



Reflections<sub>ON</sub>  
**Mourning**  
A JOURNEY IN SPIRIT

PT. NARENDRA DUTT MISHRA

Reflections on Mourning: A Journey in Spirit

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# Preface

This is a true account of my journey in spirit that took place between July 23<sup>rd</sup> and July 29<sup>th</sup>, 2017. It is in fact my personal journal of the experience, with very minor edits for clarity. If it does not read like a typical journal it was not meant to... but more on that after.

For now, please allow me the opportunity to briefly introduce myself. I am by profession a Vedic Priest & Astrologer, and Reiki Master. My passion is in metaphysical research and writing for which I founded a blog, [awakeningspark.com](http://awakeningspark.com). My academic and professional background is grounded in Science, Technology, and Education where I have both graduate and postgraduate qualifications and over 18 years of experience.

This blend of both science and spirituality has allowed me to have an open mind regarding paranormal phenomenon and spiritual experiences; yet, as Professor Walter Kotschnig puts it, “not so open that your brains fall out.” I have been blessed with a richness of spiritual experiences and I have been led to investigate the serious science behind these experiences. I delineate quite clearly serious science as opposed to pseudo-science. My search for scientific explanations and rationale for paranormal phenomenon has led to a rather unexpected source-Quantum Physics.

It should be noted before we go on that the preface for a book such as this is really no place for the rigorous treatment that such a topic demands. One of the best books that I have read on the matter is *The Self-Aware Universe* by Professor Amit Goswami. I strongly encourage interested readers to get their hands on this book and devote some time to its study. For our purposes, an outline of some of its salient points will suffice.

The science that is commonly practiced today is very materialistic. It is based on the primacy of physical matter. Consciousness is seen as an epiphenomena of matter ( i.e. secondary to and arising from). Quantum physics is very strongly suggesting what Hinduism and other eastern religions have taught for millennia:

- There is a single, unitive consciousness that precedes matter, and has created, upholds, and destroys this universe (or multiverse),
- There exists a non-physical realm (also called the spirit or astral world, or higher dimensions) that is more real than our physical world,
- This physical world is but a shadow (*Maya* or illusion) of that transcendental world, and that
- We are essentially spiritual beings residing in the transcendent realm, with temporary physical bodies.

This last point is particularly pertinent. We are spiritual beings. We reside in the non-physical transcendent realm. We are currently having a human experience here on planet Earth. It is this understanding that gives credence to this book and its description of a journey in spirit.

What exactly is a journey in spirit? I would say it is the ability to shift one's awareness from one's physical body to one's subtle body that resides in the transcendent realm and consciously manipulate the subtle body. The subtle body bears a likeness to our physical form, and it is the form we possess when upon the astral or spirit planes. Most people who have a near death experience and experience being out of the body report being in their subtle bodies for the duration of the experience.

This ability to shift our awareness from physical to subtle is a skill that most of us lose almost completely when we are born upon this Earthly plane. Apparently we do it sometimes unconsciously in dream while we sleep.

It is important to note that this subtle body is not constrained by the usual physical limitations. It allows for instant and open exploration of this vast multiverse. I would thoroughly recommend reading *Journey of Souls* by Dr. Michael Newton to readers whose interest may be piqued by this.

I also invite you to explore my website at [awakeningspark.com](http://awakeningspark.com) for detailed articles that blend both science and spirituality into a cohesive, mutually-dependent whole; for science is incomplete without the deep meaning that only spirit can provide, and spirit without the clear reasoning of science remains a mysterious force susceptible to superstition born from misunderstanding. As Einstein famously said, "Science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind."

This book would not be possible were it not for the boundless grace of my Paramguru, Pt. Jeewan Maharaj. From an early age, he awakened the Divine Spark within me. Now it is my turn to do the same for others. Whatever good there is in this work is through his grace. Any faults are completely mine.

I also owe a profound debt of gratitude to Steve Beckow, Editor-in-Chief of Golden Age of Gaia, who has been encouraging me to publicly share my experiences for the benefit of others also on the spiritual path. In fact this is the genesis of this book. Steve's encouragement to me was met with a great deal of hesitation on my part, which in turn led to deep introspection. Why is it that we would readily share negative experiences, grouse, and complaints, and not share positive experiences of a deeply spiritual nature, the sort which gives meaning to life itself? This book is my humble attempt to correct that imbalance.

Thus, it is with the greatest humility, and love for the Spark of Divinity within you that I present this book to you in the hope that you may find some inspiration within its pages. May the One Infinite Creator, who has written, and is now reading these words, bless us all.

# Introduction

This journey of spirit began rather innocuously at a light lunch with my very dear friend and gifted healer, Rev. Lynda Humphrey Seales. This was sometime back in mid-2016. Presenting a youthful appearance that belies her middle years, Lynda is a full-bodied woman, strong in both physique and character. She is an ordained Minister in the African Spiritual Baptist tradition, a Reiki Master, and licensed energy therapist. Lynda and I have worked professionally together on several occasions, for which we always joke at the stark contrast we provide- me being the young(ish) Indian male of Hindu background, and she being the older, African female of Christian background.

While at lunch the discussion turned to the similarities between different cultures and traditions in their marking of the final rites of passage for their monks. We explored the common notion of making initiates spend time alone, in prayer and fasting for days at a time. Indian, African, Egyptian, and many indigenous cultures shared this same tradition. I offered for example the lives of Swami Yogananda, in *Autobiography of a Yogi*, and Swami Rama in *Living with the Himalayan Masters*.

Whilst we were discussing this topic, Spirit (the term I use for higher dimensional entities which may include Deities, Angels, Ascended Masters, and Galactics) came through Lynda very clearly (did I mention that Lynda is also a very gifted channel for Spirit?) The message she received from them was clear. I was to mourn.

Mourning is the term given to the African Spiritual Baptist practice of initiation. The person who is called by Spirit to mourn must undergo a very intense period of fasting and prayer while he/she journeys in spirit. He/She is called a Pilgrim, in search of Truth. The ceremony is akin to the final rites of passage for monks that we were discussing.

We were both taken aback at the message, forks literally dropping from our hands. Lynda stood up and started pacing, arguing with Spirit. I was confused, yet excited at the same time. This was very novel. An Indian Vedic priest undergoing an African Spiritual Baptist ceremony. Furthermore, not just any ceremony but one that is perhaps most sacred in their tradition. On the other hand, this was a typical example of the type of religious and cultural camaraderie that we enjoy in Trinidad & Tobago.

