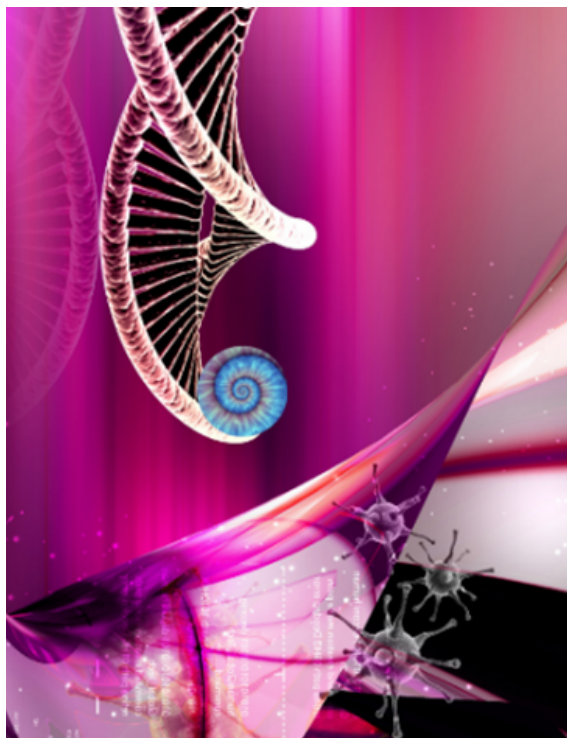


# THE STORM



**You are ready for the fifth action on The Living Spiral of Transformation: *The Storm*.**

**REMINDER: The Disempowerment Paradox.**

On the one hand, you are powerful, you are caring, and you may be successful by any or all current benchmarks of the culture or country in which you live. However, on the other hand, you know that somehow you are being thwarted and unable to create the life for which you most deeply yearn.

The gift from *The Storm*? You recognize the signs of an approaching storm and literally create more time so that you are empowered to choose whether to even experience an impending storm. Having learned to recognize the signs as direct, inner, and outer information coming at you in a spacious time flow, you can quickly make a different choice. Take action that sees you safely to whatever form of shelter from The Storm is desirable and specific to you and your (re)evolutionary journey.

By the time you are old enough to speak a full sentence, you have also sufficiently accelerated your conscious awareness to feel the signs of a pending emotional storm that is about to erupt within your family group or your own body. Unfortunately, unless a person is instinctively aware of already being on The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure most of us find ourselves trapped in an impending emotional storm. We have no safe inner space in which to remain fully ourselves as we navigate and ride out *The Storm*.

A child (or group of people) can be exposed to a creative storm which a child (or group of people) has not directly helped to co-create. We participate in *The Storm* to restore energetic,

co-creative balance. When *The Storm* arrives, do you see in it a forewarning of an impending serious, personal, tragedy-producing event or incoming damaging emotional weather?

What happens then?

Anchoring the 'story' of being another of life's victims happens.

Of course, a young child may not have the power in its family group to yell 'FIRE' and be respected and listened to with enough energy to 'change' a timeline that will release an unpleasant, disturbing, or deadly outcome.

Whether you are a young person, a fully grown adult, or an elder, the moment you consciously choose to be on The Living Spiral of transformation adventure, every climb you make better prepares you to:

1. refrain from creating a storm with fearful, hidden, powerful and natural forces within you
2. successfully navigate an intense, direct, and potentially damaging experience of *The Storm*
3. find shelter in any number of ways so that you emerge from *The Storm* having more '**I am, I will. I become, I live, I love**' conscious awareness.

A significant storm pushes you much faster toward 'I love' consciousness than you might expect. If you are not on The Living Spiral adventure, a storm has the power to leave you utterly devastated, lost, or unable to recover for a long time.

The unexpected gift of the Covid-19 storm was more free time that made it possible to write and publish this book. The entire human race is still whirling in a daze having been hit by the tornado of involuntary transformation that is *The Storm: Covid-19 global pandemic*. Over a million people are dead worldwide. Families are in separation and isolation in every country on the planet.

How do we recover from this?

As you make *The Climb*; you are given the gift of the golden orb. Will you use the golden energy orb when you find yourself in *The Storm*? Or will you tuck that golden orb into a back pocket and forget that you even have it?

**Here is the link to the visualization/meditation for the Golden Orb:**

**<https://vimeo.com/505754534>**

**Copy and paste this link into your browser and enjoy this meditation whenever you like!**

After making *The Climb*, you come to rest in the transitional space between having intuitively or consciously chosen your unique climb and being more aware of any fearful, hidden, and powerful voices within you, voices that for now, are part of your embodied DNA expression.

You rose to the inner growth challenge that is *The Climb*. You faced and transformed into allies the dragons within you that could have pulled you off the edge of a cliff before reaching your desired summit.

The challenge and gift of *The Storm* is coming to know, transform, and yet accept that the fearful, hidden, and powerful forces within you exist within all human beings. You, however, are determined to know and understand why this is so as you are open to receiving new vitality, inner resolution, and outer regeneration.

### Exercise #1:

Using your **workbook/journal**, recall an actual physical storm that you witnessed or were caught up in whether it caused damage to property of yours or destruction to persons that you know. If *The Storm* caused destruction? This might be a branch breaking a window or losing power in your home or town for more than a few hours. It could be as serious as being flooded out of your home or your home having been destroyed.

Using your **workbook/journal**, **write** down all you can remember about an external event in your life that aligned with the energy of a “storm” or “storm-like” experience. Give yourself time to remember as much detail as possible. Do this for a physical storm or other unusual natural event that you experienced and recall.

Repeat this exercise to recall a physical and emotional storm that you have experienced.

Now here is an opportunity to hone your discernment. Do you still feel any energetic charge from this experience? If you do, then breathe deeply and feel the hidden emotional landscape in which your experience of *The Storm* took place.

Storms are cleansing events. Storms release dead energy back into regeneration and into a return to co-creative resources. Imagine this planet is a living being with an emotional body.

Imagine what your individual cells experience when your immune system is called on to do particle-to-particle combat with a disease-causing organism. Your white blood cells go into attack mode and die performing their biological purpose of protecting the greater integrity of your whole body. One white cell at a time engulfs a ‘this is not us’ bit of code information that your DNA determines is ‘foreign’ to your body.

The less diversity contained in your DNA, the more incoming information (viral code and bacteria code) will be viewed as foreign and as a threat until you build up ‘immunity’ and your immune system has more tolerance for ‘new’ information. Your complex, multidimensional physical self has the discernment to assess how many immediate internal resources should be expended in an illness.

Fever and malaise are consciousness-reorganizing effects of 'being exposed' to information your DNA may need to wake itself up to ignite major transformation in your life.

Imagine that the planet we live on is a macrocosmic version of how we integrate consciousness. Or perhaps how our bodies are a microcosmic version, a fractal, of the massive consciousness of a living planet.

Recently, it seems to have dawned on humanity's collective consciousness that our planet is ALIVE, and its being ALIVE is what makes all life on planet Earth possible.

I really do have to laugh at the circumstances that would make it possible to think anything else, especially when indigenous (primitive) cultures have been disrespected to the extreme of being slaughtered for understanding that all life on this dimensional plane can only exist because planet Earth is a living being.

This living being Earth has an emotional body that now requires release, rejuvenation, and regeneration because its out-of-balance emotional body is killing it. But the Earth isn't ready to die through murder-suicide, the alpha-omega program that intends to destroy all life on our watery blue jewel.

The sickness, this polarized and out of balance emotional energy, is taking place on such a massive scale that most of us never notice the true conditions in which we live our lives. All conditions, not just human egg meets human sperm conditions.

You will come to understand a bit more about *The Storm* and its place on The Living Spiral of Transformation in relation to *The Climb*. We will take a closer look at this example of *The Storm*.

I recall a time being alone downstairs in the living room of my grand-parents' farmhouse. I was watching television during a hurricane. A sudden power surge short-circuited the electrical components and with a shower of sparks the television set suddenly – died. I was five years old, but just before the power in the house went out, I dashed upstairs to tell my mother that the TV set had blown up.

I was alarmed and instinctively knew there was something not quite right about the situation. Mom calmed me down and she asked for help with candles she had at hand. After lighting a few candles, Mom read stories by candlelight to my sister and me.

We were waiting for my father to make his way through torrential rain and gusting winds to retrieve us from my grandparent's farm and take us back home to the city. An old growth tree had fallen across the driveway leading to the farmhouse, so we found out that my father had to park far away from the entrance. My father, my mother, my sister, and I had to run through sheets of drilling rain to get to the family car and home to the safety of our city's more stable power grid.

All new information and experience for me!

Without being harmed, I learned a lot about how to prepare for a hurricane (flashlights, batteries, candles, matches) and how to be in active vulnerability in situations arising from powerful forces of nature.

Here is another example of finding myself in *The Storm* with strangers and having to engage *The Climb* as *The Storm* surrounded an unsuspecting group of 'innocent' people.

This 'emotional storm' took place on a lovely summer day. I am twelve years old and spending a few hours at one of my favorite places, Willow Grove Park. On this visit to the park, no other family members or friends are with me.

This beloved amusement park is where I decide to take my first roller coaster ride. This step into big girl courage will bring me a big experiential pay-off! Later in the day. After two rounds on the roller coaster, I go for a contrasting experience. I head for the FUN HOUSE. Once inside, I fold into a small group of strangers, children and adults. We move through at our own pace through various quirks, tricks, and surprises that make a fun house - fun.

Having just passed through the Hall of Mirrors, as we meander into the next section of the Fun House, all of the lights go out. We are in absolute darkness in the center of a structure where, by intentional design there are no windows or doors. There is no emergency lighting. It is so dark that I can't see my hand in front of my face. Turning to look around, nothing is clearly visible including any stray light reflecting from the Hall of Mirrors from where we had just come.

What to do? This is in the E.B.M. – the Era Before Mobile. We are in a rickety, old wooden building. There is no staff to call out to for help. In assessing the situation, I 'feel' an impending storm of personal danger.

At that moment, a male adult in this group of strangers lights a match.

Instinctively, I knew this was a dumb thing to do. In a commanding voice I say: "Put that out! Do you want to accidentally start a fire here? We'd all be trapped." He immediately blows out the match.

"Follow me," I say to the others in a loud and clear voice, like a midget drill sergeant "Everybody, put your left hand on the wall to your left. Feel your way. The walls will lead us out of here."

Who knows why this group of strangers decided to follow the lead of a twelve-year-old child? I do not know why they did, but they did.

We arrived in the universal space of *The Climb*, and I KNEW what we were doing was our best option.

Back then? I did not know how I knew.

I commit to following my own suggestion saying nothing more as I inch my way forward at the head of the group, my left hand feeling along on the common exterior wall.

Within ten minutes of using the walls to feel our way forward, we see natural light ahead. From a window? A door? The exit! Yes! We arrive safely at the end of this "amusement ride."

Outside? A summer day full of bright sunshine. I take a deep breath. Relieved, my body relaxes.

I had been truly frightened. I was with a group of people I did not know. I had no idea as to their being intelligent or trustworthy. I found it difficult to believe that an adult would light a match inside a dry, wooden tinderbox, although in retrospect part of me understands the ego/mind logic of that choice.

As you read the signs of an impending storm in your life, be it internal or external, *The Storm* is an opportunity to learn and earn more "***I am/ I will/ I become/ I live/ I love***" consciousness.

Any of one of us can absolutely contribute to the energy of *The Storm* through unconscious use of fearful, hidden, and powerful forces within us of which we are unaware – like inappropriately lighting a match.

For all I know, this group of strangers and our experience was pivotal to a change in managing and maintaining that particular 'amusement ride' within the park. It might have taken a group of freaked out customers to wake up management that this one facility needed some upgrades or else needed to be closed to protect the public.

