

Introduction

The human experience appears to be a complex enigma, subject to everyday influences that contribute to what we do, feel, know, think we know, and believe, as well as how we actually live our lives. We use everything and everyone around us as reflections of ourselves to tell us if we are succeeding, if we fit in, if we have done a good job, and even to measure our happiness.

As we use external measures to mirror our experiences, we also become stagnant, stuck in our everyday lives, with only imaginings toward greater experiences to keep our hopes up that *someday* things will change.

We tend to believe only in what we can experience with our five senses—what we can see, hear, taste, feel, and smell. We have a hard time wrapping our minds around the possibility that there is more to our reality than what our five senses can measure. It is this limited perspective that keeps us mired in our illusions. It is our illusions of everyday life that are the real insanity as we dream our way through it all, judging, comparing, imagining our reality and then shaping our very being to fit what we decide is real. That is our mind talking. It has to understand. But we don't have to understand anything. We are unlimited in scope and possibilities.

Some of us have a sixth sense that we use to intuit the past, the future, and even things that are happening in the now. Those intuitions generally come as flashes of insight that intrude on our thoughts of the moment, startling us into a possibility that we hadn't considered. Where do those flashes come from? Can they be controlled or brought on intentionally?

Like the ebb and flow of the tides, periods of mass expanded consciousness appear to escalate and wane over time. Even through periods of lesser consciousness, some individuals manage to maintain or find

their ways into these states of being. These individuals are either considered to be spiritual masters in their own rights, or people fear them, not understanding that the only difference between themselves and these conscious individuals is how much they are aware of realities beyond the obvious.

For instance, during the Inquisition, a very dark period in consciousness and history, people were massacred for not only their beliefs, but also their demonstrations of expanded consciousness. Joan of Arc is one of the best-known examples. In the early 15th century, she had visions and heard voices from other realms, which directed her toward a cause and gave her knowledge and clarity to the point that she actually led the king of France's army. Later, because Joan could not prove the source of her abilities, she was burned at the stake in 1431. Others have talked to God and seen angels and other entities that instructed them in the most holy aspects of being. Many of these people have been canonized as saints or revered across time as being wise ones, sages who hold the mysteries of the universe within them.

The Salem witch trials are another perfect example of a period of darkness of consciousness. In 1692, Puritan religious factions in early Salem, Massachusetts, hunted down people (mostly women) whom they believed to be witches doing the devil's work and burned them at the stake. Any excuse could be used to accuse someone of witchcraft, and there really wasn't any defense against the accusers. Mass hysteria created by Puritan values and fear of the devil led to one false accusation of witchcraft after another. Any denial by the accused was considered to be devil speak, and the accused was quickly brought to imagined justice by being burned at the stake. Either someone was a witch or they weren't. There was no middle ground or leeway for unfair accusations. One by one, and sometimes more than one at a time, innocent victims were burned alive under the fearful belief that they were a danger to society. Often, those who were accused and eliminated exhibited nothing more than a consciousness higher than that of their accusers.

Fear is generally the reason those with access to higher conscious awareness are persecuted. For example, Jesus of Nazareth was crucified because

those in power believed that in some way he was a threat to the kingdom and, therefore, to those in political dominance and control at the time. He spoke of esoteric subjects using language and parables that fit the culture of the time. People followed him because they had an internal recognition of the truth in his words. They witnessed the miracles he performed and knew him to be truth, and yet others were threatened by him.

These examples and more are glimmers of evidence from throughout ancient history and even before, telling us that consciousness and intelligence are separate entities. Further, there is evidence that consciousness travels outside of the body, traversing the barriers between life and death; between dark and light; between the past, present, and future; and even between other-dimensional realities.

What did the ancients know that we do not? Why are we not always at the height of our awareness? Why at times throughout human existence did some civilizations seem to have great technologies and an inside track on infinite being? How did they know, for instance, how to create technologies for the distribution of power, for atomic processes, for utilizing harmonics to change the fabric of creation? How did the ancients know about alchemy, such as the manufacturing of monatomic gold in the form of white powder that could be ingested, thereby introducing a conductive material into the physical body that would heighten conscious awareness? Why was knowledge of this rite and other secrets limited to pharaohs, priests, kings, and wise men? What was hidden from the people at large? Exactly the same information that was taught to select apprentices at the mystery schools: access to higher consciousness led to altered and infinite reality.

In the first part of this book, we will explore evidence of ancient times and people. What the ancients left behind was every key that we need to know about who we are and what we are capable of. Once we have a grasp of the concepts the ancients left for us, we can learn how to apply them to this now.

For instance, when do people begin to realize that the possibilities of life are much greater than they had previously imagined? Is there an impetus, a moment in time, or some vast or tiny change inside of them

that flips switches of awareness? Is this an individual happening, or does it occur across the populous of the planet? Does consciousness actually expand, or do we just reconnect with it?

Does our consciousness have anything to do with our creative processes? Do we create our own realities, or do we just live in the realities that we find ourselves in? Do we have the power to change our realities as individuals or as groups?

Is there a time when consciousness evolves and awareness becomes keener? If so, are we affected physically? Do our brains change in response? Does our DNA have some special coding or instruction contained within it that instigates or responds to higher awareness under certain circumstances? Does intelligence make us more consciously aware? Does conscious awareness make us more intelligent? Are there signs of impending awareness expansion, and if so, how can we recognize them?

Inherently, we are created to seek our source, to reconnect with our divinity, and yet in the current world condition, many of us feel empty, unfulfilled, even lost. We aren't even sure of what we believe because there is so much information available to us. We grasp at the tried and true, or we become immersed in religion, hoping that it will fulfill us, or we try every esoteric practice that comes along.

