

My Love Story

A true-life Adult fairytale/fantasy. It is a fairy tale only in that it has not yet happened; and a fantasy in that it is only real to me. Should you find this little treatise worthy of your time and attention, you just might discover some pragmatic wisdom and prophetic oracles imbedded between every word.

This is a saga depicting the epic conscious-raising event of the Millennium — The rise of the Cosmic Consciousness of the Critical-Mass One-Percent. That 1% of humanity who knows: that we don't have to die to get to haven . . . heaven is here . . . right here, right now, on Earth-Gaia.

This story tells those *yet-to-be-born* how we saved *their* world for *their* children. We are of an ancestral lineage, challenged with the task of achieving this for the next 7 generations. This is the backstory of the saga that has not yet become a reality; but is inevitable nonetheless.

We are ANGELS of the Sun. It's light is our love shining back on us.

Prologue

Since I began this project, almost 50 years ago, I am constantly reminded how big it is; the time it would consume ; and the commitment that would be required to see it through.

It was no easy task trying to determine which of the other projects I had to give-up. At this point in my life I am not about to give-up anything that's important to me. So it's down to taking the last of the slop time out of my life, so I might produce a story that is worthy of the time that you spend unwinding the plot of this tale I'm about to tell.

After reflecting on some notes written over the years, it became clear to me that a story I wrote 30 years ago, was the "backstory" to this "True-life Adult Fairy tale/Fantasy" which I'm writing now. It is an accounting of an experience that I was trying to reconcile before the memory of it faded into oblivion.

That story was titled: "The Mazda Flight". It was an accounting of the most cathartic episode of my life . . . until I met the love of my life — ZenaVía.

This story has been through many drafts since then, but never finished. As I write to you today, I promise you; It will be the last.

Before going further with this tale, I must make you aware of the foibles, ad pitfalls that may be invisible to those of you who do not know "the ways pf the wizard" — The WizardSage, the antagonist of the tale. His aim is to take you to a place from which there is no return — Paradise in Heaven — POz. (Paradise Ozmorah)

Because this story is based on a true-life experience, I am telling it from a First-Person perspective, I have a very vivid imagination in that I read nuances as much as I read words. The words are nuanced in a way that will guide you through a maze to a portal of the bazaar — not for the faint of heart.

So if you keep-up with the details, there are crucial clues that will guide you to the eventually-discovered outcome. So far, only the wizard knows. Can you discover it before we get to "the end of the beginning?"

This is meant to be an interactive project; though meant for everyone; everyone is not meant for it. If you can see where I'm going before I get there; Jump in and help me finish this thing. There could be some pearls of wisdom in it for you . . . as it has for me; but until you get in you will never see.

For me this will be like flipping backwards on a tightrope. For you it is not a linear or isolated trip. There are many paths leading to the same destination — which is a fulfillment of a dream*desire through the pursuit of the “Ideal.”

Enjoy the “Fight”

The MAZDA FLIGHT

10/02/73 11:21 AM

THINK, ENVISION, ETERNALIZE what you are about to make happen in the World . . . tomorrow . . . today . . . now!

This is where it ends. This is where it all began; just before the fourth quarter of the 20th century. It was a typical Fall, San Francisco morning — Beautiful! Soon it would be lunch time in the “City by the Bay.” The sky was clear. The air was fresh; and there was no stopping a man with a plan.

“THINK!” The sign above the entry to the administration office repeated, as Joe passed under it, for what seemed like the millionth time.

"THINK" was the mascot moniker of the company he worked for — one of the largest tech companies in the world. He often wondered if anyone, including himself really understood its true significance and the subtle impact it had on the their trusting, unconscious, unsuspecting minds. He did not realize how much an impact it would have on his trusting, unconscious, and **very *fertile** mind.

As he strode through the office bullpen he anticipated the eyes that would look up at him. Some with deference; most with the usual curiosity as to what he was seeing his manager, Ben Bustín, about this time.

"Joe Pryce was always good for making a dull-mundane-day at this office worth coming in for," thought Carrie as she pulled another "dull-mundane" supply requisition from her desk drawer. She returned the smile he had singled-out for her the moment he entered the office.

"He's always up to something out-of -the-box, and unorthodox since coming back to the company six months ago; something that would inevitably start the office buzzing about something they knew nothing about. "I know Joe better than anyone here; and even I don't know what he's really

about," she pondered , remembering the many nights, they spent together, desiring to make love to each other.

Carrie and Joe were, mutually, very attracted to each other. But because of their personal, unspoken vow not to become intimately involved with coworkers of the same office; they were also "off limits" to each other. However, in the minds of others, who had observed this little private greeting, such as Paul Werner, who knew Joe's reputation for being a "Player," and who imagined vividly and vicariously, "that this little eye-contact-thing was just a prelude to their getting together after work for one of their frenzied sex flings. "Damn," he thought as he scanned the curvaceous calves and thighs of Carrie's gorgeous body, "I hate that nigger!"

Joe was not alone. The "watching eyes", that he had anticipated, were not gazed on him, but more at the statues Black woman who seemed to lead him through the office. She was a tall, dark, baby-faced Amazon-of-a-woman whose arms and hips swung and swayed like that of a fictional African queen, never acknowledging the curious stares of the "watching eyes" of the office. Everyone seemed to sense that she was accustomed to this overt level of attention; so they gawked openly and freely, without shame or malice, until she

was completely out of site behind Ben Bustin's teakwood office door. "What was Joe Pryce up to now?"

Joe followed, now realizing how presumptuous was his anticipation that everyone would be looking at him. That's okay though . . . she was fine as hell; and she belong to him; all five-foot-seven of her — tall, thick 'n' curvy — just the way he loved 'em. There was no better.

Behind the Teakwood Doors.

An excerpt from the original "A true-life Adult fairytale/fantasy."

"Ben Bustin. Bobbie Jean Ross," Joe casually introduced them while looking past Ben through the windows overlooking the bay towards the Foothills; where he hoped to coerce Bobbie into having lunch with him after this meeting. It was an exceptionally beautiful day in the Bay Area and he wanted to be out, enjoying it with her . . . Now!

Ben was gracious in his greeting; not all of his demeanor attributed to his position as branch manager of an prestige sales office. Like the "watching eyes" in the bullpen, he too, was awe-struck by the beauty of the woman standing before him. Offering them a seat, he snapped a three-ring binder

shut, turned and placed it on the teakwood credenza behind him, thinking, "What a strategic maneuver; bringing this lovely creature to my office without prior notice. What is Joe Pryce up to now?" He knew that he had to pay attention.