Needless to say, Spirit won the argument with Lynda. I was to mourn and that was that. It took almost a year for everything to fall into place however. A suitable site meeting certain strict criteria needed to be found that could accommodate four people for a week. Lynda would be the Pointer or Guide on the journey and her elder sister Cynthia would be the Tracker. The Tracker's role was to accompany the Pilgrim in Spirit and observe the journey. I would of course

be the Pilgrim. We were missing one crucial person- the Nurse or Labourer who would provide physical assistance. Eventually Lynda found Stephanie who filled that role.

I think it instructive to point out a few pertinent details about both Cynthia and Stephanie at this point. For several years Cynthia has been battling a degenerative disease that has left her reliant on the aid of a walker to get around. She is also in constant pain, but her spirit rallies forward, and she is always cheerful. Perhaps it is this lack of physical mobility that has propelled her to be extremely agile in the world of spirit.

Stephanie, to my good fortune, was a licensed nurse and thus well qualified to assist me physically. Furthermore, she had prior experience in mourning as a Pilgrim and knew what to expect. Her experience would prove to be invaluable.

The designated venue was the newly constructed Colibre Creative Centre of Light in Santa Cruz, Trinidad. Nestled in the foothills of the Northern Range, with a gushing river nearly at its doorstep, it provided the perfect ambience for a journey in spirit.

With all the details sorted out, I was ready to leave the world behind for a week and venture onto a brand new adventure- a journey in spirit.



**Colibre Creative Centre of Light**

# The Journey

I arrived at the Colibre Creative Centre of Light at around 1.30pm with Stephanie in tow. Stephanie was to be my Nurse/Labourer while I was down in mourning, then I would Nurse/Labour for her while she was down. Lynda and her sister Cynthia were already there, preparing the place for our week-long stay. I volunteered my assistance but was sweetly and politely refused by Lynda who told me to just relax and mentally prepare myself for the next three days that I would be down. So I did just that, soaking in the ambience of the rainforest that kissed the border of the property.

After a couple of hours or so, the room was ready and things were in place to begin. I stood at the door and looked in at the room that I would spend the next few days of my life in. It was a standard sized room, measuring perhaps twelve feet square. It was completely bare except for a small table off to one corner where Lynda had placed several articles of religious significance. There was only one window that opened into a narrow corridor that led out the back door. The room was perfectly secluded, even within the building.

I looked forward to taking a bath and changing into the the *kurta* suit that I had bought for the purpose. While in mourning I would be blindfolded for the three days, with none of the usual ablutions allowed. I would neither shower, nor brush my teeth, nor change clothing. Food would be severely limited. Fasting, meditation, prayer, and hopefully astral travels, called Tracks, would be the order of the next few days. Sadly however, my dreams of a fresh bath were dashed when we realized that the water from the taps were filled with heavy sediment. I had no choice but to change into my *kurta* suit without bathing, though I was sweating from the humidity. Having changed, I was as ready as I could be.

The ceremony began with Stephanie washing my feet, hands, and face with a tub of water filled with various leaves and oils. I was told that I was henceforth stripped of everything that I associated myself with, even my name. I would now be referred to as Number One. Standing at the doorway of the room that I would spend the next three days in, I was then to close my eyes and keep them closed for the duration of the ceremony. The ceremony now began in earnest.

Various hymns were raised by Lynda, with Cynthia and Stephanie in chorus. Then a peculiar marching type song, perhaps a hymn, was raised. There was loud clapping to mark the

beat and I could well imagine Lynda dancing as well. Cynthia held my hands at the door and said to me, “Number One, you are now going to be traveling along a different path than you are used to. To travel that path, you will walk differently.” She then proceeded to instruct me in a very specific march, involving the simultaneous use of arms and legs. The song and beat provided the cadence, and I marched along on spot.

“Travel the road, pilgrim,” came Cynthia’s voice. I was supposed to march along in spirit whilst physically marching, but it was difficult. I was having some trouble getting my arms and legs coordinated with the beat. I was never much of a dancer.

“Number One, someone is waiting for you,” said Cynthia, seemingly in tune now with the spirit world. I didn’t see anyone or anything. My eyes were closed and I was more or less focussed on getting the march down right without falling right down. The marching continued for a while, the tempo now increased.

“Don’t let him get away Number One! Ask him questions!” Cynthia was apparently in trance.

With some effort I focussed my mind and found myself walking along a dirt road in spirit with a cloaked and bearded figure at my side. He looked like my ancestral guide, a great sage, whom I had met before in meditation and hypnosis sessions but I couldn’t be sure at the time.

“Questions,” I thought to myself. “What can I possibly ask?” From somewhere in the depths of my being, a question arose in my mind which I mentally voiced to the figure beside me.

“Why am I here?”

“To find yourself,” came the cryptic reply. The vision then disappeared from my mind’s eye.

“Very good Number One,” said Cynthia, happily. She seemed to have heard the exchange in the astral plane.

The marching stopped soon after. Lynda asked if I had brought along a copy of the Bhagavad Gita by chance, which I hadn’t. I was then told to place my hands on a copy of the Bible and swore an oath that what transpired in the room would be kept secret. I did. After which, with my eyes closed, I was turned around several times and led to a different spot on the room. My feet were on a soft sponge, which I recognized as the padded bamboo mat I had brought to sleep on.

I was told to kneel and hymns were again raised. Lynda came forward and started placing bands of cloth on both my shoulders. I would later learn that these had to be specially prepared

with energy symbols marked with candle wax. With a deliberate firmness, she pressed the bands down deeply as if to inscribe them upon me. She then proceeded to band my eyes, quite tightly.

One, two, three, four bands were placed and tied around my eyes. By this time, a fear arose within me, along with a feeling of claustrophobia. I began gasping for breath. Sweating, I began to panic. A feeling of nausea permeated my being. I said as much to Lynda who instructed me stand up. She had already placed some more bands around my eyes, finishing with pasting my head with saffron and banding my entire head. By this time I was weak, feeling faint. Lynda placed my hands around her neck for support.

It was only later that I realized that this experience was meant to purge me of the emotions I had stored from a childhood event in which I accidentally locked myself in a box for some time, hours maybe. The resultant fear and trauma I had kept emotionally suppressed until now. The only way to purge myself of it was to re-experience it. My Higher Self probably utilized the opportunity to do so. At the time however, this was the furthest thing from my mind. I collapsed to the floor in a near faint, kneeling with my forehead to the ground.