Inside, we feel a need to return home, but we can't seem to remember where home is. We want to feel emotional expansion to the depths of our being, but we have covered our emotions for so long that we aren't even sure how emotions *do* feel. We confuse our emotions with our mental perceptions and make our way rationally through our limiting thoughts. We seem to forget that we are capable of great depths of emotional experience. We become unhappy, dissatisfied, and bored, succumbing to the idea that this must be all there is. How sad is that?

What if we realized that it is all simple? We can. We can find that we are everything that we seek and that everything we seek also seeks us. What if we realized that we are capable of creating whatever reality we want, anytime, anywhere? What if we didn't just know we *could*? What if we *did*? In my experiences, I have found that it is all simple and that all chaos is nothing more than a series of simplicities that have become entangled.

The ancients knew these secrets, and now you will too. The consciousness of change is a very real state of being. It is not a gimmick. We don't have to buy anything. We already *are* the change!

The consciousness of change is our sense beyond our five physical senses, and it is even greater than our intermittent sixth sense. The consciousness of change leaps into the universal construct as our seventh sense. Our seventh sense is infinitely aware, even though we may not be conscious of that awareness. But what if we were? What are we missing? How can we open the door to our seventh sense, so that we can take advantage of all that creation has to offer us?

This book will teach you how the past, present, and future are intricately linked together and how pure consciousness has everything to do with change and creating reality. From there, it will explain just how powerful we are in our contributions to both ourselves and a much greater whole.

As the year 2012 approaches, there are a number of reasons that we are reawakening to the infinite possibilities available to us. Are planetary influences, subtle energies, the photon belt, and even interdimensional happenings contributing toward a great shift or change? What does a date in the future have to do with what we are experiencing now? Anything at all? Oh, yes. More than we realize.

Are the mysteries of consciousness unavailable, even forbidden, to us as mere mortals? Not at all. We simply have to remember what we already know: that we are the consciousness within the living One. We are actually running this show—all of us.

It is all simple, and together, we can explore how it works. It is my desire that the information, the tools, in this book will assist you by not only giving you new information, but experientially as well. I want you to know that you don't have to be a victim of life, that you are the god you seek. Yes, you are that powerful. The first step is awareness, and that is where this book comes in.

This isn't about magic or scary secret practices. It is a book of answers and possibilities. The secret is that there are no secrets, only infinite possibilities toward immeasurable outcomes. This is a book about the mysteries

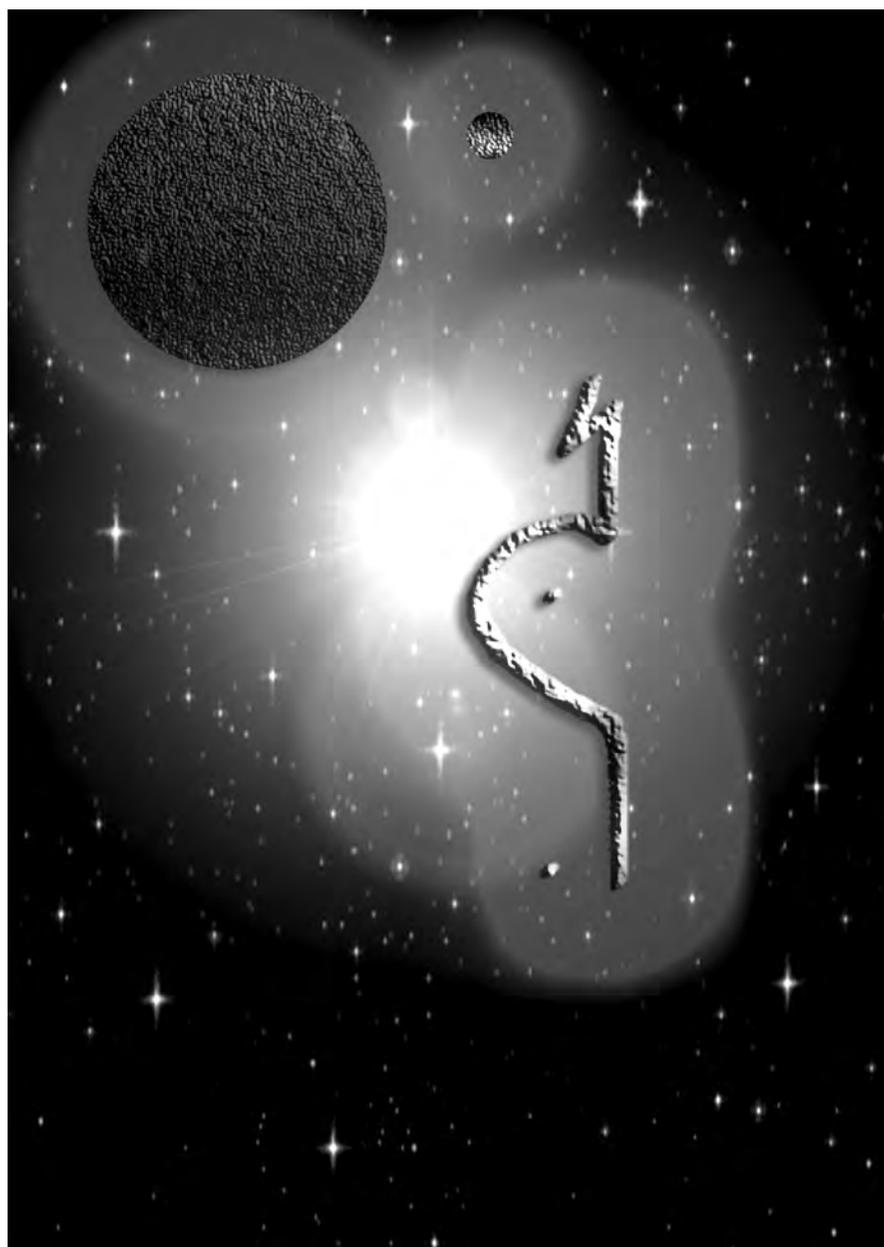
of consciousness, the blending of our humanity with our divinity, on purpose and on earth. As you, the reader, experience this book, open yourself to the possibility that maybe, just maybe, you aren't who you think you are. Maybe, just maybe, you are far greater than you could have imagined. Maybe, just maybe, what you believe isn't real. What you *know* is. Who you *are* is.

