a trip, send an email to an aunt in Spain, etc.? The internet allows us to do all that, and to have access to the server in a fraction of a minute.

A computer can also be a server.

Both a computer and a server can be “hacked”.

A “hacked” computer causes problems for those who use it.

A “hacked” server causes problems all over the world: sending bad files, distorted minds, etc.

Just like viruses sent, “spam”, “phishing”, “spyware”, hoaxes ruin the lives of computer users, it is like this in the occult.

Our occult bodies are the connections of the computer which can be an intranet or a server, with or without a router, without an internet provider with wifi or cable.... The metaphysical world is complex as the computer world is. The demons have a big playground, and we don't protect anything, because we don't know.

In the second book *The Rules of Planet Earth*, I provide the protection keys.

To: His Holiness the Dalai Lama, my root lama -
Lama Ato Rinpoche, Tai Situ Rinpoche, Khen Rinpoche, Ven. Pema Chodron,
Jamgon Kongtrul Rinpoche, & + +

*I was a living deity.
I am a Hinayanist monk and a Zen nun.
1st Ugyen Trinley removed my Samboghakaya June, 2002
2nd And the worst he removed all my structure
In cutting all around my neck on October 11th, 2004
I don't know if this is totally lost, or if he is using it. Anyway it is unacceptable in my case.
3rd Those last 3 years he brainwashed me, he used psychology to destroy myself.
I believe he is still in my positive now, he possess me. I cannot meditate or pray.
I have sickness and I suffer of different problems. I am depressed and discouraged.
I was just starting to get the fruits of my efforts, I was just starting to have a happy & useful life.
I went 2-3 times close to have accidents. He possessed me under the form of my inner deity.
He knew exactly the impact of what he was doing on me. And I was without female karma.
I am only garbage, negativities, of course I am bothering him, and sadly I believe he prefers me death.*

*A Mother knows if his child his sick,
And Ugyen Trinley has serious and various dysfunctions,
He cannot continue to pretend to do honestly and with compassion
The Activity of the Karmapa
He cannot continue to teach the Dhamma of the Buddha
Simply because he doesn't follow it and he is not worthy of Buddha.
For the Buddha, for the Dharma & for the Sangha,
I request the resignation of all his functions.*

Because he steal the Sangha
Because he destroys the Sadhana of his disciples¹
Because he does the opposite of helping his disciple
Because he sends away me of the steps of Buddha...

It is very serious the injury on me he created voluntary to get my deity.
He cannot continue to do this wrong activity.
Could we continue to have faith in that kind of lama?
We have to protect the Sangha, the Dharma and the Buddha of those abuses.
We must all request his resignation.

Do you agree about that kind of invisible activity of the Karmapa?

If no, Please write comments, opinion, complains to me & to the Office of the Dalai Lama

A committee has been form there on that question relatively to me Doris Ouellet & Ugyen Trinley

You can without problem send my letters to all lamas you think they could be concerned about that.

It is much easier to keep silence about that, to close our eyes. It needs strong & great Bodhicitta
to denounce that kind of wrong activity in the noble purpose to stop it definitively.

One day not to fit with the help of the Sangha I will follow the steps of Buddha freely as before.²

Doris Ouellet
Hinayanist monk, Yuko Myo San, Yeshe Wangma
Female Emanation of the Buddha Maitreya
Montreal, Que. Canada, H2C 2G7

¹ If he did it with me he did it with other women or he will

² My last fast started May 29 has been only of 21 day, not my longer one, if nothing change I will start a hunger strike end of this Summer.

Prophecy of the 5th Karmapa, Deshin Shekpa (1384 - 1415)

At the end of the time of the Sixteenth
in the rosary of Karmapa
And at the beginning of the time of the 17th,
An incarnation of a demon* (lit. "samaya-breaker")
One with the name Na-tha (also, a "relative",
spec. "nephew")
Will arise in this seat, Sacho.
By the power of the person's perverted aspirations,
The Karmapa lineage will be near destruction.

At that time, one having true aspirations
from a previous life,
A heart emanation of Padmasambhava,
From the Western direction (With Lhasa as the Centre)
One with a necklace of moles, fierce and wrathful,
Whose mouth speaks wrathful speech,
Having dark maroon colour and eyes protruding.
This one will subdue the incarnation
of the samaya breaker,
He will protect Tibet and Kham for a while.
At that time happiness, like beholding the sun
In Tibet this will occur, I think.

Without this, even if karmically virtuous ones come
The dharma will wane downwards,
As the fruit of the negative aspirations of the demon*.
It will be difficult for happiness to arise.

From the centre the king of the centre will be
defiled
The emanation of a demon, an officer of high rank,
coming from Kong,
Will disturb the centre and destroy the centre's domain.
Many outsiders not existing before,
[Not knowing] what has arisen, will conceal.

The beings of the degenerate times will be
seduced by the demon.
Not having faith in Dharma will become

full of suffering.
Upper, lower and middle, in all three regions,
Blood of disturbances and arguments will rain.
From quarrels, disturbances and debates,
There will be no place of peace even for a while.
Except for this poor and busy state
There will be no place for riches and leisure
Except for these very tormented fetters,
There is no liberty.

Three precious ones, the three roots and
the Dharma protectors,
It is not that they don't have compassion.
Due to the Karma of beings and the
power of aspirations of the demon,
A time will arrive of a downward decrease.
At that time the Secret Lineage* Dharma,
Will have more power and bring swift blessings

Many see in the growing activity of the 17th
Karmapa the dispelling of obstacles in Tibet, India and
throughout the world, and the increasingly vivid
manifestation of the heart fulfillment of the vision of the
Karmapas.

Translated from Tibetan by Michelle Martin

<https://kagyuoffice.org/traditional-materials-on-recognition-of-the-17th-karmapa/prophecy-of-the-5th-karmapa/>

Kagyu Office of the monk Ogyen Trinley.

🌀 It is a good summary of the Prophecy of the 5h
karmapa.

Explanation of the term demon*

The term demon in the dictionary "Petit Robert" is given as coming from the Greek daimon meaning "guardian spirit (protector genius*), God".

There are two main definitions designating a demon as a

1. a "supernatural being, good or bad, inspirer of the destiny of a man,"
2. "a fallen angel, rebelled against God and in which lies the spirit of evil. "

The definition of genius* in the same French dictionary: from the Latin genius "tutelary divinity".

I looked for the tutelary, because this word was unknown to me, it means protector when speaking of a god. Still according to the dictionary: A genius is a spirit who presides over the destiny of everyone.

CONCLUSION ON THE TERM DEMON

Sometimes these demons can help human beings or even can turn them away from themselves.

For millennia, the activities of demons have been carried out on the metaphysical bodies of human beings.

Socrates spoke of this voice within him which he called demons. This demon explained philosophy to him. And warned him of his death and told him how to avoid it, but Socrates followed his path, he was the master of himself.

To say that this activity on human beings has always existed. However, we are at a time when we could lead human beings to use a bridge between the invisible world and the visible world in order to make better choices. A time when we could see the true face of “demons” who are beings who usually come from other dimensions or other planets and understand those who want to help human beings develop wisdom and compassion.

Others will write that certain extraterrestrials come to Earth to take our spiritual power, and it is possible that the activities of ~~Karmapa~~ Karmapa Ogyen Trinley come from this cause. There are several types of extraterrestrials; the more we see them, understand them and love them, the more we will be guided and protected. Also, it is good to know that ETs are also subject to the laws of the universe. It is believed that ETs do not have rules, but they do have rules, a basis on which we communicate even before knowing them. This is why we should not be frightened by this subject.

Also, there are methods, through the manipulation of energy bodies, which make it possible to hide secrets, to divert understandings through energy, methods which ensure that everything remains hidden, that we do certain things laugh rather than admitting Reality. This is the reason why human beings are still in darkness.

However, beings who have a physical body and who carry out demonic activities are, fundamentally, suffering beings. How can we act against ourselves? We are all interconnected, we are ONE. A constant suffering of which they cannot find the cause because it has been lost since time immemorial, no doubt. We Women can help them, by understanding the true forgotten wisdom, because we are Wisdom.

The secret lineage^{47**}

The secret lineage is therefore the connections of men with women, the connections of masters with their wives. Connections established under the fire of Kundalini during vows taken and ordination or teaching. And Tibetan Buddhism is very Tantric.