"Ben," Joe started, without waiting for Ben to release Bobbie from his mesmerized stare. "I've been thinking about our talk the other day, concerning Wong. You're right; that stunt I pulled last week wasn't very professional."

Joe had been reprimanded earlier that week, for making a sales call, riding down the main aisle, on a ten speed bike in Wong's Nob Hill gift shop. "As a matter of fact, I haven't felt very professional since I came back to work for this company, as hard as I've tried. I'm beginning to think it would be best for all concerned that I resign, before I do something that will necessitate your having to ask me to leave."

Finally, Ben broke his stare. Bobbie was looking out the windows of the Alcoa building; beyond the Bay Bridge; beyond the Foothills; beyond the East Bay; it seemed even beyond the planet. She appeared oblivious to the world; but this was not unusual for her. It was this mystique, and her magnificent body that intrigued Joe, so much, with her. She was his "number one" Lady, and she knew it. He was her one

and only man, and he knew it. For him, love could get no better.

"Resign?!" Ben spun his chair around; now facing Joe, head on. The last thing he needed was to loose one of his Black sales reps; particularly one of his key producers. But more important than that; this company like other Blue Chip monoliths, was plagued with a "minority class action" suit stemming from all the attention on "Affirmative Action" quotas and grievances. His office was one of the few in the district with an unblemished record; and he sure as hell wanted to keep it that way; and he knew Joe knew that. "So what is Joe Pryce really up to?"

"Is there something you're not telling me, Joe? You have been doing exceptionally well in this office since you've been back! Your career path has been set, and everybody's pulling for you. Surely, you're not going to let that little incident, the other day, bring you to this." He was sitting up now, leaning across the teakwood desk, looking squarely into Joe's eyes, as if searching for something hidden in his brain; where, if he could see anything, it would be Joe making mad, passionate love, in the not-to-distant future, to the woman who was now

looking at him as if to say, "Please put this man out of his misery so we can get out of here!"

Sitting back comfortably in the leather and teakwood chair, Joe looked at Bobbie, showing he had gotten the message; then looked at Ben, who was looking at Bobbie for support; who gave none; so looked back at Joe, who spoke with comforting assurance; calming him for the moment. "Look Ben, I'm not planning to cause you or the company any hassles. I just don't feel that this is right for me. As hard as I try to make it right ; it just wont fit!" He was sitting up straight now, elbows on the arms of the chair, hands gesturing forward as if to appeal for understanding. "There's something missing in sales for me; and I'm beginning to think I know what it is."

There was silence for a few seconds before Ben leaned back in his chair, feeling he could trust that he was not the target of an employee's wrath. "Go on, I'm listening," he gestured back with genuine interest and curiosity.

"It's the 'human side' that's missing for me. I feel too much like a machine here. I need to feel more real. . . more like I'm in control. . . more human. It's that simple, I just don't feel real," Joe exclaimed when he saw the relieved look on Ben's face,

which then went blank; for he had no idea what this Negro was talking about, ". . . after all, how real do you need to feel when you work for a company such as the likes of this one?"

Bobbie and Joe looked at each other again, both wanting to be someplace else; both realizing that this \$120,000 a year executive would, or could not understand, in any form or short term, what he was trying to convey. So in deciding to cut the meeting short, he suggested how he planned to spend some of his time after he left the company. "I'm going to attempt to write a book about the "human side to selling," he said while moving to the edge of his seat as a prelude to exit. He was just "grabbing for straws" for lack of something better to say so he could get out without taking Ben through unnecessary trauma.

Bustin sensed that Joe was about to leave. He wasn't that interested in Joe's writing, having read some of his proposals, he wasn't, at all, impressed. He needed time to get his act together to deal with the people "higher up". The company was big on "change;" but sudden changes with Black personnel, they did not like. "Great, fine idea, but before you make a final decision, Joe, do me and yourself a favor," he interrupted, coming from behind the desk grabbing Joe by the

forearm, preparing for a handshake, "Take some time-off; and think about this for a few days. Would you do that for me? You've got a good future with this company if you would just stabilize yourself, Joe."

"Now, let's get back to the business of the day. Is there anything in your 'patch' that's really pressing? I'll have one of the guys cover for you while you're off."

Bobbie needed no other cue. She stood, brushing and straightening her short, plaid, pleated skirt, and the tailored suede jacket she wore so elegantly. She was ready to go. Joe realizing that Ben wasn't really interested in his literary attributes, and aspirations, agreed to take time-off. After some hand shaking and back-slapping, he and Bobbie left Ben's office as quickly and smoothly as when they came in, with office "eyes" following them through the administration office doors, under the plaque, which repeated for the millionth and one time, "THINK."

"Enough of that shit," he thought as he grabbed Bobbie around her tiny waist, escorting her briskly past the curious "eyes" of the sales office, through the double teakwood doors, and swiftly into an open elevator which seem to be

waiting, empty, just for them. In a flash of passion, Joe swung Bobbie's body tight to his, and surprised her with sensuous kisses and seductive caresses from the moment the elevator doors closed behind them, until they open again at the garage level where his trusty little Mazda RX3 sat like a chariot, waiting patiently to whisk them away from this earthquake-proof structure, known as the Alcoa Building of the Financial District, in downtown San Francisco.

"Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty . . ."

Joe's attempt at coercing Bobbie into joining him, for lunch in the East Bay, had failed. She was already late, back from her lunch hour. However, she did express her desire to see him, that evening, by offering him a chance to, ". . . make-up, for the promised meal we sacrificed for that meeting." He agreed, kissing her cool sweet lips, "Good-bye."

As he watched the short pleated skirt bounce around her long shapely legs, climbing the shallow stairs to the State Office Building, he thought of the many times he had done so before, either after lunch or in the mornings after spending incredible nights making love to her at her apartment which he referred to as, "his #1 second home." As she disappeared

behind the shiny brass doors, an eerie feeling came over him. He didn't know where he would be, nor who he would be, from that moment on — or that seeing her, after this moment, would never be the same. There was this elated sense of freedom but a lack of self-control; no semblance of discipline; no sense of direction. It was that feeling of freedom that could only be felt by a person who was truly free.

Shoving his little Mazda into first gear; he slipped into the lunchtime traffic; made a right onto Larkin; a right onto McAllister; and on to the sanctuary he hadn't seen for three days — his Page Street apartment.