What you know sometimes takes a little remembering. These pages will remind you.

Included within this work are many graphics with symbols. These are some of the same symbols that my guides used to teach me and to adjust my energy field so that I could keep up with their teachings. Created of the original language, the language of light, these symbols are powerful initiations to information that is stored in our bodies as pure consciousness. They are keys to unlocking your infinite self. They are for your experience, to open within you possibilities that you may not have yet considered. Each one of the symbols is paired with a meditation to help you open your awareness of reality beyond the everyday illusion and into the infinite. As you access your inner awareness with the symbols, they will communicate with you energetically, consciously, and not at all mentally. Let yourself absorb the possibilities that are contained within each symbol. What comes of this experience will unfold within you over time and easily, if you let it.

From this moment forward, open your heart. Open your mind. Let go of everything that you believe and consider the possibilities of an even greater reality. You won't be disappointed!

I am grateful once again to bring you, the reader, new and exciting possibilities that can change old paradigms and beliefs into new experiences of fullness and greatness of living. Encountering this information is like taking a rocket ride with no seatbelts or shoulder straps. Go with the flow and never look back, for we are in an infinitely changing reality. And all of it is our creation!



Chapter One

Coming Out of the (Spiritual) Closet

The legends of King Arthur refer to a wonderful, whimsical, yet powerful wizard named Merlin, who “lived backwards.” Most people would take that to mean that Merlin began as a very old man who became younger every year. But that wasn’t it at all. Merlin found the doors to the infinite consciousness and then learned how to apply that vast knowledge to the comparatively narrow world of human comprehension and existence. What seemed to be feats of magic were nothing more than Merlin accessing realities beyond our familiar world.

I know, because I found those doors myself.

What I am about to tell you may sound very strange, but this story is quite real and the experiences are phenomenal. Moreover, every day, science is proving the resulting knowledge to be true, and that knowledge has had resounding effect across the planet and beyond.

Over the years, hundreds, if not thousands, of people have asked me to tell my story, and in most cases I have resisted, not wanting to seem like another “woo-woo” person with a great imagination. But during these years, the world has grown up, and I guess I have too. So here it goes.

Being intuitive has been natural for me my entire life. As a child in Catholic school, I really understood the meaning of *holy* and the inner place from which the saints’ devotion came—that place in our heart of hearts where we can go to become unified with all things, that place inside of us that is our source connection, our link to the memories of all times and infinite possibilities from which we can create anything that we desire. That place that many people call the God within us. It can be an overwhelming place.

I remember one day as a child, when I was in my friend's playhouse, the air all of a sudden sort of snapped, crackled, and turned blue. I heard a rustle and saw a light that sprouted wings, unfolding as a dove that flew toward me and over my head as I ducked. "Hey!" I yelled at my friend, "Did you see the Holy Spirit just now?" (I mean, really, what else would you call it?) My friend just kind of shrugged and blew me off. She hadn't seen or heard a thing.

That experience was the beginning of many that no one else believed. Strange was normal for me. I knew things. From a very deep heart place, I understood what people felt, what they really meant when they said things, how much pain humanity carried. I seemed to be empathic to the emotional injuries of others and to have compassion for the pain that I saw and felt.

It became hard for me to tell the difference between their emotions and mine, so I shut off my intuitive understanding as best as I could. Deep down the awareness simmered, but I found a way to cover it up. When I was a teenager, alcohol and drugs provided a blissful escape, but ultimately I felt worse, as their effects lingered in my sensitive system. Later, I developed defensive behaviors and built walls a mile thick around my emotions. Yet all the while I still felt *everything*.

Because no one else seemed to have an awareness like mine, I hid my experiences, keeping them to myself. I tried really hard to be like everyone else, but I always had the feeling that I didn't fit in anywhere. For a couple of decades, I lived a cardboard life. I lived and loved from the perspective of those around me—my friends, my family, everyone. For example, when I asked my dad what it would take for him to be proud of me, for me to be a success, he said, "Do well in business." So I set out to prove to dad that I was made of that stuff, that I had the grit and determination of a successful business person.

There came a day in 1998 when my cardboard world—everything that I knew to be my life, the foundation of my reality—began to crumble. I found myself alone on my friend's sofa because I had nowhere else that felt safe. One morning, I woke up and was sobbing. At that moment, there wasn't a thought in my head, but I was enshrouded in pain. My heart was broken. Nothing made sense. The grief was alive and consuming me.

It was time to regroup. “Okay, self,” I said, “We are not getting up off of this couch until we figure out what is going on here.”

I began to look at my life with a fresh set of eyes. I looked at my role in every situation. What I saw was a rude awakening. I had become dishonest and manipulative with myself, and I had a sense of false bravado that I was some great success. I realized that all I was doing was blaming everyone else for my problems. It was time take responsibility for my own actions and perceptions.