The 16th Karmapa, what happened to his Tantric wives? What happened to the daikinis? Dakas?

Of course many have aged and died. But when a master dies, depending on the type of connection we have established, there may be a part of us that disintegrates while others do not. This is the Science of Women in the making! The Science of protecting beings and their good connections.

⁴⁷ Because the woman is a deity and a human being, by the positive, yang quality of her metaphysical bodies, which complement her lunar, feminine aspect, her subtle bodies have more power. This is the reason why the *Woman of Wisdom* text concludes by saying that women have more spiritual capacity than men.



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Prophecy

In June 1992 some people sent different material such as transcripts of the talks of the Rinpoches, press reports etc., to several centers in the West. Included in this collection was a translation of a short part of a prophecy of the 5th Karmapa. This prophecy describes difficult times and gives the name of a certain negative person. In the translation which was distributed it says: "A lama having the name Na-tha (nephew)". Rumours started to circulate that, since the General Secretary of Rumtek Monastery, Topga Rinpoche, was related to the Karmapa, Na-tha would refer to him. Sometimes also Kunzig Shamar Rinpoche, being from the same family, was mentioned. Due to these rumours, this translation became an issue concerning the Karmapa's recognition. Therefore, a translation with footnotes clarifying all what was put into question was made at the request of the editor.

Translation with introduction and footnotes:

A Prophecy by the 5th Karmapa, Deshin Shegpa

Introduction:

It has deep meaning when a bodhisattva takes birth, even if he only lives for two years. He can still benefit countless beings whether he is enthroned or not. Enthronement is not crucial in terms of the successive line of bodhisattva-births as it is a worldly aspect.

This point is important when trying to understand this prophecy by the 5th Karmapa, Deshin Shegpa. At first sight the prophecy seems to refer to the time during and after the 16th Gyalwa Karmapa, Rangjung Rigpe Dorje and the first period of the 17th. However, looking at the history of the successive line of the Karmapas, it becomes evident that the events described in the prophecy occurred prior to this period, that is during the time of the 15th Karmapa and the beginning of the 16th, as historical records assert that the 16th Karmapa can actually be counted as the 17th.

Why? It is because the 15th Karmapa manifested twice, but only one of these two reincarnations was enthroned, as the first reincarnation lived for just two years. Indications that the 16th Karmapa, Rangjung Rigpe Dorje, is considered to be the 17th Karmapa are given in the footnotes no 1 and 5 of the translation below.

Taking this into account, the prophecy is put into its proper context. It becomes apparent that the events it describes occurred in East Tibet during the time of the 15th Karmapa Khakhyab Dorje and the beginning of the 16th Karmapa Rangjung Rigpe Dorje as contemporary Kagyu masters do interpret the prophecy in this way.

The translation below is a section of the sixteenth chapter of the biography of the 5th Karmapa, Deshin Shegpa and the name of this section is "Prophecies Arising From Experience".

It is published here because a previous translation by Michelle Martin omits a great portion of this section of the text, excluding the advice the 5th Karmapa gives concerning the difficult times the prophecy describes. Therefore it was decided to publish the entire part of the text.

“Prophecies Arisen from Experience”

Translation of an excerpt from the 16th chapter
of the biography of the 5th Karmapa Deshin Shegpa

“...From this time in the successive line of Karmapas
At the time after the XVIth or the XVIIth (note 1)
The teachings of the Victorious One in general as
well as the Kamsang teachings
Will resemble the horseflies which are almost extinct
at the end of summer's season
The line of the divine emperors of the East will end
And their country will be ruled by different individuals
From the North and the East foreigners will invade
And Tibet will be encircled like a ring
The merit of Central Tibet's king will come to an end
And whatever one does becomes wrong
Whomever you speak to will contradict you
Good conduct will vanish and the bad will flourish
Machines made by foreigners
Will move through the sky reconnoitering the country below
When such bad times happen
There will be no happiness and no peace of mind
Evenso, do not succumb to agony!
Do not turn away from the Rare and Supreme Ones!
Remain in hidden places and practice Mahamudra!”
When the (Karmapa Deshin Shegpa) spoke these words
(His disciple) Shen Yeshe Nyingpo prostrating to
and circumbulating (the Karmapa) asked him:
“Alas! Victorious, omniscient Karmapa, you who
are like a second Buddha
When these bad times occur what will happen in the
places of this area?
What are the best methods to reverse this?
How many beings will there be who can guide
fortunate students?
What changes of decline and growth will take place
at this seat (note 2) founded by the noble Dusum
Khyenpa (the 1st Karmapa)?
I request you to point out what to accept as beneficial
and what to reject as negative in all places of this
country”.
The noble (Deshin Shegpa) said:
“Yeshe Nyingpo, listen!
From now on till the 14th or 15th (Karmapas)
Who have the name Vajra
This seat will grow and flourish

Then the Buddhist Doctrine in general will decline
And this seat will (decline) in the same way
However, due to the power of the vast aspirations I
have generated
This seat will not become empty till the doctrine of
the Victorious One has come to an end
This seat will cease to exist, only when the entire
Buddhist Doctrine has come to an end
Until then there will be alternate periods of decline
and growth
Away from here in an area of Dokham called Derge,
a place of the ten virtues,
A king with (exceptional) karma will sustain the
doctrine
During his reign happiness will prevail in Dokham
Upon his passing away Derge will decline
At that time, in his country, a monastery with the
name Pal will be built
And a manifestation of the Great Repa Protector of
Beings will be in charge
At that time two individuals who resemble the sun
and the moon will appear at the same time
Their names will have the initials Ka and Kha
And those connected with them will not return (to
Samsara)
In the place called Gomde
A fragment of Avalokitesvara's light will, in secret,
manifest as the king of Gomde
During his time there will be happiness in Gomde
Upon his passing away Gomde will decline
In the area of Dokham Sarmo Gang
An individual with (exceptional) karma
Endowed with the complexion of the autumn moon
His mind perfect within the unchanging Dbarmad-
batu will appear
He will lead all connected with him to (the realm
called) Lotus Light
Upon his passing away Dokham will decline
At this seat called Sala Chopa (note 3)
A manifestation of an arhat wearing orange dhar-
ma robes will come
All connections with him will be meaningful
Upon passing away he will dissolve into the expanse
of Vimalamitra's enlightend mind
In the line (of Karmapas with the name) Vajra, the

one called Mikyo,
 A perfect Buddha, will manifest as a human being
 He will be unparalleled beyond description
 Due to his great mind the flourishing of the doctrine
 of the Karmapas will be prolonged so that it
 remains two thirds longer than the time it would
 otherwise have remained
 In the successive line of Karmapas, during the later
 part of the 16th Karmapa's life
 And at the beginning of the 17th, the emanation of
 a demonic being (note 4) will appear
 As a lama with the name Na-tba (note 5)
 At this seat called Sacho (note 6)
 By the power of his perverted aspirations
 The Karmapa's doctrine will come close to destruc-
 tion
 At that time, a heart emanation of Padmasambhava
 With previous (positive) aspirations will come from
 the West
 His mind will be wrathful (his body will be adorned
 by) a garland of moles
 And he will speak words of wrath
 This one with a dark complexion and bulging eyes
 Will subdue the demonic emanation
 He will protect Tibet for some time during which
 there will be some happiness like that of having
 a glimpse of the sun
 I think this is what will happen in the country of
 Tibet
 Even if great beings manifest
 As the Buddha's doctrine is declining and the
 aspirations of evil have come to fruition
 It will be difficult for happiness to arise
 In Central Tibet the king will lose (his power)
 And an evil emanation will manifest as a minister
 coming from Kongpo
 Central Tibet will be in a state of warfare and its
 government will fall
 Many foreigners not previously there
 Will suddenly, in great numbers, cover the earth (of
 this land)
 People will be deceived by evil in these bad times
 They will take no interest in the Dharma as they will
 be consumed by suffering
 Everywhere in the three areas of Tibet called To, May
 and Bar
 A flow of blood will spring forth from the battlefields
 of dispute
 Due to such dispute, agitation and fighting
 A place of harmony and happiness will not be
 found
 Due to poverty and forced labor
 A place of riches and ease will not be found
 Due to torture and imprisonment
 A place of liberty will not be found
 The Rare and Supreme Ones, the Three Roots and
 the Dharmaprotectors are not without compassion

But the meeting of the (negative) karma of beings,
 powerful and evil aspirations and bad times of
 decline will (produce the suffering described
 above)

At that time, the sacred Dharma of the secret Man-
 trayana will be powerful and bring blessing
 rapidly..."