THE SANCTUARY

The "happy face" clock hanging over the kitchen sink smiled, "1:18." Joe immediately removed the phone from its cradle; changed into some East Indian lightweight cotton-ware; and proceeded with some yoga exercises taught to him by a voluptuous German nymph. She was a blonde, blue-eyed bombshell named, Evelyn; a professional hair stylist and x-model (sporting silicone-filled breast). He had met her, earlier that year, in front of an ice cream parlor while making calls on his Union Street accounts. "What an enlightening and exhilarating experience she was," he reminisced as he paged

through a Yoga exercise book, she gave him, looking for an easy yoga exercise that he could do.

Joe attributed Evelyn with elevating his spiritual consciousness to where it was at this time. The thing with his wanting to, ". . . feel more real," came to him during his relationship with her. She taught him so much in such a short span of time, like: what to eat and not to eat for the spirit; how to breath for the spirit; make love for the spirit, . . . "Ow, the lovemaking. . . Superb!!! Always a totally exhausting and transcendental experience." So much so that he sometimes wondered if she was his "spiritual soul mate".

Even his "main three lovers" made mention of his new-found ability to satisfy during the time he was seeing her. With only 'one' being suspicious as to where it might be coming from — Brenda Joyce, the most mystical of the three and the one with more experience then the other two combined. The two of them had met each other when Evelyn stopped by to pickup a fur jacket she had left at "The Sanctuary," on the night previous.

That was the last time he saw her before she took-off to Washington State to reunite with her Russian lesbian lover,

and to join her Guru, at a spiritual retreat. (the same guru who authored the book she had given to him as a gift, to study yoga by)

"How do you compete with a Guru and a lesbian lover," he thought, lamenting over the lost of ". . . one fantastic love affair". Then remembering the words of his best friend, Don Kent, when he posed this same question to him. Don said simply, "You don't!"

With that, Joe dismissed the reminiscing; came out of a "lotus" position; closed the book; and started to ponder the more pressing questions which he needed answers for, like: "Who am I? What am I here for? What do I want? Why can't I get it together. When, where, and how do I find the answers?" All he knew now, was that he wanted to be out in the California sun.

First, he felt the need to do something significant, but he wasn't quite sure what. He slowly turned, looking around the well organized apartment for a clue. This was, obviously, the home of a sensitive man, gentle but masculine. All of his apartments (sanctuaries) were well designed and decorated in typical eclectic San Francisco style; with plenty of wood,

glass, brass and porcelain artifacts and collectibles he used as accents throughout the apartment.

There was also a respectable collection of African art tastefully placed and hung on the walls throughout the apartment, including old native masks that hung majestically on the bamboo shade which hid the apartment buildings beyond the windows it covered. The gold, yellow, black and white flame-stitched patterned wallpaper on one wall, in the small but cozy living room, dancing with a matching pattern on a wall in the small but efficient kitchenette. Natural jute fabric covered the wall where the cabinet, shelves and the "happy face" clock, now smiling, "2:11" hung over the sink and counter.

Showered by indirect lighting, this room had seen many romantic dining interludes with tall beautiful women. In the dining area was four bright yellow ladder-back chairs snugged-up to a table made from a solid core door, and cut so one half of the door served as the leg and the other as the tabletop that was attached to the wall. He pasted it with super-large-print, 1972 jumbo calendar pages.

A queen-size bed lay hidden behind a matchstick bamboo blind in an alcove just big enough to hold it and the compact

sound system that was placed conveniently on a jute-covered shelf above the head where the KJAZ-tuned receiver wove a tapestry of music that played constantly through the large hanging ferns and potted palms which were strategically oriented throughout the sunspace, giving the aura of forever-existing plant life upon one's entrance into the atmosphere of the rooms. It was not a wonder that his place was so popular among his set of friends. It was known as the, "Pants Dropper Cave."

About the only time Joe used this apartment was when he wanted to be alone, or when he was entertaining a new female acquaintance whose body he could not resist the pursuit of. He spent most of his sleeping hours at one of his three main lovers. This was his "getaway" and now he wanted to get away from it. So there he was, before he realized it, cleaning his home. Cleaning it like he had never cleaned it before. He decided to pick a select choice of music: Miles Davis — "Bitches Brew"; Weather Report — "Mysterious Traveler"; and of course, one for Bobbie, Marvin Gaye — "Distant Lover." He was now in a trance, thinking about how much he loved her; and how with her in his stable, he had acquired just about everything he thought he wanted and needed; yet, for some reason, he was not completely satisfied with his life.

“There had to be more to it than this. Maybe it's time to take inventory. What in the hell do I want?!!!”

Joe started checking-off, in his mind, the list of necessities he felt were essential to compliment the lifestyle that he aspired to live: "Health, occupation, money, habitat, car, clothes, friends, family and fine women," One by one he checked the list and reviewed his lifestyle status.

- Health — at 33, Joe was in excellent physical condition. No ailments of any kind, he was 190 pounds of lean developed muscle. The physical "self" was intact. It had to be, if he were to continue attracting his share of the beautiful women he came in contact with on a daily basis. He was vainly proud of his body and vicariously enjoyed the pleasure they felt when caressing it during the many sensuous body rubs and erotic games they played. His body was his "Temple", and he intended to preserve it forever.
- Occupation — This was the most perplexing of all. Here he was, a high school dropout; armed with a

G.E.D. and next-to-no-college; invading the corporate business world; securing one of the best jobs; with one of the worlds richest and fastest growing companies; in one of the most preferred locations in the country. On top of all this, he was holding down one of the most productive territories in the San Francisco Bay Area. A White man, let alone a Black one, would mortgage his life to have this job.

As far as corporations go, his company was considered; "The Mecca in the sky."

A frown of trepidation came over his face as he snarled at himself, "So what's your problem, huh! Money? — In these past four years, since his first stint with the, "Mecca," he had made more money than he had ever dreamed he would. He remembered how, back in '65, he and his x-wife, Pearl, would daydream about his "taking home a whole, \$10,000 a year salary." He was making more than three times that when he left the company the first time. Now, going into the fourth quarter of this year, he had the earning potential of over fifty thousand — Good money for a Black man in the sixties and early seventies.

His problem with money was simple. There just wasn't anything he wanted bad enough to justify the hoop-jumping, and all the crap he had to go through to make the money to buy them. To him, the "simple and natural" were the most valuable things in life . . . and most of that came to him at no or little cost.

"All I need is enough to live a simple life towards pursuing my natural inclinations," he rationalized; now remembering, that by not having lunch, he by-passed his intention to make a stop at the bank . . . OOPS, no money!

- Habitat, fast cars, and fine clothes — How about this? Just last week he had spent the day with the lead singer of the "Crème de la Crème," a mediocre, but popular local talent. He was looking for a house in Marin County, where many of the narcissistic new-age professionals were investing in property. He had been thinking recently, that one way to justify working, for all the money he stood to make, was to invest in a home nice enough for which to show-off his design and decorating prowess.