As I looked in my own inner mirror, I also realized that I was in no way authentic. I had learned to cover up every deep feeling, every perception, and every little tiny bit of me there was. I had to get real. So I reached into my heart of hearts and said aloud to the otherwise empty room, “Whoever I am, whatever I am, I *accept*.”

I can’t emphasize enough the humility that went with that statement, what it meant to truly let go. The words rolled through my body like a tidal wave. I felt much lighter than I had only a moment before. From that moment forward I decided to live authentically, no matter what, to maintain the humility that brought me to getting real.

The first thing I learned was that I didn’t know how to tell the truth. I don’t mean I lied to everyone all of the time. I didn’t know how to tell *myself* the truth, and because of that, I had become a pretty good B.S. artist with everyone else. But after that moment of humble acceptance, I began to practice truth. I caught myself when I was covering up what I really felt, and I began to learn how to feel safe revealing my more inner thoughts and feelings. Soon that spilled over into practicing on other people. I would swallow hard and speak the truth as I saw it. Funny thing was, as I did, people became more comfortable with me, and I with them. Simultaneously, the people in my life that really didn’t fit, people with whom I’d had destructive relationships, started to just kind of fade into the sunset. But as each negative person fell away, others came into my life—others who were authentic and, even more exciting, open to the idea that what we see around us isn’t the only reality there is in creation.

One day I ran into a tenant to whom I had leased a client’s house in the middle of a gorgeous old farm. She invited me to come to her house

for weekly group meetings she was having. She told me that the meetings were all about astrology, and that they did drumming and different things like that. The next week, I timidly wandered into the meeting. It was already in progress when I arrived. Everyone in the room was quiet except for a young woman in the back of the room. Her eyes were glazed, and her posture was kind of strange—stiff, like she wasn't comfortable in her body. My eyebrows must have gone up because someone seated near me whispered that the young woman was channeling. I had barely and only recently heard of channeling, and I wasn't even sure I believed in it. But I decided that if I were going to live authentically, I would stay out of judgment and give this experience a chance.

That experience was much more than chance. It was a door, and without realizing, I had walked right through it.

I continued going to the weekly meetings because the people who attended were wonderful, loving, and didn't seem to want anything from me. They honestly seemed to like me for me. It was a comfortable place—one where I had no ties, no strings, and I could learn to relate to people I didn't know from my new and authentic self. As I did, I started feeling energy in my hands; little squiggly spirals tickled the ends of my fingers. My palms were on fire. My intuition blew wide open. It was annoying at times because I would hear snips of people's thoughts, and I couldn't help it. I knew things—what would happen next, when it would happen, who would be there, everything.

I rediscovered that place inside of me that I knew so intimately as a child—that place I secretly called my holy place. When we did meditations at the meetings, I would automatically open my heart and move into that inner place I had found. I learned to stay in that place as long as I wanted. And as I accessed that place inside of me more and more, life began to get more and more comfortable—magical, in fact. I discovered that when I got out of my own way, life was really, really easy. Without realizing it, I was learning to live unconditionally.

Often, the young woman who had been channeling at the first meeting I'd attended would channel different entities, who gave very emotional messages to the group. During one such channeling, I was filled with so much energy that I felt as if I would explode. I could barely sit

still. I was physically uncomfortable, and the intensity continued to grow. Worse, my throat felt strange. It felt full and as if it would speak of its own accord. I clamped my mouth shut so hard it hurt. I didn't want to blurt something out and embarrass myself and everyone else. I felt as if I was having a battle with an unseen force, and it was nearly winning. When the channeler had finished, I could take it no longer. After a barely respectable moment, I jumped out of my chair and started pacing back and forth in the small room. I told the channeler I didn't know what was happening, and I described the feeling I was having inside.

She very kindly said, "That's just how I felt when I first began to channel."

Uh oh, I thought. This was *not* where I'd thought I was headed. Could I really channel? Me?

The mother and daughter who hosted the weekly meetings offered to work with me to see what would happen. I was given great instructions about how to keep myself safe, how to let only those entities who were "of the light" enter my body.

When I first began stepping aside so that an entity could speak through me, I would hover next to myself, just outside of my body, watching, listening. Since I had become all about authenticity, I became really annoyed at myself for doing this. After all, something might be said through my body, with my face, that someone would take home and use. That message might change their life, and it would be my fault. However, when I voiced that concern out loud, I realized I was calling in the wisdom of God and then questioning his word. Who was I to doubt? From that moment forward, once I was comfortable with the incoming energies, I leaped right out of my body. I became a deep-trance channel to the point where people used to identify my channeling with the work of Edgar Cayce, the sleeping prophet.

One night at group, after I was finished channeling and returned to my chair, I looked over at the young man who was sitting across from me. His kidneys were failing, and the dialysis treatment he was having wasn't working. He was on a transplant list. As I looked at him, my vision switched to his insides—not just to his internal organs, but also to the tiniest inner workings of his physical being. It was beautiful and fascinating.

Spontaneously, I began to read his body to him, somehow explaining that the sodium content and some other things having to do with his dialysis weren't in the right balance for him. I saw it all, and told him everything. Around the room, everyone stopped in their tracks.

The information turned out to be right on. When the young man's dialysis was adjusted to the new protocol, he felt much better.

This new ability was exciting to me. As time went on, I found that the reads would happen spontaneously if someone asked a health question. This gift seems to be a natural ability, and since my first experience, it has expanded. Many medical doctors have taken my classes on interdimensional healing. One of them actually stood up in front of a class of about thirty people and told them I was better than an MRI. I had worked with his sister who had metastatic breast cancer, and I had read tiny lesions in her brain, exactly where they were later found.