Notes:

Note 1:

The text says: "...the 16th or 17th" which is mistakenly translated by Michelle Martin as: "...between the 16th and 17th". The coordinating conjunction 'or' translates to 'am' in Tibetan which is the word used in the original Tibetan text and it implies a choice whereas the preposition 'between' translates to 'bar' in Tibetan which is not used in the original Tibetan text. The reason the 5th Karmapa uses the coordinating conjunction 'or' is that a relative of the 14th Karmapa, Thegchog Dorje implored him to take rebirth in his family. In response the Karmapa chose to be born into the same family but he only lived till the age of two. Hence he was never enthroned as the 15th Karmapa. The next incarnation was Khakyab Dorje who was enthroned as the 15th Karmapa. It is for this reason that the 5th Karmapa, in his prophecy, says: "...the 16th or 17th" depending upon if one counts or does not count both incarnations following the 14th.

Note 2:

The text says: "...at this seat". "This" is a demonstrative pronoun the function of which is to identify a particular seat existing at the time of the 5th Karmapa, i.e. Karma Gon in Tibet, also called Ogmin Sacho Sung gi Densa (see note 3) since the demonstrative pronoun "this" pertains to the present tense.

Note 3:

The name Sala Chopa (sa-la-spyod-pa), abbreviated as Sacho, pertains to Karma Gon in Tibet because the Karmapa consecrated his three main seats in Tibet by giving them the names of the three mandalas of enlightened form, enlightened speech and enlightened mind of Chakrasamvara (Tib. Demchog, bde-mchog). He named Tsurphu Ogmin Kacho Thug gi Densa (og-min-mkha-spyod-thugs-kyi-gden-sa) which is the name of the enlightened mind mandala of Chakrasamvara, Karma Gon was named Ogmin Sacho Sung gi Densa (og-min-sa-spyod-gsung-gi-gden-sa) which is the name of the speech mandala of Chakrasamvara and Kampo Nay

Nang was named Ogmin Sala Kuyi Densa (og-min-sa-la-sku-yi-gden-sa) which is the name of the enlightened form mandala of Chakrasamvara. In this prophesy the fifth Karmapa says: "at this seat called Sala Chopa". Thus we know that he is speaking of Karma Gon in Tibet.

The fact that the 1st Karmapa, Dusum Khyenpa, named these three seats in this way can be clearly known from texts on the Buddhist History in Tibet.

Note 4:

"Demonic being" refers to dam-sre in Tibetan which is an individual who, in previous lives, has misused the Buddhist teachings, in particular the Tantric teachings. Such practice is based on negative aspirations and results in destructive activities counterproductive to the Buddhist teachings. As dam-sre refers to a destructive force which can manifest as a human being or any other kind of being it is translated as "demonic being" though this is not a literal translation. Michelle Martin uses "one with broken samaya" as a translation. Though this corresponds to the Tibetan technical term dam-nyams which is very specific; dam is an abbreviation of dam-tsig which means samaya and nyams is short for nyams-pa which means to deteriorate etc.

A few lines later a similar term "dam-log" is, according to the Tibetan linguist consulted, used in the same sense and is, therefore, translated as "demonic emanation".

Note 5:

During the later part of the 15th Karmapa, Khakyab Dorje's life, who, as was pointed out above, also can be counted as the 16th Karmapa, the Khenpo of the monastery Karma Gon in Tibet and the monks of the monastery had several disputes. One of the previous monks, a man called Dokang Gonpo, used these disputes to create a split between the Khenpo and the monks as a consequence of which the monks expelled the Khenpo from the monastery. Influenced by Dokang Gonpo, the Khenpo, together with Dokang Gonpo, then went to Lhasa where they, with the help of powerful aristocratic families in government positions tried to obtain that the monks of Karma Gon be expelled and imprisoned and that the monastery be given over to the Gelugpa school.

The monks of Karma Gon, referring to this prophecy of the 5th Karmapa, requested the yogi Khele Terton to help. Due to his intervention the negative effects of Dokang Gonpo's activities were put to an end. These difficulties lasted over a long period of time and came to an end only when the 16th Karmapa, Rangjung Rigpe Dorje was about 13 years old.

Historians assert that this part of the prophesy

pertains to Dokang Gonpo being the demonic being and to the yogi Khele Terton being the heart emanation of Padmasambhava which brings us to the Sanskrit word nātha since nātha translates to Gonpo in Tibetan, meaning protector in English. The second part of Dokang Gonpo's name is Gonpo. It is therefore most likely that "the lama with the name natha" refers to Dokang Gonpo. (The long ā might easily have changed into a short a in the Tibetan transliteration; see below). Furthermore, as tertons are usually said to be emanations of Padmasambhava, the yogi Khele Terton matches the prophecy in which a heart emanation of Padmasambhava is mentioned.

Up till today, the prophecy was always understood to pertain to this time in the monastery Karma Gon and elder Lamas such as Tulku Urgyen know this period from personal experience.

Michelle Martin, however, in her translation, writes: "...as a lama having the name Na-tha (nephew)." Natha is translated as nephew even though the 5th Karmapa says "as a lama with the name Na-tha", clearly indicating that Na-tha is a proper noun, that is, the name of a particular person. Nephew is not a proper noun, but merely conveys someone's family status. The Tibetan text used for the translation is a woodblock print from Rumtek Monastery, Sikkim, India. The word na-tha is, in this text, spelled with a short a which, according to the Tibetan linguists consulted for the translation, most probably is a spelling error. Such spelling errors are quite common in woodblock prints, as the woodblocks are carved by hand. Nevertheless the word na-tha spelled with a short a has been included in the research pertaining to this word. As the text was originally written in Tibetan it is possible that the word na-tha is an archaic Tibetan word. However, it cannot be found in modern Tibetan dictionaries. The closest one can come, is the words "na" or "nathang", both translated as "meadow, swamp", etc. If na-tha is an archaic Tibetan word in use during the 14th and 15th century it can, at this point not be substantiated.

Another possibility is that na-tha is a Chinese or Mongolian word as it is known from Tibetan historical records that the 5th Karmapa had very good relations with the Emperor of China.

Yet another possibility (which was indicated above) is that na-tha is a Sanskrit word as Tibetans frequently used Sanskrit names and technical terms in their writings. But the word natha, with this spelling, does not exist in Sanskrit. If natha is a Sanskrit word, the spelling must therefore be different. For slightly different spellings of this word one can give a few examples such as nātha, nada, nabha, etc.

As mentioned earlier, the word natha in the

prophecy might be correctly written as nātha. As the Sanskrit long ā is not used in Tibetan, it might easily have been lost in the Tibetan transliteration. The meaning of nātha is "protector, owner" and not "nephew". "Nabha" translates to navel, nave, central part, and "nada" to loud sound, roaring crying.

In the sources used for the translation the Sanskrit word "naptr" or "naptri" meaning "grandson, descendant" was listed and the translation "nephew" is mentioned at the end of the list. However, the dictionaries consulted point out that this meaning of the word is uncertain and very questionable. Furthermore it has to be pointed out that "naptr" is very different from "natha" in that it has three additional letters (p, t, r instead of tha, a) which makes it clear that the translation nephew cannot be substantiated.