He woke one morning in his sanctuary with this soft,

warm, perfect body wrapped around his. The perfect face was tucked neatly in his neck. He was really feeling good; like "he had it all" with the "ultimate woman" crawling all over him. She was a much desired woman Now, all he needed to do was to figure-out a way to keep her.

She truly was the perfect specimen of the human female animal: five feet, nine inches tall; big bright eyes; pretty hair; cute nose; full sensuous-always-moist lips; soft bronze skin, sheathing firm, bigger-than-a-mouthful breast with nipples setting on mounds slightly pointing to the sky. Her exquisite navel was surrounded by a flat muscular tummy, evidencing a concern for physical fitness. And a tiny waist that flowed like silk, to harmoniously form the most curvaceous ass, hips, thighs, and calves he had ever had the privilege and pleasure of seeing, caressing and/or running his salivating tongue over.

Except for big feet and a little too much make-up, this girl was absolutely perfect. It had taken him the better part of a year to get next to her; and he wanted to keep her. So when he woke-up with this scrumptious Amazon-of-a-woman kissing him on his neck, nose, eyes, ears and lips, talking about a dream she had, waking-up with him in a beautiful redwood

home in Marin County; suddenly he forgot all the other women. Suddenly, it was worth getting up for. All of a sudden there was a justification for jumping through hoops; going through all the crap; to make the money; to buy the house; to keep the woman for.

However, by the time they had returned to the apartment; after spending the day looking at: two and three hundred thousand dollar-plus houses; wooing over Jaguars, Mercedes and Maseratis; and taking extensive tours through Sausalito and Belvedere boutiques that resulted in the purchase of a seventy dollar umbrella at the mere threat of rain. It became disappointingly obvious to him, that, ". . . this bitch was lacking in substance . . . and so was he." It was something he had not even began to consider before he started pursuing her.

"Some poor sucker was going to keep her, he thought as though he had 'missed a bullet', but it wasn't gonna be me! Oh well, "back to the drawing board."

"So much for, houses, cars fine clothes and women." Joe brought himself back to his apartment studying the arrangement of artifacts on the old oak coffee table sitting on the white fur rug before him. He rearranged them, still thinking about this "dream girl" with a shit-eating grin on his face, ". . .

no way am I going to give her up though. She's much too-fine-a-women for that!"

- *Family and friends — Two years ago Joe had lost, what he considered his family, in the split-up of his ten-year marriage. Until then he believed strongly in the institution of marriage. Sometimes he believed that his obsessive preoccupation with women was a way of assuaging the pain and guilt he felt for not being there for his children; even though he provided for them adequately. All he seem to want to do is drown himself in pleasure and camaraderie. Right now, his friends were his family; and most of them were women. Although most were adequate, none were perfect.

THE FLIGHT OF A SPIRITUAL SOUL MAN IN SEARCH OF OF A SOUL MATE

“So, now that brings me to women in general.” He mused; falling back on the oak slat-framed Stickleby sofa, his arms falling across his chest, giving-in to a rush of passion which came over him as the thought of the many women that had

come into his life flashed through his mind. His success with developing relationships with them was his greatest strength and weakness. This preoccupation with women was the paradoxical, dichotomous dilemma which he believed attributed to the power he felt and the eventual downfall he feared.

He knew he had more women than any man could reasonably expect to handle; yet he could not get enough of them. It might be different if he could just, "fuck 'em 'n' leave 'em." The problem was that he always fell genuinely and inextricably in love with them. The power he felt was derived from his ability to really know the person, not just the body . . . the whole person, the mind and the spirit as well. His joy was in discovering the uniqueness in each woman by probing the essence of her being. He was, most always, sensitive to their simplest needs and desires; and he paid a lot of attention to the little things that made them happy. He created a bond of trust and security by exposing his most vulnerable emotions to them. He always maintained his, much-guarded, freedom and independence by constantly making them aware of theirs. He was honest with them. Their greatest bond was their trust in each other.

All women who became intimately involved with him, did so, even knowing of the other women in his life. Each felt like his special "#1 Lady", and for good reason; to Joe they were all special, they all were number one . . . when he was alone with them. He loved love; loving; being loved and being in love, and always had an eye and a heart open for the "ultimate #1," which he became more and more afraid, did not exist.

Briskly shaking his head, as if to banish such a frightening thought from his mind, he quickly pushed himself up from the sofa, grabbed the broom and started sweeping dried fern leaves into a pile next to the wastebasket in the kitchen. "After all", he smiled, feeling a little cocky, "I've got the ultimate woman in three —Bobbie, Brenda and Odell. They have everything I want and need in a woman, collectively. So until the 'ultimate' women knocks me over the head and drags me away, the variety in numbers will have to suffice. What more could one man want when he has all that?"

The women Joe fell in love with, all had certain qualities and characteristics that were consistent with what he desired in a mate, such as; uncommon good looks with extraordinary physical attributes. He preferred the "Amazon" but appreciated the well-proportioned and well-kept physique,

large or small. He was totally captivated by those with voluptuous curves and mysterious, seductive eyes. They were usually very particular about their choice in men, not taken by the flamboyant or superficial. Good for him, for he was not one nor the other. He was really just an "average Joe," with a keen sense and sensitivity for women.

Each possessed the aura of exotic mysticism, and a spiritual quality that could transcend emotional romanticism. Each was endowed with sensitive, sensuous and scintillating characteristics and shared the same fixation with being a, "one man (at a time) woman," even during this "free love, free sex revolution of the seventies." All of them had extraordinary thick and curvy physiques. "Jus' da way I likes 'em," he quipped, with a silly grin on his silly face.

A Breakdown of the "Ultimate Woman:"

Joe's "ultimate" was a composite of three who epitomize this profile in one way or another and who, all, found him in the same year of "seventy-two"; with love unsurpassed by any "one" he had ever experienced before: Bobbie Jean, Brenda Joyce and Odell . . . the sensitive, the sensuous and the scintillating.

- Bobbie Jean— A soft-spoken, 23 year old, Montgomery, Alabama-born secretary, whom he met last January. Everything she learned about making love to a man was taught to her by him, and her own imagination. While he was in training with Xerox last year, (a short stint between IBM) she somehow managed to leave her parents (who overly sheltered her) to stay in his apartment for the whole month that he was gone. However, immediately upon his return, he found her a hilltop apartment in the Fillmore District. They decorated it in an African motif with bamboo furniture; leopard, tiger and zebra print fur pillows and rugs; beaded blinds and bamboo shades; tropical plants that shared space with delicately carved African glass, brass, wooden, sculptures and artifacts. The central focal point of the apartment were the twelve large sand candles that hung in leather and macramé hangers over the wicker dinette.