In conjunction to the new sight I had gained, the intense energy in my body was relentless. I couldn't seem to find a trigger switch to let the energy out of me. I was losing weight and couldn't sleep. It was as if I were plugged into an invisible force that never stopped. In an effort to get more comfortable, I began to play with the energy. I'd put on music that had no real melody, and I'd begin to move, allowing the energy to flow through me, out of my hands, around me, inside of me. One day, as I spread my hands, my sight opened again, and I saw a rainbow-colored arc flowing from my right hand over my head to my left hand. I was in awe.

And then I got aggravated. I started talking out loud. "Okay, this is beautiful, but I have no idea what to do with it. So *now what?*" I had no clue, so I kept moving and kept working with the energy.

Every morning, I did the same thing, and out of desperation, I would say aloud to no one I could see, "Someone *show me* what to do!"

One morning someone showed up. An absolutely magnificent holographic being stood right there in front of me, in the middle of my living room. I was so startled I jumped straight up and straight back.

He disappeared.

Quickly, I centered myself and found the sacred place within me. I opened my eyes, and there he stood again, patiently waiting for me. He

was grandly and extraordinarily tall, with very defined features. His hair was nearly black, and it flowed over his shoulders. He literally glowed in his crimson robes. In fact, he glowed seemingly from the inside out. He was almost transparent, but he felt huge and solid. Dear God, what was happening? I didn't know for sure, but I did know that all of those times I had begged for clarity, for help, for understanding, really had been heard.

The being started to move like I had been doing, but with some very subtle changes. As I watched him, the energy he manipulated changed color and shape. In my body, I could feel what was happening in his hands. I started to move too, mimicking him. As I did, the energy within my hands began to change shape and change color.

Every morning, as if by cosmic appointment, I met with this being, whom I had lovingly begun to refer to as "Master," because his presence felt like an expanded part of that holy place inside of me. His presence to me felt like sacredness embodied and oh, how humble I felt! Calling him Master seemed insufficient, almost trite, but yet there were no other words to describe him. Being with this Master reminded me of what it must be like to be in the presence of enlightened beings such as the group of Ascended Masters that included Jesus, Metatron, Enoch, and others. I grew to love these moments, when he and I would move together. Instead of feeling insane, I felt calmer and more centered than I ever had in my life. My inner vision had changed again and again, growing in scope and abilities. And all I kept saying was, "Show me." Never why, what, or who—just "Show me."

One day, as we were moving together, my entire sense of reality changed. It was as if I had leaped into another dimension or into someone else's dream. I found myself walking down a path, away from my cosmic teacher. As I walked down the path, a young boy came to me and said I had to go with him.

"No!" I firmly told him. I had to keep practicing.

The kid wouldn't take no for an answer. He looked like a peasant from 19th-century Europe. His blond hair was tousled, and his pants torn at the knees. His white shirt was at least two sizes too big and well worn, like a hand-me-down. Yet he spoke with such a confidence and

authority that I couldn't ignore him. So I followed. Up the narrow path we climbed until we came to a large opening in the native rock. It was the entrance to a grotto, a shallow cave. In it were twenty or so men, all in white. They were silent, as if keeping vigil for something. Another man there held a sword, tip down, in the position of peace. He silently beckoned me with his liquid brown eyes.

"Listen," I said, "I have work to do, and I don't have time for distractions." He remained silent, yet I heard in my body that I was supposed to go to him. I did. There was a ceremony, and he gave me a gift, although I didn't understand it at the time.

At the moment the ceremony culminated, my sense of reality shifted again, and I was at the entrance to a courtyard. There was a gate in the arched entrance, but I couldn't go through it. My feet felt glued to the floor. I could see people in the courtyard beyond, milling about. I wondered what this place was. It felt like a university of some kind, but I wasn't sure.

A wizened old man sat at a table to my left, seeming to ignore me. His gray hair straggled limply down the sides of his head, and his thin beard lay folded atop his huge belly. His eyebrows were so bushy I could barely see his narrow brown eyes. The table was inlaid with azurite, malachite, lapis lazuli, tiger's eye, moonstone, and other semiprecious stones. I heard a voice inside of me say to look up. The energy had begun to well up in me, so with my eyes, I raised my hands, hoping to release the intensity. Instead, light came out of my hands to meet the bright light that had opened above me. As I began to move, the light took on shape and density. It became a carved object, and that object felt as real as cold carved stone. I explored the object and then, somehow knowing what to do, set it on the old man's table.

Each day I worked with this new Master, changing energy into geometric shapes, then forms, and soon the objects seemed to solidify in my hands. As they did, I would reach over and set them on the Master's table. He would never acknowledge me. It was maddening to me that he never spoke about what was happening. I wanted him to tell me I was doing a good job. I wanted him to tell me *anything*. Finally, I realized there was no need for his approval. I was simply learning. I didn't know

what I was learning, but I knew something big was going on, and I was right in the midst of it.

Then, one day, as I reached my hands and my eyes up into the light, I saw the same dove I had seen as a child, hovering above me. I reached far into its light and felt something warm in my hand. As I brought my hand out of the light, I found myself holding a white dove. The light had solidified into this magnificent creature. Its breast was against the center of my palm. I could feel its heartbeat, smell its dander. Its warm breath tickled my thumb.

And I cried.

I was so overcome with emotion that I fell to my knees.

I held this little bird to my heart, and as I did the love within me grew to an indescribable volume. After being with this little miracle for a time, I lifted my hands back into the light and set him free. As he flew upward, he changed back into light.