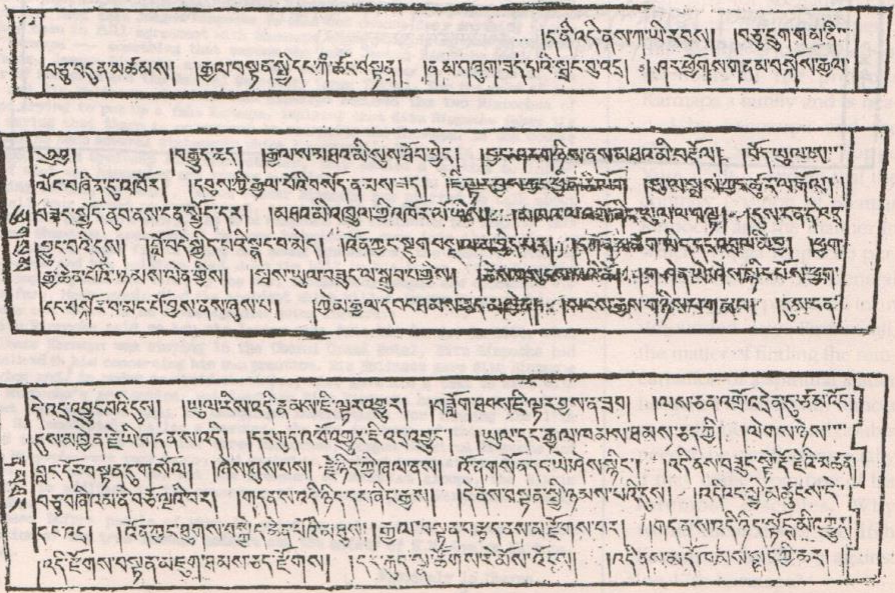
As the 5th Karmapa in his verse uses natha as the proper name of a person who can be identified in history and since the translation "nephew" for natha is unfounded it becomes evident that the claim that natha means nephew cannot withstand a thorough analysis.

- The Sanskrit Dictionaries used for this were:
- Sanskrit-English Dictionary by Sir Monier-Williams;
 - 8-bändiges Sanskrit-Wörterbuch von Böhtlingk und Roth;
 - Buddhist Hybrid Dictionary by Edgerton
- The Tibetan Dictionaries used were:
- bod rgya tsig mdzod chen mo
 - A Tibetan-English Dictionary by H.A. Jäschke (1st Indian Edition, Delhi 1975)
 - Chandra Das, Tibetan-English Dictionary (Compact Edition, Kyoto 1981)
 - Tibetan-Russian-English Dictionary by Y.N.Roerich (Moscow, 1985)

Note 6:
The name Sacho has been omitted in the translation by Michelle Martin. She merely writes "he will appear at the main seat" thus creating a false impression, since we have seen above that Sacho is synonymous with Karma Gon in Tibet. (see note 3.)

© June 1992. Translated by Anne Ekselius.

The Tibetan Text of the above part of the 5th Karmapa's Prophecy



Reaction of Karmapa Thaye Dorje in the Karmapa Papers on prophecy

The Karmapa wrote that it must have been a Karmapa who died very young and should be the 17th.

So currently we would be at the 18th.

I believe he wanted to protect himself so as not to be the Karmapa-evil of the prophecy.

Would the reputation of the Karmapas, this long lineage, this garland of wise beings be overrated?

Because there is no doubt that ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley does not follow the rules of Buddha Buddhism. Not giving someone free will is contrary to everything and to Buddhism, which follows the laws of the universe.

I still understand that Karmapa Thaye Dorje is careful to protect himself from: Ah yes I am the demon”

And the shock in return: Change the white thread of positive energy into the negative.

Even though the saints do not see the bad, they only see the good.

The actions I experienced, with the assurance that it was ~~Karmapa~~ Ogyen Trinley, I believe I am the only one who experienced it. Because you have to see the invisible from a certain point of view.

Exchanging oneself with others... a practice so popular in Tibetan Buddhism.

Practical which would need more supervision and explanations, of course.

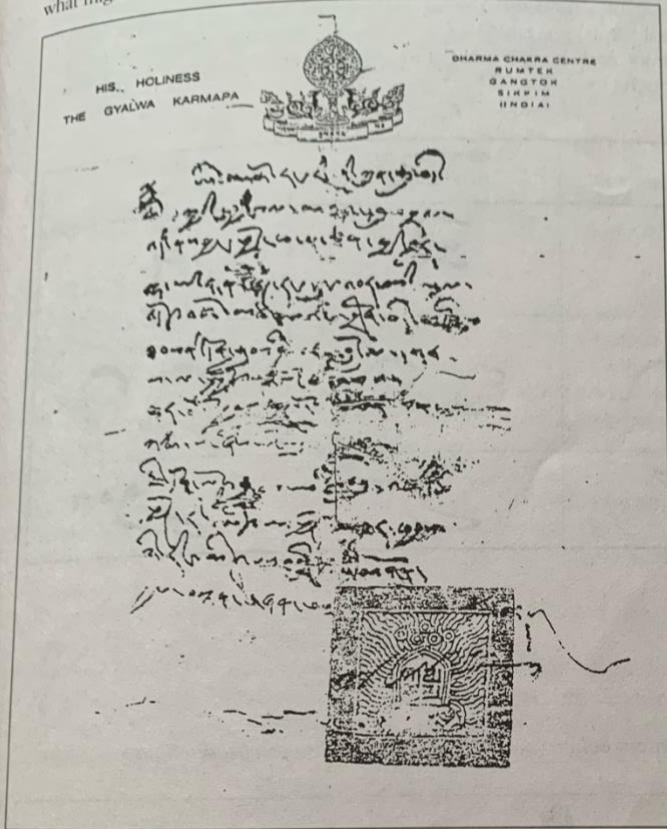
But Karmapa Thaye played the loser it seems, perhaps so that someone else could play the winner, me who cannot undo what has been done. I don't know, a probability. A woman who calls herself a Buddha changes things, that's clear.

I like to think like this, because it would make people evolve. He who controls the heaven controls the earth. And we were completely uninterested in it.

But in reality the Karmapa did not play a loser, this is still a two-pole, win-lose quality, in the universe of sages this does not exist. The Karmapa is here to help beings simply that, following the Dharma, following the laws.

Analysis of the Prediction Letter

As mentioned earlier, there have been doubts expressed about the letter presented by Situ Rinpoche on March 19, 1992. Is it the authentic testimonial letter of H. H. the 16th Gyalwa Karmapa?
 Unfortunately, we only had a copy of the letter, not the original. Nevertheless we examined the copy to see what might have brought about these doubts. Some seem to suspect Situ Rinpoche of having written the letter himself, so we included in our analysis those of his letters available to us.



General remarks about the letter:

In several places the text seems to be damaged by humidity. Traces of a vertical fold can be seen in the middle of the paper. Horizontally the letter seems to have been folded in at least three places: below the third and the eighth line of the text and above the seal. This last fold can also be deduced because traces of the seal are found above it.

Although the writing in the part above the seal is blurred to such an extent as to be illegible, there seem to be no traces of ink on the seal itself.

Fortunately, we had more than 30 letters handwritten by H. H. the 16th Karmapa dating from the 1970's to 1981, shortly before he passed away. We asked several Tibetans for comparison who confirmed that the letter, at first sight, looked as if it were written by His Holiness. But this impression seemed to vanish the more they went into details, especially

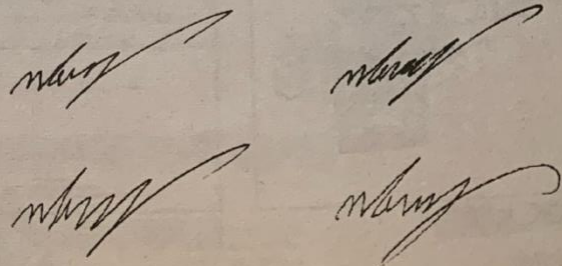
for people very familiar with H. H. the 16th Karmapa's handwriting. What follows are comparisons as to:
 1) the signature, 2) the handwriting and spelling, 3) the letterhead.

1) Signature:

The signature on the letter is almost entirely covered by the seal. From what little was visible on our copy, the signature might be different from those we found on H. H. the 16th Karmapa's letters. This impression is strengthened when the signatures are superimposed by computer.



Signature on the prediction letter



Examples of Karmapa's signature as found on his letters

The Banishing of Bardor Tulku Rinpoche Dharma Wheel

<http://www.dharmawheel.net/viewtopic.php?t=2004>

Dharma Wheel

FAQ Chat Center Register Login

Board In... < Bodhisa... < Tibet... < Kagyu

The Banning of Bardor Tulku Rinpoche

Forum rules

Post Reply Search this topic... 75 posts 1 2 3 4 >

Mr. G 44

The Banning of Bardor Tulku Rinpoche

Tue Aug 17, 2010 11:30 pm

I came across the following article on elephantjournal:

<http://www.elephantjournal.com/2010/08/...-rinpoche/>

“*The spiritual journey can be very tricky.*” *Dzogchen Ponlop Rinpoche*

Just as the American Revolution began as a misunderstanding between loyal British subjects, so is this crisis of faith we now face as Karma Kagyu in America. We have just experienced our equivalent of the Boston Massacre, a local decision made in the heat of the moment, with historic global implications. What began in 2008 as a dispute over someone not cutting a Tibetan nobleman's lawn has resulted in a full blown schism in our sangha.