Throughout this time, the chanting continued. Eventually, with the support and encouragement of Lynda, Cynthia and Stephanie, I gathered enough strength to sit up for myself. I was then told to lie flat on the mat on my back, and they raised another chant, intending to get me astrally traveling. Lynda kneeled down to place something in my hands that felt like a candle stick. “Keep this with you at all times,” she said, “Do not lose it.”

“And don’t give it away either,” Cynthia added.

“What is it?” I asked, thinking it was a candle stick to perhaps light my way in spirit.

“That’s for you to find out,” Lynda replied.

Whispering now in my ear, Lynda gave me the Word. “Remember this, chant it at all times along with your mantras.”

The Word was to be kept a secret. Only later I found out that the Word is different for each Pilgrim, and reflects exactly what they will need on their journey.

Lynda continued her instructions, this time out loud. “When traveling you will meet various beings. Introduce yourself to them saying ‘Good day.’ It is always day in the spirit world. Tell them you are a pilgrim, in search of knowledge, wisdom and understanding. You may ask their names and whether they have something to teach or show you.”

Memorizing the Word and the instructions, I prepared to travel. However, my body had different intentions. Almost immediately my legs started spasming, an issue I've had for quite a while when my leg muscles are tired/strained.

“There'll always be obstacles to prevent you on your journey,” I heard Lynda say out loud. “The weakest point of the body will be victim. Your spirit wants to leave to explore but your body is afraid, thinking it will die. It will put up a fight.”

Astral traveling was new to me. I was accustomed to receiving guidance in meditation, both visual and aural, but traveling was beyond my ken.

Lynda and Stephanie both attempted to massage my legs but it was to no avail. I couldn't travel that night. After the session finished I was left to get some rest, pray and mediate for the balance of the night. I could hear from soft rustles around that at least one of them was with me in the room at all times.

It was a trying night. The ground was hard. The bands were tight and uncomfortable. I hadn't showered and it was hot, despite a fan being directly on me. I was unused to sleeping with long-sleeved garments. Worse, the feeling of fear and anxiety still hadn't left me completely. I was beginning to doubt that I would make it. I slept fitfully and sporadically. During the moments I was awake I would chant in my mind, both the given Word and Vedic mantras.

Blessedly, I eventually found some sleep and morning came to find me more relaxed and at peace. “I can do this,” I thought to myself. Lynda and the others were pleased at my regained composure and soon started the morning's prayer service. There were various hymns and chants, and then I was told to start marching again. Spiritual travel would begin.

I marched in place for a while. Suddenly my body became extremely hot with an inner heat that had nothing to do with the physical exercise. The fan was already on so there was nothing that could be done further. I sat on the mat feeling extremely uncomfortable. I drank some water that Stephanie provided to little effect.

“That heat you are feeling is all you. The room is cool,” said Lynda. Indeed, it was a different kind of heat in my body, emanating from my cells, from deep within. It gradually grew in intensity, soon overpowering me.

“The heat,” I said. “It is too much.”

“Find some water Number One. A river, a lake, anything,” said Cynthia. She was instructing me to find the solace in the spirit world.

“Why not,” I thought. “The heat emanates from there so the solution will be there.”

I stood up, imagining a cool shower of rain falling on me. After a short while the heat subsided somewhat and I could sit again, cross-legged on the mat. Lynda started speaking, encouraging and guiding me to travel, while Cynthia and Stephanie continued singing and chanting.

Spontaneously, I travelled.

### **Track 1**

I found myself in the astral plane, standing in front of a staircase of light. A white carpet with a fine blue floral border was rolled down the stairs for me. Still partially conscious of the others singing and chanting, I ascended the stairs in spirit.

I emerged in a narrow corridor, with dark wooden panelling against the walls. There was a side table and some decorative pieces hung on the wall but I paid them no mind. I walked forward to find myself on the balcony of a large circular ballroom. The floor was of white marble and there was a shiny railing running the length of the room. A short flight of stairs led down to the main area which appeared to be of black and white marble flooring. There were many beings present, both male and female, all of whom were dressed as if at a fancy ball. They were grouped in twos and threes for the most part, engaged in conversation. Some of them turned to look at me as I entered.

A figure approached me. A man, dressed in a black suit. Instinctively I knew he was an usher or doorkeeper. I greeted him as instructed and asked where was this place.

“Welcome,” he said. “We’ve been awaiting you.”

He took me by the hand and proceeded to lead me along the balcony to my left. “This is the first heaven.”

“The first heaven,” I thought to myself. “In Vedic literature there are seven.”

We stopped by a door which opened to a small room with two, maybe three figures inside. One of them, dressed in golden robes with red trimming, turned to me and smiled. It came to me that he was the king here, or whatever title might be used in this place.

Wordlessly, he handed me a golden goblet, inlaid with gemstones. I took it from his hands, expecting to find red wine. Instead, there was a milky-white liquid inside. “Could this be the nectar of the heavens?” I thought, taking a sip. “In that case, according to the scriptures I’ll be joining them here as an immortal.”

Reading my thoughts, the being smiled. “You are one of us now,” he said.

I thanked him, and asked if there was anything I could give him in return. Looking down at my hands, he asked for that which I held. I did not realize up until that point that I was holding anything. I looked down at my hands to see it was the object that Lynda had given me, blazing brilliantly with a pure white light, reminiscent of an illuminated, white florescent bulb, only much, much brighter. “It's the wand,” I thought to myself. I recalled Lynda buying it- a simple obelisk of selenite crystal.

Remembering Cynthia’s words to not give it away, I respectfully declined. He laughed, his eyes twinkling. “Do you know what is that?” he asked, “Do you know what it is used for?”

I shook my head, no I did not. Taking my hand in his, he placed the object to my heart. “Keep it safe,” he said, his eyes all smiles. Apparently he was not interested in the wand, only in testing me.

“Thank you,” I said. “Where do I go from here?”

“Keep traveling. Continue your journey.”

The room faded and I found myself in space, stars twinkling all around me. I could see star clusters and nebulae in the distance. “Where to now?” I wondered. Immediately, the scene changed and I was on to my next journey.

## **Track 2**

I found myself in a rainforest. Just ahead of me was a large stone facing, with a protruding ledge about half way up. Above the ledge was a cave. Off to the side of the ledge was a small waterfall, which fell into a stream running off to my right. To my left was lush vegetation.

Even as I looked I noticed movement on the ledge. A gigantic snake uncoiled itself from the ledge, lowering its head just enough to loom over me. It's head alone was bigger than I was.

Strangely, I felt no fear. I greeted him as instructed and he turned around, wordlessly inviting me to follow him into the cave.

He stopped at the back of the cave where lay a large pile of treasure. He selected one with his mouth and deposited it into my hand.