This became his #1 second home, his most comfortable "love nest". It seemed that she was always there for him. Bobbie lived a simple and sophisticated lifestyle; was a good cook; an

immaculate housekeeper; who loved soulful music and discovering new and exotic restaurants. She had exquisite taste in fashion, preferring the conservative but sensuously feminine. Very little make-up covered her baby face; and there was not a blemish or a pimple on her flawless brown body which trembled under Joe's caresses. She loved him for his body and his caring. She was the most sensitive — emotionally and physically.

- Brenda Joyce — A 22 year old, New Orleans born, Black Creole bank teller which he met at the Geary Avenue branch of The Bank of America, in early June of last year. A scrumptious little morsel with the prettiest ass and hips he had ever seen in his life. She was a brown skin, Afro-wearing "monster" who was evasive, mysterious and cunning. Music, which was her first love, was expressed beautifully in her singing and piano playing. She wore fine sensuous clothes; craved excitement, adventure, and loved romantic rendezvous and erotic interludes in secret hideaway places around the city.

His "#3 second home" was a third floor flat in a newly renovated Victorian apartment building; just five blocks from

Bobbie on Steiner Street in the Fillmore District. To it, they did nothing but wash windows and setup light housekeeping — many, many candles. She was possessive and emotionally "deep." She loved him for his spirit, sense of adventure and style. She was willing to go anywhere, or do anything for him.

She believed that their love, "came from the stars" and eventually became the mother of his seventh child. . . "Future."

- Odell — A 26 year old, San Francisco, California born, Black/French/Spanish Creole who's professions included; pattern maker and fashion designer. Introduced in June of last year at one of his cliquish get-togethers, he gave way to her magic from the moment he met her. She was a petite little beauty with long, black, curly hair; a cute golden tan body and full luscious lips and hips.

Odell was the "high culture" type who militantly expressed her, "Blackness" in her work. Very active, she loved circulating the art fairs and galleries, the museums, fashion shows, and Black dance and theater. Discovering exotic restaurants were also a favorite pastime. She knew them all. The following October, he helped her find a fourth floor loft apartment in the heart of the "Haight-Ashbury" district, on Masonic, a block from the

"The Golden Gate Panhandle". Except for the bath and large bedroom which also served as her dressmaking and design studio, the apartment was all open space with beamed and vaulted ceilings. The kitchen flanked one wall with a long "cook top" counter. They decorated it in an upbeat contemporary flare, with lots of large plants, candles, Black art and a white 9X12 shagged and fringed carpet.

This was his "number two" second home. They spent many hours together collaborating on design projects. One weekend when she had taken a trip to Los Angeles, he surprised her by painting a large multicolored super-graphic (with colors matching those in the blue, lavender, and magenta flame-stitched pillows of her sofa) on smooth maple wood paneling and white walls wrapping a freestanding wrought iron fireplace. She was so delighted and inspired by the impact of it, that she designed a gown with the same theme and color motif and won a first place design award in a major Bay Area fashion show/contest, held at the St. Francis Hotel on Union Square in downtown San Francisco.

She loved him for his creativity, craftsmanship, popularity and spirit and saw him as her perfect "soul mate". He saw her

eventually as; "the one that got away." She was the most scintillating woman he had ever known.

Joe stood with his chin resting on clasped hands atop the broom handle, looking through the kitchen window, overlooking the sun-drenched hills of the city. He wanted to be out in the sun, but he wanted this apartment to be immaculate before he left. Not so much for himself, but for anyone who might happen to stop by during his absence. He did not know how long he would be gone, or even, for that matter, that he would ever return. He did know that he wanted to leave the appearance of being "totally together," if in no other way, but in his sanctuary.

As he resumed his cleaning he thought of where he might go. While stacking dishes in the cabinet, he paused and imagined a quiet, natural setting, someplace where he could feel the sensation of immensity, like that of the ocean. While waxing the floor, he felt a need to drive a long distance. He loved to drive his little Mazda, with its fat tires, tuned exhaust and "hot" little rotary engine. It sported a three-band racing strip, "racing" from the front bumper to the back bumper over the metallic-antique bronze paint that glowed and sparkled like the polished boot-toe on the statue of Columbus, at Coit

Tower on top Telegraph Hill. It was one of the first cars on the market with fully reclining bucket seats; and the AM/FM Stereo cassette player made this his "mechanical soul mate and sanctuary." It was full of gas and, like Joe, "ready to go."

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

He had just finished scrubbing the toilet and wash basin. Then, while turning on the hot water for his bath, he was suddenly struck with this strange feeling that compelled him to look into the mirror to see who would be there, looking back at him. Sure enough, there was a man.

"What's wrong with you man? Why can't you get it together? What is it that you want?" He stared deeply into the mans eyes, who stared deeply into his. Way back in the apartment somewhere, he could hear Marvin Gaye singing the words, "Diiiss-tant Lov-eer. . ." In the center of the mans eyes was a pale golden glow. Deep in the center of the glow, was nothing. . . A blank void from which he could not escape. He was completely lost in the void of the eyes of the man behind the glass — Joe. . . the man. The man. . . Joe. Joe . . . the man. The man . . . Joe. Joe . . . the man. The man . . . the man . . . the

man . . . the ceiling. . . The water . . . darkness . . . silence.

The eyes of the man looked through the water at the ceiling of the bathroom. He rose from the tub as though for the first time in life; slowly and cautiously drying himself; breathing in the scent of "Bee & Honey" sandalwood soap that permeated the room. How did he get there?

The Man gazed into the mirror, knowing he had been there before He nodded his head at Joe as if to say, "I'll see you later man," turned and walked into the late afternoon, sun-cast shadows of the living room. The turntable had stopped and the apartment was filled with a thick eerie silence.

Everything was spotless and full with the fragrance of Patchouli, sandalwood and pine. The "Happy Face" clock was now smiling, "4:33."

Donning blue jeans, a blue short-sleeved sweat shirt, and a blue and brown African sandstone necklace, The Man briskly threw a dark, rust colored, velour spread over his shoulder; slipped on the "Kelso Earth Shoe" sandals, waiting by the door; removed the jute "Earth Shoe" bag, full of paraphernalia, from the door knob; and walked out without locking it or looking back.