The beginning of the document was found by chance under this link in spring 2016.

When the captain of the boat is unfit to drive he puts the crew, the people and the boat itself at risk.

After 2007, I noticed, with great sadness, that he was teaching classes to yoginis, an energy that came absolutely from my own bodies...let me be proven otherwise! Of course it's not his fault, it's the demon but it is not a good karma.

This is similar to my writing on yogini schools, but patriarchal nonetheless. Too bad, because what comes from a woman is not transmitted in the same way by men.

Shame on men who appropriate the divine goods of beings! At least he was banned from KTD.

I went to New York in spring 2016 for the first time. I saw the Statue of Liberty and went to Red Hook where Bardor Tulku lives, far from KTD. There was no one there, I was sorry for the mess and the unfinished business. I had warned him several years before: When the captain of the boat is unfit to drive he puts the boat, the passengers and the entire crew in danger. He had been kicked out of KTD. I took a sheet of paper and wrote him a kind note full of blessings, even though I still resented him in my little self. I now understand that it was Maitreya Buddha who threw him a pole, a lifeline.

I liked New York, it reminded me of India, you know when there is nothing and the individual has to survive at all costs, I like that! The true Being shines through and finds buried resources, gold mines as far as the eye can see following the path of virtues.

When I speak of virtues, I speak of wisdom and love. I love New York. A month later, following the inspiration of Maitreya Buddha, I would return to Red Hook, Bardor Tulku giving the normal Sunday teaching. It had begun, I remained seated in the lotus, the service ended, I got up, without a word, I passed back in front of the Statue of Liberty, thank you France, and I returned to Montreal.

Maitreya Buddha at Work.

About Jamgon Kongtrul

When in August 2016, in a restaurant in Bodhgaya I was told that Jamgon Kongtrul had resigned, that of Ogyen Trinley, I had this reaction which I wrote on my late Facebook account:

“It's not much but I just want to curl up in a ball and cry, to de-stress from these years, from these trying nights in the energy, to believe that Good will finally prevail over Wrong. Then it started to rain outside as if Nature were mixing its tears with mine, and the clouds left giving way to good weather. A healing process has begun even though I am far from having regained the reins of my positive bodies, but in dimensions it is moving in the direction I want.

Om Namó Tassa Bhagavato arahato samma sambuddhasa.

Explanation:

During the lifetime of the 16th Karmapa there was: The 3rd Jamgon Kongtrul, who died a few km before, whether or not to recognize the child Ogyen Trinley as the 17th Karmapa.

Recognition of the 4th Jamgon Kontrul, Lodro Chokyi Nyima, by Ogyen Trinley. He will resign in 2016.

Recognition of the 4th Jamgon Kontrul, Karma Migyur Drakpa, son of Béru Khyentsé Rinpoche, in 1995, by Karmapa Thaye Dorje.



JAMGON KONGTRUL LABRANG

Devoted to the Activity of H.E. Jamgon Kongtrul Rinpoche

Correspondence Address: Pullahari Monastery, P.O. Box 11015, Kathmandu, Nepal
Email: pullahari@jamgonkongtrul.org, Website: www.jamgonkongtrul.org

August 1, 2016

Re: Jamgon Kongtrul Rinpoche 4th, Lodro Chokyi Nyima

Many of you would have read Jamgon Rinpoche's announcement in his Facebook this evening that he has left monastic life. We held back the information because we hoped that he would change his mind and return to the Monastery. But he has now indicated his decision publicly and we therefore accept that he will be benefitting beings in a different way than according to the tradition that he had been trained and prepared for since early youth.

We are of course open to the possibility that Rinpoche may return one day. Until then, Jamgon Kongtrul Labrang will continue to uphold and continue the legacy, vision and aspirations of the Third Jamgon Kongtrul Rinpoche.

I am sending you this letter with the knowledge and approval of His Holiness the Seventeenth Gyalwang Karmapa, His Eminence Kenting Tai Situ Rinpoche and His Eminence Goshir Gyaltshab Rinpoche.

We request everyone to join us in our prayers for Rinpoche.

Yours in Dharma,

Tenzin Dorjee
General Secretary, Jamgon Kongtrul Labrang

AMANDA SANGH

Address: P.O. Box 11015, Kathmandu, Nepal
Projects: Pullahari Monastery & Retreat Centre - Rigpe Dorje Institute - Tshang Gumpa

PARAMITA CHARITABLE TRUST

Address: Lower Bridge Road, 8th Mile Kalimpong, Dist. Darjeeling, West Bengal, India
Projects: Lava Kagyu Thelchen Ling Monastery & Retreat Centre - Kinnaur Bodhi Vihar
- Jamgon Kongtrul 3rd Memorial Home - Jamgon Kongtrul 3rd Memorial School
- Jamgon Kongtrul 3rd Memorial Health-Care Centre - Jamgon Kongtrul Eye Centre



RECOGNITION OF DHARMA KING

WHO IS GENUINE KARMAPA

WINSTON LAI & FELIX WAN

1. Recognition of the Dharma king

In Tibetan Buddhism, the Karma Kagyu School is renowned as the Practice Lineage.

“Kagyu” means “whispered teaching” from the mouth of the guru into the ear of the disciples. It is said that such verbal teaching begins from Buddha Sakyamuni passing down to the present, like a chain of golden beads, which is extremely auspicious and thus known as the “Golden Lineage” or “Golden Rosary”.

The name Karma Kagyu is based on the fact that the Lineage is founded by the Karmapa, (the 1st Karmapa, Dusum Khyenpa, who lives between 1110 and 1193AD.) which means “the one who acts for the benefit of all sentient beings”. The present Karmapa is the seventeenth reincarnation of Dusum Khyenpa in the line of succession.

Dusum Khyenpa is the first incarnate Lama in the history of Buddhism. As such he is the founder of the reincarnation system, Karma Kagyu being therefore the first of such systems as well as the longest. This year is the 900th anniversary of the birth of Dusum Khyenpa, the 1st Karmapa.

It is indeed most rare that a lineage of the profound teachings has managed to endure uninterrupted for such a long time. Fortunate are we, therefore, to be able to benefit from these teachings and to witness in December of this year, 2010, the joyous celebrations and commemoration of the 900th anniversary of the Lineage at the place of Buddha’s enlightenment at Bodhgaya, India. It is our fervent wish that the Lineage will continue to flourish and bring happiness and welfare to all sentient beings.

However, at this particular juncture of our continuous existence, 'two Karmapas' will be present in Bodhgaya at about the same time. One may be forgiven therefore to feel puzzled by this phenomenon, which has no precedents before. "What is happening?" one may well ask. "With no knowledge or reference, who should we follow?" With these questions, one senses that the future of the Lineage is at a cross-road.

System of Reincarnations

In point of fact, a reincarnation system is a very wise method that is designed to ensure smooth and speedy transition of the main lineage-seat from one generation to another, a young boy being selected and give the best training and education to be the successor from an early age. Vastly supported by the public and lot of opportunities to develop ones abilities, it is therefore not hard to appreciate that the efficacy of the methodology cannot but produce the best results. This, in a nutshell, is how the Lineage is able to preserve, transmit and spread the genuine teachings from century to century in an uninterrupted fashion.

But, unfortunately, it is humanly impossible to prevent subjective judgments from entering and interfering with what the system is supposed to achieve and preserve, and herein lies the system's greatest weakness. The weakness is evident when two or more candidates are chosen for recognition. Though controversies of this nature have not been happened in the early stage of lineage development, yet, as society becomes more and more materialistic, the tendency of their recurring is getting harder and harder to prevent.

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One such method of selection with the aim of prevention of fraud is devised by the Chinese emperor Chien Long in the 18th century. It is called the 'Golden Urn Draw Lot': after prayers are offered, lots are then drawn from the Golden Urn under the eyes of the imperial officer, to determine once and for all which one of the chosen candidates will be the genuine or rightful reincarnation, which is decisive and without any further arguments.