I looked at what he dropped into my hand. It was a smooth crystal ball, about the size of a small fist, glowing with what Lynda later described as the colour of "rich, oxygenated blood."

"What is this?" I asked.

"This belongs to you," he spoke into my mind. "You left it behind."

"What do I do with it?"

"You will know when the time comes."

In my mind I had the image of inserting it into something. With that, I returned to my body- just in time to hear Lynda saying, "...and don't come back to us until you have something to report."

I smiled and said, "I have something to report."

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"I don't know if this is my imagination, but..." I described to her my travels. Some details I omitted, the most notable of which was the treasure pile in the cave which she picked up on herself.

"That is the stuff of which Tracks are made," she said after I had finished. "That was not your imagination. You were traveling. Making Tracks."

She continued, "Your first Track is very interesting because I experienced a very similar thing when I mourned the second time. I ascended a flight of white marble stairs to a circular balcony with a shiny golden railing. There were some stairs that led down into the galaxy. I was told to step down off the stairs into the galaxy. I'm not surprised that you were expected, and you were tested. It is good you didn't give the wand away."

Moving on to the next Track she said, "I admire you for not being scared of the snake," she said with a chuckle. "Snakes are not my thing. By the way, did you notice a pile of treasure in his cave?"

"Yes," I said, amazed that she picked up on it.

"Good. That's his job. To guard Soul treasures while we journey along various lifetimes until we are ready for them again."

It was quite apparent that Lynda knew of the snake and the treasure piles.

"The red crystal is very interesting," she continued. "When I was buying candles for this occasion I was drawn to buying red. Red candles are never used in mourning. Do you know you have two red candles on either side of you?"

Of course I didn't, I was blindfolded.

Sometime shortly after Cynthia came into the room. "What are those red candles doing there?" she asked.

"When you hear of Number One's Tracks you'll understand," Lynda responded proudly.

"Good," came the reply. "I was standing just outside the door when I saw a snake come to him in the room, and then saw a red crystal ball."

I was impressed. Cynthia was able to Track my journeys, even while out of the room. In a later conversation with Lynda I was told that this is one of her gifts that she was given. It was part of the job of a Nurse/Labourer while someone was mourning.

After this episode I ate some paw-paw which Stephanie had to spoon feed me and rested for a bit. It was not long after that those haunting fears came back to me. The feelings of claustrophobia and anxiety. Doubts began to assail me as to whether I could continue this. I became acutely aware of the uncomfortably hard ground beneath my mat. I began remembering my children and loved ones, missing them terribly. Tears filled my eyes. The incredible heat returned, vengeful and determined. I wondered if all of this was real, I began to doubt my sanity, the visions, all of it.

Thankfully, Lynda came into the room just then, no doubt sensing my mood. "Back there again, are we?" she said cheerfully.

"I don't think I can continue this," I said, painfully.

"Do not forget that you are never given more than you can handle. When I was told you were to mourn, I argued with spirit for hours. They were determined. You can do this."

Asking me what she could do to make my life more comfortable, she removed some of the bands around my head and eyes, retying the remaining ones to make it less tight and constricting. She continued to encourage me and then began praying, invoking the assistance of the mighty angels, ascended masters, and various other lighted Beings.

The heat intensified, along with all the other dark feelings. My throat became incredibly parched. I drank water incessantly but to no avail. I fell to my knees, my head on the mat. I remembered that heat is generated by friction, or resistance. If this was a transformative heat, then I should surrender to it and let it transform me. Reasoning like this I gave in. "Do as you will," I thought, speaking to the heat. The heat swelled to a crescendo, then subsided. Weak, almost faint, I travelled again to the sound of Lynda's prayers.

### **Track 3**

I was in front of a cave again. This time in the dessert. I took up a torch from the wall at the mouth of the cave and entered. At the back of the cave was a sage, seated cross-legged in meditation. He was white haired and bearded, wearing a long grayish-blue jacket and trousers, a large black belt at his waist.

I greeted him and he wordlessly pointed with his head to his right. I walked over to where he indicated and found a small chest on a table against the wall. I opened the chest to find a large, resplendent dagger. The hilt was golden, studded with gems and the blade itself emanated a silver-blue glow.

I took up the dagger and reverently offered it to the sage with both hands. He touched it in blessing and gave it to me. A gift. Instinctively, I turned the dagger upside down to reveal an empty socket at the bottom of the hilt. I took the red crystal I was given earlier and placed it in the dagger. It somehow diminished in size to fit the socket. Immediately, the red glow of the crystal merged with the silver-blue glow of the dagger. The effect was mesmerizing. I imagined a sash at my waist and one appeared, into which I tucked the dagger.

I thanked the sage and asked if there was anything else. He nodded to his left where there was a water skin. I went to it and drunk deeply. He must have known of my incredible thirst, though in spirit I was no longer conscious of it.

"Where to now?" I asked of him. In answer, his third eye at the centre of his forehead began to light up with a brilliant white light that consumed the room. I then found myself on my next journey.

## Track 4

I was again out in space. This time I was conscious of being surrounded by angels. One of them placed a golden robe with white, blue and reddish-brown trimming around me, concealing the dagger. Another placed a golden crown, with a blue halo on my head. I found myself with wings just as I began to return and heard Lynda say, “You have the wings of an eagle. Fly Number One.”

Yet another angel placed slippers on my feet and I returned to my body.

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Lynda listened with interest as I relayed my travels.

“There are many uses for a dagger,” she said when I was finished. “Writing, as a tool, as a weapon, and many others you wouldn’t think of until you need it. It can also be used to gently peer back the veil of illusion to reveal Truth and then replace the veil. Sometimes Truth is not ready to be revealed to someone at a particular point in time. It also represents power. You have been given power.”

She paused, her tone becoming serious. “I see you using the dagger to draw the (Reiki) lightning bolt symbol. Very, very powerful. Do not ever draw the dagger in anger,” she cautioned.

I agreed. I could see in my mind the damage that could do.

She continued, “The golden robes represents authority. You have been given the authority to wield that power. The golden robes are the robes of the Christed Ones. The Masters wear them. The golden crown with the blue halo represents wisdom at the crown chakra. You have been given the wisdom to know when and how to use that power.

“Wings represent freedom. Also, you can use your wings to envelop yourself and your loved ones for protection. Note that these gifts are not just for you. They are for you to help others as well. With each gift given comes responsibility.”

She laughed and continued, “The slippers are so that you wouldn’t run away from your responsibility. In case you haven’t noticed you can’t run away very well wearing slippers.”