The little Mazda was parked in front of the building, facing uphill towards the soon-to-be setting sun, patiently waiting for him. A car door slammed, a clutch engaged, a key turned, an engine hummed and buzzed with the distinct rap of the exhaust pipe, and they were gone . . . though to where, they knew not.

Stealthily, evading the rush-hour race, the little "RX3" seemed to control every vehicle within ten feet of it. It wove in and out of traffic until it found "The Great Highway" and a cruising speed that left, in the distance behind, the tall steel and glass buildings of the city reflecting sunlight into it's rear view mirror; as The Man watched the fog roll in over the white-capped ocean waves in the distance ahead.

It soon found them buzzing it's little rotary engine around Point San Padres, through Half Moon Bay, the Santa Cruz mountains and on to Monterey; where they stopped to watch the sunset and where The Man bought nourishment from a ocean-side health food market for his growling gut, and fuel for the Mazda's hungry little engine. He found a spot on the beach across the road to eat and watch the sun melt in to the Pacific ocean. With the last glimmering rays, The Man searched

a map to determine how far he would drive before looking for a place to sleep. His finger, driving slowly down Scenic Highway One, stopped at Big Sur - a mystical California enclave. . . the journey had just begun.

The Man and the Mazda precariously negotiated the perilous winding roads of the Scenic Highway, climbing further and further up the mountainous cliffs above the sandy beaches below. It took all he could to keep his eyes off the beckoning ocean waves that stretched far into the dark ultramarine horizon, in the dusk of the Southwestern sky. The Eastern stars were rotating into view, over the pine-covered cliffs which surged steeply on his left. The Man was so taken by the aura of the environment, that he chose not to stop at the few places reserved for lodging in the area. He wanted to savor the moment and the awesomeness of it all.

He slowly cranked down the window to allow the pine-scented air to engulf the tiny compartment of the Mazda. The night was balmy. Except for the wind rushing through the car and the distant song of the ocean, it was still and silent. The hypnotic sound of the engine soon found them pulling into a partially hidden parking area that peaked out, high over the cresting waves. The engine was silenced, giving way to the

music of, Stravinsky's "Firebird Suite" which had been playing repeatedly since they left the sunset beaches of Monterey.

The Man sat motionless, listening to the music and the waves. Inspired by the intoxicating aroma of the pine, he suddenly felt a desire to be out on the edge of the cliff, to take in the full magnitude of the moment. The burlap Earth Shoe bag was lying on the seat next to him. In it, he knew, buried under the cheese, fruit, nuts and crackers, was a little wooden matchbox. In the matchbox, buried under the red-tipped wooden matches, were two "joints." He lit. He smoked. And in, what seemed like, one continuous motion; grabbed the velour spread from the back seat; exited the Mazda; hopped over the railing and stretched-out on the spread in time to see the full yellow moon follow the stars from beyond the pine-covered cliffs above, and the ever-singing song of the ocean waves below. He was, now "One Man" with the Earth.

"One Man" laid there for what seemed like eternity, or a least until a cold wind, from the ocean, chased him back to the little Mazda. It was waiting there with wide open windows which he cranked shut to break the non-relenting sting of the wind. "Talk about a rude awakening," he thought to himself, while unwrapping his shivering body from the velour spread he

used to lie on. Suddenly, his eyes opened wide. A clear, wide-open consciousness came over him.

"Thought!"

He was hearing himself "think" as if for the first time. Like an infant child discovering himself, he repeated his thought out loud, "Talk about a rude awaking. Where did that come from? Ah, now a question! What is this? What. . .another question!?"

Thoughts, questions and answers came at him so fast he became dizzy trying to deal with them all at once. His mind was fresh, clean and invigorated with pristine clarity. He had not the slightest inclination to think about where he had come from, or how he had got here. All he knew was that he was One Man who could, somehow, know everything, simply by asking and answering his own questions; and One Man who, before this moment, knew nothing at all. Everything was new, yet familiar. The questions were simple at first, A, B, C. . . 1, 2, 3 type questions. This was enlightenment dawning at the speed of light. Revelation after revelation bombarded his mind, but nothing alluding to who he was, or where was. Not that he cared.

Fully reclined in the bucket seat of the little Mazda, mental exhaustion had finally overcome him and put him to sleep like a new born baby after birth. . . under the stars and the moon, and over the ocean waves. One Man. . . at peace with himself.

When One Man Woke, the moon , now in the Western hemisphere, was staring right straight at him. His mind was still asking and answering questions as if he had been awake all of the time.

"Will the moon always rotate around the earth?"

"Long after you are gone."

"Is the sun the almighty source of power?"

"Only in this solar system.

"Will the sun live forever?"

"Not in its present state. In your 'life after', you will see it transform into a glorious entity.

"What will happen to the earth?"

"The earth and other planets of this solar system will be consumed by the sun after all life has transcended."

"What is God?"

"God is all."

"Where is God?"

"The potential of God is in you, through the spirit that is in all."

"What is spirit?"

"The entity that transcends all time and mortal life on earth; the origin of your birth."

With this answer One Man sat up from his reclining position; rolled down the windows, as if it would bring more clarity. The entrance of warm air was a pleasant surprise. It suddenly became apparent that the answers weren't coming from inside, but from everywhere, all around him. A balmy breeze transverse the windows, caressing his face. The smell of the

pine and sound of the waves returned to heightened the senses of his nose and ears. The moon titillated the golden glow of his eyes. All of his senses were electrified with stimulating impulses. He was alive.

"What is life?"

"It is the Transition between birth and death. It is the timeless gift of God. The potential of Godliness comes in the expression of love as you live life. It is one expression of 'all things possible.'"

"What is love?"

"Love is the sharing of life."

"From where did love come?"

"From the sharing of life between your father and your mother."

"Where did I come from?"

"From love. You are the essence of Life, created by the love of your fathers and mothers life. You are born, man and woman in and of the flesh.

"Why was I born?"

"You were born to love."

One Man fell back into the reclined seat with the feeling of being wrapped in a cocoon, like a caterpillar, preparing for a metamorphic flight. He had laid there watching the moon make its slow decent toward the ocean-laden horizon, thinking how beautifully simple it all was. The clock on the dash showed, 3:47. He reached for the matchbox above it for the remaining joint. 'Lit it. 'Smoked it. And, again, in what seemed like one continuous motion; while exiting, grabbed the spread laying next to him; climbed onto the roof of the Mazda and stretched his body across the full of its length and width, as if to offer himself to "the heavens."

One Man. . . to the Universe.