The question of the recognition of the 17th Karmapa remains unresolved eighteen years after it has first emerged in 1992, creditably the longest incarnation controversy in the history of Tibetan Buddhism. Given this situation, one might well be tempted to ask if it would not be expedient to adopt the "Golden Urn Draw Lot" method to settle the controversy forthwith.

Actually, the underlining meaning the "Golden Urn Draw Lot" is that the candidate ought to get the blessing and recognition of Dalai Lama (the ruler of Tibet) and the Chinese Government (at that time is the Qing Emperor, because Tibet is just a domain of China). However, this time around, in the selection of Ogyen Trinley as the 17th Karmapa, one thing should not be left unmentioned, namely, that this time around and at variance to historical precedents, the supporting signatures of a number of Kagyupa Lamas are deemed necessary for submission of Ogyen Trinley to Dalai Lama and the Chinese authorities for approval, before any controversy happen.

The complicated nature of this entwined and newfangled recognition process therefore bespeaks only the present day Tibetan politics. It is unconventional, to say the least, because it has never happened in this manner before in the history of the Kagyu lineage. The truth is that, all the historical Karmapas have never ever been involved in politics. As a result, they have always

been independent of any political authority for their recognition.

System of recognition of reincarnations in the Karma Kagyu lineage

The Karma Kagyu system of recognition is perfect in itself and seamless in execution for the following reasons:

1. By will & testament : Before the Karmapas pass away, they have always left a set of detailed descriptions or instructions, the so-called "will" , about the circumstances of their reincarnation so that their respective regents in the interim period could find and confirm them with speed and accuracy. This is a kind of high realization of the practitioner on life and death. It is said that only the Karmapas have the capacity to foresee the circumstances of their own reincarnation.

According to Karma Kagyupa history, the 1st to the 5th Karmapas left verbal instructions regarding their reincarnation, whereas the 6th to the 15th Karmapa left written instructions. With regards to the 16th Karmapa, it is circulated amongst a wide circle of followers that he left only verbal or only written instructions about his reincarnation; though the guardian of the instructions says that it is not the appropriate time yet for revelation.

2. By self-recognition : there are two aspects.

(1) It is a fact that the child Karmapas, well before they are able to speak, can utter words to the effect that that they are the Karmapas. This can be explained as due to the unobstructed

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flow of their mind-streams concerning their past lives. Between the two candidates, only Thaye Dorje has such anecdotes attributed to him; whereas Ogyen Trinley has so far no such kind of reports but was being recognized as a Nyingma reincarnation before he was chosen as a Karmapa candidate.

(2) The compassionate qualities of a highly accomplished Bodhisattva express themselves spontaneously: unceasingly they flow towards all sentient beings. Everyone who has ever met the Karmapa would invariably be touched by these unmistakable, profound and self-evident qualities.

3. The Shamarpa authority recognition on the Karmapa incarnations

This may be the most ingenious 'invention' instituted to ensure the integrity of the Karmapa reincarnations in the Kagyu Lineage. One may think of it as the provision or guaranty of last resort. For before passing away, the 4th Karmapa (1340 – 1383 AD) declares that from then on, the Shamarpa shall be his recognizer. The reason being that the Shamarpa is the emanation of the 2nd Karmapa, Karma Pakshi, with his famous dictum: 'We shall be two but one, yet one but two.'

However, the authority of the Shamarpa provided under the Karmapa-Shamarpa twin system (Tib. *Shamanac*) is not completely immune from wanton and willful challenge, as a dispute recently over monastic assets in New Zealand has shown. Yet, ironically in the subsequent court case, it is recognized by law that the authority of the Shamarpa to recognize the incarnations of Karmapas in history.

At the cross-road

In the eighteen years that the recognition issue of the Two Karmapas has continued, both Karmapas have meanwhile grown to maturity and are in a position to manifest their respective qualities and influences. They both have gathered a large following.

Authenticity of the two Karmapas inevitably lead to speculations based on theories or historical precedents of three possible emanations together, in terms of body-, speech- and mind-emanations; sometimes even including the activities- and merits-in a total of five emanations, which may lead to the deduction of there would be two genuine Karmapas at the same time.

*

Good theories, but unlikely to be valid !

1. As an institution, the Karmapas are not insulated from worldly matters such as owning property and social status. But as *Dharmarajas* or Dharma Kings, their views and words do have profound and influence on the definitive understanding of the Buddhist doctrines and on the direction and development of the teaching in general. Therefore, the question of the authenticity of the Karmapa is not something that should be or can be trifled with or speculated upon by lesser and ordinary minds. In this context, therefore, it is not difficult to see how obstacles and confusion will be created if such speculations are allowed to spread unchecked. In short, it is not possible to have two lineage holders at the same time.
2. Moreover, several ancient predictions or prophecies have unambiguously stated that in the future there will be twenty-one Karmapa reincarnations, each at a time. The predictions even provide reference to the activities of the

Karmapas. Therefore, it is inconceivable they would fail to mention the concurrence of two Karmapas if it was true!

As of now, it is an indisputable fact that the Karmapas issue still sees no light at the end of the tunnel. This is a tragedy for Karma Kagyu, a karmic burden that we all have to bear. On the other hand, though tragedy endures, it may yet be given a happy ending if ill-fortune gives cause to introspection and reflection and thus provide new life and impetus.

In our trust, we do look to the future with optimism that in one day the two modest and highly wisdom young men, would sit together to have this century obstacle resolved skillfully.

This day will come, hopefully not before long!

The Shamarpa

"On 19 March 1992, Situ Rinpoche first presented a document, which he claimed to be a prediction letter left behind by the late Karmapa, in a meeting held at Rumtek monastery. With the exception of Gyaltsab Rinpoche, who supported the letter as authentic without even reading it, the rest three attendees (Sharmapa Rinpoche, Jamgon Rinpoche, and Karmapa's General Secretary Topga Rinpoche) expressed doubts about the letter's authenticity and called for testing. Ever since then, the Karma Kagyu School was practically split into two sides. (The title of "Rinpoche" will be left out in the remaining part of this essay.)

Through the facilitation by the Situ side, the Dalaï Lama and the Chinese government jointly approved Ogyen Trinley as the Karmapa incarnate in 1992. On the other hand, the Shamarpa held on to shoulder his traditional responsibilities and recognized Thaye Dorje as the Karmapa incarnate, in spite of Situ's move. There was News report during the time comparing this contrasting antagonism to the Bible story of "David and the Giant Goliath".
Recognition, The protector of the lineage, p. 23

I want to recall the basic morality of Buddhism according to Sakyamuni Buddha. Whoever calls himself a Buddhist, who makes his Bodhisattva vows, and even more so when he becomes a monk must follow them. These are the foundations of Buddhism from the Hinayana school, which is now included in Theravada, the Secretary of the Buddha's time.

- refrain from killing any living creature;

- refrain from stealing
- refrain from sexual misconduct
- refrain from bad words
- refrain from taking intoxicants.

Surprisingly, we see here that it is limited. And that doesn't really apply to the huge blunders made by the people of Tai Situ and Gyaltsab... Why?

We have forgotten things that existed in the time of Buddha:

The great universal law existing before religions, existing since the beginning of time: “Do no harm to Others. »

The Golden Rule: “Do not do to others what you would not like others to do to you. »

“Remember that Dharma is an art of living: living in peace and harmony with oneself and with others. With complete confidence, with a smile and with courage, face the obstacles that present themselves to you. Renounce hatred and aversion, malice and animosity. Give rise to love and compassion, especially for all those who do not understand the Dhamma and live an unhappy life.

May your Dhamma-filled behaviour show them the path to peace and harmony.

May your radiant face of Dhamma attract more and more suffering people to this path of true happiness. *

May all beings be happy, peaceful and liberated.

With all my metta (compassion). » S.N. Goenka.

(S.N. Goenka is a married master of Vipassana. The monastic works with the invisible bodies, when there are occult manipulations of these bodies then all

the monks, nuns and nuns are greatly affected. In old Tibet, already the laity had saved monastic Buddhism, and currently we can see that among the laity Buddhism has not degenerated, but is still alive and flourishing magnificently. Thank you Goenka! Saddhu Saddhu Saddhu.)

This is the deep Buddhism, the deep thought of living in each of Sakyamuni Buddha's followers, and still today. This is the mind of every Buddhist in fact, otherwise we are not Buddhists, it's simple, it's clear.