Boy, did Spirit know me. I laughed.

I rested for a while after that. Having returned fully to my body, I felt all the heat and discomfort. I was exhausted and worn. Upon waking again, I mustered the courage to continue on my astral journey.

## **Track 5**

I was in the presence of the Mother/Father God, a pure golden-white light that emanated Love and Peace. Naively, I gave the greeting as instructed, asking for knowledge, wisdom and understanding.

“You already have all the knowledge and wisdom within you.” The voice of God resonated from deep within my being.

“Grant me then conscious knowing and awareness of it at all times. Remove the veil of illusion from me.”

I found myself looking at what appeared to be a thatched-roof with brilliant light all around.

“What am I doing on someone’s roof?” I thought to myself. Then it came to me that this was not a roof. It was the Veil of Illusion. I was struck by how flimsy it was. “Truly,” I thought, “The veil is but straws.”

Drawing my dagger from within my robes, I asked permission of our Mother/Father God to remove the veil. Receiving a wordless approval, I touched the tip of the dagger to the veil and set it afire. It burned in a flash, forming a circular portal with a view of a beautiful, bright meadow, a long windy road snaking through it.

I was confused. I expected instant enlightenment. No such luck. With little choice, I stepped through the portal and onto the road, the next Track.

## **Track 6**

Following the road, I came to a large shady tree just at the edge of the road. It appeared to be exactly at that spot for travellers to rest. As I thought of sitting down at the foot of the tree, a voice within me said, "Greet the tree."

I did, and the tree responded.

"Welcome traveller. I offer you a fruit of your choice." A branch bent toward me and dropped a mango into my hand.

"Wherever you go in your travels, you are welcome to return here to rest."

"Thank you," I said, gratefully. I ate the fruit and then laid down to rest.

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"Well, lucky you!" Lynda said cheerfully when I related the Track with the tree. "When I met my tree I was only given fruit, no invitation to return at will," she chuckled.

I was commended for having the presence of mind to ask for removal of the veil. "Although, using the dagger to burn the veil is probably a typical male thing to do," she said wryly.

I shrugged my shoulders innocently. I had no idea what she meant.

"Am I finished now?" I asked Lynda hopefully. "If I can finish before the three days will I be released?"

By now I was getting used to the idea of traveling, despite the physical discomforts, and the bursts of doubts, fear and anxiety. However, I was exhausted and just wanted it to end.

"I don't think you are finished quite yet Number One," she replied pensively. "I think you still have some gifts to uncover. But yes, once you are finished I will release you."

I ate a light lunch of oats and again rested for a while before continuing on my journey. I had no idea that the next Track would be a very serious test. One that I would almost fail.

### **Track 7 (Part 1)**

I found myself looking up at a foreboding grey castle. There was light enough to see, yet at the edges of my vision was a kind of misty darkness. I took one step forward and was transported

to the top of the castle in an open courtyard. In front of me, about fifty yards away stood a solemn figure. It was easy to see that he was the king. A crown was on his head, stately robes about his figure. For some reason I noticed his full, short-cropped beard, light brown in color. He had his sword drawn, point resting on the ground in front of him, with both hands resting on the hilt.

I approached him with the greeting. He did not reply. Instead he turned his head slightly to his left where a figure dressed in all-black armor came forward. He was holding in his hands a bluish-purple, decorated cushion upon which rested a pair of golden slippers and a golden umbrella.

I took the golden slippers and placed it on the floor. I removed the slippers that the angels had given me, only now noticing that it glowed with a silver-blue light that exactly matched my dagger and robes. I put on the golden slippers and immediately a scene flashed across my mind. The slippers had a chain on it which clasped onto my feet. The image disappeared so quickly that I ignored it. Taking the umbrella I thanked the king for his gifts.

“Where to now?” I asked.

“Go to the Light,” he replied.

I extended my angelic wings and flew up to the Light. It was a golden-white presence, yet it somehow felt different from my previous encounter with our Mother/Father God.

“You are a prince in this world now,” the Light said to me. “You are to be my Hand in the world. You are finished now with your journeys.”

I was elated to hear that I was finished. “Could you tell that to Lynda please?” I asked. I was fearful that Lynda would not believe me if I told her myself, so eager was I to be over and done with it.

There was no answer and I returned to my body, feeling relieved that I had finished.

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“Can I speak to Teacher?” I asked Stephanie, referring to Lynda. During this period of mourning certain formalities had to be observed. I wanted to share with her my latest Track, and the good news.

“She had to do something. She’ll be back in an hour,” she replied.

“OK,” I said. “I think I am finished with my journey,” I continued, happily.

Stephanie was silent for a moment. “I think you are deluded if you think you are finished,” she said quietly. “You still have a day and a night left. The dark forces will test you. They do not want you to finish.”

I thought of the chains around the golden slippers that I had briefly seen, and recollected the general dark mist of the previous Track.

*“In the spirit world it is always day.”* Lynda’s words came into my head.

I felt sick to my stomach as I came to the realization that Stephanie was right. I was not finished. I fell for the tricks of the dark forces. I had read about the false light before, but this was my first experience of it.

“Pray to Lord Ganesh to clear your way Number One,” said Stephanie. “He is here, only waiting for you to ask.”

Lord Ganesh was the Hindu deity who removed all obstacles in one’s path, and blessed one with success. I knew what I had to do. I did as Stephanie advised and invoked the blessings of Sri Ganesh. Battling a rising fear within me, I returned to the astral plane- to the king on his castle.

### **Track 7 (Part 2)**

I attempted to remove the golden slippers but found that it was shackled to my feet. I could see clearly now the chains that flashed in my mind when I first put it on. Instinctively, I pulled my dagger and cut through the chains, as easily as a hot knife through butter. I removed the slippers and placed it before the king. I then handed him the golden umbrella, saying, “Thank you for your gifts, but I do not need them.” Taking up again my angelic slippers, I then flew up in the air, and back to my body.

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“I don’t believe it!” Lynda was furious. She came in the room sometime after I returned. I had just related the previous Track to her, and Stephanie’s advice to me. She continued, “You have been attacked by the dark forces in every way since your anointment Number One. The

physical heat, unquenchable thirst, discomfort; the mental and emotional fears, doubts and anxieties; the feelings of claustrophobia. It is very unusual.”

“Yes, very unusual,” I heard Cynthia say in agreement.

“What is unusual? The attacks?” I asked.

“No,” said Lynda. “Everyone is tested in some way by the dark. It’s just their persistence with you. It is highly unusual. They really do not want you to continue on your journey. Have you thought about why they are so fearful of you continuing? Maybe there is something grand in store for you that they are afraid of.”

