

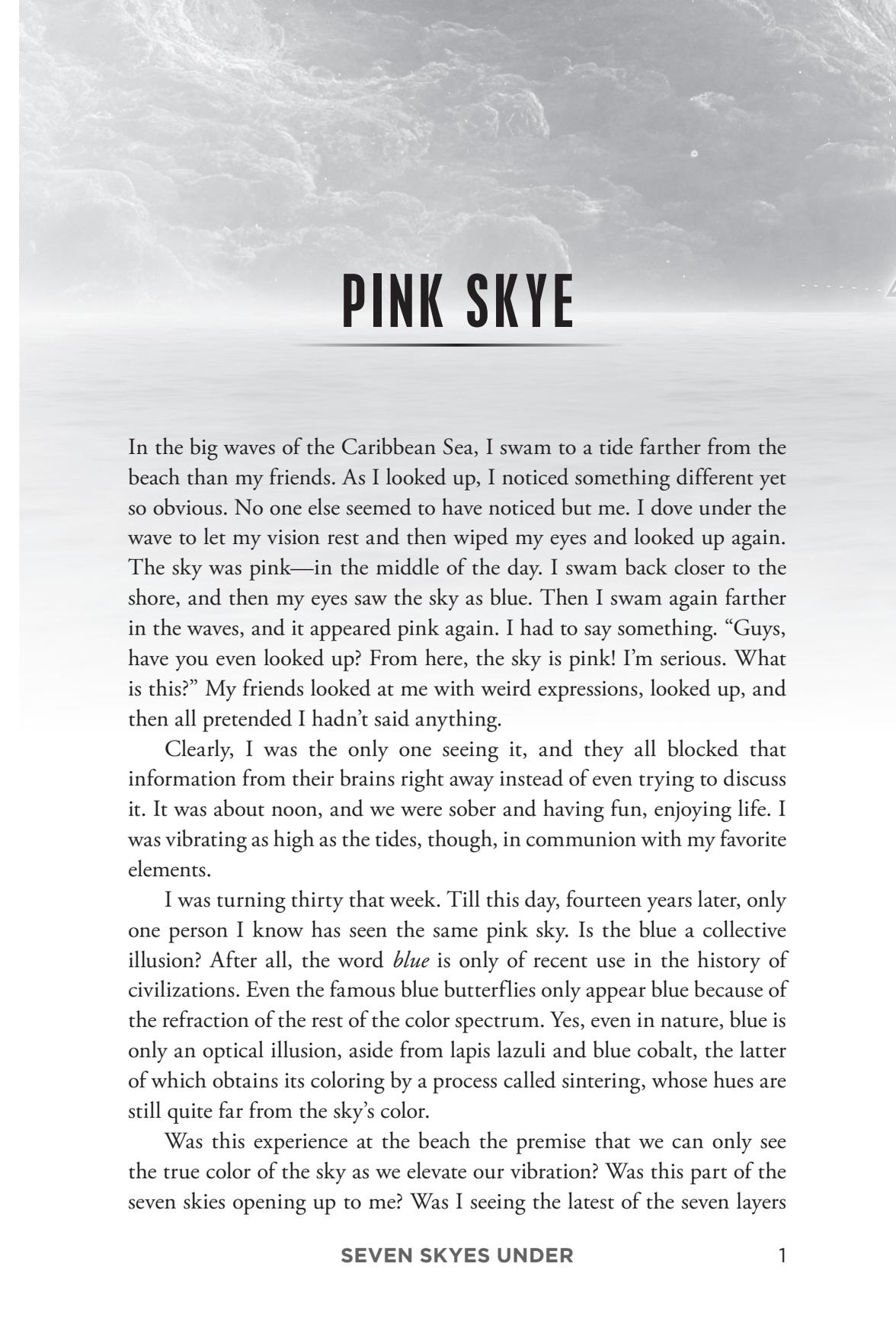
# SEVEN SKYES UNDER

THE COMPLETE SPIRITUAL JOURNEY

MANUEL SKYE

**BALBOA**.PRESS  
A DIVISION OF HAY HOUSE





# PINK SKYE

In the big waves of the Caribbean Sea, I swam to a tide farther from the beach than my friends. As I looked up, I noticed something different yet so obvious. No one else seemed to have noticed but me. I dove under the wave to let my vision rest and then wiped my eyes and looked up again. The sky was pink—in the middle of the day. I swam back closer to the shore, and then my eyes saw the sky as blue. Then I swam again farther in the waves, and it appeared pink again. I had to say something. “Guys, have you even looked up? From here, the sky is pink! I’m serious. What is this?” My friends looked at me with weird expressions, looked up, and then all pretended I hadn’t said anything.