The magnificence. . . the awe-inspiring beauty of the universe left One Man too senseless to ask any more questions. He

was , now absorbing enlightenment faster than he could think. He became acquiescent to all the power of nature and the messages that emanated from the heavens.

"The soul is the embodiment of God in you. To believe in God is to believe in yourself. For every soul there is the capacity to know God. For every God there is a corresponding star in the universe. The void that you found in the reach of your site is the origin of your star and the scope of your universe. Find this void and you shall find the star that will light the void in your mind, your heart and your soul."

One Man lie searching the heavens for a void; a space between stars, completely void of light. Each time he thought he had found it, closer scrutiny would reveal a faint star twinkling into sight.

Then he became mesmerized by a spot in space that pulsed rays of blackness . . . blacker than black. It was unworldly.

"This must be the void!", he thought. Then there was a flash of light encircling the void and instantly a flash in the mind, a glow in the heart, and an enlightened soul in One Man on earth.

Suddenly, there was light all around him, permeating his body. The vision of the future had begun. He dreamed that he was rising to embrace the heavens; and to be embraced by the heavens, as he rose from the rooftop of the Mazda towards the, now, brightly glowing ring around the void of the star.

There was rhythm to its radiance and its pulse, drawing him closer and closer: blue square; red triangle; yellow circle. The more he ascended, the more 3-dimensional the star became. A blue cube and red pyramid were rotating in a golden yellow sphere; all transparent and distinguishable, projecting translucent light like a giant prism. The blue, red and yellow light washed over, around and through his body like the rhythmical, blood-pumping beat of his pulsating heart.

It was a glorious dream. He saw his body lying peacefully on the roof of the Mazda as he escaped the force of gravity. He saw the sun peek over the horizon of the earth. He saw the earth sink slowly out of view. He knew he had broken free of all worldly and human reality and existence.

He felt he was going to meet the god of his universe and then; pure light, then . . . white light. . . yellow light . . . yellow/amber . . . amber/green. . . green. . . aqua/green. . . blue. . .

lavender blue . . . ultra violet . . . violet . . . red. . . red/
orange . . . orange . . . yellow/orange . . . yellow . . . white . . .
pure light and then . . . In his own image, he saw a Godchild.
Not boy nor girl, just a child suspended before him holding a
sphere of light as in an offering to share in play.

One Man, now a child, touched the star, and the children
dreamed together of things that never were. The stars were
their toys and the universe was their playground. Creation was
the game of time, space and infinity and in time he saw himself
grow to experience the wonders of the almighty spirit. He
played with God; he talked with God; he laughed with God;
dreamed with God.

In the dream was the creation of a beautiful new world. In that
world was created a beautiful new city. In that city was the
creation of a beautiful society of creatures — creatures of all
sentient beings. Like the Eden of old, it was the perfect
manifestation of God in glorious bliss. It was Nirvana. This
dream was the gift of God; and the child a gift to the earth.

The Earth Child of God.

The dawn was silhouetting the pines in a dark azure blue on

the cliffs behind. Earth Child, staring at the star above him; was trying to hold, vivid, the dream and the words of God in his memory. While on his descent back to earth, the words of God eternalized his spirit and charted his destiny. The words in his heart echoed those in his mind, of the long journey that lay before him; and although he knew there, within, was a mission; he did not know what it was. While trying to grasp the scope of it, the dream began to slowly faded his consciousness. It was lost. . . but not forever.

Suddenly, the moment gave way to an inexplicable urge to be on the beach, near the song of the ocean waves.

Automatically, without thinking, Earth Child slid off the roof of the Mazda, stretching before getting in, to resume his position as passenger. (It was obvious, by now, that the little car was the one in control) The gears were shifted in "reverse" and the Mazda backed into the vacant highway. In a matter of moments it veered into a little service station; unrecognizable at first because of the bountiful array of flowers and tropical plants that inundated and obscured its facade. Stopping at one of the antiquated gas pumps, Earth Child, in a trance-like state, did not notice the old man behind him, dragging an old-worn-out water hose he was using to water the luscious

foliage. He was not cognizant of his own questions about how to get to the nearest beach. Nor was he when the white-haired old man answered him while receiving payment for the gas, just pumped.

As it hummed a U-turn out of the station driveway, up the winding road, the little Mazda seemed to know where it was going. Somehow it knew that the trail to the beach was back a mile and a half, in the direction they had come from; and somehow knew that the trail was washed-out in a rain storm, the week before. For, if Earth Child had been conscious, he would not have ignored the handwritten sign warning of impending danger should one challenge the message that alerted against vehicle passage. Had he been conscious, he would not have ventured down the steep abysmal chasm where the light of dawn had not yet shown. So the Mazda took it upon itself to traverse the prehistoric-like crevasses. Like a ship floating on uncharted waters without a captain, it did not stop until it came to the bottom of a gorge, which divided the pine-covered cliffs, forming a sand-laden passageway to the ocean.

The Mazda quietly rolled to a stop in the sand. Earth Child sat listening to the distant roar of the surging waves as they

swished upon the beach; its intoxicating song inspiring this trek in his continuing saga. Without thinking to put on his sandals, Earth Child grabbed the spread and the Earth Shoe bag, got out of the car and started walking towards the mouth of the gorge, not looking back. Slowly his consciousness began to surface, not as Earth Child but as the "first and only" child; for there was no evidence of human existence. His were the only footprints in the sand that trailed him to the awesome sight and sound of the huge waves pounding a monumental boulder towered like a monolith, growing out of the shallow waters of the beach. Through it, was carved a thirty or forty foot high tunnel, bored by the relentless and ravaging surfs of time. The sun-soaked fog in the distance, revealed ghostly waves rolling from it in a silent roar to the sandy shore in the misty glow of morning light. The emerald sun-lit-curls of water were like jewels, breaking on the rocks, was like a spectacular spray of fireworks exploding on the "Fourth of July;" — a sparkling crescendo celebrating his arrival on earth.

He had no memory from where he came, or for where he was going. He was caught in an eternal gap in time. He was, surely, the first child on earth.

EarthChild

EarthChild was so moved by the moment that he removed his clothes and ran into the oncoming waves like a child on a Sunday picnic at the beach. The water was cold but invigorating; and the warm, balmy mist of the fog was a contrast that gave him the feeling of being in two places at one time. It was eerie and mystical. All of this was meant to be. . . just for him. When he saw a huge white-capped wave coming in the distance, he turned and struggled fiercely to get out of the water before being picked-up and tumbled back on to the dry warm beach.