I cried some more. It was so real. It had to be real. Would anyone else have seen it had they been there? What did it matter? I had found the doorway to the heavens, and my heart and soul had already leaped through it.

Not long after my second encounter with the dove, I found myself standing alone in a place that had no detail. There were no walls, no specific sources of light, just me. But as I looked around, I realized that my original Master was there. He reached out and covered me with a white cloak. I had no idea what that meant, except that things were about to change again.

Many days later, I decided to see what the white robe was about. Sitting in my favorite chair, I went into my now-familiar etheric, other-dimensional space and donned the robe. Immediately, I was in another reality—a terribly primitive one. Nearly naked men clamored toward an animal they had just brutally killed. The scent of fresh blood was overwhelming, and the men smelled so rank I could barely breathe. I started to move closer to see what was happening, what the men were doing, and all of a sudden, reality shifted again.

I was in another time, another place, *inside of a huge tree*. There, three old crones, all in rough, gray and brown pinafores that reminded me of

flour sacks, sat at a table. They were giggling as they watched a curved wooden fish rock back and forth in front of them.

Then *whoosh!* Again reality shifted, and I was somewhere else, then somewhere else. I was jumping time and space! I was literally visiting other times and places. And the people in each new setting *could see me!*

The morning after that initial dizzying series of trips, I sat down in my favorite chair again. As I entered into the unlimited realms of consciousness, I found myself in a room that seemed to have no walls. I felt as if I was somewhere before time as we know it. No matter how far I reached with my awareness, I could identify no boundaries. A holographic pyramid hovered all around me, and I saw myself inside of it. At the same time, I saw myself about twenty feet away, watching myself. And all that time, I was aware of myself standing in my living room. There were three of me and I realized that I had gone multidimensional.

Inside the pyramid chamber, a new Master came. His robes were violet, he felt older than time, and as he moved, the light he emitted trailed behind him. He told me he was from the before times—the times before the earth was formed and before the people who came before us inhabited the earth. He showed me a time and place so far back I had no point of reference for it.

We stood within the light of the pyramid that surrounded us. Before us was a table with someone on it, but I couldn't see enough detail to know who it was. Together the new Master and I began to work with energy in an entirely new and different way. He stepped inside of my body. As I looked down at my arms, they were no longer mine—they were the Master's. As we worked in unison, my mentor had me feel the energy of he and I combined as well as the energy inside of the person on the table. My new Master showed me, in geometric patterns, how the energy was transmuting into a completely changed form. We were literally changing the energy field of the person on the table, harmonizing it, altering the frequencies of the energies, the shapes, and even the way the different energies related to each other.

At one point the Master stepped back and my attention was directed fully to the person on the table. I was startled to see that we

had been working on yet another dimensional version of me! Then I stood behind myself watching myself working on myself. Needless to say, this was getting a bit confusing. Was I really all that? Was I none of it? I decided that the questions didn't matter; only what I saw and learned did.

This was true interdimensionality. I felt as if I had finally gone home.

Over many sessions together, this Master took me into many other chambers and taught me vastly about energy and healing. He took me to one chamber with a table that looked like a great alabaster slab. As I looked at the table, a body materialized above it. The body was transparent and began to rotate. I saw areas inside of the body that were dark, not light and airy like the rest of the body. The Master showed me how to command change in the body. Just as I had done with the previous Master in the courtyard, I reached into the light, and the energies changed form. I was learning about harmonic dysfunction in the human body.

The Master took me to another chamber that looked like it had pillars all around it and a depressed area in the floor at the center. Other Masters stood between the pillars. In my head I heard the words, "Holding the energy." Then I heard, "This is one of the healing chambers of what you call Atlantis."

From the floor all around the depression shot arcs of energy. Full-color spectrums of light arched from one side to the other across a body that laid in the depression in the floor. I immediately understood. The body was becoming retuned. The color spectrums were affecting the entire body, and the energy of the body was responding. Again I had the understanding that the body in the chamber was me and that in my experience I was absorbing libraries of healing and knowledge. Some part of me was beginning to understand what was going on with this entire set of experiences.

During subsequent visits, several more Masters came and went. It seemed that each of them brought me a new piece of the cosmic puzzle, an etheric education that defied all logic or cognizance. Once I had a great grasp of geometry and color and energy relations, they began to

show me how all of those things were related to the creation of reality and matter. Later they showed me how, within the form of creation, consciousness travels and new realities are created. The lessons never ceased. I found myself knowing about sciences that I had never studied. I became more and more capable of reaching my consciousness out into the ether for virtually any kind of information, and even more astounding, I actually began to comprehend the meaning of the experiences. The pieces of the puzzle came together as a body of knowledge that was infinite and fully accessible.

One morning toward the end of the intense succession of Masters, I entered into interdimensional awareness and found myself standing at a water's edge, watching the most beautiful Master I had ever seen. He was in robes that overlapped in cobalt and sky blues. He shimmered, and he, even more than the other Masters, felt like that holy place inside of me that was so familiar. I knew he was the embodiment of love. He stood silently and waited for me to get his message. Instantly and without effort, I moved across the water to stand behind him. I reached around his waist, and I *stepped into him!*

I had graduated.

The Master then took me into a new chamber and handed me what looked like a golden chalice. On its stem were intricately carved symbols. I had never seen anything like them. As I looked at them, the symbols seemed to fill me with something beyond thought, beyond words. They were filling me with knowledge.

Taking the cup into my hand, I looked inside. It was filled with liquid light.

"Drink of this," the Master said.

I did.