I could see the logic in what she was saying. But I was tired and worn, fearful of continuing. “I don’t know that I can continue, that I have the strength,” I said.

“You are protected and supported,” Lynda replied. “For the past hour I was busy taking the fight to the dark ones. I decided that I was not going to wait for the next attack. You have hosts of lighted beings with you.

“I thank God for Stephanie who was able to give you sound advice in my absence. Had you told me instead of Stephanie I would have told you in no uncertain terms to go right back and return the gifts. You may have rebelled and insisted that you are done.”

I nodded my head in approval. I might have done just that.

“Fortunately,” she continued, “You did it on your own.”

I lay back on my mat, relieved. A wave of sheer exhaustion washed over me and I slept. I was awakened some time later by Lynda who had come to sit at my side. I was too weak to rise and remained lying on the mat.

“Number One, do you think you can last the next 24 hours? You always have a choice to continue or not.” Her voice was tender, her concern palpable.

I sat in silence for a while, contemplating her words. Every fibre in my body wanted to quit, to return home to my comforts.

She continued, “Think however, of what may be in store for you. Of why the dark forces don’t want you to continue.”

“Please tell me that I won't be tested again, that the attacks will stop,” I replied.

“What I will tell you is that you’ll get what’s necessary for you in your journey. Not much is spoken about it, but the Bible recounts the trials of Jesus. He also had to leave his loved ones, and disciples behind to undertake his journey in the wilderness alone. The Bible writes that so great

were his trials that he ‘sweated blood.’ Can you imagine what he would have faced to make him sweat blood? It was so intense that the Bible said he begged of His Father to ‘Let it pass.’ These are the trials that each must face in order to move forward on this journey.”

She paused for a moment then continued. “When I was told by Spirit that you were to mourn, I argued incessantly. Surely there must be another way for you. In the Himalayas maybe. But Spirit was insistent. They wanted you to mourn.”

I groaned inwardly, reading between the lines. “Yes,” I said, “Even the Indian masters Swami Yogananda and Swami Rama had to go through their trials as a final initiation.”

I thought of how far I had come, and that this may be my last chance to ever mourn. It took everything I had to say, “Yes. I will continue.”

“Good,” she said cheerfully rising from her position on the ground. “Let’s continue then.”

“Please,” I said to her. “Release me in the morning.”

“Most likely,” she replied. “Let’s see how the night goes- if you can finish your journey and get your mission in this lifetime.”

She began with Violet Flame affirmations and protections upon me, with Cynthia and Stephanie in chorus. The energy build-up was tremendous. That was when the dark forces decided to strike back.

Waves upon waves of heat, despair and anxiety washed over me. Thankfully I was still lying on the mat else I’d have toppled. Realizing what was happening, Lynda began invoking the presence and protection of the various Divine Mothers- Mother Mary, Durga, Laxmi, Saraswati, Quan Yin.

“Hold strong, Number One,” I vaguely heard Lynda say. “The Mothers are with you, supporting you.”

“Continue your journey, Number One,” I heard Cynthia say.

With Herculean effort, I travelled again.

## **Track 8**

I was standing on the shore of a beautiful beach. It was the now familiar midday of the spirit world. The waters sparkled crystal clear, an inviting bluish-green. “Go into the water,” I heard an inner voice say to me.

I waded waist-deep into the water and soon there came a small pod of dolphins, about five or six of them. They frolicked around as dolphins are wont to do, forming a circle around me. I greeted them and was told to follow them, they had something to show me.

I held on to the fin of one of them and away we went, diving the depths of the ocean. I was struck by the fact that I could breathe underwater. We passed through an underwater forest of seaweed, eventually stopping in front of a gilded chest. It was supported by two large vine-like plants growing from the ocean floor.

I opened the chest to find a large, glimmering pearl. It took both hands to remove it from the chest. Instinctively I knew that this was not for me to keep. I touched it to my forehead, my third eye, and replaced it in the chest, closing the lid. With that, I returned to my body and sat up.

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“Interesting,” said Lynda as I related the Track to her. They were all still in the room. “First you get the crown chakra and now the third eye.”

My heart sunk. “Would I have to go through each chakra individually?” I thought to myself. “When would I ever finish? It is already late into Tuesday evening.”

Resigning myself to it, I again entered the Spirit world, this time finding myself at the Tree in the meadow. Eating of a proffered fruit, I resumed the next leg of my journey.

## **Track 9**

There was a short flight of white marble stairs in front of me. Judging from the trees that encircled the area, I appeared to be in a clearing in a forest. I ascended the stairs to find myself looking at a pool of water on the ground. It was encased by the white marble tile, which provided

a stark contrast to the water which appeared onyx black. Upon moving closer I saw that the water itself was clean and clear. However, the depth of it gave it an unusual black color.

I knelt at the edge of the pool, looking at my reflection in the water.

“You may drink of the water,” came a voice from behind me.

Immediately a golden ladle materialized on the edge of the pool to my right. I spun around to see the source of the voice.

The speaker was an incredibly beautiful woman. Slim, fair skinned and blond haired, she wore sheer translucent robes. She walked slowly and gracefully toward me.

“Who are you,” I asked outright, dispensing with the traditional greeting.

“I am the woman of your dreams,” she replied, making a move as if to place her arms around my neck.

“Thank you,” I immediately replied. “But I am not here for this.”

Spreading my wings, I took to flight and returned to my body.

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Feeling quite pleased with myself for recognizing and resisting the temptations of the dark forces, I narrated the episode to Lynda.

“It is interesting that you did not drink of the water when told you can, given your unquenchable thirst,” she said when I had finished. “And that you spun around to see the speaker. It is also highly commendable that you resisted her advances.”

“Well, that was the easy part,” I said proudly.

“Hmm,” said Cynthia. She seemed proud of me as well.

“Yes,” said Lynda. “She might have showed you her true form after you made love to her. I doubt you would have liked that very much.” She laughed heartily.

Becoming serious again, she continued. “The dark forces are very adamant about preventing you from continuing your journey. They have really pulled out all stops. We must make haste now. Rest for a while. You still have the other chakras to go.”

Only too happy to rest, I ate dinner of five or six crackers with a cup of lemon-grass tea and promptly fell asleep.

I awoke some time later to the sound of singing and clapping. They were all in the room with me, carrying on a prayer service. Presently, they started the marching song, one that I had come to know was meant to get me traveling on my journey. Thankfully, they didn't insist that I get up to march along and I remained lying on the mat. I was too tired and worn to move a muscle.