That day in the Willow Grove Park Fun House had the potential to be a situation where people got hurt, if only just from falling inside a not well maintained, old wooden structure and ending up with a bad splinter. In the confusion, I stepped up to lead and then followed my own inner compass which led me and everyone else to safety. No harm done. No one was trapped in a fire with no hazard or exit lighting. As soon as we made our way out of the Fun House, we let management know the lights were out, creating an unsafe situation.

Our group was a rebalancing energy to shed light on safety concerns inside the structure.

While actively living through *The Storm*, you gain the courage to feel/see/know personal power you may be refusing to own or not be accountable for contributing energy that co-creates a storm.

Either we shut down or we become more conscious during *The Storm*.

We make a choice. Then we act. Or we do not. We use the power within our DNA to change our experience and shift a timeline. Such shifts can result in leaving town before the storm hits, or discovering an illness before it becomes life-threatening, or making a left turn and taking a different route home, or that right turn you make to go a different way. Unbeknownst to you, this prevents your being on the scene of a terrible car crash, or in one.

You, too, were born with an ability to call on and feel the power in your DNA so that you can deal with any impending storm on the horizon of your life. Use your body sensations, feelings and the inner wisdom that arises around an approaching storm, whether external or internal to

be conscious and aware. Learn to trust yourself and consciously choose to change your experience by shifting the timeline that you are on.

To a greater or lesser extent, each one of us has this power built into our DNA. This is not a matter of luck. Whether or not we learn to use this power may appear to be chance, or exposure to fortunate situations or people, or magic, but this power is truly a function of healthy, awake, and responsive human DNA.

Take a moment to consider how your immune system responds to viral or bacteriological threats. Your DNA controls how your immune system functions or fails to function. Choices that you make (as simple as what you put into your body, or don't) have an impact on how your DNA functions on behalf of your long-term well-being.

The calm center of an emotional storm can show up on the Living Spiral of Transformation so that we can observe *The Storm* from the inside out. Imagine being in the eye of a hurricane or inside the funnel of a tornado! Inside its center, you move and flow with its energy. Wherever *The Storm* travels or lands, your awareness would be high up in its atmosphere, safe, as a massive kaleidoscope of consciousness is turned by the energy of *The Storm*.

How do you position your awareness in the eye of any storm, in the calm center of massive, re-organizing energies?

Here is an example of **The Storm** being fueled by emotional energy.

Within two years of leaving my first marriage, I got involved with a handsome, interesting, and very sexy man who had an interesting creative streak which I found attractive. However, despite having musical creativity in common, time revealed that he was an incredibly dark and emotionally manipulative man who actively used his fearful, hidden, and powerful forces to create one violent, emotional storm after another in our long-term relationship.

I could see no evidence that he was aware of The Living Spiral of Transformation, however, he was very aware of what he called my 'spider senses.' He found the awakened attributes of my diverse, unique DNA unnerving because he was unable to hide his inner self from me.

Gradually, I learned to read his signs so that I could somewhat anticipate the emotional challenges (issues of being in control) that unbalanced him. In between the storms and power games he initiated and that we raged through together, I continued *The Climb* as a deeply personal, internal journey that I had been on for several years. While presenting a super charming mask in public, behind closed doors he carried on using his life force to generate emotional damage and external violence in our relationship and in our family. To his credit, he did maintain a marginalized, codependent commitment to me and our blended family because our sexual dynamic was like no other, for him at least.

It took fourteen years of 'learning' how to respond to dysfunctional power strategies by deciding to 'leave town' before another one of his major earthquakes hit me. It took time, patience, and an act of the Divine to release me from being stuck in a 'victim/caretaker' state of ego/Mind and

being stuck in a life that looked great from the outside before I woke up to the fact that the life, I was living wasn't the life I was meant to live.

Going through *The Storm* is always an opportunity to discover a new perspective and apply the information. You can learn to activate this hidden power in your DNA. You can learn to change experiences and shift timelines so that, in recognizing an impending storm, you have a choice regarding living through an experience that is unsafe, fearful, and could impact you in a way that might possibly end your life.

The hidden power in your DNA challenges you to pass through *The Storm* able to carry on with life as you embrace a newly revealed and revealing transformation of fearful, hidden, and powerful energy.

**REMINDER:** *The Storm* is the fifth action, space, or step on The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure and its power and potential relate directly to your fifth chakra, learning to use your voice, and to the fifth subtle energy body which uses sound to create form in matter.

After making *The Climb* out of limited perspectives, you come to rest in a transition between consciously having made your unique climb and beginning to distinguish and transform the fearful, hidden, and powerful voices within you that, for now, are part of how your embodied DNA is expressed. Each climb will spark greater DNA integrity and strand-braiding that recognizes, regenerates, and revitalizes your unique and authentic DNA blueprint.

You rise to the challenge of *The Storm*! Now you can ride the energy of the dragons within who fight with you while holding the intention of yanking you off the edge of a cliff just before you reach your desired summit.

**REMINDER:** The challenge of coming to know and transform fearful, hidden, and powerful forces within you is accepting with grace but without judgment that these same forces are within all human beings. This is the purpose of *The Storm*, and its gift is in accepting empowerment that is free of hatred, rancor, or ill intent.

Everything is energy. Everything is conscious. Conscious energy is information that is distributed as sound and light and shared as frequency.

When we bring heart-centered openness, fearlessness, and loving vulnerability to INFORMATION? Then we have awareness, wisdom, and now the hidden power of your diverse, unique DNA is no longer hidden from you.

In a physical environment, attention to *The Storm* shifts the energy and information in *The Storm*. Now, you can choose to perceive clear warning signs of its approach and choose to co-create how to best follow your soul path destiny.

Have you been led to the direct, energetic knowing that you have been on The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure from the moment you were born? Yet do you still find yourself feeling



trapped by an impending emotional storm as it arises within you or in your family group? Are you concerned or uncertain about being vulnerable to ride out *The Storm*?

When you choose to be vulnerable by facing the challenges of the information contained in *The Storm* (several times during any life) and you surrender to its higher co-creative purpose, *The Storm* strengthens you for each climb you make on The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure. Going forward, *The Climb* becomes easier to complete and you look forward to these experiences and the resulting shifts in your awareness.

Nurturing inner growth through each challenge of *The Storm* teaches you to recognize the signs. Make a different choice. Take an unexpected, spontaneous action that sees you safely to whatever form of shelter supports your well-being.

When you are on The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure, honoring your developing intuitive senses and acting based on this energetic information might be characterized by others as simply being 'lucky' or 'fortunate.' However, you learn to trust these intuitive senses and to respect them as a clear reflection of a deepening connection to the hidden power in your diverse, unique DNA and to your soul and the pure energetic core of your being.

## Exercise #2:

Using your **workbook/journal** recall an actual physical storm that you witnessed or were affected by regardless of the damage or destruction to property or persons that you know. If *The Storm* did cause destruction or consequences like losing power in town for more than a few hours – for weeks -- as happened in Houston, Texas in 2021. How did your personal experience draw attention to being invited to shift your energy, awareness, and emotions in the context of your immediate relationships?

## **I love: Are you learning about love and self-love? Yes!**

Before diving into these Storm specific challenges, I remind you of the gift of a golden orb you received when you made The Climb for the first time since getting your hands on this book. Will you use the gift of the golden orb when next find yourself in *The Storm*? Or will you tuck that golden orb into a back pocket of memory and forget that you have it.

Now that you understand more about the purpose of *The Storm* and its place on The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure, let's take a deeper look at the dynamics of *The Storm*.

Whether you're a young person, a fully grown adult, or an elder, the moment you consciously choose to be on The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure, every climb prepares you to refrain from co-creating a storm using fearful, hidden, and powerful forces but not to avoid an intense shift in awareness as a direct result of *The Storm*.

Once you face the emotional energy, information, and the frequencies of an impending Storm, so that you can choose to be aware of how you contribute to one by misusing power and subtle

energy, then you find shelter in any number of ways. You will emerge on the other side of *The Storm* with more consciousness awareness anchored within you.

- 1) I am,
- 2) I will,
- 3) I become,
- 4) I live,
- 5) I love

My first encounter with a powerful physical/emotional storm took place while I was still young enough to be carried on my mother's hip.

Screams drew my mother from our home and out onto Girard Avenue, a major thoroughfare and cross-town trolley car route. A trolley car was stopped on its tracks in the middle of the street. Beneath and in the front of the trolley car I saw a person still and silent.

A woman was screaming "Jesus! Oh, Jesus!" and her pronunciation, as I clearly recall, although I was only about two years old at the time, was "Hey Zeus." Was this the person's name or a cry to heaven for mercy? I do not know. Was this person killed in an accident that had been caused by his running out into the street? I do not know.

However, as young as I was, I felt the energy of something terrible having happened which I was too young to have words for.

Listening to the words being spoken by the adults around me regarding the fate of 'Hey Zeus', I learned the important lesson of why we do not run out into the street without first looking at what is coming or going in the street and how my actions and choices can hurt more than just me.

### Exercise #3: Emotional Storms

Repeat the previous exercise. Answer the same questions but in this round focus your attention/memory on an emotional storm that you experienced or witnessed.

Using your **workbook/journal**, write down all that you can remember about this internal/external storm. Give yourself time to recall sensory details. Notice if you drop into new awareness of perception of a correlation between an inner and an outer storm?

§ What happened?

§ Where did this take place?

§ Who was present?

- § What did you feel physically?
- § What emotions did you feel that you could name at that time?
- § Was anyone in a position to help if you needed help?
- § Who helped? Did a neighbor or a friend or stranger step up to assist?
- § How long did this situation last?
- § What changes resulted from this event?
- § Did you have to leave behind an idea or attitude that you previously valued to get to safety, clarity, and compassion?
- § If so, what? Was the loss temporary or permanent?
- § How did you feel about it?
- § How did your family group feel about it if this is applicable?
- § What was the immediate outcome of this experience?
- § How quickly or slowly did you recover?
- § What changes proved beneficial long term?
- § What if any shifts caused longer lasting distress by locking you into fear rather than releasing you from it?

Being caught up in a physical hurricane made quite an impression on me. I learned what a hurricane is, that it can knock down trees, shut down power, and if a hurricane is forecast, it's a good idea to have working flashlights, extra batteries, candles, and dry matches on hand. And, because we were at our family farm, and there were no long-lasting consequences or losses other than a felled tree, I was impressed by nature's power to bring unexpected change.

Without consciously intending to, we can all absolutely create an internal storm through fearful, hidden, and powerful forces of which we are totally unaware. While actively living through *The Storm*, find the courage to ask: Is there any personal power that I am refusing to own? Am I too frightened to wield power consciously? Am I accountable for the energy that I contribute to co-creating an emotional storm?

Here is a personal example to guide your exploration.

I was teaching a two-week workshop during the month of July at the Skyros Centre on the island of Skyros, Greece for a London-based adult travel-education organization. This was a superbly managed organization of resources. Instructors for courses all had simple accommodations in a spacious, repurposed classic Greek home in a lovely community. The participants lodged in town. Outside of class time, we met in cafes and enjoyed supper together after our daily siestas. Siestas were a daily requirement as from three to five o'clock in the afternoon, at 104 degrees Fahrenheit, it was too hot to move a muscle. It was even too hot to be at the beach although it was only a ten-minute walk from the Centre.

I had been on the island of Skyros for a week and the course I was teaching was being well received. Participants were curious, open-minded, playful, and clearly thrilled with their holiday choice, many having come from the United Kingdom and a few from other locations in Europe.

At that time, I was extricating myself from an unfulfilling friend-with-benefits relationship with a lover who was French by birth and with whom I lived in a commune in La Jolla, California. He knew of my plans to be in Skyros, but during that time he had a plan for a trip to Israel.

Imagine my surprise, when on my day off I got a message from Rosie, a fantastic woman who prepared most of our meals which the class groups enjoyed together on a large and partially shaded patio where folks met to chat as we developed friendships, or to read on our own, or just sit quietly taking in the view and the ambiance. I was in Siesta when Rosie knocked on the door of my room.