Clearly, I was the only one seeing it, and they all blocked that information from their brains right away instead of even trying to discuss it. It was about noon, and we were sober and having fun, enjoying life. I was vibrating as high as the tides, though, in communion with my favorite elements.

I was turning thirty that week. Till this day, fourteen years later, only one person I know has seen the same pink sky. Is the blue a collective illusion? After all, the word *blue* is only of recent use in the history of civilizations. Even the famous blue butterflies only appear blue because of the refraction of the rest of the color spectrum. Yes, even in nature, blue is only an optical illusion, aside from lapis lazuli and blue cobalt, the latter of which obtains its coloring by a process called sintering, whose hues are still quite far from the sky’s color.

Was this experience at the beach the premise that we can only see the true color of the sky as we elevate our vibration? Was this part of the seven skies opening up to me? Was I seeing the latest of the seven layers

of consciousness my soul had traveled through to reincarnate in this latest life on earth? Will the blue sky be seen as pink after the global shift of consciousness? Was the sky different colors through each of humanity's eras of consciousness? Was it crystal-like from the era of ancient India, known as Kumari Kandam or Lemuria, to the true ancient Greece, known as Atlantis, and then golden in the ages of ancient Egypt and the Olmecs? So many questions unanswered.

At least it is finally clear to me that when we all elevate our global frequency, our eyes will see the world differently. Heaven on earth is ours to see, and so are our auras and the entire world of energy. One day in the future, when I ask that question again—"Can you see the seven skies with me?"—in every language I know, I will hear you say, "Yes," "Oui," or "Si."

## World Skies

French:

*Élevant mon regard vers les cieux, quelle surprise oh signe des dieux!  
Quand les roses saisirent les bleus, seulement que pour mes yeux.  
Voyais-je au travers du septième ciel, depuis terre et mer en parallèle?  
Ou mon âme cristallisée fit-elle, dans une prophétie si belle?*

*En plein jour peux-tu voir, ce ciel rose au-delà du soir?  
Et maintenant peux-tu voir, les sept cieux et leur histoire?*

English:

As I looked up into the sky, oh, what a surprise,  
For blue had turned to pink, solely for my own eyes.  
Was I seeing through the seven skies, of the earthly paradise?  
Or was my soul crystallized, for a moment prophesied?

In the day can you see, this pink sky with me?  
And now can you see, the seven skies with me?

Spanish:

*¿Ahora puedes ver los siete cielos conmigo?*

Italian:

*Adesso vedi tu i sette cieli lassù?*

Portuguese:

*Você pode ver agora os sete céus lá na cima?*

Tamil:

இப்போது என்னுடன் ஏழு வானத்தைப் பார்க்க மடியுமா?  
(*Ippōtu ennuṭaṅ ēḷu vāṇattaip pārkkā muṭiyumā?*)

Arabic:

والان، هل يمكنك ان ترى، السموات السبع في العلى؟  
(*Walan hal yomkinuka an Tara, al samawat al saba fi al oula?*)

Hindi:

आओ देखो सात आसमान सात आसमां मेरे संग  
(*Aao dekho saat aasman saat aasman mere sang*)

Greek:

Και τώρα μπορείς τους επτά ουρανούς μαζί μου να δεις;  
(*Ke t'ora bor'is tus eft'a uran'us maz'i mu na dis?*)

Farsi:

حالا میتوانی هفت آسمان را با من ببینی؟  
(*Hālā mitavāni haft āseman rā bā man bebini?*)

Turkish:

*Gel gör benimle şimdi, yedi göğün derinliğini*

Hebrew:

ועכשיו אתה יכול לראות את הרקיע השביעי איתי  
(*Veahshav ata yahol lirot et arakia asheviei eiti?*)

Armenian:

հիմա կարո՞ղ եք տեսնել յոթ երկինքը ինձ հետ  
(*Hima karó'gh yek' tesnel yot' yerkind'y indz het?*)

German:

*Und jetzt kannst du sie sehen, die sieben Himmel oben stehen?*

Can, can you see the seven skies with me?