"Come along Number One," Cynthia commanded. Her voice was strong. "You are not alone. I am with you. Let's go."

"Oh no," I groaned inwardly. "I am not ready yet to do this."

Gathering myself together, I mustered all the strength I had left to travel. It would be my last journey.

## **Track 10**

I was walking along a road with Cynthia at my side supporting me by the arm. I did not think it at all strange that in the physical world she was bound to a walker or wheelchair, and in the astral plane she walked tall and strong.

I noticed that there was darkness all round, but a different darkness than that of the dark forces' presence. Weak and exhausted, I promptly fell back into my body.

"Come on Number One," Cynthia encouraged me. "You can do it. One step at a time."

"Get a move on Number One," said Lynda. "You still have the other chakras to do tonight. Let's see if you can get them all in one go."

"Find your mission Number One." Cynthia urged.

With a heroic effort I willed myself on the astral plane again. This time I recognized the darkness was that of space. In front of me was a huge, blazing red sun. Not our Sun, I realized. "Probably the Great Central Sun of our galaxy," I thought to myself.

The path led us straight into the centre of the Sun. Strangely there was no heat whatsoever. At the centre of the Sun was a portal into another dimension which I entered.

I emerged in what appeared to be a narrow room or a corridor. In front of me was a dais, above which was suspended a golden sceptre. It had a diamond shaped head, quite possibly made of a single marquis-cut diamond enclosed in gold. It tapered down to the middle where there was

a flat, round bulge. Then it tapered down again to a conical shaped end. Blue and white rays of light shot from a point high above, illuminating the whole dais.

I reached out and took the sceptre. I knew it belonged to me. I then spread my wings and flew up on the rays of white and blue light. Up and up I went. Suddenly I stopped and my perspective changed to third-person. I was now on the outside looking at myself.

I was HUGE!

In front of me galaxies, star clusters, nebulae, all lay like little points of light. I saw myself with all the accoutrements that I was gifted- the golden robes, the crown with the blue halo, the sceptre, all of it. Even as I looked, I stretched out my arm and touched one of the points with the sceptre. A planet maybe, or a sun. Light blazed from my soul-star chakra above the crown of my head, down into my body and out through the sceptre. The planet (galaxy?) lit up, and then the light began to spread out from it, spiderwebbing across the other points of light till the entire universe was lit up.

*“This is your mission.”* The voice came from within me.

I knew it to be Truth. I was to bring the Light to the world, and by extension the rest of the universe. I was a Lightworker. Tears filled my eyes. Maybe at the enormity of the task, and the honor to have been chosen. Maybe at the fact that I was finally finished with my journey. Overwhelmed, I returned to my body.

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“I found my mission,” I said softly, relieved and overwhelmed at the same time. I sat up and sighed, sobbing as the full implications of it hit me. I related the Track to them.

“Looks like you found your mission Number One,” said Lynda proudly, her hand on my shoulder.

“Yes,” Cynthia added. “You are a Lightholder.”

I sighed again. Lynda laughed, “I have never heard so many sighs in such a short space of time. It is a big responsibility.”

“I was huge,” I said, referring to my Higher Self.

“That’s the highest version of you. Paradoxically, it is who you are, yet who you are to become.”

I nodded in ascent. I was to bring that aspect of me into the physical body. This is what Ascension was about. Later, when I returned home, I saw that Sandra Walter referred to the current time period as being one of merging the Galactic, Christed, and Cosmic selves.

“Well,” Lynda said, “Looks like you’ve completed your journey. It’s already nearly midnight so I won’t release you yet. You’ve still some time to integrate everything. You can probably go on a joyride and see if you can get anything else while you’re here.”

“Yeah right,” I thought to myself. I was relieved to be done. I lay back and tried to get some rest.

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The next morning I was ceremoniously released and allowed to bathe and change. What a blessing it was to be able to see again; and to bathe and wear fresh clothing. Sheer luxury!

Once I had changed, we held a Thanksgiving service, thanking God and the various Lighted beings for seeing all of us through safely, and for the revelations I was given. I then thanked Lynda, Cynthia and Stephanie for their invaluable service to me. Truly, without them I would not have completed the mourning process. Worse, I might have gone insane, or even died. I later learned that Pilgrims have indeed died or gone mad from mourning. I could understand why. I related all the Tracks once more, pausing at various points as interpretations were given that were not given before.

After the service I had a light breakfast and reverently went outside the room. It was my first venture outside in three days. It was a beautiful, sun-rich morning.

“The best weather we’ve had since Sunday,” said Cynthia. “We are now seeing the sun for the first time. You brought the sunlight with you.”

Grateful, I went out into the direct sunlight and stood there for a few minutes, absorbing the sun’s rays and giving thanks in my mind to God. Later that same day, Stephanie went down for her period of mourning.

The next few days that Stephanie was down left me with ample time to integrate all that had transpired. I held frequent conversations with both Lynda and Cynthia, asking questions and probing further the meaning of my journey.

# The Search for Meaning

I came to the realization that my journey was indeed one of finding myself as my cryptic guide said at the outset of the ceremony. It involved reconnection with successively higher aspects of my Self.

The highest version of each of us is born from the heart of our Mother/Father God outside of our dimension. When we are called into service we send out a ray of our being into lower dimensions, through the portal of the Great Central Sun. In doing so, we leave portions of our Beings behind. In my case, it was represented by the various accoutrements.

I joined the realm of the angels, leaving behind my qualities represented by the various articles. The silver-blue dagger perhaps representing Divine Power, infused with the jewel of Divine Love; the crown of Wisdom, the authoritative robes of the Christed Ones, the footing of Truth as slippers of the angelic legion; the wings of freedom. I then stepped down into the realm of the immortals in the first heaven, and then finally to a man.

Each person on Earth has stepped down like this. Each person has made this journey from God to man to enter into Earth's evolutionary cycle. Having experienced Earthly lessons to the fullest, we then retrace our journey- back to God.

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I remember having two experiences before in my own meditation. The feeling of having wings, and the feeling of being so large that the earth could fit in my palm. These Tracks just confirmed those experiences for me. There were however, a few things that I couldn't quite understand.

"What of the pearl?" I asked Lynda. We were out in the porch having a simple breakfast of fried okra (ochro) with bread and cheese.

She paused pensively before replying, "The pearl is of the Goddess energy. It is of the moon and it relates to water and the third eye, the pineal gland. Touching the pearl to your third eye is meant to further awaken and activate your third eye."

"I guess the red crystal orb is of the Sun then," I said. "Masculine energy."