If we remember the prophecy of Deshin Shekpa which speaks of the degeneration of Buddhism and even more following the activity of the person usurping the throne of the 17th Karmapa, this event happened:

1. In August 1993 the people of Situ and Gyaltsab Rinpoche, in collusion with the Gangtok police, attacked the Rumtek Monastery, the official home of the 16th Karmapa, and took the monastery by force. The 16th Karmapa's monks and staff who refused to cooperate were beaten and dragged out of the monastery.
2. In March 1994 hundreds of monks and disciples of Situ Rinpoche stormed Kibi, the Karmapa International Buddhist Institute, during a welcome to India's ceremony organized for Gyalwa Karmapa Thaye Dorje.
3. In August 1994 Tai Situ was indicted by the Indian government for "anti-Indian" activities.
4. Officially the Indian Supreme Court ruled and Rumtek was attributed to the true Karmapa. So Thaye Dorje has had the legal right to live there since July 2004. But we can understand why the Karmapa until today has preferred to abstain from this right. Because there would be violence, deaths

perhaps even, finally a great creation of avoidable negative Karma as long as the Karmapa refrains from going there.

Universal women's rights are a first step towards very important protection against the actions of dark forces against human beings.

So when I denounced, if this reality existed, then an investigation would be carried out. Because there are instances without allegiance that could do this, it is part of the bridge from the invisible to the visible. Several individuals have very high esoteric abilities. I contacted people who remove kundalini and chakras, from Europe to America there are activities of this type.

However, we should enlighten people more on this subject, because these are tools to know with full knowledge of the facts.

"When Dark Age is approaching its end
Gurus and lamas violate their samaya
Everybody act negatively without shame;

May the gods please hold your anger
With our power of compassion and wisdom
Obstacles be removed and the light of fortune arise!"

Preface of *Recognition of Dharma King*,

"The world is naive and simple, as old and as evil as hell; there is an atmosphere of a curse that seems to hover everywhere, with all the subtle sophistication of another invention of man: Satan. Greed , deliberate greed, is cunning, motivated and masked by groups supposedly "for the betterment of humanity", while the world continues to kill its saints and hang its philosophers.

“Observe the disgusting spectacle of thousands of accomplished and diligent liars engaged in the pursuit of their profession, sprinkling their editorials, their sermons and their words with the sweetness and lightness of religious and philosophical platitudes.”

P. 65, *La griffe de tigre*, Paul Twitchell, éd. Eckankar, Minneapolis, 1992.

Conspiracy theory, another facet...

Many books have been written on the subject and I came across this one:

SECRET SOCIETIES

Impossible to check and read this entire document simply because I read little and I don't have time. But a few sentences spoke to me pleasantly; they were a few words to express all my deep feelings. My book brings another vision to the same problem, namely

“We want to control human beings. » For example, my view is that Muslim terrorists are being used to turn everyone against Muslims, when in fact it is a small group that is manipulating who has nothing to do with them, and the terrorists and religious people who are easy to manipulate, we can understand more about how this is achievable by having read the bio of Maitreya Buddha. And the Secret Society expresses it differently. The Truth is multiple and at the same time ONE. It is very difficult to trace the cause of the problem, the real instigator, and my book points the finger at one.

Excerpts from “The Secret Societies”, AND THEIR POWER IN THE 20TH CENTURY, by Jan Van Helsing, French text translates with Google.

Free documents in different languages on the internet.

A common thread through the tangle of lodges, high finance and politics.

Trilateral Commission, Bilderberger, C.F.R., UN

“Nothing that concerns politics is a matter of chance! Let us be sure that what happens in politics has indeed been planned!” F.D.Roosevelt

Do you really think you know what is happening on our planet?

Let us briefly summarize this system:

1. We provoke conflicts which cause men to fight among themselves and not against those who are at the origin of the dissension.
2. We do not show ourselves as the real instigator.
3. We support all parties in conflict.
4. Or is seen as a “benevolent authority” that could end the conflict.

(...) This is the path followed by the “Illuminati” who want to dominate the world: to cause as much discord as possible among men and nations on Earth. They, lost in a flood of contrary information, will not be able to go back as far as possible to the real instigators. International SECRET SOCIETIES serve as a powerful instrument for discord between men, we will study them more closely. Men entangled in wars for a long time will eventually get tired of fighting and will come to "beg" for a WORLD GOVERNMENT.

As a great teacher of the world, my Spirit, observed:

“Find the truth, for it is the truth that will set you free!”

Reacting would be laudable, but how can six billion people defend themselves against something they don't even know exists?

Anyone who gives up makes it easier for the “Illuminati.” The truth that is essential in the first place is therefore to know more about their actions and actions.

(...) You should know that all matter, from the microcosm to the macrocosm, is maintained as it is thanks to electromagnetic forces.

Men who can modify matter by conscious rotation of their own magnetic field or "MERKABAH" are known as "AVATARS" (the best known in the Western world was Yeshua ben Joseph = Jesus, who was a master among them). It is possible for them to create directly from the ether (materialization), to transform matter, e.g., to change water into wine or lead into gold (alchemy), to cancel gravity, to hover or walk on water (levitation), to move without wasting time from one country to another (teleportation), to heal spontaneously by modifying the cellular structure, etc.

Why does the Church make Jesus and Buddha sons of God when all they did was use very clear laws, within the reach of ANYONE on this planet?

(...) Don't you want to know what the secrets of these "Illuminati" are?

Their secrets are almost all related to the past of our planet, to the genesis and origin of man (when and how), to the reason for his presence on Earth, to UFOs and the consequences that follow. (UFO = Unidentified Flying Object.)

(...) 4. Control of faith

(...) We will take away from men their true faith. We will modify or remove the principles of spiritual laws. (...) The absence of these laws will weaken the faith of men since religions will no longer be able to give any explanation. (...)

(...) We will fill these spiritual laws by introducing materialistic thinking and mathematical calculations. (...)" (22)

(...) I wish this book radiance and success, that it be under the benevolent auspices of positive spiritual forces!

So be it

Even if everything ended here for the Pratyeka Buddha, we start to understand...how it works and what needs to be changed to bring the matriarchy into balance. And it is not without reason that people are surprised that I speak of the Heaven of Women, because we are far from it, it is rather the heaven of demons currently.

"The collective egoic mind is the most dangerously demented entity and destroyer that inhabits this planet." Eckhart Tolle

And this comes from playing on our bodies, we have to be concerned about the invisible.

Because human beings are good in themselves and have a spirit of brotherhood.

We must discern truth from falsehood.

We must restore order to this disorder.

A woman who develops positive bodies supports her negative herself, because the Universe has planned everything in its perfection. If we take it away who will bear the negative, lunar, its innate feminine aspect??? This is how everything is more upside down with these manipulations...the executioner without regret, without remorse can see himself filled with divine light, and the purified victim finds himself more overwhelmed....because these people do not receive their Reality, because it is distorted.

It's a heaven manipulated by men-demigods-asuras-leprechauns, extras terrestrial...let's call them what you want.

I do not write to create separations between men and women...on the contrary, it is to put the natural order of things back where it should be. Because we are ONE.

And this English gentleman who had lost his mystical heart, his wish-granting jewel, he was doing a labor of universal love, and the whole earth had an interest in his finding his precious jewel. Surely his jewel avoided tragedies and wars. Because in the Heaven of Women, let us not forget, men are included. Taking away his jewel means that he can no longer positively assume his deity, which becomes a black hole and which brings nothing good. Even if we create a parallel world of gods and his ornament is found there and he participates, it remains a parallel universe and it is, as Einstein would say, the game of stupid men.

Which gives men the idea of changing planets, and they will certainly create another parallel universe. While our metaphysical bodies unify in our physical body and then we no longer speak of parallel universes, but of dimensions within us.

Paradise is here, on the Earth of men, not elsewhere. Besides with the Heaven of Women, men will no longer want to live anywhere other than on their Earth and they will discover all the riches that they have to explore there and also the methods to repair it. Stephan Hawking said we should leave planet Earth within 100 years. We can do better! First tend towards vegetarianism, first plant resources would be more abundant, also for the care of animals, and raise ourselves vibrationally. Meat absolutely lowers our vibrations.