A strange peace washed through me. I knew that whatever had just happened, life was never going to be the same again. After my graduation, on a daily basis, nearly everything that I thought became reality. I experienced a clarity about every aspect of creation, from the tiniest to the largest. My consciousness could reach into the ethers for any kind of information I desired, even on subjects I knew nothing about. *I had consciously and willingly entered into the infinite.*

As I worked with my new knowledge, the tools that I had been given, and the skills that I had been taught by the Masters, I seemed to move instantly through time and space. Consciously traveling through the cosmos, I saw planets born, stars explode, planets change their elliptical patterns. I gained understanding of black holes, parallel realities, and dimensions; I began to learn the shortcuts through time and space via wormholes and stargates, in form and function. As I travelled through the cosmos, I saw geometric shapes—cubes, rectangles, pyramids, and more. I got the feeling they were doorways. Once I walked through one of these holographic shapes and discovered it was a portal to knowledge. Through that portal, I learned about light and harmonics, color and frequencies, geometry and its relations to everything in creation. I learned that light has memory. Light actually never, ever forgets. And I learned why and how.

Outside of my training with the Masters, I was still participating in the metaphysical group that I had earlier so timidly joined. Months had gone by, the seasons had changed from the beginning of spring to fall and then winter. I had lost my concept of “earth time” as my travels in other realities had taught me that time truly doesn’t exist except in our perceptions. At about this time, individual entities stopped coming through me when I channeled and a higher frequency group consciousness began to speak through me. It wasn’t one being; it was a group of beings. They called themselves the A Lan Ta. They said that was the true name of Atlanteans. They were very powerful and serious. Listening to the tapes of the A Lan Ta is like listening to intergalactic lessons in consciousness. Over about eight weeks, the group of beings taught me about the structure of the pyramid, its meaning, the universal relationship between pyramids and all of creation, and about much more. When they were finished, they were gone.

The A Lan Ta were followed by an even more high-frequency group of beings. The new group had no name. They said that to define them with words is an untruth because they, like us, are infinite beings. This group remains with me even now. Shortly after the new group appeared, they began filling my head with many of the symbols that you will experience in this book. Often I would see the symbols rain down over me or

over the person with whom I worked on the healing table. Each symbol is like a library unto itself. Each contains measureless amounts of messages that will fill you energetically with information more ancient than time. It is impossible to form a cognitive meaning for any of them. They are beyond words, and they are exquisite. They are, as I say, initiation and instruction by osmosis.

My “guys,” as I call the group, are loving and hilarious, serious and the epitome of love. They are both male and female in their presence and have never had the experience of inhabiting a physical body—they are beings of light. They have remained with me for nearly ten years now, guiding me, teaching me, and often exasperating me as they interrupt me either in my thoughts or while I am teaching. They speak in my mind, appear once in a while to make a point, or take me to places in other realities. Sometimes they wake me up at night, standing near my bed and pushing at me with their energy fields. We have come to a balance with each other that allows me to have my much-needed human experiences while they guide and teach me about things beyond this world at the same time. The Masters who taught me in the beginning, and others who now come and go to speak both to me and through me, are all truth embodied. When I leave my body so that they can speak through me, I find myself among them, part of their collective consciousness. They have brought so much information to us over the past ten or so years that I can’t possibly remember it all. Further, they are always right.

Over time, I’ve discovered that when I have learned new and amazing things that I don’t really understand, someone—a human being who I don’t know at all, but who is exactly the right person to share the information with—comes to me.

For example, just after the Masters gave me new and different information about genetics and the inner workings of DNA, a geneticist came to visit me. She was a beautiful soul. She came to my home, sat in a chair in my living room, and shook her head.

“I have no idea why I am here,” she said.

“What do you do?” I asked.

“I am a geneticist,” she replied.

I nearly jumped out of my chair. When I shared my visions with her (my terminology was not great, but my descriptions were good enough that she understood me completely), she asked me how I knew what I was telling her. Apparently, part of the information I gave her had been published in a genetics journal just that week. She was excited about the information and believed what I was telling her was real and true. So I told her about what was coming next in the field of genetics—about changes in our DNA strands, how the segments in the strands will begin to interrelate and many to date unused segments will begin waking up and becoming active. I also told her what I saw in our future, as the relationships within and across DNA strands will be changing as well as increasing in electromagnetic emissions from the strands themselves.

One week a man came to our group. He told me that he had heard about my experiences, and he wanted me to speak at the conference he was producing. I was at once excited and terrified, but in those moments, a speaker was born. The day of my talk, I was worried that when I began to tell my story, people would walk out on me. After all, the story I had to tell was beyond bizarre, even to me. Instead, as I talked, the audience was riveted. And when the hour was over, no one moved. They wanted more. I realized that people were hungry for the kind of information I had to share.

When people began to find out what I knew, what effects interdimensional healing could have—like heart valves spontaneously repairing themselves, tumors disappearing, lives changing dramatically and instantly—my life was no longer my own. People began to flock to me, wanting me to fix them. I tried and tried to help them understand that they could fix themselves, and still they came. Realizing the gifts that I had found in myself were not for me to hide, but for the world, I found it hard to say no. I eventually got hung up in that messianic place of thinking that my life was indelibly not mine any more. I remember thinking, “What about me?”

The thought made me very sick.

In 2003, I found a lump in my breast that turned out to be a huge mass of cancer—stage three and growing like a wild fire. The tumor was larger than my fist and had grown to within 2 millimeters of my chest

wall. According to medical doctors, the prognosis was grim. But I knew I could fix it. I had all of the tools, right? But just in case, I called everyone that I knew who was adept at alternative healing, and the night before my surgery was scheduled, we all met in the ethers and worked together. The morning of my surgery, I awoke to find that the tumor was still there. I found that really hard to believe, but there it was, and there I was living a nightmare that was only beginning.