Exhausted, he picked-up his cloths, spread, and earth shoe bag; then found refuge under an overhanging boulder which was perching at the bottom of a cliff which went straight up, what seemed like over a thousand feet to the highway he and the Mazda had left behind. Now, laying on the sand with his hands clasped behind his head, looking-up at morning sky; he began to remember where he had just been, and the new found ability to get answers for any questions he would have. He remembered playing with the God Child and how he had displayed the matrix for which he would use to find these answers. "It is all inside of me," he thought. So he began again, to ask all the questions that had come to him since he had left

“The Man Joe”, hundreds of miles away, standing behind the mirror with a blank void in the innermost center of his eyes.

. . . to be continued.

Mountainside Café
The balmy fog of Carmel bay
Abalone Brass Bell Treasures
Esalen Institute
Vicente Creek
The last joint
Never ever be the same again

Spiritually — Fulfillment would come in my being among those directly responsible for the spiritual and cultural advancement of humanity.

Mentally — It would come in knowing that I helped people learn to respect and care for this planet, and to share the best that nature has to offer with all of humanity and the sentient creatures of earth.

Physically — through my design, development and building of the prototype experiment that would facilitate cultural development and physical, mental and spiritual well-being of humanity.

To start we will began at the end. . . the very moment of my birth. It has occurred to me, that if I am to master my life, totally, I should have as my ultimate goal; the design of my immortal life. When I would live, where I would live, how I would live, what I would live for, and Who I would live with for the rest of my mortal life .

For what purpose?; I would live for the planet . . . Mother Earth. Her preservation and beautification would be the goal of my life. I would live for her and the love of my wife. . . the one that 's yet to be.

How: I would live in a vision of the future. One which would begin where fantasy left off. My life would be self regenerated by a systematic buildup of the vital systems of my body. It would live as an example of love and creation personified. I would live as though I were creating a work of art.

Where:

I would live in an environment which would be a manifestation of my creative mind. One that would be the culmination of all that is god in me and the universe.

When: When all my dreams and desires are fulfilled, is when all of humanity finally recognize the divine order of the universe — that moment when All shall live to love . . . forever.

Now, I let myself go without letting go of myself. I know what I desire to manifest. Now I let myself do it. There is something within me that is propelling my physical and mental efforts, and my spirit has a full range of motion. I am a total manifestation of God; complete, whole and pure. I am one with the perfect mind of the universe.

The decisions I make will be that of supreme intelligence and for divine purpose. That which I envision is not of my want, but of divine will and desire, and shall come to past within my lifetime.

With the power and will of God; I shall see this planet become the jewel of the universe and the nurturing garden of humanity. Humanity shall be the custodians of the garden,

and shall prosper in this industry. It is through "We" that God will serve the world.

Now, let's get busy.

A DIALOG with GOD — Transmogrification

Your name is Yuseff AAdrienn Price. You have come into being as divine thought. You then, magically manifest as a physical entity. you are at this moment transcending time into a state of consciousness that will bring you full-circle to divine thought. Divine thought is brought about by asking the questions of which the answers will lead you to the next moment of your intention.

Question:

Dear God, what on Earth do you want me to do?

First, you must realize that you have an eternity to do whatever your dream requires of you. Your dream is your Matrix Vector. Know this and do not be rushed or pressured to do anything that is not inline with your purpose.

Trust everything you feel; for we are your every motivation. As you breathe; we shall become one in body. As you think; we shall become one in mind; and as you pray; we shall become one in spirit. Trust in me with all of your being and know that I am with you always. Feel your body and see it is Good.

Know your mind and imagine me as you. I am your spirit and we are one with the all and the nothing of the universe.

Now that you have put aside what you know about your past self, except to serve as a reference to the past, allow the God within you to emerge with the answers you seek. When you think God; know you have the answer. Use your typing hands to manifest the revelations that come to you and let them flow through your fingers like music.

Let nothing discourage you in your God-given right to serve the world, in any way that you desire, to make this a beautiful place for all things to exist in peace, harmony and bliss. This is why you are becoming a part of the divine power of the universe and I am with you, in all ways, since "Before the beginning," from "In the beginning, and through All New Beginnings."

Question.

What are you dreaming-up at this moment?

THE MOMENT

The vision I have at this moment is one of a place where people of like perceptions will meet to share the enlightening truths of the fourth dimension.

What is the fourth dimension?

It is the True Trinity — the coming together of three mortal dimensions; the first (body); second (mind); and third (spirit), that manifest the fourth. It is a state of balanced and centered focus —the Gestalt. It is being one with oneself, the earth and the universe. It is the state of bliss: being one with the Almighty power of Love. It is the fourth, but not the last, for, when we are one with the power of True Love, so shall we further ascend. I am the fourth dimension transcending to the fifth. — Soul Mid

Being one with the power of Love, is knowing yourself wholly:
with heavenly expressions of joy, bliss and peace.

So where do we go from here?

There is no place to go but up!

So where is up? And why go there?

Up is your higher consciousness; and we go there to . . .
capture the light; to save humanity; and to bring the heavens
back to the earth — ParadiseOzmorah — POz.

Our Love Story

. . . having accepted the challenge, AAdrienn P Moon burst
into a flaming ball of fire as he streamed through the corona
sphere of the Sun towards the light in the eyes of a man on
planet earth — The Village Grunt. The grunt instantly
transforms into the WizardSage of Earth. The light shined
into his eyes with so much love-power, it lifted his Being
beyond space and time into the bliss of Nirvana — the Heaven
beyond heavens.

Extracting the power of love is glorious pastime of Peace, Joy, Harmony and Blissful moments in the eternal light of love. As a wingless angel of Nirvana AAdrienn is consuming the life-source of the grunt as he makes his ascent to the portal of the Sun from which he came; where he will become an Angel of Nirvana — guardian of earth.

As AAdrienn transitions from grunt, to sage, to angel, he becomes immersed in the the work that was left for him to decipher. It is a treasure trove of creative ideas towards the development of the human ideal. From studying this work he has ascertained that he has a little less than a millennia to achieve the purpose of his being . . . to save the future of humanity.

How does he do it?

By shinning the light of love from the center of Sun omnidirectional, in all ways, for always. With almost 1000 years, he can live as a testament to the creatures of earth that we are standing on sacred ground when we commit to the preservation of Earth. This a commitment that cannot be revoked. It is one of unconditional love for all that is.

The first step is to establish a harmonious relationship with all, everything, and one. Shine the love. Shine the love. Shine the Love until you feel the rhythm of the light. Permeate the the heart of every living soul with the infinite light of the sun. as we move forward into a brighter and brighter future with our children we will nurture a heaven on earth, and a paradise in heaven . . . Our Will Be Done.