"There is someone downstairs to see you," she said, looking none too happy about this.

"Me? To see me?" I had no idea who it could be. I followed Rosie downstairs to see Jean Paul in the kitchen.

"Hi," Jean Paul said, kissing me hello.

"What are you doing here?" Straight to the point, that's my style.

"I came to see you," he replied with a boyish grin.

"Nice of you, but there are rules to my contract here, so don't imagine that you're going to bunk up with me. How long are you planning to stay?"

"Until you leave for home?" He looked a bit flummoxed, realizing he had not thought it through and believing he could intrude into my space because he wanted to.

"I've already made plans for after the course ends. Why don't we find a lodger's room for you in the village? You can't stay with me. Rosie, do you have a lodging suggestion for Jean Paul?"

"Hmmm...could be." Rosie scribbled some information on a slip of paper and handed it to me.

"Thanks, Rosie. C'mon, Jean Paul, maybe you'll get lucky," I chuckled. I do have a wicked sense of humor. We walked to the village center and located the recommended address. Yes, there was a room available. I stepped outside to wait while Jean Paul made the necessary arrangements.

"Well, that's nice enough. Good, all settled." He said, putting his arm around my svelte waist, "Are you free for dinner this evening?"

"I have dinner plans with some new friends but I'm sure they won't mind if you join us. I need to go shower and change. Why don't you come back to the Centre and collect your backpack? I'll stop by later to pick you up for dinner."

"I really am glad to see you, you know," he said sheepishly. "I've missed you."

"Have you? How sweet. Did you come here directly from Israel?"

"Yes."

"And how was that?" I asked, knowing he had traveled to spend time with a new woman that he had met at a workshop. I had got on to Jean Paul's modus operandi and realized, sadly, that he was a man who could not stand to be by himself. He had no respect for his inner feminine and so he had no respect for women. He justified his muddled relationship choices by having declared himself a free human being.

"Oh, that was fine."

"How is your new friend?"

"Oh, she's fine."

"Then why are you here, Jean Paul?" I laughed, as he slid his backpack onto his back. "See you around 7:00."

I was not at all skilled in the art of gracefully breaking up with a man or even refusing a date. I knew this was coming from fearful, hidden, and powerful distortion in me. Up until Jean Paul's sudden appearance in my world, I was the sort of woman who just disappeared after working things out in my own mind because I was terrified of confrontation. Although my feelings were entirely clear to me, I was not interested in revealing them because of having far too much concern for other people's feelings.

'*Merde*,' as the French say. Dinner with my new friends was delightful and they welcomed Jean Paul with more warmth than I had. For the next week in my time off, Jean Paul and I toured the island on a rented motorbike, made love on a secluded beach, and I listened while he rattled on about his inability to settle into a career. He talked. I listened.

I could not wait for him to leave. He would return to La Jolla without me in tow.

On Jean Paul's last night in Skyros, Niko, the Skyros Centre's manager, had arranged for our group of instructors and students to enjoy a full moon hike into the hills where we would meditate near a reportedly thousand-year-old oak tree that was regarded with reverence by the islanders.

Mind you, it was still extremely hot! As I freshened up with a cold shower and thought about what to wear, an inner voice made recommendations: socks, your hiking boots, long pants – the ones with pockets, and that silk bomber jacket with the long sleeves.

I listened, and then asked for the blessing of a breeze. I had asked for permission to include Jean Ric on the hike and Niko agreed he could join us.

We walked and sang, laughed, waves of us moving in and out of contact clusters of sweet closeness. The forty-minute hike was more like a long walk up a steady incline - pleasant enough, not too strenuous. We passed through a large sheep pasture. The gates had been opened for us by pre-arrangement, and I remember hearing dogs barking nearby as we strolled through open pasture.

Rising from a rocky hilltop, solitary and alone, there was the Mother Tree! This tree wasn't a massive oak like those in the forests of say, Scotland, but the tree had a welcoming gravitas. Niko had prepared a formal request, asking the "Mother Tree" as it is known to receive our wishes for its continued longevity as we meditated beneath its expansive branches.

Lovely. The full moon shone and in its reflection in the water of a still bay added to this serene setting. The white walls of the homes in the community and shops on the bay side of the village were softly lit, reminding me of a pristine honeycomb filled with twinkling, glistening deposits of honey. I am a honey lover! Especially lavender honey.

This was quite the romantic setting. Jean Paul took my hand and sat us down together on the ground in a clear, unspoken request that we sit together for the meditation.

I felt connected to everything and everyone except Jean Paul. It was time to bring this relationship to a close and for me move on. I had met an amazing, divorced man back in California, and my heart, wounded as it had been, was slowly healing after the painful ending of a marriage. That ending was now six years in the past (nearly half the amount of time I had been married) and whenever I felt into this new connection there was a sweet, mutual resonance.

This was a scary development for me! However, this new friend would be the one to pick me up at the airport when I flew back to the United States. I planned to spend another week in Skyros and then go to Edinburg for the August Fringe Festival. That space would provide clarity and a clean ending to the situation-ship with Jean Paul.

In this group meditation beneath the Mother Tree, I asked for the strength to attend to the needs of my own heart and the life meant for me.

That night on Skyros was one of the most beautiful moonlit nights I have ever seen! The beauty, peace, and calm stillness in which this 'mother tree' was rooted filled me up, and I wanted more of *that*.

The meditation over, our group prepared to head back to town and while away the rest of the evening enjoying meze` and Retsina al fresco in the Plaka, but I wasn't ready to leave. I longed to spend time alone with the 'Mother Tree,' easily feeling loved and supported in such a peaceful natural setting. I let Jean Paul and Niko know that I preferred to linger a bit longer and that I could find my way back to town center. There being no mistaking my intentions toward him, Jean Paul was hitting on one the female retreat participants.

And so, for at least another hour I would be left quite happily alone to fill up my surprisingly empty energy tank.

Finally, when I felt full, I stood up, stretched, thanked that tree and the night, and then followed the footpath which led back across the sheep pasture. But when I got there, the pasture gates were closed and padlocked. I climbed over the first gate which was only about four feet high and continued walking toward the second gate.

Then two watch dogs came bounding over! Barking, snarling, and lunging at me, I turned to face them. Keeping my back against the second gate, I hope to feel for and find a way to open that second gate. Not possible. The padlock was secure on the closed hasp.

Not reacting to the dogs' irritation, I stood quietly while looking around for a solution. On either side of this gate? Six feet of cyclone fencing topped with a twelve-inch coil of razor wire. Oh, my. There was no one to call out to for help, not a lighted house in sight.

I stood at the pasture gate for at least twenty minutes in a stalemate with two aggressive dogs that were by no means tiring of earning their chow! I looked around again. This second time looking for a solution, I noticed a block of loose concrete next to one of the vertical metal anchor poles that held the cyclone fencing in place. At the top of the post, I saw a finial that might do for a hand grip.

Having violated their boundaries energized these dogs, which I had begun to think of as the hounds that guard the gates of Hell, so no one gets out

Here is the inspired notion that came to me as I stood, centered and calm, in The Storm. The idea? Put one foot on that concrete block which was about a foot high. Put my left hand on top of the pole supporting the cyclone fencing. Using the pole's finial for leverage, I would 'fling' myself up and over the more than seven feet of combined fencing.

It would have been much easier to climb over that second pasture gate with its height of only four feet. However, attempting that maneuver required turning my back to the dogs and giving them lots of opportunity to...Goddess knows what – take a bite out of my ass? I didn't want to find out.

So, fearlessly, calmly, and without a shred of doubt that what I intended to do was possible to achieve, all two hundred pounds and five feet two inches of me, the woman who never works out or runs except to avoid missing a flight...get the picture? I stepped, grabbed, and launched myself into 'space' never looking back and not looking at the fencing. My eyes focused on the dusty dirt path on the other side that would take me back to the village.

I cleared six feet of cyclone fencing and the coiled razor wire on top of it. My two feet landed together in perfect balance. Somehow, I managed not to fall over after I landed. Getting up from a solid, strong landing squat, I tucked my hands into my pants pockets and began walking toward town.

Behind me, the two dogs were now going bonkers.

All at once I heard the thud of paws behind me, the barking coming closer and the sound of the dogs' feet steadily hitting the dirt as they raced to catch me. It never occurred to me that the dogs would do this. I decided to ignore them. Focusing straight ahead, I just kept walking.

Suddenly, the guidance that I had heard earlier in the evening made complete sense! Socks. Hiking boots. Long pants with pockets. Silk bomber jacket with long-sleeves. Each dog was trying to grab some part of each of my legs. My ankles were adequately protected by the socks and hiking boots. But inside that pair of long pants made from Rayon? Not as much protection for my legs.

I didn't engage the dogs or defend myself from them. Hands in my bomber jacket pockets, I walked. In these next few very tense moments, I shifted into full alignment on every level of awareness. Soon enough, I walked beyond the dogs' territorial boundary. They gave up the chase, turning around for a leisurely lope back to the sheep pasture.

I felt it when the dog's teeth sank into my calf, but I decided not to bend over to have a look. I felt blood trickling down the calf of my right leg. It was about forty minutes more before I came to the edge of town. I was now in a state of peak consciousness. Expanded with an exquisite sense of personal power, I was fully present in my body in a way I hadn't felt since giving birth to my youngest child.

It was late. The pharmacy in the town center was closed. The vibrancy of the sights and sounds! In a taverna with a T.V., a group of men were enthusiastically screaming for the Brits match up against the Germans in a world championship football match. When I returned to the Skyros Centre. Trish, a bubbly Scottish woman from Edinburg, happened to be in the kitchen. I said hello as I went to the kitchen sink to run some hot water and soap in a bowl and searched for a clean, unused kitchen rag.

"We wondered where you got to," she said. "Are you all right, Anaiis?"

"I'm fine. Although I may need a few stitches tomorrow."

"What's happened?"



"I stayed to linger in the delicious energy of that lovely meditation."

"Oh, wasn't that lovely!" Trish sighed in agreement.

"When I made my way back to the sheep pasture, both gates were closed and locked. The watch dogs were loose. As far as I knew, the only way back to town was through that sheep pasture."

"Oh, dear. Are you hurt? Did they..."

"There are a few bites that need cleaning up."

"I'll go fetch Niko. He'll know where there's a first aid kit."

"Oh, don't disturb Niko! It's his night off. I chose to stay up there alone. I didn't know about the access arrangement for the sheep pasture. Please don't bother Niko. I'm fine," I said, gathering up the bowl of hot water and a rag to take to my room.

"Nonsense. I just saw Niko a minute ago. He hasn't gone to bed yet," Trish replied, and she dashed off.

Within minutes, Trish and Niko came into the kitchen. "See you tomorrow, Anaiis. Night-night." And with that Trish left us for her lodging in town.

"Let me see," Niko said.

I rolled my pants legs up above my knees. Niko looked at the bites. I told him what had happened.

"Yes, you are going to need a few stitches. And a shot of an antibiotic. I'll take you to the doctor's office in the morning."

"Right, then. Thanks, Niko. It has been quite a night. What a wonderful meditation."

"You should have just yelled at those dogs," he said, quietly shaking his head as he continued to examine my legs which would now likely be scarred. Niko also continued to share his perspective with me. "Dogs respond to verbal alpha energy."

"Good to know, but that didn't feel like a good choice at the time. I'll keep that in mind next time this comes up."

We both laughed. My wounds were clean and bandaged, and I bid Niko goodnight.

I had not uttered a single sound during this entire ordeal. Not a sound. Not even one curse word. And I hadn't shed a single tear.

I had chosen to stay alone up there by the Mother Tree. That was my conscious choice, so I was in no position to complain about the outcome. The dogs were only doing what watch dogs do.