“I guess this is mine to experience,” I remember thinking courageously. So I went through a devastating surgery that left me ravaged and what I considered to be permanently mutilated. But the doctors were amazed to see that instead of growing into my lymph glands or further out into the tissues of my chest, the tumor had encapsulated. It had been enclosed in a wall of tissue, and even though it was over 7 inches long and 5 inches wide, it had not spread anywhere else. “Well,” I thought, “we *did* get it handled, didn’t we?”

Despite successfully removing the entire tumor, my doctors still told me to expect the worst. They were certain that with a cancer as aggressive as mine had been, I didn’t stand much chance of it not recurring. After they nearly killed me with the first few treatments of chemotherapy, I had had enough. I told them I would take care of any further cancer *my way*.

And I did. Now, many years later, I am alive and healthy, with no residual effects from the cancer and no reoccurrence. After the initial surgery and treatments, we moved to another state, and after several years of regular checkups, my new doctor was awed that the cancer hadn’t returned. He actually confessed to me that my previous doctors had told him that they didn’t expect me to live for the rest of the year after my tumor had been removed.

From my cancer experience, I realized that I’d thought I’d learned all there was to know, that the knowledge I’d received was all too big for me alone, and that I had to give my life away to share it. I was wrong. I just needed to change my perspective. Being sick allowed me to see into my very soul. I saw what I believed, how my belief had played a game with my head, and how my emotions had gotten unmanageable because I felt apart from others. Even though I had no one to talk with. I learned that that really didn’t matter. I chose to set boundaries for myself, and to learn

to receive as much as I give. It was by far the best decision I ever made. I am far more than a survivor. Now I live life fully. I laugh, and I love, and I feel deeply without covering my feelings up. I don't put things off and over time I have done what I wanted, gone where I wanted to go, and lived as fully as possible. What I got out of the whole cancer and recovery process saved my life.

Today I never know what is next. My guys pop in and out of my awareness, which can frankly be irritating at times. Often, they will come in, commanding me to do something, and I will tell them that I am too busy. They repeat themselves, and I blow them off. If they give their command a third time, I stop, no matter what I am doing, and do whatever they request. Three times is truth no matter what, and I have learned that well. They have never been wrong, and following their directions without question has changed my life dramatically.

I now know that life is magic, and the secrets I'm given aren't mine to keep. I have felt for years as if I've gone to cosmic grad school and have had to find ways here on earth to communicate what I have come to know. The doorways into the cosmos—to the past, present, and future, to unformed reality and the densities we call our world—are very real. If one is paying attention, one can be filled with knowledge that humanity has forgotten. I am no different than you, I've just paid attention. You can too.

My quest to apply what I learned particularly about the pyramids and the universal construct has led me on a personal journey all over the world, where I have visited many so-called sacred sites—some well known, some little known. As I have encountered each, I have begun to recognize that the ancients who came before us left us a complete blueprint of creation, of consciousness, of our history and our destiny. The information contained in these sites is very much the same as what the Masters have shown me. The real secret is that there are no secrets.

The information in this book is a combination of what the Masters have taught me and what I have witnessed within our world as I endeavor to apply to life the amazing things that I have learned. The two are intrinsically and indelibly related. In fact, the information in this book is about life, who we are, and our capabilities. It has always been right in front of

us, waiting for interpretation for millennia. The time for us to understand is now, and the translation is resonating infinitely within us, as it always has. As I have traveled the world, encountering what the ancients left behind, I have realized that the Masters brought me a most profound message to give to the world. In my journey, I have come to understand that we truly are the Consciousness within all of Creation.

We are the consciousness within the living One.

Reality isn't happening to us; we are happening to reality. We really do create our experiences, and we can change them at anytime by changing our perceptions.

Over time, science has proven much of the information that my guys have shared over the years. For example, eight months after I published my first book, *Pyramids of Light*, in 2004, the cover of *Science Magazine* included graphics about geometry and creation that were nearly identical to the graphics I had created for my book. The accompanying article matched, in places, nearly word-for-word what I had said in my book, thus proving that what my guys had said, earth's human scientists were saying, too. Scientists are beginning to understand that there is intangible evidence of the existence of unseen worlds. Every day, they are proving what lies beyond the quantum. In laboratories, they are even learning to measure the light emanations of human beings.

Creation is both within us and around us, constantly reinventing itself in every moment. What is infinite has immeasurable facets. It is boundless, and as my guys say, you cannot quantify that which is immeasurable.

From every direction, reality looks a little bit different. Just as each of us looks a little different from the next person, so do our truths. But beyond those perceptions, there is only one truth: that truth that has always been and that, after we are long gone, will always be. The infinite, the ever-changing, ever-regenerating facets of creation are truly timeless.

Matter never dies; it just changes form. Nothing is forever, except for that which is created by us. In that vein, all of the little things don't seem so important anymore. What are important are the messages that

we send out to creation every moment that we exist. Our messages to creation bring us the reality we experience, and they affect everything around us, too. It's time we as a whole realize how powerful we are.

Read this book not with skepticism, but with an open mind and a soul that yearns for truth. I think that you will recognize that truth in these pages. As I write these words, a resounding cacophony of voices ring out at once, in a rare moment when all of the Masters speak in unison. The chorus of their voices morphs into threads of glowing streams of light, in a myriad of living colors, that weave together in a tapestry of blinding light.

Aren't we, too, all that?