Let's join forces:

You recognize yourself as those who feed at the Source, at Amarioli, those who never have enough of Nature, of all allegiances: atheists, secularists, muslims, philosophers, greens, permacultures, ecologists....shamans...gods, angels, masters, saints, occultists, sages, etc., those who have the planet at heart, the animals, rocks and crystals... the natives finding their atom source, naturally will help heal the Earth, they are the first shamans on this earth.

If the energy is well directed according to the different forces in synergy, we can depollute, restore the planet and its elements - water - air - earth - fire. If we set about creating a guaranteed minimum income for all, to share our extra millions, if we started working together towards a healthy planet and to

grow our consciences and to rise according to the path of virtues and Good.
We are all brothers and sisters, but we have forgotten that.

Used your supramental, your Supreme intelligence, your discernment to read
this book. Because inspirations are distorted, they go wrong like following
one's heart given the plays on the different divine bodies and the ornaments.

Several years ago, long before I had all these psychic attacks, this is what it
gently said to me inside: “All Heaven has descended with Maitreya
Buddha”. Let's gather our strength.

When we read the controversy of the Karmapas all remain on a very
physical level and even Shugpen Dorje everything is in the invisible bodies,
but no one wants to talk about it or can talk about it.

This is a very valuable subject, and it cannot be discussed without a great
aura of wisdom, even holiness and protection.

When Indian jasmine replaces Quebec lilacs,
When Buddhism replaces discourses of secularism,
Here we are in the footsteps of Buddha.
And in the evening, when the heat fades
Christmas lights illuminate the garden, and
While the scents of different flowers carry us away
In the sweetness of the pure lands of Buddha.
Even out of season the song Silent Night, Holy Night rises,
Because the Buddha, his birth, his enlightenment, his death
Will be celebrated soon.

May all beings be happy!

Maitreya, May 10, 2061, Buddhist year.

I have to send it quickly to stop these floods in Quebec.

I believe that menopause is not necessary.

I believe there is a possibility of pranic botox.

If we knew our full potential, if we worked with our subtle bodies then beauty and longevity would follow. There is a lot to know about our metaphysical bodies. Merits to be appropriated or re-appropriated.

* * *

Understanding sexuality means succeeding in rising to happiness, joy and pleasure. Not understanding sexuality and doing anything is taking on karma that could have avoided tears and sadness.

Understand the natural unions in us and, if necessary, get rid of them to rise, and promote more evolved unions to better learn, vibrate and evolve.

Of course religions have traced a path to holiness by sublimating sexuality, but very few can follow his austerity. Sexual tantra a beautiful path.

Tomorrow is not yet, yesterday is past and today here and now, alone exist.

♡♡♡

This is what I am. A being like the others who one day said to herself that she had to that she is someone and who has decided to be Maitreya Buddha. Her heart being pure, the angels, the devas, the gods, God, the Buddha, the Buddhas, and the Source even conspired, conspired to make it happen.

Summary:

From the macrocosmic point of view: manipulations of invisible bodies result in control of positive energies, bringing more patriarchy and a weakening of matriarchy. We have to come to a natural balance. Also, it has a detrimental effect on our different connections with others, often our positive connections become negative and leads to their weakening. Also, it reverses the energies, an aura of a saint can be put on a gangster, and vice versa. Potentially, it creates parallel worlds.

* * *

The path of women (including men), a monk's path, monk name of Maitreya Buddha, or Muslim female monk, Christian female monk, Buddhist female monk, animist female monk, Eckist monk, atheist monk, New Age monk, etc. A path that lies beyond religions, to connect different allegiances, different religions, secular or not, atheists, towards the most noble and elevated goals in Peace and the Safeguarding of human beings and Planet Earth making assert the universal rights of human beings extrapolated to different dimensions.

This is the path where women would remain in their environment, and unite with the gods (their husband, partner, lover) through sexual tantra and- or following the teachings of her path, respecting the universal rights of human beings over all spheres, in all dimensions.

With the basic precepts and following the holy and noble books. Each of the female monks would make their own choices and work to make known the

universal rights of human beings in all dimensions, on all levels, to their neighbourhood, their city, their country.

And another very beautiful path, which pleases and suits women, which allows them to ascend, is the path of pranic food. It is said that in the very beginning human beings fed on Light, but then we forgot. It is said that Buddha could feed on light, but preferred to eat to harmonize with his disciples.



This is why I can say that I am Maitreya Buddha.

I had created:

Samboghakaya

Dharmakaya

The bodies of a Buddha.

And my third eye saw the other side.

Because if he is the Karmapa, doing an activity contrary to the Dharma of Sakyamuni Buddha, an activity contrary to the Cosmic Order, an activity contrary to the basic precepts of the Buddhist: Do not harm others, well I am the Buddha Maitreya.

If I don't do it who will!! And the solution is not to turn to Karmapa Thaye Dorje, because he is used playing the negative, which ~~Karmapa~~ Karmapa Ogyen Trinley cannot do.

I would never admit defeat. There are still the crystal skulls which should be brought together during the change of poles, and these crystal skulls I carry within me, I would be infused knowledge.

I would never admit defeat. There is the unicorn who shows me the path to my lost star, there is the unicorn who makes me find in my heart the wings of the other garment. I am infinite. I follow the Lord of the Universe.

The solution is, finding my head and all my bodies then I believe I will be able to give everyone their own body and ornament, regardless of allegiances. I would free humans and animals from their chains and implants for those who want it.

This is Maitreya Buddha!

I'm still alive, that's lucky.

I'm finishing my book, it's a chance.

We'll see what happens next.

I must be reborn.

*To meditate, realized,
we are never as good as in our own bodies,
in our own karma.*

If everyone puts their little drop of activity and emptiness to bring Order back to this Disorder, then anything is possible. And the New World Order will not be just one elite hardware project. Let's put spirituality in the New World Order.

Let us work in solidarity, whatever our place on the chessboard, for the divine, in the void, the divine we are all equal. And planet Earth doesn't belong to anyone, but at the same time belongs to everyone.

We are all equal, and no one should take ownership of each other's bodies in

whatever dimensions it may be.

Only a woman can create a soul, because the soul by principle is feminine.

This is why Gotama spoke of Self and Not Self.

And that the Buddha will say that the Soul does not exist.

Gotama was pure masculine.

He knew that the pure feminine would follow, coming from him.

This will be verified, to be continued.

The emptiness essential to men, for women is pure divine.

And it is not because we have unions with men that our bodies belong to men. If Nature has allowed this to happen to us, it has its reasons. We are complementary, not antagonistic.

This is what I sometimes see left in my heart, an entity. Where does this come from? But it makes me angry too. I came to a point, I landed on Earth. When and how will I reconnect with my celestial and intra-terrestrial bodies? I probably have to die to be reborn.

If a woman is the Soul, man is the Spirit.

The Wisdom of Women is different from the Wisdom of Men.

We are marvellously complementary Beings.

The men and the women are in two different systems of Yin & Yang. The mixture between these different systems led to the disruptions of the genus, the genders that we experienced at that time and the sexualization of children.



Prepare yourself for the pole shift that is slowly approaching.

Be on the safe side!

And those who have the capacity please join the Buddha, to defuse, facilitate, actualize the atomic change of entry into the golden age which is fast approaching.

In addition, you know the elite wants to establish a new world order, well I tell you it is better for everyone to put their grain of salt into it, because they, the elites, are not so much spiritual, but much more material. To the caring love of Men, we must add the Wisdom of Women and bring back the balance of matriarchy and patriarchy.

Maitreya,
May 30 of the Buddhist year 2561.
December 14, 2023

Satyameva jayate
Truth always victorious.

The Cosmic question?
Who am I?

 Offerings are welcome

*It is the story of a little drop of water named Doris Ouellet who melted
in the ocean to tell the story from an absolute point of view,
and of this ocean which returns to her immediate surroundings to tell her
story from a relative point of view.*

*It is the story of an individual among an entire humanity, composed like all
beings of earth, water, air, fire and wind with simply dreams, illusions,
different experiences and a mission of incomparable life!*

END

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How did a single mother manage to thwart a global plot? How did she manage to save the world from her kitchen? And to untie the knots of the great controversy of the two people occupying the holy throne of the 17th Karmapa ?

How will she restore order to this disorder?

How will a mystic, a philosopher, a yogi bring the poles of the planet Earth back to their Right Place?

She has a clear proposal for a new spiritual world order, for the golden age to begin.

This is the story of the Buddha Maitreya.