But how exactly, you might ask (as I did much later) did I haul 200 pounds and five feet two inches of Anais up and over a six-foot-high cyclone fence topped with another foot of coiled razor wire and completely clear it without a scratch or a catch or a cut in any of my clothing?

Today, I would describe that moment as having turned into traveling light. That is the power contained in my DNA and it was made available in *The Storm*.

The next morning, I said good-bye to Jean Paul.

I had found my voice: “It was sweet of you to come. It’s been a sweet, interesting interlude, Jean Paul. And an international one at that. We both know we’re not a match and I am not one for wasting time. I may be ready to fall deeply in love again. I hope so. I do know that I’m ready to find out if I am ready, or not, and that’s not with you. Good-bye. Safe home. Give my regards to our housemates. See you in a few weeks.”

I found my voice! I said what I needed to say, not concerned about Jean Paul’s needs at that moment. We were grown-ups. Jean Paul wasn’t responsible for my feelings any more than I was responsible for his. We parted amicably. No need to deliberately hurt each other. One of us needed to make the conscious choice to let go.

After my two-dog night? Enough personal power had returned for me to say ‘done.’ I chose to be the one who let go with kindness, respect, gratitude, and a kiss good-bye. Pleased having had a lover for a few months – well, a friend with benefits, which is how lovers are known these days.

I prefer the word lover.

Awakening to the power in your DNA is about a deep inner connection where you are not shy about talking to all the parts of you that you can’t see with your physical eyes. It’s about shrinking your ego so that a tiny version of yourself can travel into any one of your organ systems or cells to have a conversation about: What’s really going on here?

Your five authentic feeling states emerge. The beautiful energy of your thoughts as you trust the amazing hidden intelligence that makes cellular copies that replace all the cells in your body, and this goes on day after day, year after year!

This is how The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure shows you the power of ‘I live/I love’ energy.

**REMINDER:** There are the twelve inner spaces to encounter as you embark on this inner, nonlinear adventure of The Living Spiral of Transformation.

Once again, these twelve spaces are:

1. The Well
2. The Vision and the Sound
3. The Reach
4. The Climb
5. The Storm
6. The A-Maze
7. The L.E.Y Lines
8. The Key
9. The Fire
10. The Turn
11. Arrival and Return
12. Radical Gratitude

Going through *The Storm* is always an opportunity to discover more of who you are! Apply this **‘true new you’** information to your waking life so that you consciously steward the power that is stored in your diverse, unique DNA.

Ask: Is it change or is it transformation?

We long for our families and communities to organize around greater potential for love and happiness. We feel the desire to make a gentle, non-controlling, impact on the lives around us. We long to have our gifts received as we enjoy the abundant, balanced lifestyles we prefer.

Accelerated conscious evolution is a guaranteed benefit of The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure. Accelerated conscious evolution allows you to consciously choose being completely present and your most authentic self whether in love, intimacy, friendship, or in your profession. You gain the energy to clear obstacles that prevent receiving more “Yes Please, Thank You” harmonious, co-creative collaboration and growth-inspiring relationships.

This is exactly like clearing seven feet of fence and razor wire keeping you penned in with snarling dogs (or dragons) who would be delighted to use your weight against you, only too

eager to take sides with the fearful, hidden and not so powerful selves we are afraid to own up to.

Make the leap! Clear your inner version of a fence topped with razor wire. Fully empowered, give birth to your authentic self. No excuses.

Are you unapologetically present now in your life and relationships? Do you experience breakthroughs when you become more visible to others? Especially those people confined in logical, uninspiring systems of ego/MIND? The ones who always seem to do their best to render you invisible.

Inner transformation brings the pleasure of knowing that your purpose-inspired life is your source of happiness. Being recognized, valued, appreciated, rewarded, and appropriately compensated are the icing on your happy cake.

Once you begin to embrace the forces of transformation within you? Wield them with kindness and self-love. Validate these energies externally in key areas of self-actualization that include powerful self-healing of spirit/heart/body/mind and share your support for health and well-being in the lives of those you love.

With every impending Storm you can make a sudden quantum leap to gather the momentum of clear intention, courage, and confidence. You do not hesitate to consciously co-create a life that frees and sustains each possibility vibrating in your heart and soul as a passionate desire to express yourself through a skill or through sharing a gift that is uniquely yours to give.

In the **workbook/journal** exercises in *The Vision and The Sound*, I recommend humming, doodling, and daydreaming. Let your body vibrate with the sound of you. Using your eyes and your hands, a doodle opens simple pathways of connecting touch and visual energies that don't have to take form as an object. Doodling also connects a feeling or a thought that wants to take flight on the sound of your audible voice.

The Living Spiral of Transformation is a continuous flow arising from the energy of self-awareness.

When you consciously align with the values of your core being, you ***become*** the resources that you need to thrive. Your body gives you powerful signals whenever you expend energy that isn't making a meaningful, life-affirming difference or when you expend energy that leads you away from feeling inspired and free.

Seek and find the fulfillment of being associated with creative business interests and opportunities that align with your core values. Confidently express your desires as creativity at home or at work and in how you show up for yourself and others. Embrace a deep, rich spiritual life that is supported by Higher Self power that is you and your body in union emanating the frequencies of heart-aligned, core wisdom.

Effortlessly embrace new routines of self-care and feel at home and safe in your body. Most importantly, experience your core inner wisdom igniting, uplifting, and shifting the lives of people around you. You trust the undeniable recognition that every single life matters. Every life has purpose although the soul path to destiny may not be visible to you or one that you would consciously choose.

Through my website, LinkedIn, and Heal.me profiles, and through a few stories of my adventures on The Living Spiral of Transformation, I believe I have sufficiently established having lived and continuing to live an interesting, meaningful, and powerful, (though somewhat unconventional) life.

At this point? Weaving together a few loose threads spun from my personal Living Spiral of Transformation adventure, let's take into consideration the beneficial role that dreaming plays in the process of waking up to who we are meant to be.

*The Storm* awaits those who choose to go further on their soul path of destiny. *The Climb* is a continual process of individuation and self-actualization. Despite challenges and obstacles that may push you into believing that you are somehow less than whatever or whoever, you are a self who learns, grows, and becomes "MORE" enlivened with every heart and soul DNA activation.

DNA activation enables quantum field dreaming, a form of communication that can be seeded within *The Storm* experience. Dreaming distributes information along the *L.E.Y. Lines* (Let's Embrace Yes) that branch out from The Living Spiral of Transformation. I'll share more about *L.E.Y. Lines* in Volume II which covers the other seven spaces that are The Living Spiral of Transformation.

There are very few straight lines in nature and very few dreams form a straight, uninterrupted narrative. Our dreams meander, moving off and on point, like rivers, as our dreams weave our senses into dream dramas and scenarios that at first look may not seem to have a point.

In any dream, you are completely free to explore every conceivable variation on human relationship. Human to human, human to animal, human to vegetable, human to mineral, human to planetary, human to personal and collective history: past, present, and future.

When we earnestly bring heart-inspired questions to The Living Spiral of Transformation, consciousness opens within to discover astonishing dream-time interconnections.

Relationships interweaving pure feminine and masculine energy are revealed in our dreams, and these dreams do not lie to us. The Living Spiral of Transformation is utterly invested in the truth.

Truth is the foundation of universal, tri-polar creative principles. Even in its most relative state, all direct experience available through The Living Spiral of Transformation demonstrates that energy is not confined to our physical embodiment. Our physical bodies are not bound or trapped in what we perceive as linear time.

Decades of climbing, climbing, climbing into, around, and through my diverse, unique DNA birthright has led to many encounters with sacred inner space. This has led me to the direct experience that dreaming can be a feature of *The Storm*! These dreams, when we remember them, serve the purpose of growth: (I/We) I am/I will/I become/I live/I love. Swap out the word 'We' for the word 'I'.

Science would have an extremely difficult time explaining the following dream. This dream is a major impetus for the choice to make *The Climb* at every opportunity for the past thirty years of my life.

I had the following dream at twenty-eight years of age; I was a wife, mother of a nine-year-old son and pregnant with my second child.

In this dream, I am myself; however, my then nine-year-old son in waking life appeared in this dream as a grown man. We stand together in a plaza full of people who are literally moaning and groaning, suffering and miserable. My son and I look at each other, sharing the feeling that we need to find a way to transform this situation and help these people if we can.

This plaza is large and very spare. In the center of it, clearly visible to my son and I, at least, is a huge staircase of translucent light that rises from the plaza up, up, up, up into the sky further than it is possible to see where it ends.

The Plaza feels dark. It is a gray nighttime atmosphere. Although I did not have the perception during the dream that this plaza was outdoors, it was a stark, grim environment.

I say to my son, "We have to go to see the emperor and ask him for help because this can't continue."

"How do we do that?" my son asks.

I reply, "We take the stairs, and we just go. We go up."

This was a translucent, crystalline stairway. We begin climbing the stairs. We climb, and climb, and climb. Soon the stairway moves up and out beyond the clouds. We climb until we reach outer space and there are stars all around us.

Still, we climb. We reach a section of the stairway that is in outer space but here we find people who are stuck on this stairway. They can't move up and they can't go down to Earth because they are frozen with fear.

Who can say how long these terrified souls will remain stuck on this stairway?

I take my son's hand in mine. "We can't help them. We have to keep climbing." So, we climb, and climb, and climb.

The staircase abruptly ends. There is nothing. We stand together on a small, rectangular translucent platform surrounded by space and thousands of stars but nothing else in view.

Befuddled, my son looks over at me, "What do we do now?"

I squeeze his hand in reassurance 'Here's what we do. We count to three, then we close our eyes and jump. We do a somersault and land on our feet. And when we do? We will be where the emperor lives."

Realizing from the expression on his face that my son (now this grown man) thinks I am crazy. I smile, communicating complete confidence. 'You have to trust me on this."

Standing side-by-side we hold hands, and I count to three: "One, two, three!" We jump. We complete a full rotation somersault. As we do, I'm aware that we are now pure energy, and it is this energy that is turning our kaleidoscope. With a gentle thud, once more having returned to the images of our bodies again we manage a synchronized landing (totally deserving of an Olympic score of 10).

Here we are! We have landed on our feet inside a spacious indoor courtyard. This is the most beautiful garden space, and it is vibrantly alive: twittering birds, gorgeous exotic plants and flowers, and fountains sharing the gentle sound of running water.

A slim woman, perhaps Asian, perhaps not, walks toward us in enthusiastic greeting. "Oh, you're here! We have been expecting you. The emperor will see you momentarily. Please wait here. I'll come back for you."

Left on our own in this courtyard, my son sits patiently waiting but I am a curious person. I get up and wander around. There's an open doorway into a room and I think, 'Well, she left us alone in the courtyard and asked us to wait. It must be okay to wander about while we wait.'

Through that open doorway is a comfortably sized room in which there stands a large armoire. I think, 'Gee, I wonder what's in here?' I can't help myself. Yes, I am snooping! I open the armoire doors to peek inside, even opening every drawer.

Inside the emperor's wardrobe? The loveliest, simplest, yet elegant and beautifully made clothing. One article of clothing in particular catches my eye. I hold it in my hands. It is a simple, kimono style wrap. Two ties close across on one side to tie on the seam, nothing unusual there, but the fabric is magnificent. I examine how it is made and think, 'Oh, I really love this! This is beautiful. I could make this.'

I put everything back where it belongs and return to the courtyard. While waiting, I think, 'Wow. That was interesting!' Even though I have been snooping in the emperor's armoire, I don't feel the least bit guilty.

The hostess returns and waves to me, "The emperor will see you now." She says to my son, "Please wait here. Your meeting will take place soon."

I follow this hostess, or guide, into a subtly furnished, stunning room that exudes quiet calm. A man looking very much like an emperor sits on a big wooden chair that resembles a throne. To me, he appears as an ancient Asian wise man dressed in the style of clothing people wore in China thousands of years ago. He doesn't have a crown on his head, but he is wearing a four-fold cap made from beautifully patterned silk.