Can, can you see the pink sky, midnight sky, blood sky with me?

Electric sky, tribal sky, golden sky, *le ciel de cristal aussi?*

Can, can you see the world skies in every tongue and all their glory?

If you wonder why I chose these specific languages for translations, I'll let you think first for a moment. Eventually, I'll extend this collection, but somehow, life made me closely connected to certain friends who could adapt my poetry. If you've guessed that we lived side by side in each of the countries where those languages are spoken, you are right. I still feel deeply connected them, as the ancient tongues speak to the soul and were somehow constructed in a spiritual way. Those languages and sounds marked my former lives and imprinted my heart forever, which you will soon discover.

# CHAPTER 1

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## Born Spiritual

### *Om Mantra*

Om

In the beginning, there was only the original sacred sound of the universe. The humming sound of the universe also lies inside us, from under the seven skies and above.

Topics:

Incarnation

Education

Religion

God

Faith

In this chapter, you will read about the start of my current life. In order to keep it relevant and as concise as possible, I will present some elements chronologically, and some will be gathered together as recurrent themes.

## From the Astral to the Material

Somewhere in this universe, when my soul was in between lives, it was preparing for the next challenge, the next life mission I needed to accomplish and pursue—the destiny that keeps evolving through each of my incarnations. From my very first life on this planet—thousands of human years ago in a land known today as ancient India—until the last life that I just left behind in Quebec, my journey has been to better prepare the path and the spirit of the people who will surround me when I grow up in my new body.

All of a sudden, I hear the call—my future parents are ready. In agreement with them and one of my longtime allies and soul sisters, we slowly activate our *merkaba*, our vessel of light, which allows us to travel through dimensions. Each time the two tetrahedrons of light cross each other as they spin, we can see my body of light taking the shape of each of my incarnations: forty-two fully achieved lives and 111 total. Passing by the Tamilian, the Atlantean, the aerialist, the shaman, the druidess, the dancer, the singer, and the painter, among many others, it gets to the projection of the body form I have chosen, which is perfectly appropriate for this upcoming life. Then the merkaba initiates the descent through the seven layers of the skies to the earth to transcend my souls into matter alongside my twin.



## Unusual Parents for an Unusual Child

Happily, I was born into a spiritual and intuitive family. As my parents said, I chose them well. And they meant it—they thought there was an agreement between the soul to be born and the future parents. They said the universe was beautiful in this way—that we choose this mutual relation according to the challenges, tools, and experiences we want to accomplish in this new life. Knowing no other reality, I have always believed it. It came in handy in my adult life when I was the dimensions translator to make that agreement happen between mothers and fathers and their future children. Don't worry—we'll get to this special power later. Let me be a child first.

My mom was intuitive and clear about her intention of forming the precise family she wanted. She said she wanted twins, a boy and a girl, to form the complete family all at once. Not only did she want it, but she planned it. While she was staying at my father's parents' house, she felt one ovulation one day on one side and a second one the next day on the other side. At least that's how I remember it from the astral world, as I saw her gently tapping her lower belly on both sides. Without wasting any time, she told my future father, "The time is now. Let's make these twins."

The morning after, she went down the stairs, and my future grandmother knew that Chantal was pregnant with just one look. Did I say they were all spiritual and intuitive? Both my father's and mother's sides were. I can hear my soul still saying to myself, "Very well chosen, Manny."

As her belly was getting big, Chantal could easily identify who the boy was and who the girl was inside. She said I was the one always moving and kicking, and my twin sister was calm. Chantal danced rock 'n' roll with Mario, my future father, till her pregnancy got to the point of bed rest. I told my mom, "I was not kicking. I was dancing and doing acrobatics just like you!" In fact, I like to fantasize that when I was born, I did three tailspins while rolling off the umbilical cord, and ta-da! Showtime started!

Right now, I know the questions many of you are wondering about my twin. Don't worry—I will not let you hang. Yes, we are connected. Yes, we developed our own baby language to communicate. *Gigagoo* meant, "Can I borrow that toy now?" *Rabachou* meant, "Let's walk." And *kakoorolou* meant, "Let's party and make noise till the dead can hear us." Well, something like that.