“Yes,” she smiled. “I was wondering if you’d get that.”

“Makes sense that I’d recover that aspect of myself. I always knew I carried the feminine energies of gentle love and compassion. It’s interesting that I would regain the balanced masculine energies now since the last few months have seen me battling with the distorted masculine energy of violent anger, aggression, control and manipulation. Poor Vashti (my sacred partner) had to bear the brunt of it. I guess I managed to release myself from it.”

“Yes,” she replied. “In order to learn the lesson you would have had to put aside that aspect of your soul. Hence you kept it with the snake as its guardian. Furthermore, not only does he keep it, but he also polishes it so it’s returned to you in a more refined state.”

“I see. What of the silver-blue color that was so predominant? Is it that my soul quality is of the blue? That’s the first ray of God, right? Relating to the Will and Power of God?”

“No. Finding out your soul color would probably require another period of mourning.” She laughed and continued, “For a long time you served on the Pink ray of Unconditional Love. Having attained a certain degree of mastery over that you now serve on the Blue ray of Will and Power. It is a part of the never-ending progression of soul evolution. El Moriya is the Master of that ray- quite a serious chap.”

“Oh. Is it a set evolution? Do we all start at one color and advance to the others?”

“No. We all start at different places and move on to different rays. That’s why some spiritual teachers are brilliant in one sphere and sadly lacking in another. Because they haven’t yet mastered all the lessons.”

It made sense to me. I had one final question for her that had been bugging me.

“What if I had failed the tests of the dark ones in my travels? Let’s say I had kept the golden slippers and umbrella. What would have been my fate?”

“Well,” she replied, “Interestingly enough you’d have been very wealthy and successful by worldly standards. You still might be. However, despite all your wealth and accomplishments you’d be unhappy and unfulfilled. Because of the mercy of God, you would have eventually been pulled to continue to seek something out, not knowing what, and continue your spiritual journey.”

I nodded. “What about the seductress? Would I have found my energy drained?”

“Possibly, yes. I think however, the real test there was in the water. Water is the essence of life itself. It would have seeped into your being. You would have been set back quite a ways on

your spiritual journey had you drunk of the water. It is amazing that you didn't. The seductress was just to ensure that you did drink the water. The sexual part was just by the way- a bonus. Maybe after the act she would have offered the water to you. That was the real danger there."

I shuddered. I was feeling proud about not falling prey to her sexual advances, not knowing the the real test was in the water. I kept seeing the golden ladle and thinking how easy it was to have drunk from it.

"So, how do you feel about the whole experience?" Lynda asked.

"Intense. It was the most difficult experience of my life. But well worth it."

"You just can't explain this to people, can you? The intensity of it."

"No, you can't," I shook my head. "Speaking of which, I know I took an oath not to speak of what transpired in the room, but people are going to ask. What can I say and not say?"

She shrugged her shoulders, "That's more for the ritual part of it, I think. It shouldn't matter."

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Stephanie was having her own set of challenges. Her's was not of the dark forces, but her own blocks. The last night before she came out from her mourning period she made some major breakthroughs. I was fortunate to be present.

I saw a Lighted being standing just behind her guiding us as to the meanings of her Tracks. In gratitude I reached out to him, thanking him and he in turn embraced me saying, "Thank you, Shining One."

I turned to Lynda questioningly.

"Is there such a term as 'Shining One'?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, pulling out her phone to look it up. "It generally refers to a group of esoteric or lighted beings, but it can also carry a certain negative connotation." She pulled up a book on [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com) entitled, The Shining Ones. From the description of the book they were the ancient secret guardians of the esoteric teachings which they encoded in all of the world's religions, and their descendants founded the major orders including the Rosicrucians, and Freemasons.

Lynda continued, “Of course, some of their descendants took it upon themselves to use the knowledge to try to control the population of the world. Hence the negative connotation.”

I presumed that by referring to me as a Shining One, the Being was making reference to part of what I was told I had to do in this lifetime by several gifted people- rewriting and reinterpreting the sacred scriptures to bring forth the highest Truth, discarding that which was inserted for selfish gain.

I had a lot to ponder and integrate. I was happy for the entire experience, and the few days after to recover in peace and quiet. Lynda and the others were leaving on Monday, and they implored me to stay till Sunday at the least. However, I was looking forward to getting back on Saturday and seeing my children and loved ones again.

On Saturday morning I ceremoniously shaved and took my bath, mentally relinquishing the old version of me that entered the mourning chambers so many days ago. At midday I took my leave, embracing everyone with profound gratitude. I was ready to bring my gifts to the world.

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# Epilogue

A couple days or so after I returned home I knew I had to record this entire experience in writing lest I forget. So I opened a file and started a personal journal. However, what came forward was not your typical journal-style writing. I pondered about that for a while before I was told by Spirit that I would need to share this experience. At the time I just couldn't fathom doing that.

Several months later, as I recorded on my [blog](#), I realised that I needed to share my experiences in spirit, this one included. Coming forward with these experiences would serve as inspiration for many to seek out their own, and confirmation for many more of their own experiences.

Along with writing this journal, I also needed to catch up on the latest news from Lightworkers from around the world which I had missed for the week. I was throughly excited to receive independent confirmation of my experiences from two different Lightworkers.

Firstly, Sandra Walter spoke of August 2017 as being conducive to the merging of the Galactic, Christed, and Cosmic Self, as well as activation of the Christed Crown. What a beautiful way to describe what I had experienced!

Secondly, channel Magenta Pixie spoke of August 2017 as enabling the formation of the individual Merkabah, which allows for inter-dimensional travel in spirit. The Merkabah is a sacred geometrical pattern of a star tetrahedron. As if to confirm the message, several crop circles depicting the Merkabah appeared in July, as reported by Crop Circle Connector (<http://cropcircleconnector.com/2017/July2017.html>).

Having this unique experience has been life-changing for me. I continue to integrate the various aspects of my being that were revealed in the various Tracks. New levels of understanding unfold itself continuously. I have (re)gained many abilities. For instance, I can now Travel at will in spirit. My work in clearing dark energies and entities has taken a quantum leap forward and I am ever challenged by cases of increasing difficulty.

As predicted, I continue to find novel use for the Dagger and Sceptre, especially in my Reiki work. Speaking of Reiki, now much more Ki, Chi, or Prana energy flows through me, enabling me to be a much more powerful and effective healer.

This experience has brought me to the full realisation that we are indeed spiritual beings having a human experience. Spiritual experiences are normal. Indeed, for the world of Spirit, it is the human experience that is odd.

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