I know this is the emperor. How do I know? Direct knowing of course! I asked within: Who is this? Answer: The emperor.

The emperor has a long, dark beard that reaches down to his belly. He looks kind and wise. With a friendly smile, the emperor motions for me to come sit beside him. But before I do, I say, "May I tell you why I'm here? Why do I want to see you?"

With a broad smile, he replies, "Yes, please do."

I explain that we have come from Earth, and that the people on Earth are in trouble.

"You know that we need your help. There must be something that can be done to help these people. They are suffering. We have come here - we have made this journey because I know you can help. I'm asking you to please give us something we can share that will help these people."

The emperor replies thoughtfully "Oh, I understand. I understand. Have a seat."

To the emperor's right at his feet, there is a stack of large, comfy cushions. The emperor says, "Sit down, sit down."

With a wave of his hand, the emperor summons the woman who had greeted my son and I to give her some quiet instruction. I sit and wait. Soon, the guide returns with a large, beautifully bound book.

She hands this book to the emperor, who I imagine is making sure it's the book that he has in mind. It is. He hands me the book saying, "This may be what you need. Have a look."

I settle into the cushions, open the book, and begin slowly leafing through. I do not know how long I sit scanning the book.

I look up to smile at the emperor who has remained by my side as I read. He sees the delight and relief on my face. It's true! I am relieved and happy!

"Yes! Yes! This is exactly what they need down there. This is fantastic! Thank you so much!"

Closing the book, I rise, tuck the book under one arm, ready to return to Earth with it, but the emperor stops me. "Oh, no, no. You can't take the book with you, but you can sit right there - sit down again - take as much time as you need to memorize all the information the book contains. You may keep the information in the book that you have memorized and take that with you."



So, I sit back down and read the book cover to cover, storing its content in my photographic memory. I have no idea how long this takes because, of course, in dreams there is no time -- only space.

After a while I feel that I have it all. Bowing in acknowledgement and formal gratitude, I hand the book to the emperor. "Thank you so much. I'll do my best to share this information accurately with any suffering people who will listen. Hopefully, this will relieve some of their suffering."

I return to the courtyard to wait for my son. When his meeting is over, we do not discuss what has happened for us separately. We find ourselves once again - you know how dreams are - magically, we're back on the crystalline, translucent staircase.

We make our descent, step, by step, by step. We pass the same poor souls still frozen with fear, these ones who can't go up and can't go back down. "This is so sad, but it's fear that keeps them here. We need to complete our return journey."

Back in the plaza, I am still amazed that no one else seems to see this huge stairway that is built right in the middle of the plaza. I watch perplexed as people walk around this staircase. No one looks at, stops, takes a step on it so I assume that they do not see it!

My son goes in one direction, and I go in another direction. We begin sharing what we brought back from our encounters with the emperor.

This dream burst into my waking awareness when I was twenty-eight years old. My memory of this dream is as vivid today as it was decades ago. I had a second child, a son, and as labor of love, I spent months making beautiful, unique clothing for him because what I found in the shops was boring and bland. Pink or blue. Boy or girl. Like that. Feedback on these original creations led to my starting a clothing and design business that was based on what I had seen in emperor's armoire.

Bloomingdales, I. Magnin, Saks Fifth Avenue, major department stores, and Lady Madonna, a chain of high-end mother and child boutiques - think Sundance items for moms and babies - were customers along with specialty children's boutiques in the United States and Europe. Oh, how I loved designing and making children's clothing and accessories. My design studio was set up on the first floor of our spacious twin home. I was now a work at home mom.

Eventually, I gave up that business in favor of a more robust way to generate income to support our family of four while my (now ex) husband attended medical school.

Then at age thirty-nine, I had a completely unexpected, unsought, but incredibly profound spiritual/energetic awakening. In seconds, an energetic, quantum field consciousness experience changed my life forever.

It was as though the dream event of meeting the emperor had blossomed into every conceivable level of reality that a person could possibly experience. Somehow locating me in real time, and real space, and orchestrating an event affecting not only this lifetime but many

other lives of which I was made fully conscious during the experience, I began LIVING the information contained in the book that the emperor shared with me.

Amazing!

Interested? You can read more about how my normal life was disrupted, destroyed, and redirected; transformation, resolution, and regeneration picked me up and dropped me on my soul path destiny. Talk about personal power and a choice to surrender ego-Mind!

The full telling of this story will be a book of its own that you can pre-order.

I share this dream with you, trusting if it's the right moment for you, you will appreciate the power of The Living Spiral of Transformation and how it unfolds in ways entirely unique to you.

Your soul path destiny moves you through all the spaces of The Living Spiral of Transformation in ways that perfectly meet your needs. You will grow into being the steward of transformation that you are meant to embrace.

While my son and I stood together in that plaza before making *The Climb* together? While we were still on the ground and in the plaza, *The Storm* that is the energy of human pain and despair motivated our shared adventure on The Living Spiral of Transformation. In this shared adventure, my son and I went through *The Storm* space first. *The Storm* led to our *Climb* up that crystal stairway, to the eyes closed leap, and to our visit with the emperor.

Although dreaming is essential to your well-being and mental health (even that occasional nightmare), cellular biology does not require that you consciously remember your dreams or be in a conscious relationship with the images that the limbic brain sends to your higher brain.

Biologically speaking, a dream is an inner storm of neurological impulses through which one part of the brain sends information to another part of the brain. The neocortex electrical charges and sparking neurons are dressed in images, sounds, textures, and emotion.

Medical science can't explain why we dream. Science describes dreaming as a physiological process having no value or importance despite dream research confirming that every human 'dreams' during four to eight REM cycles each night while our physical bodies sleep.

It is easy to lose sight of powerful information contained in the pictures that dreams paint for us thousands of times over the course of our lives. Our dreams offer the creative freedom to make fantastic leaps from one imaginative environment to another, each with its own holographic logic.

Every dream is completely free of time/space constraints and the laws of gravity. This relationship is a form of relationship even though we may not at first consciously comprehend our role in this relationship. Dreams are conjured up from a massive, mysterious repository of limitless creativity.

Dream research confirms that if the dream process is interfered with or when a person loses their capacity to dream, after approximately eight months to a year of being REM sleep deprived a person can go insane or perhaps die.

So, even though your conscious mind may dismiss dreaming as irrelevant to your daily waking affairs, the truth is that you literally won't remain in good physical or mental health without dreaming.

Despite this 'knowledge,' science continues to hold the position that dreams have no relevance beyond discharging psychological tension or pursuit of physiologic homeostasis that is akin to clearing out old flies. For the most part, science/dream research assumes dream images are random and that it is the waking ego which gives arbitrary meaning to any dream that is recalled.

Therefore, dismissing anecdotal evidence to the contrary, science comfortably asserts that dreams are not a means of communication from one aspect of awareness to another let alone a means of communicating with one other free of time/space constraints and distance between physical bodies.

Dissolving this 'belief' - or paradigm - would itself be a massive shift in humanity's collective consciousness. On an individual basis, this paradigm shift occurs in the life of anyone for whom dreaming becomes a conscious function that reflects DNA activation of sleeping 'junk' genes.

Such an evolutionary leap requires shifting away from linear organization of data, including reading, and writing interpretations of image data. Images are holographic; multiple, related images store more information than that contained in a single word, sound, or feeling – but the operative word here is 'single.'

The amount of information that becomes available to us when sound/feeling/images/words are experienced as quantum field communication? Indescribable and vast, and this quantum field potential matters as much to one of us it does to millions of us.

Indigenous cultures have strong traditions around the value of being in a conscious relationship to dreamtime. For thousands of years, Aboriginal cosmology made the living expression of a direct relationship to conscious dreaming a collective sacred act. For these cultures, Dreamtime teaches the community how to walk a path of virtual harmlessness in their native land.

Dreams bring us closer to the truth of our feeling states. Dreams that we remember invite us to explore why we may be closed off from uncomfortable or disturbing evolution in our important relationships with one or more people, circumstances, or events.

The sense of emotional vulnerability we feel toward any given person may be too great to cope with in waking life, so we dream about someone 'like' that person who cannot cause 'real' distress.

Such dream dramas awaken us to the message that we have unexpressed or unresolved emotions in relation to waking life, past, present, or future.

Psychoanalysis and various therapies can unearth trauma caused by parents who did not understand you or were disinterested in really getting to know who you are. With such emotionally stunted family histories, what could possibly happen to convince us later in life that we are lovable?

How do we get on with the rest of our lives when we seriously doubt the essential value of our very existence? How many of us get on with the rest of our lives by embarking on a doomed to fail completely unconscious quest to prove we are worthy of being loved all the while we are making our life plans, perhaps our fortunes and sometimes our babies?

Dreams ask: What are you afraid of? What are you afraid to feel? What do these feelings that you are afraid to feel in waking life tell you about your relationship to yourself?

What do these feelings tell you about your current level of self-esteem, or lack of it? What aspect of your full being is struggling to differentiate into a more conscious experience of who you truly and fully are?

Our dream communications travel even faster than our thoughts travel when we are awake.

What if dreams are energetic phone calls from the living and the dead? Or from the future as well as the past? Or from people you do not know and will never meet in the flesh but who somehow matter to you at a cellular level? What if dreams are healing communications from people who are or will become lifelong friends or lovers? What if dreams are whispers from the earth, or from any plant or animal that ever was or will be? What if dreams contain specific details for inventions yet to be invented? Or what if dreams inspire paintings yet to be painted or music yet to soar free from any instrument?

Authentic love freely shared from the heart is not always a soothing balm, a cool cloth on a hot forehead or an understanding arm around our shoulder. Unconditional love can also be a scalpel, a high note shattering glass, harsh but truthful words said out loud, the yank of the tweezers that finally gets hold of that splinter in the heart.

Healthy love is not sentimental. It challenges. It thwarts. It burns. It pushes, it pulls. It is a blinding light and a dark, dank cave. Love can be a thing you run from more often than a creative feeling space that you run toward. Dreams teach. Dreams heal.

Nothing happens in life that, in time, doesn't become a road leading to the growth of more love that we either accept or refuse. Nothing. This is not a hollow, feel-good platitude. It is the nature of creation. Profound experiences of hate can and do lead to the experience of hate crashing into some form of love; often to the shock and surprise of a 'hater.'

We furtively seek that one other, or many others, who once and for all, and forever, mirror back to us that we are lovable. We long to be assured that the first and second emotional traumas in our lives were unjust and not our fault. Mistakes. Unfair punishments.

When we remain unconscious about the fearful, hidden, and powerful (negative love) patterning forces within, we live from skewed, distorted inner intentionality.

**Example:** Since I do not experience anyone loving me or having my own best interests at heart, I must not be lovable. So? I will not be loving. I will be \_\_\_\_\_.

Fill in the blank: incapable, incorrigible, infallible, gullible, or miserable.

What happens when an original energetic trauma is laid down in the creative organization of our individual and collective unconscious? This trauma continues to have a life of its own in our physiology. Such trauma becomes embedded in DNA, being passed on from father to son. Deliberately inflicted trauma contains within any of its acts the intent to modify a species for the sheer, sadistic pleasure that hate derives from feeling hate and inflicting pain. The more 'innocent' a victim is, the greater the sadistic pleasure.

I suggest and believe that I have enough anecdotal evidence to recognize that in this (re) evolutionary interval that we find ourselves in, life on earth is what is universally described in religion as Hell.

The Living Spiral of Transformation and its twelve spaces of energetic engagement empower you to have a direct and conscious relationship with the exquisite precision of DNA. This is given to you to release yourself from any unconscious intentionality to continue to live in Hell.

This has little to do with any orthodox religion. This has everything to do with realizing that your 'sense of self' and how your body functions in a state of well-being is a profound relationship with all strands of your DNA, whether your junk genes are asleep, scrambled, or are activated by the consciousness of your soul path destiny.

Your 'waking up' to this relationship and volunteering to make it fully conscious quite literally punches holes in Hell. It makes Swiss cheese of Hell's foundation with its sadistic intent to derive pleasure from pain as a consumable energy source. Punching holes in the structure of Hell allows it to organically fail.

Emotionally, in you, and in me, Hell generates fear of desiring and receiving love. Hell amplifies the deep feeling, that seed belief (the lie) that you are unlovable. This is how the lie perpetuates itself in you and in your life.

In the 'mean' time, splinters in our hearts fester inwardly and outwardly: we become numb, compliant, alcoholic, rage-aholic, workaholic, codependent doormats, drug addicts, inauthentic in so many respects, that we hide in shame from our core being. Our birthright inner light dims and dies. The purpose of your diverse, unique DNA, meant to endow you with limitless free energy for your soul path destiny - fails.

Therapists, social workers, and psychiatrists make a better than average living from managing the traumatic symptoms of living in Hell while doing all they can to help their clients escape a very stable and, from one perspective, successful and durable structure.

Newtonian reductionist physics and 'modern' scientific concepts of how things work and therefore how human beings must work, or at least how they ought to work, are handed to us with this unspoken caveat to which, if spoken, we may or may not agree to accept.

"This is the way it works: don't question this; don't attempt to change or refute this paradigm: and stop trying right now to find your way into a life that feels more real. You do not know what that is, thanks to us, and you will never know, if we (the Hell management team) remain in 'control' of how energy is used and functions in the structure that we have built. The structure that you call life."

Likewise, nothing happens to any of almost six billion human beings that doesn't occur within some context of relationship, even if such relationships remain completely unconscious. Are you afraid to show your authentic self to the world? In your bed at three o'clock in the morning when it's too quiet to lie to yourself and you can't sleep, why are you awake but afraid to be awake to the rest of your life!

The pain of soul loss causes some to seek escape through various addictions, co-dependencies, trauma-generating strategies, and life-negating soul-denying choices come back to haunt us in dream time. Why? So that you wake up and realize there is a pathway to accessing regeneration, healing, and wholeness:

§ Energy

§ Consciousness

§ Information

§ Frequency

The Living Spiral of Transformation affirms: 'Love is what creates everything. Here's what's in the way of clearly recognizing all the faces of love you that are.'

### **Energy: What is the Purpose of Your Chakras?**

To practice lucid dreaming, you only need to keep tabs on the seven chakras that directly emerge from your physical body. These chakras can be seen by individuals whose DNA has awakened and evolved to open higher sense perception. Eventually, on The Living Spiral of Transformation it's possible to become aware of all fifteen chakras of the human energy field and to know their function and purpose.

One function of your energy centers, or chakras, is to mirror the **'I/We'** dance between waking ego/Mind and your core energy being.

Do you call this core being a soul? What you call your core being is up to you. Your core being exists free of time and space, it mostly doesn't care what you call it, and it is this core being that is the gift that is a sense of self.

No matter how dark or distorted an act of hatred, implicit in the choice to hate is a choice, yet unseen and unfelt, which can lead to greater awareness of love when dreaming opens you up and begins consciously educating you with naked, unvarnished truth. This is the function of the nightmare.

There are the five stencils, or templates, of life's core relational issues and their corresponding energy dynamics.

The five basic relational issues all human beings encounter are:

- 1) vulnerability
- 2) interdependence
- 3) fear
- 4) trust
- 5) pleasure

Imagine that each energy center, or chakra, is an element of your subtle energy body and a focal point or portal through which cycles of chaos, stability, creativity, transformation, regeneration, and renewal mature and are refined through your personal DNA template. This is organized through frequency. Energy organized into frequencies can empower you to be the physical master of your five basic life issues or a slave to an unseen master.

Energy organized as frequency can also be used to disrupt, disturb, or override your DNA birthright to destroy the integrated structure of consciousness, your kaleidoscope, your quantum field, that is a unified energy field which you perceive as thoughts, feelings, emotion, and a physical body – aka your reality!

When you activate your diverse, unique DNA through choosing to be in conscious relationship with your DNA, you are empowered to create yourself anew and in alignment with your birthright DNA template. You are empowered to heal all of you at the core of your cellular function. You simply need to learn how.

This time of learning is upon us. We are taking baby steps instead of quantum leaping into new paradigms which will be dynamic to the degree that you can choose to OVERRIDE your autonomic and sympathetic neurology structures.

You can transform, resolve, and release the power that the Vagus nerve has over your life; making redundant this neurological control over your fight or flight, protect or connect, reactions – not unlike your appendix with a purpose that is now historical, anatomical artifact and nothing more. And, yes, an appendix can flare and cause physiological harm. And, yes, surgical intervention for a ruptured appendix is lifesaving with a relatively quick recovery period.

And yes, your conscious relationship with your diverse, unique DNA is meant to empower you to release all entanglements with structures of Hell, tangible and energetic, that you may have inherited through ancestral DNA or unconsciously permitted because of disempowered shut-down, junk genes that are still asleep.

In my advanced three-year certification course, in addition to understanding the detailed function of our subtle energy body system that is organized by **15 chakras** (not 7 chakras), we learn the five authentic feelings states. The myriad of emotions that are not authentic feelings but are distorted energy overlays that obscure authentic, flowing feeling states. We embrace the effective resources of Polyvagal Theory, which seeks healthy compromise with the alien neurological structures that gave rise to the vagal nerve invasion which is the ‘on-off’ switch for the essential functions of life.

As I mentioned earlier in this book, in my twelfth and thirteenth years, I attended an art and music summer camp. During free time between art, drama and dance courses, we campers had acres and acres of woods and streams to explore. It was in this environment that I practiced what I later realized is meditation. This practice became a permanent feature in my life.

While I could not formulate these feelings and their benefits into clear sentences until much later in life, my body knew that a contemplative self-reflective relationship to the world of my five senses was just as necessary and just as profoundly nurturing as my outer adventures and the relationships that have helped me learn to love life.

Each energy center has its unique individual function (its ‘I’) as well as a function within a whole energetic organization (its ‘We’). Both functions are essential. Both integrate and synthesize expanding, static, or contracting states of awareness. All three of these states of awareness can and do exist simultaneously.

One aspect of my essential self, or one turn of my kaleidoscope is being a visual artist. Every child is an artist, so I did not spend twelve years of my life studying art before graduating with a fine art scholarship to be an artist. I learned to see and to make art as part of the process of becoming a more conscious human being.

Chicken soup for the soul. As an adolescent, I did not know there was a specific term for the peace to be had sitting quietly beside a burbling brook on a lush carpet of wild greenery in a



secret spot I'd found. I only knew that this way of being alone in nature was as essential to my well-being as making art.

In my Accelerated Conscious Evolution certification course, there is more detail about all the energy centers that give rise to our subtle bodies. From a dreamwork perspective, it is a good idea to consider the primary life issue each energy center is organized to synthesize through expanding, static, or contracted energy/awareness. These primary life issues present in the natural course of our development, from infancy, to adolescence, to old age.

Universal life issue: Vulnerability

§ Radiance: differentiation, allowing, expanding, receiving

§ Energetic defense: diffusion, expansion, 'leaving' or checking out

§ Life phase: conception to twelve weeks of age in the human infant

In the teaching framework I offer and use as an energy medicine practitioner, healer and counselor, my students and clients undertake an intensive program of self-inquiry and realignment and orientation of their energy fields, **fifteen** chakra/subtle bodies, quantum field dimensional structures, and the time matrix, or fabric, which opens to the experience of past, present, and future as a flowing, dancing continuum of "NOW."

Your early years, the environment of your conception (mother, father, and ancestral baggage), alternate incarnations (past lives, and multidimensional time matrix clusters of hundreds to thousands of incarnations are examined through the lens of each of these five core life issues, issue by issue, and are further explored energy center by energy center.

We embrace healing each life phase, gradually coming face-to-face with the wounds of not feeling loved, believing we are not loved, lovable, or we have been loved inappropriately. Then we take the fruits of explorations of these energetic 'scars' into an active yet relaxed relationship that is learning to align our energy bodies with the core elements of conscious co-creation.

Your greatest wound becomes your greatest gift.

Additionally, each developmental phase constitutes an organization of energy as frequency as well as a quantum field of conscious awareness that is a relationship within creation.

These dynamics can and do configure a specific kind of dreaming: what was and may be, a heart-centered self-loving and loving path shifts impossible to possible. When used wisely and with the integrity of co-creating with our Source, dreaming and imagination brings us to the ecstasy of 'Going Home' while still in our physical bodies.

This regeneration is physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual.

Whenever a relational field in one or more of each of our five core life issues is disturbed by a life-negating event, this can involuntarily (power-over) shift our conscious awareness so that an energetic template or stencil is created. It is as if our life force is sprayed, like paint, through a stencil of someone else's design.

These stencils are created by a fear contraction. That contraction begins with someone's misuse of power or the unconscious giving away of someone's personal power to a deliberately organized collective of fear-based frequencies.

This book's companion **workbook/journals** provide practical-meets- theoretical methods as well as access to my learning community in which you can practice this information.

Visit my website for more details:

<https://accelerated-conscious-evolution.com>

In my courses, we also evaluate these stencils as unconsciously created works of energetic art so that you can see their more obvious patterns. We explore dreaming techniques so that you can invoke dreams and develop reliable methods of interpreting life issue dreams.

These methods incorporate body awareness, meditation on 15 chakras and interaction with specific universal energy centers, physical movement, and opening to being able to articulate your direct experiences of exquisite spiritual subtlety.

For example, when dreams can be recalled they may reveal powerful and disruptive images depicting fire, floods, mudslides, and earthquakes. These are root chakra life issue dreams. Such dreamscapes let us know that we are not feeling safe in our first chakra and the subtle energy body closest to our physical form feels threatened by external forces.

Spending the time and attention so that you can thoroughly 'unpack' a root chakra dream rewards you with the keys to a literal library of information waiting for you to discover its existence in the space where your diverse, unique DNA exchanges data with your subtle energy bodies.

Until you gather enough pure energy, or quanta, to pull yourself back and out of these distorted templates or stencils of stagnant life patterns through waking up your DNA, you may be unable to see these basic patterns or have the strength and integrity to work through them with the clarity of a conscious, unbiased ego/Mind.

This is like having wallpaper on the walls of a room that for some inexplicable reason makes you feel uncomfortable in a house that you are pleased to have inherited. You don't really notice the wallpaper in that one room. Until you do, you don't realize that its design prevents you from enjoying that one room.

Once you wake up to 'aha,' you can decide not to continue to live with this wallpaper even if this means you must strip the walls yourself. Replace that wallpaper! Discover a completely new relationship with a room that could be useful and enjoyed.

Do you have a life-long, recurring nightmare? Many of us do.

I did. One recurring nightmare was standing on a beach and looking up at a towering tsunami wave just before it crashed down on everything in its path – including me! It took years to unpack the energy in this dream which invariably woke me up with a panic-filled jolt. Eventually, I understood that this tsunami wave was consciousness coming in with the full power of my awakened core being as a force of nature to 'move me' – my ego/Mind - out of the way.

A 'girl,' I had been strategically educated, psychologically manipulated through that education, and thoroughly trained to suppress or completely deny feminine power beyond using it to conceive children, give birth, and feed them quality, organic food.

As a result of embracing the fear contained in this nightmare, I switched my visual perspective and used this dreamscape as a creative canvas. I woke up from 'impossible' to 'possible' when I fully embraced the power of that tsunami wave as mine to co-create my life with rather than using it as a destructive force of nature.

The difference between impossible and possible?

**I M (I Am)**

Here's what I know. At the level of soul path destiny, we are an individuated free, conscious, energetic, spiritual function that serves an eternal pool of undifferentiated energy in which potential co-creations remain unactualized within the realm of matter.

You make matter 'real' through your relationships with your individual body and in relationship to the bodies of other human beings and living things.

Lived as a conscious, developed attribute, vulnerability is a way to act from an inner confidence of un-self-conscious, instinctive intelligence. In the long run, we are safer in our world when we are in a vulnerable, open flow state. Our instinctive body intelligence is unobstructed than when ego/mind calculates our actions and makes decisions based on fear or in the hope of avoiding familiar/familial patterns of pain.

When expressed appropriately, being in a healthy state of vulnerability generates open, flowing interactions with life. When we are vulnerable and energetically transparent, we have the natural physical grace of wild animals who live and die in their environments inspired and supported by unself-conscious, instinctive intelligence that is purposeful and playful.

Radiant vulnerability allows; it is transparent expansion. On The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure, the naturally fearless attribute of vulnerability responds with a sense of security and full presence in each moment. Profound, anticipatory fear of harm will become irrelevant in the life of a safe AND vulnerable person.

One of the most delightful moments of the pleasure derived from the sense of security a woman conveys to her child as she breastfeeds and sees her baby slip into total body relaxation with a satisfied smile on its face.

Here, we see the energetic balance of give and receive. Such a mother is a radiant vulnerable adult. She may also be an individual who unites spirituality, heart-centered femininity, higher vision, intelligence, a connection to art music, mathematics, and science within a grounded, powerful existence as an accepted, accepting, and excited member of the human collective.

**REMINDER:** After making *The Climb*, you come to rest in a transitional space between consciously integrating the energy of *The Climb* and FACING any remaining fearful, hidden, and powerful voices within you that may still be expressed through damaged DNA. This transitional space allows for integration of renewing energies and greater discernment.

Whenever you take the time to give your attention to the energy of *The Storm* in your immediate physical environment, you develop and use intuition that brings clear warning signs of any stormy approach.

Go into and through *The Storm*, the fifth action, space, or step on the adventure of The Living Spiral of Transformation. Embrace your DNA inspired challenge of coming to know and transform the fearful, hidden, and powerful forces within you. This is the co-creative purpose of *The Storm*.

When you are vulnerable and open to going through the challenges of *The Storm* (several times in any life), as a result you are strengthened for each Climb you make on The Living Spiral of transformation, whether this climb is in your future, the past, or NOW.

*The Well* is easier to find. *The Vision* and *The Sound* meet you exactly where you are. *The Reach*, and how it stretches you, feels good, enlivening, and physically rejuvenating. *The Climb* is easier to complete. The challenges of ***The Storm*** help you to recognize the signs of approaching instability in anyone of the five core life issues. You retrieve core co-creative information from within your diverse, unique DNA that is no longer held back by filters of fear.

A very valuable body feeling, fear has become an inauthentic emotion. Bodily fear signals that a core boundary of well-being is about to be breached so that you have time, even if only a split second, to make a spontaneous choice that shifts the timeline you are currently on.

Empowered to choose whether to experience an impending storm, you awaken more strands of DNA. You recognize how making a different choice and taking an unexpected action sees you safely to co-created shelter. ***The Storm*** is desirable and supportive of your well-being when you

experience ***The Storm*** center as your center, and as one unified being you are fully conscious of ***The Storm's*** co-creative higher purpose.

Here's an example. I was driving after picking up my partner from the airport. There was an unpredicted snowfall, and the snow began to accumulate on the four-lane road on our route home. I was driving my leased Mercedes Benz (then my status car of choice) which is a rear-wheel-drive vehicle. Without changing anything, the car went into a sideways skid. It's now facing two lanes of oncoming traffic; I am looking at headlights. I shift into my core space of complete presence. I look at my partner and communicate to him 'do not speak.' I then focus my full intention on the only safe choice. Steer into the skid, do not apply the brakes, and get the car across the road and drive it onto the sidewalk.

As I implement this intention, I come within inches of broadsiding a car that is moving toward us from in the opposite lane of traffic. I see a young child's face. I see an innocent expression of surprise in her eyes. I am close enough to see her eyes. I miss hitting the car she was riding in by inches. My Mercedes Benz comes to rest on the sidewalk just as I envisioned and safely rolls to a stop. No one was hurt. I waited for a break in the traffic, drove back across the roadway, and toward home.

I said not one word. My partner didn't utter a sound. We make it home safely. It is Christmas Eve. I have two children home alone waiting for us to return.

Get the picture?

I did, and I refused that future. The Elements agreed. My children wouldn't have their Christmas ruined, and neither would that little girl.

On The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure, regaining your five authentic feelings, inspired intuition, direct knowing, and choosing to act based on these attributes may be characterized by others as simply being 'lucky,' or 'fortunate, or spared, or chosen.' However, on The Living Spiral of Transformation adventure these newly developing feelings and attributes are respected as a gentle and empowering reflection of a deep connection that you have chosen to have with your DNA, your soul, and the energetic core of your being.

This is a continuing, abundant investment in your soul path destiny. You become more and more your complex, authentic and imperfect self, which is truly the experience of coming 'Home.'

Whether a young person, fully grown adult, or elder, the moment you consciously choose The Living Spiral adventure, every climb better prepares you to choose not to create a storm by using fearful, hidden forces inside of you. It's possible to side-step an intense, direct experience of ***The Storm***. Find inner shelter in any number of ways and emerge from ***The Storm*** having more I am, I will. I become, I live, I love consciousness expanding within you.

1) I am

2) I will

3) I become

#### Exercise #4:

Using your **workbook/ journal**, write out all you can remember about a physical storm or other unusual natural event you recall as a “storm” or “storm-like” experience, either an internal or external event. Give yourself time to recall as much detail as possible.

Answer these questions:

§ What happened?

§ Who was present?

§ What did you feel?

§ Was anyone in a position to help if you needed help?

§ Who helped?

§ Did a stranger or friend step up to assist?

§ How long did this situation last?

§ What changes happened in the event?

§ Did you have to leave anything behind to get to safety

§ If so, what?

§ Was this loss temporary or permanent?

§ How did you feel about it?

§ How did your family group feel about it?

§ What was the immediate outcome of this experience?

§ How quickly or slowly did recovery take place?

§ What changes did you recognize as being beneficial in the long term?

§ What distressing experiences led to your surrendering to the energies of transformation?

Here is one more example of an emotional and physical storm that I lived through and learned from. This one involved my younger son, Max.

What began with a sudden onset of pain, listlessness and high fever after a few days led to Max going through the harrowing procedure of a spinal tap to rule out meningitis. Neither his father nor I were allowed to hold his hand or comfort him during a painful medical procedure which Max could not comprehend 'why' he was having this experience.

***The Storm:*** Max was admitted to our local hospital. A week of observation and test results led to the diagnosis of Juvenile Rheumatoid Arthritis for our eighteen-month-old toddler. This child, the sweetest, most loving child who, just like his older brother, Seth, had already shown himself to be playing with a full deck of brilliant promise, speaking his first words at eight months young.

This situation is every parent's worst nightmare. However, it had been presaged in my consciousness through a long, vivid, and horrifying nightmare.

In this restorative, regenerative and transformation-producing dream, I was living the life of a slave in ancient Mesopotamia. My owner? A prominent man with a large family and estate. Everyone in the household, from wives to servants, lived together in designated quarters inside a massive three-story high stone structure. In the center of this building there was an open area used for ceremony and celebration.

My role? A baker. Every day of my waking life consisted of grinding grain and baking bread. Being a young, attractive woman, when not occupied in the kitchen the master's guests, male, or female, could do as they pleased with my body. This led to becoming pregnant through circumstances of rape, and I gave birth to a healthy baby boy.

My household duties were curtailed for a few weeks after delivery, but eventually the baby was confined with me to the kitchen. When he began walking, keeping him confined all day was difficult. In my free time when there was nothing happening in the commons, the child and I would play there.

Occasionally, delivering refreshments, I had access to the upper floors where the master and his family lived and where visiting notables slept. I often walked up and down three flights of stone steps that led to the commons from four interior walls of the building. At certain intervals in the building design, wide ledges were part of the construction of the inner courtyard walls.

In this dream, I felt little to no motherly affection for this baby. Now a toddler, he had additional work and he required attention from me that I didn't want to give to him or anybody else. Still, I took relatively good care of him, kept him clean and fed, and made toys to keep him occupied while I worked. A good-natured and well-behaved child and most days, he wasn't all that much extra trouble.

One day much like all the others, a loud wail sounding an alarm pierced the calm of the compound. What could have happened? I was terrified! Was our master under attack from a rival? I scooped the baby up and decided to hide in the guest quarters on the upper floors.

I dashed up an inner stairway to the third level, the highest, and hid in one of the rooms in which a frequent guest raped me on every one of his visits. Likely, he was the baby's father, but no

one else saw me in there with him. After hiding for a while, I felt less fearful, but I was unwilling to return to the kitchen.

Then? More wails of anguish and cries of grief.

Cautiously, child in arms, I made my way to one of several wide palazzo-like areas on this upper floor. It was a hot day, and here we were in the shade so I could more comfortably watch the action taking place in the commons.

Our master lay on the ground, his upper body cradled in the arms of one of his wives who was wailing with grief. This could only mean one thing: uncertainty for all of us.

At that time in that part of the world, it was customary that when a great man died, his closest servant slaves could expect to follow in death to serve him in the afterlife. I had heard about this bizarre practice from other non-essential slaves brought into our household after the death of a master. Fortunately for them, their afterlife services weren't necessary to their master's comfortable afterlife.

Others in our household, some whom I had never met, now gathered in the wide spaces on all levels of the structure to watch events unfold. We were not under attack - yet.

I moved to stand behind one of the wide ledges on the inner perimeter of the structure. Close by. I recognized another slave. Our master's butler. He woke our master each morning and this man's day did not end until our master was asleep for the night.

I surmised that this man would likely end up buried alive to continue serving our master in the afterlife.

Now it happened that this man was *sitting* on the ledge, his legs dangling over the side, body facing open space. Three stories up we had a good view of the commons below. I had placed the child on the ledge with a couple of feet between us and this man. I held the baby lightly around his waist as he looked around at many new people, wide-eyed and curious.

There came another loud cry! "The master is dead!"

With that, the man on the ledge beside me gave a shout and then threw himself off the ledge, effectively committing suicide. Within seconds, thinking that this might be a new game my baby imitated him. Spreading his arms out in front of him, he launched his chubby little body into open, empty space.

Time slowed to a nearly complete stop as I reached out to grab the child. The stone ledge cut into my waist. It was too wide for me to reach over it far enough to grab hold of my baby. Horrified, I felt my outstretched hands graze his fingertips.

I dashed around the ledge to the stairway, flew down those steps seeing his body hit and then bounce off one step after another. He let out several screams of pain. And then -- silence. Only



seconds behind, I scooped him into my arms. His head flopped eerily backwards. His eyes were open. He was dead.

I woke up from this dream and that timeline, I could still feel myself as she was holding the baby close to her, she screamed and sobbed 'No! No!'

This dream was beyond vivid.

This dream dropped me into another time and a different life in which I was a young, unconscious cow - I am using the word cow to describe my lack of awareness. Only as I held this beautiful dead child in my arms did my heart break open. I realized who I had just lost without having ever appreciated his delightful, sweetness or being joyfully present with him, or feeling past the anger and resentment at the multiple rapes that had brought him into this world and into my small, meaningless life.

I could not change the circumstances of being casually raped for a stranger's pleasure. I could not change the circumstances of the deadly monotony of the service into which I had been forced. But I could have discovered the love that was available to share and found joy in that sharing.

This child had not asked to be born into these circumstances. I did not ask to become pregnant. Our lives were not our own; we both were living inside choices made by powerful men to whom our lives didn't matter beyond meeting the needs of their bellies and penises.

I lay stiff and frightened next to my partner. He did not hear me scream. His sleep wasn't interrupted by my weeping. My heart pounding, cheeks were wet with tears, it took a long time to drift back into twilight sleep. When at last I slipped into the state between waking and sleeping? A man dressed in a simple white toga walked toward me carrying my son Max in his arms. Max was not sleeping. He was unconscious. The man said: "Your child is going to be very sick." Then this man, my son in his arms, faded into a gray mist.

Already deeply shaken with the message doubly received, there was no possible way to fall back to sleep. I got up to check on Max. He was sleeping peacefully in his crib, his rosy, pink mouth curled into a precious, half smile, his fingers, and palms open and relaxed.

The following day was a Sunday. Our family had no special plans for the day other than helping older son, Seth, put up a few posters on his bedroom walls. Leaving my three 'boys' in my older son's bedroom, I went downstairs to the kitchen to make breakfast for us. My partner was supposed to be keeping an eye on Max and be hands-on available to Seth as needed. For some inexplicable reason, my partner put our toddler on the top bunk of my older son's bed and then he turned away, leaving Max unsupervised.

To this day, I cannot account for my partner's choice to leave Max unattended on that top bunk other than that choice being an unconscious trigger which was needed to set circumstances and challenges of *The Storm* into motion.

Stirring pancake mix at the kitchen counter, I hear Max scream. I bolt upstairs to find him flat on his back on the floor. Not having moved to comfort him, his father stands over Max with a stunned look on his face. I get down on my hands and knees and pull our toddler into my arms.

"What happened?" I ask.

"He fell off the top bunk bed," my partner replies as if he had nothing to do with the pain our son was now in.

"How did he get on the top bunk?" I had to ask.

"I put him there for a minute, so I could help Seth."

"You could have just as easily put him in his crib or called me to come up, right?" I shot my partner a dirty look communicating how much I would have loved to slap him senseless for being so dumb.

Fortunately, Max landed flat on his back. He was dazed, confused, but consolable. However, I was very aware of the dream, so hadn't I done the same thing? Not paid attention or considered the possible long-term consequences of being inattentive to a baby who is mobile enough to get into serious trouble -- in seconds?

The following evening after giving Max his bedtime bath, as I towed him dry, he burst into sobs. He refused to stand up. Each time I encouraged him to stand, his legs folded under him. Confused, I thought that I might have pinched him. I gathered him up and carried him into the master bedroom. I laid him on his back on our bed. I continued gently toweling him dry and playfully tickling him, but instead of laughing, Max began to cry. Clearly, he was in pain. I examined him thoroughly and saw no bruises or obvious signs of any broken bones.

There was nothing else I could do but try to make him comfortable. Carrying him to his bedroom, I sang his favorite songs and rocked him to sleep.

Tuesday morning, the next day, Max was running a high fever. Knowing what I know now (famous last words), I would have immediately made a chiropractic appointment for Max and liberally applied SVR, Transmute, and Musculoskeletal System Essences knowing a chiropractic adjustment would have been beneficial after such a fall.

I gave Max a dose of children's pain reliever and called our pediatrician to make a sick baby appointment so Max could be seen later that same day. Clearly, throughout the day my inner attention was drawn back to that horrifying dream.

This was an approaching storm, and I was on high alert.

On Wednesday after being checked out by the pediatrician, our son was not back to himself. Friday morning, I noticed a rash on the palms of Max's hands and the soles of his feet.

Unlike his older brother who breastfed for a year and a half, Max had stopped nursing at eight months. I gave Max one bottle of cow's milk daily to replace some of the nutrients in breastmilk. Max had shown no signs of being allergic to cow's milk.

Back to the pediatrician's office. I was assured, yet again, that there was nothing to worry about. "It's just a virus. He'll be fine in a few days."

I was no longer buying the doctor's explanation. Something was wrong. I felt it. I knew it. I had been given a very explicit advanced warning.

Saturday morning. July 3rd. We had planned a long holiday weekend to visit my partner's mother and father in Maryland, but Max was content to lay quietly on the bed in our master bedroom watching T.V., which was not at all like him. He felt warm to the touch. I took his temperature. The thermometer read 103 degrees. I dialed our pediatrician's office to request that Max be seen in the E.R.

Not wanting his holiday weekend plans spoiled, our doctor returned my call doing his best to calm an "unreasonably alarmed" mother. Although our pediatrician was polite and did not use these words, I received his intended message.

When my partner returned from running trip-related errands, I updated him: "We're not going anywhere. Max is sick. We are going to the E.R. for Max to be thoroughly checked out. He has been down for a week. He has never been sick, and it's a holiday weekend. If this is something serious? What kind of medical help will be available over a holiday weekend? A resident or an intern. I want you to call the doctor and TELL him -- do not ask -- tell him to meet us at the E.R. And if he says no, tell him we are going to the E.R. anyway, and we'll be seen by a resident if he decides not to show up. And if that happens, we're taking our children out of that practice, and I have a big mouth and will spread the word. Go ahead. Now. Make the call. He won't listen to me."

In the past life dream, I had visited *The Well*, *The Vision* and *The Sound*. Now? We were in a full-on storm, and I had already begun to make The Climb to get our child into the safety (or so I thought) of traditional medical care.

My partner succeeded in shaming our pediatrician into meeting us at the E.R. to evaluate Max. To this day, in what seemed to me almost payback for our insistence which probably did spoil our doctor's holiday weekend plans, he ordered a spinal tap for Max, but we weren't allowed to be with Max during the procedure.

Abandonment was about to become a life-long theme for our younger son despite my best efforts to love and protect him.

I was not letting Max out of my sight. The results of the spinal tap? Max had an elevated sedimentation rate, which is med- geek speak for 'Houston we have a problem.' As a precaution, Max was admitted to the hospital for continued observation. I camped out on a cot in his hospital room, still on super high alert and paying attention to every detail.

During that week-long hospitalization, Max was so sweet and good-natured, despite being awakened in the middle of the night for vitals checks. Back in those days, the nurses used rectal thermometers to take my toddler's temperature. A nurse inserted a thermometer into his rectum while Max was prone but then the nurse started to sit Max upright with the thermometer still inside of him!

"Hey, what are you doing!? The thermometer!" I hissed at the nurse.

"Oh, right. I'm – hey, Buddy, let's lay you back down."

What a save! I was glad to have spared my son any more pain from carelessness and inattention.

An amazing physical transformation followed. Max and I fully accepted every moment of our experience together. Me doing my best to love and protect him. Max is doing his best to trust me to help him get through it. He exhibited remarkable patience and forbearance for a toddler when he was told he could no longer eat ice cream or a hot dog. In keeping a daily food and medication journal, it wasn't long before I observed that any kind of milk product, including the small amount of whey in a hot dog set Max up a fever spike., listless and pain.

We are both old, old, souls come together again to walk a healing path together for a time.

And yet the painful theme of what appears to be lack of care and in attention continues as a genetic theme is his life. He felt completely abandoned during my several trips to Russia when he was struggling with adolescence. I was struggling to keep him in my loving sphere of personal influence while expanding my sphere of global healing transformation. He felt unseen, unloved, abandoned and the message he 'received' was that he wasn't worthy of my love.

This wasn't true during prolonged absences out of the country, and this has never been true.

What was true then and is true today is that my relationship to Source comes first. Next? My relationship with my 'self' which is a conscious FUNCTION of Source. For my entire life, this FUNCTION has had to remain mostly spiritually unseen and untouched, not interfered with in any way by anyone who could become, without meaning to, a "Smith." You know what I mean by this if you have seen the Matrix films.

Hell can, will, and does use those we love to maintain itself and to make sure that no one gets out or breaks up its nasty games of punishment, loss, and sacrifice.

I can feel, smell, see, and hear any and every Smith that Team Hell would use in attempt(s) to disrupt my being a FUNCTION of Source, which is my life purpose. What makes this do-able for Team Hell is that for eons of time, truly an unimaginable scale of time for most people to even begin to consider, human beings have indeed been asleep and unconscious about the one and only cause for inner and outer conflict. Our struggle in Hell is real.

There are exceptions to 'this is the way it is so don't fight it' rules of Hell. These exceptions are powerful. These exceptions punch holes in Hell so anyone who would like to leave is empowered to co-create this experience for themselves.

There is no savior; there is co-creation.

Your power to co-create is coded into your DNA. It's time to wake up to the magnificence of the human body and to the wonder of what we human beings can be and do.

You may not read my next book, so I'm making sure to get this message in here, now, while you are reading this book.

The soul wound between Max and me is partially healed and resolved. We have further to go, but the healing may not be completed in this lifetime. I hope that it is.

Nevertheless, seeing Max through complete transformation, healing, and recovery within four months of that hospital stay? The result of my realizing that Max was having an allergic reaction to cow's milk was a better diagnosis than Juvenile Rheumatoid Arthritis. I removed all milk products from Max's diet and the diagnosed disease disappeared from Max's body and his life.

This past life dream awakened my DNA so that I could help my son and I accept a little grace. This was a second gorgeous exception to the 'rules.' The first exception? My being able to conceive Max at all.

Here was a stunning, loving transformation of one family's *physical* and *emotional* healing crisis. Further details about this and the healing crisis arose shortly after moving into my dream home? These details will be shared in **The Well**.

We engage a conscious relationship with all the information that is in our DNA, and then we can share this information globally as resonance and frequency.

This is happening now.

I am forever grateful for the lucid dreaming that can wake us up to what we need as our awakened DNA receives and transmits the instructions on how to move forward into global healing, transformation, resolution, and regeneration.

Today, Max is a happy, healthy, prosperous adult who remains completely healed of Rheumatoid Arthritis. Four months after Max's diagnosis, by his second birthday our rheumatologist declared Max free and clear of disease with no permanent damage to his joints.

Listening to and following inner guidance at every choice point of this journey, I never sought anyone's approval and only conferred with our doctors to confirm that my choices would not unintentionally hurt Max.

I remember the day inner guidance explained the 6<sup>th</sup> Law of Chinese cure as the reason cortisone cream shouldn't be applied to a minor, mildly annoying patch of eczema on Max's left knee. This patch of eczema was the last visible indication of disease as it resolved and released Max's body.

By chance, I learned later about the 6<sup>th</sup> Law of Chinese cure from Dr. Lee, a Doctor of Acupuncture, who was visiting from China. Dr. Lee was taking a course at the medical college that my partner attended. We made friends with Dr. Lee, and before he returned to China, he gifted me with a set of acupuncture needles. "You come to China, and I will teach you acupuncture. You study acupuncture," he said firmly after looking at my hands. "You study acupuncture.

Dr. Lee saw something in my hands I did not consciously recognize.

Max found his way through many terrible storms in his young life to find the love that he now shares as a husband, a father, and a brother. A powerful, brilliant professional, he is living his soul path destiny.

Even sharing this story forty years later, the charged energy of this one storm we survived remains alive in my heart, as does my love for Max.

Like other personal experiences in this book that are my lived exceptions to 'the rules,' I only share information that has been direct, touched, transmitted, and transformed by The Living Spiral.

Just now, I need a break from writing to fully feel my appreciation for how a compassionate, complex living spiral of transformation sprang into action in my life, my son's life, and our family's life.

*The Storm* of my son's illness further tested and ignited the healer in me. A little more than a decade later, this resulting soulful spark catapulted me into a life-changing journey of transformation.

In less than the time it took for my attention to be drawn to the inside of my where I saw a silver ball of liquid light shooting straight up my spine. I quantum-leaped from *The Well* to *The Vision and The Sound*, into *The Reach*, and-BAM!-into *The Climb*. At warp speed, all twelve spaces of the Living Spiral of Transformation blossomed and turned the kaleidoscope that I knew as my life into being a catalyst for 'impossible to possible.'

After that explosion of silver light reached the center of my brain, all the resources needed opened the gates to powerful DNA multidimensional and the power of healing flowed through me.